

“FANTASTIC”

Part 1



<https://youtu.be/xu2yagegylo>

(Song By: Henry Lau Of ‘Super Junior-M’)

The reason I chose you
Is because you’re the biggest gift in my life
Because you lift me up high
It’s gonna be fantastic

(Lyrics Sung By: Henry Lau)



MAY 2007 - WU HOME - MALIBU, CA

IT was the first bonfire of the season and the weather was already unseasonably warm. IlSeok’s night from hell was about to begin the minute (soon to be ex-boyfriend) Sungjae sauntered through the front door.

Brushing the lint from her newly acquired shorts, she stood staring at herself in the hall mirror hating the thought of being black-mailed into choosing between the two people she cared for the most in this world. Sungjae and Keis.

“Dammit. Now look what I have to do to you Suni, especially tonight. You’re not going to understand, and it’s just gonna make ME look like the bitch everyone already thinks I am most of the time.”

Her emotions bubbling over in desperation, she blinked outwardly attempting to halt the threat of tears. Sucking in a deep breath, she knocked her head in admonishment with one fist muttering, “Stupid . . . stupid . . . stupid. This is my own f’ng fault. I shouldn’t have put it off.”



SHAKING when the door slammed behind her she forced a weak smile at Sungjae, grinning at her reflection in the mirror.

“Hot as always,” he muttered, fixing his hair while peering down into the neckline of her top, raising an eyebrow at her bathing suit choice. “White babe, really? What’s wrong with that sexy black one I like? Shit, now we can’t go swimming.”

“If you’re going to bitch, go by yourself then and I’ll stay home.” Huffing to hide her uneasiness she picked up the beach bag, grabbing her sweatshirt on her way toward the front door.

“Yeahhh, even better, Mommy and Daddy gone? We can go up to your room.” Grinning, he rubbed both hands up and down her bare waist. *Ahhh, sweet compliant Seoky. Sneaking up to her room at sixteen and experimenting all night, had turned him into a man.*

“Down tiger. Not going to happen.” Grabbing his shoulders, she guided him toward the door. “Let’s go, I REALLY need a drink.” Stopping abruptly, at seeing (her ongoing nightmare) the ‘Pussy Van’ in the driveway, she flicked the back of his head.



“Sungjae Yook! You know I hate that ugly, damn thing. Why didn’t you bring the convertible instead? It’s more you.” Crossing her arms in disgust she bordered on flatly refusing to ride in it.



“Sorry Seok, I didn’t have a choice, the car’s in the shop. Besides . . .” Whining, he pouted effectively, “it’s the first party of the summer. Tradition . . . remember?”

“Dear God, stop it. Please, just let me drive,” she begged quietly, “or even better, how about I meet you there?”

Twirling around, he back-hugged her, nuzzling her smooth neck, inhaling the scent of coconuts she always wore. “Babyyy, we can’t go separately. What would

everybody say? You hate rumors. Come onnnn . . . I'll be good. Promise," he added, nibbling one earlobe affectionately.

"Shit . . . whatever . . ."

Reluctantly agreeing, IlSeok's fingers curled around his dark head pressing him closer, remembering how attentive and sweet he had been toward her this last year. This was going to be even harder than she first thought. *Damn you to hell a thousand times over, SungWoo . . . for forcing me to break his heart.*

Walking her forward down the sidewalk, Sungjae opened the door, lifting her up into the seat. Waiting for him to run around and hop in beside her, she realized it didn't matter if he got his way or not anymore, tonight might well be their last ride alone together.

Leaning over, he pecked her cheek grabbing the seat belt, and snapping it firmly. "I love you Seoky."

"You too." Muttering the endearment awkwardly, (not knowing how else to respond) she focused her attention out the window instead, as they pulled away from the curb.

Bumping along in the disgraceful van, her mind began to wander, ignoring his loud singing to a love song on the radio. *We've been through so much together and now, 'Sung-Seok' is dead.*

It was bittersweet remembering when he broke his hand, how she and Val helped him with homework, fed him lunch at school, and even helped dress him a few times. He was always the first to congratulate her after cheerleading competitions, win or lose. He'd also been her first prom date, first kiss, and first real sexual experience.

Closing her eyes to the bright sunlight, she sighed. *Now, the devil himself, is killing my first love.*



JERKING IlSeok forward, the van ground to a halt. Pulling down the mirror, she proceeded to fluff her hair, applying a thin layer of gloss, smacking her lips in satisfaction. She loved the bonfires, playing games and hearing the latest gossip. Despite the circumstances she wasn't going to spend the rest of her time with Suni worrying, (he deserved better than that).

Opening the door Sungjae clutched her waist dragging her down his body, trapping her against the seat. “Baby, what’s wrong? It’s not like you to be so quiet. For the last two weeks, all you’ve talked about is Keis, Keis, Keis. Now she flies in tomorrow, and not a damn word about her.”

“Nothing, I’m fine.” Giving him a toothy smile, she tried to reassure him, smoothing his bangs over one eye.

Ignoring the fake tone of her voice, Suni’s back bristled. *There’s that freak’in word NOTHING that always means SOMETHING with you Seok. Whatever it is you need to snap out of this funky mood, and soon.*

Seeing no one in sight he turned back, bending her over the seat, nibbling at her lips, encouraging them open. *God, hope you’re not PMS’ing . . . how many days has it been?*

Warring with her heart, IlSeok gripped his shoulders, hoping to stop his advances. For all she knew, tonight could be the last time she would feel these lips crushing hers, his hot, hard body pressing against her.

Sucking in her bottom lip Sungjae reached up tweaking her nose playfully. “Come onnn babe, let’s skip this thing, we can drink somewhere else. There’s still time to go back to one of our houses, cuddle, make out, orrrr . . .”

Not giving him the opportunity to finish, she patted his chest, clearing her throat nervously. “No, I already said none of that. Besides, Val’s waiting for us.” Slipping from underneath him, straightening her clothes, and smoothing down her hair she attempted to nonchalantly walk away.

“Well, SHIT.” Swearing as he slammed the van door, he adjusted his shorts glancing at her ‘virgin’ ass swinging seductively as she disappeared into the crowd. *Why does she DO this to me every fucking time?*

