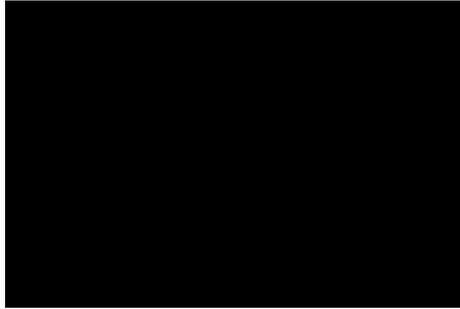


“SPOILER”

Part 1



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Luih8XrAldI>

(Song By: SHINee)

You didn't even imagine about this spoiler

It's too early to be surprised

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



KEY & MINHO IN THE AIR - LEAVING INCHEON AIRPORT – S. KOREA

TAKE-OFF had gone smoothly. With touch down in LAX still hours away Key, earbuds in, doodled randomly in his sketch book while Minho delved anxiously into the latest copy of his ‘Sports Illustrated - Swimsuit Edition’.

“Ahhhh, hyung, look.” Nudging Key to get his attention, Minho smirked, unafraid to hide his delight in the face of a nearly nude model, perched seductively atop a large boulder.

“YAHHH . . . wha? (HEYYY, WHAT?), I’m busy.” Grumbling at being disturbed, Key shot him a dirty look, clamping one hand over his partial drawing.

“Check out this total babe. Think we’ll find anybody like her in Malibu?”

Waving the magazine under his nose, Minho knew (from previous conversations with his brother), that American girls on the beaches of California were hot, sexy, and plentiful.

“Ye, maybe.” Leaning over, Key gazed curiously at the tall, flat-chested blonde with the plastic smile, thinking about his own dark-haired, busty obsession. “Eh, her boobs are tiny. I like big ones.”

Admiring her slender figure, Minh cocked his head sighing, “Damn Bummie. She’s perfect. I’d take those in a heartbeat. Not to mention her honey thighs and nice, round ass. Bet she’s a runner.” Grinning ear-to-ear, his appreciation for the ‘lower assets’ of a woman’s body came roaring to the forefront.

“Ye, she’ll do.” Pained at having to agree with Minh about anything Key folded his arms. *What girl showing everything she owned, ‘wouldn’t’ capture his immediate attention. After all, he was a horny teenage boy. Who else was featured?*

Staring intently, his eyes flashed with renewed interest, as flipping back to the cover, Minh zeroed in on the popular American icon, singer, ‘Beyonce’.



“WOW-WOW-WOW.” Groaning, Key jostled Minh’s shoulder playfully. “Now, There’s a REAL NOONA.” Repositioning himself in the seat, his crotch tightened awkwardly. “What I wouldn’t give to meet her.” Snatching up the magazine he planted tiny kisses all over her smiling face.

“Gimme that you pervert and, shit . . . keep your voice down, there’s a kid back there behind us.” Smacking him over the head in retaliation, Minh, grappled unsuccessfully for repossession of the magazine, chuckling at his sudden interest.

“You, meet HER? Not in this lifetime. What would you say anyway, you’re a damn baby in a teenage body. Hell, we both are, and you’d probably get yourself arrested in the process.”

Holding the magazine in the air, Key whispered, “So . . . one of these days Bummie’ll get his face between a pair of yummy titties like that. Gonna add that to my GOALS list,” knowing the consequences wouldn’t have mattered.



“Aishhh, keep dreaming. Maybe after you hit the gym.” Teasing, Minh poked at Keys pasty, underdeveloped bicep. “Give her up now.” Lunging to regain control of the magazine a second time, more chaos ensued, sending Key’s treasured sketchpad hurtling to the floor, one lone picture drifting down between the crack in the seats.

Red-faced and embarrassed, he lurched over scrambling to retrieve it. But, not before Minh’s eyes caught his coveted, sexually-charged, bikini-clad, anime girl.

“Hyunggg, who’s that?” Plucking it out Minho reared back, face scrunched, examining it carefully. “Look at you, bringing another figment of your warped imagination to life. Thought Beyonce’ was your new ideal type?” Dangling it out of reach his high cackle bubbled up uncontrollably. “Did you manage to get your porn tapes through Customs too? Sometimes I wonder about you dude.”

“Well DON’T. F’ng monkey-arms, it’s just a damned sketch. Hand it over. Fidgeting in the seat, a quick memory of Leetuk and Jonghyun fighting for it in the dorm shot to the forefront of Keys already agitated thoughts. *Why did he have to be mercilessly taunted about everything? After all, Minho was fantasizing over some skinny blonde in a magazine too.*

“JUST a sketch huh? I doubt that. Bet she’s one of the trainees you’re horny over, huh?” Gazing deeper into the (oddly familiar) anime, Minho tried in vain to place her with the scores of young female trainees currently flooding the industry. “I know you. Is it Taeyeon (GIRLS GENERATION) or Hyomin (T-ARA)?”

“Ewww, I’m not HOT for any of them. And, so what if it IS more than just a sketch? This is my ‘Dream Girl’. I know she’s out there, we just haven’t met yet. I can hope can’t I?” Seeing his friend’s nosy face hovering over the drawing Key whined, shooting one hand out. “Give it to me while I’m being nice. Budi (PLEASE).”

Ignoring his insistence, Minho sighed, “‘Dream Girl’ huh? Well, damn. I swear I’ve seen her before.” Suddenly recalling a dark-haired girl at last year’s soccer game, he licked his lips attempting to bring her fuzzy face into focus. “Only, her eyes were a darker blue, and . . . she didn’t have all THIS going on.” Outlining the overly-emphasized bust line, still . . . the likeness WAS a strange coincidence.

Suddenly panicked, he hated the thought that Key, (his complete opposite) was lusting after a rendition of the exact same female HE was having re-occurring dreams about. “BUMMIE! It’s her, the girl from the soccer field. Explain, why the hell you’re drooling all over MY ‘Dream Girl’?”

“Soccer field? YOUR ‘Dream Girl? How, the ‘F’ should I know. I don’t even play soccer.” Hissing under his breath, now Key was understandably confused. “A couple seconds ago she was a perverted figment of my imagination who looked like a trainee. Now, it’s all about you. Shit! Make up your damned mind,” he growled defiantly. “She belongs to me.”

In the cramped confines of coach, the encounter escalated, becoming a cat-and-mouse game they typically engaged in daily. Key, on the receiving end . . . Minho unwilling to give in and back down.

Glaring at the pouty face beside him, Minho slapped at Key's outstretched fingers, clinging to the edge of the drawing. Chuckling, he cradled back into the seat.

Oooo, Bummie was pissed, but why should HE be the one to concede? Getting under his hyung's skin was all part of the fun. HE wanted possession of the drawing. Maybe if he had it, he could find her. But, how to get it? Ahhh, a game. That's how they always solved their differences and, Key rarely (if ever) won.

Sticking one fist out he barked, 'Kai-Bai-Boh' (ROCK-PAPER-SCISSORS). "I win, you gotta hand it over. You're talented, draw another one."

"FUCK NO. Greedy bastard." Trying not to shout, even as the ever-present interest of other passengers ballooned around them, Key tossed a stick of gum in his mouth, chomping down on it forcefully. "Rip out a blonde, tit-less babe from that 'Sports Illustrated' you jack off to over there," he hissed under his breath.

"Aigooo, I love how you lose your manners when you're pissed. And, I'm not greedy, you're just stingy. We'll never find yours or mine this way."

Standing to stretch, Minho yawned reluctantly handing Key the anime of their shared 'Dream Girl' announcing matter-of-factly, "My bladders about to explode. I'm headed up front to pee."

Satisfied he'd won by default, Key rose along with him, attempting to ignore the curious stares from around them. Eking out a wane smile he tucked the drawing into the middle of the sketchpad adding, "Ye, me too, I need to get a water bottle."

Elbowing the lanky Minho out into the aisle, he whispered, "Shit hyung, if she means that much to you, I'll draw you one . . . small tits, big ass, dark blue eyes."

