

# “MY DESTINY”

## Part 3



Turn up the volume, feel it, My passion  
I'm ready, I'm ready action  
Standing on this stage, for you  
I'll show you myself, watch me, Attention  
(Lyrics Sung By: SS501)



### VIDEO SHOOT CON'T - MALIBU BEACH, CA

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.



**SPRAWLED** out in the hot sand with echoes of laughter and 'I caught it . . . I'm going to be in the video,' flying around her, IlSeok contemplated not moving until everyone got bored and wandered off. Embarrassed by her 'Hail Mary' attempt to catch the ball she could do nothing but, scold herself soundly, "Well Miss SKYLER, that was an EPIC FAIL."

Now, her only hope was that the adorably, handsome Kim Hyun Joong hadn't seen her nosedive onto the beach. Lifting her head, she blinked, spitting grit from between her lips, before rising. *Wait . . . wasn't she already chosen as the other half of the Joong team? So why in the hell was some bitch behind her screaming SHE was in the video as his Ideal Type?*

Striding toward her with purpose, ignoring the whispers (in his wake) of, ‘Holy shit, can I touch him?’ and ‘Damn, he’s even better looking up close.’ . . . the worried Hyun Joong stopped directly beside red-bikini’s prone body, reaching for both shoulders gently helping to ease her up.

“Dangsin Gwaenchanh-a, (ARE YOU OKAY)?” *AISH, she’s American.* Thinking momentarily, he tried again, his face registering concern, “You . . . OK?” repeating the phrase in the little bit of English he did know.

Jumping up and away from him like a skittish colt, IlSeok heard the loud megaphone behind her calling for the crowd of girls to stand aside. Shaking his hands off her shoulders (along with the lingering sand) she staggered attempting to maintain her balance.

Stepping closer, Hyun Joong (not certain if she heard him right), studied the long dark strands of hair hiding her flushed face. Bent down she brushed off part of the beach still clinging to the side of her leg,

“Nan gwaenchanh-ayo. (I AM FINE).” Her voice hiding her discomfort, now she was triple embarrassed. *#1 He had watched her miss an easy catch. #2 She’d bit the dust in the process and #3 Clearly, he was witnessing her final decent into total humiliation. She didn’t understand, sister was usually the clumsy one.*

Still examining her, Joong’s mind whirled uncontrollably in the throes of her presence, his eyes scanning the length of her tanned, lean body thoroughly for any obvious injuries, noticing her downward gaze. *Damn her Korean’s better than mine.* How could the fates be so cruel to bring this gorgeous creature into his life, even for a second? Maybe he could have a love triangle in the video . . .

Seeing she was indeed okay, he looked up at the curiously growing crowd noticing they were pushing in yet again, anxious to get a better look at what was going on between him, and ‘red-bikini’ girl.

Suddenly, the petite blonde wielding his knotted towel out in front of her like a prize, rushed forward out of the sea of bodies, giggling and bouncing in excitement, her eyes twinkling, “I caught the towel Hyun Joong . . . I win, right?” before crushing the reward to her heavy bust, covered only by two tiny triangular pieces of material.

And, then in an instant, ‘Red-Bikini’ moved, drawing his attention away from her and the others. Intending to apologize, he gripped her arm, unexpectedly meeting a pair of the bluest eyes he had ever seen. (Not the crystal blue most people talk about but, a clear, dark purplish-blue sprinkled with specks of silver.) Upon seeing a sparkle of mischief come into the slightly slanted corners, a shiver ran down his spine sending with it a searing heat that rushed through his bloodstream at breakneck speed.

The blonde still squeezing the middle of his sweaty towel, stared at the duo, watching the interaction unfold before her very eyes, disgust beginning to rise in her gut.

*Was she purposefully being ignored right now? She was holding the prize. What did this OBVIOUS, OVERDRAMATIC BITCH in the red bathing suit think she was doing? She and her stupid sister had been causing a commotion ever since they’d arrived. What was the deal? She’d been standing in this God-awful sun for over two hours waiting for this very moment. And, she wasn’t going to be robbed of her newly caught, ‘claim to fame’. OH, HELL NO.*

Wriggling between Hyun Joong and the skanky looking female hell bent on making herself heard, the blonde’s tone was petty and condescending, “Excuse me . . . I believe I HAVE THE TOWEL. Does anyone care?”

The culmination of her loud, boisterous announcement, coupled with Hyun Joong’s indifference, only served to make the situation worse. Cocking his head, he looked up, not understanding a word she said, realizing it was still obvious by her demeanor she was more than ready and willing to be his other half.

Holding a hand out to stop her from slamming into him, he couldn’t help wondering where the hell the P.A. or, manager was. Shit, right about now, he would even settle for the freaking director to get him out of dealing with this fangirl, if need be.



Seeing the P.A. and manager rushing toward them even as she spoke, IlSeok was certain she was in the clear. Her eyes drifting to the girls' short frame, she sniffed satisfied as the handsome Idol in her path took a giant step to one side to avoid her loud, petty onslaught. Seizing the opportunity, she stuck her hand out, nodding slightly.



“Annyeonghaseyo Oppa, (HELLO BOYFRIEND) I’m Skyler. I believe you’re wearing MY red-string bracelet.”

*There, it had been said. It was too late for embarrassment now. She had already made a fool of herself and taken the fall, by trying to help the stupid little fangirl from getting banged up. There was no way in hell Keis was doing this video alone, so if she had to seduce the perfect Mr. Kim, then so be it.*

Currently the only problem was she couldn’t get away from his piercing brown eyes and musky scent assaulting her senses, the lethal combination giving her the desire to know more about him. So much more. Clinging to her longer than he should, now she wanted to know what his ideal type ‘really’ was and did she qualify?

As the warmth of her fingers curled into his, Joong heard the jealous sighs around them rise. *HER red-bracelet? Aigooo, a soul mate named Skyler.* Leaning in closer, he tried it out seeing how it sounded, whispering, “Skyler . . .”

About that time Benji (the Producer’s second in command) scurried up beside them seeing they were already encased in their own little cocoon of raw emotion, with nothing around them seeming to matter . . . The noise of the ocean, chattering fangirls, nor even the hot penetrating sun faded either of them in the moment.

Gulping loudly, Hyun Joong felt like he was living out a scene from a Drama, wishing his legs and feet would propel him closer to her magnificence.

Wriggling free she stepped back hesitantly. *Was she still standing at the beach? All she cared about was did he have plans over the next few hours, and if not . . . would he possibly spend them with her?*

Bursting their bubble, Benji's voice exploded loudly, "All right, all right . . . Looks like Hyun Joong's met his love interest for the video, muttering to himself, "She's a beauty. Yep, sure is," before rotating in a circle to address the entire downcast group of 'Ideal-Type-wanna-be's', "Okay ladies, thanks for your patience and hard work."

"Wait . . . wait a second." The smiling, P.A. Tina broke through the dispersing bodies, skidding up alongside IISeok, a manager clipping along at her heels. Elbowing her satisfactorily she muttered, "I knew you would go for him, you two will make a great couple."

The distraught voice of the short, busty, girl between them could be heard above everyone else, whining . . . "BUT, I CAUGHT THE TOWEL, SO I'M HYUN JOONG'S IDEAL GIRL, WHAT THE HELL?"

Looking down at her then back at each other, the two P.A.'s turned on Hyun Joong curiously, stating in unison. "What happened, what did you do?"

"I was told to pick . . ." Shrugging his shoulders the confused Joong looked at the two potential love mates standing before him. "So, I did."

He didn't know about the crazy fangirl, but this Skyler was something special. Like a noona (OLDER KOREAN WOMAN) sexy, and aggressive. His heart doing flip-flops he wanted her in the worst way. Checking out the other one, the top of her head barely reached his shoulder. *Was she a high-schooler? Not that she wasn't pretty. She was cute in a puppy dog sort of way, but she reminded him more of JJ sisters than anything else. He longed to pat her head, give her a sucker and send her on her way.*

"Well, 'F\*\*\*' this is a problem . . ." Keeping her voice low, Tina grabbed Benji dragging him off, out of the line of hearing.

Meanwhile taking advantage of the situation, girl number one, slid closer in front of her Idol of choice, this time bowing politely. There was only one way to skin a cat. Meet it head on.

"Hellooo, I am . . . Crystal." Announcing the fact proudly, she tapped her nearly naked chest hoping to span the language barrier, so he would understand that was her name.

Bowing out of courtesy, Hyun Joong's eyes stayed glued to the two P.A.'s huddled together arguing. Making eye contact, the two finally broke apart, a smile spreading across both their faces alerting Joong to the fact that they may have come to a solution.

As Crystal backed away confused, Hyun Joong turned to Skyler mumbling, "Something is up . . ." Losing his train of thought when he met the intensity of her stare. Liking how she exuded self-confidence, hoping the assistants had come up with a good alternative. Sensing Sklyer played to win, it was a criteria for his idea type.

Waving his arms over his head Benji tried to quiet the loud intensity of the crowd as it grew. "People . . . please, you were all told we could only pick one of you." As his role seemed to switch from P.A. to M.C., he walked in a circle, becoming more animated, until it was wide enough that the two potential love interests were positioned dead center. Then, not surprisingly, a camera crew arrived, filming as they shoved through the crowd.

Turning to her friends Crystal quivered, bouncing up and down with renewed excitement. "Oh my God guys. Check it out. They're filming us. And, did you hear what he said? They're gonna make me and that other girl go against each other in some sort of a talent contest. Then he's gonna choose one of us." Grinning broadly, she punched her closest friend in the forearm, hissing under her breath. "We all know I've got this in the bag. You know I can sing better than any of you."

Still smiling at the mass of girls clapping, and screaming, Benji traveled the circle holding out the mic. Stopping directly in front of the bouncing fangirl, he stuck it out toward her beaming face.

"SO! What's your special talent little lady? Can you share it with us?"

Blushing profusely, she clasped the mic cord nearly dropping the knotted towel to the sand at her feet, screeching. "I'm not telling. Gotta wait and see!"

Watching the encounter go down directly in front of her, IlSeok stopped Tina as she passed, complaining profusely, "Aw shit . . . nobody said anything about showing a talent. I didn't sign up for this!"

Dancing and cheering were her only real talents. As the anxiety seized her chest, she knew there was no way she could 'dance' in front of this crowd by herself. Her innate stage fright was a carryover from childhood, where at the Chairman's dinner parties she and Keis were forced to

entertain guests, where he made a point of praising her sisters piano playing and criticizing ‘her’ dancing in the process. In that area, she always felt second best. She was fine within a group (like cheerleading) and even with a dance partner she managed to hold it together . . . but, never alone.

Exhaling, Tina scanned IlSeok from head to toe, “What? I got the impression you were more than a blonde bimbo in a brunette disguise. I overheard a little bit of the conversation with your sister earlier so I figured you must have some talent if you hang with Idols. Are you really going to back off and give him to crazy Ms. Crystal over there? Fair’s fair.”



Unsure how to handle the situation, a nervous Kim Hyun Joong, shuffled from one foot to another, twisting both hands (attempting to look cool but, not quite pulling it off) focused on his prize, the delectable Skyler . . .

Seeing his uneasiness, IlSeok’s heart went out to him. For some unknown reason, she felt the need to be his ‘Black Knight’ (KOREAN TERM ‘STANDING UP FOR’), saving him from horny fangirls like Crystal, finally announcing boldly in answer to Tina’s question, “NO, I WON’T LET HER HAVE HIM. HELL NO.”

Squeezing her arm, Tina scanned the area, not wanting to be overheard, as she whispered in her ear, “Good. In that case, here’s a little advice about your Prince there . . .”

Nodding in finality, she mouthed ‘fighting’, fist pumping the air before pushing the hesitant girl farther into the middle of the circle, smack dab between the edgy Hyun Joong and overly brash blonde, Crystal.

