

# Chapter Three

## Hyo/Hyu Confess



(Hyuk and HyoJi)

### Salena's Family Room – Sims players

**I**T was way past midnight. Nearly time to get out the coffee if there was going to be any game play into the wee hours of the morning. HyoJi stared at her computer screen, perched on the edge of the couch. This was it. The moment of truth. She was confessing to Hyuk. In the middle of the yard, wet from cold sprinklers, it was about to go down! Excitement rose in her throat, as she waited on pins and needles.

And all around her, the whispers and questions started . . . *“Has she done it yet? What’s taking so long? If it was me, I’d have said something months ago. Dear God, how did she get him to shut up long enough to say ‘anything’?”*

By the time the words noiselessly stuttered from between her own shaking lips, the entire room was huddled around her computer, eyes peeled to the ‘awkward’ couple.

“I . . . I . . .” And she choked. Not only did ‘she’ choke, but so did her avatar. *Why were they all watching her? She felt like the center attraction in a circus act.* “DAMMIT! I, I BLEW IT!” She whined, fisting her hands at her sides as she pounded the sofa cushion in despair. “OH MY GOD! Could I be any more pathetic?”

“My goodness.” Salena let her breath out slowly, saddened that it hadn’t happened. “You were SO close.”



“Yeah. Well, it didn’t help that ALL of you suddenly decided to make me the center of attention.” HyoJi sighed, staring up at the faces hovering over her. “You know how shy I am. Geez. Pay attention to your own relationships.”

Looking over at the empty computers dotting the room around them, she unexpectedly noticed something humorous. “Hey look!” Pointing toward Salena’s screen, she saw ‘N’ jumping up and down from one foot to the other,

frantically waving his arms, yelling incoherently in ‘Sims’, with his aspiration bar a bright cherry red. “Somebody needzzzz youuuu Salena!” She giggled. “Been too long without Woo Hoo?”

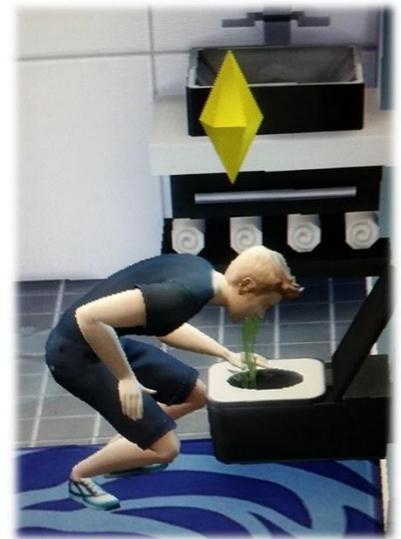
Salena swiveled to see what she was talking about seeing ‘N’s little figure huffing and puffing like he was about to pass out.

“OH MY GOD!” She barked, hand to her mouth squelching a chuckle. “He was watching TV when I came over here, looks like he has to use the bathroom, and I forgot to let him go. Whoooooo.”

As she headed back over, the other girls began to disband to check their ‘significant others’ as well.

“Holy SHIT! Ravi’s gonna be sick!” Yuri grabbed her mouse, hoping to catch Ravi before he puked up all the ‘spoiled’ food she had left on the counter, when she had inadvertently clicked ‘eat’ instead of ‘clean up’, while dashing over to see what Hyuk and HyoJi were doing. Poor Ravi was green, his aspiration level also a bright red and his ‘hygiene’ level down.

*She was a bad wife. Now, she would spend the better part of the night attending to a sick husband. Of course! Punishment for caring more about the neighborhood gossip.*



Shahrul, shook her head at Yuri in disgust. It was just like her to leave poor Ravi puking his guts out just to hear someone else ‘confess’. She would have never let that happen. He would have been her number one

concern at all times. But now . . . in light of Yuri's 'physical' state, pregnancy and all, it looked as if she was going to have to 'cozy' up to Hongbin whether she wanted to or not.



“Look at Hongbin . . .” HyoJi tapped Shahrul in the shoulder making sure she knew that he wasn't fairing much better than N or Ravi either one. “He's about to fall off the treadmill. Do you even care Shahrul? Poor guy. His levels are red too, and now he's gonna have bad hygiene. Hmmm. If that was me, I'd see that as my chance to catch a shower with VIXX.” Turning away blushing, the 'shy' HyoJi coughed slightly. “Wellll that would just be my suggestion, anyway.”

Shahrul slid back across the floor on her butt, attempting to make things right with Hongbin. *She didn't WANT to change her Bias. But, it looked like she was being forced to at least for the game.*

“Okay, okay okay.” She chuckled. “He does look sort of pitiful laying there in a heap on the floor huh? I guess a 'couples shower' wouldn't hurt. Maybe it would be a good way to let him know I'm 'in the running' so to speak.”

“YES! That would be an awesome idea.” HyoJi clapped her hands, catching the eyes of the others in the room, as they all began to smile. “He needs someone in his life. And you're perfect for him.”

It didn't take long before everyone had figured out that in the throes of HyoJi's confession, their own situations had begun to suffer.

Natalia, (who didn't have a significant other) had taken herself to a local 'Blossom Town Club' earlier in the evening, and was attempting to see if there was someone there she might be attracted too. But now, to her dismay . . . after hovering over HyoJi too long, her poor avatar was being 'accosted' by a drunken 'Sims' pervert and she was stomping her foot at the screen, in what appeared to be a cussing tirade (in 'Sims' talk), hoping to be rescued.

*That was something she didn't intend to ever do again. She would rather be without someone than deal with the Blossom Town pervert! If being accosted wasn't so serious, it would have been funny, watching herself going berserk in the middle of the street, all alone, with random patrons staring at her as they came and went in and out the front doors of the Club.*

Azhia whispered something encouraging into HyoJi's ear, finding herself



having to go check on Ken as well. He was practicing in the dance studio, and like Shahrul and Salena, she had figured he was good for her to walk away from. She had played the game before. She knew how long he could hold out, but still she found him face down, puffing and panting, his aspiration levels on red, looking like he was about to die.

For some reason she found it mildly humorous. *Maybe this was good for him. He worked too hard. He danced too hard, he ignored her too much.*

*This was her opportunity to teach him a lesson without ‘really’ teaching him a lesson. Satisfied, that he had probably lain there long enough she made sure he was taken care of, now attempting to be the perfect ‘fiance’, before returning to HyoJi’s side on the couch.*

As the laughter began to course around the large room at each of the member’s dilemmas the girls began to relax and chatter.

“What’s going on with you Jane?” Salena poked Jane in the shoulder noticing that she hadn’t made any attempt to go back over and check her computer.

“Ahhh, Leo and I were sleeping. I’m good. This is all so hilarious. I know I hate to see all the guys ‘suffering’, but really . . . I wonder what they’re thinking right about now.” Arms folded, she plunked down next to HyoJi on the other side, ready to find out what exactly had happened to the ‘failed attempt’ at a confession.



“SO. Spill it. What’s next in the ongoing ‘non-relationship’ of Hyo/Hyu?” She asked jokingly, head in the palms of her hands as she fished for information.

HyoJi, frowned, twisting the bottom of her hair relentlessly. “Wellll . . . It all seemed perfect and then suddenly. BAMM! There was water . . . and grass . . . and he was sitting on me . . . Damn, he’s so clueless. I need something better. Something special.”

Azhia leaned in, biting one fingernail as she contemplated ‘special’. “What’s your definition of ‘special’? ‘Cause I know what mine is.” She asked curiously.

“Mine too.” Piped up Jane. “Mmmm . . . food. These boys love to eat.”

“Yeah, food and movies.” Yuri added. “Ravi loves a good action flick. Not the most romantic, but still . . . gets the blood boiling, if you know what I mean.”

“N likes good champagne, and steak. And a nice ‘sexy’ massage.” By now Salena (dropping at HyoJi’s feet) allowed her mind to wander to her last encounter with boyfriend, N.

“Well, you’re all whack.” Shahrul barked, staring at a newly energized Hongbin, wiping the sweat off his chest as he headed for the shower. “Soft music, dim lights, some slow dancing . . . Mmmm, great way to get them ‘out’ of their minds, and ‘out’ of their clothes.”

HyoJi, couldn’t believe it. *Were they actually giving her ‘advice’!* Stunned at all the good ideas, she teetered between dinner and a movie and the ‘massage’.

“I think a fancy dinner out and a romantic movie would get to Hyuk, don’t you all?” She finally responded, satisfied that she thought she knew him well enough to find the perfect romantic setting to ‘confess’.

“Out? Dinner out? A public place? And a public movie theatre?” Azhia balked at her friend, her eyes wide with negativity. “No. Not good. This is

Hyuk we're talking about here. You gonna be able to get him to shut up long enough to confess out in public? Good luck with that. He'll find a million and one things to 'chitty-chat' about in a restaurant or movie theatre. You need to do something private, at home. Right girls?" She polled the others, watching them shake their heads in communal agreement.

"I guess you're right." HyoJi had to go along with the small crowd of women, most who had had relationships in real life. *If she could get Hyuk, she could snag the 'real' guy at work. She was sure of it.* Snickering into her fist, she added, "I'm surprised he could be quiet long enough to look at the stars. If there had been a telescope around, I'd have had an astronomy lesson and know all the constellations by now."

"I think he just likes to hear himself talk." Jane laughed loudly, knowing she was the luckiest one, with the husband who barely said two words unless he felt like his life depended on it.

"So, an evening at home it is. Unanimous?" All hands raised, HyoJi beamed with excitement. "How about I get couples rings and put his in the bottom of a champagne glass?" *Now her wheels were beginning to turn.*

"Oh dear GOD!" Azhia chortled. "Not only is that the cheesiest thing I've ever heard of but he'd probably swallow the damn thing, or bite down on it and chip a tooth. How many episodes of "We Got Married", have you watched anyway? Barf!" Sticking one finger down her throat she pretended to throw up in HyoJi's lap, as the others burst into laughter around them, high-fiving over her head.

"Balloons then?" She asked, now fishing for more suggestions.

“Sure. Balloons are good. And get one shaped like a heart, with your initials on it.” Salena added. “Balloons and candles are never cheesy. And dress up. Sexy. You DO have something sexy you can wear don’t you?” She asked.

“Sure. I guess. I’ll find something. The game doesn’t give us many choices.” Sad that there weren’t nice short ‘current’ party dresses to choose from, she would have to do the best she could.

“Well, if nothing else, you could come out in a sexy underwear set. That’s what I would do. If that doesn’t get his attention, nothing will.” Shahrul laughed, wondering if that would work with Hongbin. *No doubt, if he was already interested, it wouldn’t even take that much.*

“Ahhh, NO! I’m NOT that way. And I’m looking to confess, not drag him into the ‘Woo Hoo’ bed.” HyoJi sputtered, stunned that Shahrul would tell her to get so personal right off the bat, adding quietly . . . “I don’t need an ‘instant’ baby right now.”

“Neither did I . . .” Yuri stepped into the conversation, throwing a glance over one shoulder at Jane, down on the floor next to HyoJi. “Not like someone else we know.”

*Yes the ‘honeymoon’ was over for her and Ravi . . . and here they were having an ‘instant’ baby. Like ‘instant’ rice, or ‘instant’ oatmeal. She didn’t even like children that well. Maybe, she could pawn it off on Jane. She and Leo wouldn’t know the difference, what with all their kids and animals!*

“Jane! Have you checked on your little ‘family’ lately?” She asked smoothing her hands across her knees, faintly remembering that when everyone else ran to their computers, Jane had stayed glued to HyoJi’s side, never once glancing over (to see what Leo and Junior were doing).

Staring around at the others, her face crinkled in amusement Jane knew she was in the clear. *She already told them. She and Leo had been asleep when she walked over to check on HyoJi and Hyuk. What could possibly go wrong in her perfect little world?*

“Okayyy, I’ll go check. But, I told you. Sleeping. All of us.” She reaffirmed her previous statement meandering slowly over to the cozy little corner away from all the others. Brushing her long hair away from her face, now that the Hyo/Hyu couple was taken care of, she tried to figure out if she wanted to rest for a while and take a stroll out to the front porch for some fresh air.

But, what caught her eye in the process was NOT what she had expected. As her avatars slept, there was little Leo Jr. toddling with determination out the front door, headed down the sidewalk.

“OH NO!” She squealed frantically, grabbing her mouse and attempting to wake herself up. *What had she done? Why wasn’t he in bed? Did she forget? Had she been that tired? The pregnancy and all?*

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## SIMS WORLD – BLOSSOM TOWN

HyoJi's House – Hyuk and HyoJi

“The Date”

**H**YOJI stood arms folded at the small dining room table. Wiping her hands on her skirt she fidgeted with the sequins nervously. *Was it too much?* She had never dressed up in front of Hyuk. The dressiest he had ever seen her was a concert where she had put on a ‘nicer’ pair of jeans and sported a pair of semi-high heels.

The Mexican casserole was simmering in the oven, candles lit, balloons dotting the ceiling around the perfectly set table, ready for a heartfelt ‘confession’. *But, when push came to shove, could she pull it off?* Already her throat was dry, and she had practiced the words out loud in front of the mirror at least a dozen times, scrunching her face in all manner of fashion so she could settle on the best look.

“Hyuk . . .” She whispered again, skirting the table and heading for the living room window to await his arrival. “You’re my best friend . . . but, I don’t want to just be friends anymore.”

Pausing, she thought hard about the decision that was about to change her life. *Not ‘just’ friends was a huge step, for both of them. Would they stop being comfortable with each other? Was she headed into ‘awkward-ville’?* Now waffling again she kneeled on the edge of the couch, peeking through the blinds at the empty street scanning for his little foreign car to pull up in front of the house.

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**H**YUK rounded the corner of the familiar street, (that it seemed like he had spent a lifetime growing up on). HyoJi's house was at the end of the cul-de-sac. He was already regretting he was notoriously late. *It hadn't been his intention to stay and chat with a new photographer at the studio as long as he had, but never-the-less . . . this was Hyo. She would understand. She always did.*

Pulling up, he shut off the engine, noticing that the house seemed uncommonly dark. *Was he 'that' late? Did it matter?* Checking his phone, he knew he should have texted her. *Had she already gone to bed?*

“Damn”, he muttered to himself in frustration. He was hungry. Leaning into the steering wheel, he debated whether or not to just scrap the invitation and head back to his apartment. It was pushing 9:30, and her first text inquiring as to his whereabouts had arrived at 8:00.

It wasn't like it was midnight, and if she 'was' in bed, figuring, it couldn't hurt to wake her up, he smiled. *How many nights had he crept around the house to her bedroom window, tapped quietly and coerced her outside in the middle of the night to roam the neighborhood, sit on the back porch and just talk, or run in the rain? She was his best friend. Of course she would forgive him and let him in.*

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**H**E was finally here! HyoJi wiped a stray tear from one eye, convinced that he had ‘stood’ her up . . . unlocking the front door, she raced around the table, lighting candles over again, licking her dry lips, saying a little prayer and finally darting to the kitchen to grab the casserole from the oven before it baked itself into a hard crusty, inedible rendition of a rubber tire.

As the front door creaked open slowly, she felt the glass casserole dish slip off one hot pad, crashing to the floor at her feet, rice, beans, and cheese flying from one side of the kitchen to the other, pieces of glass falling down around her high-heeled shoes, mixed with food.

“NOOOO . . .” She wailed, as Hyuk . . . hearing the crash and her pathetic cry for help, skidded past the darkened candlelit room, dotted with balloons, champagne and fancy dishes, toward HyoJi and the disaster in the kitchen.

Standing in the doorway, hands out toward her in disbelief, his eyes didn’t know where to lite first. A completely ‘overdressed’ HyoJi stood staring at the gooey destroyed casserole around her, tears careening down her face at break-neck speed.

*And why was the room so dark?* No wonder she dropped the dish, he thought to himself. Flipping the switch on the wall, (that was now illuminated in brightness), it looked even more disastrous than it had a few seconds ago.

*Did she have a date? After all the front door 'was' unlocked . . . and now that he was surveying the situation, it was clear she had been expecting someone. Smelling vanilla scented candles, hearing soft music in the background and seeing the state of her hair, makeup and clothes gave her away. That was it! She had called him to come over and give her advice about what to do with her date. Damn. That's what he got for being late. As usual he had messed things up for her again.*

The 'wish' the other night on the front porch, the one they always made caused him to take pause. *By the looks of things she had obviously 'met' her Prince somewhere in the last few days. But where? They talked nearly every day. The library? Out biking? Jogging? Was she about to do all of those things with someone other than him? He wasn't sure what he thought about that.*

“Are you gonna freaking help me or just stand there gaping at the mess?” She finally croaked at him angrily, swiping the tears from her face, unable to move from her position amidst the glass.

“OH SHIT. Yeah. Mianhae.” He apologized, tiptoeing over toward the kitchen closet and reaching in for the broom and dustpan. “Don't move. I'll take care of everything.” Re-assuring her, he kicked back into 'friend' mode, bustling about to set things straight.

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**T**HIRTY minutes later, oddly without much conversation between them, Hyuk and HyoJi stood barefoot in the middle of the dining room, she having been forced to change out of her fancy dress, and high-heels, deciding that there was no point in attempting to be someone she would never be.

“Hyo?” Hyuk was finally taking the time to investigate the scene around him as he fingered the top of the champagne bottle. “Mianhae, for spoiling your date. You must have cancelled when I didn’t show up to help huh?”

As their eyes met, she blinked at him blushing. *Was he ‘that’ clueless? Obviously so.*

“Hyuk, this was all for you.” She whispered, turning away. *There was no use putting on airs anymore.*

Jumping to her side, he grabbed at her hand swinging her back around to face him, suddenly seeing her twirling and carefree in the sprinkler, water streaming down over her wet T-shirted breasts, hair flinging about her face as she dropped to the grass. *That most certainly ‘wasn’t’ the HyoJi he knew . . . and remarkably, neither was this.*

“Wae (why)?”

*Was she experimenting on him? Trying out dating scenarios in case she found the ‘right’ one, so she would know how to act, and what to do? That wasn’t very fair.*

“WHY? HYUK! REALLY!”

Now, beyond frustrated, she began clinking plates together as she cleared the table quickly, putting the silverware inside each clean place setting and shoving them in his arms to take to the kitchen. It was certain there would be no dinner, no slow dancing, and no romantic movie. He had slipped from between her fingers yet again.

Following her to the cupboards he stood dumbfounded as she clattered around muttering under her breath.

“Wha (what)? Hyo, tell me what I did?” He reached for her thin waist, attempting to stop her from taking her anger out on the helpless dishes and silverware. “You asked me over. I’m here. Okay I’m late, I messed up. I’m sorry. Is that it?”

Shoving his arms away from her she swung around wanting to slap his cute dimpled face silly. As she glared at him, hoping maybe she could ‘will’ him to understand, he blinked into her eyes lost and (as usual) clueless.

Not able to take it anymore, she grabbed both sides of his bewildered face and without another moment’s hesitation, pressed her anxious lips to his in a classic ‘ambush’ kiss.

As he melted into her embrace, he began to relax until his hands drew up against hers gently. *The dinner . . . the night . . . the balloons . . . candlelight and champagne . . . they ‘were’ meant for him!*

“I . . . I . . .” He stuttered through the kiss, his toes tingling, his heart on fire. This was HyoJi . . . the girl who read books with a strand of long hair stuck between her teeth, the girl who could climb the back fence (even barefooted) in 15 seconds flat . . . the girl who insisted on force-feeding him the cheese off her pizza because she hated it so much.

HOLY SHIT! THEY WERE KISSING . . . WAS HE HER ‘PRINCE’?

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## SIMS WORLD – BLOSSOM TOWN

Leo Junior – Out on the Street

“**M**ONKEE we outside! Te-he-he-he. Mommy n’ Daddy no see. Come.”  
Leo Jr. swung his raggedy-armed monkey around his tiny shoulders, staring back at the open front door as he toddled barefoot, (in only an already soaked diaper) down the front sidewalk, attempting his best to ‘skip’ in his childlike happiness.

“We ‘fraid? Dark?” He whispered to his ‘best’ and ‘closest’ companion, realizing the farther he got away from the house, the darker it was becoming. Monkee shook his head ‘no’, patting the top of little Junior’s head reassuringly.

Stopping at the end of the block, the little wanderer looked both ways down the deserted street, trying to figure out if he remembered where Auntie HyoJi lived. *Was it a long way? It seemed like when he rode his*

*tricycle with the neighbor kids it was just a little ways. Now he wasn't so sure.*



“Dis way Monkee?” His high squeaky voice faltered, tugging on his monkey’s leg for an answer. Slipping off his shoulder to the right, ‘Monkee’ hung in the balance waiting to be rescued. “Dat way?” One pudgy finger pointing in the direction monkey was flopped over on, Junior sighed heavily, digging at the crotch of his ‘nighttime’ underwear diaper.

“I forget tee-tee ‘fore I left,” he sighed, stepping off the curb and into the darkened street, lit only with one lone overhead street lamp.

Finally, uncomfortable and feeling like he was carrying a ton of blocks in his behind the little boy stopped curbside across the street, and sitting ‘Monkee’ down in the grass carefully, slipped off the already wet diaper, staring at it propped upright in the grass directly where he had stepped out of it. *Being three and naked had never felt so good!*

“Daddy sayzz izz ‘kay to tee-tee outside ‘cause we boyzz Monkee.” He announced happily, spreading his legs wide (as much like daddy Leo as he could remember), while grabbing himself to shoot a stream of pee across the grass and into the closest bush. Glancing around to see if anyone saw him, he grinned. “Me big boy now Monkee. Daddy be happy . . .”

Monkey squinted at him, his dirty chewed on paws crossed over his ratty chest in mock disgust.

“Monkeeee . . .” The little boy whined, unable to understand why Monkee didn’t agree with his assessment of what ‘being’ a ‘big boy’ meant. “Otayyyy . . .” He finally sighed. “Donn tell daddy I tee-tee’d in grass. He be mad.” His little mouth turning down, he snatched the monkey back up into his arms, and took off trotting down the sidewalk, staring up into the large front yards of the houses as they passed.

“Me wanna play at Auntie Hyo house. She got biggg swinnngggg.” His little brown eyes widening in excitement, he didn’t care that he was jaunting buck naked down the dark street clutching his stuffed animal to his chest enthusiastically. It wouldn’t be but a few more houses and he knew he would find it.

“ARFFF . . . arffff . . .”

The loud bark of a random dog startled the brave adventurer out of his bubble of happiness, sending him racing behind the front of a large SUV parked to the left in the road.

“OH!” He quivered, peeking over the bumper nervously, biting on Monkee’s already chewed down hand, “Doggie. Go way. GO.” He begged the small black dog, standing boldly in his line of vision, his tail wagging playfully. “Me no wanna play.”

Finally giving up on the curious little person void of weapons or clothes, staring at him fearfully, the dog turned on its heel and pranced away, catching the scent of a squirrel and racing off down the street in pursuit of a more interesting quest for fun.

“YAH! GO DOGGIE. GO. ME NO ‘FRAID.” Junior finally shouted at the retreating pup, standing up tall, his long skinny little legs quivering as he stepped away from the security of the big black vehicle. “Me pirate . . . Git you.” Throwing his hand out in front of him pretending he had a saber, he swooshed it around in the warm night air, as if clearing a path for him to continue his adventure to Auntie Hyo’s.

“Monkee, my Monkee . . . He git you too.” He muttered quietly, squeezing Monkey in a massive hug, beginning his search for the neighborhood’s best swing set and play yard once again.

Several moments later, his small feet dirty from skipping up and down between the street and the curb, sweaty in the heat of the summer night, with little drops of water slipping down his flushed pudgy cheeks, he spotted HyoJi’s familiar front yard and porch.

“AISHHHHH!” He shouted, racing full speed ahead toward his favorite Auntie’s house. “Me coming Auntie Hyo annn Uncle Hyuk. Piratezzzz . . .” Not caring that the front door was closed, and lights off in the house, he ran willy-nilly, now dragging ‘Monkee’ behind him in the grass, knowing exactly where the yard ended and the sidewalk to the backyard began.

Shoving through the open gate, he stopped short of the massive swing set giggling loudly. *This was it! He was the Pirate and this was his ‘ship’.* It was the game he, daddy and Uncle Hyuk played all the time at Auntie Hyo’s. There were no other kids around to fight off the swings, and the sand pit at the bottom of the massive wooden structure was cool on his hot feet as he stepped toward a little boys ‘heaven’.

Staring down his distended belly, and over his plump naked thighs he giggled again, dropping butt first into the cold sand.

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### Salena's Family Room – Sims Players

**J**ANE, hands poised over her mouse, sat staring at the computer screen watching little Leo Junior, his favorite toy monkey around his neck step up and over the dark tree lined street and drop his diaper down.

Trying desperately to send him back to the house, or wake up her avatar and Leo to go rescue him, she had gotten nowhere. Leaving her no choice but to watch and wait. The glitches and oddities in the game were beginning stack up.

“What the heck is going on Jane?” Shahrul asked stepping up behind her seeing the tiny three year old spread his naked legs and grab himself to pee in the middle of someone’s bushes. “What the hell? What kind of parent are you?” She chuckled. “He’s outside alone, pissing in someone’s yard.”

Her loud statement bellowed around the room, causing more than one of the other girls to stop what they were doing to come watch Leo Junior’s gallant, three year old daunt across Blossom Town in search of a play yard.

“No I’m not. I tried to wake someone up, but it isn’t working. And, look at him, he’s actually kind of cute.” Jane folded her arms seeing the little dog run up as Junior darted behind the SUV. “Awww, I don’t why

he's scared of the puppy. He's got two of his own." She crooned. "Poor baby. Look Shahrul . . . he's getting his confidence back, look at him pointing at the dog, his little face all serious and determined.

Shahrul shrugged her shoulders, shaking her head in disbelief. "Jane . . . he's three. It's dark. He's wandering the streets naked with a stupid monkey around his waist. Better hope the cops don't find him before one of you do. Negligence. I wonder how many months in jail that'll get you."

"Okay, okay. I'm working on it. Wonder where he's headed? HyoJi's house is up that way."

Just about the time Jane was figuring she would have to wake up a neighbor to go out for him, he dashed into HyoJi's front yard, dragging the monkey as he pushed toward the large gate.

And suddenly, out of nowhere, Leo popped up in the bed, throwing the covers off, ignoring Jane still snoring beside him, seeing Leo Junior missing from the floor at the foot of the bed.

"Success!" Jane shouted, throwing her arms in the air excitedly. "He's up. Time to call in reinforcements."

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