

Chapter Three – Pt 2

“Off With Their Heads!”



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SUNDAE unlocked the bedroom door with one hand behind her, reaching outside into the hallway, making sure to keep one eye on a still smiling JungKook, who stepped back accommodatingly to let her leave.

“Your clothes are all cleaned and ready to wear. Sumre loves to iron. She stayed up late. You can thank her for the starch. Here . . .” Handing him a pile of white items, (that looked like pants and shirts) she continued, as if addressing a class of Kindergarteners.

“Now make sure to shower first and wash behind your ears. No one likes dirty ears at the breakfast table. I don’t know why you boys have to be told such things EVERY year. So, annoying.”

Waving Sumre to her side, the two of them stood in the doorway (formidable but smiling), their pajamas hiding mature developed figures, making them look more like little girls, playing house with their real live dolls.

“Thirty minutes. No more no less. Or . . . ‘OFF WITH YOUR HEADS,’” Sumre shouted giggling, sweeping one hand in the air theatrically as the two of them backed out, slamming the door behind them.

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THE loud clanking of a deadbolt lock at the bedroom door, along with the mixed scent of sweet roses and hickory bacon permeated Jimin's nose, startling him out of the soundest sleep he had had in months. Rising quickly his head banged the top of the bottom bunk harshly.

"Shit!" Muttering in pain he rubbed the tender spot beginning to focus his bleary eyes on the space around him.

Nestled among 'Alice in Wonderland' sheets and surrounded by stuffed characters, the eerily smiling Alice doll perched at his side seemed to be 'egging him' to get up.



The area itself was a large, overpowering girls room, containing a neatly arranged assortment of toys, books, dolls and pictures . . . all the EVER present and always CREEPY 'Alice in Wonderland'.

At the foot of the twin-sized bunk hung a framed picture of the foreboding 'Queen of Hearts' herself shouting, "Off with their heads!" He hoped that wasn't a literal explanation of why he suddenly found himself in this horrific room. *He cherished his head. Needed it to survive.*

Suddenly unnerved and trembling, he slipped gingerly from between the patterned covers, turning the stuffed Alice over, and shoving her face-first into the pillow to stop her from staring at him.

Glancing down at himself as the covers gave way, he wondered why in the hell his six-pack was outlined, in (what seemed to be) magic marker. Another glance about the room confirmed the fact that nothing he had carried through the front door yesterday . . . clothes, backpack, or cell phone . . . had made it to this room. *Where the 'f' was he?*

Jumping to his feet he ran one hand across the top bunk feeling for a body, lifting up only to see rumpled bedcovers, proving he hadn't spent the night alone.

Standing curiously at the side of the feminine bunk bed, he finally heard the drone of a shower, and grumbling of a familiar voice. Darting toward what he assumed was the bathroom door, about to knock (almost afraid of who or what he would find) it flew open directly in his face and a normally calm, Jin stood scowling in front of him, dripping wet, in a short child-sized, white terry robe.

“NO HOT WATER, DAMMIT,” he snarled, shoving his curious friend aside heading toward the side of the twin bunk. Pointing at Jimin’s belly, he threw open the mis-fitting robe on the way by, exposing his abs, shouting disgustedly, “And, THOSE don’t come off in the shower.”

Amused, but concerned, Jimin clamped one hand down on Jin’s shoulder protectively. *He was the quiet one who rarely (if ever) got rattled or upset.*

“Nice robe,” he snickered, wondering how in the hell he had managed to get his arms through the tiny sleeves, and why he had even bothered. Crossing over him, he stepped up to the frosty windowpane tugging at the sill hoping to find it open. *Not that it mattered. Looking down, it seemed as if they were three stories up.*

His mind a whirlwind of questions he stared out at the large snowflakes continuing to fall, blowing and drifting about the vast empty fields below the window. Finally turning, he leaned against the wall, studying his bare feet.

How had two scrawny women managed to get he and the other three members up the long winding staircase to the third floor without them knowing it? And, was there something in the food they ate at the party? It seemed okay after JungKook ate, but he just couldn’t remember anything past the sweet, sugary cocktail of juice and soda that followed. Could that have been it? Drugged? But why? Lots of why’s and no answers.

“Jin . . .” he muttered raking his hands through his hair, “what if these girls really ARE crazy?”

Folding his arms, Jin thought about yesterday’s ‘unusual’ birthday party too. V had managed to convince them all, these two sisters were harmless. *This morning . . . in the light of day, he wasn’t so sure either.*

“Dunno. Wonder where V and Kookie are?” Flopping back across the bed, he attempted not to notice the barrage of stuffed ‘Alice’ characters surrounding his head. *Had THEY woken up in a similar room in the massive house somewhere?*

“YAH! Like I would know? Did you see the way Sundae flirted with Kookie? He’s just a baby, aishhh,” Jimin scoffed angrily, finally bounding toward the end of the bunk, and snatching a towel from off the small, white, lacy table top. “This SUCKS, I can’t even take a hot shower. Is there at least soap and shampoo?”

“Yep. Some kind of girly stuff. I kinda smell like my halmeoni (GRANDMA).” Jin muttered. *If the situation hadn’t been so grave, it might have actually been funny.*

“Oh, that’s just great,” Jimin complained, making his way toward the bedroom door, jiggling the handle anyway, just to see if it was open and they could get out. *But, just like the window, they were freaking locked in. For what? No clothes, no shoes . . . they couldn’t go anywhere even if they wanted to.*

“I could have told you it was locked. Already checked.” Shrugging both shoulders, Jin eyed the food cart hungrily. *When had that arrived? Yesterday’s smattering of tiny sandwiches and candy hadn’t done much to fill the gaping hole in his usually full stomach.*

“Don’t even,” Jimin mumbled in warning, “no telling what’s in that. I don’t care HOW damned hungry you are.”

Attempting to ignore the delicious smelling food under his nose, Jin rose, scanning the cluttered walls around the room, his eyes finally resting on a small TV, set into the far corner of the spacious bedroom.

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CURIOS, he headed in the direction of the darkened screen. “Hyung, over here. Look . . .” he barked, motioning for Jimin to follow him to the corner. Peering curiously into the blackness, running his hands through his damp hair, and smoothing out his bangs, he hoped maybe there was someone on the other end.



In the split second it took him to realize they were probably being taped, up popped the image of both sisters, squeezed into the small space, their faces distorted, but grinning.

“MORNING,” they chortled together, waving merrily as if they were greeting them for a fun day on the farm.

“Did you sleep well?” Sumre asked, tipping her head toward Sundae’s, struggling to see yesterday’s **FIRST** choice better.

“Did you get your breakfast?” Sundae questioned, her hands clasped tightly under her chin coquettishly.



“We made all your favorites,” Sumre continued smiling, noticing that her chosen one was already freshly showered, looking adorable in her little white robe. Just like she assumed, it didn’t cover up his sleek bare chest, the faded ab lines showing prominently between the beltline and waistband of his boxer shorts.

A grouchy shirtless Jimin, careened in behind Jin, using him as a shield to hide his nakedness, his eyes flashing in displeasure.

“Where are V and Kookie?” he snapped aggravated, “and why is the door locked?”

In a moment of hesitation, the bolt lock on the door flew back, and the door popped open mysteriously.

“What do you mean locked?” Sumre asked sweetly. Then turning to Sundae, once again, she couldn’t understand why her sister would do such a thing. “That was her . . . she’s a little too possessive of her boys. And, she doesn’t like them talking. I’m sorry.”

Shoving Sundae over to one side, the space between them opened exposing V and JungKook through the dining room doorway, quietly eating breakfast at the large, ornate table.

Taking that as his green light, Jin leapt for the breakfast tray, savoring the smell of bacon and hash browns before snatching up his plate and heading toward the open door.

“WAIT,” Sundae screamed loudly in the camera. “You can’t do that. No prancing around the house naked. Eat, get dressed and THEN come down.”

“We have so many fun things planned for today,” Sumre added, still smiling. “I’ll bring you up come clothes shortly.”

Turning away from the camera, she lingered, dropping her eyes bashfully at seeing both half-dressed boys move quickly to the other side of the room.

"You only have thirty minutes . . ." She whispered into the lens. "Or OFF WITH YOUR HEADS!" And, giggling to herself, hit the key on the computer shutting them out of view.

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THE ghostly, blurry face of the girl in the window of the house wrapped in a fallen down porch, lined with boys' tennis shoes and sign on the door reading "I'm late, I'm late for a very important date . . ." began to dissipate in RapMonster's dream . . .

The chanting started quietly, increasing in intensity until he was sure a chorus of female voices were screaming, at the top of their lungs in his ear.

"Pool . . . pool . . . goin' to the pool . . . A-Girls are late . . . for a very important date . . ."

Popping up in bed, he shook himself groggily, realizing that the voices were real and coming from the room next door. Glancing over at the clock in the darkened space as J-Hope raised his head as well, it read . . . 10:30 a.m. *Whoah, they had slept longer than expected.*

"What's going on? Party?" J-Hope mumbled, scratching his shoulder lazily.

"Who's having a party?" Suga responded, rolling over and throwing the covers off as his feet hit the floor. "Wow . . . sounds like next door."

Thinking about the blonde who had admonished him for rapping his jam in the bathroom yesterday afternoon, he scrambled from the bed, shuffling sleepily toward the connecting door.

Smacking it with his palms loudly, he called out to the trio of females chanting on the other side. "Trying to sleep in here. RUDE," adding, "and that's the worst rap in the world. You got no jams." *HA! That would get her attention. She had messed with him, now he would do the same to her.*

"Sounds like they're going to the pool." J-Hope smiled, unable to help himself from thinking about the attractive, but squeamish dark-haired girl who wouldn't give up her name and stole shot-glasses from the bar.

"So . . ." RapMonster bounced up from the bed, hoping for the chance to see the female counterpart (who heard voices like he did), as well. "Who's up for a pool party?"

Hands shot up around him eagerly.

“Well, what are we waiting for then?” he asked smiling, the catchy chant running through his already muddled brain, “We’re late . . . we’re late . . . for a very important date!”

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