

“DREAM GIRL”

Part 1



<https://youtu.be/CFdpPHTrmdM>

(Song By: SHINee)

When it started is not important
I only see the perfect you in my eyes
In this gray world, only your red lips shine
The moment I try to kiss your lips I awake from my dream

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



MAY 2007 - 11:00 P.M. – TRAINEE DORM – SEOUL, S. KOREA

“YAH, Minho! Seen the white tenni’s you gave me?” Shouting at his room-mate, Key stood arms folded disgustedly in the small hallway of the ‘SM’ dorm apartment. It was clear this trainee stuff had turned out to be far more than he’d ever imagined. “You had ‘em after practice yesterday.”

Pacing back and forth from the bathroom to the bedroom, Minho lifted the cell from his ear. “Hold up, my dad.”

Kicking the pile of shoes, Key knew if he hadn’t spent his allowance, he could’ve bought a pair of his own rather than depend on somebody else’s. Nervously biting down on one thumbnail, he mentally ran through the list of remaining items he still needed to pack before leaving for California.

“Wha?” Shooting down the short hallway, Minho skidded to a stop at Key’s stocking feet. “Ahhhh . . . try Donghae, he’s the shoe thief.” Head cocked he pursed his lips in thought, mouthing a definitive, “Ye”.

“That’s just great hyung, otoke? (NOW WHAT SHOULD I DO?) He’s gone for the whole damn week and they’re the most comfortable. I wanted ‘em to wear on the plane.”



His whole body shaking, Key swung around, stomping back down the hall toward the bedroom, grumbling, “Dammit, can’t have anything of my own around here. Can’t wait to f’ng debut. SHIT. Just ‘cause I’m still a trainee doesn’t mean they couldn’t be a little more considerate.” Finally yelling loudly, “WISH I HAD MY OWN FUCKING ROOM.”

Not having to do without growing up only made moments like these, that much more infuriating. Not to mention, waiting on the status of their group was frustrating. What the hell was taking them so long anyway? He and Minho’s tutoring opportunity at ‘SM’s’ Summer Workshop in L.A. had finally come up and a few weeks later, they would have their first chance to participate in a live ‘SM’ Town concert. It was no secret he’d been looking forward to it for months.



GRATEFUL for a moment’s peace in the usually noisy room, Key dropped to the floor in front of his open suitcase shaking out a pair of ‘SpongeBob’ boxers, readying them to pack. His mood lifting, he grinned at the crazy yellow face staring back at him.

“So, ‘SpongeBob’ . . .” he cackled in a high-pitched tone, “think they’ll let us have some fun this summer? Maybe find us a dark-haired California babe to hang out with? Or . . . better yet, a sexy, topless mermaid. Like the ones you play with in ‘Bikini Bottom’. Mmmm . . . that’d be daebak (AWESOME)!” Drifting off into pervy-land he whispered, “Big boobs, hair to her ass, and a long green tail, yummy.”

Continuing to allow his mind to wander he stretched both legs straight out in front of him, ignoring the unfinished packing, reaching instead for his pencil and sketch pad. Mulling over an unclear vision that kept popping up in his mind, he started sketching a dark-haired, pony-tailed girl, donned in a white bikini.

As his pencil circled out a large pair of eyes, he thought about the color. Blue. (They needed to be as light crystalline as the ocean he was about to visit.) His hand quivering excitedly, he reached for three different shades of blue pencils, being careful to use each color proportionately.

Her face taking shape, he stuck the colored pencil between his teeth murmuring, “Whoahhh . . .” examining how easily he’d managed to capture her beauty, and long hair blowing in a pretend breeze adding, “Ye, pink kissable lips . . . that’s what she needs.”



Grabbing for a different color he shaded in her full pouty lips, brushing the texture with his little finger, blurring it to a billowy softness. Rounding it out, a pair of large breasts, covered with two tiny triangles of fabric hiding a hint of erect nipples peeking through.

If he could only bring her to life. She would be an honest, opinionated, gum chewer, who loved fashion and the arts as much as he did. But, the reality was . . . even if he found her somewhere along the sunny Malibu shoreline, would she notice him? He was short, and pale, with underdeveloped muscles, and very little facial hair. Sixteen in Malibu was probably only going to make his cock crazy, and nothing else.

“Aishhh, you beautiful Goddess of the sea. I can dream, can’t I?” Questioning the face of his imaginary love interest, he refocused on the turquoise blue orbs of her eyes, drawn to perfection.

Tossing the pad onto the top bunk, he scrambled up after it flopping down face first. Casually kicking the air as he drew, he hummed a new song from the playlist he was memorizing. Pausing at the commotion of the others slamming through the apartment like a tornado, he knew it would only be a few seconds and they’d be hauling their annoying selves into the room. His quiet, peaceful moment would be a thing of the past.

In a last-ditch effort to finish her, he swiped his dark-haired beauty a slender pair of hips; perfectly formed ‘V’ nestled between long luscious legs; along with the triangle of a white bikini bottom (covering what could only be described as his own personal, ‘gateway to heaven’). *SHIT, getting hard over his own fucking drawing. At this rate, he’d need to hit the bathroom, and take care of it, (not realizing, the blue-eyed, drawing of his ‘Dream Girl’ was already affecting his future).*

Glued to his stomach, he shoved the pad out of sight. Feigning sleep, he allowed his eyes to drift shut, hoping maybe they'd go away and leave him the hell alone. But, this was dorm life, and privacy for all involved, was a sacred thing of the past.

Somewhat tipsy, Leeteuk bounced toward Key's outstretched figure, hushing Jonghyun, singing loudly beside him. "Shhh, hyung," Running one large hand around the wooden bunk post, he drawled, "KiBummie's trying to sleep. Big day coming up ye?"

Stepping on the bottom bunk, Jonghyun peered over into the other trainees 'apparently' sleeping face. Ready to slap his backside he snickered, "He's bluffing. YAH, KIBUM. Stop playing."

Flinging both eyes open, Key frowned into the grinning face of his bunk-mate growling, "What the hell. Leave me alone . . . trying to sleep . . ." Unsuccessfully attempting to push his hidden notepad further away from prying eyes. But, to his dismay, it careened sidewise, escaping from under the pillow, toppling face first down across his open suitcase.

"Whoah, whoah, whoah. Welll, lookee here. Sexyyy." Coing in well-rehearsed English, Jonghyun plucked it up into the air, waving it in front of Key, who (cursed by his massive hard-on), couldn't manage to lean over, and retrieve it first.

"Lemme see that." In a flurry of motion, Leeteuk took one long stride tugging Jonghyun down with him, curiosity plastered across his slightly inebriated face. "Ooooo. Kiibbuuummm . . . my hyung. Who's this sexy little number? You sneaky little perv. Pretty good drawing though, yah?" Elbowing Jonghyun he tilted his head sidewise attempting to get a better view.

"Ye." Jonghyun had to agree. Key's drawing skills were far and above anyone else's in the house. With a keen memory, wherever he'd seen her, he'd managed to capture her likeness all the way from the dark pony-tail down to the sassy curve of her hips. If nothing else, the street-wise teen had a good eye for Anime, and this wasn't even his usual abstract.

Sighing wearily, Key dropped his head, unable to move from his prone position on the bunk. *Not only were they drunk, they were annoying and bothersome.* Knowing he'd have no choice, but to wait out their empty, mindless critique of his picture, he tapped Leeteuk's shoulder lightly.

"Give it back. It's just a girl I made up in my head. Shit. I'm an artist remember?"

Not bothering to turn around, Jonghyun dismissed him, one hand in the air, “Arasseo. You don’t have to make excuses. We get it. Don’t reveal your sources.” Pointing a finger at the drawing he chuckled, “But, if that’s what’s on your mind, then DAMN hyung (MY FRIEND) I wanna be in your head tonight.”

Without waiting for a response, Leeteuk jumped back into the conversation his eyes flashing with interest. “Yah, think you’ll find her on the beach in Malibuuu?” Heckling just for the sake of it, the tall, lanky Idol teased him incessantly.

“My head, my visions, my artwork!” Key snapped in frustration. “You wanna die? Go away, Both of you.”

“Aishhh, sillyhamnida (SORRY FOR INTERRUPTING).” Nodding compliantly Jonghyun’s head wagged agreeably, handing back the paper, his tone contrite, “Come on hyung, let’s go eat beef, my treat.”

Encouraging Key to join, he attempted to drag his legs off the side of the bed, now wondering why he hadn’t moved an inch since their arrival. “You come too and bring sexy ‘Dream Girl’ with ya, ‘cause that’s talent right there. Show her around, maybe she’ll pop up somewhere in Seoul.”

Cringing, Key tossed the pad behind his back pushing against Jonghyun’s grasp repeatedly. “Ani. (NO). Not hungry. Still packing.”

Who cared what they thought of his picture? And, he wasn’t going to find her in the drinking tents of Seoul. Just ‘cause his individual tastes swung more toward the ‘voluptuous’ side of girls . . . so what? In his mind, she was the epitome of innocence, a blue-eyed beauty he would fall head over heels for one day. And, yes. Maybe even in Malibu.

“Arasseo-arasseo, (OKAY-OKAY). Come on Jonghyun. Leave the boy to his freaking fantasies.” Motioning him away, Leeteuk stood cracking his back as he drifted away from the young trainee. “Carry on. Fighting,” he added, fist-pumping the air as he disappeared out the door.

Turning around before following, Jonghyun winked at Key knowingly. “We’ll be right back, so not too long in the bathroom, yah? I still have to take a shower.”

