

Chapter Three – Pt 1

“Off With Their Heads!”



“Alice in Wonderland”

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CHIN in hand, eyes bright, Sumre and Sundae, in animal ‘onsies’ (with hoodies) zipped clear up their necks, leaned as far over the side of the top bunk as they were able, (without falling over) peering down into the sleeping faces of the overnight partygoers, JungKook and V, thinking . . . clearly they were irresistible!

Staring down lovingly, Sundae curled one arm around Sumre, sighing quietly, “Aren’t they so adorable? Too bad they couldn’t manage to stay up long enough to get their toenails done. Funny, they don’t seem as cooperative this year . . .”

Nodding in agreement, Sundae was right. Sumre, noticed that her sassy but delightful choice (i.e.V), mumbled quietly in his sleep, nestled against JungKook, (spooning like little boys). Last year she too would have woken up snuggled comfortably between the boys instead of crammed in the top bunk alongside her usually disagreeable sister.

“Do you think their hair is long enough for pigtails?” she asked randomly, one fingernail between her teeth.

“I don’t know.” Giggling loudly, Sundae, remembered how during make-over day, the boys all looked so cute in their pigtails. *It was time to initiate one again.*

Curiously thinking about Sumre, and how attached she had been to (JUNGKOOK) the brown-haired doll, it suddenly dawned on her, that the one in the bottom bunk, (i.e. V) had been invited yesterday but not previously CHOSEN.

On top of that, she hated the fact that Sumre gave up so easily and didn't make sure her first choice (i.e. JIN) was satisfied and happy, like SHE did for hers.

“Sister!” Cocking her eyebrow disdainfully, she nudged Sumre harshly with one elbow, pointing downward in V's direction. “Why is HE here and not the chosen one? You'll mess with the order of things like you always do.”

Scrunching her pajama'd shoulders, the ever-changing Sumre, rolled her eyes upward to the ceiling, staring blankly off into space.

“Because he's amazing.” Her hushed and satisfied tone gave away her preference immediately. Tucking her hair back into the sides of the hoodie she cringed.

“The other one . . . thinks I'm crazy. It's obvious,” she stated matter-of-factly, “he doesn't like me anymore. Did you hear him at the party? Said I was sharpening knives. Why does he think that? I don't know what I ever saw in him. Brat!” Flinging her hands in the air disappointedly, she was certain her first choice was more enamored of her sister anyway.

“Besides, I bet he likes you. They don't even TRY to get to know me first . . . even though I'm the one who lets them wander and be themselves.” *Wasn't that the way it went every year? With her cool and quiet demeanor, Sundae was always the favorite with ALL the guests.*

Thinking back to the earlier argument over the dark-haired doll, (i.e. JUNGKOOK) she hissed, “You're so . . . so jealous and possessive. It's how we got in this predicament in the first place.”

Her voice snippy, Sundae responded with disdain, “Humpf, well you're a flirt and a tease. I think we should make them ALL sit still and behave. THAT ONE . . .” she barked, wagging a long fingernail at V, “Is so restless . . . It took way more juice than I thought to calm him down.”

“He's happy. Leave him to me.” Sumre finally smiled. “Today he'll play nice. You'll see.”

Finding sister Sumre's sudden giddiness endearing, Sundae joined her in a silly barrage of snickering and snorting until before long they were both cackling loudly, pushing and punching

each other until a confused and sleepy-eyed JungKook, raised his head up over the side of the top bunk, wondering where in the hell he was, and who was making so much noise.

“WHA?” Squealing loudly, he squinted at the two pajama-clad sisters tussling around above him.

“OH!” Shocked as his face rose up directly over hers, Sumre screamed loudly pushing him by accident, (she and Sundae watching in horror), as losing his balance, he sailed over backwards, grasping frantically for the quilt, nearly falling off the side of the bottom bedrail.

“SUMRE.” Slapping at her angrily Sundae’s tone was harsh. “What’s your problem? You scare so easily. He’s going to hurt himself. We put them down there on purpose.” Bounding off the bunk hurriedly, she threw her arms around JungKook’s bare chest hugging him tightly. “Oh, my goodness. Are you okay?”

“Ahhh, yeah, I guess.” Cowering he smiled awkwardly as she embraced him, before attempting to wriggle free from her tight grasp. Feeling her soft cotton pajamas on his bare skin, he realized he wasn’t in the dorm and was dressed only in his boxer shorts.



Dear GOD! Who had undressed him? Where was he? What were the sisters doing here? And, more importantly . . . How did he get here?

V, barely fazed by the commotion around him, mumbled again in his sleep, finally opening one eye at the sound of JungKook’s feet hitting the floor behind him. *Ohhhh, the dream had been so real . . . the kiss delicious. Who was squealing? Was that her? Was she here?*



Tipping his head up slowly, he looked around, taking in what he could make of the surroundings. The low bunk skimmed his head closely, as he attempted to keep down and quiet, quickly glancing past JungKook’s skinny, bare legs, to a nicely furnished room.

It looked like it had once been the residence of a school boy, the red and blue country theme reminding him of the farmhouse he had grown up in. With antique toys, paintings, and a large rocker over a rag rug, he felt oddly at home.

“Kookie.” he whispered loudly, reaching one hand over and slapping JungKook on the calf gently, “where the hell are we?”

Now scared and embarrassed, JungKook wrenched himself away from the spidery arms of Sundae, peering under the bunk at V.

“We’re in hell hyung,” he sputtered, “and THAT girl there . . .”

Pointing at Sundae grinning above him, twisting her hair seductively, as she zipped and unzipped her onsie in tiny spurts . . . an inch up . . . and an inch down . . .

“Is the spawn of Satan.”

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JUMPING off the top bunk squarely in his startled face, Sumre barked angrily, “Why are you so sassy? You’re the favorite here. Can’t we all just get along?”

Flinging her hoodie off, she shoved him away from the bottom bunk plunking down next to an equally as startled V stretching out like she had just been embalmed and placed in a coffin, hands folded squarely over her chest, her eyes bright with sudden happiness.

“Next year you won’t be invited.” Not waiting for an answer from either boy, she patted V’s thigh lightly . . . “Just you. You understand me.”

Stepping around JungKook’s trembling figure, Sundae, disregarding her sister’s bizarre behavior palmed his flushed cheek a little too harshly. *He had been chosen every year for as long as she could remember, why was he suddenly changing?*

“I can’t believe you called me that. I’m just trying to take care of you. Doesn’t matter what my sister says. Obviously, you don’t like me anymore. Maybe I should give your breakfast to the other boy,” she scolded him, her voice timid and hurt.

Biting down on her bottom lip, she dropped her hooded head, and with drooping shoulders bumped him slightly as she lumbered dejectedly toward the door.

Had she just slapped him? That only happened in the Dramas. Fisting his hands at his side, JungKook struggled to remember the peculiar events of yesterday, and his initial hope to be the

‘good’ one. Grabbing a crocheted quilt from the bottom of the bed to cover himself he darted after her, his voice strained and apologetic.

“ANI (NO), Noona wait! I, I didn’t mean it,” he stammered, “don’t give away my breakfast. It won’t happen again I promise.”

OH SHIT. Now he’d done it. First thing in the morning, he had pissed her off. She didn’t understand . . . NEVER deny the food. And, who was the ‘other’ boy. Was it Jin? Or Jimin? And, WHERE was he? Or could it even be someone else? Did these twin sisters have other boys stashed away in random rooms of the house? The basement, or maybe even the barn?

Shivering uncontrollably in the warm room, he sucked in his breath attempting to seduce her with his aegyo, (CUTENESS) realizing that (slap or not) if he and his other members wanted to get out of this house in one piece and since she had obviously ‘taken a liking’ to him . . . he had to play along.

Hearing the remorse in his voice by the time Sundae swiveled around, he was smiling at her adorably. Eyeing him closely, she pinched one plump cheek playfully, grinning, “Ahhh, there’s my little man, I love it when you’re sorry . . . I’ll save you extra bacon, ‘cause I know it’s your favorite.”

Her voice took on a more demanding tone as taking charge she threw her eyes over toward Sumre and V still lounging side-by-side in the bottom bunk.

“Come on you two. It’s time to shower and eat. Sumre, he doesn’t get room service. He always comes downstairs. You know that. Don’t baby him. You’re so easy.”

V, cocked up on one-elbow stared down into the light blue eyes of the unusual quirky girl beside him in the bunk. Even in the morning, surrounded by the hooded ‘shark’, wisps of hair flying about her face, she was adorable.

Breakfast downstairs, huh? Why was JungKook so upset? He needed to relax before everything was spoiled. It was still snowing. They couldn’t go anywhere. This was nothing more than an adventure. It would make a great story when they got home.

“Sumre . . .” he whispered, putting one hand over hers timidly, “what’s to eat?”

“You should know by now . . . all your favorites, silly,” she whispered back smiling, her eyes never leaving the bottom rungs of the upper bunk.

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