

# “BEEP-BEEP”

## Part 1



<https://youtu.be/8BIctztFsIo>

(Song by: BTOB)

Honestly, I feel like crap right now  
What do you want me to do? Stop honking  
It's complicated enough as it is

(Lyrics Sung By: BTOB)



## BONFIRE - MALIBU BEACH, CA

**BY** the time IlSeok and Sungjae strolled up toward the large gathering of people on the beach, the bonfire was already in full swing. Casually approaching her collection of cheerleading friends, IlSeok listened in on their predictable gossip, not surprised to find she was already the topic of conversation. (Including, the upcoming ‘SM’ concert, new trainees, an Idol moving into the neighborhood, and of course, the arrival of sister, Keis.)

Waving fire smoke out of her face she watched Suni’s back disappear in the direction of the nearest beer keg. “Anybody seen Val yet? She was supposed to meet me here.”

Heads nodding in denial around her she turned leaving them behind, just as Keis’s closest friend GiHye, hauled her aside. Lazily licking a Popsicle, her eyes were ablaze with excited anticipation.

“Hey Soek. I texted Keis yesterday. Oh my God, I can’t wait to see her. It seems like a freakin’ eternity since she’s been here. I told her I’ll be breaking down your front door as soon as I get back from helping my folks.”

Tossing her empty stick (basketball style) toward the trashcan, she covered her eyes from the setting sun peering over the tops of the party-goers scanning for her boyfriend Skip. Not seeing him, she hoped the familiar face of an oncoming adversary wasn’t headed in their direction. But, sadly it was true.

Nosy as ever, Jazzy left her own circle of friends, not wanting to be left out of what she perceived to be juicy gossip. Attempting to draw attention to herself, she slipped up beside the duo tossing her freshly-dyed strands of purple hair in IlSeok’s direction.

“I heard you talking about Keis. PLEASE, tell me she’s NOT gonna hang out with us every freaking MINUTE this summer?” she whined. “Dear God, every year she gets more annoying. It’s no secret no matter where we go she scares off all the available guys. She’s like a bad omen.”

Refocused on GiHye she rubbed the small girl’s shoulder, cooing flippantly, “But, you go ahead and have fun with her, girlfriend . . . the two of you make a GREAT couple. Her with her books and you with your brains. Be sure to renew your library card before she gets here,” adding under her breath, “Geezus, you’re both so f’ng nerdy.”

Her back bristling with disgust IlSeok stepped in front of the timid GiHye her brows snapped together angrily.

“Oh, shut up Jazzy. Nobody cares what you think. You’re just jealous like always. Things are gonna be different this year. Not to mention, WHEN the hell was the last time YOU opened a book? Or had any brains? That comment was just stupid.”

*Not only was she NOT in the mood to put up with Jazlyn’s ‘mean girl’ attitude, she’d been suffering with it since they all started high school together. Before that, she’d been warm and friendly, now she was nothing but a sarcastic, bitchy, teenager. Didn’t matter what anyone in the group said or did, she was the one on the opposite side of the fence.*

Truth be told, most of the squad had given up their respectful team attitude recently, jumping on the ‘bitch-wagon’. Not sure why (being the leader) IlSeok did know one thing . . . she didn’t like it. Clearly, drama this summer was inevitable.

Another addition to the off-beat team of friends, the short, busty Hispanic Lolita ambled lazily to the edge of the trio, barking loudly in immediate control, “JAZZ . . . CAN IT, CHICA. Why so childish? You WANT our Seoky here to beat your ass? You know the rules. We keep our mouths shut when it comes to Keis . . . She’s family.”

Handing a full cup of beer to a stunned IlSeok she curled an arm about Jazzy’s shoulder drawing her close. Planting a sloppy kiss on her suntanned cheek she cooed, “Love the new DO by the way. Call me next time, maybe we can dye together. I’d love to try pink.” Grinning, she caressed the bottom strands of her bright red hair seductively.

Not quite knowing how to respond to the public reprimanded (only to be complimented seconds later) Jazzy scuffed her bare foot in the pebbly sand, her eyes drifting downward in embarrassment. *Lolita was the one person she thought would never turn on her. Now what?*

Opting out of yet more humiliation she wrenched out of the saucy girl’s grasp, sulking off into the noisy crowd. Hoping to get more sympathy for herself from the drunken, giddy CeCe, (making a bee line toward the rooftop dance party), she latched on to her instead.



**IGNORING** her retreat, Lolita announced bluntly, “SO . . . I heard ‘SM’ is sending trainees AND Idols our way this year. Any clue who the family on the beach might be, getting an Idol? Grinning at IlSeok, she squinted coquettishly. “HA. Seok . . . bet it’s Suni and you’re just not talking . . .”

“How would I know.” Responding to the girl who’d been nothing but a thorn in her side for years IlSeok’s eyes flashed with indignation. “Where’d you hear that from anyway?”

“Stefano. Dahhh. He’s my mole in ‘SM’. You know he tells me everything, and **OBVIOUSLY** we need some new blood around this God-forsaken beach. Can anyone say **BOORRIINNGGG?**”

Giggling, she popped a sucker out of the back of her skin-tight bathing suit, peeling back the paper, her tongue twirling little circles around the top, as if she were going down on her latest boy toy.

*Remembering back when they all got along better she had to admit, it had been a blast hanging with the squad, going to 'SM Town' concerts and especially drooling over the scores of hot Asian guys rotating through every year. Not that she was into K-POP that much, but Seoky's dad always made it worth the effort.*

Her expression dulled, IlSeok replied, "I repeat, I DON'T know anything, and I really DON'T CARE." Attempting to ignore the auspicious red-head she continued searching the crowd for Val, (including an absentee Sungjae, knowing his black head of hair stood out in the sea of blonde surfers.)

Spotting them by the bonfire, heads nearly touching, a fluttering bubbled up in her lower stomach. Narrowing her eyes, she continued watching as he threw his head back, laughing at something being said then, leaning closer tucked Val's long hair behind one ear.

Catching wind of IlSeok's concern, Lolita turned, seeing them clearly. "Well look," she snickered pointing her lollipop in the direction of the raging fire, "ain't that just cozy, Seok? Your little man Suni's on the prowl."

*Proud of herself for having bedded him before his 'frosty' girlfriend, she had to admit, Sungjae was one of those sexy boys she couldn't shake, that no matter what his indiscretions.*

"Why do you keep saying shit like that Lolita? You're one to talk. If you're gonna be nice to Keis, the same goes for Suni and Val. Not everybody's like you."

Trying not to let the comment get to her, IlSeok muttered 'skank', jogging off in Suni's direction, anxious for another beer. *It had only been minutes and just like Jazzy, NICE Lolita was back to being BITCHY Lolita.*



**GRINNING**, Sungjae tipped Val's glass, satisfied she swallowed the last drop obediently. *Why did she have to be so pretty?* Cursing his weakness, he leaned in, licking a bead of liquid gathered in the corner of her lip.

She'd been just as temping after last year's party, when picking his drunken ass up off the beach, she'd made sure he got home in one piece. What happened that night, (like many to follow) had been a mistake. However, being receptive to his overtures, he couldn't bring himself to refuse her. She was in his blood.

Glaring at the illuminated back yard of his friend's house, the open back door seemed to beckon him. Guiltily looking over one shoulder for IlSeok he gauged his options. Not seeing her, he grabbed Val's hand, darting across the short expanse of lawn. Drawing her indoors and through the empty kitchen, he propelled her into the large pantry . . . giving in to his raging desire. *Five minutes that's all he needed!*



Grinning, Val stuck with him willingly, finally begging, "Slow down."

Shoving her against the door, he trapped both delicate hands above her head, sucking her rosy lips. Allowing his roving fingers to slip up under her cropped shirt and into the folds of the forbidden bikini top his hips rocked lustfully into the 'V' of her bare legs.

Reaching for the waistband of his trunks with one hand, he was hit by a sudden flush of irrepressible shame, his mind racing to how wrong this situation was . . . He needed to back off immediately, turn and walk away.

*DAMMIT VAL. Hit me, tell me I'm not just a plaything, but PLEASE don't keep encouraging me like this. I can't take it.*

"Stop making it so easy for me," he muttered (still warring with his own flagrant libido).



"I can't Suni. You know I love you . . ." she whispered her words echoing like rifle shots against his ears.

“I DO know . . . but . . .” Forcing himself away from her trembling figure he rolled to one side, tapping his sweat-ridden forehead on the wall in frustration. “DAMMIT. I still love Seoky. You KNOW that VAL. So, WHY do you always make me go there?”

“Because . . . you DON’T love her, you just THINK you do!” Outraged that after all this time, his words would still cut her so deep, Val’s sad eyes turned to him in the darkness.

Knowing he needed to open the door, and escape this hell he’d surrounded himself in, Sungjae was willing to take the blame for yet another less than tender encounter between them. Sniffing quietly, his adrenalin levels rising with each breath, his hands dropped to his sides in certain defeat.

The recent heart-to-heart talk with his dad, suddenly fresh in his mind, he thought he’d come to a decision that morning, yet here she was again . . . dragging him back into the confusing black hole she liked to call LOVE.

“Stop telling me what I do and don’t feel. We talked about this just the other day. I’m GOING to marry Seoky. This . . . what we have here . . . has no future. Dammit, I thought we were on the same page. Can’t you just accept it?” he growled in frustration. *That wasn’t even the issue anymore. He needed her to back off because obviously HE couldn’t.*

“NO, NEVER. And, YOU talked about it. NOT me. I’ve made my choice. I won’t allow it. We’re the soul mates. US SUNI, not you and her.” The warm confines of the pantry closing in on them Val jogged his shoulder in resentment. “Besides, you know I’M the one you run to for everything, so stop denying it.”

Gripping her wrist, he spat out without thinking, “Yeah, maybe THAT’S the problem. You’re ALWAYS available . . .” Flinging out the statement as if she was dirty, he couldn’t stand to see what he was doing to her, the hurt shimmering through her brown eyes. “You’re so desperate, you’d do pretty much anything for me, wouldn’t you?”

“YES.” Observing the set of his shoulders, Val knew he was being cruel on purpose. Ignoring her tears, she added defiantly, “Anything. I’d do anything except give you up to her.”

“Stop being pathetic Val, I thought you were better than that,” he hissed, still certain taking a stronger stand was the right thing, especially now. He’d been attempting to get her out of his life for weeks but, being gentle was fast becoming an epic fail.

“Then why’d you drag me in here and basically attack me, huh?” she barked, adjusting her top as he cracked the door checking the hallway before leaving. “Your precious ILSEOK shut you down again? Humph, I’d never do that.”

Not bothering to glance back, he threw over his shoulder, “Well then, I guess that makes you a slut like Lolita,” just as the red-headed bombshell sauntered in through the kitchen . . .

