

Chapter Seven – Part 1

“I think I must have changed several times since then.”



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“**SISTER**, isn’t it a lovely morning?” Sumre smiled up at a passive JungKook, laying several eggs, sunny-side up, onto her breakfast plate. Allowing him better access she leaned back accommodatingly.

“Thank-you, kind sir,” she thanked him, adding in a whisper, “napkin please.” Amused, she turned her attention across the table to a grumbling Sundae, observing her flirting (yet again) with the **CHOSEN** one.



He looked so adorable all decked out in his little outfit, Sumre wished he could stay forever and wait on her. But, that wasn’t possible. And, again . . . there were the others to consider. Especially the sassy one. Had he learned his lesson yet?

Trying to stay calm and ignore her obnoxious twin, Sundae craned her neck toward the back hallway nervously. *Had she been too harsh again?*

“Husband . . .” Crooking her finger at JungKook, she fluttered her long eyelashes seductively. “Come, Sumre’s got her own man. I need my toast buttered.” Grinning at the smug sister across the table, she lifted one piece of toast in the air, watching him in fascination as he sighed, a tiny smile quirking his lips when she called him, ‘Husband’.

“Did you notice?” Sumre asked, cutting the gooey eggs randomly, before squishing them around making a mushy blob in the middle of her plate. “The house was so quiet last night. It was such a pleasant sound . . . the silence. He slept like a baby.”

Laying Sundae’s buttered toast down in her plate quickly, Kookie stepped back attempting to put as much distance between the two of them as possible. But, snatching his hand regardless, she deliberately tugged him back toward the table.

“Don’t go sweetie,” she cooed, “yes sister, the house, the silence. I think the storm must have broken.” Leaning clear across the table, she whispered, “The extra juice helped. No snoring . . . no talking. I knew it would work. How did you sleep?” she asked JungKook, forcing his body to move along with her as she went.

“Fine.” Answering softly, he hated the fact that he was reduced to servant status this morning. *If he was the ‘husband’, was this what she considered ‘husbandly’ duties? Could they be any crazier? And, the juice. Again, they hadn’t had anything but bottled water, and oranges before bed last night. What the hell was in the juice?*

All he remembered was waking up, dressed in his outfit from the night before, with a wide-eyed, satisfied looking Sundae staring at him from across the room, as if he was made of gold. *He would never sleep again . . . He was done being the ‘Chosen One’, the ‘King’, and now . . . ‘The Husband’.*

“Sundae? Don’t you think it’s time?” Sumre asked, nodding toward the back hallway. “It’s been all night.”

His eyebrows raised JungKooks’ eyes followed Sundae’s, wondering what the hell they were talking about now. Knowing Sundae hated talking, he slipped his hand away, grabbing the silver tea tray, nodding politely while backing into the kitchen doorway. He needed to get the fruit plate.

“Oh bother. It’s barely 9:00, but okay.” Standing stoically, Sundae brushed crumbs from her lap, watching Kookie’s behind saunter into the kitchen, breathing a long sigh of relief. “He’s going to be mad. Best get ready,” she sighed, glancing over her shoulder at Sumre.



“He needs to bathe, and I KNOW he’s hungry.” Sumre frowned. “I feel badly. Why do you always do this?” *Now she was angry. Sundae was so cruel sometimes. Her patience was thin, her tolerance level weak.*

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AGAIN, he had slept sounder than usual. Jimin couldn’t remember how or when he had gotten to bed, however . . . the clear memory of a woman’s whispery voice in his ear, and the touch of a finger across his bangs to wake him was fresh in his mind.

Feigning sleep, he’d waited until the ‘unexpected’ Sundae slipped off the bed beside him, opening one eye to watch her patter through the room in her onesie, muttering in a high sing-songy voice, “I’m late, I’m late for a very important date.”

Had she slept with him all night? The indentation of her body over the quilt at his side was all the proof he needed. *And, typically where was Jin?* Punching the underneath side of the mattress with his fist, all was quiet. The bunk above him was empty. He was alone.

Still confused, he swiveled in the small bunk, shoving the annoying stuffed animals and ‘Alice’ doll to the floor in front of him mumbling, “Hope I NEVER have a girl . . .” Running his fingers through his hair, his stomach growled loudly in anticipation of breakfast. Contemplating what to do next, he stared out the window, thinking about the other members, hoping they weren’t stranded in a similar situation, unable to make contact or call for help.

Moments later, a brooding V appeared in the doorway, stomping across the room still clothed in the get-up he had donned while ‘playing nice’ yesterday afternoon with Sumre. It was tough being crazy girls ‘Chosen’ one.



“Tae Tae, I better NEVER hear you complain about dressing up like a girl ever again,” Finally finding the humor in something, Jimin chuckled, staring into the made- up face of his unusually agreeable hyung.

If it was one thing he understood, it was that V would play along with anyone, at any time, doing anything. Yesterday, childish and inquisitive . . . he had proved that. This morning spoke the sad truth.

Dropping next to him on the bed, V stretched out across the covers. “They’re downstairs eating. I heard voices coming from the kitchen,” he muttered dejectedly. “She’s eating without me. If I’m the ‘Chosen’ one, why would she do that?”

The door had been unlocked when he awoke, still dressed in his strange play clothes from last night. *He had enjoyed his time with the unpredictable Sumre yesterday so why had she ditched him this morning? Was she with Jin? And, curiously, yet again . . . how the hell had he gotten to bed?*

Unlike yesterday, rising out of the top bunk, this time . . . he had been alone in the room, JungKook already gone, and no Sumre or Sundae in sight. Now it appeared . . . they were all downstairs having breakfast.

Without specific instructions he wasn’t sure what to do, and Jimin’s disagreeable attitude hadn’t changed much since refusing to color his white rabbit during activities.

“Have you figured it out yet?” Jimin barked. “They’re nuts Tae. Michin (CRAZY). Coockoo . . . you know? BONKERS.”

Rolling his fingers about his head, he reached over and thumped V on the forehead, hoping maybe after yesterday’s blatant display of weirdness, he would finally get the hint.

“You’re in a damn dress for God’s sake. And, coloring? Aishhh, creepy stuffed dolls. UGH.”

Kicking the Alice at his feet he watched in satisfaction as she sailed across the room, landing face first into the small table and chairs set for tea, listening as the little china cups rattled under the blow.

“Yahhhh . . .” V picked at the lacy hem of the dress hating to admit that Jimin was right. *Maybe it was time to come back to reality and find a way to leave the Whyte sister’s ‘Rabbit Hole’ once and for all.* “Arasseo (OKAY).”

“AH. Daebak. You’re with me then? We need a plan.” Jimin came up off the bunk, his excitement level rising. “We need to get the hell out of here and soon.” He barked quietly, hoping the sisters were pre-occupied with



breakfast and not paying attention to what was transpiring upstairs in the bedrooms, like yesterday.

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THE loud sound of the door unlocking, startled Jin out of a dead and dreamless sleep. As his eyes popped open adjusting to the dimly lit room, he was shocked to see not only was he NOT in the comfortable bunk bed, he was NOT even in a bedroom. The thin mattress and pillow underneath him were covered in a brightly patterned ‘Alice’ sheet, a white wool blanket thrown over the top of him for warmth in the small, drafty, closet-like room.



With unusual scribblings everywhere, the small space was lit up with twinkly blue Christmas lights, and a picture of the sisters . . . unnerving but smiling, pointing directly at him, the saying, “OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!”, scratched across the wall in crayon above it.

All around him, the stark white walls, hosted a hodge-podge of writings and sayings, ranging from “I’M LATE . . . I’M LATE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT DATE.” to “EVERYONE HERE IS MAD . . .” And then there were the comments and warnings. Written in all different handwritings, some in chalk, some scratched directly into the painted wall . . .

I didn't want to wear the red dress

I refused to do dishes! 🐜

I asked to be a different character . . .

I talked too much. (SHIT)

This is my 3rd time, “DON’T” drink the juice

I'm not the favorite anymore. DAMN!!!

How the hell do you get out of here?????????

I'll never be the same again 🤖

She thought I could play the piano. AGHHH!

And lastly, the largest one, scrawled directly above the doorway in black magic marker . . .

“AW F* WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!”**

This was indeed ‘Wonderland’ Hell and he’d managed to fall out of favor with the crazy Queen and her equally crazy twin!

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LOOKING around him frantically, it became suddenly clear that he was NOT the first invited guest to be disciplined for straying away from the rigid rules of the irrational and absurd sisters. His heart pounding wildly in his chest he noticed a small plastic bowl behind the pillow. With one lone piece of pink chalk, it was begging to be used.

Why not? He wasn't going anywhere, even when he did get out. It was time to be heard . . .

왜 날 테스트? 수행 나 트위스트되지!!!!

*Why are you testing me? Don't get me
twisted!*

Dropping the chalk back into the bowl, satisfied he had gotten his point across, he scrambled to his feet, wiping his already sweaty brow (in the claustrophobic space) as he scanned his arms and legs checking for needle marks. *NOTHING. At least, he hadn't been drugged that way.*

Then, stretching out his tired cramped legs, he leaned one ear to the heavy wooden door. Knowing it was the only barrier between him and freedom, with one hand on the knob, his mind tumbled through several scenarios, until thinking twice, he decided NOT to barge out and into the unknown just yet.

First of all . . . where was he? What part of the house was he in? He hated dank, dark basements with spiders and rodents . . . Ewww. Praying he wasn't down there, or even up in the (more than creepy) attic he and V had discovered yesterday afternoon, he could hear faint voices sounding like the girls, coming from somewhere.

It was time. He couldn't wait another second. His bladder screaming, he was dying of thirst, and he couldn't let whatever awaited him on the other side of the door deter him from his goal. The bathroom!

Shoving it wide, he skidded into a small hallway, headed for the kitchen, eyes focused on the back staircase, when (the ever-present) Sumre, appeared like a ghostly apparition, directly in his face, thwarting his ability to either go around, or through her, to get away.

“OH, MY GOODNESS.” Face drawn, eyes sad, she clucked her tongue, fluttering her fingers up and down his arms, cautiously touching him as if he were broken. “Are you alright? I HATE her sometimes. She MADE me do it. I should have been with you. I made her promise not to ever

do it again after last time, but she wouldn't listen," the distraught twin rattled on, moving with him as he attempted to step toward the middle of the empty room.

Then quite unexpectedly, she threw both arms about his neck, and began showering his face with light feathery kisses, continuing to fuss like a mother hen over her chicks, at his predicament.

"Dear sweet boy, I was so worried. You must be thirsty . . . starving . . . was it cold in there?"

Jin stared into her peaked concerned face, hearing Kookie and Sundae's voices coming from the dining room, (clearly they were eating). It had to be morning, the smell of coffee and bacon trickling up his nostrils and landing in the empty hole in his belly. *Bathroom first, food next. Whatever had transpired last night would have to wait.*

"STOP SUMRE." he urged her loudly, "I have to go. Pee, gotta pee." Squiggling out of her intense grasp, he picked her up by the shoulders and deposited her off to one side, allowing him the freedom to get past and head toward the back stairs.

Wheeling around she watched him take the steps two at a time, hoping next time he would behave. She hated discipline. He was too precious for that.



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