

“MY DESTINY”

Part 2



My trembling heart feels like it's going to burst, don't stop it

I can't stop anyone, yeah

The sound of the music starting, as it flows on the stage, can't stop it

Oh! Oh! Start now, baby

(Lyrics Sung By: SS501)



VIDEO SHOOT CON'T - MALIBU BEACH, CA

THE signing of the papers over, the young P.A. instructed the sisters to stay put momentarily while she enlisted the aid of a grip from hair and make-up to get Keis started. Standing alone, the girls watched the busy woman bark instructions into her walkie-talkie, finally able to let loose of their rising emotions.

“OMG SKYLER!” Her loud squeaky voice, reverberating above the din of noises surrounding them, Keis alerted her sister to the reality of the moment. “You know what’s about to happen, right? We’re about to step into a f’ng fantasy. KIM JAEJOONG AND KIM HYUN JOONG. MOTHER TRUCKING JACKPOT.”

Adrenaline-charged, she threw one hand at the stage, rattling on without taking a breath. “Look at that hunk up there. Is he not to die for? And, where’s MY man? He’s gotta be around here somewhere. SHIT, I’m so nervous I can hardly breathe.”

Hand to her throat, she knew at home all it would take was a shot and a cigarette to calm her frazzled nerves but here, shivering to maintain her composure, she was forced to suck down her urges and deal with it, instead.

Snatching away from Keis's grasp, IlSeok peered at her through questioning eyes. Having seen her react in many situations over the years, she was more than perplexed. Bi-Polar wasn't even the right term. The girl whose father was CFO of 'SM Entertainment'; who rubbed shoulders with trainees and Idols regularly at events and award shows; (not to mention HER own friends in the business) was for some reason acting like a freakishly, obsessed, fan girl.

By agreeing to the video had she created a damned monster? Keis normally kept this kind of obsessing on the downlow for her novel hunk or any other hot guy she was scared to death to approach. Who the hell was she right now?

“Yes, BIANCA . . . I know what's going down and I can see you're excited about being one-on-one with JaeJoong. But, what's the big deal anyway? You were just as excited about sitting in the van with Henry, not more than what . . . a couple hours ago? Oh, and don't forget some random surfer with a tan and a six-pack who JUST caught your eye like five minutes ago. You're the one who always tells me trainees and Idols are just like every other guy. Shit, we hang out with my Idol friends all the time back home in Korea.”

Folding her arms, she rolled her eyes showing her usual skepticism. “Jesus, you need to calm your 'tata's', you're not getting married here, it's just a few scenes in a video.”

Frustrated that her sister's mood was quickly changing, Keis bucked her ample chest out in front of IlSeok's mocking face. “I'll do whatever I want with my 'tata's and you of all people should know ANYTHING'S possible. JJ's NOT like every other guy. He's a GOD.” *Why was Seoky suddenly scolding her like a child?*

Unable to help herself, IlSeok snickered, muttering the truth under her breath sarcastically, “Whatever . . . in your dreams sis,” adding in a normal tone, “Of course anything's possible. So, ask that lady there to help you find brother-in-law, THE GOD. Or, follow the screaming. Obviously, he's around here somewhere.”

Seeing she'd inadvertently hurt Keis's feelings again, she reached up gently pinching the girl's flushed cheeks, hoping to quickly make amends. "And, while you're at it, gimme some of that sister love . . ."

Pinching her back, Keis returned the silly gesture they'd engaged in since childhood, announcing in her best, sugary, sweet phony voice, "It won't work this time. And, do we HAVE to do this in public SKYLER?"



THE sister's overly dramatic discussion, rising above the sounds of the nearby surf, alerted a gathering of confused female Extras around them. Clearly annoyed, the cluster stared blatantly, voicing their displeasure in loud whispers, questioning why the two childish acting young women had been singled out by the Production Assistant. After all, this was the one and only chance they all had at winning the contest being held to pick Kim Hyun Joong's 'Ideal Type'. The two bikini-clad bimbos needed to get over themselves and go on home. What in the world would he see in either one of them anyway?

Sensing the displeasure around them, the P.A. at the helm turned away from her walkie-talkie. *What was all the fuss about?* Eyebrows cocked, she overheard the sister's jabbering about bias's, Idols and oddly even brother-in-law's. *They were a strange duo, these two.* But, before she could manage to eke out any further questions, a petite stylist, in a white polo, appeared in front of Bianca, (Keis), bowing politely, her smile genuine.

"Annyeonghaseyo (HELLO) Miss Bianca. I'm your stylist Lily from make-up. Please come with me, we have lots to accomplish and not much time."

Tuning out the mutterings around them, IlSeok watched her trot off, pony-tail flying, wondering if Jazzy and CeCe were somewhere amongst the catty group circling like vultures over dead meat. It seemed only natural they would be. This type of event was right up their alley. Especially Jazzy with her summer 'Hotness Blog' starting again. Up on tiptoe craning her neck over the shoulders of the other girls she looked for the two familiar faces.

Slightly disappointed at not finding them, she reached back unconsciously to draw her cell out for a quick selfie to capture the event. Touching the bare skin of her upper hip, her heart pounded with an unexpected nervousness as she began to realize something dreadful.

DAMN IT, NO PHONE. Didn't matter this was her territory. Keis had already disappeared into the crowd, and here she was in only her bathing suit . . . with no towel and no means of communication, should something go wrong.

Familiar down to the kernels of sand beneath her feet Malibu Beach was virtually her home away from home. Now mildly worried about Keis, the possible presence of SungWoo and Suni's absence . . . for the first time in a while, she felt oddly alone.

But, the adventure was gearing up, and it was wayyy past time for regrets. 'Bianca' was already on her way to makeup and they were on the roster, about to become 'SM' video stars for a day!



KIM JaeJoong jumped off the makeshift stage, squinting into the crowd of giggling females, checking out boobs, butts and jiggles. It had already been a good day. He'd been looking forward to this shoot for a while, anxious to spend a few days at the beach, take in some sun and enjoy the sights. *Oh yeah, the sights. They were well worth seeing from his vantage point. American girls were so sexy. It was hard to find these kinds of rockin' bodies back home.*

Nodding and smiling politely he forged through the line of photographers and muscular surfers. Stopping on a dime he scrutinized the high, tight, butt of a long-legged, blonde in a revealing, backless, one-piece ahead of him.



Feeling him brush by, no sooner did she swing around, then off to his right, the penetrating squeal of overly excited fangirls could be heard screaming, 'Hyun Joong! Kim Hyun Joong, Saranghae (I LOVE YOU).' Pivoting to see what his friend was up to now, he missed the saucy blonde, who sauntered away, flipping her hair at him in relative dismissal. *DAMN.*

Oh well, so far 'TVXQ's' reception in L.A. had been nothing short of overwhelming. Satisfied, that it wouldn't take much for them to gain a foothold in the States, he shrugged away the girl's blatant brush-off, understanding there were so many more out there still available.

Smirking, eyes on the makeup trailer, he skirted the backside of the ropes, maneuvering his way around everyone, fingering the red-stringed bracelet on his wrist.

What a concept for the video. Leave it to ‘SM’ to pick he and Joong’s ‘Ideal Type’s’ ahead of time from a crowd of curvy, blonde, Americans. *What did that say to the Asian community? Eh, probably keep them from being jealous. Truthfully, he didn’t really have a type, per se. He loved all girls. Short, tall, skinny, heavy . . . Each one came with their own set of amazing attributes and qualities.*

Just one of the many reasons he was thankful the ‘powers that be’ would take responsibility. He trusted them. At the end of the day, he would fly back home to what was familiar, and whoever ‘she’ turned out to be . . . would vaguely remember the day she shot a video with some random Korean guy, named Hero JaeJoong.

Looking back he hesitated watching a seemingly shy, Hyun Joong (sweaty towel in hand), scan the hordes of bikini-clad girls with relative boredom.

What ARE you up to hyung? Playing games with the fangirls? Could be some intense fallout. Hasn’t anyone told you, the girl they selected is probably already waiting in the wings or set to meet you in wardrobe and makeup? Where the hell’s your manager, anyway?



A nervous Hyun Joong waved at the Extras crowding the stage. ‘Pick one to play your ‘Ideal Type’ in the video’, his manager had said. It sounded easy but, was proving to be harder than he’d imagined. They all looked so young, busty, and scantily clothed, (not exactly how he imagined his type to be). But, then again . . . this wasn’t S. Korea it was America. And, not only that . . . California. Checking behind him, hoping to find his band mates to give him advice about who to choose, sadly there was only a lonely Grip, messing with lights.

Fuck I’m on my own here. Why hasn’t this already been taken care of? Isn’t that what they pay Casting for? JJ isn’t standing up here being examined by a bunch of jealous, leering woman.

Peering up and over them he spotted his friend off to one side, thumbs up, staring and grinning, with a hoard of blonde beauties running to follow him. Now the pressure was on him to find some totally different (if that was even possible).

How should I handle it? Close my eyes and point? Shit, that’s not what I imagined choosing would be like either. Fed up with his own indecision, he opted instead to leave it to Fate and

throw a white towel into the leftover crowd. The lucky one who caught and returned it, would win the opportunity to be his video counterpart.

Having made his final choice, his Idol training kicked in. Pacing the stage, he gave the girls what they wanted . . . his famous, thousand-watt smile. Wiping sweat from his brow (to a chorus of screams) the terry cloth towel disappeared under his damp, clingy shirt. Cheeks flushed in embarrassment he flipped it back out, and wrapping it in a knot, prepared to toss it into the air.

Apparently, Fate had heard his plea. In the process, his eye caught a dark head of hair, bathed in a striking red bikini, resulting in the adjustment of his arm, severely changing the course of the ball leaving his fingers.

The muscle in his jaw twitched in the direction of his love bomb. *Is she going to catch it . . . damn did she even SEE it?* Now anxious, it was directed straight for a small group of girls; heads together; totally unaware of the object spiraling toward them.

To his innate surprise, ‘red-bikini’ sprang into action, jumping sideways with the ease of a seasoned soccer player. Holding his breath, he waited as her fingers grazed the bottom of the object and missed . . . her face planting directly into the sand.

His expectations dashed he cursed fate, jumping down into the sea of scarcely covered boobs and bare asses scrambling to get to the brave, dark-haired girl, hoping she wasn’t hurt.

