

Ravi, the “Mood Maker”

Part 2



SIMS - BLOSSOM TOWN

Salena’s Family Room – Sims players

“**F**INALLY. Break time . . . sorry Azhia, but that was the longest damn party on record.” Natalia sighed, wriggling her feet underneath her, attempting to get the blood flowing back through them so she could stand.

“I’ll say.” Selena looked over at her new friend, hoping that she realized she was playing with fire by flirting with ‘N’. “You DO realize what you just did don’t you? I know you’re new at this, so I’m hoping it wasn’t intentional.”

Trying to keep a level tone and head, she stood, watching Natalia stare up into her face with puppy dog eyes like she had just been whipped.

“What?” Startled that she would be accused of something already, Natalia stood up matching her face-to-face. “I guess I DON’T know, maybe you need to tell me.”

Selena, not wanting to cause ‘another’ scene, backed away hands out in front of her calmly.

“It’s okay. Really. Don’t worry about it. Like I said, you’re new at this.”

“I was saying goodbye. They’re friends right? You told me we had to make them friends because I don’t have a boyfriend.” She finally blurted out, seeing that Selena was perturbed that her avatar had hugged N, when saying good bye.

Of course hugging N was alright. Why wouldn’t it be? She could hug any of the others because she was friends with them all. She didn’t have a VIXX Bias. She was only here as an observer, to learn how to play, and make some real life friends along the way. Why were these girls so damned possessive of their men anyway? Good GOD! Maybe she didn’t ‘want’ to be in KPOP if they were all like this. She hoped they weren’t that way in real life.

“Yeah, we did.” Now Selena felt like even she was becoming irritated and irrational where the game was concerned. Imagining Natalia was up to something with N, when in reality she barely knew how to play.

Taking a deep breath she pushed through the rest of the girls headed to the kitchen for a snack and to see what the others were up to.

HyoJi and Azhia had already beaten her to the tiny kitchenette, scouring the refrigerator for the fruit and veggie plates, hauling them out to the counter.

“You’ve been pretty quiet so far . . .” Azhia wrapped one arm about her friend HyoJi noticing that even though she seemed animated at the start of the game now she just looked tired. “Need some coffee? I’ll make you some. Come on.”

HyoJi, a bleak smile plastered to her face, shrugged her shoulders agreeably. “I don’t know. For some reason I feel depressed about how things are going with Hyuk. He’s never gonna notice me like a real girlfriend.” Chuckling, she stuck a carrot between her perfectly white teeth, gnawing on it leisurely. Sort of feels like life in the ‘real’ world.”

“Mmmm, yeah. That guy you told me about at work. Still nothing?” Azhia dipped a celery stick in dressing, catching it as it dribbled down the side of her chin.

“Yep. Nothing, ‘cause I can’t bring myself to get to anything . . . still.” HyoJi now grumbled, her brows creased. “He’s hot like Hyuk. I thought maybe if I could get my avatar to break the ice with Hyuk, it might give me the confidence I need at work. You know.”

“Yeah, I get it. Well. Aren’t you and Hyuk up next for Scenarios?” Azhia asked lightly.

“I suppose.” Upset at herself, HyoJi moved away from Azhia disgruntled. *She had to get back and psych herself up for a ‘real’ encounter with Hyuk.*

“HEY! Selena, I’m ordering pizza!” Yuri shouted from the other side of the room, wrapping herself up in the massive blanket by the chair, her eyes already scanning her phone for pizza places close to the house.

“Sure. Whatever. But, you pay for yourself. I went to a lot of trouble for food already, AND spent a bundle.” *Did the girl EVER stop eating? For God’s sake!*

Across the room, Jane stepped up to Yuri glancing back cautiously at Shahrul, (bent over the small counter), chatting with Azhia and HyoJi.

“Hey, Yuri.” One hand cupped to her ear, she whispered something then darted back to her position on the floor, eyes down.

“I KNEW IT!” Yuri sputtered, hauling herself off the couch, the blanket flying away from her angrily, punching numbers to the pizza joint in her phone, before stepping outside the large family room and into the hallway to order her pizza.

Ravi’s House – Bedroom & Kitchen

TOSSING and turning alone in the queen-sized bed, Yuri finally gave up, sitting bolt upright, her eyes peeled on the light under

the bathroom doorway.

“What in the hell is taking him so long?” She asked herself, flipping on the light, and rolling over on her stomach to reach for the video game controller and TV remote. His stalling in the bathroom, just solidified her inclination that he had something out-of-the-ordinary up his sleeve.

Hiking up the hem of the long T-shirt she normally slept in, whistling to herself, she kicked her legs behind her childishly while waiting patiently for the game to come on.

Five, ten, then fifteen minutes and ‘still’ he wasn’t out. Now her stomach was growling. Sometimes he was worse than a girl in the bathroom. She couldn’t wait. There was cold pizza calling her name inside the fridge.

Jumping from the bed, she padded through the hallway, fluffing out her short brown hair, and figuring now she would have to re-brush her teeth after more food muttering, “Ahhh the joys of marriage. Nothing is sacred.”

Hearing her cell going off, on the charger back by the bed, she cursed quietly. Swinging around, she dove toward the room, banging into the bottom of the dresser and stubbing her toe as she grabbed it.



“Dammit! What? Hello.” She barked, hopping back into the hall, headed again for the kitchen.

“Oh hey Yuri. It’s me. I got you on a group chat with the other girls. You busy?” Came Selena’s sweet voice from the other end of the phone.

“Of course not. Just about to get some leftover pizza. What’s up?”

“Ehhh, we’re all bored. Just thought we’d chat about the party. N’s passed out in front of the TV, Leo’s putting the baby to sleep for Jane, HyoJin’s not home yet, and Azhia’s waiting for Ken to get out of the shower so she can slather him up with more itch cream. We’re a mess huh?” She giggled.

“Yup. Guess so. Where’s Shahrul? She on too?” Yuri asked, wondering why she hadn’t been mentioned.

“Yeah. I’m here.” Came Shahrul’s quiet voice in the background.

The conversation that ensued consisted of gossip about the ‘new’ girl Natalia, and her questionable flirtation with N, Leo insisting on spending the majority of his time in the bounce house with Jr., and Azhia and Ken’s mishap at the park before coming.

“Hey, Ravi’s calling me hold on a sec.” Yuri pulled the phone away from her ear long enough to answer Ravi, and just about the time she came back to the conversation, she heard . . .

“I saw what you did Shahrul. You better tell her, or I will.” Came Selena’s harsh accusing voice on the other end of the line. *What was she talking about?*

Not returning to the conversation, phone away from her ear, she waited to hear what else would be said.

“It was an accident. I fell into him. Geez. What’s wrong with you guys? I wouldn’t kiss him on purpose. He’s married for God’s sake.”

Married? Surely she wasn’t talking about Ravi! But, the only other ‘married’ man in the mix was Leo, and Jane barely ever left his side. Ravi. Of course. Now it all made sense. He was whispering sweet nothings in her ear earlier. Showering for a ‘special’ night. He was f’ng guilty of kissing Shahrul! No wonder he was sucking up to her. Now what was she going to do?

Fisting both hands to her sides, she squeezed the phone angrily. Then lifting it tentatively, lips pursed, and gritting her teeth to keep from screaming at Shahrul (in front of them all), she politely excused herself from the conversation.

“Hey guys. I have to go, Ravi needs me. I’ll talk to you later. Bye!” And slamming the phone on the kitchen counter repeatedly, stomped back toward the bedroom, eyes blazing, her heart racing a mile a minute.

Ravi’s House – Bedroom

THAT’S how Ravi found her, when he stepped gingerly from the bathroom in his boxers, cleanly shaven, showered and doused with aftershave. Arms out and grinning he lunged toward the bed . . . But, what he expected . . . was NOT what he got.

Crawling over the top of him Yuri, her face set in determination, flipped off the light throwing herself out across the bed, shoving him off the quilt and scrambling hastily underneath.

“Something wrong Princess?” He asked, kneeling and looking over into her tense face curiously. *What had he done? Spent too long in the shower? Damn. But, in his defense, he wanted to make the rest of the evening special.*

“No. Night.” She squeaked, refusing to turn and look him directly in the eye.

“Night? Weren’t we supposed to . . . you know? Whoo Hoo . . .” He poked her shoulder playfully, tugging at the covers.

“Tired. Too much pizza. Heartburn.” She muttered, re-snatching the covers from him, and hanging her chin over the edge of the bed solemnly, imagining Shahrul’s lips pressed tenderly to his.

“Aishhh Yuri. Dammit. Don’t do this.” He whined, flopping over on his back, throwing his arms overhead disgustedly, while his mind spun with random thoughts. *He couldn’t believe she was turning him down. Had she had found out? Who would have told her? One of the girls? Surely not one of his hyungs?*

“Saranghae.” He confessed quietly, snuggling up behind her, trying again. With his lips to her neck, he splattered warm kisses up and down, in an attempt to get himself back into her good graces. But, she would have none of it.

“Go to sleep.” She barked at him in the dark, her voice terse and agitated.

Finally, unable to coerce her into anything more than a stiffened shoulder and random dirty look, he dropped back over on the other side of the bed and closed his eyes.

Where to go from this point? This was his wife. Their sex life was relatively non-existent, regardless of what everyone else in their circle of friends thought. At this rate, they would never have children like Jane and Leo. Even N boasted about his ‘over the top’ nights with Selena, and Ken and Azhia drifted in and out of conversations about their connection as well. Comfortable in his skin around Yuri, wasn’t adding up to passion. He needed to try harder.

An hour passed, as he laid staring up into the dark ceiling, beating himself up over and over again for what had happened that night. Not only with Shahrul, but with Yuri as well.

Feeling her move in her sleep, he rested one hand on her hip, waiting for the backlash when she shoved him away. But instead, she scooted into him lovingly, curling her backside against his leg, reaching for him in the blackness. *Was she awake? Sleeping? Did he dare? Why not?*

“Whoo Hoo!” He chuckled, rolling over on top of her, a wicked smile curling at the corners of his mouth.

Salena's Family Room – Sims players

THE ‘ding-a-ling-a-ling’ of the ‘Whoo Hoo’ bed, rang out loudly around the family room, Yuri blushing as the other girls around her giggled excitedly.

“Baby on board!” Jane announced nonchalantly, rubbing her belly jokingly. “Get ready for dirty diapers and spit-up Yuri.”

“Awww, shit. Really? Who ordered the baby? That wasn’t in my agenda right now. She was sleeping for God’s sake. What happened?” Yuri howled, throwing her mouse down on the floor at her feet. “I’ll never have a quiet night at home again. Sims babies come in like ‘seconds’. DAMN . . . DAMN . . . DAMN.”

“You wanna play, you gotta pay.” Shahrul chuckled. *Of course. Now not only was Ravi a married man, he was a married man with a child. Even more enticing. And his precious Yuri didn’t seem to ‘want’ his baby. No matter how committed she acted in front of everyone.*

“Shut up Shahrul. I wasn’t playing . . . I was ‘sleeping’. The devil’s in charge of this game, I just know it.”

Folding her arms tightly around her, again . . . she was just wanting to gather her things and go home. Now she would have to team up with ‘Mother-to-be’ Jane and her pregnant self. Her newlywed days with Ravi were over.

“At least you and Ravi are HAVING Woo Hoo. Looks like everyone’s getting it but me.” HyoJi pouted, staring at her avatar, sitting on the porch with Hyuk. “I can’t even get him to ‘see’ me, let alone take me to the ‘Whoo Hoo’ bed.”

Hearing her somewhat pathetic complaint, Selena stretched out across the floor, head in her hands, staring into the computer screen.

“Then change him. Put him in relationship with you, whether he likes it or not.” She offered up, getting tired of hearing everyone’s bitching and moaning’s about ‘not’ getting what they wanted out of the game. It was only the first night, and already they were destined to kill each other over it before giving up and going to bed.

“I tried earlier. But, something happened and it didn’t take. Here is the result. Sitting on the damned porch, staring at each other. AWKWARD!”

“So, try again.” Selena stated matter-of-factly.

Blossom Town – HyoJi’s Front Porch

THE stars were out, blanketing the night sky like a thousand tiny fireflies. Hyuk crossed his ankles stretching his arms up over his head reciting the familiar “Star light, star bright . . .” Glancing over at HyoJi beside him, her face raised to the heavens as well.

“I wish I may . . . I wish I might . . .” she continued bravely, “have this wish I wish tonight.” Dropping her eyes, she squeezed them shut mouthing the words, *‘Hyuk, I wish you would love me.’* Before realizing that he too was mouthing a wish beside her, of which she never heard.

“We’ve wished a bunch of times together before.” She sighed. “Never seems to work huh?”

“Ahhh, now how do you know that?” He mused, ruffling the side of her hair, as it tipped over one eye. “Maybe my wishes always come true and I keep coming back for more.”



Teasing her now, he felt like she was sad for some reason and he couldn’t figure out why. He could read her like a book this girl he had known for many years. She was the right to his left, the up to his down, and the in to his out. Like all the goofy cliché’s she was undoubtedly his ‘best’ friend. He could tell her anything, and she always understood.

Could he share his wish? He never had in the past, but true to her words, they never came true. He was only toying with her.

“Did you wish for ‘Prince Charming’ again?” He giggled, writing little circles in the dirt beside the porch step.

He knew . . . she had been declaring that wish for the last five years or more. Whoever her Prince Charming was . . . he must live in another Universe, because still he hadn’t come for her.

“Maybe.” She mumbled, wrapping her arms about her bare knees, shivering in the cool night air. *Why was he torturing her again?*

Every time they did this, they wished . . . and she ‘almost’ confessed. Tonight was no different. But, in light of Ken’s bachelor party, Ravi and Yuri’s wedding, and Leo and Jane’s second baby, she felt compelled to finally do ‘something’ to help her cause. If she didn’t tell him pretty soon, they would be sitting side-by-side, wrinkly with white hair and canes.

“I . . . I . . . think the party was sort of a bust don’t you?” She murmured instead, hoping to change the subject and stop the churning of her queasy stomach.

“Aishhhh, I don’t know. Everything we do has its ups and downs. N got his hands into the mix, as usual. I’m not surprised.”

Quiet again, the conversation waned. A dog barked down the street, and the sound of sprinklers gushing on in the yard rose up around them.

“Aghhh, wet! WET!” He shouted grabbing her from the concrete step, laughing as they attempted to run from the cold watery spray splattering overhead. There was nowhere to go but inside. And neither of them were ready for that.

Taking the initiative, HyoJi dashed out into the middle of the yard, arms out twirling in the cold water, shivering uncontrollably as it doused her over and over until she was drenched. With her wet T-shirt clinging alluringly to her slender figure, and long blonde hair flinging water

droplets about her in the night she was pulling out all the stops, hoping she would finally break Hyuk down.

Sitting deathly still he observed her dashing willy-nilly about in the cold sprinkler, suddenly feeling compelled to join her. Without uttering a word, he jumped from the stoop, coiling her up in his arms allowing her weight to tumble them both laughing, to the wet grass.

Rearing back on her knees, (cupped tightly to either side of his hips), she wiped her face down with both hands, unable to control her excitement.

This was the moment she had been waiting for. Cold or not . . . wet or not . . . she had made the wish. It was time!

But, before she could shout it to the world, Hyuk rolled up against her, his arms surrounding her cold frame lovingly, clucking his tongue in warning.

“We’re both gonna catch our death sitting out here. Get up, we need to go in.” He urged her.

“Nn, na, na . . . noooo.” She protested, shaking in his arms, her teeth rattling uncontrollably. “Some . . . some . . . somethinnnggg . . . I got, to sayyy.”

Now she was begging. Begging him to give her an audience. The audience she had waited for nearly five years. Before he had barely grown up, before VIXX, before his fangirls, before everything else exploded in his life . . .

“I . . . I . . .” She stuttered.