

“U NEED ME”

Part 2



(Oh) Baby girl
I'll bring you home
So, you won't be lost anymore

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



OUTSIDE THE WU'S - MALIBU BEACH, CA

OVER the years, SungWoo had gotten extremely good at lurking behind closed doors, sneaking around to listen in on private conversations and gathering personal information on just about everyone the Jang (Wu) sisters and family knew. Considering himself an expert in espionage he prided himself in knowing he could outsmart even the best private eye or bodyguard in the business.

On the heels of SooMin's arrival, having usurped the Chairman in his little ultimatum to HyeSu and her wretched (soon-to-be) ex-boyfriend, he puffed his chest out proudly pulling the small inconspicuous rental car around the corner and down the street from the sprawling beach home.

Finally, alone with his thoughts and obsessions running rampant, he hated the fact that (to pacify Jang) by this time tomorrow, he would already be on a plane back to Seoul.

Peering out the window, he studied the four bodyguards hovering protectively about the front door, grunting at the impossibility of permeating the homecoming for a last glimpse of his ‘Princess’ SooMin before she disappeared inside for good.

Mindlessly, sipping a cup of steaming black coffee, allowing the hot liquid to swirl about the inside of his cheeks slowly, he smiled, glowing at the sudden realization that just like he’d told Andy, HE was in charge of this little expedition and would come and go as he damn well pleased.

Fuck Jang AND Andy. After all, he was the fiancé-to-be! Sungjae was taken care of for the most part, and here where no one wanted to make waves, the conniving bitch HyeSu was putty in his hands. Ahhh, but there was still his precious SooMin to consider.

Reaching for the door, his thoughts exploded with visions of her stepping off the airport escalator gliding seductively across the floor, (for every man in the vicinity to see). Jolted back into the seat, as if consumed by fire he released the handle rapidly.

NO. What was he thinking? His emotions were much too raw right now for a casual meeting with the family and sisters, especially after witnessing HyeSu and Sungjae’s little argument at the beach. Right now, he was vacillating between anger at her, and lust for SooMin . . . a place he visited often.

Seemed as if in the throes of jet-lag and insomnia, coupled with Jang’s orders to finish up his business and fly directly home, it was best to comply. The face-to-face with his obsession would have to wait. Otherwise it was true, the Chairman would have his balls.

“Dammit.” Cussing loudly, he slapped the steering wheel in disgust. By the time he managed to get back to Malibu, fucking HyeSu would have SooMin looking like the neighborhood whore. This wasn’t her first summer, and she always did.

With two guards new to the pack, clearly the Wu’s were already taking the necessary precautions to keep their daughter’s safe. In his mind . . . they were all clueless.

Muttering casually, “Yeahhh, you fucking pussies go ahead and have your little pow-wow . . .” Acquiescing he caressed the console and coffee cup lid. “This guy ain’t goin’ anywhere. Not now . . . not ever . . . You can take THAT to the bank.”

INSIDE THE WU’S

AMANDA, we're home." Ushering the girls in through the massive double doors of his sprawling home, MinSeok nudged posse' member Muscles on his way by, whispering "Pretty sure we were followed . . . keep an eye out."

Hearing the sound of his wife's footsteps rushing through the hallway toward the foyer he tried to keep his mood light, and face emotionless. She'd known him long enough to sense even the slightest hint of trouble, no matter what it entailed. His eyes, body language and demeanor always seemed to give him away. But, not today. He only wanted to enjoy having Keis back in the fold, and let his entourage of body guards take care of the rest.

"MOMMYYY . . ." Dropping her purse on the front hall table Keis ignored everything else, racing toward her mother's outstretched arms.



Smelling of sweet jasmine like always, Amanda's embrace was intense and emotional. Clutching her oldest daughter earnestly, her warm blue eyes (wet with tears) met her husband's gratefully.

"SooMinnn honeyyy . . . oops sorry, KEIS. I've missed you, baby girl," she cooed, cupping her daughter's face and pulling back to take a better look.

"Me too mommy. Like crazy." *Coming home to her was all that mattered right now.*

"I just can't get over how much you've grown." Lifting Keis's chin, she kissed her flushed cheek lovingly. "You'll always be my baby, don't ever forget it. SO, how was your first commercial flight? Are you tired? You look . . . welll . . ." adding in hesitation, "much better than the last time we saw you."

Winking at her husband, she wanted to say more, but IlSeok's shaking head and warning eyes, told her it was better to keep quiet. Wrapping one arm around the shoulders of each of her precious girls, she urged them toward the kitchen.

"Let's get a snack and catch up. I want all the details. You can unpack later. Coming Min?" For some strange reason MinSeok hovered in the hallway, his eyes skirting the long floor to ceiling windows piercingly. *Was something wrong?*

“Yeah, yeah. Be right there.” Waving the three of them away he grinned. “Forgot I left my wallet in the car,” he announced pointing casually toward the (still open) garage door.

“Okayyy. But, don’t be long.”

“I won’t.” He wanted to bolt before she figured out he was lying, but her long questioning gaze told him to wait.

Finally, they were out of sight. *She was on to him. Damn.* Flinging open the door he rushed outside, motioning Muscles to follow. He had to talk and talk fast.

“Don’t say anything to Amanda or the girls, but I’m positive someone followed us home from the airport. Dark grey 2-door, license Plate #8B12208. Pretty sure it was a rental. I need you to inform the others and keep a really close watch on the house tonight. If it shows up again, call the cops.”



GRUMBLING under his breath at the inability to muster the courage to pass by the Wu’s two body guards, SungWoo swung the car quickly into the parking lot at Coco’s on the beach. *What the hell was going on today anyway? It looked like bus full of damn tourists. Now, he’d probably have to wait a freaking hour just to get a sandwich.*

Noticing cameras along with the hustle and bustle of people swarming around the small beach shack, (like ants on a mission), he sat momentarily, leaning against the steering wheel, when suddenly it came to him. He’d been so pre-occupied over the last week, he’d totally forgotten today was ‘SM’s video shoot with new groups ‘SS501’ and ‘TVXQ’.

Aishhh, what were the odds they were filming right in the Jang sister’s back yard? He’d finally stumbled onto a gold mine. Did he have time to stay and scope things out? This was their playground after all. Hmm. No, not dressed like an executive. That would draw too much attention to himself. But, that didn’t mean he couldn’t return. If he knew them at all, chances were the girls would be headed this way after getting SooMin settled in. It was still early.

Considering himself a good actor, capable of morphing from one personality to another to suit the circumstances, of course he could don a flowered summer shirt, sandals, and sunglasses. It

would be a piece of cake to meld unassumingly into the beach crowd to get some more intel on his targets. Short of knocking on their front door, clearly . . . this was his next best option.

“Well ladies . . . I believe you’ve met your match, yet again,” he snickered under his breath. Rolling up the windows and tossing in the sun shade against the mid-afternoon heat, he put one leather shoe to the cracked asphalt, trying not to seem conspicuous in a suit and tie.

Nodding politely, he worked his way through the crowd toward the sleek wooden bar. It was hot for spring in California, and the whirling overhead fans only succeeded in barely moving the warm, salty air. Throwing his jacket over one shoulder he pressed in toward the end, tapping the counter impatiently while scanning the chalkboard menu.

Already opting to take his food back to his rented bungalow to change first, he smirked inwardly. Time, he just needed to buy himself a little more time.

COCO’S ON THE BEACH

THE young man behind the counter smiled, holding out the paper bag containing a crab sandwich and chips. “Anything else I can do for you sir?”

Hesitating before signing the receipt SungWoo returned the gesture, his beady eyes twinkling. “Nope. But, thanks. Nice place you got here. You guys serve food till close?”

“Yup, food and drinks available till 2:00 A.M. Come back and see us.”

“Oh, trust me I will.” Sliding the receipt across the bar, SungWoo lifted the bag in the air, tossing a folded ten to the young man.

The ‘SM’ event meant incoming Idols, and if SooMin did come out, SOMEONE would need to keep an eye on her or his threats to HyeSu would ring empty. He couldn’t let that happen.

Wu’s new body guards or not, they didn’t know her like he did. She was prone to bending the rules, and this wasn’t Korea, where Jang made sure she was safe. Here, protecting her innocence demanded his personal attention. Yes . . . he’d have to step on it.

