

# Chapter Six

## I‘N’ to MySoul



Selena’s Family Room – Sims players

“I can’t believe it.” Selena sighed sadly.

Now, they were down to only three VIXX members and four players. She, Natalia, Jane and HyoJi. What had started out to be a bang up fun weekend of KPOP Idol obsession, intertwined with their love for SIMS, was turning out to be the most outlandish calamity on the planet.

After playing through the rehearsal, staring across the emptying living room she met Natalia’s eyes. For some reason they seemed suddenly cold and calculating. A shiver coursed up and down her spine as she flipped away reluctantly turning her computer back on, and waiting for it to warm

up. Now with Shahrul gone . . . she had seriously hoped the drama would leave with her. It looked like that might not be the case.

*Did she even want to continue? She could play out her relationship with N alone, and not have to worry about the devious Natalia. She was after N anyway. It couldn't have been more obvious if she had been slapped in the face with it. The girl played like a pro, but acted clueless. The two just didn't jive.*

With thoughts running rampant through her head, she opted to continue if only for Jane and HyoJi's sake alone. But, then the inevitable happened.

The sharp ding of a text confirmed the arrival of a message from none-other-than HyoJi's co-worker Kendal, wanting to hold court for the shy and unassuming girl.

“OH SHIT, OH SHIT! Guys! Look.” Scanning the text, excitement rumbling throughout her body, HyoJi bounced about from one foot to the next, attempting to answer the message and gather her things all at the same time.

“It's Kendal, he wants to go out on a date. Tonight! Gotta go! OH MY GOD! Selena . . . this is it! This is my big chance.” Hands clasped in prayer, to thank God for the opportunity, she whispered toward the heavens. “Let it be amazing . . . “And then remembering . . . “thank you too Hyuk. Thank you so much! I love you.”

In less than five short minutes, she had scraped all her belongings into the middle of her sleeping bag, tucked her computer under one arm, and was out the door. Taking Hyuk with her. And now there were two.

“Well damn.” Jane scoffed, leaning down to scratch her itching ankle. “How in the hell am I going to pull off this competition with just us and N?”

“They’re the best of the group anyway.” Natalia piped up. “Take a break Jane. You’ve worked hard. Let’s get through this damn storm then hit up the competition and call it a weekend. What do you say Selena?” She asked, her eyes glazed over with unspoken jealousy. *She would get N in the end . . . she was playing for keeps. And she wouldn’t give up.*

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## SIMS - BLOSSOM TOWN

### N’s Apartment

**S**TILL humming, “I Got A Boy”, N sauntered into the living room of his already partially packed up apartment. The house would be completed in less than a month, and he wanted to be ready.

Wincing at the flashes of lightning and thunder in the background, he felt like the upcoming storm was indicative of what had been going on between the two women who had accompanied him to dinner not more than an hour ago.

A quiet pensive Selena followed behind him, looking a little like Hongbin's puppy Dasher, searching out his master. Wanting to reassure her he was still in the game, he tried to come up with something they could do together to get her out of her funky, jealous mood.

Spying the script for his new Drama laid out on the coffee in front of him, the idea popped into his head immediately. She 'loved' reading lines with him for shows, helping him memorize songs, and even compose lyrics. *This would do it!*

Selena saw him go for the script book, at exactly the same time she was wondering herself what in the world could she do to convince him that 'she' was the one for him and not some fly-by-night 'stalker' like Natalia.

She had loved him through illnesses . . . helped him through contract negotiations, laughed and danced with him, and put up with his incessant OCD habits. How could Natalia even begin to measure up to that!

But, the one thing she hadn't done was . . . take him to the WooHoo bed. Silently cursing herself for being somewhat shy and indecisive about her virginity she smiled inwardly. Tonight . . . would be the perfect time. With a storm on the horizon, this would be the ultimate opportunity to stay holed up in his apartment for the rest of the night. It was time to make her move. By the time she was finished with him he wouldn't even remember Natalia's name.

Leaning in to touch his wrist as his fingers curled around the script she sighed. "I saw that the other day." She cooed. "I was waiting for you to

tell me about it. Congratulations. You deserve this part. It's perfect for you.”

N's face crinkled as he smiled, his eyes dancing. She was right. It was the perfect role. The only 'imperfect' part was (as the Lead) he was about to have to kiss someone else, over and over again, and it 'wasn't' Selena. Maybe tonight while 'practicing' he could implement his kissing skills on her instead. She didn't need Drama-kisses . . . he knew, she preferred the real deal.

“Gamza babe. I'm really excited. Wanna read lines with me?”

Before the words were barely out of his mouth her head was shaking in anxious agreement.

“Absolutely. How fun. You know I love doing that.”

Bouncing toward the sofa enthusiastically she patted the cushion next to her. Now, everything about the evening seemed fresh and new. She could already envision them whispering endearments to each other as they laid naked, curled in each other's arms. It was a dream she had visited often over the last few months.

With the storm gearing up, N flipped on the side lamp and joined her, flipping through the pages to the chapter where the kissing scene began.

“I have to kiss my co-star you know?” He remarked matter-of-factly.  
“Just want you to be aware.”

“Okay. I understand. It’s just acting.” She whispered, hoping that the kisses were as PG as they usually seemed to be in the K-Dramas.

“How about we ‘act’ it out together? I could use the practice with the lines.”

His eyes hooded and expressive, he was hoping she was thinking the same thing he was. An opportunity to make out without being awkward. He did ‘love’ kissing her! She was good at it. Sometimes too good, making it hard to stop himself from going further. But he respected her. At all costs, and didn’t want to push her into anything she wasn’t ready for.

*Why then did looking into her eyes tonight make him feel like something was different about her? She seemed unguarded and daring. Did his little flirtation with Natalia get her blood boiling? If so . . . then good. Maybe a little jealousy was just what she needed.*

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**T**WO pages into the script, the kiss was imminent. N licked his lips, single-mindedly focused on Selena’s flushed and radiant face. She was ready. As their mouths touched, she grabbed his face in one swift alluring motion, and they plummeted downward to the plump sofa cushions.

“I’m ready.” She whispered. “Let’s do it, tonight. Go all the way.”

N smiled. *What more did he need to hear? Maybe she was marrying material after all. She was struggling to prove it.*

But, in the heat of the moment, his cell phone rang out, competing with the thunderous boom of the storm overhead.

“Leave it. Please . . .” Selena begged, hugging his back into her closer, not wanting to ruin the most perfect moment of her life.

Without responding he kissed her again, his hands drifting down around the waistband of her jeans. And the phone rang a second time.

“Aishhh.” He muttered beginning to sit up, angry with himself for having to give in to the annoying device. “You know I can’t just let it go. It might be important.”

Leaning over her he reached for it on the coffee table, seeing the name ‘Natalia’ on the screen. *Whoah . . . not going to answer that.* He decided, immediately turning it upside down, and returning back to the warmth of Selena’s body against his.

The third call, was only seconds away, and followed up by a loud rapping on the apartment door.

“SHIT!” He muttered. Easing off of her once again. Now he knew it was Natalia. She was trying to warn him she was coming over and not getting him, was already at the front door.

“What the hell?” Selena scooped up to a sitting position re-zipping her jeans, annoyed that they had been interrupted. By the look on N’s face, the interruption had taken him by surprise as well.

There stood Natalia. Shaking her umbrella into the wind, she stepped inside casually as if she owned the place. Hovering against N's arm still holding the door knob, she smiled at the two of them.

“I'm soooo sorry to come over like this. I know we just left each other . . . but N, I've left my laptop at your new house. And, wow . . . I apologize, really! I need it. There's a party proposal on it that I must get done tonight to present to a client first thing in the morning. You understand?”

Flicking water droplets off the bottom of her long dark hair, she flashed her straight white teeth at him in an engaging smile, knowing full well he wasn't going to deny taking her to the house. *And what a way to get him away from Selena for the remainder of the evening if need be. Without even trying.*

“So you need to go there now? Like right now?” N stared back at Selena who was now up off the couch in a flurry of unspoken expletives, attempting to restrain herself from saying them out loud.

“Yeahhh. That's what I said isn't it?” Natalia batted her eyes at him seductively, biting her lower lip before acknowledging Selena's presence at his side. “It's okay Sel. You can come too.” She added tersely. “No need to get all bent out of shape. I'm not gonna jump him in the dark somewhere.”

N coughed loudly, swiveling Selena around hurriedly to get her coat before the two women came to blows, thinking ‘not cool Natalia . . . not cool at all.’

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### N’s Unfinished House

**S**TEPPING up to the double wooden doors of the nearly finished 2-story house, N pushed through and into the vast hallway. Nearly dark, with only flashes of lightening to help guide them, now he was sorry he hadn’t brought his flashlight.

“I don’t know why this couldn’t have waited.” Selena hissed in his ear, as they stomped the leaves and grass from their feet on the concrete floor, just inside. “And what the hell was she doing over here in the first place?”

Disgust evident in her strained voice she felt compelled to continue warning N that he was playing with fire where Natalia was concerned. But, for some reason he just didn’t seem to care right then.

“Not that it’s any of your business but we were chatting a while back and she asked to see it.”

“And you couldn’t have told me that?” Selena hissed, trying not to notice how Natalia stood meekly off to one side as if waiting for the two of them to have a knock down drag out fight over her.

N shook his head in annoyance at Selena's renewed jealousy, observing Natalia's demeanor as well, as she waited patiently for them to end their hushed conversation. Her face as she stared about the tall echoey hall seemed ablaze with passion and raw untapped sexuality, and it was all he could do to keep his libido in check even with his girlfriend fuming beside him.

*What was going on? He couldn't explain why was he suddenly picturing 'her' instead of Selena stripped beside him in bed? Was he insane?* Shaking the vision out of his subconscious, he smiled engagingly at both females, (attempting to ease the tension in the air). Stretching his arms toward the ceiling he announced.

“It's awesome isn't it ladies? They've done a lot in the last few days. I can't wait to get the flooring in, and those plate glass windows finished overlooking the back yard. Where did you leave the laptop Natalia? And while you're here, before it gets too dark, I'll show you the changes we made after your suggestions. Selena? Coming?” He questioned, taking her sweaty hand in his to coerce her along. *If she wanted access to his palace, she needed to act like the Queen and not the Wicked Witch. It didn't suit her.*

“Suggestions?” She mouthed. *Wow. It just got better and better. Natalia had made 'suggestions' for N to make to the house? He barely let her make any suggestions. I.e. the damned closet.* “Yeah, yeah. Whatever.” Mumbling to herself, and still frowning in displeasure, she followed them

as they wandered from room-to-room, prickling at every one of Natalia's little innuendos.

From . . . “Ooooo N, I love the kitchen. And look at that, the larger island DID give you more work space for cooking. We'll have to make a meal together at it one of these days.”

To . . . “Oh my GOD! The closet is so much better on this side of the room across from the bathroom, and look at the size of this tub. Couples bathing . . . now there's the way to go. Nice choice.”

Fuming as the 'tour continued', ending back in the dining room and the lap top laying at the base of the unattached French doors she continued dwelling on the obvious. *The kitchen island? So that's where the space for her desk area went to . . . And the closet? It was HER freaking idea to mess with the room size and the closet!*

Now feeling queasy, like she was being punched in the gut, and having lost her nerve to fight, she was saddened at not only Natalia's cooing's in her boyfriends' ear, but his casual responses as well.

And as the storm increased, the plastic at the back windows flapping crazily in the rushing wind, the rain pelted sidewise around the uncovered and unfinished porch area.

“I think we should go. We're already going to get drenched.” Selena squeaked tugging at N's arm shakily. Waiting out a storm in the privacy of a warm cozy room was one thing . . . but being in an unfinished house

surrounded by potential hazards was something else entirely. And this storm felt and sounded like it was becoming serious.

“Awww, what’s the matter Sel, afraid of a little rain?” Natalia quipped throwing her chest out in N’s face and skipping over toward the wall of partially finished windows. “This’ll be an awesome place to watch the lightening when you get it done N. I love these kind of storms. Gives me energy. Makes me feel powerful.” She added, chuckling a low almost evil laugh, her eyes squinted into the near darkness.

“Well I DON’T. And I say we’re leaving.” Now Selena had had quite enough of the stranger Natalia who like a snake, had slithered her way into Blossom Town, and into the life of her ‘N’. It was time to cut her off at the head and watch her squirm. “N?”

Turning her face toward him she could see a rare twinkle of excitement as he watched Natalia twirling casually in front of the windows, unconsciously lifting her face toward the gusts of wind blowing the plastic in and around the wooden window panels. *Was he nuts? What the hell was this girl doing to him? Not more than thirty minutes ago they were locked in an embrace ready to give themselves to each other.*

“N DAMMIT! Let’s go. I’m scared.” She finally shouted, hauling him away from the area just as a large board from a pile in the back yard careened past the open expanse smacking up against a mound of black rain soaked dirt. “This isn’t funny anymore.”

And then the Tornado sirens went off. The shrillness piercing the air around the three of them.

“That’s it, that’s it. I’m out of here. You guys can stay if you want to, but I’m headed across to Leo’s shelter.”

Dashing through the house, arms over her head, Selena scrambled toward the front door. Following close behind, N grabbed Natalia’s hand hauling her away from possible danger at the windows.

“She’s right. We need to go. Leo’s is the closest place. We’re sitting ducks in this unfinished house.” He shouted.

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### Selena’s Family Room – Sims players

**S**ELENA glanced over at Natalia, eyes peeled to the computer screen, lips set in a firm determined line. *How in the world could there possibly be a tornado headed toward Blossom Town? What was she doing?*

“I have a bomb shelter?” Jane barked out questionably from the other side of the room. “I don’t remember needing a shelter. I don’t understand.”

With only the three of them left in play, Jane was feeling uncomfortable and awkward. Uncertain who started the storm or why, she sat forward on the floor, biting one fingernail nervously. *Maybe it was time for her to bow out of this sudden jealous competition between Selena and Natalia as*

*well.* Things had been going okay for her and Leo until Natalia stepped into the mix, flirting and lusting after Selena's Bias N.

*Did she dare stay to see how it played out? After all, they needed her house to go to for the storm. If she left . . . where did that leave them?*

"Yes . . . you do." Selena announced matter-of-factly. "I don't know why, but you just do."

Watching the avatars run helter-skelter across N's mud soaked lot, and into the street toward Leo and Jane's, she squinted at the pitch-dark, unlit house curiously. *For God's Sake they weren't even home!*

"Jane? What have you been doing? Why aren't you home? How can we get in if you aren't home?" She asked almost panicked, even in reality.

"I . . . I was out having dinner with Leo and Junior after the rehearsal. This damn storm came out of nowhere. Selena? Why in the hell is there a tornado coming? I didn't do it. Who's doing it?"

"I don't know." Selena nodded toward Natalia, shoulders bent, her knees shaking excitedly as she moved her mouse around quickly. "Natalia? You can't produce a tornado can you?" She finally asked.

"Hell no. What do you think I am? A magician or something?" Barely looking up, Natalia half-smiled. "It's sort of cool though don't you think? Come on Selena play along. I bet N knows how to get in the shelter. He's known Leo for years."

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## BLOSSOM TOWN

### Leo's Bomb Shelter

**A**ND so it went. Moments later . . . perched on a bench at the bottom of Leo's homemade bomb shelter they sat, awkward and silent, until N finally broke the ice.

“Well. That was an adventure huh?” He muttered, shaking water out of his hair, smoothing his hands down his rain soaked and crumpled jeans pants. “Wonder where Hyuk and HyoJi are? This would be the place they would go right now.”

Selena stuffed against his side, slipped her hand under his, allowing it to rest against his knee. Still shaking with fear at each loud burst of thunder, she tried to steady her voice.

“Not sure, but I think she said she was going on a date tonight. God I hope she's alright. Maybe she went to Hyuk's and they're safe there.”

“Maybe.” N blinked toward Natalia noticing that she never wavered in her ‘devil-may-care’ attitude, not about the storm, the safety of his friends, or even the state of Selena's unbridled fear. She did seem suddenly cold and calculating. The allure of her only moments earlier fading with the impending disaster.

“You not scared at all?” He questioned her quietly.

“Nope.” Leaning her head back against the steel wall, she tapped her toes against a large plastic bottle of water at her feet. “It’ll pass. Always does. We’re safe.”

“You don’t know that.” Selena cried out angrily. “Have you ever been in a tornado? Do you KNOW what can happen? People die in tornados Natalia. You don’t even care.”

N had to admit . . . it was looking more and more like Natalia really ‘didn’t’ care. Draping his arm around Selena, he hugged her close.

“It’s okay babe. We’ll be fine. There’s power down here, food, water. We’re safe.”

“Maybe so, but she doesn’t have to be such a bitch about everything.” Selena insisted, only wanting to be back in N’s cozy apartment, snuggled up against his broad chest, kissing his sexy adorable lips . . . and Natalia . . . well she could rightly go to hell!

“Bitch! Did you just call me a bitch?” Jumping up in front of Selena’s face, Natalia’s eyes darkened suspiciously. “I’ll show you just how ridiculous this whole thing is. I don’t have to stay here and listen to you badmouth me. Stupid storm.” Looking toward the closed trap door, she almost giggled. “Not like I haven’t done worse.”

“Go then. I think you ‘like’ the attention of walking out into the middle of a freaking tornado don’t you? Do you think N’s going to like you more because you’re a damn daredevil? Well don’t bet on it.”

N lunged forward attempting to stop her, but she flung her arm away from him, shoving toward the door with the other. She would show them. They weren't going to dictate her future no matter what they said or did.

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### Selena's Living Room – Sims Players

**J**ANE had seen enough. Now that the little trio was safe in the shelter, she felt compelled to go. Ants, her own Jr. wandering alone, broken relationships, now storms and tornados . . . whatever was happening, she didn't want to be a part of any longer. They could play out the remainder of the storm without her.

“Here, I'm leaving my computer. But I can't play anymore. And I don't want to know the outcome.” Shoving the laptop over toward Selena, she bustled about gathering her things. “This is really creepy. Call me when it's over and I'll drop by to pick it back up.” She ordered her friend, checking the time and noticing that the sun had gone behind the clouds and the wind was picking up. *Was it going to storm even here? No, that wasn't possible.*

Selena knew it was pointless to talk her into staying. Apologizing profusely Jane slammed the front door, shaking the walls so severely, a picture nearly popped off in the process. Now the only two left were she and Natalia.

Shrugging her shoulders Natalia watched her go, then turned on Selena.

“Good riddance. She was a little bit of a snob anyway don’t you think? Bragging about her ‘life’ with Leo and Jr. and a ‘baby’ on the way.” And then her face went blank.

“You know what Natalia?” Selena finally cracked. Her voice rising one octave above the sound of the thunder outside. “Why don’t you just leave too? What’s the point of playing out a stupid tornado anyway?”

“Leave? Why would I want to do that?” Natalia settled back into the couch cushion, her feet dangling lazily beneath her. “It’s just getting good.”

“Really? You ‘really’ think so?” Selena’s face burned with anger, as she began to think that quite possibly Natalia had been to blame for the entire ‘glitch’ situation from the moment they started playing. She was messing with the game. And for what purpose? To get N.

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### Leo’s Bomb Shelter

“**O**H so now you’re going to be a martyr and run into the tornado to make yourself look ‘fearless’ in N’s eyes?” Selena scoffed. “You’re a f’ng idiot. Don’t even try to stop her N. Now that I think about it, we didn’t argue about the house at all until ‘SHE’ showed up. You changed the position of the bedroom because SHE suggested it didn’t you? And that messed with the closet, right? You even took away my desk area and made the kitchen island bigger because SHE said you needed more work space. All she wants to do

is split us up, and make me look bitchy and stupid. She's been manipulating you this whole time."

Looking from one girl to the other and back again, N continued thinking as Selena talked . . . bringing up reason after reason that 'was' actually beginning to make sense.

"Is that true Natalia?" He finally asked quietly.

"Of course not." Natalia responded rudely. "Why would I do something like that to Selena? I was just trying to help."

As the argument heated up, the sounds of pelting rain and thunder began to die down, and an eerie calm settled over the shelter. Seeing it as her chance to make a quick getaway and avoid anymore confrontation, Natalia bolted up and out through the steel door opening, smack dab into the 'Eye' of the Tornado.

"OH MY GOD! NO!" Selena rushed toward her disappearing feet, knowing that in only a few precious seconds, the tornado was about to strike.

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### Selena's Living Room – Sims Players

**S**TARING down the face of a satisfied Natalia, Selena heard the breaking of glass, and ripping of wood, behind her, sounding like a neighbor's house was coming apart at the seams, while N's loud voice shouted her name over and over again. And in an ear-splitting

crackle of jagged lightening . . . the electricity shut down and the lights went off.

Standing perfectly still, she waited in the dark until the door flung open in front of her and Natalia stomped furiously out into the raging wind and rain. Moments later, as the sound of tires squealing down the road could be heard Selena stepped outside holding onto the doorway, her fingers gripping the wood victoriously.

She was finally gone. There would be no more VIXX, no more game play. No more SIMS. Exhausted and somewhat relieved, she put one foot back inside, and immediately the lights flickered back on, as if flipped by an imaginary switch.

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#### Natalia's House

**N**ATALIA lounged across her bed, legs crossed, computer cradled in her lap. Slurping coke from a straw, she vacillated between the drink to her right and a bag of chips to her left. Choking down a wicked chuckle she leaned over, hitting 'EXIT GAME' and closed down the laptop lid muttering . . . "You lose bitch".

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#### Selena's House

**S**QUATTING in front of a startled Selena, hands over his head, was ‘N’. As their eyes met, he stood slowly shaking the splinters of wood and pieces of grass from his hair.



Without speaking, he reached out toward her, waiting patiently until she entwined her fingers into his, allowing her to feel the burning of his flesh against her, saying . . . “Game over.”

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