

“WOOFWOOF”

Part 3



My fur was standing on the tip

What do I do?

(Woof Woof)

I shouldn't do this

(Woof Woof)

I need to sleep now, huh come on!

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



11:11 P.M. - BLAST OFF

THE collective screaming between massive flashes of lightening and shaking booms of thunder sounded like the murder in Alfred Hitchcock's movie . . . 'Psycho', only serving to remind Keis she'd never been fond of storms or murder mysteries. Especially not at her own front door.

If she'd been a framed Disney Princess on the wall in the connecting bathroom, instead of floundering outside in the empty hallway, she would've had a front row seat to the collision of the century.

It had gone down like this . . .

Afraid he would pee himself, poor Kibum (with no one available to explain the ramifications of his soon-to-be situation) had rushed frantically through the bathroom door colliding with an equally motivated IlSeok from the bedroom side, hell bent on reaching the toilet before she too had an accident. If it hadn't been so dreadful, it would've been hilarious.

Seconds later in the aftermath, the only voice piercing through the rush of pounding rain was IlSeok's, "MOTHER FUCK. YOU . . . YOU . . . PERVERT."

***PERVERT**, who's a pervert? What the **FUCK** is going on?* Momentarily frozen, Keis stared into the dimness toward the bathroom door, willing her legs to move, as the subject of her sister's outrage (a young man in what looked to be his boxers) bolted past her like a frightened jack rabbit. Catching only a thatch of blonde hair as he whisked by, she whirled around zeroing in on his tight backside and lean muscular legs beating across the wooden floor. It appeared as if his goal was the security of the bunk room along with Suni.

Chasing him in hot pursuit, her fiery sister shoved her carelessly aside one arm outstretched attempting to connect with the sprinting stranger's body but, she was too late. The slamming of the door and clicking of the lock echoed out around them.

"SON OF A BITCH. Get out here and explain yourself, you little shithead!" IlSeok squealed, pounding on the white wood with one fist.

INSIDE THE GUEST ROOM

BACK inside the sanctity of the room, slammed up against the cold wooden door, Key (his heart in his throat) listened to more name-calling through the sound of beating rain against the window.



“Hyung . . . she just called me a ‘little shithead’. Why dammit? I just had to pee!” he hissed glancing toward Minhø, (already curled up on the bed, face smashed against the safety of the pillow). Stepping away his shoulders drooped. “Aishhh . . . she sounds really pissed. Should we go apologize?”

Blinking into the shadows Minhø rolled his eyes, “Aigoo . . . she’s got you pegged. You want to stick your head in the lion’s den be my guest,” he urged, his voice dripping with false indifference, “not me, I’m going back to bed. They’ll give up eventually.”

HE wouldn’t dare go out there. Not after innocently stepping into the most embarrassing scene of his entire lifetime. Nerves still rattled (determined to wait out the feisty duo at the door) he shook off the lingering picture of the strange girl’s head slowly rising . . . about to examine his man parts. Despite the other girls’ raucous accusations, he was confident they would both ultimately throw in the towel, and let things be. He and Key hadn’t purposefully committed any dire sin against them. If anything, THEY had wound up, the victims.

Hopefully with the passing of the storm, and surf lessons on the schedule in the morning he could rise early, take in a beach run . . . and be off to Coco’s. The best way to avoid any more awkward confrontations with the Wu’s ‘little’ girls, until a proper introduction could be procured for them all.

FATE AND TIME

“NO, NO, NO, NO, NOOOOOO . . . This isn’t right! He’s not a shithead, he’s your sister’s soul mate.”

Rousted from his post between the parents, Father Time’s precision hearing had picked up on the commotion upstairs, now followed by Fate’s wailing. With the sound of her voice reverberating in his ears, he poised his pick on the Time guitar, feeling the atmosphere grind to a halt around him. No matter what the consequences, it was his duty to act.

“I guess the ONE’S don’t matter anymore. TAKE THEM BACK,” the tiny girl ordered as the balding entity skirted in behind her. “I’m DONE. They can do this on their own from now on.” Stomping up and down the hallway, her arms flailed in aggravation.

Studying the now-quiet war zone, Time's face crinkled as he begged her despairingly, "Awww, come on little one. Don't give up yet . . . there's still tomorrow."

END - PART I

Authors Notes: Well this is a fine pickle Minho and Key find themselves . . . What is Fate going to do now? Will the soulmates EVER meet? And, if Father Time turns back the clock, will he still get chicken?

These questions and more will be answered in Part II of Dream Girls. I'm afraid the Chairman's Daughters have a heavy holiday schedule (in other words, their families are demanding all their free time this season.)

We will be on hiatus until March 1, 2019. We all wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Love you all, The Chairman's Daughters