

# Azhia's Adversity



## Part 1

Salena's Family Room – Sims players

**“SO!** Everyone ready? Got your scenarios? Let's get this party started.” Salena turned on the T.V. in front of her, waiting . . . waiting . . . and suddenly the unthinkable happened. The clock struck midnight and the message they all dreaded popped up on the screen. ‘SIMS UPDATING’

“OH MY GOD!” Throwing her hands in the air, she looked back at the six other anxious players behind her wondering, why of all times, the stupid thing had to update right now? “Mianhae.” She apologized. “Not my fault. Guess if you need to potty, get a snack, or use the phone now would be the time.”

Azhia was the first to jump up. “I need chocolate. Anybody got any? I'm sick to death of carrots, celery and rice cakes.”

“Sure.” Selena rose along with her motioning for her to follow to the tiny basement kitchen area and fridge, where she kept her ‘cold’ stash of chocolate bars for ‘monthly’ emergencies.

Leaning into the doorway, Azhia ripped into the ‘Nestle’ bar like she hadn’t eaten in a month. “Mmmm, thanks.” She groaned, rolling her eyes in mock ecstasy. “Ken isn’t going to let me eat candy, too close to the wedding, so I need to get it before we start.” Giggling at the inference to her Sims fiancé Ken, she primped in a circle around Selena’s smiling face. “Gotta fit into that ‘killer’ wedding dress I’m about to pick out.”

“You’re a mess.” Selena reached out, hugging her friend’s neck unexpectedly. “Oddly enough, I think you should give your fiancé more credit. Bet he’d sit down and eat a whole bag with you if you’d just give him a chance. You worry too much about your weight, looks, everything. Girl, I think you’re perfect and bet he does too.”

Selena was trying desperately to encourage this friend who had struggled for years with obesity and tried diet after diet without success, until finally settling on a healthy routine of good eating habits and exercise. Now . . . a svelte, thin but healthy 135 pounds she was still seeing herself as the overweight underdog that never attracted a boy, or had a date.

“Am not.” Azhia disagreed whole-heartedly. “And I need to re-do my Sims. Do you think there will be time in-between breaks? She’s still not right. Ken isn’t going to want to marry someone who looks like her. I

meant to do it before I came, but other stuff got in the way. You know what I mean. School, music . . . all that shit.”

Careening off the counter edge, she stuck her head back into the family room scanning it to make sure none of the other girls were listening in on their conversation. Too busy on their phones and gossiping amongst themselves, no one seemed to care that the two of them had left the room.

“I went trying on wedding dresses the other day to see what would look good on me before I played the game.” She whispered over to Selena. Not waiting for an answer she continued hesitantly. “I know . . . that’s stupid huh?”

Selena cocked one eyebrow her heart going out to the anxious young woman in front of her, realizing that no girl should have to go shopping for a wedding dress for a wedding to an imaginary fiancé.

“Nooo, not at all.” She muttered back kindly. “I’ll bet you found ‘just’ the one you were looking for too, huh?”

Pulling Selena aside Azhia dug into her back pocket for her phone shoving it in her friends face.

“Here, look! I took a picture of it. What do ya think? Is it too much? Ken’s sort of a ‘stylish’ kind of guy. I wanted it to be perfect for him, but more feminine for me. You know I sort of come off looking like a dude sometimes.”

A smiling Azhia swathed in a white Cinderella-style ball gown, eyes twinkling stared out at Selena from the cell phone. There was no doubt . . . she 'had' picked the perfect dress. It was too bad she didn't have a 'real' fiancé to see her wear it. Her Sims Ken would love it, and 'her' in it.

"It's DAEBAK!" She announced, snatching the chocolate wrapper from her friend's fingers and tossing it in the trash can under the sink. "Let's show the others." She encouraged her.

She looked so thrilled to finally have something to look forward to, she hated to put her up to scrutiny in the other room, but the more support she had up front, the better she would do in the long run. Preceding Azhia back out into the family room, she held the cell high motioning the others to come look at the photo.

"Hey guys! Come look at Azhia's wedding dress. She picked it out especially for Ken. It's gorgeous and so is she, don't-cha think?" Winking at the others as if to make sure they wouldn't say anything derogatory she watched them line up one by one, passing the phone around "oo'ing" and "ahhh'ing" over the exquisite creation.

"Wow! Wish I would have thought to do that." Yuri sighed, staring into the picture longingly. "Ravi and I got married at the courthouse 'cause I was in a hurry. Bad move I guess. Maybe we'll have a big blow-out party later to celebrate. I'll invite all of Blossom Town!" Nodding her head in agreement to her own plan she looked over at Azhia somewhat

apologetically, for her comments earlier about rushing to marry Ravi and get to the 'good stuff'. Look what she had missed.

"I didn't do anything that special either." Jane muttered, pouting childishly in the far corner of the room. I was already pregnant, and Leo didn't want to embarrass me so we had a quick ceremony with just family and friends. Since I usually play alone, I didn't think it would matter, but now that I'm, here . . . darn it. Wish I would've waited to play with everyone and had a wedding too. You're the lucky one Azhia. What did you pick for your scenario?"

With all eyes suddenly on her, Azhia was at a loss for words. *They were actually 'supporting' her decision to look at dresses in her REAL life? Were these the same girls who she just squabbled with not more than fifteen short minutes ago, not wanting them to steal her ideas about planning a Sims wedding and being engaged?* Her heart pounding excitedly she dropped to both knees on the pillows in front of her computer.

"Well, I picked a special picnic date with Ken at the park. We're going to rent bikes, and ride along the lake, have lunch, and maybe even fish a little bit. I have it all planned out in my head. He's gonna love it."

Grinning from ear-to-ear, she thought about how much fun it was going to be for her Sims to take new fiancé Ken on a special afternoon date to Blossom Park. She would make sure the weather was perfect, the food was all his favorites, rent some bikes, and borrow a fishing pole. He couldn't ask for more than that. They could talk about the upcoming

wedding, she would be able to initiate a little romance, and maybe he would even sing her, her favorite VIXX song. There wasn't anything that could possibly go wrong. It would be the PERFECT date.

"Awww, that sounds like so much fun." Jane sighed, rolling her eyes as she remembered playing her first date with Leo . . . before baby bottles, late night feedings and spit up. "I picked a quiet night at home. And BOY DO I NEED ONE OF THOSE!"

As the giggling started around the room, it was apparent she wasn't the only one who had opted for a 'quiet night at home'.

"What was Ken's scenario?" Jane asked curiously, understanding that last time they had played they had learned the hard way that it wasn't as much fun if they didn't include more than one situation to allow their Sims more freedom.

"Bachelor party. Ugh. Bet you made up the list, huh Selena?" Frowning Azhia clasped her hands together, entwining her fingers tightly. "I really don't want to throw him a bachelor party. You know how those normally turn out. But! If I have to, then I will. He's the UB (ultimate bias) and fiancé after all. Right?"

"RIGHT!" Selena barked out, stepping into the conversation. For every wedding there MUST be a corresponding bachelor and bachelorette party. Since you picked a date at the park instead of a party, well I guess he gets a night with the guys. Fair's fair."

“Whatever.” Azhia, glanced up at the big screen T.V. on the wall, noticing that the ‘update’ was only moments from completion. “Hey look. It’s almost done, you guys ready? Oh boy! Let’s play.”

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## SIMS WORLD – BLOSSOM TOWN

### Hongbin’s Apartment – N & Hongbin

N and Hongbin sat staring at each other over the brochure reading ‘Hot Air Balloons . . . experience Blossom Town from a whole new perspective.’

“Whose idea was this?” N snickered dropping the slick glossy paper on the coffee table in front of him.

“Ken’s I think.” Hongbin stretched his legs, and rose quickly shaking out the kinks. “But I can’t be a part of that. Well, neither one of us can. I’d rather die first than get in one of those things. Betting you feel the same.”

N’s eyes twinkled with mischief as he stood beside his friend and fellow VIXX member, knowing that it wouldn’t take much to ‘put a monkey wrench’ in Ken’s plan to see the Blossom Park fireworks from a hot-air balloon on the night of his upcoming bachelor party.

“So how do we fix it?” He asked, his lips pursed thoughtfully. “Got any ideas?”

“Nope. You’re the practical joker. You and Hyuk. I got nothin’. Dude, I can barely handle my own responsibility for this party, making sure there’s enough food and drinks. The cash flow only goes so far, if you know what I mean.”

Looking around Hongbin’s small one-bedroom apartment over Leo’s garage, N had to agree. Whatever he was spending his money on, it wasn’t his living space. Unlike himself who had saved extensively over the last few years and was building a new house down the street, Hongbin seemed to be satisfied with the tiny space, and, Leo definitely needed the extra income with a toddler and baby on the way

“Yeah, yeah. I get it. I don’t think we should continue to let Ravi plan this party. He’s the master mind that would let Ken dictate what he wants to do and not worry about the rest of us.” He stated looking at Hongbin quizzically, his face peaked to think he had been talked into letting the scattered Ravi plan a bachelor party for someone as crazy as Ken. “Let’s call him.”

“No. YOU call him. As a matter of fact, get your girlfriend to call his wife. Let the two of them hash out the details.” Hongbin studied the cluttered area around him, wishing he had at least a girlfriend right about now to help with housekeeping, laundry and cooking. Being a bachelor ‘sucked’!

“Yahhhh, that’s a good plan. But, you KNOW we can’t let this balloon thing go down. Do you think Yuri knew anything about it? What about his

fiancé Azhia? Bet she doesn't know either. Have you noticed how he conveniently doesn't divulge pertinent information when it suits him?"

Hongbin chuckled, reaching down to scoop up an empty chicken container and pile of dirty napkins. "Boy DO I! He knows she would NEVER agree to something like that. Going up in a hot air balloon. That's just ridiculous. He had to have gotten that idea from a party planner or something."

N stopped momentarily, finger to his chin thoughtfully. "Hmmm, party planner. I didn't think of that. Ravi probably DID hire a party planner. I can't believe he or the wife would take the time or know how to plan something as involved as this. You're right, I'll get Selena to talk to Yuri. If I can get a name, I can take it from here."

"What are you plannnnnnngggg?" Hongbin grinned. "You're going to do something you aren't supposed to, aren't you?" Dumping the empty box on the short kitchenette counter he swiveled around to face N's beaming face.

"No worries hyung. I'll get it all straightened out. Let's just say, I'll make sure Ken gets a bachelor party he'll never forget . . . MINUS a hot air balloon."

High-fiving his friend on his way toward the landing and stairs, he winked taking them down, two at a time.

*Selena loved a good practical joke as much as he did. He would enlist her assistance to turn Kens' bachelor party into a wild and crazy fiasco that*

*he wouldn't soon forget. As newlyweds, Ravi and wife Yuri spent too much time locked behind closed doors, doing God only knew what! And clearly the two of them weren't taking the time to plan it seriously or do it right. If they had hired a party planner, he needed to find out who.*

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Ken's House - In-home Recording Studio – Ken & Azhia

"I found a dress babe." Azhia snuggled up against Ken's back, wrapping her arms about him lovingly. "I think you're gonna love it."

Ken lifted one side of his 'Beats' headphones startled to find her invading his one and only hour to get the background of his latest recording done.

"Mmm-huh." He mumbled, reaching over and tweaking her cheek in hopes that she would spill the information and move on. If he had had any inkling that planning this wedding would be the 'job' of the century, along with sending him to the poor house in the process he would have gone off to the courthouse like Ravi and Yuri had done.

"That's great. Ummm, can we talk about it later?" Pausing to see if she would take the hint and back off, it was clear she had no intention of leaving that quickly. "It's a size 7." She whispered. "I'm so excited. I think the exercising is working. Her voice rising above the background music she stepped away from his ear, lifting the other side of the headphones. "How about you come out of this little dungeon and run with me later?"

"How about I don't?"

Trying not to sound annoyed, the usually upbeat and happy Ken was already struggling with this latest adaptation of a virtually simplistic song, and now . . . again . . . she was pushing him to leave his work behind and join her to exercise, play, or plan . . . He was tired, hungry and most of all worried that there wouldn't be enough time or Simolians' (money) to have the partially 'unrealistic wedding' of her dreams.

"Come on Ken."

Now finding that 'one' spot that she knew would send him to his knees in laughter, Azhia dug her fingers into his side, wriggling him playfully, waiting for him to fold. A few seconds passed, then another, and finally the storm lifted and her sunny 'Ken-doll' finally spun around, his face set in a permanent wide-toothed grin, both hands clasped firmly at her thin wrists.

"Do that again and you'll be sorry." He warned her, crooking one arm behind her back, pelting her neck with little sloppy kisses. "I'm trying to work, and you're making it extremely hard. We practice in an hour and I'm not even CLOSE to being ready."

Buckling nearly to her knees she dropped her cell phone on the music stand in front of her wondering how she would ever get him away for an entire day for a special 'date'. He was . . . if nothing else . . . a workaholic! Between them, he spent the most time in the recording studio, and he and new father Leo did nothing but dance, (with poor little Leo Jr.,

bouncing on the floor in front of the large studio mirrors looking like Leo's mini-me VIXX member).

“You need to take a break. You were here nearly all morning. Only stopped for lunch, and now you're back again. How are we gonna have time to plan this wedding if you don't stop working long enough to help me.”

Ken leaned back away from her, his arms folded. She was stunning when she was pissed. Her dark eyes flashing, long hair flying about her face as she argued with him.

*It was true. But at what level he wasn't sure. Did he work so much to conveniently stay 'out' of the wedding planning process? Or was it that he was 'that' dedicated. He liked to think it was dedication, but recalling his pre-girlfriend days, playing basketball, cutting up, video games and late night drinking binges, it was obvious his dedication level hadn't been 'that' intense, even back then.*

“Okayyyy. I'll make you a deal. You give me another thirty minutes and then I'll let you have me as soon as rehearsal is over. PROMISE!” Crossing his hand over his heart he leaned in kissing her soundly on the lips. “Mmmm, and make sure you don't run out of that good tasting lip-gloss before the wedding either. Now out!” Twirling her around, he smacked her behind playfully as she jaunted out the door, waving through the crack as it closed behind her.

Two notes, and one bar later, his cell phone flashed a text message into the dimly lit studio.

HYUNG, LET'S TALK BACHELOR PARTY. YURI MADE ME GET A PARTY PLANNER. TRYING 2 GET THE BALLOON WORKED OUT. HOW DOES NEXT WEEKEND SOUND? LET ME KNOW ASAP.

*Of course Yuri wouldn't let Ravi plan his party alone. What had made him think that would be a possibility? They were too busy being 'holed' up in the house day and night, with Ravi showing up only for practices and schedules he knew he couldn't get out of. Was that what was about to happen to him after he got married? Was Azhia going to take up every waking moment of his life? She did that already.* Sighing loudly, he texted back quickly, hoping not to lose precious practice time.

NEXT WEEKEND IS GOOD FOR ME. JUST MAKE SURE U MAKE THE BALLOON HAPPEN. DON'T SCREW THIS ONE UP DUDE.

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### Selena's Family Room – Sims players

**“ARE** you serious right now?” Azhia screeched, tossing her sweater off, feeling the moisture beading up on her forehead as she glared at Yuri. “A party planner? And a hot air balloon? What the hell? There are no hot air balloons in SIMS. How is that supposed to make this stupid party better? Like he doesn't have enough crazy ideas floating around in that 4-D head of his.”

With her SIMS character sauntering away from Ken's house, whistling happily, Azhia was 'anything' but happy. *Yuri was yet again, getting on*

*her last nerve.* “I need a damn break. Are you gonna mess with my wedding too Yuri? Just ‘cause you didn’t get one of your own?”

Glaring at her friend from across the room, she stood in disgust realizing the side of Yuri she didn’t care for always came out when they came together to play Sims.

“Oh stop being so sensitive Azi, just because Ken didn’t make a big fuss over the wedding dress. You made him that way. Besides, I was trying to get Selena’s new friend here some work. She said her occupation was ‘party planner’. You seriously don’t think Ravi and I are qualified to throw a great bachelor party now do you?” Arms up, she stretched lazily, cocking her head to one side teasingly. “And NO, I will NOT mess with your WEDDING.” She reassured Azhia. “But, you might consider hiring the ‘newbie’ to help out! We are attempting to play this game TOGETHER!”

Satisfied that she had said her peace, she strutted over toward the restroom to pee, flipping her hair as she went. *They didn’t realize she had taken precious time away from she and Ravi’s ‘alone time’ just to get involved in the ridiculous bachelor party scenario for Azhia.*

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SIMS TOWN – BLOSSOM PARK

Picnic Date – Ken & Azhia

**STARING** up into the sky above Blossom Park, Azhia grumbled at the growing rain clouds. They had just arrived, the tandem bike perched against a large shade tree, tablecloth and picnic basket laid neatly beneath it, ready for her homemade lunch and bottle of champagne. If it rained, the day would be ruined. No matter that the fish were biting in anticipation of the storm, the one fishing pole had been reserved for Ken only. Fishing wasn't really her thing.

Settling back against the massive tree trunk, she studied Ken as he picked out the homemade fried chicken and containers of Kimchi and Korean Pancakes. She was still learning how to cook his favorite dishes. She hoped he wouldn't be too critical and understand. He was so handsome, in his crisp button up shirt, white shorts and muscular tan legs. With his strawberry blonde hair blowing in the gusty breeze he looked as if he had stepped directly out of a magazine cover. It was no wonder she loved him.

"Stop staring, you . . ." He chided her, flinging a cloth napkin to unfold it in the wind and reaching over to gently tuck it back under her chin. "You do that a lot you know. I'm NOT going anywhere."

"I know." Her answer was quiet and for the first time in a while, she wondered why she thought this entire relationship was merely a second in time, (that could be erased in the blink of an eye).

"You're kicking my butt on that bike." He chuckled, now dipping into the Kimchi, wiggling his nose at the spicy taste,



hoping she had at least come 'close' to the original flavor. "Mmmm . . . daebak, not bad. Did you call my mother for this recipe?" His question sincere, it was lost in the sounds of rolling thunder threatening them from across the lake.

"Did not. Got it from N. Did you hear that?" Shivering in a sudden gust of cool air that tossed the corners of the blanket up beneath them, Azhia scooted closer toward him, wishing he was a little more affectionate. Her other friends husbands and boyfriends cuddled, spooned, kissed in public and held hands everywhere they went. Ken . . . for all his boyish charm and engaging personality wasn't much on PDA (Public Displays of Affection).

Oh there was no doubt he could hold his own when they were together alone and in private, but clearly he hadn't dated her because she was the best looking fish in the sea. At times she wondered just exactly what it was he even saw in her. True, she had lost over thirty pounds, bringing her round, curvy figure from a size 16 down to a 7, to squeeze into her new wedding dress, but she still wasn't satisfied with her hair, wanting to streak and straighten it, and rid her thick glasses for contacts, at least before the wedding (in less than three short weeks).

If not for her extraordinary singing voice and the opportunity to be in choral groups with him in school they would have never met. His pre-debut days were not his best looks-wise either, and now that he was an idol, she felt as if she had latched on to her Prince, looking more like one

of the ugly step-sisters and less like the 'Cinderella' she felt like in her new wedding dress.

"Storms brewing." He announced matter-of-factly. "Probably need to eat and leave soon before we get drenched. Still gotta make it back in time for the party."

"Yeah. It took longer to get here in the wind than I thought it would. I'm not used to a tandem." She admitted honestly. Racing bikes were more her speed, not the bulky 'beach bikes' they had been forced to ride around the lake on. Still . . . this was her special date and she was going to try to make the best out of it before it was too late.

"I don't know why Ravi couldn't have had this bachelor party tomorrow instead of today." She muttered, biting into the side of one large vegetable pancake, chewing slowly in hopes that she would be able to talk him out of leaving so soon. "It doesn't even start until 7:00, why do we have to leave so early? And, even if it does rain . . . we CAN just go back to the house and spend some alone time there. Don't you think?" Egging him on with her eyes, it was obvious what she was after. A little one-on-one with her man!

"Babe . . ." He started, noticing that she had seemed extremely disappointed to hear that the party and her little outing were scheduled on the same day. "You know when I get back I'm going to have to shower, change clothes, check and answer messages, and we still have to drop off the bike . . . 4:00 isn't too early to get going." Checking the sky across the

water, again the thunder could be heard rumbling low in the distance. “Besides, I don’t think we’re gonna make it till 2:00 if you want my opinion.”

Now frustration was setting in as he thought about the fact that if it rained he was about to miss out on the special hot air balloon ride he had specifically requested to watch the weekly Saturday night fireworks by. *More money spent and wasted. Story of his life.*

“I don’t know why this bachelor party is so freaking important anyway? There’s still an entire month until the wedding. Isn’t it supposed to happen like the night before the big day? Why so early? Was that Ravi’s idea?” Azi snipped at him, unable to stop herself from getting angry.

“I don’t think so. It’s just how our schedule worked out. It’ll be fine. I promise, I won’t get drunk, and there won’t be any strippers. At least I don’t think there will be. You know Yuri. She won’t let Ravi do that sort of thing.”

“No, I DON’T know Yuri that well. One can only GUESS what she would LET Ravi do. And besides, I heard they hired a party planner anyway.”

“Are you seriously getting angry right now?” Ken stood up brushing down his cotton shorts and reaching for the fishing pole against the side of the bike. “It’s just a party Azi. Stop getting so bent out of shape. Come on. Let’s see if we can’t catch at least one fish before it rains.” Grabbing

her by the hand he hauled her up beside him, capturing her against him in a long soulful kiss. “You worry too much.” He whispered. “About everything. And if it rains . . . then I guess we’ll get wet won’t we? ‘Cause I am enjoying being with you today. Saranghae beautiful. You know I love you.”

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### Selena’s Family Room – Sims Players

“**WHAT** happened? Did you see that?” Selena watched in horror as the tiny little triangle in the upper right corner of her computer began to swirl, alerting her to the fact that something had gone wrong. “NO! Not now . . .” She shouted at the screen watching it freeze right when N was stripping down and getting into the shower. “I finally figured out how to ‘woo hoo’ (have sex). DAMMIT!”

“Awww, shit. Mine’s doing it too.” Shahrul, studied her screen wondering what would happen next. *Would she lose everything she had started up until now?*

“Saranghae, beautiful . . . you know I love you . . .” Azhia whispered, repeating what she heard in her head, one finger on fiancé Ken’s avatar, the other poised to her moist lips, as the game ground to a halt. “What happened? It stopped. Damn, that just sucks. I was right in the middle of my picnic with Ken. He was confessing . . . Now what?” Azhia’s brows crinkled as she peered at her avatar, lip-to-lip with fiancé Ken. “And, he

finally kissed me without thinking about it first. Of course. Why do I really hate this game sometimes?”

“Does that mean we have to start over?” HyoJi questioned, uncurling her legs from under her, noticing that she was having more fun playing alone and taunting Hyuk, than she was attempting to get into a relationship with him, despite her previous comments about having ‘woo-hoo’ and babies that looked just like him.

“No, but it does mean anything can happen.” Selena warned them, pausing to take a long sip of cold water. It was already pushing 1:00 a.m. and it didn’t seem as if she had made much progress. The better part of the last fifteen minutes had been spent maneuvering a reluctant N into the shower to ready himself for ‘woo-hoo’. *Would this mean, he could change his mind? Step from the shower and something awful would happen? Glitches happened, it was unavoidable.*

“Can’t believe you just figured out how to ‘do it’ Sims style. Don’t be alarmed if you can’t understand what he’s saying, but then again, unless there’s chiming in the background you’ll never quite know if it worked or not.” Jane laughed, laying down flat on her back, one hand on her stomach to rest, reaching for an apple. “Thought you were smarter than that. You’re the major player here. We just come along for the ride.”

“Never had an ‘N’ to play with before.” Selena said, joining her on her back. “What’s the apple for? I thought you didn’t eat fruit?”

“Oh, Leo wants a boy. Gotta eat apples to get a boy. Or we could just leave it up to chance.” Jane crunched down again, rolling the sweet fruit around in her mouth. She guessed shopping for a wedding dress wasn’t any worse than eating fruit to insure a make-believe baby.

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