

# “FANTASTIC”

## Part 2



I always won in this strange game of love

I was never even serious

I was always too proud.

(Lyrics Sung By: Henry Lau)



**MAY 2007 – 9:15 P.M. - INCHEON AIRPORT - S. KOREA**

**THE** announcement blared through the crowded waiting area . . .

“FLIGHT #UA8007 SEOUL, S. KOREA TO LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - DEPARTURE TIME 10:00 O’CLOCK P.M. SEOUL . . . ARRIVAL IN LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY MORNING 11:30 A.M. . . .”

Blah, blah, blah . . . Languishing in line alone SooMin yawned, sucking down her boredom, wishing there had been time earlier for a nap. Awkwardly dressed, clutching her boarding pass and large purse apprehensively, she tossed a swatch of long, mousy-colored hair over one shoulder.

Frowning, she adjusted her glasses, taking in the burgeoning crowd as people shuffled toward the front of the large waiting area, (anxious to be out of the airport and into the plane as well). Used to taking the Jang private jet, she hoped this experience wouldn’t be too horrific.

Inching further along toward the young woman checking boarding passes, it pissed her off that the black uniform shoes she’d chosen to wear were already beginning



to hurt. Purposing herself to kick them off and chill once on board, she handed over her pass, cracking a half-smile. Finally! Only a short jaunt down the ramp and she'd be home free.

At least Father had booked her in First-Class, where she could get a decent meal and a sleeping seat. Checking the crumpled boarding pass in her hand she meandered slowly down the aisle to row number 5 (closest to general seating).

“OF COURSE,” she mumbled, hoping there wouldn't be loud chatter and screaming babies the entire eleven-hour flight or she'd have to kill someone.

Not checking her seat assignment, she slipped in next to the window. Immediately digging for ear buds, she shoved one in each side, plucking a pad and pencil from her large bag. Ignoring the commotion of the other passengers boarding she tipped her head back to finally relax.

Already hearing the melody of a new song rolling around in her head like soothing, consistent waves washing against the shoreline . . . This trip was going to be her creative opportunity to compose.

Days earlier, jotting down notes, she'd been anxious to get her hands on a piano to finish them out with final chords and progressions. Having stressed over the lyrics for weeks now, for some reason the melody just wouldn't come. In the end, she'd scrapped them entirely, determined to start over once she was on the way to California.

Maybe the quiet of a night-time flight, would re-awaken her creative juices to get them flowing again.

### **9:45 P.M. – BOARDING GATE**

“**HENRY** Lau . . . passenger boarding, Henry Lau . . .”

The man's deep voice in the loud speaker alerted Henry to the fact that even though he'd missed his earlier flight he had indeed snagged a stand-by on the 10:00. Jumping he waved, rushing hurriedly toward the counter, boarding pass in hand.

“You Henry Lau?”

“Yeah.” Nodding, he pulled out his I.D.

“Lucky you. Get to fly First-Class tonight. Someone didn’t show. Enjoy.” Stamping the paper, he chuckled at the young man’s enthusiasm.

“HAH. NICE . . .”



**STANDING** in the narrow aisle, Henry searched the upper bins finally finding one last empty place for his small suitcase. Sometimes it paid to be a guy who could pack light. Checking his seat assignment once more, he was in Aisle 5-1, window seat. AWESOME. It didn’t matter now but, headed into morning the sun coming up would be a great distraction and opportunity to take some pictures over the ocean. Striding past the next few seats, he stopped, noticing that only the aisle seat was empty.

Uttering softly, “S’cuse me,” he leaned in, tapping the shoulder of the girl by the window, head back, eyes closed, (appearing to be asleep). He didn’t particularly want to wake her but, shit . . . he was already tired and anxious to unwind. He wanted this seat and apparently, she was ignoring him.

“Huh?” Startled, SooMin was jogged out of a dreamy, fantasy world, where running naked down a deserted beach (sand flying) a handsome blonde boy nipped enticingly at her heels.

Lifting sleepy eyes, she tugged her ear buds out, only to find an attractive young man in a baseball cap, hovering over her. With a perfectly proportioned face and full kissable lips, he waved his ticket under her nose menacingly. Scrutinizing him closer she groaned . . . *Nooo, it can’t be*. But, it was. ‘Mr.-Freight-Train’ who had leveled her at ‘SM’ the other night in his haste to make it out the door.

“Dangsin-eun nae jali eiss-eo (MY SEAT, YOU’RE IN MY SEAT),” Henry hissed, pointing down to his boarding pass, making sure she knew he was telling the truth. “I’m #1. See? Right there.”

Suspecting he didn’t recognize her, SooMin could tell he was getting upset over where she’d chosen to sit. *What the hell was the big deal?* There were two more than comfortable seats. Not to mention she was already buckled in, with everything just so. Paper and pencil in her lap along with a pillow; blanket; and water bottle. She’d even taken the time to remove her pinching shoes.

“Joesonghamnida, (I’M SORRY)” Formally apologizing, (despite his obvious irritation) she made no clear effort to move on his behalf. “I’m already settled, gamsa (THANKS). I’ll make sure you can see out the window when we land.” *What else could he possibly need here except a view?*

“Well damn.” Insulted by her careless attitude, Henry puffed out his cheeks, draping one long arm over the top of the seat, reiterating his point in English. “NO. You DON’T understand. I want MY seat, my ASSIGNED seat.” Flashing a peaked smile at the couple already settled in across from them, he hoped he wasn’t coming off too harsh.

*What’s with this sassy little bit of a girl? She looks like a throwback from the ‘60’s, bell bottoms, bare feet and no toenail polish. Gross. What girl doesn’t paint her toes for Christ’s sake? And, why does she look so familiar?*

“Can you not just sit there?” Cocking her head over to the side, SooMin responded in English as well. It was no secret she was getting irritated right along with him, anxious he was causing so much trouble over something so stupid. Seeing the stewardess headed in their direction, she prayed maybe he would give up, park his sorry ass, be quiet and leave her alone.

“Listen LITTLE girl . . . whoever you THINK you are.” Barking to make her understand, Henry persisted leaning in close to her face. “If by some chance this plane goes belly up in the ocean and you aren’t in the right seat when you drown the wrong family will be notified that your body was lost to the sharks. Do you want to be responsible for making total strangers mourn you? NOW . . . I . . . WANT . . . MY . . . SEAT . . . PLEASE.” Unable to make it any clearer, arms folded he dug in his heels, impatiently awaiting some type of response.

*LITTLE GIRL? OH, YOU DID NOT JUST CALL ME LITTLE GIRL. YOU . . .* Sitting up straight, chest puffed out indignantly, SooMin’s large spectacles magnified the crystal blue of her blazing eyes.

“I don’t THINK . . . I AM . . . Jaaa . . .” In a spur of the moment decision she halted mid-sentence before revealing her true identity, as Jang SooMin, daughter to ‘SM’s’ Chairman Jang. “I’m, ahhhh, Keis . . . Just Keis. That’s all you need to know.”

*He didn’t deserve the truth after barreling over her without a second thought. Her alter ego, Keis Wu had been created years ago, and was as much a part of her life as SooMin was. This*

*summer would be no different than the rest. And, chances were the minute they left the plane they'd never see each other again.*

“And, I DON'T intend to be shark bait,” she barked standing quickly, dropping the pencil and pad from her lap, smacking her head harshly on the curve of the bulkhead. “OW. SHIT. Now look what you made me do.”

*Of course, blaming this . . . this irritating boy-person had to be the way to go. After all, he'd pissed her off, and it didn't take much to yank her chain these days. Not only that, he was so oblivious, that after staring her directly in the face, he still hadn't recognized her.*

Rubbing the top of her throbbing head, she bent down between the seats, fishing her pad from the floor while chasing the runaway pencil right to the bottom of Henry's sneakered feet. Picking it from between the crack of his soles, she dragged herself to her knees heatedly.

Now, he'd managed to leave her hanging for the SECOND time! It was his fault she was down here on the dirty floor, groveling at his damn feet anyway. *SHIT. We're in First Class, and I'm trying to act proper, but you're making it really hard ASSHOLE.*

Watching her struggle, Henry snickered in mild amusement. Arms still folded, he didn't budge, knowing he should be helping. But, the space was small, and knocking her out of the way for a pencil seemed pointless.

Muttering under her breath, hair stuck between her lips, she lifted her eyes, only to find herself staring directly into the center of his crotch, the blue-jeaned zipper, nearly touching the tip of her nose. Licking dry, cottony, lips a slow blush crept up her neck, her heart, pulsating rapidly to her veins. *Holy shit. Was anyone watching?* She'd never quite been in this position before.

“Need some help . . . Keis is it?” he whispered, waiting as she leaned slightly away from him, attempting to push herself up on the seat with one hand.

“NO!”

Back on both feet, she glared into his handsome face, reduced to a state of helplessness at the sight of his dark, dancing eyes. Aware he was toying with her, this was a turn of events she hadn't been prepared for.

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