

Ravi, the “Mood Maker”



Part 1

Salena’s Family Room – Sims players

YURI put her mouse down, making sure everything looked normal at the bachelor party before lumbering lazily past the others toward the bathroom.

“Pizza, kids, and women”. She chuckled to herself. *What a crazy idea Azhia had to change game play and add ‘everyone’.*

Watching her meander off, a calculating, Shahrul leaned back into the cushiony sofa, fingering the picture of Ravi, smiling up at her from the cell phone cover tucked beside her hip.

Shuddering at the thought of kissing Yuri's, 'Sims Husband', the adorable, sexy, blonde-headed rapper, she imagined his lips to be moist and warm . . . maybe even a little aggressive. It wasn't the first time she had fantasized about him and it was 'never' a typical 'Drama' kiss.

"I saw Yuri leave just now, are we breaking?" Jane questioned quietly, scooting over toward Shahrul's knee and tapping her lightly. "Not much going on with the party. Everyone seems to be letting it play out. I'm a little bored. You?"

Shahrul blinked one eye open, looking at her friend, a sly smirk quirking up one side of her lip. "Absolutely, and no break yet. But . . . mmmm, if I had my way, there would be a whole lot more going on at this party than pizza and a screaming kid."

"What does that mean?" Jane asked, cocking her head, puzzled at Shahrul's random statement.

Leaning forward on her elbows, Shahrul stared at Jane seriously, one painted fingernail between her teeth.

"It means . . . I've got the 'hots' for Ravi, and Yuri over there doesn't seem to give a shit what's going on in their relationship. Wish I could spice things up. You're right. The game is getting boring."

Jane noticed the ‘Ravi’ cell phone cover next to Shahrul on the sofa, squinting back at her amused. “You’re serious right now aren’t you?” She asked quietly, so none of the other girls around them could hear.

“I am.”

“Then why didn’t you pick Ravi for your Sims when we started this thing if he was really your Bias? You know it isn’t possible to play him without Yuri here.”

“Yeahhh, I know. I was in the middle of exams when the text came through, and she got to him first. The only one left was Hongbin. What was I supposed to do?”

Shrugging her shoulders, she frowned. It wasn’t that Hongbin wasn’t attractive, or sexy, or anything like that, but he wasn’t Ravi. Now Yuri had ‘her’ true Bias and was playing him like a damned ‘childhood playmate’. She, on the other hand would have made their relationship hot and sexy. It just didn’t seem fair.

“I don’t know. Just go get Hongbin and make a move.” Jane urged her smiling. “Take him out of the ‘friend’ zone”. You said he’s all in. If you don’t, you might as well go home, ‘cause obviously you aren’t having fun. Hongbin, yummy . . . I think

he's amazing." She rattled on, "He's my number two. If it weren't for Leo, shit . . . these babies would be his. Lots of 'Woo Hoo'." Giggling, she covered her mouth shyly.

Typically, the conversation was yet again, evolving back to sex and 'Woo Hoo'. Shahrul thinking that asking her to 'do' Hongbin was almost worse than her 'wanting' to do Ravi.

"Yeahhh, we'll see."

Shahrul closed her eyes again, dismissing her statement, thinking there would be plenty of time for a relationship with Hongbin. Right now . . . she was concentrating on Ravi!

Jane slid back to her corner well aware that in her 'real' world, there was no boyfriend . . . no 'Woo Hoo', and definitely no children. She barely had the guts to speak to guys let alone think about sex with them. But, here in Sims World, and Blossom Town, her fantasies could run wild.

She didn't understand why it was so easy here, and so hard in life. She craved a 'Leo', but had no clue how to snag one, and turning herself into the outgoing, fun and engaging avatar that Leo loved, had been a piece of cake.

Digging through her large backpack she pulled out a small notepad, scribbling in it hastily before shoving it back inside and returning to her computer. It read, *Note to self: NEVER SETTLE!

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YURI'S squeal came from behind, shrill and frustrated.
"WHAT THE HELL! SHAHRUL! Why are you kissing my husband! That's not possible. Dammit. You've been playing without me haven't you?"

Her accusation hanging in the air above them, she shoved the back of Shahrul's head, really just wanting to snatch up her computer and go home. Something was 'off' about this weekend. Unable to put her finger on it, she only knew it was making her extremely uncomfortable.

With all eyes suddenly glued to the two bickering players, questions and loud mumblings ran rampantly around the room until Jane's interference startled them all, as she jumped up unexpectedly to defend Shahrul.

"She wasn't Yuri. We were just sitting here talking. You need to chill." Her voice trailing off, she muttered quietly,

“You’re being kind of a bitch right now,” adding “this is supposed to be fun. Right Selena?” (Not wanting to make enemies of any of them.)

True . . . Shahrul ‘had’ talked about Ravi, but at no time had she done anything else to illicit Yuri’s accusation of playing without her being present. The last thing she had seen was NOT Ravi kissing Shahrul.

“So, what’s going on? What happened anyway?” Selena asked stepping over and calmly staring into the screen where clearly Yuri’s avatar Ravi was locked in an embrace with Shahrul’s. “Okayyyy,” she admitted, “that’s just weird. You can’t kiss unless you’re in a relationship. Shahrul and Ravi are only friends.”

Since Ken had managed to hit the mysterious ant pile, Selena had been wondering about the eerie ‘glitches’ going on in the game. She didn’t know why, but this group of girls seemed to initiate ‘the impossible’ every time they played. Even in past sessions and get-togethers.

“My POINT exactly!” Yuri hissed, jumping to avoid Shahrul’s hand as it swung back attempting to slap her out of the way.

“It’s just a freaking game, relax.” Shahrul reiterated, knowing full well, that to most of them it was way more than ‘just’ a game! It was their outlet for emotions, aggression, true love, and relationships.

Even though her insides cringed at the thought of being torn between her obsession with Idol Ravi, and craving the closeness of the female companionship she gained by playing, she lashed out at Yuri anyway, realizing this was messing with friendships she had formed months ago, that might never be fixed.

“Oh REALLY! You don’t seem to be playing like it’s JUST a game. Maybe I’ll just take my HUSBAND and go home!” Yuri announced firmly, leaning around Shahrul to reach for her computer before Selena stepped in to stop her.

“Yuri, wait a minute. Don’t do that. We just started. And it doesn’t sound like Shahrul did anything intentionally, did you Shahrul?”

Turning to the short-haired, wide-eyed girl, Selena’s eyes begged her to hurry and make amends before yet again, things got out of hand. *At the rate they were going, poor Natalia, (new to the entire experience) would never want to come play again!*

“All I did was go in for a hug. Geez, you take everything so serious Yuri. I can’t help what happened. Jane and Selena are right. I didn’t do it on purpose. You’re really going home because I ‘accidentally’ kissed your ‘husband’. Shit, he isn’t real anyway.”

Feigning innocence, Shahrul winked at Jane, bewildered herself at the outcome of the two avatar’s, but grateful for her back up in lieu of their conversation about Ravi earlier.

Yuri’s head swung around the room, locking eyes with each and every player. Their quiet admonition of her reaction said it all. *Maybe she ‘was’ being melodramatic. But, in her defense . . . she did take her Sims World life seriously, ‘and’ her ‘fantasy’ marriage to Ravi.*

They didn’t understand what her life was really like. Living at home, struggling, dealing with younger siblings, pushing to make it through collegeso she could finally get out and have a ‘real’ life.

Sure, they all had their own issues, but none seemed as horrific sometimes as her own. There was no time for a man in her life. Ravi was her outlet. And now Shahrul was not only making fun

of her possessiveness, but honing in on her as well. It just wasn't fair.

“Whatever. I'll stay. But, keep your freaking hands and lips to yourself Shahrul.” She growled, plopping sullenly back down in front of her computer.

Selena smiled wholeheartedly, squeezing Yuri's neck before returning to her own computer.

“Good. Thanks Yur. Come on. We still have a little while to finish out the party before its break time. We're all friends here. Let's keep it that way.”

Settling back at her own screen, Selena's attention wandered around the room to the others. *Was one of them sabotaging the game? Was that even possible? Azhia had blamed Yuri for the ants, now Yuri was blaming Shahrul for kissing Ravi . . . Were the glitches really 'glitches'? Or was something else going on?*

Confused and concerned, she dropped her eyes when Jane glanced over at her questioningly. *Even quiet Jane suddenly seemed suspect, jumping up to defend Shahrul, who clearly had a 'thing' for Ravi, and not her chosen Idol member Hongbin.*

Her instincts told her . . . This was just the beginning . . .

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Blossom Town – Ravi’s Kitchen

Bachelor Party

IT was only 10:00 p.m. The last of the fireworks had just fizzled out over Blossom Park, and Ken’s unisex bachelor party was ‘fizzling’ out as well. With Leo’s son Jr. screaming at Jane’s legs for more cake and a beer (that Uncle Ken had disallowed moments earlier), the momentum was fading.

“Where’s Ravi?” Yuri asked, pushing through the kitchen doorway, glaring at Jr. to keep his hands out of the drink cooler. “He was just here like five minutes ago.”

Shrugging his shoulders questionably, Ken hauled Jr. to his hip to save an exhausted Jane, shoving another piece of cold pizza in his mouth.

“Don’t know. He’s been sort of skittish ever since he came in to eat a few hours ago. No Jr., daddy said no more pizza.” Snickering at the wiggly little boy in his arms, he slapped Jr’s hand playfully, blowing a raspberry in his frowning face. “One minute he’s here . . . the next he’s AWOL. What did you do to

him Yuri? Had to be something, he never comes out to play anymore.” He mumbled, jokingly.

“Me?” Yuri pointed to herself. “I didn’t do anything to him. He does what he wants.” Blinking through thick black-rimmed glasses, her eyes narrowing she zeroed directly in on Azhia, drying dishes at the sink, scowling, “Not sure why this party had to be ‘couples’ anyway.”

Her disgusted tone permeating the now quiet surroundings caused Jane, (and the other’s gathering to help clean up) to wonder why she was suddenly so crabby since having married Ravi. She had been the life of the party before that. Now, all she did was hole up in the house, and when she did socialize she ate and complained, not much else. Jane was beginning to wonder if she wasn’t pregnant.

“I thought it was great.” Jane piped up happily. “Leo and I had an awesome time, huh babe?” She questioned, nudging him in the arm, waiting for a response.

Nodding his head toward Ken agreeably, he turned away, making a bee-line for the back porch, beer in hand, tugging him along behind (forcing him to drop Jr. to the floor in his haste).

“I wouldn’t exactly call it daebak (awesome) would you?” He whispered as they headed out the door without looking back. “Don’t get me wrong, I love my wife and kid . . . but, aishhh this was pushing it. Did I break any records for ‘not smiling’ at a party?” He asked barely moving his lips. He didn’t have to, his eyes said it all.

Ken understood, a bachelor party normally wasn’t the place for kids and wives, however . . . they were not a ‘normal’ group of individuals, and now that it was all said and done, Azhia’s idea to join forces, (even though unexpected) ‘had’ made him feel special. He liked that.

“News Flash.” He responded just as quietly. “In case you haven’t noticed . . . no smiling, ever . . . doesn’t matter whether you’re at a party or not. Wae (why) you even asking me that? Geez. Record my ass. Not sure HOW you ever got Jane to date you with that sourpuss look.”

As his lips curled upwards sheepishly, Leo did manage to grin slowly. “Hyung, don’t you know anything?” He responded. “Who’s the man with a kid and one on the way? Aishhh.” Tweaking Ken’s somber face, they slipped off the porch and onto the dampness of the grass.

Leaning down Ken felt his calves and ankles beginning to itch again. It was time for more medicine. Resisting the urge to scratch, he figured he too needed to find Ravi, bid his farewells, and thank him for the effort.

Seemed the unusual bachelor party was coming to an end, and he had 'officially' been sent off into 'marriage land' by his hyungs (brothers). What a day!

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Ravi's House – Bathroom

HEARING Yuri yelling for him through the house, Ravi stood staring at himself in the bathroom mirror for (what felt like) the hundredth time. Lifting one finger to his lips again, he closed his eyes, questions whirling about, as the memory of the 'kiss' invaded his memory.

Why had Shahrul kissed him? Why had he let her? And more importantly . . . why had he liked it! It was all so terribly out of control, this feeling in his gut. He loved Yuri. Sure, they had their 'issues'. Like all couples, but for the most part they were a good pairing. Bonded over the same things . . . had the same sense of humor. And, best of all she was understanding of his career and hours away from home. True, she wasn't the most

romantic, but neither was he. They were working on it. And now this . . .

“There you are!” Yuri flung open the unlocked bathroom door, arms on her hips, eyes blazing. “WHAT in the world are you doing? Can’t be your hair, you don’t have any. Come out of here. Everyone’s leaving, and wants to say good-bye. You are the host remember?”

“Yeah. Yeah.” He answered hesitantly.

He knew the party had sort of flopped. He should have never let N and Hongbin talk him ‘out’ of the hot air balloon. It would have been a big hit, (especially for the fireworks). But, typically, N did what N did best. Control the situation. Glad he had at least hired a party planner for the bounce house, and food, the specialty pizzas had been great, and the cake was one of a kind.

“What’s wrong with you tonight?” Yuri’s voice softened, as curling both arms around his muscular waist, she peered up into his vacant eyes. *He wasn’t one to ditch his friends in the middle of a get-together.*

Quaking inwardly at her question, Ravi leaned around pecking one cheek as he looked away from the mirror.



“Oh nothing really. Just thinking about Ken getting married and all. You know. Wishing we had waited, instead of being so hurried like we did. Running off to the Courthouse and all.”

It was a timely excuse. Not really the problem, but at least it stopped the questioning. Flipping around to face her, he recalled it had been a while since he had held her this close, loving the way she felt pressed tightly against him.

“Yeah, about that . . .” Yuri started, as he turned into her. *What was he doing? There were still guests here.*

Repeating her statement he smiled. “Yeah, about that . . . don’t you think it’s time for a little more . . .” Leaning into her ear, he coo’d something, feeling her whole body flinch in his arms.

“Raaavviii . . .” Blushing, she slapped his arm purposefully. “Since when are you so frisky? You had shots with the guys earlier didn’t you?” She giggled.

This wasn’t ‘her’ Ravi. Something had changed. He was usually the first one stripped down and in bed at night with the video controller and TV on. He hated PDA (personal displays of affection) and skinship (for the most part. Remembering their wedding night, it had taken lots of alcohol and everything she

had to get him to relax and consummate their marriage. For all her coercing . . . he was a bird of a different feather.

“No, just a few beers. I’m fine. Come on Princess. I’ll hurry . . . we’ll say our good-byes and I’ll meet you back here in let’s sayyyy . . . ten minutes.” He grinned, setting the timer on his watch, a mischievous gleam in his eye, adding. “You won’t regret it, they don’t call me the mood maker for nothing . . .”

And with the wave of one hand, he was gone down the hallway, headed toward the kitchen, quickening his pace as he went, attempting to get his farewells over with and back to his wife.

It was time to act like a true newlywed. His Princess had taken a back seat long enough. What happened in the bounce house could never be repeated again!!!

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Ravi’s House – Living Room

N, leaned back on Ravi’s comfortable sofa, arms out, feet propped up on the coffee table. The party had been a success! Not only had the food been amazing, the bounce house was fun, the girls attending were a blast, and he loved the fact that Ken hadn’t gotten his hot air balloon,

forcing he and Hongbin into a situation they couldn't physically handle.

Smiling at the conversation he had had with the newcomer to the neighborhood, 'party planner' Natalia, he spied Selena staring at him from the kitchen doorway, bag of trash in hand. *Could she be 'any' more obvious?*

Starting to get up to help her, Natalia who had been saying her goodbyes to Yuri and Ravi, saw him rise, moving to one side and stepping purposefully in-between his and Selena's line of vision.

"N!" She cooed, arms curling about his neck almost lovingly. "Please call me for your next party. I'm practically next door. This was great fun!" Allowing her to nuzzle his neck, he caught another whiff of the sweet flowery perfume she wore, (so different from Selena's cottony T-shirt smell).

"YES N, WHY 'DON'T' WE DO THAT?" Selena mimicked Natalia's sugary sweet tone, shooting her hand out with the trash bag, forcing N to grab it before it fell in a heap at his feet. "And NOW we have to go. Bye bye, Natalia. It's been GREAT FUN!"



Sensing he had just over-stepped his bounds with the girlfriend, N grinned sheepishly, taking the trash bag and heading to the back door alone.

Leaning in toward the calculating Natalia (a normally reserved) Selena hissed low enough for only the two of them to hear.



“We really won’t need a party planner for any of our parties Natalia. But thanks. I LOVE PINTEREST and I do everything on my own. Like I said . . . bye now.”

Flipping her long hair behind her, she grumbled at flirty boyfriend N, already back from dumping the trash. *Don’t know WHY he has to be so damned good looking. Can’t even have one stupid flaw. Perfect hair, perfect face, perfect body. Attracts women like bees to honey. I’m gonna have to keep a closer eye on him!* “Come on N, it’s time to go.”

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