

“ODD EYE”

Part 3



You're mysterious, full of secrets
I can't figure you out with the things I see

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



10:11 P.M. – AFTER TRAINEES UNDERCOVER ARRIVAL - WU HOUSE, MALIBU

KEIS had always felt safe in the bedroom of her summer domain. Bumps and noises attributed to Daddy Wu working late, Sungjae coming and going, or the bodyguards roaming the grounds. With the security systems on, there should've been no real reason to be anxious.

But, somehow tonight felt different. Startled out of a another lusciously surreal dream about her sexy blonde boy on the beach she cocked one ear above the covers attempting to discern in what direction the loud thumping and knocking was coming from.

Used to a whirring fan and music playing in the background, she'd thought maybe the tranquility of the shoreline and soft rustle of the palm trees would lull her into a deep slumber. Sadly however, it hadn't worked.

Now with a relative 'catnap' under her belt it was impossible to WILL herself back to dreamland, and the unknown entity in the sand she fondly referred to as 'Blonde Beach Baby'. Frustrated, and too lazy to investigate, her eyes darted suspiciously from the bathroom door, to the balcony doors, finally zeroing in on the clock above the dressing table. It was already 10:11.

HA . . . maybe the 'ones' had awoken her for a reason. But, what was it? Because she'd come daringly close to kissing a faceless vision in the sand YET again, for what seemed like the

thousandth time? Or, was she being unnecessarily paranoid because she knew with her parents gone, on the heels of the made-up, Korean boyfriend scandal Seoky could well be somewhere in the house . . . going twenty rounds with Sungjae!

With no voices forthcoming, silence ensued. Satisfied she was safe, creeping from under the sanctuary of the covers she reached for the water bottle bedside the lamp . . . and her faithful novel. Not certain reading would help, at least this way she could concentrate on something OTHER than him . . .



TOSSING and turning, she wriggled her toes uncomfortably against the underneath side of the satiny sheet. *What the hell time was it now? 10:30 . . . Dear Lord, it was barely 20 minutes past the first time she'd looked.* Now more exhausted 'physically' than anticipated, her legs ached from walking and running the beach in the video, (just further proof she'd ran herself ragged). With her insomnia kicking in full force, her stomach growled, making her regret she hadn't stopped to eat something before coming up to shower.



Fingering the novel's worn binding she flipped randomly through the chapter pages settling on a highlighted paragraph on page 45.

As his warm hands slipped into the curve of her undulating hips his mouth descended to the depths of her navel, his luscious tongue warm against her already steamy skin. Twirling circles against her cold belly ring, he smiled as she moaned in ecstasy beneath him.

Whispering the words out loud, in the moonlit room she quivered, flinging the book off her chest. "Dammit. Where's my perfect man? I want a Derrick in my life too. Why do you get to have all the fun Felicity?"

Staring down at the red soul mate bracelet still dangling on her wrist, it was true . . . Kim JaeJoong, with his passionate persona, had her weak in the knees in front of scores of jealous females vying for his attention. But, he had already packed it away (leaving for greener Idol pastures) with only a promise of later. That left the faceless blonde on the beach, who had her squeezing her legs in nervous anticipation of what 'could' be . . . But, for all practical purposes, he was just that . . . a dream. *Was she destined to end up with Idol asshole Henry? Ewww, shit no.*

Craving food and a cigarette, she stretched, feeling the cool night breeze wafting over her, tickling her bare stomach. *Where had she tossed her sleeping pills and smokes?* The floor, cluttered with several piles from inside her suitcase, had her scratching her head in confusion. And . . . suddenly the room was TOO quiet.

Not bothering to turn on the light she kicked around the pile of underwear with one foot hoping to unearth the missing cigarettes. Feeling a crunch under her big toe she leaned forward, gingerly picking them from the crotch of a white thong. *This too was a fact . . . her sexy side always seemed to rear its uncontrollable head here amongst the permissive lifestyle of Malibu Beach.*

It had been an entire year since she'd crept through the dark house in search of nicotine relief and a midnight snack. Feeling adventurous, she giggled, slipping into her short pajama bottoms, and tying her long dark hair into a scraggly ponytail.

Grabbing her earbuds, iPod and the precious pack of cigarettes she tiptoed quietly to the bedroom door. *Easier to smoke down by the pool, (here on the opposite side of the house) that way she could grab an apple on her way back through the kitchen, killing two birds with one stone.*

FATE AND TIME

“OH GOODIE.” Clapping her petite hands gleefully, Fate nudged the plump Father Time in the side, hovering over the Wu's upstairs railing in the dimly lit hallway. “It worked! Keis is coming, I LOVE being invisible. I told you, if you'd just hurry and join me I would have a plan already in place to circumvent SungWoo's intervention.”

“Little girl.” Sniffing haughtily, Time scraped his bright, pearly white teeth with the tip of his guitar pick. “I can't imagine what you're trying to accomplish here. Are you going to push her down the stairs to see who runs to her aid? That's potentially murder with no guarantees of a Kibum rescue.”

Slapping his knee, he laughed loudly, imagining not only the Trainees, but entire family hearing the thud as the unsuspecting girl stumbled head over heels down the stairs, cigarettes flying in one direction, earbuds in the other.

“You’re wretched sometimes you know that?” Choking down a laugh herself, Fate was well aware that FT was playing games with her (as was his usual jolly disposition). “Of course I’m not going to push her. Poor dear. She has enough problems don’t you think? Noooo . . . I have a better idea.”

Leaning closer to the man’s large earlobe she whispered something quietly, unable to keep from giggling at her own well-thought out proposal.

“You’re noootttt . . .” Lifting her off the railing and away from Keis, (head bobbing as she snuck around the bannister, headed for the top step), his fragile heart nearly skipped a beat. “That’s insane. Are we allowed to DO that?”

“Why not? It’s a great plan, don’t you think. Father Time, the Wu’s only want the boys here tonight. It has to be done now or once again, our adversary has beat us at our own game. I’m tired of being the victim of target practice. Aren’t you? And, don’t think because you travel in and out you’re exempt from this dilemma, sir!” Floating above him she perched on the plant ledge, kicking out her bare feet to toy with the ceiling light.

“You’ll wake everyone in the house doing this, you know. Those girls can’t keep quiet to save their souls.” His tone warning, Father Time’s bald head wagged back and forth disagreeably. *He DID admire her spunk but this time, she was playing with fire.* Guessing love wasn’t meant for sissy’s, he leaned back against the hall closet stroking his beard thoughtfully. “So, what happens if the parents hear the commotion and show up?”

“Won’t happen, they sleep like rocks with fans, music, and they know the house has round-the-clock protection. Not to mention, Amanda drank tonight. That was MY doing. Pretty smart huh?” Proudly pointing at her small chest the tiny Fate was certain she could get Time on board once she set the plan in motion. “I’m telling you, it’s foolproof. I’ve worked out all the angles.”

“And, just WHO takes responsibility if in fact it ISN’T foolproof?”

Even though SungWoo was nowhere in sight FT kept being reminded of how disastrous the last 48 hours had been, (beginning all the way in S. Korea and ending earlier on Malibu Beach).

“We have to stop being so pessimistic.” Knocking him on top of his bald head soundly with the back of her hand Fate skidded down the wall, plunking at his large, black-booted feet. “I have a reputation to uphold. I’ve thought this through since this afternoon. So . . . are you in or not?”

“Well I’m, here aren’t I? And, we are a team. Your mission is my mission. Let’s do it.”

Saluting the smug, childish face beneath him FT wrapped his guitar around one shoulder ready to help her make the impossible happen.

Now that Keis was on the move, it was time to initiate step two.

