

# “PRISM”

## Part 2



So dazzling that I couldn't see  
So clear that I couldn't see, your eyes shine on my heart

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



## COCO'S CON'T – MALIBU BEACH, CA

**GLAD** the video shoot was finally over, an exhausted, hungry Key squinted into the late afternoon sunlight, wiping gritty sand from the back of his trunks. A burger and fries or even a pizza would've tasted amazing right now. Watching as crew members packed up and attending vehicles rolled away from the parking lot he licked his dry lips unconsciously. Everyone was leaving, (even the remaining surfers and accompanying beach 'Extra's'), thinning out and going their separate ways.

Standing still, the urge to piss was harder to ignore. *Holy shit! Check out that pair of perfect asses!* Gasping inwardly, he leered at the backsides of not one . . . but two . . . particularly curvy girls passing by directly under his nose. His inner pervert shuddering at the thought of the flawlessly tanned and proportioned skin crinkling under his touch, his hands itched to reach out and grab the butt cheek of the one closest to him as they slid by. *Minho was right. A nice plump rear to grab might be the way to go after all.*

Used to being ogled by random guys, they giggled out loud, curiously scanning him up and down as well, their unexpected, scorching response floating up into the air around him.

“Look at him, he’s staring like he’s never seen a chick in a bikini before. Think he’s one of those Asian boys from the shoot? They’re hot but, kinda weird. He’s too skinny though, huh?”

Pausing, the taller one looked back over her shoulder sheepishly. “You’re too pretty for us honey,” adding quietly as she nudged her friend . . . “Shit, who looks like that and isn’t Gay?” Ignoring any response Key may have had, they crumpled in laughter waving accommodatingly as they skipped away, finally breaking into a bone-chilling romp toward the shore line.

Understanding enough English to catch ‘Gay, skinny and pretty’, an embarrassed Key popped both hands on his hips growling under his breath at their teasing comments.

“What the fuck! I might be pretty but I’m NOT GAY. YAH, you don’t know me. I’d fuck your ass in a heartbeat. Well . . . maybe.” Head dropping, he studied his body from the waist down sighing. “What’s so wrong with me anyway? I’m not skinny. Ani, Key’s a lean, mean dancing machine.” Bolstering his own ego, he smiled appreciatively, fisting his legs, (the money-makers). “Just look at these thighs! You missed out girls . . . Your loss.”

*What did it matter what two random ‘Valley Girls’ thought of him anyway? There were plenty of fish in the sea.*

Sauntering closer to the men’s restroom, his feet hit soundly against the warm sand barely hearing Minh’s, “Yah, Kibum wait up,” as he scuffled along behind him, (trying with difficulty not to focus on the females passing by as well).

“Wha (WHAT)?” Swiveling to face his slightly sunburned friend, Key’s expression was vague. “Gotta piss. Make it quick.”

“Yahhh, I was just gonna ask if you’d seen Lee Joon? He’s got all our clothes and shit. I need to change. Got sand in my ass and all. How ‘bout you?” Catching the eye of a tall, busty redhead he whistled low, marginally embarrassed at the sight of her barely covered, darkly-tanned and oiled body, one arm hugging a long sleek surfboard. “Whew, did you f’ng see that? Now, THAT’S why I wanna learn how to surf.”

Key’s comeback held as much frustration as his own. “Of course. How in the hell can you miss it? ANY of it. Forget where we are? And, ye there’s sand up my ass . . . ANI, haven’t seen Lee Joon.”

No, Minho hadn't forgotten this was California. Not only that, if his parents were here they probably wouldn't have approved, especially his mother. This wasn't the way girls were supposed to conduct themselves. Not good girls anyway.

Being in the States was already becoming a lesson in restraint. His sixteen-year old hormones were pushing into overdrive, no matter what he and Key had discussed on the flight over about sex and dream girls. Beach life in Malibu just wasn't normal. The reality was, he felt like he'd been dropped into a nudist colony, covered from head to toe in a winter snowsuit. Vulnerable, awkward and more importantly . . . noticeable. Wayyy too noticeable.

"Aren't you uncomfortable, even just a little?" Stopping Key just short of the restroom door he turned, staring off toward the bar where they'd just come from, uttering, "Of course you aren't. You're the consummate teenage pervert. Aishhh, obviously those two aren't either."

There, still sitting at the table in the aftermath of the video, were Idol Seniors, Kim JaeJoong and, Kim Hyun Joong, nursing drinks, smiling and looking relaxed, left only in the company of two, half-bare fan girls, their dark heads tipped in conversation. Cringing, Minho couldn't help wondering how the two had managed to 'keep it in their shorts' this long in the presence of such blatant nakedness.

Hating to admit his own discomfort even to Minho, Key shrugged, head cocked as his eyes wandered around to Coco's eating area. "Hell yeah. How can I NOT feel out of place? Come on hyung look at them . . . you know Jae's a man-whore from the word go. Surprised he's not humping her over the table." *Why weren't those girls worried about being with a couple of (so-called pretty) Asian flower boys? It didn't seem fair.*

The encounter with the outspoken beach girls fresh in his mind, he blurted out sarcastically, "Obviously, compared to everyone else around here, I look like a skinny; ten-year old too PRETTY to be anything but, Gay. Shit, I take care of myself, so what? That makes me Gay? Fuck."

He knew his hyungs Donghae and Eunhyuk had visited 'SM' L.A. several times over the years and encountered lots of American females. Their stories (full of sex and adventure) were fun to listen to but, for some reason he figured a lot of it was made up bullshit, just to make them look good in front of the others. Now, here he was smack dab in the middle of pervy-ville . . . without

a clue how to react. He had to suck it up, blonde hair or not, and recover the swag he thought he'd left with, getting off the plane.

“Aigooo, Kibum relax . . . we all know you're not Gay. At least I hope not, or SHIPPING would be too damn close to home. Where'd that come from all of a sudden anyway?”

Drawing one arm around Key's slight shoulder, Minho laughed out loud. “Is it the hair? It's not your first concept. The shoot's over. Talk to Lee Joon bet he'll let you dye it back in a few days. Besides. You're the ‘prince-of-porn-in-training’ and ‘master-of-romance’, right behind Donghae. Let's face it . . . if we were back on JeJu beach right now, you'd have the entire female population bowing at your feet. You're practically an Idol there already.”

Minho was hard pressed to understand why the usually confident Key was suddenly frustrated around a virtual hotbed of available females. Ruffling his bleached-out hair, he smiled supportively knowing in a situation like this it was always best to encourage the (often stormy) teenager.

Hoping to change the subject, his eyes still glued to CoCo's cozy, video foursome he rambled on, sighing in spite of himself, “After seeing your pic, it was weird us ending up in a video about Ideal Types, huh? I'm sort of glad it's over. I don't know about you but, I spent the entire time scoping out the chicks thinking I might spot that dark-haired girl we saw at the airport. Babo (STUPID) huh?”

“Babo? Ani.” Driven back to the feeling he'd gotten from the girl in front of the van Key blinked away the image hurriedly. “I didn't see anybody who looks like her. Mostly blondes here. After a few hours, they all look the same. Huh, funny . . . that's what they say about us Asian's.”

Acutely aware of children's laughter, barking dogs and rustling palm trees he hopped from one foot to the other, his bladder threatening to burst right in front of everyone. “Can we talk about this later hyung? I swear I can't wait much longer.”

“Mmmm, arasseo . . . go on, before you wet your f'ng pants. Now, THAT'S what a ten-year old would do.” Snickering at the image of Kibum peeing himself, Minho shoved him toward the bathroom door. So far from his vantage point, Malibu beach hadn't produced anybody close to the blue-eyed beauty of his dreams. It was probably for the best. Things were gearing up for him at ‘SM’ now. He didn't need the distraction.

Pausing to look back over the diminishing crowd at the video couples, he saw the girl in the red bikini saucily flip her head, grabbing onto the other girl's wrist before leaning against Hyun Joong's shoulder, her tinkling laughter riding the air waves all the way in his direction. *Why was the sound of her voice so strikingly familiar?*

A mild twinge at his hip forced one fist to his side, reminding him he definitely needed that run before the day ended.



“WELL Sexy Noona, it's a shame this all has to end but, my manager's getting impatient.” Nodding off in the direction of an anxious young gentleman, eyebrows creased, tapping his watch, JJ patted the back of Keis's hand, letting it rest momentarily as the heat seared up through his arm. “We're on a tight schedule today.” Darting briefly in toward her ear, he crooned guardedly, “How about you give me your number before I leave so we can see each other again, ye?”

Quivering with excitement, the tickle of his breath in her ear was all consuming. Having come full circle, she cracked a seductive smile, shaking her head repeatedly, sensing she had him ‘hook, line and sinker’, positive he would be back for round two.

“Yeah . . . yeah sure. My number . . .”

“Daebak (AWESOME), I'll keep in touch. You believe me Noona, ye?” Conscious of the dwindling crowd, JJ wanted desperately to graze his lips across her cheek in leaving. Holding back, he grinned at Hyun Joong, “Joong and I will be back here in a few weeks for promotions before the concert. Right hyung?”

“Ye.” Pursing his lips Joong wished they could stay longer too. *He wanted to talk more. Know more. This Noona Skyler was interesting and enticing all at the same time. And, what about the fortune teller's prediction? Was he the 'obvious' she needed to be wary of? He wouldn't deceive her. Now, hoping she was about to become part of his future he wondered how? He didn't know but, he was willing to find out.*



“Here's my phone Noona. If you give me your number I'll call you, promise.”

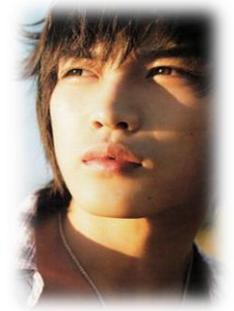
Pushing his cell in her direction, the sincerity in his voice was evident.

Slowly typing in her contact information, IlSeok couldn't miss the sparkling smile stretching clear to his eyes as he patiently watched her.

Accepting it shyly, his long, fingers laced around her thin wrist. "Gamza and take good care of my bracelet. That represents my heart." Standing, he hesitated momentarily before gently releasing her. Following JJ's lead, he bowed gallantly before turning away.

Flinging herself up IlSeok stood stoically, (hands on her bare hips) watching the two companions round the corner of the bar. Seeing JJ glance back longingly one last time, in seconds they were officially out of sight.

"Holy Mother of God, Bianca!" Groaning, her head whirled with the foggy notion that she'd just been 'mind-fucked'. "What just happened here? Pinch me, make sure I'm not dreaming."



Twisting the skin of IlSeok's arm, right above the woven red bracelet, Keis barked excitedly, "Forget Ideal Types, Bianca and Skyler just kicked SOUL MATE-ASS, that's what happened! Anndddd, nobody blew our cover, not even Monique. Damn, I was so nervous there for a minute I almost wet my bikini."

Squirming breathlessly she bolted from the chair, nearly tipping it over in the process. "So now I gotta pee. Come on we can talk on the way." Snatching her sister's palm, she took off running in the direction of the restrooms and showers, feeling her own thin bracelet dangling loosely around her wrist.

*Soul mates, right under our noses? Is that possible? Hottie, Kim JaeJoong doesn't fit the bill of my 'Blonde Beach Baby', and, Seoky already has Suni.*

Perplexed, Keis wondered why, (even enclosed in a cloud of giddiness), she was still getting an unusual feeling of foreboding as they darted hand-in-hand toward the rest room door.

