

# “MY DESTINY”

## Part 4



Don't be scared, trust me  
Heat up hotly, it's not the end yet

(Lyrics Sung By: SS501)



## VIDEO SHOOT, CON'T – MAKEUP TRAILER

**BOUNCING** into the air-conditioned comfort of the make-up trailer, a gush of warm outside air followed JaeJoong, surrounding him in a blanket of heat.

“LILY? YAH?” Pulling up short he hesitated at the sight of a cute, yet appealing, Asian-American mix in a ponytail, with expressive crystal blue eyes and slightly double eye-lids, parked directly in his line of vision. “Aigooo. Who do we have here?” Cocking his head quizzically, he couldn't believe his good fortune.

His shorts tightening at the sight of her large breasts, slender body and creamy white skin in the pink stringed-bikini had him nearly fainting with joy. *He should be breathing . . . why had he stopped? Was she an Extra? A friend, waiting on someone? Or was she his chosen 'Ideal Type'? Whoever she was . . . he wanted her.*

Keis hadn't expected to meet him this soon before the shoot began. Void of her upcoming make-over, she gathered all her courage, jumping up and bowing slightly, uttering an anxious, “Hello.” not sure how to address this Idol now that they actually stood face-to-face.

“Hello.” Bowing in return, did he WANT her to know he was smitten? “Kim JaeJoong. You? Name?” *I need your name. And, quickly before Lily returns. My English sucks.* Smiling, he hoped she wouldn’t laugh at his feeble attempt, (wishing she spoke Korean).

Curling back up to a standing position, Keis repeated inwardly, “*He’s just a man . . . just a man . . . just a man . . .*” over and over in her head, noticing him staring at her blatantly his dark expressive eyes twinkling with mischief. He looked just as ‘yummy’, if not more so, than she remembered him being from the Fan Meet.

*I’m so stupid. Why did I say hello in English? Of course, he understands Korean perfectly. Age, age . . . is he my Senior? Protocol’s important. But, I’m supposed to be the ‘older’ Bianca, model from overseas, right? Aghhhh. Go ahead, be the Noona. He’ll never know.*

Bowing a second time, she tried again, folding both hands in front of her, head angled slightly to one side, the tip of her ponytail grazing her lips as she spoke. “Anneyonghaseo Kim JaeJoong. Biangka dangsin eul mannaseo bangawoyo nan. (HELLO KIM JAEJOONG. I’M BIANCA, NICE TO MEET YOU.)”



“**YAH.** JaeJoong SSI! Put your tongue back in your mouth and quit drooling. A little respect please. Aishhh, acting like there isn’t a freaking beach full of girls outside this trailer.” Lily’s loud spunky voice penetrated the awkward silence between the two strangers, her head popping out from behind the curtain of the back room. “You’re early. I’m just getting started here. Looks like you and Noona Bianca have already met.”

“Ye.” Nodding shyly, his voice a near whisper, JJ apologized for his lack of manners. “Sillyehamnida (SORRY FOR INTERRUPTING).” *So, it looks like she ‘is’ the one they chose. And, a noona to boot, HOT DAMN.*

Juggling the bottle of hair dye and supplies, Lily stepped out of the doorway, grateful to see their first meeting already over with ‘before’ the shoot started. This wasn’t her first time around, meaning . . . initial introductions between fangirls and Idols usually didn’t go as planned.



Beads of sweat popping out across his forehead, even under the handler’s scrutiny, JJ ruffled the bangs away from his flushed face, taking several steps forward, gulping at the sudden feeling

he'd just been pushed into the ocean, and was sinking fast. It didn't matter how many typical California girls he'd left outside on the beach. She definitely wasn't one of them.

“Earth to Jae.” Waving one hand in-between the two awestruck young people, Lily clucked her tongue like the disinterested third party she was. “Tsk, tsk. Daebak! (SWELL). Now I've only got thirty short minutes to turn this beauty into ‘SM's’ version of your ‘Ideal Type’.”

Hearing herself referred to as his ‘Ideal Type’, Keis knew she had to stay calm (despite the fact her heart was bouncing wildly around inside her chest like a ping-pong ball).

Laughing out loud, Lily was aware (manners or not) that JJ was doing exactly what he did best. Flirting. “Out of my way hot shot. Shoo. Go sign autographs, play volleyball or something. I'll text you when I'm finished. Noona and I need our privacy.”

Kim JaeJoong, loved the ladies. All kinds . . . short, tall, skinny, curvy. But, strangely enough (if Lily didn't know better) this time he seemed especially enamored of the naturally beautiful Bianca, standing demurely before them, exuding a delicate sense of purity.

“Don't change her, budi (PLEASE).” Hands to the short girl's shoulders, JJ's eyes blazed across his line of vision to Keis's pensive face muttering, “She's perfect just the way she is.”

“Ani. Forget it. I said ‘SM's version . . . I NEED this paycheck.” Slapping her palm to his forehead, hoping to knock some sense into him, Lily barked loudly. “Noona Bianca. Head on over to the sink. The clock's ticking, and if we don't get this show on the road . . . I'll be looking for another job.”

“What do they want you to do?” Winking at Keis out of the corner of his eye, JJ followed close behind nearly stumbling over his own feet in his haste to follow.

Allowing Lily to push her forward, Keis blinked excitedly, feeling caught up in the middle of make-over madness, hoping the Idol didn't have enough pull to stop the entire process from happening. *She needed this. She knew what she looked like without it. How could he possibly think she was 'perfect' this way? Was he blind?*

“Don't mind him sweetie.” Encouraging her patiently, Lily could sense JJ's overt enthusiasm. “You're so nosy Jae. Quit acting like you've never been in a video before. A rinse. She's getting

a black rinse . . . spray tan . . . polish . . . and make-up. What's gotten into you anyway?" Her sharp, quick comments were followed by Keis's concerned, yet firm request.

"Excuse me but, I ummm, I DO need some sort of color. I'll be washed out on film otherwise." If it was one thing she DID know after years of being in Daddy Wu's home videos, and around other chattering Idols and actors, color was extremely important.

"See. Told you." Smiling, Lily plopped her down at the sink, shaking out the cape and tossing it around her creamy white shoulders hissing . . . "Smart girl."



**TWIRLING** around Keis happily Lily, proud of herself and the way she could bring out the best in someone, had been witness to a lot of makeovers over the years but, (for a quickie) hands down, this was one of her finest.

"YOU look fabulous. That JJ. He's crazy for the natural look. But, pretty sure he'll love it on you once he sees the final product."

"Thanks. I love it too. And, isn't it most important what HE thinks anyway? I mean if I'm supposed to be his 'Ideal Type' and all."

Giggling uncontrollably, butterflies racing circles around her insides at the mere mention of his name, Keis raised one hand to her made-up face, fluffing the dark hair out around her neck. The transformation from mousy Jang SooMin, straight to Bianca Clarke, (skipping Keis Wu entirely) was indeed stunning.

Lily shrugged her shoulders not wanting to burst the girl's bubble. "True . . . but, in all honesty, JJ doesn't really HAVE a type." Continuing, her eyes dim, she sat down the can of hairspray and hand mirror. "Here in California he's been all over the blondes, back home its redheads and brunettes. He's a notorious flirt. I really like you, so . . . just be careful."

Having been one of 'TVXQ's stylists for over a year now, Lily knew Kim JaeJoong was a ladies' man from the word go. Sexy and sure of himself, he was the one member who could practically bring a girl to orgasm just by looking at her. Noona or not, Bianca didn't know what she was getting herself into.

“I will. Thanks . . . again.” Hearing the stylist’s warning to be wary of her favorite Idol, and honest first-hand information about his penchant for all women, Keis’s heart dropped, remembering his protest about style changes.

If he preferred her natural or more like the California blonde she’d been in summer’s past, then ‘SM’ had screwed things up for her, and no matter how she looked right now, she was doomed before the train ever pulled into the station.

“Sure, no problem.” Rushing her out of the chair again Lily pointed in the direction of the small restroom. “Take a potty break, plump your cleavage line up and out a little more and we should be all set.”

“My cleavage line? Seriously? I’m busting out of this thing as it is.” Whining considerably, Keis stared down at her ample chest, more worried about ‘falling out’ of the tiny bikini if she had to do anything strenuous like running or jumping. This suit was meant for show and sun-tanning, not much more.

“Oh you’re fine. I’ll fill you in on a little secret . . . JJ DOES like a girl with big boobs. Hurry go on now, we’re almost out of time.” Shooing her off in the direction of the bathroom, she winked reassuringly. *No matter which way you cut it, Noona Bianca was a knock-out that she was certain Kim JaeJoong wouldn’t soon forget.*

“Ah, yeah. What guy doesn’t? Okay, okay. I’m here to do whatever you tell me to.” Attempting to keep her composure, Keis nodded agreeably, darting into the tiny corner restroom, muttering under her breath, “If its boobs he wants, then boobs he’s gonna get. And, WHY am I supposed to be careful? I’m over eighteen.”



**ONLY** moments later, on the heels of Keis’s descent out of sight, the trailer door flung open, forcing Lily’s head around a second time to the sound of Kim JaeJoong’s familiar taunting tone (as if he had radar instead of hearing).

“Where is she? Is she still here? I didn’t see her leave yet.” Poking the stylist in the shoulder annoyingly he scanned the empty trailer finally flopping down in the empty chair.

“Maybe.” Giggling, Lily watched him lean over the cluttered makeup counter, squinting and picking at his flyaway hair and pink, sun-kissed cheeks.

“Maybe? What does that mean?” Focused on himself in the mirror, JJ waited patiently for her to respond, still wondering where his new ‘Ideal Type’ in the pink bikini had scurried off to. “The guys took me up on volleyball and now I need help. My hair’s full of sand . . . Face it my whole body’s full of sand. What I really need is a shower.”

Listening at the doorway Keis quivered. *He was back looking for her? That was a good start. He might not dig the black hair but, maybe Lily was right, if he liked all types and ‘big ones’ . . . this . . .* Scanning her slender body, she urged her breasts forward grinning . . . *this was a different story altogether. Bianca could hold her own against any other girl.*

Picking the exact moment the overhead music switched to a low provocative love song she pushed the door open, stepping boldly out into the brightly lit trailer.

Spotting her, JJ stood instantly. *WHAT THE ‘F’?* Instead of coy and innocent, now she was hot, sexy, dark and as alluring as a ‘black widow spider’, using her crystal blue eyes to entice him, (as if waiting to pounce, knowing he couldn’t escape the wiles of her grasp). **LOVE SHOT.** *He was officially dead.*



As he approached her slowly, Keis caught his dancing eyes. Mustering up all her resolve she stared at him unashamedly, no fear on her face whatsoever, just a soulful, longing look of complete anticipation and lust. She had finally become the ‘Goddess’ and holy crap . . . maybe now he could be her ‘God’. Unable to feel her limbs, (wondering if she was even touching the ground), she floated up to him sucking down her excitement, her typically clumsy two left feet, synchronized to perfection.

If her stuffy, overprotective Father could only see her now. He would probably choke on his cigar, because every fantasy she had ever conjured up about Kim JaeJoong, was about to come to fruition the moment the Idol opened his mouth and uttered quietly . . .

“HOLY MOTHER OF GOD.”

