



STORY: วนิษฐ์ ศรีภานนท์
ILLUST: OSCAR_KATZE

Intro

The sea breeze carried with it the familiar scent of the ocean. A sharp-featured beauty wore a slight smile as her dark eyes gazed out at the expanse of sapphire sea from the shoreline of Riwkan Marina Yacht Club.

Her perfectly shaped lips moved, explaining the details of a private yacht charter. Her smile lingered as she turned to make eye contact with a VIP client, personally referred by a close friend.

“That’s pretty much the overview. But for you, Miss Milly, I’ll have my manager handle the pricing personally and give you a special rate.”

“Well then, I really have to thank Vivian for taking the initiative. I can’t believe someone as high up as you, Khun Nuea, would make time to come look after a client like me yourself. Without her, I doubt I’d ever have the chance to meet you in person.”

“It’s really not a big deal. I’m just an ordinary person. No matter the position, our business falls in the service sector, and customer care is our top priority. Everyone has to perform their role to the best of their ability.”

“No wonder I’m even more impressed after talking to you. You’re so down-to-earth. No surprise why Thirakan Marina Yacht Club is so popular among VIP travelers. Everyone talks about the premium service—especially because even the owner is this attentive and charming.”

Hearing praise from someone about to become a VIP customer, Saeng Nuea gave her usual charming smile—the one she often wore by default. But then her attention shifted when her smartphone, tucked in her suit pocket, vibrated.

“Excuse me for a moment.”

“Of course.”

She gave a final smile before stepping away to take the call in private.

Her long, flowing hair danced in the sea breeze. Her striking face turned toward the horizon, looking like a painting—so beautiful that the mixed-race woman nearby couldn't help but stare, captivated by the woman's elegant side profile.

Her honey-toned skin looked smooth, especially visible on the hand holding the phone. Tall and slender beyond the average Thai woman, she wore a white suit over a black shirt—an image of sophistication that could easily unsettle the hearts of other women.

Saeng Nuea Thirakan, the owner of a luxury marine tourism business on the coast known as the Pearl of the Andaman, was a complete package—good looks, wealth, charm, and a captivating smile that had undoubtedly stolen many hearts.

What does it mean to be both alluring and dangerous to other women? Every quality that defined that concept stood before her now, impossible to deny.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Miss Milly," she said after only a short call, returning to the conversation.

But—

"No worries. If you're busy, we can discuss the details some other time. But, if I have more questions later... can I contact you directly, Khun Nuea?"

A question tossed out like a stone to test the waters—her eyes clear and full of intent. Saeng Nuea smirked slightly, eyes gleaming, then pulled a business card from her suit pocket to fulfill the woman's unspoken desire.

Some things go without saying. At thirty-two years old, Saeng Nuea was no stranger to these types of advances. It wasn't unusual in her life.

And honestly, it wasn't easy to reject a beautiful offer delivered right to her doorstep. If anything were to begin, it would be under one condition—within firm boundaries. Saeng Nuea had never wasted time being owned by anyone.

Like a bird in flight, she preferred to live her life free.

After bidding goodbye to the lovely half-foreign woman, her tall figure headed straight toward her favorite Ferrari, parked in the VIP lot in front of the company. The powerful engine roared as she started it up and pulled out of the parking spot—heading off with a rising sense of frustration.

The call from just moments ago was the reason.

Every time that same nagging topic came up, her irritation soared. Her eyes darted toward the smartphone lying idle on the dashboard, glaring.

Just then, another incoming call popped up—this time from one of her "contacts." Her irritation immediately dropped.

A smirk formed. Her eyes sparkled with interest. Since her phone wasn't connected to any hands-free system, she reached out with her non-dominant hand to grab it.

Her fingertip was just about to swipe to answer when, upon lifting her gaze back to the road, her eyes widened in shock.

“Shit!”

SCREEECH! CRASH!

Tires screeched. The world flipped.

Her heart pounded, stunned by the sudden impact. Cries and shouts from bystanders rang out all around. Snapping back to awareness, she shoved the door open and rushed toward the injured person with a racing heartbeat.

Goods from a street vendor's cart lay scattered across the pavement. Broken glass glittered everywhere. The fragile body of a woman in a doctor's coat lay motionless on the edge of the footpath.

Her head was soaked with blood.

Saeng Nuea swallowed hard, her throat tight and dry. She couldn't speak. Her lips pressed into a grim line, her blood ran cold from head to toe.

She had hit someone.

Chapter 1

After the victim was rushed into the emergency room, over ten minutes passed. Saeng Nuea paced nervously outside, unable to sit still.

She paused, collected her thoughts, and decided to take action. She pulled out her phone and called her lawyer, assigning them to handle coordination, damages, and legal responsibilities resulting from her reckless driving.

The more she thought about it, the guilt hit harder.

One look at the woman in the medical coat made it clear what her profession was. And to make matters worse, during the chaos of the emergency response, people nearby had referred to the victim as “Dr. Prin.”

Clearly, she was well-known by hospital staff.

Of course. An accident right in front of a hospital? What else could she expect?

The anxiety gnawed at her. From standing, she eventually sat—nearly an hour had passed. Every time the image of the blood-covered woman surfaced in her mind, her fingers gripped tighter in her lap, trying to keep her worry at bay.

She had signed as the responsible party. In doing so, she learned a bit about the victim.

Dr. Prin Atthiwat. A lovely name. The surname sounded familiar, but she couldn’t place it. Not that she had the mental capacity to dig deeper—her anxiety was already through the roof.

While still lost in thought, her phone vibrated again. The same call that had interrupted earlier.

Persistent as a hen.

She sighed heavily, annoyed, but still picked it up.

“Yes, Dad,” she said, her voice sharp with stress.

“What’s going on? You’re half an hour late. When are you getting here?”

“Sorry. I’m not coming today. There’s been an accident. I hit someone. I’m at the hospital now, staying with the injured. I’ll call you later.”

“Wait! Nuea! Nuea—!”

She hung up before he could finish. Just as she slipped the phone into her pocket, the emergency room doors opened. Saeng Nuea leapt up and rushed over to the doctor stepping out.

“Doctor, I’m the driver who hit the victim. May I know how she’s doing? Is she safe?”

“She’s stable. No immediate danger regarding her head injuries, but there are still tests to be done. What concerns us most right now are the injuries around her eyes. I’ll need to explain the details to her next of kin.”

“But I signed as her emergency contact. Doesn’t that give me the right to know?”

The male doctor hesitated before nodding and gesturing for her to follow him to a nearby consultation room.

Once seated, Saeng Nuea took a deep breath. Though relieved to hear the victim was no longer in critical condition, what the doctor said next chilled her blood.

“Here’s the file,” the nurse said, handing over a folder. “This woman signed as Dr. Prin Atthiwat’s emergency contact. We still haven’t been able to reach her family.”

“Thank you,” the doctor replied, skimming the file before glancing up over his glasses.

“You’re already aware she’s a doctor here, right?”

“Yes, I found that out through the hospital. I’m fully prepared to take responsibility for everything.”

“Understood. However, for further discussion, we may have to wait for her family. If we can’t reach them, we’ll have to wait until she regains consciousness.”

“And in the meantime?”

“In the meantime, let me explain the injuries,” he said. “The trauma to both of Dr. Prin’s eyes is serious. Her retinas and eye sockets are damaged. This... may affect her vision.”

“You mean... she might go blind?”

“We can’t confirm that yet. It depends on how extensive the damage is. The specialists have already started treatment, but we’ll need to monitor for infections and perform further evaluations—potentially several surgeries.”

“So for now... she may be facing vision loss?”

“Yes. That’s why it’s critical we contact her family. If we can’t, we’ll have to wait until she wakes up to get more information.”

Saeng Nuea nodded, asked a few more questions, then excused herself to arrange a private room for the patient.

She refused to throw money at the problem and walk away. While the victim remained unconscious, she was determined to stay and care for her herself.

After heading home to clean up, she returned to the hospital an hour later.

Now relocated to a recovery room, the injured woman lay unconscious on the bed. Saeng Nuea stood quietly beside her, filled with guilt.

Tonight, the pain was dulled by medication. But tomorrow, when she opened her eyes—what would it feel like to wake up to the possibility of never seeing the world again?

It was harsh—but she needed to be prepared for that outcome.

Her gaze swept over the woman's gentle features.

Delicate brows, bandaged eyes, a nose with a proud curve, and soft pink lips that were far too captivating.

Saeng Nuea blinked rapidly, dragging her gaze away from those kissable lips and instead focused on her soft brown hair and radiant, pearly skin.

The woman's fragile, graceful form seemed like a divine creation—too beautiful to be real.

She looked more like a med student than a full-fledged doctor. And even lying unconscious, she cast a spell on the one watching her.

Saeng Nuea had to look away, pulling herself down onto the couch to calm her racing thoughts.

Midnight approached, but sleep never came. She had never sat by a hospital bed before—but tonight, her eyes wouldn't leave the woman in that bed.

Time passed unnoticed, until fatigue eventually dragged her into sleep.

Morning light broke.

Arms crossed, she slowly opened her eyes. Had she really stayed awake the entire night?

How did that even happen?

After freshening up in the bathroom, she returned to the bed. Seeing the woman still unconscious, she took the opportunity to sneak downstairs in search of caffeine.

She had everything in life—but she wasn't the type to float above it. Sometimes, she just needed solitude. She liked to take care of things herself.

Even if, on the outside, she looked every bit the powerful, untouchable executive.

Because her fundamental human nature, which shaped her, could be discovered just as easily as finding a ghost crab on the sand.

Her mobile phone was picked up, and she called her secretary to relay work instructions, cancel everything, and postpone all appointments for the next two or three days, intending to spend her time caring for the injured person at the hospital.

If anyone were to ask why someone like Saeng Nuea would dedicate herself to this extent, the simple answer, besides the doctor's striking beauty, was that her deepest subconscious mind made her realize that a person's two eyes are their entire world.

If one day that entire bright world were to be replaced by darkness, her career and future, which should have been bright on her own path, were to be cut short merely because of someone else's negligence, that was the reason she had to sacrifice her limited time for something more valuable.

And ultimately, no matter the outcome, she was prepared to take responsibility for all her actions without exception. Beyond her good subconscious, the doctor's level of beauty was simply too hard to ignore. Even if it meant dedicating her entire life to caring for and being responsible for the beautiful doctor, she never thought of refusing any reason stemming from her own actions.

Time spent focusing on one thing always feels long. From the first day, it stretched into the second, and then into the afternoon. Yet, the injured person still showed no signs of waking up for her to talk to.

Saeng Nuea spent the past two days intently observing the person on the bed. It was so long that she could almost remember every square inch of the injured person's body details.

A warm breath was exhaled, while her eyes remained fixed on the person on the bed, alternating with the tablet screen she'd brought along to facilitate working remotely.

But then, as her fingertips brushed against the portable keyboard, her eyes caught the movement of slender, pale fingers resting beside the body, immediately drawing her attention away from everything else.

She stared intently, observing the movement until she was sure. Then, she decided to get up from the sofa and walk to stand beside the bed.

“Doctor... Doctor Prin, you’re awake, aren’t you?”

There was no verbal response from the person on the bed, but her delicate eyebrows furrowed, and her expression showed pain. The aching and throbbing throughout her body made the person who had just started to regain consciousness try to process what was happening to her physical condition.

The last moments before her vision cut out flashed through her mind. The throbbing pain in both eyes and the darkness from the bandage wrapped around her head caused her two delicate hands to slowly move up, carefully caressing her head and the area around her eyes.

Her doctor’s instinct made her heart tremble with everything she could feel. Her brain, capable of processing on its own, made her plump lips quiver. Then, a soft, husky voice emerged, filled with the fear that flooded her mind.

“Are you the nurse taking care of me? What happened to me? Why am I covered like this?”

Stillness enveloped her. A heart that had never been easily swayed was now being shaken, merely by the reflection of the other person’s fear.

The tip of her fair nose began to turn a reddish hue. The quivering plump lips and the anxious expression of the person with bandaged eyes reflected in the observer’s feelings, prompting her to spontaneously reach out and take the delicate hands in hers.

Because she couldn’t know how the doctor would react if she knew the truth.

Because she couldn’t know what kind of person the doctor was, anxiety built up in her heart just at the thought of having to deal with someone she had never known before.

The tall woman swallowed hard, finding it difficult. Throughout her life, she had never felt such distress. But since she couldn’t escape responsibility for the

accident, her confession slowly filtered out, like someone who had just found her voice.

“You were hit by a car, and I... I’m the one who hit you, Doctor.”

Chapter 2

No words immediately escaped the injured person's lips. The hand being held wasn't pulled back; instead, a current of fear passed through her cold palm, which Saeng Nuea could feel. The doctor's pink lips pressed tightly together before slowly revealing her request in a soft, trembling voice.

"In that case, could you please call a nurse for me?"

There was no other reply except for a tenderness she had never allowed herself to show anyone to this extent. The hand holding the doctor's soft hand was slowly released with care, as if fearing that her movement would cause further injury to the delicate body.

After pressing the call button for a nurse as the injured person requested, it wasn't long before Saeng Nuea had to step back from the bed to make way for the doctors and nurses to do their jobs freely.

The young woman silently watched the doctors work, listening to the various details and information that the young male doctor spoke about, explaining the injured person's condition without holding anything back.

Perhaps it was due to the nature of the medical profession that many words were not sugar-coated for someone who should know their own body well. Because a life spent constantly dealing with illness probably made the mental fortitude of those in these professions more resilient than ordinary people.

If wearing a lab coat was like wearing armor, doctors would likely have well-trained mental immunity. This was evident from her demeanor while listening to the details of her own injuries. Although she was clearly anxious, the beautiful doctor was still able to respond to the conversation with composure.

“I tried to have the hospital contact your relatives using the number provided in your personal history, Doctor. But we still haven’t been able to reach anyone. Do you want me to try contacting anyone else, Doctor Prin?”

“No,” the injured person replied without hesitation, but her voice was so faint that Saeng Nuea, standing not far away, almost had to strain to hear it.

“But you already know, don’t you, Doctor Prin, that you’ll need someone to stay with you and take care of you during this time?”

“Prin knows, but you don’t have to worry, Doctor Ruth. Prin can take care of herself.”

“Alright,” he said. Upon receiving confirmation, he had to accept the injured person’s decision. “In that case, I’ll have to excuse myself now, Doctor Prin, so you can rest. But if you need anything else, you can tell me anytime.”

Because he secretly harbored feelings for her, he was ready to offer his help if only the beautiful doctor would speak. But since the beautiful doctor had only recently transferred to this hospital less than two months ago, the nascent relationship became a limitation, forcing him to maintain his composure and not show too much.

However, before leaving the room, the young doctor did not forget to greet the other woman. He gave a few more pieces of advice about caring for the injured person, and then left it to the person who had the rightful claim to care for the beautiful doctor to continue.

After the doctors and nurses left the room, silence once again enveloped the space. Saeng Nuea stood weighing her options for a moment. From the information she had overheard, it was now clear how she should proceed with taking responsibility for the life of the other party.

The tall figure walked over and stopped beside the bed, examining the small, delicate face still covered by a bandage. The doctor’s eyes were slightly furrowed, as if she were straining to hear the movements around her.

“My name is Saeng Nuea,” she began, introducing herself, and then continued with words she had carefully thought through. “We should get to know each other. Because of the accident that happened, and all the information related to you, Doctor, that I just heard, it should be enough reason for you to allow me to take responsibility for my actions. Please let me be the one to take care of you, at least during your treatment, or until you can see again.”

It was an expression of responsibility In just a few words, but it focused on the key points to make it easy for the listener to understand. And of course, the person who had just begun to experience the world of darkness could sense the conversation of a highly mature individual and couldn’t deny that she couldn’t refuse the other party’s offer of responsibility at all.

“I... I don’t think I’ll trouble you to the point of causing you distress.”

What was distress? Saeng Nuea couldn’t specify the boundaries for the injured party, but for her, there were no limits, because everything was simply the responsibility that the wrongdoer should fulfill.

Suddenly, her sense of responsibility seemed to grow exceptionally. The doctor’s words, “no one,” made her heart leap with uncontrollable joy. Such a response made the listener easily assume that it might include a romantic partner. Even without knowing the full details, her thoughts leaned more than halfway towards wishful thinking.

“I know it’s hard to get to know a stranger, but since our situation has become an unavoidable limitation, we can gradually get to know each other while you’re recovering at the hospital. I run a boat tour business, I’m a native of this province, and I’m trustworthy. If you want to know more about me while we get acquainted, I’m happy to tell you everything without hiding anything.”

Because she wanted to show her sincerity, her true self slowly emerged through her friendly voice, wanting to build trust with someone she couldn’t make eye contact with, so that the other person could absorb and know as much personal information about her as possible.

The person who didn't know what to say could only remain silent, slowly piecing together all those communicated words, relying heavily on instinct. And it was anything but easy for someone who had just woken up to such a drastic change in their physical condition.

Vulnerability still dominated her mind. Her feelings were still adrift, indescribable in words. Thus, silence became a shield for her fragility. It wasn't that she didn't want to talk to the other person, but merely feared that her anxiety would be revealed through an uncontrollable, trembling voice.

"Do you want to move, Doctor?"

"...."

Move her body. Only a slow nod was the answer, but that alone was enough for the tall woman to quickly adjust the bed's height to suit the injured person's body, allowing her to change her posture and relieve some fatigue.

Once the injured person's sitting position was adjusted, the pitcher of water on the bedside table was picked up, and water was poured into a glass.

"Have some water, Doctor. You've been asleep for two days. The glass is in front of you now. Take it slowly."

As she spoke, she took the liberty of guiding the doctor's delicate, soft hand to rest beside the glass, and carefully helped guide the straw to her rosy lips.

"Thank you very much. Actually, Saeng Nuea, you don't have to call me 'Doctor'."

After her beautiful lips moved away from the straw, the conversation and the other person's small acts of care seemed to relax her emotional state. Beyond considering proper etiquette, her silence might make the other person feel bad or think she didn't want to befriend them.

Because if the other person felt guilty about their actions, her reaction might affect the other party's feelings in the same way.

She didn't want anyone to feel that way.

"Why not? Everyone else calls you Doctor."

Even as she asked, she couldn't help but think that just now the beautiful doctor had been so familiar with the stern-faced young doctor, even calling him "P" affectionately.

And her? Since she was the one who had to take care of the doctor from now on, why couldn't she be just as close?

Suddenly, jealousy seemed to flare up.

No way was she going to let that happen...

"But speaking of which, we should definitely get more familiar with each other. At least we know each other now. Besides, there's a seven-year age gap between us. If you don't mind, could you call me P' (older sister)? At least while I'm taking care of you, it'll feel more friendly. Just call me P' Nuea is enough."

"..."When coaxed by such a gentle, requesting voice, and having already taken the liberty of calling herself "P" how could she possibly find a reason to refuse?

Everything has a beginning. Even if this encounter wasn't exactly impressive, now that things had come to this, she would have to let the newly formed relationship run its course, guided by the situation.

"In that case, Prin will allow herself to use her name with P' Nuea then."

"Of course, Doctor Prin. And I must apologize to you, Doctor, for being the cause of your current condition."

"It was an accident. Prin believes P' Nuea didn't do it intentionally, because no one would want something like this to happen, certainly."

Upon hearing that, for a split second, her sharp eyes paused on the faint smile that appeared at the corner of the injured person's mouth. The beautiful, neatly arranged white teeth, even though she couldn't see them clearly from a wider angle, made it clear to her eyes just how beautifully the doctor smiled.

Just a slight smile made her heart almost melt. If she smiled wider, wouldn't her heart be completely snatched away and held in the doctor's hand?

Suddenly, she wanted to be tied down.

It was a fleeting thought that surfaced in her feelings, surprising even herself. Sometimes she couldn't help but wonder if heaven deliberately created everything too perfectly for this person. Because even her name, she felt, was so melodious and perfectly suited to her personality and appearance.

Saeng Nuea spent some time talking to the injured person. Then, when her mobile phone rang, the tall woman walked out to answer it.

Over these past few days, the words of refusal to various women had been used so frequently it was historic. The time she used to spend freely had been curtailed for unavoidable reasons.

Yet, she wasn't as distressed as she ought to have been. If it were before, she would surely have felt some discomfort, but now, not only did she not feel that way, her subconscious mind constantly reminded her that her freedom couldn't compare to the freedom of the doctor's two eyes, which were already halfway to losing their sight.

And when she had to wake up to a life vastly different from before, the process of learning to adapt to this new world began. Her heart was heavy, finding it hard to accept the current situation, but because hope still lingered, life couldn't remain mired in the depths of despair for long.

Time passed until dinner. A simple one-dish meal, placed on the table, was moved within suitable reach of the person on the bed after she had finally complied with the doctor's wishes.

"Are you sure you want to eat by yourself, Doctor Prin? Would you like me to help feed you instead? You just woke up; I don't want you to push yourself too hard."

"If Prin doesn't start practicing now, when will Prin be able to help herself? Please let Prin try to eat by herself."

Unable to argue further, Saeng Nuea subtly exhaled, giving in by gently guiding the doctor's delicate hand to the edge of the plate, allowing the other person to move with some sense of direction.

"The plate is in front of you. The spoon is here."

A soft voice emerged simultaneously with the gentle guidance of the delicate hand to grasp the spoon's handle, while the other hand of the sightless person fumbled along the plate's rim.

In that brief moment of observing the heartbreak scene, the observer's heart fluttered, almost wanting to turn away. At the same time, the learning process, built on such immense difficulty, made the sightless person feel such anguish and torment that she almost wanted to cry.

Coping with her current condition wasn't easy. But due to her personal nature—not being one to complain or get angry—even though it was incredibly difficult, the doctor remained patient, making an effort to slowly gauge the distance of the plate in relation to the hand holding the spoon to slowly scoop food into her mouth.

Even with every movement made carefully, rice still spilled from the plate, prompting the onlooker to quickly grab tissue to wipe her mouth and the spilled areas.

"Thank you. I'm sorry for spilling the rice, Prin." Her voice began to tremble as a hard lump rose and choked her throat, but she still tried to swallow it down, refusing to let herself show weakness in front of someone she had only known for less than a day.

"I'm the one who should be saying that. Let's stop here for today, Doctor Prin. Don't push yourself. We can practice again tomorrow. I'll feed you. I'm sorry for putting you in this situation."

Her voice was filled with guilt. Her heart was vulnerable to the condition of the person in front of her, unable to control herself. Guilt permeated every fiber of her being. She understood deeply that it was not easy for someone to have to adjust to a life that had been turned upside down.

Please give her a chance to take care of you. Let her do her duty to the best of her ability. Let her take responsibility for the actions that put someone in this condition.

If those eyes cannot see, she will be her new eyes.

Chapter 3

When time had fully played its part, the two eyes, once obscured by a blindfold, were finally freed.

However, even though she could open her eyes fully, it didn't help the person in a semi-state of visual loss to perceive external light or her surroundings as before.

It might not have been complete darkness, but it was still a blur that made it impossible to focus clearly on things around her. The recovery room was enveloped in silence, but someone's heart beat rapidly like a war drum.

Saeng Nuea stood quietly, observing the doctors and nurses at work. In the world of imagination that had previously existed, nothing was out of place.

Even though those eyes couldn't focus on anything and only a vacant gaze was visible, they were overflowing with a charming sweetness that made the observer almost unwilling to look at anything else but the doctor's beautiful eyes.

"I'll perform another detailed check of your eyes, then. As for the external wounds, there's nothing to worry about now. If the overall physical examination results are satisfactory, I'll allow you to return home to recover."

"Thank you very much, Doctor Ruth. I don't want to just lie around on this bed anymore."

"I understand."

Upon the young doctor's acceptance, everything proceeded according to the steps of another detailed physical examination. The results, after the examination was completed, could be considered a good sign, as this accident had not entirely robbed one person of hope.

With the ability to see the light at the end of the tunnel, the mental state that had been mired in despondency seemed to recover progressively.

After the attending physician discharged her, in the afternoon of the same day, new clothes that had been prepared were put on her delicate frame.

Having the opportunity to breathe fresh air outside, beyond the hospital's scent, instantly made the beautiful doctor's face look visibly refreshed.

And stemming from the important discussion and agreement from the previous day regarding care and accommodation, it became the reason a large luggage bag had to be loaded into the back of the car, simply because of the conclusion reached.

It might have been a conclusion that slightly displeased the older person, but even so... someone like Saeng Nuea wouldn't give up easily. She had already firmly declared her intention to take responsibility for the doctor's life.

Until now... she wanted to provide the closest possible care, by deciding to move into the doctor's apartment herself.

It might seem a bit audacious, but from the perspective of good intentions, it was pure responsibility. And it wasn't a troublesome matter at all to have to look after someone with whom she had never had any prior connection, in any capacity.

Because looking after the beautiful doctor was not boring for her in the slightest.

"During the day, I'll have the housekeeper come stay with you as a companion, on a daily basis. And in the evenings, after work, I'll come back and stay with Dr. Prin every day."

"Honestly, you don't need to go to all this trouble, P'Nuea. Having a housekeeper here is enough. As for nighttime, Prin can be alone."

"Are you disgusted by me? Or is it that Dr. Prin is actually uncomfortable with me staying with you?" Saeng Nuea shifted her gaze from the road ahead to look at the person beside her.

Changing from patient clothes to simple casual wear, the aura emanating from her exceptionally fair skin was like a collection of dozens of flawless diamonds adorning her body.

The level of delicate beauty radiating from her became an unusually captivating sight, drawing the eyes of onlookers to constantly glance at the person beside her, almost making it impossible to concentrate on driving.

The afternoon sun struck her smooth, fair face as the car moved along the coastal road of the Andaman Sea, reflecting such beauty that the observer's eyes almost blurred.

Her beautiful, sweet face looked straight ahead. If it were a normal time without the black spectacle frames obscuring her, she would have been able to see the beauty in those eyes without any obstruction.

What a pity...

"Prin didn't mean it like that. I'm just being considerate. I just don't want P'Nuea to feel uncomfortable having to constantly watch over me."

The owner of the sweet voice quickly clarified, fearing that the older person might misunderstand. Because throughout these past few days, the care and attention she received from the other person had been so much that she felt considerate. Even though what she should do was merely accept responsibility for the consequences of her own actions, it didn't mean that the other person had to tie their life to her constantly.

"If Dr. Prin is going to be considerate, wouldn't it be better to be considerate of the massive suitcase I've already loaded into the back of the car? Because if I have to carry it back now just because the room owner changed her mind about welcoming me, I'd be utterly humiliated."

"Prin didn't mean for P'Nuea to carry it back," she said softly.

Her voice, as soft as a tiny kitten, made the person behind the wheel glance at the person beside her again. A faint smile touched the corner of her lips. The doctor seemed completely unaware of how dangerous it was for the observer's heart when she inadvertently displayed such cuteness.

"By the way, P'Nuea, since you're moving in with Prin like this, don't your family say anything?"

"If you're referring to family in another sense, there isn't any. At home, there are only two housekeepers who take care of cleaning the house and one gardener. Including me, that's four. My father lives in another house. My mother passed away a long time ago. I'm an only child and single. As for the house I invited you to stay at, I've been living there alone for many years."

Because she liked freedom, she decided to buy this house to live alone. Compared to the big house she had lived in since birth, it might not be grand, but it was sufficient for someone who loved to live a free and independent single life.

This lengthy explanation made the doctor nod faintly in response. After that, the atmosphere in the car continued with various conversations.

The journey from the hospital to their destination took less than ten minutes. As the car pulled into the parking lot, the tall, slender figure quickly got out and walked around to the other door.

"Take it easy getting out, the car is a bit high."

Two arms reached out to support the delicate body, carefully helping her step out of the car. She had chosen to leave her beloved problematic car parked at home to let it calm down, as it had caused the beautiful doctor to be in this state. This car was brought out because it was convenient and spacious for the doctor.

Yes! It had to be punished thoroughly.

"Dr. Prin, please wait for me here for a moment. I need to get the luggage out of the trunk." Without another word, the tall, slender figure walked around to the back of the car to retrieve the luggage. She then returned to stand beside the slender person, holding a large wheeled suitcase. "All set. Shall we go?"

"Is there anything P'Nuea needs help carrying?"

"No, just this one wheeled suitcase and Prin's bag. I'll bring the other items up later."

She didn't give the doctor a chance to respond. The other person's luggage from the hospital was placed on top of the large suitcase. Her free arm took the liberty of

reaching out and holding the doctor's soft hand, guiding her to walk side-by-side into the elevator connected to the parking level.

Soon after, they appeared inside a moderately sized room on the 15th floor of the condo.

Her charming, sharp eyes quickly scanned the room. The usable space was neatly and perfectly divided.

Straight ahead from the entrance was the living room with a sofa set and a TV table. The interior decor was typical of a standard condo. To the left was a small kitchen area. To the right was a door, presumably to the outside bathroom. A little further along was another white door, likely the bedroom.

From her visual estimation, this condo probably had only one bedroom.

Some questions immediately popped into her head before her eyes, which had been surveying the surroundings, returned to the long sofa in the living room.

That can't be right...

Looking at her, the beautiful doctor couldn't be so heartless as to make a guest sleep uncomfortably on this sofa.

Her suspicion remained, but she had to dismiss it for now, as it was time to carefully help the delicate body sit down on the sofa.

"Dr. Prin, please sit here on the sofa first."

"P'Nuea, have you seen the room?" Her delicate hands fumbled around her to explore the area on the sofa where she was sitting. "It's not very big because I usually live alone, and there's only one bedroom. For this reason, I didn't want P'Nuea to feel uncomfortable. I was afraid you wouldn't believe me if I told you beforehand, so I wanted you to see it with your own eyes. Even now, if P'Nuea wants to change your mind, it's okay."

"Why would I change my mind? Just stay still. I'll take off your glasses." She didn't just say it, but carefully removed the spectacle frames from her slender face.

Every small act of care the other person offered had gradually seeped into her heart, leaving a growing impression.

"Thank you, P'Nuea."

"Don't thank me so often. It's my duty to take care of you. And how long have you been here, Dr. Prin?"

"Not even two months yet. I just moved from Bangkok."

"Just moved?" Although she could somewhat guess from her complexion that she wasn't from around here, she was still surprised to hear the other person say she had just moved.

"Yes. I usually worked at a hospital in Bangkok. I just moved here, but P'Nuea doesn't need to worry. I pay the rent here annually. At least for now, I won't be kicked out of this condo."

"That's not what I'm worried about."

She wanted her to get kicked out so they could move in together at her house instead. But that was just a lingering thought she chose to keep to herself. What she actually said was:

"Because even if you were to get kicked out, I could take care of you for your entire life. But what I'm worried about is... where exactly are you going to let me sleep?"

Perhaps because she was past the age of being coy and wasting time, she asserted her right to be the beautiful doctor's caregiver. She would never allow herself to end up sleeping on that sofa.

"Since there's only one bedroom, if P'Nuea doesn't mind and doesn't feel uncomfortable, you can sleep in the same room as Prin. The bed is quite wide. I don't usually toss and turn, and besides, we're both women. Nothing will be harmed."

Nothing harmed?

Both women?

Did the doctor even realize what she was saying?

Precisely because they were both women, it was even more dangerous than with a man, for she didn't know when she might start sleepwalking and molest the other person. Because snuggling in the same bed with a beautiful woman was never something someone like her could simply endure.

It seemed she might have to resort to chanting some spells to calm her racing thoughts.

Beauty is dangerous to the heart, and the seductive scent of a woman's body is no different. No matter how many incantations she chanted, her self-control would likely shatter anyway...

Chapter 4

Once they left the hospital, life seemed to truly begin. Learning to live in the dark for a week might have helped her adjust somewhat, but it was still within the limited confines of navigating from the bathroom to the bed.

However, from now on, her daily life had a wider scope. Even though she knew every nook and cranny of the room she had lived in for almost two months, when every place was covered by another world that had flipped upside down, everything became a significant obstacle to her daily routine.

Her beautiful eyes stared blankly, drifting aimlessly as they could focus on nothing but emptiness.

"P'Nuea, what time is it now?"

"...."

Saeng Nuea pulled her thoughts away from the view ahead and turned back to the soft, gentle voice.

After finishing the task of arranging clothes to hang in the same wardrobe as the room's owner, and sorting out food, she walked out to stand on the balcony of the living room, enjoying the breeze and keeping the doctor company.

By now, all her attention had returned to the person sitting on the sofa. She moved her feet gracefully and sat down beside her, her sharp eyes fixated on the sweet face, never tiring of looking.

The slight tilt of the head, as if the doctor was observing the movements around her, made the older person smile faintly. The delicate fragrance from the slender body made her inadvertently inhale the unique clean scent, filling her lungs. The words she intended to utter seemed to be forgotten for a moment.

It was like this again. Whenever she was close, the whole world seemed to stop. Her eyes hardly ever left that beautiful face.

The more she stared, the more beautiful she became. Throughout her life, she had met many beautiful women, but never once had any woman made her want to look at them for so long like the woman in front of her.

Even though both her eyes couldn't see, the seductive beauty a woman should possess had not diminished at all.

"What time is it now, P'Nuea?" Still not receiving an answer, her curiosity from the silence of her conversation partner made her ask again.

"Uh... it's 9 PM. Dr. Prin, do you want to take a bath yet? I'll take you."

"P'Nuea has been tired all day because of me. Thank you very much. Sometimes I feel like I'm being a burden to you."

"Dr. Prin, please don't say that again. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be in this condition. If you don't want me to feel worse about my actions, please don't say that again, okay? I'm willing to take care of you like this until you can see again and can live your life normally."

Upon hearing the serious words spoken with a hint of guilt, her sweet face paled, feeling bad about the words that might have inadvertently made the listener feel terrible. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel bad, P'Nuea. Please don't overthink it. I promise I won't say that again after this."

"I never thought of being angry with you. Why do you have to apologize?" Once again, the doctor's eagerness was affecting her heart. She was losing to the cuteness that the doctor inadvertently displayed. "So, do you want to take a bath now? I'll help you there."

"I can bathe now."

Not wanting to be a burden, when she felt the other person's slender hand reach out to help her stand up, the person who was occasionally overwhelmed by emotions readily yielded.

Throughout her recovery at the hospital, she had the opportunity to learn to help herself in many things. However, every time, the older person would always offer to help with this and that.

Every detail of care and involvement in her life gradually seeped into her heart, becoming an impression that grew stronger every day.

Even now, when the older person had guided her hand to walk and stand inside the bathroom, the other person still didn't seem inclined to let her start her personal business right away.

"I've prepared a towel for you. After you bathe, Dr. Prin, you can easily grab it. As for your clothes, it's better to put them on outside. They might get wet."

"Thank you. In that case, I'll be no more than ten minutes."

Instead of closing the door and walking back out as she had always done at the hospital, Saeng Nuea now wanted to take even more care of her.

"Let me help you take off your shirt first."

"It's fine. I can slowly take it off myself."

"Stay still. When patients are stubborn, doctors have to work hard, right? So you, as a doctor, shouldn't be stubborn yourself."

When faced with those words, the person who couldn't find any words to retort had to surrender to reason. The slender body stood still as the shirt buttons were slowly unfastened one by one. It might be an ordinary thing for a doctor's profession, being quite accustomed to the sight of care and bodily anatomy.

But for Saeng Nuea, it wasn't easy. The exceptionally fair skin revealing itself before her, the full breasts hidden within the nude-colored bra as the shirt was pulled down her pale shoulders, were making the person who had given herself this task almost forget to breathe.

Her mischievous eyes paused at the firm, plump flesh overflowing from the edges of the bra, tempting her gaze. The natural mechanism of the human body was

responding to the stimuli. Images popped into her head, causing her blood to surge. Her stomach churned, and she quickly had to pull herself back to reality before rushing out of the bathroom, barely able to breathe.

It was the first night of living with a woman that Saeng Nuea felt utterly restless. Because while the room owner seemed to be able to live normally, it was she who had to gather her concentration to calm her mind and not break her moral principles.

Just when she thought she would get through it, about ten minutes later, her carefully gathered composure seemed to shatter again, making her dizzy.

The seductive body emerged from the bathroom, wrapped only in a towel. Water droplets glistened on her smooth, fair skin. The pale chest and the fragrant scent of shower gel wafting into her nose made the owner of the mischievous eyes gasp.

"Your pajamas, I've prepared them for you. They're here. I'm going to take a bath now. It feels like the weather is a bit too hot today."

"...."

Survival is key. After shoving the prepared pajamas into the doctor's hands, the person who couldn't bear to keep helping the blind one, and the cool current, had to rush herself into the bathroom to cool down.

The other person, bewildered by the hurried demeanor she sensed in the voice, could only stand there, brows furrowed, all alone. But soon after, the doctor had to use that time to quickly get herself ready before the other person returned.

Awkwardness was already a given. Even though the other person was also a woman, the limitations of a life never shared with anyone before naturally led to a sense of unease and clumsiness. However, choosing to live simply, not wanting to be a bother or high-maintenance for the other, didn't mean she was oblivious to someone constantly circling and hovering around her.

The first night of full-fledged cohabitation. The atmosphere around them was still filled with occasional conversations, the sound of slippers dragging around, the movement of one person slowly becoming a familiar part of her life.

A strange feeling lingered oddly in her chest. Sometimes, she'd inadvertently smile faintly at all the sounds and movements of someone.

"What does she look like?"

"What's her personality like?"

"How tall is she?"

She never knew. She never dared to ask, even though the other person had given permission to inquire if she had any doubts.

But she never did it. She relied only on observation during the time they spent together, like when she held her arm walking side-by-side. She could only sense that the other person was likely taller than herself. And the slender hand that often reached out to hold hers always indicated a physique much taller and longer than her own.

The shifting movement of the mattress drew the attention of the person sitting on the bed, stopping her thoughts. The doctor listened to the surrounding sounds, aware of the movement of someone slipping under the same blanket that covered her thighs.

"Are you sleepy yet, Doctor? I've seen you sitting like this for a long time. Why don't you lie back and relax so you don't get tired?"

"What time is it now? What time do you usually sleep, P' Nuea? And do you have to work tomorrow?"

"Yes, I have to go to the company tomorrow morning. It's past 10 PM now. I usually don't sleep later than midnight."

Or some nights, it might extend far past the mentioned time, depending on whether someone was sleeping next to her at that moment.

But for the doctor, it was best to keep this matter to herself. She never had any intention of boasting about such things and affecting her image.

And certainly, no matter what, the beautiful doctor would never let slip a word about this.

“In that case, we can go to sleep now. Prin wants you to get a lot of rest, P’ Nuea.”

“But I’m not sleepy yet. I just want to talk with you, Doctor. By the way, are you sleepy, Doctor Prin?”

“Not at all,” a faint smile curved her lips, and she leaned back on the bed. But because the other person said she wanted to talk, the slender girl chose to lie on her side, facing the person next to her.

“You usually don’t have a fixed sleep schedule, do you, Doctor?”

“Yes, that’s generally how my life as a doctor is.”

“And aren’t you curious about anything about me, Doctor? Like what I look like, or how tall I am?”

It was as if she had read her mind, because all those things made the doctor nod in agreement, like someone ready to grasp what she had been wondering about.

“Yes, I want to know! Prin wants to know how tall P’ Nuea is. When we walk together, Prin feels like P’ Nuea is a very tall woman.”

Upon hearing the question, the person who had always been proud of her height smiled broadly.

“178,”

It was a height that the owner was very satisfied with, because when she walked alongside smaller women, it made them look more delicate and cherished.

She liked women who were smaller, softer, and sweetly delicate, and the doctor seemed to fit the criteria she had meticulously screened for, perfectly matching her type.

“And Prin is only 163. I used to be proud that my height was somewhat above average, but now I feel like I’ve shrunk!” A smile graced her sweet face. The

rapidly developing relationship allowed her to speak and ask freely without too much awkwardness.

“Doctor Prin, this small size suits you perfectly. And my face, do you want to know about it?”

“If P’ Nuea doesn’t think it’s too intrusive, Prin would like to know.”

Saeng Nuea gazed at the other’s delicate face for a moment. The sweet scent from the doctor’s body awakened something primal within her. Her heart pounded almost uncontrollably. Whenever she was near, her mind was filled with vivid, imaginative images.

Yet, throughout her life, she had never acted impulsively or roughly with unwilling women. She had never hurt anyone’s feelings. Even now, she tried to shake off the distracting thoughts when her gaze inadvertently lingered on the doctor’s rosy lips for a long time.

Despite trying to restrain herself, constantly reminding herself to maintain more distance from the doctor, her actions contradicted her thoughts. The longing within her made her reach out and gently clasp the other’s soft hand.

“Try touching,” the invitation came with the doctor’s soft hand being pulled to rest against her cheek. The gentle touch of the slender, soft palm made her want to kiss that delicate, fragrant warmth just once.

But all she could do was try to calm her mind and resist getting carried away, because the current level of intimacy was affecting her feelings too much.

“Try exploring. What part do you want to get to know, Doctor? My eyebrows, eyes, nose, or my mouth...”

“....”

As if enchanted by her words, with a soft, slightly trembling voice and breath less than a span away, a strange curiosity began to build in her heart.

The doctor's slender fingertips slowly, gently moved along the delicate curve of her face.

From thick eyebrows, down to the prominent bridge of her nose, before tracing lower and coming to rest on her well-shaped lips.

The gentle touch of her fingertips slowly, carefully explored. Saeng Nuea closed her eyes, blissful from the sensation, and inadvertently moved the hand that was supporting the doctor's hand lower to wrap around her slender waist, forgetting herself.

The closeness, just a breath away, made her deep emotions feel as if they could snap easily. Her breathing became heavy, uncontrollable, and she inadvertently massaged the beautiful curves of the doctor's backside, then gently nipped the doctor's soft fingertips with her lips.

"P' Nuea..."

Chapter 5

A jolt of electricity surged through her body. Her heart pounded from the soft, warm touch of lips gently nipping her fingertips. Instead of quickly pulling her hand back, surprise made her still, allowing the other person's actions to continue.

Throughout her life, reaching the age of twenty-five, she might not have been experienced in romantic affairs, but at the same time, she wasn't so naïve as to not know what the rapid heartbeat caused by the older person's actions and touch meant.

Her teenage years, focused on diligent studying, might have kept her from knowing "puppy love." However, during her time as a medical student, there were moments when she secretly admired beautiful senior students and her heart would flutter.

It was similar to the feeling now. Even without seeing her face, the intimate touch stirred something within her body, making her face flush uncontrollably.

"Are you surprised? I was just... teasing you, Doctor." As soon as she regained her composure, the doctor's soft fingertips were released from being nipped. Her breathing was still uneven, but she couldn't act on impulse and startle the slender girl further.

Despite trying to restrain herself, when met with the gentle touch of soft fingertips and the doctor's sweet fragrance, she was utterly enchanted and acted on her impulses as seen.

"Are you angry with me, Doctor?"

"No," she finally managed to find her voice, though she was almost at a loss for how to compose herself. A strange feeling was building in her heart. Although she couldn't meet the older person's gaze, she felt stiff, as if her hands were misplaced and she didn't know where to put them.

And the reaction of the person in her arms now made the heart of the person watching swell like an inflated balloon.

Her vast experience taught her many things. Her higher “flight hours” made it easy to see how flustered the doctor was by her actions.

Besides shyness, if the other person had felt disgusted by the recent touch, she might have been pushed off the bed by now.

Softness that was captivating. Whether it was due to overconfidence or something else, the doctor’s reaction made her want to proceed and test her self-assurance.

“So, what do I look like, then? Am I presentable enough to walk alongside you, Doctor, into a temple or anywhere else?”

“Prin... Prin doesn’t know.”

“Why walk alongside?”

The beautiful doctor couldn’t understand the true intention of the speaker, but she could definitely distinguish what the words meant.

Curiosity bubbled up in her mind, but it wasn’t clear enough for her to dare to state what she was thinking. And she wouldn’t be so audacious as to ask directly without reason.

“In that case... would you like to try exploring again, Doctor?”

“No, I don’t think so. I’ve bothered P’ Nuea all day. Let’s just sleep, P’ Nuea has to wake up early for work tomorrow.”

Upon hearing the refusal, the older person’s lips curved into a wide smile. Not wanting to hold back the lovely person, she relented, not wishing to insist and make the other feel uncomfortable. “In that case, good night, Doctor.”

As the soft whisper faded, the hand wrapped around the doctor’s slender waist slowly relaxed its embrace. The doctor shifted and turned to lie on her back, while Saeng Nuea chose to reach out and pull the edge of the blanket up to cover the delicate body, pleased with herself.

Her sharp eyes gazed at the clear, smooth face with shining eyes before she almost acted too impulsively. She quickly turned to press the light switch by the headboard.

The tall figure lay down, turning onto her side towards the doctor. She watched the sweet profile through the dim light, inhaling the seductive, soft fragrance from the delicate body that still lingered in her senses. Blood coursed through her veins as her mind inadvertently imagined the soft touch of the fragrant body from just moments ago.

“How long can I endure this?!”

The first night passed with difficulty breathing. The second night was still a torment of holding back emotions at a very high level. Each night, it took reciting prayers before bed to get through.

Even after more than a week, living side by side with the person her heart desired was still not easy. It was too agonizing...

Throughout her life, she had never had to endure this kind of restraint for so long. She could easily get involved with any woman she wanted, always believing it was just a fleeting physical relationship and never taking it seriously.

However, now, the person she lived with every single day was putting her in a difficult position. The close physical proximity every night easily awakened certain emotions. When she couldn't release or vent them, it became a pent-up frustration within her.

It was another morning that the tall figure rose from the bed without the presence of the person next to her. No need to ask where she was, as it was normal for the person who secretly set an alarm to wake up before her.

Her daily routine unfolded as it had for the past two weeks. After stepping into the bathroom to take care of personal matters, her sharp eyes were now surveying her appearance in the mirror.

Being meticulous about her attire, the reflection made her lips curve into a pleased smile.

Her favorite perfume bottle was picked up and dabbed onto her pulse points. After checking the neatness of her clothes and hair once more, the tall, slender figure in a perfectly tailored white-and-black suit walked out of the bedroom, heading directly to the small kitchen area where the slender person was standing with her back to her, busily preparing a simple breakfast for her, as she always did.

“P’ Nuea, are you done getting dressed?” The faint, sweet scent of the other’s hair mixed with perfume wafted from a distance, allowing her to sense the other’s arrival even before she reached her. “In that case, Prin will make you coffee right away.”

“Let me do it, I’d rather you sit and wait for me at the table, Doctor Prin.” Not wanting the beautiful hands to be at risk of being scalded by hot water, Saeng Nuea quickly stepped closer to the slender girl who had just put down the bread.

To turn and reach for a coffee cup.

Her arm wrapped around the other woman’s slender waist from behind, in a close embrace. The intimate touch and the familiar, distinct fragrance of her body still managed to intensely stimulate certain senses every time.

The closeness of their proximity, coupled with their perfectly matched heights, made her playful gaze fall upon the other woman’s pale neck, igniting a desire to bury her face there, to gently nip and bite that fair skin just once.

The building thirst, a fervent heat, made her forget everything. Lost in a trance, she inadvertently tightened her grip around the other woman’s slender waist, pulling her closer. Then, an immense gravitational pull melted away her patience completely. She impulsively leaned her face down, unable to resist pressing her lips against that graceful white neck.

“P’Nuea, what are you doing?”

The one being encroached upon startled violently. The touch of a warm palm resting against her stomach held her back, preventing her from struggling. The gentle warmth from the lips lightly nibbling her neck, along

with the warm breath softly caressing her tender skin, caused goosebumps to rise. But she stood rigid, frozen by the unexpected intimate touch.

“Dr. Prin, it’s P’.”

Regaining her composure, she slowly pulled her face away from the pale neck, yet her hands still loosely embraced the other woman’s graceful body.

“Prin thinks P’Nuea should hurry and make coffee. Prin has already prepared the jam toast for you. If that’s the case... Prin will excuse herself now.”

“Wait, Dr. Prin. Are you angry with P’? P’ is sorry, but P’ won’t deny that what P’ did wasn’t unintentional.”

Every surrounding thing seemed to stand still. The touch of the slender hand holding her back made her feet, which were about to step away, suddenly freeze. The shock from the recent action was clear in her feelings, but she was caught off guard and wanted to quickly retreat to regain her composure. She could easily do that, but it seemed the other person wouldn’t let her.

“P’ knows what P’ did just now might have startled you, Doctor. By now, you probably understand what kind of person P’ is, but P’ promises not to be so forward with you again. Please don’t be angry or dislike P’.”

“Prin doesn’t feel that way, P’Nuea. Please rest assured.”

She said that, but wouldn’t turn to face her. Instead, she made to free her hand from the grasp and walk away. There wasn’t even the sweet farewell she used to say, “Drive safely, P’Nuea,” like every day.

Saeng Nuea looked at the jam toast on the plate and sighed heavily. What she saw was something prepared for her every morning before work.

The tall figure sat down to eat the toast made by the doctor. After finishing her meal and getting ready for work, the live-in housekeeper, who worked morning to evening, arrived at the perfect moment.

"Khun Nuea, are you going to work already?"

"Hmm... please look after the doctor for me. Tell her I'll be back early this evening."

After speaking to the housekeeper in her early twenties, the tall figure left the room and headed to work as usual.

Life continued in this manner since she moved in with the doctor, living as if she had a wife, though she didn't. Worse, she kept acting forward, unable to control herself. She wanted to curse herself to death for being so impulsive.

Morning turned into afternoon. The stiff emotions suppressed since morning hadn't faded, but the insistent chirping of the smartphone resting silently on her desk drew her attention, making her stop working and pick up the troublesome phone to look at the screen.

Father... a person who always seemed to call at the most hardcore moments.

"Yes, Dad," a weary voice was exhaled along with a soft sigh. But immediately, the owner of the sharp, beautiful face had to squint her eyes because of the stern voice thundering through the line.

"What is this, huh! Ai Chao Nuea! How many times have I called you? Why don't you answer? How many weeks has it been since you came home to see me?"

"Calm down, Dad, calm down. Why are you shouting so loudly? My eardrums are shaking."

It was always like this when things didn't go his way. If they were face-to-face, she'd surely see his mustache twitch. The pronoun "Ai Chao Nuea"

(that Saeng Nuea) was also typical. Had her father forgotten that she was a woman, not the son he wanted? Couldn't he at least show some respect and address her more gently, befitting a lady?

"Don't you try to sweet-talk me. So, are you going to visit me this week? If not, I'll drag my old body to your house myself."

"Why would you come, Dad? Nuea isn't home. How about Nuea visits on the holiday at the end of the month then?"

"Why would that take so long, Yai Nuea? The house is so close."

"Dad, don't be so demanding, or do you want Nuea to run away to an island and end everything?"

"Why are you threatening Dad? But fine, this time Dad considers that you've promised Dad. If you break your promise again, prepare to open your front door wide and welcome Nai Hua Saeng Tai."

"Dad, Nuea is your daughter. Power isn't meant to be used on your children. That's all for now. Nuea has work pending."

"Hey! Wait a minute! Are you seriously not going to ask how Dad is doing? Yai Nuea! Yai Nuea!"

Look at that! She almost pulled the phone away from her ear. Even after hanging up, her father's voice still haunted her, giving her goosebumps.

She wasn't afraid of the stern, authoritative voice typical of her southern headman father, but she was getting goosebumps because of the reason her father kept calling and nagging her constantly.

She wanted to think about it. After hanging up, feeling utterly bored, the pending work was pulled to distract her from the unwanted topic.

Time passed until the clock hands almost pointed to five. The owner of the tall figure took her hands off the work she had been engrossed in all day.

She stretched slightly to relieve the fatigue, then stood up and reached for her suit jacket hanging on the back of the chair.

Just then, the intercom rang, drawing her attention, and she turned to press the answer button.

"Khun Nuea, Khun Toppat is here to see you."

Why now?

A grumble rose in her mind as she glanced at her wristwatch, but even so, her mouth still uttered permission.

Not long after hanging up with the secretary, a slender figure in a fiery red dress opened the door and entered the room.

Lips coated with lipstick as vibrant as the dress she wore curved into a smile, laced with seductive charm. The owner of the stunning face approached the room's occupant, then wrapped her slender arms around her neck, pulling her down to receive a light kiss on her cheek from her lips.

"Hello, Nuea. It feels like we haven't seen each other much lately, have we? I heard you were in a car accident. How are you?"

"I'm fine. Everything's alright." Her hands supported the rounded bottom of the person who had abruptly pressed against her. Not every woman was allowed to do this, but for Toppat, she was an exception due to her personal preference.

"Pat missed you terribly. I thought you were tied up with some girl and wouldn't come to see me."

"No, not at all. And why did you stop by the company? You didn't call beforehand."

"I told you I missed you. Are you free to stay together tonight?"

“...” Saeng Nuea looked at the woman who spoke without any hint of embarrassment. Among all the women who got involved, the woman in front of her was someone she could be with longer than others.

Because besides their business connections, their shared understanding was also a crucial factor that prevented her from getting bored with this woman as she should have.

“I’m busy today. I need to go back quickly. I have another errand.”

“Is your errand taking care of the person you accidentally made blind? How many times have you rejected Pat, Nuea? Should I be upset?”

“You’re not usually a childish woman, and I believe you still aren’t.”

Toppat shrugged nonchalantly. Deep down, she never liked it when women constantly surrounded the person in front of her, but because her status was limited to a boundary without rights, she couldn’t show too much.

Saeng Nuea was a woman who had it all – looks and status. Her reputation with women was equally extensive. But knowing that the other person wasn’t the type who could be easily controlled, she didn’t dare to act childish and annoy her.

It was hard to leave, but who knew? She was just a woman with feelings of jealousy and a desire to possess a flirtatious person, even though she knew it was.

“Okay, if you’re busy, you’re busy. But... Pat went to all this trouble to come see you. Are you really going to send Pat away right now?”

She didn’t just speak; her teasing voice, accompanied by her hand reaching out to cup the beautiful, sharp face, made Saeng Nuea stand still. Her body was being stimulated by the pressing touch of the intentionally provocative body. Blood was rushing through her, expertly aroused. The suppressed emotions she had tried to hold back for so long seemed to be ignited by someone she was well-matched with.

“Well...”

“Don’t tell me you’re going to reject Pat. Pat has yielded to you this much, Nuea.”

“....” Her breathing grew heavier as her lips were being nibbled at teasingly. The hand cupping her cheek slowly moved up to support the back of her head, adjusting the angle for a closer, more inviting touch.

Her sharp eyes half-closed as she watched the woman’s seductive actions. The lust she had tried to suppress seemed to erupt, scattering her senses. When she closed her eyes, she imagined the doctor’s face. From being the one seduced, she became the seducer herself.

The sexy dress, seemingly chosen for this purpose, was hooked by her slender fingers. Just like that, everything around them seemed to be easily forgotten.

The office became a fierce battleground of love, as the glowing light of the sun slowly Toppat below the horizon, fading little by little.

Chapter 6

“What time is it now, Pom?”

“It’s almost seven, Doctor.”

“Almost seven?” Her brows drew together when she heard the answer from the housekeeper who had been with her all day. “Pom, have you been with me until now? Why haven’t you gone back yet? It’ll be dangerous to drive your motorcycle home alone if it gets any darker. I’m worried.”

“But Khun Nuea hasn’t returned yet, so Pom didn’t want to leave the doctor alone.”

"It's alright, Pom. I can be alone. P'Nuea might be busy, but she'll be back soon. Pom, you should go back. It'll get even later. You can leave now. Don't worry about me."

"In that case... are you hungry, Doctor? Before I leave, shouldn't I prepare something for you to snack on?"

The plump woman still worried about the visually impaired doctor, as the small kitchen didn't have a full set of cooking utensils or ingredients for a proper meal.

For this reason, the doctor's morning meals fell to her to prepare, but in the evenings, it was the employer's direct responsibility, who usually returned to the condo by 6 PM every day or even earlier.

However, today was different. Nearly two hours had passed, and there was still no sign of the employer, even though she had told the housekeeper herself this morning to tell the doctor she would be back early. And now, she had been completely out of sight since her one call to the doctor at noon.

"It's alright, Pom. I'm not hungry yet. I'll eat with P'Nuea. Pom, you should go back quickly."

"Okay. But Pom bought milk and put it in the fridge. If you get hungry while waiting for Khun Nuea to come back, have it as a snack. Pom placed it on the side of the fridge door as usual. And your mobile phone is on the table in front of you, Doctor."

"Thank you very much, Pom. Drive safely on your way back."

"Yes. See you tomorrow, Doctor. Pom is leaving now."

Once the sounds of footsteps fading away and the closing door subsided, the silence that enveloped the room caused the person sitting still on the sofa in the living room to involuntarily recall the events of that morning.

Had she accidentally acted poorly and made the other person feel bad? Did it diminish the other person's feelings?

Suddenly, these questions formed a worry. After having time to sit and reflect on her own feelings, she realized that she didn't dislike the other person's touch at all. However, it was just shock mixed with confusion about the boundaries of their relationship, which had just begun and seemed to be shifting into something else in a short period.

But she never expected that the person who slept beside her every night would have such feelings for her. It wasn't wrong. It wasn't something to be angry about, because in truth, amidst the confusion that arose in her heart, there were still moments of her heart fluttering and wavering with every action of the other person.

She was impressed by being cared for and attended to, and she wasn't so naïve as to not distinguish what direction those feelings of wavering were leaning towards.

But given her current condition, it was difficult to find any self-confidence. Because if the relationship between her and the other person were to truly develop in that way, it would be difficult for one person to truly accept her condition.

It wasn't because she overthought things, or expected too much from the start, or thought too highly of herself. Rather, it was the fundamental thought and feeling of a woman who was treated by someone in a way that made her think like that.

As her feelings became clearer and began to take shape, a small fear began to envelop her heart, uncontrollable.

The doctor couldn't tell how long she had spent immersed in those thoughts as time slipped by minute by minute. But her stomach, which was starting to grumble with hunger, made her unable to wait any longer for the person who showed no signs of returning.

Not wanting to be seen as a burden who just sat around doing nothing, the slender figure slowly stood up, then carefully guided her feet towards the kitchen area.

Both her slender arms tried to find something to hold onto for guidance, and with her familiarity with the surroundings, as well as the period of adjusting to blurred vision, she managed to walk and stop in front of the refrigerator.

The bottle of milk placed in its usual spot was taken out of the fridge. But just as she intended to reach for an empty glass in its usual place, the obstacle of not being able to see made her clumsily knock over something in the way by accident.

Crash!

The sound of the glass hitting the floor was followed by the wince of the person who felt a sharp pain shoot through her toes. The milk bottle in her hand was haphazardly placed on top of the fridge, her face pale. Then, the slender figure slowly crouched down and carefully tried to feel around her toes.

The liquid seeping out began to stain her hand. The smell of blood mixed with the air, touching her nostrils and making her small heart tremble.

She wasn't afraid of blood, but she was realizing her fate: she wouldn't be able to walk through the scattered glass shards on the floor.

The obstacle of not being able to see made it difficult to move freely. Thus, her initial attempt to help herself, which seemed to be failing, disheartened her and caused tears to well up in her eyes.

Her hand, pressing on the wound to stop the bleeding, could still feel the continuous wetness seeping out. Her full lips were tightly pressed together to suppress the bitterness rising in her throat.

She didn't want to feel emotional about her fate. She didn't want to feel discouraged by her current situation. But she couldn't easily overcome this moment of weakness as she hoped.

Meanwhile, the person who had carelessly idled away her time, indulging in sexiness until she was sated, was now rushing, pressing the accelerator with anxiety.

It was the hundredth time Saeng Nuea had mentally cursed herself for her actions. The moment she glanced at the watch on her wrist, she felt even worse.

She was ashamed of herself for forgetting so completely. How could she have forgotten like this? It was probably unnecessary to ask if the doctor had eaten yet, because she was neglecting her duty.

At this point, deep down, she was feeling guilty. Even though neither of them had any emotional ties to cling to, it was the quiet, developing emotional state that had solidified into something concrete, causing her to feel this guilt.

After turning the car into the parking lot and shutting off the engine completely, the tall figure hurried directly towards the passenger elevator, heading straight up to the desired floor. In her hand, she carried a bag of groceries she'd bought on the way. Upon reaching the door of the room, she pulled out her keycard and slipped inside silently.

The cool air inside the room hit her skin. The bright lights within were no different than usual. Her sharp eyes scanned the entire room, but she found no trace of the person who should have been waiting for her return every day.

"Dr. Prin, I'm back," she called out as she took off her shoes to place them neatly on the shelf. But then, a familiar voice answering from the kitchen area drew her feet to rush to that spot, her face filled with alarm.

"Doctor, what happened? Why are you like this?"

The grocery bag in her hand was almost carelessly tossed aside as she rushed to support the frail figure sitting stunned on the floor. To make matters worse, the wounds and bloodstains visible on her feet made her heart clench. The doctor's surroundings were nothing but scattered shards of glass all over the floor, uncontrollably.

"Prin dropped a glass, P'Nuea, so I didn't dare move anywhere for fear of stepping on more glass."

"Does it hurt much?" From her quick inspection, although the wound wasn't large, the drying bloodstains had stained her fair feet quite a bit. "I'm sorry I came back late. I'm truly sorry."

"It's okay. I was just clumsy."

"I'll take you to get it dressed."

Her heart twisted, blaming herself without denial. Looking at the wound, walking alone would be difficult. After calculating that the slender figure wouldn't be too heavy, Saeng Nuea decided to do something she never thought she'd be able to do with any woman.

"P'Nuea! What are you doing?" The doctor was startled when suddenly her body was lifted into the other person's arms without warning. Her physical reaction was swift; both arms wrapped around the other's neck in trepidation, afraid of being dropped to the floor.

She never expected Saeng Nuea to have enough strength to carry another woman, even though she knew there was quite a difference in their body sizes.

"I'm carrying you to get your wound dressed, Doctor. Don't be scared, just hold onto my neck tightly. And are you very hungry?"

"A little bit," she lied, but her stomach didn't allow her to be a liar, as it immediately rumbled in protest, making her feel embarrassed.

“Doesn’t sound like ‘a little bit’ anymore, does it?” It wasn’t just teasing, but a voice filled with guilt. While she had been enjoying herself with her desires, she had, at the same time, left the other person in such a difficult situation, when she should have been more responsible for her duties.

“Can you bear the hunger a little longer? Let me dress your wound first, and then we can eat, okay?”

After gently placing the slender figure on the sofa in the living room, the tall figure quickly moved away to retrieve the first-aid kit, then returned and sat down on the floor.

“P’Nuea, why are you sitting there? I can do it myself. P’Nuea, just help me with the alcohol.”

“Let me do it. I know how to dress wounds. Even though I look like this, I learned the basics because sometimes, with small emergency accidents, I have to dress wounds for customers who rent boats.”

She explained, while her hands reached out to support the delicate foot, placing it on her lap. Though a little nervous, the injured person allowed the other to carefully clean the wound with a gentle touch.

“Luckily, the wound isn’t deep. Does it hurt much, Doctor?”

The tall person went silent after applying medicine and covering the wound with gauze. If the doctor had been in a worse state, her guilt would surely have gnawed at her more.

Only now did she realize that guilt could truly erode one’s feelings so deeply.

“P’Nuea, you don’t have to feel guilty. I only hurt a little.”

It was a moment filled with a warm, gentle feeling enveloping them. The kindness she received was seeping into her heart, reinforcing her wavering feelings for the other person. However, something else she sensed at the

same time snagged her attention, causing her to unconsciously knit her brows.

Perhaps it was her inherent meticulousness combined with the instincts of a sightless person compensated by other senses. The familiar scent of perfume on her body suddenly became an anomaly she could clearly distinguish when it mixed with a strange, intrusive scent she could now perceive.

For a fleeting moment, her heart skipped a beat for a reason she instinctively stumbled upon. But because she wasn't in a position to inquire about the other person's private life, her curiosity was suppressed amidst the burgeoning uncertainty in her heart.

She still couldn't distinguish between admiration and nascent affection, which element was more or less prominent. But what she knew for sure was that her heart was wavering. It ached faintly when she found herself imagining trivial things that shouldn't even concern her.

The feelings, becoming clearer, made her press her lips together tightly.

In just a short time, the level of feeling in her heart had leaped. Was it because of the lonely period in her life with someone by her side, or because of the constant tenderness the other person tirelessly offered? How else could it shake her small heart so much?

Even though everything should have started slowly, it had grown surprisingly fast.

So easy that she feared her own heart...

Chapter 7

On a holiday morning, with no immediate plans to go anywhere, both agreed to spend their time relaxing at the condo.

Due to the limited space, the living room became the most utilized area after the bedroom. After showering and changing, Saeng Nuea followed the slender figure to sit and watch TV in the living room.

The moving images on the 48-inch screen held no significant interest, but it was just left on with the volume low enough for the faint sound of the TV to mix with the occasional small conversations.

“Tonight, I want to invite Dr. Prin out for dinner. How about we go to a nice restaurant by the sea?”

Saeng Nuea took her eyes off the TV, waiting for the answer. Ever since leaving the hospital, no matter how many times she'd invited her out, the doctor had always refused.

The same old excuses were used quite often. So, apart from going in and out of the hospital for eye check-ups, the idea of taking her out to see other places was always dismissed.

“P’Nuea wants to go?”

“Yes, I do. And I want to take Dr. Prin with me.”

“If it’s not too much trouble for P’Nuea to take me, then I don’t have any problem.”

This time, it wasn’t as difficult as she thought. Her decision was made without any of the hesitation of before. Because throughout the week since the incident, the other person had constantly looked after her, barely leaving her side except for work.

Moreover, since that day, the older woman had been coming home earlier than usual. The other person's life seemed to have many restrictions as she dedicated almost all of her personal time to caring for her.

For this reason, the person who had knowingly encroached upon the other's freedom and privacy didn't want to object if Saeng Nuea wanted to go out and get some fresh air.

"I'm happy that Dr. Prin isn't refusing me anymore."

"Because if I didn't go, P'Nuea wouldn't go, right? I don't want P'Nuea to sacrifice her personal time and dedicate so much to me. P'Nuea should have some personal time."

"I'll have that personal time only when Dr. Prin can see again. Agreed?"

It was a similar way of cutting off the conversation, often used whenever the other person tried to give her back her personal space.

Freedom?

It might have been the beauty she had always longed for, but compared to the guilt of seeing the doctor's condition that day, the shame was far too great to dare to act irresponsibly again.

Because no matter the dried tear stains on her smooth cheeks, the state of hunger, the eyes that couldn't focus but were dim to a disheartening degree, and the wounds, as well as her state sitting on the floor amidst scattered glass shards.

What if she had been even later that day, or hadn't returned at all? Would the doctor have had to sit there all night in that condition?

She might not be a particularly good person, but she still had a conscience, and she believed those incidents shouldn't be allowed to happen again.

"Hmm... I feel like your nails are getting long, Doctor. I'll trim them for you."

“What are you saying, P’Nuea? I haven’t been working lately, so it’s okay if they’re a bit long. And besides, I can ask Pom to help me cut them. I don’t want to bother you.”

“There’s no such thing as bothering me. Since I know how to cut them, why would you ask Pom? Just stay still, that’s enough. Wait for me.”

Without giving her conversational partner a chance to reply, the tall figure stood up to her full height, then stepped out of the living room with the familiar shuffling sound of her slippers.

She gave in to every reason, and when she realized she couldn’t be stopped, the person who was being cared for in almost every way had to surrender.

Her heart was just a small organ beating in her chest. It wasn’t as strong as a rock to resist anyone’s kindness. Being cared for so much could easily melt her small heart.

The sound of shuffling slippers returned, and she was likely coming back with the nail care tools she kept in the condo. As a doctor who was naturally clean, she always kept these tools handy.

The sounds around her made the doctor listen intently. The touch of the slender hand that held hers was as gentle as it had always been.

“Doctor, stay still. I’m going to start trimming.”

Because her heart was too vulnerable to resist, she could only nod, allowing the other person to take care of everything conveniently. Many questions arose in her mind during the time she had the opportunity to learn about the other’s true self.

The highest executive level of Thirakal Marina Yacht Club was the information she had gleaned from the housekeeper whom she often subtly questioned about the other’s personal details. As a business owner, was it necessary to provide this level of service?

“P’Nuea, do you normally take care of people like this all the time? Because I feel like you’re quite skilled at doing things like this.”

“As I said, with VIP customers, sometimes I do have to take care of them. It’s a general policy of our company, and most of the people I care for are acquaintances, friends. I tend to have quite a lot of friends.”

Of course, it wasn’t a lie. She couldn’t deny having many friends. Her social circle was quite wide, including Karaloso and people in the entertainment industry. Some were close enough to sleep with, others she only knew superficially, but ultimately, she had to admit she knew a lot of people.

“P’Nuea’s life is the opposite of mine. I usually don’t have many friends, and I don’t often get to travel anywhere. It’s just studying and studying.”

The honors attached to her medical degree from a famous university were merely a certificate of honor that brought great pride to her parents. But it came at the cost of sacrificing her personal time and dedicating her entire life to her parents’ expectations in every aspect.

Never once had she been able to live her own life freely. Until now, when she dared to spread her wings and fly from her parents’ embrace, only to be broken by flying too low and being hit by a car.

“So, Doctor, do you usually like to travel?”

Sensing the released emotions, Saeng Nuea didn’t hesitate to use this opportunity to get to know the other person better, as the doctor rarely revealed anything about herself to her.

“I don’t know. I don’t know if I like to travel.”

“Then would you like to try? See if you like it. Next Saturday, I have to go to my parents’ house because I have an appointment with my father, but I’ll only be there for a few hours. Then on Sunday, how about we go boating?”

“Wouldn’t it be inconvenient for P’Nuea? Even if I go, I won’t be able to see the beauty of the sea, will I?”

“Who says? Why wouldn’t you see it? Because everything I see, you will see through my eyes. Come with me, okay?”

There was eagerness in her voice. By now, the trimmed and buffed nails, cleaned with an alcohol-soaked cotton ball, were being held loosely in her hand.

“Prin will just follow P’Nuea’s lead then.”

Finally, she had to succumb to the other’s determination. She was becoming too vulnerable to control her heart anymore.

Saeng Nuea was too good, too lovely. Everything she did was affecting her heart beyond resistance.

“Dr. Prin.”

“Yes?”

“I have something I want to ask. It might be a bit personal, but I want to know.”

“What do you want to know, P’Nuea? If I can answer, I will.”

A faint smile played on the beautiful lips. Being in a mood where she wanted to learn more about each other, the previously limited boundaries were slowly opened for the other to step across.

“I want to know if you have a girlfriend.”

She was no longer young, and she wasn’t good at beating around the bush like a teenager trying to flirt. So, what she wanted to know was brought up as a direct question, without wasting time on pretense.

The person who heard the question didn’t think it was intrusive, remembering that on the first day out of the hospital, the other person had also revealed personal matters to her. She still remembered her own single

status, so exchanging information that she had also received from the other person wasn't something to overthink.

"My whole life, I've just studied. I've never had those moments like my friends my age."

"....."

It was an answer that made the listener's eyes sparkle, as it affected her heart, which had always longed for a clear answer. Her heart was soaring, barely able to contain her emotions.

This was enough. It was a satisfactory beginning. As for whether the doctor would fall in love with another woman, her lifelong experience allowed her to make some accurate predictions.

It was a beginning where two people quietly opened their hearts to learn about each other. The many activities they shared every day wove their relationship into a significant leap forward.

Another day passed and a new one began. Outside, the air carried the scent of rain that had been falling since morning. In a moment, the large, clear window was covered in mist, and droplets of water trickled down in streams.

The room was cool, the air conditioner working in harmony with the outside atmosphere, further lowering the internal temperature.

The slender body nestled under the blanket began to stir, inching closer to a warmer embrace, and that warmth wasn't from the blanket. It was the embrace of someone ready to wrap their arms around the delicate form almost immediately.

Saeng Nuea opened her eyes and looked at the person in her arms, a small smile playing at the corner of her lips.

She had been awake for a while but didn't want to get out of bed yet because she still longed for the sweet scent from the soft, warm body currently nestled in her embrace.

It had been nights that a slender, delicate body lay beside her, clinging close. How many mornings had she woken up to find that sweet face as the first sight?

Warmth enveloped her heart, forming a delicate bond that grew stronger every day. It was special and different from other women she had been with. Besides the easily ignited passion, she had to admit there was something even more special.

She had never wanted to hurt anyone's feelings, but now, it seemed the slender arms lovingly embracing her body were beginning to stimulate certain feelings to work harder and harder.

The faint scent from the hair mingled with a unique personal fragrance. It was so seductive that her breath started to catch, yet she didn't dare to even breathe heavily, fearing that the soft body and enticing scent would disappear.

She wanted to hold her like this, to intimately feel the warm body that always easily ignited a fiery rush in her veins. She wanted more when her eyes inadvertently scanned the delicate face.

The beautiful eyes were still closed, lovely long lashes adorning her eyelids, captivating to behold. Her rosy lips moved slightly, like someone talking in their sleep. The observer's heart was entranced by the sight, as if under a spell.

It had been nights of patience, nights of restraint. Until now... the warm breath less than a hand's breadth away was drawing her in, making it hard to resist doing something.

The beautiful, sharp face slowly moved closer to the sweet face, then gently pressed her lips onto the soft ones.

The warm, tingling sensation on her lips lasted long enough to make the heart of the person whose kiss was stolen pound wildly, almost leaping out of her chest.

There was an initial surprise when she felt the warm lips pressing down, but then an inner feeling, contrary to what her mind commanded (to push away), rendered her instantly powerless to resist.

The shared warm breath, the gentle warmth from the lips that slowly nipped softly, made the person who was just experiencing this kind of intimacy for the first time go weak.

Her heart trembled. Her hands, embracing the taller person's body, inadvertently clutched the fabric of the other's pajamas, wrinkling it. Her breathing became short and rapid as the initial nibbling contact gradually intensified.

The hot tongue attempting to penetrate her mouth made the slender body shiver. Her consciousness seemed to fade as the exchange of tongues pulled all her senses, making her feel as if she were floating on a cloud.

It was warm, sweet, thrilling, and so passionate that she inadvertently pressed her body closer to the other's, almost merging into one.

Her heart raced, no different from the rapid breathing happening now.

Chapter 8

“P’Nuea,” the soft, sweet call barely escaped her throat. Her heart fluttered when the lips that had stolen her sweetness pulled away, but warm hands slipped under the fabric of her pajamas, stroking her back, making her shiver. “D-don’t, please.”

“I like Khun Prin,” a hoarse voice whispered close to her soft lips. “If you feel even a little bit the same way, could you please tell me?”

“Well, Prin...”

If she didn’t feel the same, there’s no way she would have let the other person hug and kiss her like this. She wanted to protest, to retort, as she thought.

But not only was her consciousness not returning, it seemed poised to completely unravel again as the warm lips that had pulled away from the deep kiss earlier lingered around the corner of her mouth, refusing to leave.

The relentless nibbling contact barely gave her a chance to collect herself and prepare any response.

“I like Khun Prin very much.”

Her voice was sweeter than honey from the fifth month, so sweet it melted the listener’s heart. Her small hands inadvertently clutched the taller person’s shirt tighter out of shyness, but her reaction, which was not to push away, only emboldened the aggressor.

The full, jelly-like red lips were so sweet on her tongue she wanted to taste them endlessly. Just one taste made her feel so addicted it was hard to suppress the surging desire.

She wanted to kiss, wanted to touch, wanted to claim and possess the entire fragrant body that ignited her desire at every moment.

“I don’t want to hide my feelings for Khun Prin anymore. If I’m not being too presumptuous, the fact that you let me hug and kiss you like this means you feel the same way, right?”

Because she didn’t know how to answer, she chose to use silence as a shield. Even though she liked the other person immensely, her physical disability and the short duration of their rapidly escalating relationship still left her confused and unable to sort out her emotions. “Prin is scared.”

“There’s nothing to be afraid of, darling. Things between us might be moving too fast, but I promise I’ll take care of Khun Prin as best as I can. I’ll take responsibility for everything I’ve done. Give me a chance.”

Saeng Nuea coaxed gently. For her, physical intimacy might be an ordinary matter she didn’t dwell on, but for someone inexperienced like the doctor, she understood it could be sensitive. If she made any misstep, even a small one, she might not be able to regain any good impression from the other party.

Even now, the alluring sweetness of the other person still made her want to taste her, unable to give up. Even if it meant using all her accumulated life experience to coax the doctor into compliance, she wouldn’t hesitate.

The scent of the woman’s body stirred her emotions until her patience almost snapped. Even if she were labeled selfish or bullying someone weaker, at this moment, all she wanted was to possess her as she wished. A lifelong predator, she was ready to accept it shamelessly.

“Will P’Nuea really accept me, in my current condition?”

“Why wouldn’t I? Khun Prin will soon be able to see again. No matter what happens, I will take responsibility for taking care of you for life. Be mine, please. Give me a chance to take care of you in a role other than just the responsible party.”

“P’Nuea.”

The perceived vulnerability made Saeng Nuea unable to resist pressing her nose into the smooth, radiant cheek to corner the other person. But then, the reaction, which was not resistance, turned into an answer that emboldened the older woman even more.

The lips that had kissed the smooth cheek slowly moved down to linger on the full lips, savouring them slowly with a gentle kiss. The fresh, jelly-like lips were tasted patiently, then the invasion escalated as her tongue slipped in to sweep up the sweetness within the soft mouth.

Her tongue twirled and teased the small tongue that was beginning to respond artlessly, rousing the raw instincts of the experienced person to a frenzy. Her blood ran hot, and her lower body ached, wanting to invade and claim the owner of the fragrant body, almost unable to bear it.

And the one who had been swayed by all the sweet words and the artful way she was cornered, was so soft she could barely find her own voice.

The doctor tilted her head slightly to allow the person hovering over her body to burrow in. The slender hands that were creeping up to undress her made her pulse quicken. What she had cherished her entire life was about to be claimed by the woman who was coaxing her with such sweet, gentle words.

Yielding, defeated on all fronts. Besides losing to her own heart, she was also defeated by the one who was invading her with nothing but skillful touch.

The greater skill was being used to corner the inexperienced person. The heart of the novice in love was surrendering. She was becoming easily swayed, giving herself up to the other person for just a few pleas.

The warm hands had stripped her clothes until she was bare.

Even now, the doctor continued to yield, showing no sign of resistance.

Her face flushed red with embarrassment at her own actions. Although she couldn't see the person hovering above her, the close proximity and intertwined bodies on the bed naturally stimulated a great deal of shyness.

Silence enveloped them, yet the sound of their heavy, intense breathing was prominent. The beautiful, captivating eyes of the aggressor gazed admiringly at the graceful body.

Her fair, smooth skin, like a baby's, snatched her breath away in gasps. Her firm, enticing breasts made her vision blur. Her slender, well-proportioned body stimulated her desire, leaving her throat dry. Her smooth, white legs, so inviting to kiss and stroke, made her heart pound almost to explosion from the fervent heat.

So beautiful...

"P'Nuea?"

When the silence lingered too long, her inexperienced heart trembled with even greater shyness. Although she couldn't see how the other person was looking at her, the instinct of someone who had never exposed her bare body to anyone's gaze still couldn't suppress her embarrassment.

"My beautiful doctor, do you know how beautiful you are? Beautiful all over, every inch."

Her voice trembled, coinciding with her movement to shed her own pajamas. She didn't want anything to obstruct them. She wanted skin-to-skin contact with the warm flesh on every part of her body.

The tall body plunged down, covering the delicate form once more. The contact of their bare bodies pressed against each other, the friction and unfamiliar sensations made her heart pound, a hot flush spreading throughout her entire being.

"Hug me, please. Hug me. What part of my body do you want to get to know, doctor? Try exploring it."

It was so awkward and clumsy, because as soon as her hand was guided by the other to touch and caress the other's body, it was as if a massive wave of feelings was building up.

The smooth, bare back she had the chance to touch and stroke. The slender, well-proportioned body with soft, delicate skin made her hot. Her perfectly sized nipples, rubbing against the same part of her own body, were igniting the flames of passion even more intensely.

Her sweet face tilted up, allowing the older woman to invade, while the other's playful hand roamed and explored her entire body. It brushed lightly around her upper thigh, then slowly crept to her inner thigh.

Until...

"P-P'Nuea, no, please."

The slender body flinched violently, quickly slapping her hand over the other's when her private area was taken over by the playful hand. The gentle squeezing and caressing of her mound made her abdomen flutter as a wave of thrilling sensation spread through the center of her body.

"Let me touch you, please. Let me get to know you more, doctor."

After the sweet, melting voice, the sharp, beautiful face moved lower to her full breasts, which were heaving with her rapid breathing. The sweet scent from the doctor's body was driving her almost mad with desire to possess it.

And the older woman's expertise made the doctor almost unable to resist. Her cherished parts, never before invaded by anyone, were now being caressed by slender fingertips that teased until they were wet and sticky.

The hand that had previously slapped the other's hand now moved up to dig her nails into the slender shoulder. Being assaulted simultaneously both above and below made the inexperienced person unable to sort out her senses.

She didn't know which invasion to handle first, because both above and below were steadily pulling her consciousness further away.

A soft "Ahhh" escaped every time strong teeth gently bit into her nipples. Sucking and nipping sounds occurred intermittently, driven by rising arousal and intensifying passion.

Saeng Nuea spent a long time savoring the two full breasts until satisfied, before her target shifted to the flat stomach, which she slowly kissed lower and lower.

The warm breath that swept across every inch of her skin created a thrilling and intoxicating sensation for the person who was just beginning to experience such new sensations. Her full lips pressed tightly together as a warm tongue lightly circled her belly button.

Her two legs were lifted and propped up by the older woman. It happened too fast to prepare for, and a few seconds later, the face above her plunged between her legs, making her gasp.

"Mmm... P'Nuea..."

Her sweet voice moaned, her abdomen tensing. The light touch of a tongue on her mound, and then its slow path, penetrating the moist folds to suck the sweet nectar that flowed from her body, made her tremble.

The churning sensation in her lower abdomen intensified, becoming fervent. The warm sensation from the skilled tongue rapidly caressing her delicate folds created such an intense pleasure that she had to clench her toes on the bed and rock her hips in response, forgetting all shame.

Saeng Nuea closed her eyes, savoring the sweet taste. Her hands kneaded the rounded buttocks while her tongue delved deep into the narrow, hot passage that clenched tightly.

Wanting to invade more deeply, her slender hand lifted one of the slender legs onto her shoulder, before her tongue plunged deep, making her

beautiful hips writhe passionately from the exquisite pleasure, almost to the point of breaking.

Her thin lips were pressed tight, almost bleeding. Her pulse thumped as the intense friction from the playful tongue created immense pleasure.

The intoxicating pleasure she had never experienced made her ears ring and her mind blur. Heat gathered inside, as if about to explode. The other's rapid tongue movements made her shiver.

But before her body could climb past the pleasure, something stronger than a tongue slowly, slowly penetrated her body.

Saeng Nuea pulled her lips away from the sweetness, which was replaced by fingers, before crawling up to kiss the slender woman who shuddered and tensed in response to the fingers that slid deep.

Her bare back felt the stinging pain from nails digging in to relieve the tightness. Inside the warm passage that clenched around her fingers rhythmically, it squeezed her fingers so tightly she dared not move immediately.

"Don't tense up, darling. You'll get hurt. I'm inside you now, doctor. You're mine."

"Prin feels so constricted." Even though it hurt so much tears flowed, the other person was still so gentle.

The warm lips leaned down to kiss her lips slowly. The fingers embedded in the tight passage remained still. The kiss she received again seemed to comfort her, making her forget the pain. The stinging and discomfort were slowly replaced by intense desire.

Her sweet voice moaned breathlessly as the other began to move her fingers, slowly increasing the friction. Inside, she was responding to the momentum from the long, slender fingers moving in and out. The movements began to quicken and intensify, making the slender body tremble.

“P-P’Nuea, Prin...” Her sweet voice came out in gasps. Her sweet face at this moment conveyed all the thrilling sensations for the aggressor to witness clearly.

The more she saw, the more emboldened she became.

Her hair spread across the pillow, combined with her long, soft moans, stimulated the raw emotions of the aggressor, creating a tingling sensation in her lower abdomen. The intense heat accumulating in her body caused a dull ache throughout her lower half. It was so stimulating that she had to hasten the slender body to experience the deepest pleasure.

After bringing the slender person to climax, the tall body slowly withdrew her fingers from the soft, warm passage, then embraced the other tenderly. The delicate body trembled like a bird, making her feel a fondness mixed with possessiveness that was hard to describe at this moment.

“Does it hurt? Was I too rough?”

“.....”

No words escaped her lips, but a slight shake of her head was an answer that easily brought a satisfied smile to the well-formed lips of the observer.

Among all the women she had slept with, she had never been this patient and gentle with anyone. She had never had to endure and hold back her feelings until she felt such agony.

Yet now, she endured simply because she didn’t want the doctor to be hurt. She didn’t want to be hasty or too demanding. She wanted the other person to experience happiness and be impressed with their first time together.

But the torment didn’t seem to lessen, because just moments after she leaned back on the delicate body, the friction from the soft body beneath her couldn’t quench the fiery breath.

Her desire escalated until she inadvertently buried her face in the fragrant hollow of the neck. What was intended to be a break for the other person to catch her breath instead became a raging fire of passion that was difficult to extinguish.

"I want you, Khun Prin. One more round, please."

Waiting for an answer would be too difficult, because before she even finished her sentence, the two full breasts were claimed by warm lips once again. Sucking and licking lingered long enough to re-ignite the desire in the person who had already reached climax once.

The tall body shifted positions, intertwining the slender legs of the person beneath with her own, then pressing their hot, wet parts together until they were flush.

"Ahhh..." A low moan escaped her throat with pleasure. Her body trembled as she began to rock her hips, moving to create heat for each other.

The rhythm of their lovemaking quickened, and beads of sweat appeared on her smooth forehead, framed by her long, flowing hair. Her breathing became heavy and rapid. The hand gripping her slender waist moved up to caress and knead her firm breasts, following her intense emotions. Her beautiful hips swayed. Though not harshly, every movement was emphasized with passionate desire.

The pleasure she received from the person beneath her surged to its peak. The center of her body felt intensely warm. Her moans intensified as her emotions soared and were completely released.

Her taut abdomen contracted with rhythmic spasms. Her sharp eyes became moist before she leaned down, pressing her body onto the slender one, her breath still ragged.

Saeng Nuea felt the warm, slippery release spread onto the mound of the person beneath.

It was more than it had ever been. A deeply satisfying pleasure she had never received from any other woman.

Despite her inexperience and lack of technique, she had given such profound pleasure that she felt addicted, wanting to taste it again and again.

It was so much... more than it had ever been before.

Chapter 9

When a physical relationship deepens, emotional connection can deepen even more.

Weeks had passed. Every night spent entwined with the other was a moment of profound happiness that permeated her heart.

The seeds of love blossomed amidst a deepening bond. The threads of affection gradually wove together, transforming their entire world into something beautiful and warm.

It was already late... if counted from the alarm clock's shrill cry signaling an hour ago. Yet, the two who had been embracing all night showed no sign of getting out of bed.

The arm wrapped around her waist still held her tightly, more so than a python. Warm lips still burrowed into the fragrant crook of her neck, tracing a path down to her smooth, pale shoulder, unwilling to part. The hand resting on her stomach began to circle, tracing lines before moving lower, almost reaching between her legs. This made the slender person, who had only just been allowed to catch her breath a few minutes earlier, let out a protesting moan, clamping her legs tightly together to ward off the invasion.

"P'Nuea... didn't you say you had to stop by your house today? Prin thinks it's probably very late now." Her words protested, but her voice began to tremble as the other's fingertips still tried to creep and touch the slick rosebud, eventually succeeding.

"Can we get up a little later, please? I still want to cuddle with Doctor Prin a bit longer. It's a holiday today, indulge me a little, please."

Again, the husky voice and heavy breathing made the one being pleaded with unable to refuse. From the first day their relationship deepened until now, she had learned that the other's desires were quite strong.

The slender body was gently flipped onto its back before the tall figure moved to straddle her. Her small wrists were pinned to the bed, as the face lowered to eagerly suckle at her full breasts, alternating sides.

Blood in her body began to pump furiously as her desires escalated, uncontrollable. Saeng Nuea couldn't deny that she was utterly infatuated with the doctor's scent.

From the first day she possessed her until this very second, she was still addicted. The lust that should have faded after being sated only grew stronger with each passing day.

Whenever she was close, her self-control crumbled. She could never go a day without engaging in bedroom activities with the doctor.

She was so addicted it felt like an obsession. The scent of the girl combined with her sweet moans was what she craved to hear. The rapid gasps in her ear, synchronizing with the sound of flesh hitting flesh, were what aroused her desires even more.

Hours passed before the tall person was satisfied and finally allowed them both to get out of bed to shower. Even while getting dressed, she couldn't help but cling, making the doctor frequently admonish her as the hand wrapped around her waist from behind moved up to knead her breasts unabashedly.

"P'Nuea, don't tease me."

"What a wonderfully fragrant person. It's almost noon now. Are you hungry, Doctor?"

"A little, but I'll have Pom take care of it. P'Nuea, you should hurry and see your father. He'll be waiting, you know."

"...."

Knowing that the other person would likely spend some time with family when visiting her father, she didn't want to hold her back from having breakfast, which would be combined with brunch, as it should be.

"In that case, Doctor Prin, you must eat a lot so you'll have energy. I'll hurry there and back. I don't think it'll be more than two hours."

The doctor nodded in understanding, but before leaving the room, the tall figure couldn't resist stealing a sweet kiss from her jelly-like lips until satisfied. Then, she led the slender person out, entrusting her to the housekeeper she had called to keep the doctor company, even on a holiday.

Even for just a few hours, she didn't want the doctor to be alone again, as had happened that day.

The tall figure left the condo, heading straight for her father's house without stopping anywhere else. It took about half an hour to drive into the thousand-square-wah property.

She stepped out of the car, walking past the front lawn where two black Rottweilers wagged their tails, greeting her familiarly.

They were gentle dogs with intimidating faces, kept by her father to deter uninvited guests, just like their owner.

"Boss! Boss! Khun Nuea's here!"

A subordinate's shout reported her arrival to his master from the entrance of the house. His dialect was distinctly local. His dumbfounded expression, as if seeing the boss's daughter was like witnessing the sun rise at night.

"Slow down, you fool! Why are you screaming like that? You'll give me a heart attack. Hurry, tell the housekeeper to get some water ready for my daughter."

"Yes, Boss!" The trusted subordinate, whose job was to be his eyes and ears around the house, quickly retreated to follow his master's command.

Saeng Nuea glanced at two or three other subordinates of her father who began to bow their heads and walk past her, one by one.

It was a familiar sight since childhood. Headman Saengtai was considered a millionaire in the southern region, having accumulated wealth from his mining and rubber plantation businesses since ancient times. Currently, he had retired to live a life of luxury, enjoying his vast fortune, with subordinates still following him, just as when he was active in the business world, almost an influential figure around the Andaman Sea.

Because he was rich.

And didn't know where else to put his money, so he shared it by taking care of his long-serving subordinates. Keeping them around wasn't a waste; at least there were people wandering around the large house to alleviate loneliness.

As for business, he left it to the new generation to compete. The Headman never forced his only daughter to carry on the family business or follow in his footsteps in every detail.

He indulged his daughter in everything from childhood to adulthood, allowing her to build her own career based on her talents and preferences, and live an independent life. That's why his beloved daughter grew up to be so exasperatingly independent.

This was the result of his upbringing. Even now, the former influential figure across the southern sea still couldn't control his daughter.

"I won't be staying long today, I need to go back and check on someone under my responsibility."

This was typical. If she expected a normal greeting like ordinary people, it was never going to happen between this father and daughter.

Headman Saengtai glared at his daughter, who had plopped down onto the chair opposite him with a stern expression. His mustache twitched slightly when he saw his daughter's displeased face.

It used to be good, but lately, this troublemaker seemed to rarely visit and often looked bored when she saw her father.

It was truly frustrating.

"You've barely arrived, why are you in such a hurry, Saeng Nuea? You look at your father as if he stinks."

Saeng Nuea almost blurted out a retort. Whenever she saw her father's low-slung mustache twitch, she couldn't help but try to suppress her irritation.

Meeting her father wasn't bad, but what was bad was the reason her father kept calling and nagging her to come see him.

"So, what do you want to talk about, Father?"

"Don't play innocent. You know perfectly well."

"I think I'll just go back then."

"Hey! How can you be so self-centered? How did I even raise you?" It was the father's turn to complain. The stern demeanor he usually showed in front of his subordinates was completely absent when he was with his daughter.

"Well, I don't think you have anything important to say, Father. I told you I don't have much time."

"Sigh! I'm starting to wonder what the woman you hit with your car looks like, that it takes you a month to show your face to me. When will you stop being such a flirt, huh? Honestly, even now, I'm not sure if you were a man, where you'd have left your seeds. Can't you tone down this 'independent' thing a bit? What if you get married later, you can't act like this anymore."

This was the problem. Saeng Nuea exhaled loudly, not bothering to show respect to her father. What she had been running from all along was now being hurled at her ears, making her skin crawl as if she'd been sprinkled with holy water.

"Father, I'm not a man, and as for children, I can do it, but I don't have the sperm to get any woman pregnant. And furthermore, Father, you can't just go around offering dowries to marry me off. As for grandchildren, I don't intend to have any. I've told you this countless times, Father. Please give up on this idea."

"I've also repeated this to you until my mouth is almost torn, too."

Her father retorted, refusing to give up. How dare she tell him to give up on something he hoped to see in his twilight years?

"Since you don't want to get pregnant yourself, I'll find a wife to get pregnant for you instead. You're my only daughter, can't you indulge your father's wishes just a little? Because if you don't marry my friend's daughter and have a child, I'll give all my assets to your future wife."

"What! Why are you talking like that, Father? I'm your daughter! You'd suddenly think someone else is better than your own child?"

"Of course! Since you're my daughter but you act so irresponsible, flirting around all the time, I'm not happy. If you keep acting like this, I might even adopt some random child and distribute the assets equally to settle the matter."

The father teased, utterly baffled by his daughter's behavior and flirtatious nature. He himself was the type to be loyal to one person; he only had one wife. After his wife passed away, he never thought of remarrying or having more children.

Even if the child born from his beloved wife was a daughter and not the son he had hoped for, he still loved her dearly. He indulged her and secretly

held a monumental hope for his only daughter, whom he didn't quite see as a woman.

He raised her without pampering her or teaching her to play with dolls and braid hair like typical girls. Instead, he instilled in her a love for women from a young age. The result was as seen.

And he never criticized her for liking women. In fact, he even supported it. But now, he wasn't getting any younger. He had so much wealth that his only daughter couldn't spend it all. That's why he needed someone to help spend it.

The life of an old man who had decided to step away from the struggles and weariness of his entire life simply wanted to raise one or two grandchildren in his twilight years. This was the only reason he, as a father, had to keep pushing this matter. If he let his daughter continue to be a flirt and love her independence, his hopes would dim.

And certainly, it was the one thing Headman Saengtai would not tolerate.

Not even a little bit...

"Hmph!"

Saeng Nuea snorted, rolling her eyes in exasperation. Whenever this topic came up, she and her father never agreed. Even though her father indulged her in everything else, she felt that on this matter, her father would likely never give in like he had with everything else.

But she loved her independence. Nothing could change her.

"Don't you dare sigh at me. You're going to marry this one, no matter what."

"Getting married isn't the difficult part, Father, because I've never prioritized marriage. But what you should worry about is whether your friend's daughter will accept me for who I am after we're married. I don't intend to change myself for a wife from an arranged marriage, Father, because I'll

continue to live this life, and no one can stop me. So, please tell your future daughter-in-law to accept me for who I am."

"Saeng Nuea, that's going too far! You haven't even had a chance to meet or get to know her yet. And that's my friend's daughter, not some nameless woman you can just treat casually like you do with other women. Doctor Phakut raised his daughter like a hothouse flower. You can't treat his daughter with such bad habits. You'll make your father die of a broken heart!"

"If she was raised so well, why didn't he marry his daughter to some well-profiled man instead of forcing her to marry a woman like me?"

Saeng Nuea argued fiercely. The reason was simply that some tomboy was constantly clinging to his daughter, and the father, fearing his daughter might choose someone unknown as a partner, decided to marry her off to his best friend's daughter—her—seeing it as a better option. Wasn't that too narrow-minded?

What era was this? Why force an arranged marriage and coerce feelings? If they truly liked each other, they should be allowed to date, and most importantly, she wasn't a tomboy; she wasn't that type. Even if they were forced to marry, it didn't mean her father's friend's daughter would like her anyway.

The adults were addressing the symptoms, not the root cause. Even worse was her father, who had accepted a dowry and made an engagement without even asking her if she wanted that woman as his daughter-in-law.

Forget about her looks or complexion, she had never even bothered to ask her name. She had only heard bits and pieces about Doctor Phakut, the owner of a famous hospital and her father's close friend. She had met him once, long ago, when her father took her to Bangkok, so long ago that she had forgotten what he looked like.

Her father had a social circle of friends and acquaintances all over the country, so it wasn't strange that she couldn't remember all of their faces. But the main point was that she had never cared to pay attention.

She didn't even care to know the name of the woman her father was trying to force her to marry.

It was true that she liked women, and the woman her father chose likely met all the beauty standards. But because she disliked being forced and still loved living independently, that became the main problem that made her want to turn and run away.

"Your father has told you the reasons a hundred times, but anyway, you won't be marrying her anytime soon. Not only do you not want to marry, but she doesn't want to marry a flirt like you either. Don't be so conceited. Doctor Phakut just called me earlier this month, when you were silently missing, to say that she even broke off with her father because she didn't want to marry you and ran away from home. But once she comes back, you can prepare to bid farewell to your single life."

"What?!" She felt insulted. If she had a mustache like her father, it would be twitching by now. What kind of beauty and virtue did she think she possessed to run away from her? Wasn't this going too far? "If she doesn't want to marry, why force her? She might have run off with that tomboy by now. Don't tell me when she comes back, she'll be forced into my arms after being 'washed clean'!"

"Tone it down, that's your future wife."

"Okay, so no matter how many times we talk about it, you won't change your mind. I'll take my leave then."

"You won't stay a little longer?"

"No."

"Then I'll send you her picture on your phone. Maybe you'll like it when you see it."

"Whatever you want, Father."

Saeng Nuea said carelessly before standing up to her full height and striding out of the house's great hall towards her personal car parked outside.

Her heart was leaping to the person waiting at the condo. She was deeply troubled by the problem her father had brought upon her.

If the woman she had to marry turned out to be the one she held close every night, she wouldn't refuse a single word.

Chapter 10

Saeng Nuea returned from her father's house in a state of irritation. She didn't want to get married and still desired to live freely. She didn't want to be trapped in a gilded cage or under a wife's command. Her eyes still longed to gaze at beautiful girls walking by, and she didn't want to feel guilty when flirting with other women who weren't her wife.

But now, the free life she had enjoyed for so long was on the verge of collapsing miserably because having a real fiancé, a result of being forced, had become something she couldn't refuse.

However, to be honest, she felt utterly humiliated. The truth she had learned from her father's mouth completely shattered her image. Who would have thought that someone like Saeng Nuea Thirakarn would be rejected for marriage by her own future bride, to the point where the bride even ran away from home because she didn't want to marry her?

But then again, she should have felt happy about the path of freedom that stretched out further. At least for now, she still had the doctor to look after and be responsible for. Because if she were to abandon her like the others, she simply couldn't bring herself to do it. Even if she had to marry the woman her father chose for her today, the doctor would still be known as "wife."

Yes.

Wife, that's it. She could use that word with the person waiting for her at the condo without any problem. Because all this time, with other women, once they had their fun, they would go their separate ways. She never had to cuddle and sleep with them every single day like this.

Moreover, living with the doctor didn't make her feel like her freedom was missing. Even now, she could still live her life in the same old way without

the doctor constantly scrutinizing her. So, a wife who was an ideal like this, she could still bring herself to accept.

And above all, from her figure, face, complexion, to her demeanor, the doctor was a woman she liked in every way. Even if their encounters in bed, being less experienced, weren't as fiery and intense as those with the women in her "stock," they were still alluring enough to make her addicted to the taste of love, an addiction that never faded. The boredom she should have felt transformed into longing. Her heart yearned to be close to her day and night.

It was so severe that she couldn't help but wonder if, by chance, a beautiful woman were to walk naked in front of her right now, would she still have the desire to exert herself, or deep down, would she want to save her energy to be with only the doctor?

Just imagining her slender body and sweet moans made her mind race. But when she thought back to the matter of marriage, her anxiety surged, making her frown deeply.

Even though she had a flirtatious nature, she didn't want two wives causing chaos and headaches. Despite how she seemed, she still had some conscience about such matters. She could differentiate and knew that it wasn't something any woman would accept.

Up until now, she had never had a committed relationship, so she could indulge in a fun-loving life as a single person. But if she truly needed two wives, what would she do?

Just thinking about it, she could see the complexity from afar. She was frustrated and agitated because she couldn't find a way out for herself. If her father hadn't been so hasty in offering the dowry and formally agreeing to the engagement, she would have been able to object fiercely without having to consider the repercussions.

However, now it wasn't that simple. Even if she was a bit stubborn, her father's reputation was important, and his feelings were still something to consider.

And what about the doctor?

If the doctor found out about this, what would she do? If a wedding truly happened, would she be able to control the legally wedded wife from interfering with the doctor? The main problem was that she didn't know the personality of that woman. And if that were the case, how could she protect the feelings of the person she was starting to bond with?

Just the thought of that beautiful face being saddened because of her made her chest ache uncontrollably. Even though she had never been emotionally attached to any woman before, she wasn't so naive as to not realize how deeply her feelings for the person she cuddled with every single day had developed.

Because of this... the person who had never intended to tie herself down to anyone was now worried.

Saeng Nuea arrived back at her condo, her mood still simmering. Anxiety clung to her, making her forget that by now, her combined breakfast and lunch had still not touched her stomach.

Her tall figure slipped into the room, her eyes scanning for the person she wanted to see, but she only found the maid arranging a new bouquet of flowers in a vase.

Flowers that she had ordered the maid to change daily so that the doctor would feel refreshed by their sweet scent.

"Where's the doctor, Pom?"

"The doctor just went into her room, Khun Nuea."

"And has the doctor eaten?"

"Yes, she has. She just finished eating a moment ago. I was about to peel some fruit for her, but then a call came in, so the doctor excused herself to talk on the phone in her room."

"And who called?" Her voice unconsciously sharpened at the end. It was an instinct of someone possessive of what was hers.

And of course, in this situation, the maid had to be able to answer her question, because normally, if anyone called the doctor's phone, the maid would scan the call and always inform the doctor who was calling before she answered.

"Dr. Ruth."

Saeng Nuea's thick brows furrowed tightly, indicating her displeasure, which the young maid, who had been observing her mistress's facial expressions, immediately understood.

She was a young maid who had served the Thirakarn family for a long time. Normally, she was stationed at Khun Nuea's small house with her mother, who was an old maid who used to work at the master's big house. But now, the whole family had moved to live with Khun Nuea, and having to travel back and forth between the house and the condo was because she was assigned to look after the doctor.

And besides... given her mistress's reputation for flirtatiousness combined with her preferences, how could a subordinate like her not know? Especially with someone as beautiful as the doctor, there was no way Khun Nuea would let her slip away easily.

From the daily interactions, she had come to realize the deep relationship between her boss and the beautiful doctor, which had gone beyond just a case.

Thinking about it, she couldn't help but side with and feel sorry for the doctor if such a lovely, harmless person were to fall for the charms of her flirtatious boss.

She was so afraid that the delicate doctor would be hurt and would not know how to handle her boss's behavior and all her women.

"Mmm, thank you, Pom, for staying with the doctor. I'll take over the rest. You can go home now."

"Yes. Then... I'll take my leave now, Khun Nuea. Goodbye."

Saeng Nuea nodded, acknowledging the maid's farewell, and paid no more attention to anything except her gaze, which was fixed on the closed bedroom door.

Why hide and talk in the room? What secret was so big that she couldn't talk in front of the maid?

A hot sigh of frustration escaped her before her feet quickly strode to stand in front of the door. A faint knock, just enough to be polite, sounded before she pushed the door open without waiting.

A slender back was turned away from the door. Delicate hands held a phone to her ear, along with a sweet voice bidding farewell to the person on the other end just as Saeng Nuea heard it.

"Thank you so much, Dr. Ruth, for taking care of this for me. Prin truly thanks you so much. I have to hang up now."

After hanging up, the person who had noticed someone's arrival slowly turned back towards the sound. A faint smile touched her lips. From the familiar rhythm of the knock and the weight of the hand, the doctor easily knew who had intruded into her bedroom.

Only three people entered and exited her condo, and as for the maid, other than when she had to clean, the maid never ventured into her private bedroom uninvited. So, the person who just appeared could only be the one who had just left the condo not long ago.

"Phi Nuea, you're back?"

"Yes. Doctor Prin, who were you talking to?" She pretended to ask, even though she knew full well. She was terribly ill-mannered.

"Dr. Ruth."

"...."

"And are you done talking?"

"Yes. Dr. Ruth just called to ask about my symptoms."

A lie. Her expression and demeanor gave her away, not escaping the sharp eyes that were observing the other's reactions in the slightest.

"If you're done talking, let me help you put your phone away." She didn't just speak; the problematic phone was already snatched into her hand. Her sharp eyes looked at the call duration on the screen.

5.29 minutes. That wasn't a short time for a normal conversation.

Asking about symptoms, huh?

Normally, she took the doctor to and from the hospital for scheduled check-ups every time. There was no need to update symptoms privately. Did she really think she wouldn't notice what that stern-faced young doctor felt about her person?

When she thought about this, her dissatisfaction flared even more in her chest. The more suspicious the doctor's expression and demeanor became, the more it fueled her irritation.

Why act so clumsy, like someone with a secret? Did she even realize how badly she lied, and how unskilled she was at fabricating things?

She had never felt jealous of anyone in her life, but now her heart felt strangely hot.

Who would have thought that despite her flirtatious reputation, she was actually the type of person who loved and was very possessive of what was hers?

With other women, she had never felt this way because she never thought of them as anything more than partners. But the doctor was hers. She was the only woman she wouldn't abandon.

Saeng Nuea was fuming with herself. After placing the phone on the bedside table, her irritation showed no signs of fading.

It manifested in uncontrollable huffing and puffing. Just that alone made it easy for the person who couldn't see to sense that something was wrong.

She didn't know if her reasoning was correct, but the other person had just returned from her father's house. Surely, she hadn't made any mistakes that would displease her, right?

"Phi Nuea, is something wrong? Did Prin accidentally do something to irritate you?"

"Yes, you did."

Besides being stunned by the unexpected answer, the doctor was also startled when her body was suddenly lifted and placed on the lap of the person who had sat down at the foot of the bed, with slender arms wrapped tightly around her, making it almost impossible to breathe.

"Phi Nuea, I can't breathe. What's wrong, Phi Nuea? What are you angry about? What did I do to irritate you?"

"Talking to others. I'm not happy that Prin talks to others."

The first anomaly was the lack of the formal "Khun Mor" (Doctor) prefix. The second anomaly was the behavior and irritation never before seen from someone who was always gentle with her.

It was clear she was truly irritated, irritated almost to the point of anger.

"Well, Prin..."

"What about Prin? If it's just asking about symptoms, why talk on the phone for so long? Is Dr. Ruth flirting with you?"

She had accidentally blurted it out. Now the doctor probably knew that she had secretly checked the time the doctor spent talking to that stern-faced young doctor.

But so what if she knew? She had every right to feel possessive of her own person.

"I don't like Prin talking to others. Prin acts like she doesn't know what that Dr. Ruth thinks of her."

"But I wasn't talking to Dr. Ruth in that way at all."

Hearing that sweet voice pronounce another's name so beautifully made her even more annoyed. It seemed she was really bothered. So possessive that she wanted to swallow her whole.

"In what way, I don't care. But the point is, you talked for a long time. I don't like it. No one likes their wife talking to any man for that long. Even one minute is too long."

Wife?

The words she heard clearly in both ears made the doctor almost deaf. Although the level of their relationship and living together every day made her feel a deep connection that allowed for such words, she had never expected the other person to be serious enough to address her this way.

Her heart fluttered greatly due to the elevated status and the clear indication of their relationship. Her small heart trembled so much that she had to gently cup the other person's face.

Was she truly in love with this woman?

The question arose in her own heart, and the answer that echoed back could be nothing else. Saeng Nuea had already become the owner of her heart and body.

The doctor used her soft hands to caress the slender face that had been touched many times before. Her senses, which could discern every perfect detail of the beautiful features, made it easy to imagine that the woman who was the owner of both her body and heart must be very beautiful.

And now that beautiful face must be tense because the thick, slender eyebrows, which she felt by intentionally dragging her thumb across them, were furrowed, clearly indicating her owner's irritation.

"No, Phi Nuea, please don't be angry with Prin. I'm sorry. I was wrong. If I knew Phi Nuea didn't like it, I wouldn't do it again. Okay?"

Just hearing that sweet voice, like cool rainwater, her stiff heart immediately softened. Her slender arms tightened around the slender waist possessively. Her nose buried itself on the smooth cheek, then showered kisses along the jawline with a desire that was slowly building.

"Phi Nuea."

Her small hands clenched tightly on the shoulders of the person who had started kissing down to her neck. The increasing tightness of the embrace, and the hot, increasingly short breaths, made it easy to tell what the other person was demanding.

Every movement and embrace always made her unconsciously respond to the older woman's thrilling touches.

"Doctor Prin has to compensate me."

"But this morning, before you left, Phi Nuea just..."

"This morning was this morning. Now is now."

"No, why are you so selfish?"

"Because I want to. Give it to me."

Not giving the beautiful doctor a chance to refuse, the well-formed lips lunged forward to press against her plump lips until they were flush. But before she could even twist her tongue to taste the sweetness from the soft mouth, the buzzing vibration of the smartphone hidden in her pant pocket interrupted them, causing irritation.

Her brows furrowed. She couldn't ignore it because the vibration was becoming a problem, forcing her to take it out with her whole hand.

She had said it before: her father had a knack for calling at crucial moments.

But damn it! The timing of this call, interrupting when things were about to get steamy, was unforgivable!

Not cute at all... Just wait, she wouldn't show her face again for three months.

Saeng Nuea decided to cut the call, but as she was about to toss the phone onto the bed, a message notification chimed, making her freeze.

Okay! Her father's skill at tracking her down was excellent. It was so irritating that she accidentally indulged and clicked to view the picture message sent directly through the popular app.

But damn it! Her sharp eyes suddenly widened, staring at the photo left open in disbelief.

A slender, fair-skinned woman wearing a lab coat was smiling sweetly at the camera. An aura of beauty and cuteness permeated the phone screen, making her eyes blurry. Her heart pounded erratically. Saeng Nuea blinked two or three times before shifting her gaze from the phone screen to carefully examine the sweet face in front of her.

It was clear...

She seemed to hear her father's laughter echoing from the near future.

"How is she? Beautiful, isn't she? Your father's daughter-in-law, your future wife and the mother of your children, Phra. Prin Atiwan. Memorize it well, you Saeng Nuea. And don't you dare go astray too much!"

Chapter 11

"What was I messing around with? Messing around with my dad's daughter-in-law, that's what!"

Saeng Nuea's mind screamed, a flurry of thoughts fiercely battling for dominance. It was no wonder she felt a strange familiarity when she first heard the doctor's surname.

It turned out to be the daughter of her father's friend, the owner of a famous private hospital her father often tried to mention. Yet, she herself had never paid attention, only vaguely remembering or finding it vaguely familiar.

She'd been told her father's social circle was wider than an ocean. There was no way she could remember the details of every person surrounding Headman Saeng Tai.

And more importantly, there was the reason for her fiancée's flight from marriage.

This must be the reason the doctor refused to contact her family, even after such a severe accident.

She chose to be a person with no family, despite her grave condition.

Even blind, she remained stubborn, refusing to compromise. How much did she want this marriage?

Suddenly, the information she'd heard from her father made her stiffen. Another question the doctor had asked also flooded her mind just as quickly.

Didn't the other person say that throughout her life, she had only studied and read, never having experience with romantic matters like others? So

what did it mean that she had a handsome woman constantly pursuing her, to the point where her father had to arrange for her to marry her?

Did the doctor have feelings for that handsome woman?

What was her type, anyway?

And what about her running away from marriage only to end up with her?

Everything was now a chaotic jumble in her chest. If she turned out to be someone who wasn't the doctor's fiancée, wouldn't her deep relationship with the doctor mean her fiancée was falling in love with someone else, even though they were ultimately meant to be married?

Not cute at all...

Her mind was overthinking, leading to an internal debate. A rush of conflicting thoughts swirled within her. And what was even more frustrating was that she herself had confidently sided with those two.

She argued fiercely within herself that if the other person liked that handsome woman, the elders should let them be together.

But how could she let them be together?! The person in front of her wasn't just her fiancée, not just her future wife, but her wife, a whole person! How could she let her love someone else?!

Just thinking about it made the green-eyed monster surge, heating her face.

"Phi Nuea, is something wrong? Why are you so quiet?"

The small person's concerned voice pulled Saeng Nuea back to the present. The reason for her flight from marriage made her choose not to reveal her identity, as she couldn't be sure how serious the doctor was about their current relationship. Was it to spite her father, or simply to avoid marriage?

And more importantly, was the doctor's refusal to contact her family because she had feelings for that handsome woman before? Even she, who loved freedom so much, at most argued fiercely but never once considered running away from marriage.

But thinking about the doctor's resolute nature, which contrasted with her soft and gentle demeanor, a mix of desire to win and protectiveness sparked a mischievous idea in her mind.

If she wants to run, let her run, because there's no way she can escape her. Since she couldn't reveal herself as a fiancée now, from this moment on, she would use her own methods to subtly claim the doctor for herself.

Saeng Nuea unconsciously tightened her embrace around the slender, delicate body protectively. The truth that had just dawned on her further solidified the fact that this person was her father's daughter-in-law. Thus, their once ambiguous relationship transformed into a firm resolve, ready to charge forward with full force.

Suddenly, images of her future movements flashed through her mind. The tigress who used to hunt freely was now gracefully walking, head bowed, to curl up in a cage, blinking innocently as the beautiful doctor opened and closed the cage door.

It made her feel hot and cold, giving her goosebumps, thinking of herself transforming from a tiger into a cat. But even so, she hadn't forgotten to settle the score with the person on her lap.

"It's nothing, darling. My secretary just sent some work details."

"Then why did you hang up on her?"

"Right now, I'm not interested in anything else. I want to eat Prin more."

"Huh"

The smartphone was tossed onto the bed.

Before the tigress, still untamed, lunged to bite the soft flesh of her beautiful prey, who was sitting on her lap, looking puzzled.

The slender body flinched, instinctively pushing against the tall person's shoulder who had lunged for her neck, startled.

The biting and sucking, which felt acutely painful, made her small heart pound. The rough touch, never experienced from someone who had always shown affection gently, strangely stirred a wave of passion.

"Phi Nuea, w...why did you bite Prin's neck?" Her sweet voice stammered, her breath becoming ragged. A hot current surged through her body, flowing down to her lower regions, which were throbbing and restless, stimulated by the touch of the person who knew every inch of her body.

"To let you know that Doctor Prin is my wife, of course!"

"What?"

That wasn't all. As soon as the declaration of ownership ended, the doctor gasped again as her body was pushed flat onto the bed.

The tall body followed, straddling her. The buttons of her loose white shirt were quickly undone, followed by the tiny undergarments, which with a mere flick, easily revealed her alluring curves to the gazer.

Saeng Nuea gazed at the rose-pink nipples, her throat dry. Then, her hot lips lunged to claim the full breasts, making the doctor gasp and raise her hands to intertwine them with the fragrant hair of the person above, squeezing gently as she felt the powerful suction on her nipples, as if from someone parched with desire.

Where did this hunger come from? After all, every time the other person demanded, she had always consented to be 'eaten.'

"Ah! P-Phi Nuea... gently, Prin hurts," a small, shaky voice, growing louder, caused the one who had inadvertently unleashed raw emotions upon the

person beneath her to ease up. Saeng Nuea breathed heavily before slowly trailing her tongue lightly over the other's nipple to soothe her.

Her emotions were still unstable, and she had impulsively unleashed a savage passion on her lover's body, driven by jealousy she couldn't yet differentiate or control properly. She couldn't help but wonder what would happen if the person currently atop the doctor's body wasn't her.

By now, her fiancé would probably be blissfully moaning under someone else.

Just thinking about it made her insane.

Yes! She was pushing herself so hard she was seeing red. Who else could control their jealousy like her?!

So foolish!

Saeng Nuea argued with herself until her face turned red. Her slender hand moved across the flat stomach, slithering past the edge of the underwear to touch the sensitive mound. Her fingertips lightly brushed through the delicate, moist petals of the rose, aroused by her touch.

The grinding pressure circled the sensitive spot, creating an intense thrill that almost made the invaded one unable to suppress her moans. Her flat stomach contracted, and her rounded hips thrust to meet the rhythm of the fingertips playfully teasing the moist rose petals, knowing just where to go.

Her whole body trembled, her sweet face flushed as desire was intensely stimulated. Her body was crying out for something more fulfilling than mere external touch.

"Phi Nuea,"

Her sweet voice, trembling with pleading, and the soaring desire caused her beautiful face to look utterly ravished. Her soft hair spread out on the pillow as her sweet face moved from side to side.

And the sight before her was so enticing, it was hard for the beholder to resist her own desires.

She yearned to possess this body with all her heart...

"Mmmph," the slender body shivered slightly, feeling the strong, long fingers penetrate and press against the inner wall. The deep, insistent thrusts from above caused the sweet face to contort, responding to the sensation of cramping and thrilling pleasure by clenching her lower abdomen, almost forgetting to breathe. "Phi Nuea, Prin is cramping."

"I'm sorry, my love,"

A soft, sweet voice whispered close to her lips. The heavy invasion changed. Saeng Nuea slowly moved her fingers languidly, pressing a kiss onto the full, soft lips that were ready to respond to her kiss immediately.

The doctor's innocent passion was the charm that made her fall head over heels. Both her fingers and mouth hastened to pleasure the one she cherished until her rounded hips lifted from the bed. As the soft inner cavity pulsated around her slender fingers, the answering kisses from beneath grew more intense. The soft hands dug into her back, making Saeng Nuea smile with satisfaction, breaking the kiss to allow the slender one to gasp for oxygen.

Her trembling gasps shook her whole body, making her unable to resist leaning down to gently kiss her smooth forehead. Her slender fingers were slowly withdrawn from the soft, warm passage of love.

No words were exchanged as Saeng Nuea remained above, save for her fingertips circling the full, firm breasts that rose and fell with each gasping breath.

The rosy nipples stood erect, tempting her to taste and suck. And the thought was never left as mere thought. As the tall body shifted slightly, the full, soft feet were enveloped by her mouth once more.

“Mmm. Phi Nuea, e-enough,” trying to stop her was futile, as she had almost no strength to push away the one above, who was burrowing her face into her chest. At this moment, she could only arch her back, responding to the touch of the hot tongue that was flicking and teasing her nipples relentlessly.

Saeng Nuea didn’t intend to go any further. It was just that the other’s feminine scent was so alluring that she couldn’t resist. She just wanted to touch and cling often, that’s all.

Which wasn’t easy for either of them. It wasn’t easy to control the emotions stimulated by their touch. Her beautiful hips gently swayed, pressing her lower body, which was aching with desire, against the same part of the person beneath her.

She wanted to release the pent-up emotions within, but because she didn’t want to bully the small one any more, Saeng Nuea forced herself to pull back from the chest and throw herself onto the doctor’s body, gasping for breath.

Warm, hot breath was exhaled onto her pale neck, trying to suppress the desires that showed no sign of easily subsiding.

She had never had to endure this much. But because the person lying there was the doctor, she had to torment herself just because she didn’t want to bully the doctor too much.

“Phi Nuea, you want to, don’t you? Why won’t you continue?” Because she knew the other’s desires hadn’t been released, she didn’t want the other person to be left wanting or feel exploited.

The older one chose to pleasure her, but was left trembling and unfulfilled.

“I’m afraid Prin will be tired. If I continue, I won’t finish easily. We still have a boat trip tomorrow. I want Prin to save her strength for me to love throughout this trip, okay?”

The schemer still buried her face, breathing heavily into the fragrant hollow of her neck. The soft touch of her hand caressing her back was so gentle it made her heart flutter with the actions of the person beneath her.

"Phi Nuea, you talk as if we're going away for many days,"

"Yes, we might be gone for a few days. Sleeping on the boat, visiting islands, staying in beautiful resorts for three or four nights, how about that? Or maybe a week?"

"That's too long! Wouldn't Prin cause you to lose work like that?"

"No such thing as losing work. Consider it our honeymoon. Or... should I practice making babies too? I'm diligent, you know."

"Phi Nuea, you're getting carried away! Stop teasing Prin now."

No, I'm not teasing.

Saeng Nuea wanted to retort that, but could only gaze at the beautiful face and smile.

The doctor simply didn't know. Every memory of the other's essence was a natural charm that made her heart involuntarily cling to her. The doctor had played a role in her feelings that no other woman ever could.

Everything about her was appealing. Saeng Nuea couldn't deny that her father had found her a perfect daughter-in-law. She had never expected that the freedom she once desired, she would now be ready to cast aside, starting today or tomorrow.

She wanted to call her father and quickly arrange the wedding so she could diligently give him grandchildren. However many he wanted, just say the word. She guaranteed she'd be diligent without a single complaint.

But as happiness filled her heart, the smart phone, which had been carelessly tossed aside earlier, vibrated and chimed again. Saeng Nuea

glanced at it. It was a message notification that made her reach out to open it.

She thought it might be her secretary sending details about a task she'd assigned. However, now her eyebrows knitted together in confusion. Her heart pounded as her gaze shifted between the person beneath her and the phone screen.

Even though the doctor couldn't see it yet, she felt a shiver run down her spine as the message that had just come in turned out to be from one of the women she had rejected countless times.

Moreover, this was the same person she had secretly sneaked out to see most recently, on the day she had left the doctor waiting until late, which had caused all the trouble.

What a perfectly timed message.

"Are you free tomorrow, Nuea? Pat misses you. We haven't seen each other in a long time. If you're still not free this time, should Pat come to see you at the company?"

Chapter 12

The instinct of deference automatically kicked in. Despite her flirtatious nature, she had no skill in avoiding or escaping her “wife.” Thus, the life she had led as a lifelong bachelorette had fallen into the awkward state seen now.

There was no reply to the message, but her fingertip quickly deleted it. Her heart pounded. She had only now realized the discomfort of not knowing how to act.

She questioned why she was so flustered. Her sharp eyes glanced at the slender person who showed no signs of suspicion or abnormality. By now, she had to turn back.

She was already tucking her tail between her legs before her wife even saw it. She didn’t know what the near future held, but what she did know was that the blurry image in her imagination seemed to be getting clearer and clearer.

A hot breath escaped slowly, a mix of relief and unease, before the troublesome mobile phone was placed back on the bedside table.

She would reply when she had a chance, but not now, not while she was still lying on top of her fragrant lover.

Business matters meant she couldn’t simply block Topat’s contact number like she could with other beautiful women. Since Toppat was the heiress to a renowned hotel and resort business in the area, they still had to rely on each other.

If she wanted to end their previous relationship, she would have to find an opportunity to speak with Toppat formally.

Anxiety was naturally building up for someone who had just changed their status to “taken.”

If asked if she regretted the life she had lived freely, she would admit there was some regret. However, the unavoidable status, combined with the presence of the person she was destined to share her future with, who appeared in her life earlier than expected, became a limitation she had to accept.

And it was an acceptance that she couldn’t deny: her once freedom-loving heart was ready to embrace the beautiful doctor as its owner without any hesitation.

Grrr...

The growl of her stomach announcing hunger made Saeng Nuea realize she had been hungry for other things and forgotten about food.

So beautiful, it’s no wonder I wanted to stay here.

“Even now, Phi Nuea hasn’t eaten, have you? Why did you let yourself go hungry for so long?”

The gentle smile that appeared on the face of the one who couldn’t see was shaking the heart of the beholder.

She was vulnerable to the doctor’s beauty. So vulnerable that no antidote seemed to work. When the real woman was this beautiful, sweet, and cute, what other woman could she possibly want?

“Because I rushed back to Prin, that’s why. It hasn’t even been an hour, and I missed you terribly. I must have missed you so much already.”

“Exaggerating again,” the doctor shook her head slightly at her lover’s exaggerated acting. Moreover, she couldn’t help but quietly criticize the other person in her mind.

Even when hungry enough for her stomach to growl, the other person still wanted to do that.

"In that case, Prin thinks it's better if you go eat first, Phi Nuea. Prin already ate a moment ago, but Prin will come sit and eat with you."

"It's because you're this cute, that's why. This time, Dr. Prin won't accuse me of exaggerating. With a wife this cute, who wouldn't be head over heels in love would be crazy."

Not wanting to argue, the doctor raised her hand to cover the talkative mouth of the older woman.

"Prin won't argue with Phi Nuea anymore. Let's go eat."

Saeng Nuea gently kissed the soft palm. A sweetness permeated her heart like never before.

"Do you want to go to the bathroom first, Prin? I'll help you."

"Can Prin have no more than 5 minutes?"

Given her condition after just having been intimate, sitting down to eat with her lover while still feeling unwashed would be inappropriate. So, in no time, the taller woman helped the slender one walk into the bathroom to take care of her personal needs.

Less than ten minutes later, both appeared in the small kitchen.

Saeng Nuea prepared the food that the housekeeper had arranged for her, as well as a plate of fruit placed in front of her lover so she could easily pick and eat.

"Pom has peeled the fruit. I've placed it in front of Dr. Prin,"

"Thank you,"

A sweet voice responded with a smile. Then, she slowly moved her hand to rest on the edge of the table, gauging the distance from habit, and then slowly reached out to pick up a fork to stab the fruit into her mouth.

Saeng Nuea watched her movements, which seemed surprisingly more agile than before. She didn't offer to help, as she had been warned not to by the doctor herself many times. So, she simply watched these captivating movements in silence.

As their status became clear, their bond began to form into an increasingly close tie. Their relationship as lovers had progressed rapidly, yet it was distinctly evident in their feelings.

Every sound of movement continuously affected her perception.

The doctor didn't intend to disturb the person who was in a state of hunger with conversation. She let her lover spend time eating, while she herself sat and poked fruit into her mouth.

However, during that time, her mind kept circling back to the lingering and worrying matter.

The clearer her relationship status with her lover became, the more some things she tried to keep hidden seemed to affect her mind.

She loved this woman...

She loved her without ever seeing her face, but because of their close bond, care, and being there for each other throughout their time together, it had formed a connection that made her heart, which had never been tied to anyone before, suddenly soften.

Until now, she had let herself go, letting her feelings sink deep, letting their physical relationship go too far.

In every relationship that had occurred, the doctor couldn't deny that it happened because she had feelings. But if her lover found out that she already had a fiancé, in what direction would their relationship go?

The decision to leave home that day didn't mean she could escape her status as a fiancé. Instead, it was merely an escape from problems, a way to protest and force her parents to give up their intention of coercing her to marry someone she had never known.

Yet, turning her back stubbornly didn't mean the father-daughter relationship would be severed, nor would her status as a fiancée.

She was still a woman engaged to be married, but now that her heart and body had been completely claimed by the woman in front of her, how could she go back and marry someone else?

Her heart chose this person, so no matter what happened from now on, she would follow her heart for once.

The sound of a glass being placed on the table brought the doctor back to the present. Her eyelids, framed by long, curled lashes, blinked rapidly. Her rosy lips pressed together slightly as she reluctantly put down the small fork she had used for the fruit.

"Phi Nuea?"

"Yes?"

The doctor's sweet yet serious tone made Saeng Nuea, who had just put down her glass, discreetly swallow in embarrassment.

Her sharp eyes glanced at the sweet profile. Suddenly, a cold shiver ran down her spine, an inexplicable feeling of apprehension.

"Phi Nuea, are you full?"

"Yes, I am. Dr. Prin, is something wrong? Why do you sound so serious? It makes me uneasy."

"Why should you be uneasy?" The speaker tilted her head slightly, pursed her lips gently, and then said, "Prin just wants to say, if possible, Phi Nuea, could you not do this again? Don't let yourself go hungry like this again."

"Are you worried about me, Dr. Prin?"

"Prin has the right to feel that way, don't I?" Since their status was clear, her feelings shouldn't be kept to herself. If love and feelings could be expressed, she would never hesitate to show them to her lover, making her feel secure. "If Prin has the right, Prin wants to say that Prin is worried about Phi Nuea. I don't want you to do this again. I don't want you to go hungry overnight like that. It's not good for your health."

"I understand. So, from now on, I promise not to do this again, okay? Is my doctor at ease now?"

A sweet smile bloomed at the corner of her mouth, pleased to hear her lover's firm promise. "And Prin also has one more thing she wants to tell Phi Nuea."

"Yes?"

"About Dr. Ruch's call just now."

"Okay. What did you talk about?" Although she felt a bit annoyed hearing that young doctor's name, she wasn't so impatient or volatile that she couldn't wait for her lover's explanation.

"Next week, Prin has an appointment with an eye specialist. Dr. Ruth helped arrange the appointment. If nothing goes wrong, this treatment might give Prin more hope."

The doctor chose not to tell the whole truth, because the appointment and the highly skilled ophthalmologist who was sent specifically to treat her were not arranged by the person mentioned. Instead, it was the work of someone else, who merely used the young doctor as an intermediary to communicate with her.

Furthermore, the results from her last eye examination were far more satisfactory than expected, which meant that the hope she had been waiting for was drawing closer and closer.

Because of some changes occurring in her eyesight and her constant self-monitoring, the doctor was confident that soon, she would be able to see again...

A New Beginning and a Trip to Sea

The new day began with a bright and clear atmosphere. The weather forecast, predicted for the entire week, seemed to conspire to make this leisure trip smooth and trouble-free.

The sky was dotted with white clouds against the blue of the sky and the indigo sea.

Saeng Nuea drove her lover to the company in her personal car in the late morning. She spent a little time managing work and giving additional instructions to her secretary before departing.

When the time was right, the tall woman, dressed in comfortable casual clothes, took her lover down the elevator to the ground floor.

It was a simple style of dress, not unfamiliar to the employees who had often seen their executive in such attire. Many times on trips, the familiar image of their boss in an elegant suit would often be shed, allowing employees to see a more relaxed side.

A look that, even without an elegant suit, still looked good and captivating from head to toe.

"It might be a little hot today. Wear a hat, okay?"

"Is the pier far?"

"Not at all. We're currently in the lower office area, but once we walk past the door, it's just a few dozen meters away."

As the two stepped out of the elevator and headed towards the pier, Saeng Nuea, preoccupied with her companion, didn't pay as much attention to her surroundings as she should have.

She didn't even notice that the sight of her and her lover walking side-by-side had become the focus of a woman who had just walked into the company.

Toppat frowned deeply, seeing the company owner escorting a woman towards the pier.

And if she wasn't mistaken, judging by the careful way she moved, it reminded her that this woman might be the same person involved in the accident the other party had mentioned before.

A woman's intuition is strong, and with just a glance, it wasn't hard to discern the nature of Saeng Nuea's relationship with that woman. The way she cared for and pampered her, the sparkling, shimmering gaze when looking at her companion, indicated a passionate affection she had grown accustomed to seeing.

Such a high level of flirtatiousness wouldn't come easily, because even with a blind person, Saeng Nuea still didn't hesitate to "eat" them.

A burning sensation mixed with her emotions as the scene before her forced her mind to realize that all the times she had been rejected were because Saeng Nuea was infatuated with something new and probably spent every day and night cuddling with that woman.

Even though they were nothing to each other, the level of jealousy of someone who had once shared happiness in bed was hard to suppress.

As her emotions were burning fiercely, her eyes caught sight of the president's secretary, who was carrying some documents down to the counter downstairs. Toppat didn't hesitate to wave her over.

As the boss's "woman," how could Toppat not look down on the rather pretty secretary? And she could only hope that a philanderer like Saeng Nuea had never "eaten" her own secretary.

"Just now, I saw Khun Nuea walk towards the pier with a woman. Was that woman Khun Nuea's client?"

"No, that woman is Dr. Prin. She's Khun Nuea's lover. Khun Nuea is taking her lover on a vacation."

There was a slight satisfaction in the deliberately clear explanation.

She didn't particularly like the woman in front of her because she often looked at her with a disdainful gaze, as if she were a rival.

Having worked with Saeng Nuea for many years, she was aware of her boss's flirtatious behavior. But despite that, Saeng Nuea had never acted like a monk "eating the temple chicken." Yet, she often found herself caught in the crossfire, being looked down upon by this woman as if she were a clingy, abandoned gibbon.

Which she found utterly unappealing. What was there to be jealous of, when she wasn't even anything to her boss?

"Lover?"

"Yes, Dr. Prin is Khun Nuea's lover."

Emphasized again to make the listener feel a pang of shock.

Topad's face showed displeasure. She didn't want to believe her ears. She didn't want to believe that a tigress like Saeng Nuea would settle down and lose her wild ways for just one blind woman.

But even from a brief glance, she couldn't deny that the woman was beautiful. However, when it came to matters in bed, she couldn't imagine how such a soft and gentle woman could satisfy Saeng Nuea's desires more thoroughly than she could.

The reason she was so confident was that throughout their time together, Toppat was certain she was the only woman who had become an exception for Saeng Nuea in many ways.

More special than all the other women the other had dated, but there was one position she couldn't have: the one that blind woman had taken.

She had remained calm before because she never expected a philanderer like Saeng Nuea to surrender so easily to any woman.

It was a new revelation that she couldn't believe. She couldn't believe what she heard and was still confident that...

A tiger is still a tiger. Could one truly shed their wild ways so quickly?

Toppat glanced at the secretary and hastened to dismiss her from her sight. Hoping to extract secrets from her was impossible. So, once the annoying person was out of sight, her mobile phone was pulled from her pocket and used to get what she wanted.

Just the names of those who booked luxury rooms in the hotels and resorts in the area were not difficult for someone like Toppat at all.

A Yacht Adventure and Growing Intimacy

Chapter 13

The luxurious yacht had sailed far from the pier. The completeness of nature was embracing every atom of feeling, merging them into one with the sky and the deep blue sea.

Even though these eyes couldn't see the beautiful scenery before them, every path the boat sailed, every sight witnessed through her companion's eyes, would often be articulated into words, allowing the blind person to clearly imagine those scenes.

"Am I a burden to Phi Nuea?"

It was a question that had popped into her mind countless times, but even so, the doctor chose not to voice it. She didn't want the moment of happiness to be diminished by a few words that might dampen the atmosphere of this relaxing trip.

"Will we be staying on the boat tonight?"

"Yes, we'll stay on the boat for one night. Is that okay, Prin? And tomorrow, we'll go ashore to stay at a villa on the island. The atmosphere is wonderful. When you recover, Prin, I'll bring you here often."

As the sun in the sky began to set, the sunglasses were removed. Sharp eyes fixated on the fair, smooth back of her lover. The long, flowing hair that fell to caress her pale back was a captivating sight, irresistible to her gaze.

Since stepping onto the boat, she had never let this delicate, cherished woman out of her sight, not even for a moment. Wherever the other walked, she would watch over her and support her, fearing that walking on the boat might cause her lover to have an accident or be in danger at any time.

Saeng Nuea moved closer to stand intimately behind the slender figure, then slowly wrapped her slender arms around the slender waist. Her hands interlocked in front of her lover's stomach, pulling the slender one's back closer as they both stood, letting their emotions soak in the ocean's scent through the open living area.

Saeng Nuea rested her chin on the delicate shoulder. The faint, sweet scent from her skin and hair made her unable to resist burying her nose in the fair hollow of her neck.

She was captivated by this scent, so engrossed that the adrenaline in her body was always ready to respond with a rush, just by being close.

"You smell so good. Why is my doctor so fragrant, hmm?"

The one being embraced didn't respond with words. She simply let the other bury her nose in her neck until satisfied. Her hands rested on the back of the hands that were beginning to tighten their embrace. Moreover, they began to move invasively beneath her shirt to feel the smooth skin on

her stomach, and even seemed to venture to other parts that she liked to touch every single day.

"Phi Nuea," the doctor protested softly as a mischievous hand slid under her bra to cup her breast.

"It's always like this whenever I'm close to you."

Saeng Nuea's voice was a soft whisper. Her hands didn't cease touching the firm flesh. She could show her love to her lover without needing to care about anyone's gaze, because the living room, resembling a party room, was a safe zone for the two of them to express their love in every way.

This luxurious yacht was a private boat, never rented out. Mostly, it was used and reserved only for family members or truly close friends.

The boat had a rather spacious living area, fully equipped with bathrooms, a kitchen, and three bedrooms, as well as complete amenities no different from a premium hotel room in a luxury hotel.

The size of the boat could accommodate dozens of passengers, but since its purchase, it had never been used to accommodate so many people. Only on some whimsical occasions, she would take herself out to sea to escape the chaos.

Her single life was quite simple, not very particular about living conditions. She wasn't confined to luxury or tied to anyone. Wherever she went, she didn't need much planning. Just finishing work was enough, and she could fly off to live freely, no different from a bird.

But now, she didn't want to fly. She wanted to cling to the delicate shoulder. She wanted to rest her head in the fragrant hollow of her neck. She wanted to cuddle with the alluring body every night.

"It's almost six now. Are you feeling hungry, Prin?"

"And you, Phi Nuea?"

"Of course, I'm hungry all the time, but not for food. I'm hungry for my wife."

As soon as she finished speaking, a hot kiss from her well-formed lips descended to nip at her pale neck.

The familiar caress stimulated the invaded one's senses, forcing her to close her eyes tightly to suppress the rising passion within.

If she let the two of them continue to flirt like this, dinner would surely be forgotten.

"Wait, Phi Nuea. We still need to eat first. So, while we wait for dinner to be served, can I take some time to shower and wash up? I feel sticky."

"Are you saying you thought of me first, then?"

Upon hearing that, the one who was ready to indulge her in everything turned around to face her. Even though she couldn't see, the doctor accurately leaned in to kiss the tall woman's lips.

That alone was enough to make her weak, ready to prostrate herself. It was a soft, sweet, and warm kiss that made the older woman's heart pound.

After the small one withdrew her lips, Saeng Nuea was ready to become a tamed tiger, shrinking down to a mere obedient kitten.

The tall woman helped her lover walk into the bedroom, fetched a towel, and then escorted the other into the bathroom.

"Are you really not going to let me help you bathe?"

"Really."

"Prin, you're not used to this. It's not like the condo."

"It's okay, Phi Nuea. Just tell Prin where everything is, and that's enough." If she let the other bathe her, she probably wouldn't get out of the bathroom easily, believe it.

"Alright," the one who was caught feigned a dejected voice, but still agreed to point out the locations of various fixtures in the bathroom. "Then I'll prepare your clothes on the bed, okay? And I'll go tell the housekeeper to get dinner ready, and then I'll rush back."

"Okay," the doctor replied simply. As soon as the tall woman left, the slender one began to take care of her personal needs.

The blurry images that gradually became clearer allowed the young woman to focus on things around her more easily. While it wasn't clear enough to see at a distance, her hands no longer fumbled aimlessly as they had before.

The improving visual development was a responsive signal that made the slender one involuntarily smile to herself.

A Father's Concerns and a Son's Patience

While hope shone in her heart, at the same time, the tall, slender figure of the young doctor, over 185 centimeters tall and in his early thirties, stepped to a halt in front of the office of the hospital's highest-ranking official.

Knocks on the door occurred according to standard international practice, and there was no need to wait for a response from within, as the summons by Prof. Dr. Phashut Atiwan was a pass for his son to push open the door without much ceremony.

"The nurse told me you wanted to see me, Father?"

A handsome, Korean-like face showed a faint smile. Gentle eyes peered over his glasses to watch his father, who had looked away from the computer screen to meet his gaze.

"Sit down first."

"Thank you, sir."

Calm, steady eyes watched his son's movements as he sat down in the chair opposite him. His demeanor, a perfect copy of his own, only reinforced the feeling of looking at himself.

His son resembled him greatly, even down to his shadow. This included the frames of his glasses, which adorned a handsome face, no different from his own when he was younger.

"I want to ask about your sister. Has Dr. Parit managed to contact her yet? She's been out of sight for several months now. Why is our sister acting so irresponsible?"

"I think you should calm down first, Father."

"How can I calm down? Our sister is stubborn. Who would have thought she'd be so defiant this time, running away from home to defy me like this?" His voice was filled with irritation, yet it was still tinged with concern that his son could perceive.

"You already know what kind of person your daughter is, Father. When pushed too much, she acts out, as you can see."

"Dr. Parit, are you trying to imply it's my fault for forcing her?"

"Not implying, sir."

But you did force her, Father.

That was what the young doctor secretly argued with his father in his mind. However, his outward demeanor was contradictory, as his calm and polite composure was displayed in the manner he had been molded since childhood.

He grew up in a well-to-do family, with both parents as doctors. Moreover, his sister was also a doctor, and he himself held the same medical license. One could say they were all doctors in the family. So, there was no need to mention their demeanor, as most of their lives were often confined within the boundaries set by their parents.

This way of life might not be stifling for him, as he loved the medical profession and what his parents had instilled in him since childhood.

However, it was quite different from his sister, because her goal was not to be a doctor. But even so she never defied her parents' wishes, willingly following their aspirations by diligently studying until graduating with a first-class honors degree in Medicine. This brought immense pride to everyone in the family, just as he did.

The only exception was regarding a spouse. Her younger sister, who had always been obedient and conformed, suddenly acted out, leaving the whole family stunned.

Prin is gentle and sweet, yet secretly stubborn and clever, just as Nita had said.

"I can't force our sister on this matter, Parit. You know I don't like her getting too close and entangled with that friend beyond the limits."

"I know, but she said they're just friends."

"Friends, you say? Maybe to our sister, but not to that friend. Do you think I can't see through it? What's more, our sister is so kind and familiar with her. Honestly, I'm worried. Anything can happen if they get too close."

When mentioning the reason his daughter had to flee from home, Dr. Pashut unintentionally raised his voice in displeasure.

Normally, he never tried to prevent his children from choosing their friends, not even considering their social status. But the way that handsome female friend looked at his daughter—how could a father not notice?

As a father who cherishes his daughter more than anything, he wouldn't deny that he wants to see his child have a good future and life. If she were to love another woman, he wouldn't object.

But please, just one thing: if his daughter chooses someone to be her partner, that person must at least possess suitable qualities and be able to

take care of his beloved child no less than he and his wife, who have nurtured her into such a capable woman.

He didn't want to compare anyone's worth, but from a father's perspective, his daughter's handsome female friend still fell outside those boundaries. His already strong possessiveness only reinforced his unwillingness to compromise. Even if it meant forcing his daughter to marry the daughter of his best friend, as a father, he felt he had to.

He had always been sure his daughter liked women. He had raised her since she was tiny; how could he not tell? She had never even glanced at a man. What he noticed was always an admiring gaze she used to look at other women.

This reason alone was sufficient—sufficient for the decision to marry his precious daughter to his best friend's daughter.

"I'm having someone track her, Father. You don't have to worry. Let her be for a while; she'll come back when the time is right."

"Are you too calm, Parit?"

The father narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing his son. Normally, the two siblings were quite close, and it was often his son who worried about his sister more than anything.

"I'm fine. I think she's grown up and can take care of herself."

"I hope so. Just knowing our sister isn't staying with that friend is enough for me."

"She's definitely not. I can confirm it. That woman is still working and staying at the same place. She definitely hasn't taken your daughter to live with her."

"If Parit confirms that, I'm relieved. Because if our sister really acted like that, I wouldn't know how to explain it to them. They're already engaged; they have to get married no matter what. I'll give her no more than three

months. If she doesn't return, I'll go after her myself. Let's see if our sister will be stubborn enough to dare cut ties with her father this time. If you can contact her, please tell her that."

"Yes, Father. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave."

The young doctor secretly exhaled softly, trying to conceal his father's scrutinizing gaze by adjusting his glasses.

Throughout his life, he had rarely opposed his parents' ideas, always believing that what they chose and paved the way for was the best.

His father was strict, but if there was a reason for every action, he was always willing to listen. In this case, however, he couldn't help his sister, because for his father, the matter of a spouse was clearly a significant issue he couldn't tolerate.

He understood his father's good intentions, just as he understood the feelings of his sister, who was like the heart of their home.

Everyone loved and cherished her more than a princess. For this reason, he couldn't let his father know about his sister's injury, which he had only recently learned about.

And above all, his sister was so stubbornly headstrong. Despite her injury, she still refused to contact even her own brother.

Just wait. When he sees her, he'll give her a good scolding.

The young doctor resolved this in his heart. After leaving his father and returning to his office, he picked up his mobile phone to call his sister using the number he had just gotten a few days earlier.

Prin's Call and the Ultimatums

Meanwhile, on the other side, the person who had just finished her personal errands, a slender figure, walked out of the bathroom and heard the faint ringing of her phone from the bed. Recognizing the tone as her

own phone's, the slender figure, still in a bathrobe, slowly walked and sat down on the bed.

Although she couldn't see the incoming number, because only a few people knew it, the woman chose to search for her phone by the source of the sound. The vibration combined with the continuous ringing helped her easily find the thin phone and answer the call.

"Hello?"

Upon hearing the sweet voice on the other end, the young doctor instantly recognized his sister's voice. He sighed once, then followed with the gentle tone he always used with her.

"I thought Prin wouldn't answer my call."

After hearing her brother's voice, the other end responded with silence. The doctor's intention was simple; she just needed a moment to compose herself.

Since her brother had gone to the trouble of finding her whereabouts, and even knew about her injury to the extent of sending a skilled doctor to treat her on-site, there was no longer any reason to avoid him.

"Prin can't see. Brother Parit probably already knows this, but even if I could see the caller ID, I would still answer. I know I can't escape."

"So you know that, huh? But you changed your number to avoid me before, didn't you? How are you doing now?"

"I'm fine. Brother Parit should know everything by now. As for what Brother Parit asked Dr. Ruth to tell me, I've understood everything. And next week, Prin will meet with the ophthalmologist Brother Parit sent, as we arranged."

By now, her stubbornness seemed to have lessened. The doctor was starting to feel sorry for her beloved, who had to constantly care for her. More importantly, she didn't want to be stuck in her current helpless state.

"That's good. And where are you now, Prin?"

"Prin is on a beach vacation."

"And who are you with? You can't see, you know. Isn't traveling like that dangerous? I'm worried. Don't you think you should come home?"

"Dr. Parit, I have someone with me. You don't have to worry. As for coming home, Prin isn't ready yet. Please don't tell Father where Prin is."

"How long can you keep it a secret? Prin knows I can't keep turning Father down. And besides, Father has given his ultimatum."

The young doctor spoke softly, and he had used "ka" and "kha" (polite particles) with his sister since she was little. Even now that she was grown, he often used these words out of habit.

"What ultimatum?" Her heart sank. Her brother's voice was serious, making her uneasy.

"Father is giving you no more than three months to be rebellious. If you still don't come back, he will come after you himself. Both Father and I are very worried about you, Prin. Prin knows very well that the wedding will have to take place no matter what. Please come home. I believe the woman Father chose to be Prin's life partner will be the best for Prin. It's always been that way, hasn't it? Trust me, come home."

"But Prin..." "Prin has someone she loves." The words were swallowed back. She was so distressed by what she heard that her head almost exploded. "Prin can't go back now. Please give me some time, Brother Parit."

Chapter 14

A Romantic Escape

A faint knock on the door, followed by the sound of someone entering the room. Prin's round eyes and beautiful, fresh face showed a hint of surprise. She tried to hide her apprehension, feeling relieved that her lover hadn't returned in time to hear the conversation between her and her brother.

Nuea's tall, slender figure walked directly to stand in front of her lover. Her gaze swept over Prin's delicate form in the bathrobe, and her blood surged.

She wanted to reach out, pull open the robe, and cup the breasts hidden beneath the garment, but she didn't want to be crude and ill-timed. So she tried to suppress her restless thoughts and cool herself by grabbing an oversized white shirt.

"Let me help you get dressed."

"But Prin..."

"I'm afraid the food will get cold and won't be tasty. Let me help you."

Too much to resist, the doctor chose to stand still, allowing the taller person to remove the robe from her body. But as soon as the bathrobe came off, Nuea almost forgot to breathe as Prin's luminous white skin, devoid of clothing, reflected in her eyes.

It was so dangerous for her heart that she had to quickly put clothes on her beloved. If she had lingered just a moment longer, she might have found herself pressing her onto the bed and devouring her instead of going out for dinner.

"Just wear this one shirt. Prin will be comfortable. I'll bring a shawl with me. It might get cold outside later, so you can use it then."

Nuea spoke, agreed, and arranged everything herself, while the doctor had no intention of arguing with her lover.

Prin's mind was preoccupied with other matters, focused on the anxiety and distress of an unsolved problem. She didn't know how to find a solution, so she wanted to seize this good moment and savor as much happiness as possible between the two of them.

They both walked out of the bedroom to the outside area. A cool breeze carried the scent of water and the sea, creating a refreshing atmosphere.

Nuea gently guided Prin's slender figure to sit on a long sofa. In front of them was a low dining table, beautifully arranged with savory dishes and desserts, befitting a special meal.

The wide view from their sitting spot faced the sea, and the open surroundings offered a complete panorama.

As the mood set in, a bottle of wine chilled in an ice bucket was placed on the dining table. Nuea asked for her lover's permission, knowing she didn't drink. But when the doctor didn't object, the fine wine was sipped alongside their evening meal.

Nuea loved the taste of bitterness with a sweet aftertaste on her tongue. Thus, the dinner, imbued with a romantic atmosphere between the lovers, lasted until the sky and sea were embraced by darkness.

The boat, anchored motionless, was enveloped by soft, warm lights illuminating its various corners, but where they sat, only dim light lingered, making the atmosphere even more private.

The full moon shone brightly in the dark sky. Starlight glittered, reflecting the silhouettes of the two people embracing on the long sofa.

"Are you cold?"

"No." How could Prin be cold, when both the thin shawl and her lover's arms constantly embraced her, providing warmth? Her sweet face lifted from Nuea's shoulder to look at her.

Yes, she wanted to make eye contact and see her lover's face, but since her eyes didn't allow her to do so, her soft hands moved up to cup Nuea's face instead.

Moonlight on the sky touched Prin's smooth, fair face and skin. The closeness allowed them to feel each other's warm breaths, making Nuea swallow hard. Her throat felt dry as her gaze lingered on Prin's rosy lips.

With such a perfect atmosphere, if her desires didn't stir, she might as well become a nun and wear white for the rest of her life.

"Do you even realize that when you do this, I feel like my wife is teasing me?"

"P'Nuea, you're just imagining things. I was just thinking how nice it would be if I could see your face right now."

"Can't I tease you a little? Besides, it's not just Prin who wants to see my face. Right now, I want Prin to see my face so badly, you know?"

She wanted to make eye contact, and even more than that, her thoughts drifted to what would happen in bed.

Nuea wanted to see the pleading, seductive gaze of her lover as she writhed beneath her.

Whether it was the alcohol in her bloodstream or the pent-up desire from last night, the arms wrapped around Prin's slender waist moved down to knead her round hips, and Nuea's breath hitched.

"Tonight the sky is so dark, and the moon is beautiful, but still less beautiful than my doctor."

"P'Nuea, did you finish the whole bottle of wine?"

"Are you accusing me of being drunk and sweet-talking?" A soft, pleasant chuckle escaped her throat, followed by a playful squeeze from her restless hands. "One bottle of wine won't make me drunk. If anything, I'm probably drunk on love for my wife."

But sweet words weren't enough, for Nuea was now leaning her face down and nuzzling Prin's delicate shoulder. The loose shirt was tugged slightly, slipping down to her shoulder, exposing her fair skin for easy nuzzling.

"P'Nuea..."

Nuea's breath grew heavy and quick, making Prin realize her lover's arousal. Nuea's embrace around her tightened.

Prin's soft hand draped over Nuea's waist was guided by Nuea's hand to slowly caress her slender body. Nuea's flat stomach, firm with strong muscles, was a part that made the doctor's heart pound, and it was about to pound even harder when Nuea's hand was guided lower to the edge of the pants she wore.

Prin's heart pounded so fast that she involuntarily tightened her hand, stopping it right there.

"P'Nuea, aren't you afraid someone will see?"

"It's just us here. No one would dare intrude." Whether it was the alcohol in her veins or the awakened passion, if she had to endure it for just a little longer, Nuea guaranteed that Prin's body would probably fall apart. "Please indulge me."

When faced with such a pleading voice, how could the doctor dare to object? Amidst the romantic atmosphere between the lovers, she understood that it wasn't strange for her lover to demand these things from her.

"Prin isn't brave enough yet, but can I compensate you with something else?"

Prin admitted that she was still very shy about being the one to intimately touch that part of her lover's body. So, the hand that had stopped at the edge of Nuea's pants now moved up to embrace Nuea's neck instead.

Nuea smiled contentedly when Prin leaned in and kissed her first. Understanding her lover's shyness, the kiss that began in the romantic atmosphere turned into tenderness, given to the one in her arms without haste.

Nuea's well-formed lips tasted Prin's thin lips as if tasting the sweetness of a cherry. Both of Nuea's hands cupped Prin's round bottom. With a slight lift, Prin's graceful body floated up to sit astride Nuea's lap with ease.

Nuea groaned low in her throat as she kissed her lover passionately. Her tongue swept inside, exploring the sweetness of Prin's soft mouth. The hands kneading Prin's round bottom moved down to caress her fair thighs, passing beneath the long shirt that covered them down to her thighs.

Nuea thought about it. To say she didn't think about it wouldn't be a full denial, because when she chose this shirt for her lover to wear, she had a hidden agenda from the start.

The first button was unfastened, followed by the second and third. In just a few moments, Prin's two full breasts, hidden beneath a black bra, reflected in the moonlight, making Nuea's breath hitch.

Though Prin was slender and petite, who knew better than Nuea how full and perfect the two mounds before her felt in her hands?

Nuea buried her nose in Prin's pale cleavage, inhaling the scent of her skin. Her slender fingers moved up to unhook Prin's bra, revealing the fullness and rosy nipples in an instant, making Nuea's throat even drier.

So beautiful Nuea couldn't let even a fraction of a minute pass. The quickness of her tongue was ready to sweep up the sweetness into her mouth immediately.

"Mmm... P'Nuea..."

The doctor's hands moved up to intertwine with Nuea's hair, who was buried in her chest. The suction grew heavier, more intense, and hotter until the doctor's senses were stunned beyond recognition.

Prin's slender body trembled as Nuea's slender fingers moved lower, lingering around her lower body, tracing over the rose petals between her thighs through her tiny lining.

"I want to go inside. Please, let me."

It was a plea that didn't wait for an answer, because before the words were even out, Nuea's slender fingers slipped beneath the edge of Prin's underwear, touching the delicate flesh, teasing and tracing until moisture made it slick, before slowly inserting long, slender fingers inside, until Prin's whole body trembled.

"Sigh... P'Nuea..."

Prin could barely resist the thrill. Nuea's two slender fingers were moving and twirling inside. Her thumb pressed against Prin's clitoris while her lips covered Prin's rapidly heaving breasts.

Nuea's practiced lovemaking created such intense pleasure that Prin couldn't suppress her moans. Her entire body spasmed violently, releasing all the burning sensations from within.

Prin's slender body collapsed, weak and breathing heavily, burying her face in Nuea's shoulder, who held her tightly.

"You're already tired from just this? I haven't even done anything yet."

"P'Nuea, you've tormented Prin this much, and you still say you haven't done anything?"

"This is just the beginning. Prin, you know that, don't you?" At Nuea's teasing question, Prin's slender body barely had time to brace itself as Nuea shifted slightly, and in just a few movements, effortlessly pulled the tiny lining from Prin's slender legs.

That wasn't all, because now Prin could feel her lover's lower body, equally bare.

About stripping clothes, should Prin command her lover that she was so skillful and quick?

"P'Nuea, are you really going to do it here?"

"There's no one here. Don't worry."

Unwilling to waste any more time, Nuea's slender hands lifted Prin's fair legs to wrap around her hips. She adjusted their heated parts to press intimately against each other, allowing no air to pass through.

"Mmm, sigh..."

Their murmurs intertwined as their lovemaking began. A thrilling sensation filled Prin's entire abdomen, sensing the slickness that emanated from both their bodies as their lovemaking intensified.

The emotions held back since last night seemed to climax tonight. Nuea's hands cupped Prin's slender waist to control the rhythm of Prin's body as she swayed on Nuea's lap.

Both of Prin's breasts were sucked alternately by Nuea's warm lips. Nuea's warm breath caressed Prin's smooth, fair skin. The rocking motion was not the ocean waves hitting the underside of the boat, but waves of love crashing into each other, forming a great swell.

"Ahhh... P'Nuea... Prin can't take it anymore!"

Prin's pleading moans spurred Nuea to tighten her grip on Prin's slender waist to support the intense final moments of their lovemaking. Prin's beautiful hips moved in emphatic response, making that part of her body burn.

It was wonderful when both their bodies could soar to their destination simultaneously.

Prin's slender body collapsed, weak and breathing heavily, burying her face in Nuea's shoulder for the second time. Her heavy breathing made Nuea unable to resist kissing Prin's perspiring forehead affectionately.

Nuea had never felt the urge to cherish any woman as much as this one.

With each passing day... Nuea's heart seemed to be unable to escape. Her sweet bond was tightening its grip on her heart more and more.

The happiness of the sweet night passed, replaced by the light that emerged beyond the horizon.

A New Day

Later the next morning, the boat headed to a famous island in the area. A private pool villa was the luxurious room Nuea had asked her secretary to book for them.

Would you like me to continue with the next part of the story, or do you have any other questions about this translation?

Upon arriving at the accommodation and completing the check-in process, Saeng Nuea led her lover to follow the staff towards the accommodation zone, which clearly separated private areas.

However, as they walked along the long pathway almost to their villa, Saeng Nuea's eyes met the sweet, dripping smile of someone walking directly towards where she stood, almost causing her to freeze in her tracks.

The atmosphere around them seemed to be obscured by thick clouds when the stunningly beautiful woman stopped in front of her and her lover, a sweet, dripping smile appearing at the corner of her lips, coated in bright red lipstick.

"Hello, Nuea. Are you on vacation? What a coincidence to see you here."

"You're on vacation?"

“Yes, I closed [my business] to come relax. It’s a coincidence, I tried calling you many times, but you never answered, Toppat.”

Without reverence, Toppat deliberately ignored the flustered demeanor of the person in front of her. Even though those eyes tried to warn her to calm down, would someone like Toppat ever submit to anyone’s authority?

“I was busy.”

“Yes, Pat understands. And are you not going to introduce the woman with you to Pat even a little bit?”

Would Saeng Nuea dare to say that she had never felt Toppat’s boundless assertiveness to this extent before? But today, the woman she once thought never clung to casual physical relationships was displaying behavior that was starting to worry her.

“This is my girlfriend, Dr. Prin. The person who just greeted us is Khun Toppat. She owns the famous resort hotel in this area and is a business associate who deals with our Thirakarn Marina Yacht Club constantly.”

But a business associate...

Saeng Nuea deliberately drew the line of their relationship there. In front of her real girlfriend, who would dare to be so presumptuous as to get close to another woman, especially one she had been intimate with countless times in bed?

“Hello, Khun Toppat. My name is Prin. Nice to meet you.”

“Hello, Dr. Prin. Nice to meet you too. Pat and Khun Nuea are friends. We’re quite close. But before this, Pat didn’t know Khun Nuea was secretly hiding a girlfriend, so I accidentally asked a foolish question. I apologize.”

“It’s perfectly fine.”

“In that case, I should probably go.”

"Wait, Nuea. Pat has some business to discuss with you. Can I have a minute?"

Would she dare refuse?

The challenging question conveyed through those eyes made Saeng Nuea turn to look at her lover. The hand holding the delicate one tightened inadvertently, making the slender person feel it.

She knew her lover was probably being considerate, but upon hearing clearly that it was about work, she didn't mind the discussion taking just a minute or two.

"Go ahead, P'Nuea. Prin will wait here."

"Then I'll be right back, okay? Just a moment."

The more she saw the tender care the other woman showed her lover, the more irritated Toppat became. She turned away from the jarring sight and led the tall woman away, maintaining a considerable distance from that spot. She deliberately stopped at a corner of the pathway and turned back to face the tall, slender figure who followed with a tense expression.

"So, what business do you have?"

"You don't speak so sweetly to Pat like you do in bed, Nuea. So, are you saying the reason you've been refusing Pat so often lately is because you've taken your former rival as your girlfriend?"

"That's not the important issue. What's important is the status you've clearly heard. And I hope you understand and will cooperate well."

In truth, with Toppat, she didn't need to say much. They weren't anything to each other. But because she didn't want problems later, she felt she had to be clear if necessary.

“Cooperate?” Toppat laughed, her shoulders shaking, but inside she was seething because of the other person’s deferential attitude towards that woman.

She had been stung once before when she learned from others that the other woman had a girlfriend. But hearing it from the mouth of the person she had been intimate with, the numbness in her face and the heat in her chest intensified to the point where she could barely control herself.

What did that woman have that was better than her?!

“If you want Pat to cooperate, come to Pat’s room tonight at 10 PM. Pat is staying in the villa next to yours, see? We’re just a little bit apart.”

As soon as the deliberately provocative invitation ended, Toppat barely gave the other party a chance to collect herself. Her two arms wrapped around the tall woman’s neck, pulling her down to bring their lips together.

Even though the other person refused to open her mouth to respond to the tongue that intended to invade, Toppat’s superior cunning meant she wouldn’t give her opponent a chance to push her away. Immediately, her hand shot towards the crotch of Saeng Nuea’s pants, making her flinch.

Had she been utterly outmaneuvered? Even if her hand could block the invasion of her lower body, now the other woman’s tongue successfully slipped into her mouth.

It felt like being sexually assaulted by another woman. Before the fiery Toppat pulled away from the kiss, Saeng Nuea had been cornered, letting her suck her tongue for a long time.

“Pat still likes your kisses, Nuea. Don’t forget to come to Pat’s room as we arranged, okay? Because otherwise, the kiss we just shared might reach your doctor’s ears. Oh! Pat accidentally forgot to mention it.”

A seductive smile appeared at the corner of her mouth, as she delicately traced her fingers down the lapel of the tall woman’s shirt, showing no fear of those sharp, unwavering eyes.

She held the trump card. She liked it even more this way. There was no reason to fear a philanderer like Saeng Nuea at all. Because if she pushed a little harder, Toppat was willing to endure whatever severe punishment in bed Saeng Nuea might inflict.

More than willing.

"We kissed quite loudly just now, didn't we? I wonder if your doctor might have heard it by now."

She dropped that bombshell, then pulled away, glancing briefly at the sweet-faced doctor before turning and walking away with a triumphant smile, leaving Saeng Nuea standing frozen, pale, as she looked at her lover.

Crazy! What sweetness could this beach trip possibly hold?

Chapter 15

Ever since that small bomb was disarmed and left behind, hours passed, and the person with a guilty conscience still couldn't easily shake off her anxiety.

The challenging, bargaining words of the woman she had once enjoyed in bed continued to haunt her, creating an irritation that made Saeng Nuea resent herself.

When she wanted something, the emotions of a single person were driven by fun and recklessness. For a woman who was just a bed partner, she didn't need to clear things up. But the incident that happened earlier that morning had become a heavy burden, making her mind churn like a trapped rat.

The situation and Toppat's actions made her believe that this encounter was no mere coincidence. And Saeng Nuea had only just realized that she was in the most foolish situation she had ever been in.

But then, presenting herself to her lover and telling her about her relationship with another woman was impossible. No matter how much she thought about it, she couldn't see a way out of the problem that wouldn't drag on into the future.

Especially if her lover knew that the woman introduced as merely a business associate was, in fact, someone her girlfriend had taken to bed countless times, ninety-nine out of a hundred women would not be able to accept it without suspicion. Because as long as their lives remained intertwined through business, her and Toppat's paths would continue to cross, more or less.

Saeng Nuea stepped up behind her lover, watching the delicate figure brushing her hair in front of the mirror. Her long, flowing hair cascaded

down her back, so shiny and inviting that Saeng Nuea couldn't resist reaching out and taking the comb from her lover's soft hand.

"Let me help you."

Her soft, pleasant voice came just as her gentle touch slowly moved down her hair. The silk-like softness and fragrant scent... no matter how many times, every element that made up her lover's being was almost flawless.

A woman like Dr. Prin was perfect and delicate in every way. Even if a single mosquito dared to bite her beautiful skin and cause even the slightest irritation or mark, Saeng Nuea would not hesitate to swat it dead without a moment's thought.

She hadn't realized how much possessiveness had built up until now. Because before she knew it, the other person had become an integral part of her life, influencing her heart so deeply that she couldn't pull away. It was enough to make someone like Saeng Nuea willing to do anything to possess this woman, even if it meant sacrificing the freedom she had cherished her entire life.

"Is Dr. Prin sleepy yet?"

"Just a little. And you, P'Nuea?"

"I'm not very sleepy yet, but I just want to cuddle my doctor. So, why don't we go cuddle?"

Sweet words from a lover would always melt any woman's heart. They could always melt a woman's entire heart.

However, this time, the doctor only offered a faint smile and obediently followed the taller woman to the bed.

The thick blanket was pulled over both of them by the older woman's hand. The care they consistently showed each other remained unwavering. Her warm arms still embraced her, no different from every previous night. While

the embrace was warm, amid the darkness, there was only a sense of emptiness and apprehension.

“P’Nuea?” A soft, sweet voice broke the silence. Her sweet face still nestled in the arms of the person holding her, no different from every previous night. The slender arm wrapped around her lover’s waist tightened. It tightened as if seeking emotional support. “Prin loves P’Nuea. Prin is yours, both body and heart.”

The thin woman’s emphatic declaration of love made the listener catch her breath. The joy was already immense, but because of the subtle emotion in her voice, it echoed in Saeng Nuea’s feelings, causing a pang in her heart.

A premonition made her involuntarily think back to the incident earlier that morning. But another part of her told herself that her lover hadn’t seen anything. Even though she tried to be optimistic and reassure herself, Saeng Nuea knew deep down that the close proximity was more chilling than she thought.

Her eyes might not have seen, but her ears had heard. This was the source of the persistent anxiety she couldn’t shake.

“I love you, Prin. I love you very much, and I’m very possessive of you.”

Soft words escaped her well-formed lips. Her arms tightened around the delicate figure, reaffirming her words with a gentle kiss on her smooth forehead.

With each passing day, her love and possessiveness grew immensely. So much so that her former self gradually faded away. This heart was forgetting the freedom it once craved, instead yearning for the sweet shackles of the woman in her arms.

She had never dreamed that a heart that had always loved freedom would surrender to this small woman.

The night with her beloved nestled in her arms spun clockwise. Less than half an hour passed before the gentle, steady breathing of the slender

woman caused Saeng Nuea to look with tenderness at the sweet face reflected in the dim room light.

Her doctor had flown into the realm of sleep. Her sharp eyes glanced at the time on the clock, which was almost 11 PM. Of course, she intended to disregard Toppat's appointment, seeing no reason to pay attention to the words of a woman who held no significance to her feelings.

The boundaries of her relationships with every woman had been established through clear agreements and expressions from the beginning: fun only in bed, with no right to interfere in her life.

However, this time, it seemed she was encountering an opponent who was deliberately ignoring the agreement. As Saeng Nuea carefully turned around, a flash appeared on her smartphone screen, which was set to silent and vibrate mode, drawing the owner's attention.

Saeng Nuea carefully shifted to pick up her smartphone. If she ignored the message sent now, she would have no way of knowing what tricks Toppat would play.

She admitted that beyond matters in bed, she knew very little about that woman's true self.

(It's almost 11 PM in Pat's room, Nuea. You're usually punctual. If you're not free, Pat can come to your room instead.)

(You're crossing the line, Toppat. You should know that.)

She Toppat on the chat window with a hint of annoyance. If she could have changed the text message into a stern voice, it would have sounded like that. Her slender fingers lifted from the keypad.

From thinking Toppat was the best bed partner, she was now destroying that image in her mind completely. Only a foolish woman who spoke nonsense remained, and she hated people like that very much.

(Don't be so cruel to Pat, Nuea. Pat just misses you, wants to see you. Are you not coming out because you don't want to, or because the doctor isn't asleep yet? Because if it's the latter, Pat can handle it. Pat is good at finding excuses. Anyway, wait and open the door for Pat, okay?)

(I'll come myself. Don't come.)

The message was frantically Toppat on the chat window, along with the unconscious clenching of her jaw.

She was being manipulated by this woman. She knew it, yet she couldn't refuse her. Toppat was cleverly playing hard to get, leaving her no choice. Because if she let the other party play pranks and come to her, the story of her relationship with the other woman would certainly reach her lover's ears.

The tall figure leaned over to look at her lover. Once she was sure the delicate person was sound asleep, the figure hidden under the same blanket carefully began to move.

Her footsteps were hushed on the room floor. A robe was hastily grabbed and thrown over her pajamas before she carefully tiptoed towards the door, heading to the adjacent villa with an annoyed mood.

In just a few minutes, the tall figure stood in front of the villa. Her slender finger reached out to press the doorbell. In just a few moments, a sweet, poison-laced smile appeared, along with the stunningly beautiful face that Saeng Nuea wasn't happy to see, unlike every time before.

She didn't like being at anyone's mercy, but now Toppat was making her feel that way.

"Please come inside first."

The tall, slender figure stepped into the room at the invitation. Her beautiful, sharp face was expressionless, almost sullen. Inside, she was simmering with anger, starting to get fed up with Toppat's excessively overstepping behavior.

It seemed that today, their old relationship would have to end. Regardless of whether she had a lover or not, the sole reason was that she wasn't ready to continue with a woman who behaved like this.

"You're crossing the line we agreed upon. So, what do you have to say? Say it quickly."

"Calm down, Nuea. Pat didn't mean to make you feel that way. Pat's intention was just to see you. Pat just misses you. Shall we sit and talk first?"

Toppat tried to use a soft approach, employing all the feminine wiles that had always worked on this woman, to coax her to calm down.

She knew what kind of woman Saeng Nuea liked and disliked. So, in this emotional state, the slender, alluring figure in sheer, almost transparent pajamas chose to approach the sullen-faced woman with an indifferent demeanor.

She intended to push the tall figure to sit on the edge of the bed, but Saeng Nuea deftly avoided her, moving instead to sit on the single sofa chair in the corner of the room.

The tall woman's actions caused a faint smile to appear on the beautiful face.

Go ahead and run, but someone like Toppat was not a woman who lacked persistence. So, her tempting body in see-through lingerie that revealed everything walked over and brazenly settled onto the other woman's lap.

Even if the owner of the lap tried to warn her with her eyes, or even pushed her away with all her might, Saeng Nuea would definitely not push her off the chair. She was too gentle with women.

"Pat's sorry. Don't be angry with Pat, Nuea. What Pat did, Pat had no other intention. Pat just misses you and wanted to see you sometimes."

“You wanted to?” The blunt question was spat out without circumlocution. At this age and with this kind of relationship, there was no need to arrange words beautifully.

And of course, Toppat could openly admit what she wanted just as directly.

She liked this woman, was fascinated by her essence, obsessed with their lovemaking in bed, and it was hard to let her go, which led to her negative side being revealed, unable to be contained.

“You could say that. Pat misses you. But lately, you’ve just been rejecting Pat all the time, haven’t you?”

“It’s not the same anymore, Pat. Many things have changed now. I want you to understand.”

“If you’re going to use the excuse that you have a girlfriend to reject Pat, Pat thinks that’s not a problem at all, Nuea.”

One hand wrapped around the other woman, while the other moved down to caress the lapel of the robe she had intentionally opened to reveal the dark blue pajamas peeking out alluringly.

Saeng Nuea was a charming woman. Her tall, slender figure, everything that made up this woman, could easily make another woman’s heart tremble.

Toppat truly understood the charm of a philanderer today, the day she herself fell into that charming trap, unable to pull herself out. Even though she was confident she wasn’t easily swayed, compared to Saeng Nuea, she was utterly defeated because her heart had already fallen for the other person.

“Pat likes strong flavors. To be honest, Pat admits that she liked you in the past. And more importantly, you yourself once said you liked Pat, didn’t you? Why do we have to end our relationship just because you have a girlfriend? A girlfriend is a girlfriend, Pat is Pat. If you just find some time to

visit Pat occasionally, Pat won't ask for much more. I won't interfere in your life with your girlfriend to make you uncomfortable."

After letting the other party's sentences flow out completely, her sharp eyes settled on the woman sitting on her lap. Saeng Nuea had only just discovered a truth today: she used to think Toppat wasn't a woman who would cling to casual relationships, but now, she wasn't the easy-going woman she had once believed.

Because not only did her conversational partner refuse to listen to her wishes, but her own sheer, spaghetti-strap pajamas were also pulled down, exposing both breasts directly in front of Saeng Nuea, clearly showing her intentions and readiness for a love scene that could begin at any moment.

Saeng Nuea just stared at the firm, plump flesh. With just a slight movement, the pale nipples were ready to brush against her lips enticingly.

Some emotions were hidden within, but when the other party refused to give up, the patience she had tried to hold onto seemed to run out.

The full, round flesh, still close to her lips, was swallowed into her warm mouth. The fierce, passionate touch made the person on her lap arch her head back, pressing her chest closer to that touch, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

"Nuea..."

Chapter 16

The practiced tongue had barely touched her nipple when the thrilling, tingling sensation was suddenly snatched away, along with the beautiful, sharp face recoiling from her breast.

The abrupt halt in her arousal left Toppat's face filled with confusion. Many questions showed in her expression, but the eyes of the person who should have continued the lovemaking to its climax showed no trace of being consumed by passion whatsoever.

"There's nothing exciting about it anymore, Pat. Before, we might have enjoyed each other's bodies, but the answer just now made it clear that I don't feel that way anymore. Because if it could truly continue, you'd know it wouldn't stop halfway. When one party isn't okay, what happens in bed between us can't continue. I hope you understand."

She pushed the half-naked body off her lap. The time for what Toppat clearly wanted to hear was over. The person who had been rejected with such gentle words could only stand there, clenching her fists until her body trembled. The words just now might not have sounded rude, but they had enough power to make Toppat's entire body go numb, not just her face.

The tall, slender figure walked out of the room, leaving the brazen woman to her fluctuating numbness.

Losing confidence was one thing, but losing face like this? She almost wanted to scream across the entire villa.

Toppat had never expected that someone like Saeng Nuea could be so immune to temptation.

She even spat out the breast when it was offered.

Fool!

She almost wanted to stamp her feet furiously to vent her resentment, but the person who was making her way back to her own villa paid no mind to anyone's anger.

Saeng Nuea exhaled heavily repeatedly as she stopped in front of her villa.

The door was carefully eased open, no different from when she left. Every step she took inside was cautious. She finally stopped at the foot of the bed. When she saw that the delicate figure was still sound asleep in the same position, her breathing began to return to normal.

The tall figure decided to disappear into the bathroom for a quick private moment. Then she returned to slip back under the same blanket as her lover. Her arms wrapped around the slender waist, kissing her soft hair possessively.

But suddenly, the person she thought was asleep stirred and moved, making her heart drop to her heels. A feeling of suffocation quickly rose up.

"P'Nuea, where did you go?"

Her beautiful, sharp face immediately paled. Her heart pounded so loudly she feared it would burst out of her chest. But even so, she tried to control her voice to reveal no suspicion.

"I... I just went to the bathroom. I'm sorry if I was loud and woke you up, Prin. Go back to sleep, okay?"

"....."

Silence settled between them. The answer, contrary to what she knew, became a big lie that left her heart numb, as if cursed.

The delicate hand wrapped around her lover's body unconsciously crumpled the fabric of the other's pajamas to suppress the overwhelming pain in her heart.

The familiar scent of perfume, which she had noticed when that woman walked past, had been pricking at her feelings all day. She tried to reassure herself that it was nothing, tried to believe it wasn't strange to smell the same perfume when walking past someone.

However, hundreds of reasons she tried to conjure up to console herself utterly collapsed. Because disappearing in the middle of the night and returning with a lie, along with the perfume scent that pricked her feelings, was a clear answer that made it impossible to deceive herself any longer.

A business associate?

The blurry image she saw earlier that morning struck her feelings again. Everything was clear now, just how deep the relationship between her lover and that woman was.

Was she foolish, or did her lover see her as just a blind woman who was easily taken advantage of?

Every question filtered from her feelings but couldn't demand anything. Clear drops of water streamed down, soaking the pillowcase.

If the silence of a woman was the loudest cry, she must be in a pathetic situation without a doubt.

The night embraced them both in each other's arms. But the once warm embrace turned cold, leaving her wondering how her shattered heart could get through this painful night.

A ray of light streamed through the gap in the curtains, waking the person who had just fallen asleep near dawn, making her eyelids flutter open to greet the morning light.

Saeng Nuea moved to reach for the warm body out of habit, but the warmth from the fragrant figure turned into emptiness, easily shaking off her grogginess.

Her breathing hitched for no reason. The guilt she carried turned into apprehension, forcing her to quickly sit up from the bed to scan for her lover's body.

The entire room revealed no shadow. The bathroom was empty. She searched the entire accommodation but found no sign.

"Dr. Prin? Dr. Prin?"

Her heart sank with the emptiness that echoed back. Her beautiful, sharp face began to lose color. A premonition warned her that something was wrong, prompting her to hurry back into the bedroom.

She looked around. The suitcase of clothes was still there, but the shoulder bag containing important personal belongings was missing.

Anxiety overwhelmed her, making her rush to grab her smartphone and call her lover, her hands trembling. But in the end, the other end of the line was empty, without any response.

Saeng Nuea stood, bewildered, trying to collect herself for a moment. One hand ran through her hair, frustrated with herself.

Damn it!

She wanted to curse loudly to vent her anger.

The tall figure decided to grab a fresh set of clothes to change into and go look for her lover. But just a few steps out of the villa, her anxious expression suddenly grew even tenser when her eyes met the cheerful face of someone standing in her way, smirking.

"Lost your wife, have we? You don't look well. So flustered this morning, Nuea."

"None of your business."

“Are you sure about that?” The voice held a hint of mockery. The humiliation of being rejected at least partially needed to be avenged. Because someone like Toppat wouldn’t give in easily. “Because if you’re going to go look for your wife, you don’t need to bother going all the way to the counter, Nuea. Pat can tell you.”

“What do you know, Toppat? What are you trying to do?”

“Don’t accuse Pat like that, darling.” Her index finger was raised in a shushing gesture. She smiled charmingly, laced with feminine cunning, not caring in the least about the tall woman’s low voice and hardened eyes.

“Your doctor just rented a speedboat to go back to shore. It just so happened that we met at the counter. We had a little chat, woman to woman. After that, Pat just showed some kindness to a blind person and helped escort your doctor to the boat.”

“You’re even worse than I thought, Toppat.”

Saeng Nuea gnashed her teeth loudly. She never trusted that someone like Toppat wouldn’t say things that would hurt her loved one’s feelings. Besides worrying about the well-being of her lover, who still couldn’t help herself well enough, her heart also churned, wondering how much her lover’s fragile feelings had been trampled by now.

The door was slammed shut in the other’s face with a loud bang!

She strode back into the room to hastily pack her bag. Her heart was burning as if set on fire. As she dragged her luggage towards the counter, all sorts of worries formed into swirling thoughts in her head.

After asking the staff and confirming that everything was as Toppat had said, Saeng Nuea wasted no time checking out and arranging for a speedboat to follow her lover.

During the journey back to shore, she picked up her phone to call her housekeeper, instructing her to wait for her lover at the condo.

About an hour or so for the speedboat trip, followed by a private car speeding towards the condo. Once she managed to drive the car into the condo's parking lot, the tall, slender figure walked almost ran to the elevator, taking herself to her room.

But as soon as she squeezed into the room, her heart suddenly lurched when her eyes caught sight of a suitcase standing in the middle of the room. Beside it, the housekeeper stood looking bewildered, not knowing what to do.

"Where's the doctor?"

"The doctor is packing in the bedroom, Khun Nuea. Pom tried to stop her, but the doctor wouldn't listen."

Without wasting time, the bedroom door was pushed open immediately. When she found the delicate figure preparing to leave the room with a briefcase, the tall figure lunged forward and hugged her lover tightly.

"Prin, where are you going? Why are you doing this? Why are you running away from me?"

"P'Nuea, please let Prin go."

"I won't let go. Can we talk first? If Prin is angry about that woman, I can explain. Listen to me."

"There's nothing left to hear. Prin understands everything now. From now on, P'Nuea won't have to suffer because of Prin anymore. You have all the freedom you want, including with Khun Toppat. After all, she's the wife you don't have to sneak off to see like last night anymore."

"No, Dr. Prin. That woman isn't my wife. I don't know what that woman said to Prin, but please, don't be like this, my love. Please, give me a chance to explain. I admit that before, Toppat and I might have had something, but last night there was nothing at all, my love. Please believe me just this once."

Saeng Nuea tried to hug the slender person tightly. No matter how much the other struggled, due to her delicate, small frame, she couldn't match the strength of the larger woman.

"That's enough, P'Nuea. Don't say anything else. Please stop treating Prin like a foolish blind woman who knows nothing. P'Nuea knows well what you did. Last night you said there was nothing, and in front of Prin, what did you and your woman do in front of Prin?"

"Prin..."

"Don't be surprised that Prin knows. It's useless now. Please let Prin go. Let's just end it here."

The slender figure sobbed, her body shaking, after pouring out all her pent-up feelings along with the painful image that still lingered in her mind. Her red eyes were brimming with pain and disappointment. Her chest ached as if it would burst. Her beautiful, long eyelashes were wet with tears, trembling so much she could no longer hold back all the pain.

Enough...

If the pain she received was the result of her stubbornness in not listening to her father's teachings, the person who had never flown far from the embrace of her family was ready to accept everything.

Because in the end, she was just a foolish blind woman who was deceived. Everything that happened between them was a deception. She was too naive to give her body and heart to someone whose face she had never seen. What she received in return was a shattered psyche, as it was now.

"No, I won't end it, Prin. Prin is my wife. There's nothing between me and that woman, my love. Give me one more chance, please. I won't make Prin sad like this again. I won't do this again."

Her voice trembled, uncontrollably. Her lover looked twice as fragile as she cried. Saeng Nuea felt overwhelming guilt. The more she saw the delicate

state of the small woman in her arms, her heart felt as if it was being squeezed, making it hard to breathe.

That was it. She had no intention of hurting her lover. This bad person just wanted to be the best person in the eyes of the one she loved.

"Please, P'Nuea, Prin is begging you. Prin wants everything between us to end here. Please let Prin leave, without having to see your face like this."

She didn't even want to see her face.

The other's plea was like acid poured into her heart. What it felt like to burn and writhe in agony, Saeng Nuea only truly knew the taste of that searing pain today.

Her ears still rang, her vision blurred, her heart still torn apart by her lover's words, but a knock at the door interrupted them, causing her to involuntarily loosen her embrace.

The slender person gathered her last ounce of strength to pull free from the tall woman's grasp. She instinctively darted towards the door, the source of the sound. As the door was yanked open, the handsome, sharp face of a young doctor sharply met Saeng Nuea's gaze.

How did this doctor show up at her lover's condo?

The question popped into her head along with the young man's eyes, which were fixed on the room's owner.

"Dr. Prin, are you ready? We need to head to the airport now."

"Yes, I'm ready. Prin is ready."

"Prin!" Her two feet were about to follow her lover closely but halted as the young man's body moved to block her path.

"Get out of the way."

Her voice was harsh, showing no respect. Her hardened eyes glared at the meddling man, clearly meaning business. Both fists clenched. Saeng Nuea was trying very hard not to act irrationally or crazy.

"I will comply with your wishes. But first, I want you to understand that Dr. Prin wants to go home. She was the one who called me here, and I will be the one to take her. As for you... you should respect her decision. Please excuse me."

This crazy doctor!

He was talking absolute nonsense. Respect what crazy decision? That's my wife! And if I brazenly follow, he'll say I don't respect her.

Damn it!

Chapter 17

Saeng Nuea took a long time to calm herself, but her mind still reeled, her chest almost bursting. Unable to find a solution, her home became the only place she could retreat to and regroup.

She was the foolish one!

She had messed up, thinking too little, letting everything escalate to this point. The poison of love and intense longing became a torment, burning her heart. In less than a day, she was gasping for air, as if suffocating.

No one understood her. No one knew how severe her condition was.

It was getting worse and worse. She was so anxious she could barely sit still. Worried, concerned, and possessive about everything to the point of nearly going insane.

She was her lover, and also her fiancée, yet she couldn't exercise her own rights.

That crazy doctor, damn him!

Is he getting in my way, you bastard!

Saeng Nuea gritted her teeth and buried her face in her hands. She was so frustrated that everything seemed to go wrong. But then, a sudden thought popped into her head, causing her sharp eyes to immediately sparkle brightly.

The energy she had spent traveling to reconcile with her lover couldn't deplete her. As soon as she found a way out for herself, the tall figure sprang up from the living room sofa and strode purposefully towards her beloved Ferrari.

The wheels spun away from the house in a rush. In less than fifteen minutes, the high-performance engine sped to a halt in front of the mansion like a rocket.

“Where’s my father?”

Her stern voice snapped at her father’s bewildered subordinate. The subordinate’s flustered expression was due to his superior, who was next in line, as it was rare to see the only daughter of Boss Saeng with such a displeased look.

“Uh... he’s at the swimming pool, sir.”

Before the annoying, stammering sentence could finish, her two long legs strode quickly towards the swimming pool. She saw her father sprawled on a canvas chair from a distance. She stopped beside him, less than an arm’s length away. Still, the formidable boss showed no sign of noticing her.

“Father.” She slammed herself into the adjacent canvas chair, making her father jump.

“What the hell, Nuea! You come without making a sound! Do you want to give your father a heart attack?!”

His sunglasses were pulled from his face, and he glared at his daughter, his brow furrowed.

Even though he was old, it had to be admitted that the handsome features typical of a Southerner were still clearly evident on her father’s face. His physique was still fit, not at all bulky with a bulging belly like most wealthy gentlemen. But Boss Saengtai was an influential figure who simply had a rather intimidating mustache and beard.

But was he really scary? His appearance was quite contradictory to his face.

"Sorry, but I walked so close, and you still didn't notice? If it were a snake as thick as an arm, wouldn't it have already bitten you, Father?"

"Damn! As soon as you arrive, you start trash-talking. When did I ever have a potbelly? I only have rippling muscles!" The master pointed to himself and his own stomach, then his gaze swept to his daughter when he found that his own belly was only slightly protruding.

All his confidence was gone.

"So, what brings your ugly face to see your father?"

"If you say my face is ugly, Dad, don't forget I got my DNA from you."

This child!

Whatever he said to scold her, he was afraid it would come back to him. The southern master could only give his daughter a scornful look in his heart.

With her father, she argues endlessly. Don't let me find out that with her wife, she just meows like a little puppy!

"Dad, you don't have to secretly insult me in your heart. I didn't come to argue with you, but to ask you to speed up the wedding for me and your future daughter-in-law."

"Are you deaf?!" Saeng Nuea muttered, but her father heard it clearly.

"Huh?"

"No, Dad, you're not deaf. I want to get married. I want to marry your daughter-in-law. Can we get married today or tomorrow?"

"Did you eat something strange, young Saeng Nuea? Are you sick? Should we get a doctor to check your brain? So we can treat you if something's wrong."

"I'm fine, Dad. Stop teasing me. I'm serious about this."

"How would I know? You've been loudly proclaiming your love for freedom, that you don't want a wife. How come now you're pressuring me to rush the wedding? Or is it that once you saw the picture of your future wife that I sent you, your 'love for freedom' gland shriveled up? The doctor is beautiful and to your liking, isn't she? You're quite the philanderer."

"You don't have to mock me so much, Dad. Because your future daughter-in-law is the same woman I hit with my car and caused to go blind. Knowing that, will you agree to speed up the wedding for me now?"

There was no immediate answer, but the sound of her father's choked laugh through his throat made Saeng Nuea narrow her eyes, observing her father's suspicious behavior.

"You don't seem surprised at all, Dad. Or did you know all along?"

Ha! Ha! Ha!

This time, it wasn't just a choked laugh, but a booming laugh that resonated to her eardrums, making Saeng Nuea immediately realize what was going on.

In this area, in this neighborhood, the eyes and ears of Master Saeng Tai were wider than a pineapple field. He had countless subordinates. There was no way her father would keep them idle, wasting food.

By now, Saeng Nuea almost wanted to mourn for herself, for being thoroughly Toppat by her father.

"I'm your daughter, Dad. Is it right to trick your own daughter so completely?"

"It's because someone like you is cunning. Have you ever been able to talk normally like other people's children? This time, can you tell me why you're suddenly rushing here to pester me like this, when you've never shown your face for hundreds of years?"

"My wife ran away! Your daughter-in-law packed her bags and ran away from me back to Bangkok."

"Because you acted like a philanderer and the doctor caught you, didn't she? That's why! If a woman knows that much, do you think she'll agree to marry you? But packing her bags and running away is already an answer, isn't it? Think about it!"

"Because I know that, Dad, that's why I came to ask for your help. I didn't do anything wrong, but your daughter-in-law is misunderstanding me and running away. Do you think I should just let your daughter-in-law go like this? Didn't you choose this one for me?"

"So what do you want me to do?" The master remained calm, showing no eagerness, but his mind was racing with many thoughts, reaching a conclusion in just a few seconds.

"Speed up the wedding. But don't let her know who I am yet. Otherwise, she definitely won't agree to marry me."

"Coward! How are you going to get married without her knowing who you're marrying? Do you think this is playing house?"

"I've never played house, because since I was little, you never bought me pots or spatulas or taught me how to play house. I know someone like you can handle everything with a snap of your fingers. If your daughter-in-law would just listen to me, I wouldn't use this method. But if she's going to pack her bags and run away like that, even if I begged her to death, your daughter-in-law wouldn't even talk to me. She doesn't even want to see my face."

"So you know that much, huh?"

"Dad?"

"Go home now."

"So you're not helping?" Saeng Nuea reiterated. "So you don't want to hold your grandchild anymore? If your daughter-in-law doesn't marry me, you won't have a chance to hold a grandchild."

"If you want to get married quickly, then go home, young Saeng Nuea. You're disturbing my concentration."

With that repeated sentence, the world instantly brightened. Saeng Nuea pushed herself up to her full height, but before her father could scold her further, she spoke.

"And what then? Don't forget to call me, Dad, and tell me if your daughter-in-law has returned home yet. I'm worried. Thank you, Master."

Just seeing the smug face of his mischievous daughter, the father could only roll his eyes.

He had personally chosen the daughter-in-law, and he wanted to hold his grandchild. If someone like Master Saeng Tai was going to let her slip through his fingers easily, they would have to wait for planes and trains to collide first!

A little over an hour's journey from Phuket Airport to Bangkok Airport. Even though the tears had faded from her face, her spirit was still filled with pain. Deep down, she still longed and yearned. All the relationships between her and her lover had formed quickly and ended so quickly that she didn't have time to prepare herself.

It was a short period, but her heart had fallen deeper than anyone could understand. Her heart, which had never been tied to anyone before, was now bound to the woman who was the first for her body and the first for her heart, unable to withdraw.

A tear fell, and she quickly wiped it away. She felt pity for her body, which wasn't perfect, but still struggled to escape.

If she didn't have Dr. Ruth as a travel companion on this trip, she couldn't imagine how much hardship she would have faced.

"Prin must thank you very much, Dr. Ruth, for taking care of her. If you hadn't traveled with me, I can't imagine how difficult it would have been for me."

As the two walked towards the relative pick-up point, her soft hand was still held by the young man's hand. The single suitcase was carried by his other hand. It was a moment when the young doctor wished the journey would stretch out even longer.

"It's nothing. I told Dr. Prin that I had to travel to Bangkok for business anyway. Stop being so considerate. Since leaving Phuket, you've thanked me so many times."

"Because Prin doesn't know how else to repay your kindness."

"How about we have a bowl of noodles sometime when there's an opportunity?"

"Prin can treat you to a meal, not just noodles. But it might not be very soon."

"I'll wait, Dr. Prin. I'm good at waiting, in case you didn't know."

When there was an opportunity, would he not seize it? Even though the tears and sadness he had witnessed throughout the journey, and the events he encountered earlier, made him somewhat guess the relationship status between the woman he secretly loved and the woman, he still didn't want to miss the opportunity.

If she needed someone to indulge her, he was ready to offer himself completely. Even if the beautiful doctor might be in love with a woman, it didn't mean that a man like him had no chance.

Love never has a reason. It never has boundaries or limitations. Certainty is uncertainty. Everything in this world is truth. Anything can happen as long as the world keeps changing.

He wanted to prolong his time with her, but everything has an end. As he walked to the relative pick-up point, his eyes caught sight of a tall, slender young man, whose gaze, framed by glasses, was directed at him and her.

"I feel that your brother has arrived, Doctor."

"Really?" Her sweet voice held excitement. Given her current emotional state, seeing her brother seemed to make her eyes sting uncontrollably. "Where is Brother Parit now? Can Brother Parit see Prin yet?"

"Yes, he's looking this way."

Without another word, the young man led the slender woman to stand in front of her brother. Having communicated before, he knew that the man in front of him was indeed Dr. Parit Atiwat.

"Prin," Parit called his sister, his voice signaling confirmation. When a sweet smile appeared on her face, he slowly extended his hand for his sister to touch.

"Brother Parit."

The weakness she had tried to suppress seemed to burst forth uncontrollably. The slender figure rushed to hug her brother, sobbing into his wide shoulder, letting tears stain his shirt without caring about anything else. Besides the warm embrace, his hand gently stroked his only sister's hair.

"Why are you so whiny? There are a lot of people at the airport. Aren't you embarrassed?"

"There's no need to be embarrassed. I miss Brother Parit. I miss Dad. What's embarrassing about that?"

Whether happy or sad, if people had to travel far or even just meet, she always saw people picking up or dropping off, crying and hugging each other.

"Still have the energy to argue," the young man teased affectionately, but at the same time, he didn't forget to divert his attention to the person who had kindly helped bring his sister to him.

"I must thank you very much, Dr. Ruth, for safely bringing my sister here."

"You're welcome. In that case, I'll take my leave."

The young man said with a smile before turning to say goodbye to the beautiful doctor, who had just pulled away from her brother's embrace. Who would have thought he would have the chance to see the doctor in such a charming light?

Normally, in his eyes, Dr. Prin was already a delicate and gentle woman, but when she was with her brother, that delicacy and gentleness increased twofold.

"Don't cry anymore. Let's go home. Dad is waiting."

After the young man who had separated himself left, the handkerchief hidden in his shirt pocket was pulled out to wipe away his sister's tears. The suitcase was grabbed with one hand, and the other was used to lead his sister towards the private car.

The swollen eyes and the undeniable traces of sadness clearly indicated his sister's abnormal state of mind. Whatever she had been through, her sudden decision to return, despite her earlier firm assertion that she wasn't ready to come back, became the reason why he didn't press for answers at that moment.

The passenger side door was opened. While helping his sister into the car, the older brother didn't forget to raise his hand to protect his sister's head from the doorframe.

Once the seatbelt was fastened and everything was checked, he walked around to the driver's side.

As the car moved out of the airport, the anxiety of the person with a hidden guilt began to rise. In a few minutes, she would meet her father, who was likely very angry because of her stubbornness.

"What did Dad say when he found out Prin was back? Will Dad be very angry with Prin?"

"How could Dad be angry with Prin? He'll just be happy that Prin is back."

Parit shifted his gaze from the road ahead to glance at his sister. Her face was straight, her beautiful eyes staring blankly ahead without focus. It resonated deeply within him, making him feel a pang of sadness.

He never expected his sister, who had only been living alone for a short time, to return in such a state of blindness.

"I've told Dad everything about Prin's injury."

"Did I act very badly, Brother Parit? I was so stubborn and wouldn't listen to anyone, and now I'm in this state. In the end, it's you and Dad who have to take care of me."

The more she spoke, the more guilty she felt. This flight from home had taught her a valuable lesson, and it also made her realize that throughout her life, no one would love and wish her well as much as her family.

If she hadn't been so stubborn that day, she wouldn't be in this state, like a bird with broken wings. And it further emphasized her mistake: she should never be stubborn and show off like that again.

The car turned and parked within the gates of the large house. Parit walked around to the other side to help his sister out of the car. However, at that moment, their father, who had been waiting for his child, became anxious and rushed out as soon as he heard the car pull up in front of the house.

Upon seeing the condition of his daughter, who was like the apple of his eye, the father's heart ached, and his eyes welled up. The anger he had felt vanished without a trace.

"It's okay, my child." There were no harsh words or condemnations of her mistakes, only comforting words and a warm embrace that enveloped his daughter's small body. The hand that had once nurtured and cherished her gently stroked her delicate back to soothe her. "You're home now. Dad and Brother Parit will take care of you. There's nothing to worry about at all."

"I missed you, Dad. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for making you worry. I'm sorry for being so naughty to you. I won't be like that again. I won't be stubborn with you anymore."

The slender figure sobbed uncontrollably. Receiving love and warmth from her parent, her heart ached even more, as if it would break.

What other embrace in the world could offer such warmth and good intentions?

Chapter 18

Upon receiving news from her father that her beloved had safely returned home, the anxiety in her heart eased considerably. With renewed hope, each day was driven by anticipation.

A week passed. Saeng Nuea still remembered the appointment for her beloved's eye surgery, and if nothing had gone awry, based on her calculations, it should be around this time.

It was another day where her heart was so restless that she had to show her face to her father. Ever since her beloved packed her bags and fled back to Bangkok, she had already broken her record for entering and exiting her father's mansion in a year.

Evening visits were too few; what was worse was that the owner of the house was starting to get thoroughly fed up with her. She knew it, but still shamelessly persisted because her father was a child's ultimate hope.

Around 7 PM, various sweet and savory dishes were arranged on the table by the housekeeper. Saeng Nuea surveyed the colorful menu, not forgetting to gaze intently at her father's mustache.

"Why did you ask the housekeeper to put so much food on the table, Dad? Can you finish all of this?"

"I can't finish it, but I don't want to raise my child starving. Why don't you go look in the mirror, Saeng Nuea? Your wife packed her bags and left just a week ago, and you look like a panda."

"Even knowing that, you can still be so calm, Dad. You must want to see your daughter die of heartbreak, don't you?"

"With a face like that, how many days will you last? Won't you be happily parading another girl into a hotel in a day or two?"

"You're exaggerating, Dad. I'm not that indiscriminate."

"But you've swept up all the pretty ones, haven't you? You're more of a womanizer than any man, do you know that, Saeng Nuea? How many times did I tell you before to tone it down with the women? That's why the doctor caught on." He wanted to gloat and scold her even more harshly, but seeing her dejected face, he couldn't bring himself to.

"Dad, that's in the past, before I met your daughter-in-law. I know I was wrong, but it's already done and can't be undone. But in the future, it doesn't mean I can't change, does it?"

"Remember your words well. If, after you get married, you don't stop this philandering habit, I won't be able to help you then. If her family finds out you're such a playboy, no father would agree to marry his daughter to someone like that."

The words resonated deep within her.

Unable to argue, the daughter could only sit, hiding her face and drooping her ears.

Her heart was restless and agitated. A week felt too long for her. If she hadn't been so unsure how to face her beloved and get her to talk, she would have booked a flight to follow her on the very first day. She wouldn't have let herself wither away like this.

"Prepare to go to Bangkok with me. You jumped the gun and even caused his daughter to go blind. No matter what, you have to go apologize to Uncle Patsut yourself."

"Yes, Dad. Is Uncle Patsut very angry with me?" Now, she was starting to worry, afraid her father-in-law wouldn't like her. What if he didn't give her his daughter? Wouldn't she just die?

"You still ask? It's good enough that he's not so angry that he cut ties with a friend and became an enemy." In truth, it wasn't that severe, but if he didn't correct her habits, it wouldn't do. No father wanted to see his child's family ruined after marriage.

"I'm sorry, Dad. And how is your daughter-in-law, anyway? Did you ask for me how she is and where she's staying?"

Her father's sharp eyes swept over his daughter, and he wanted to give her a good knock on the head once or twice.

One word was 'daughter-in-law,' two words were 'daughter-in-law.' Before, it took forever for her to show her face. Now, she showed up every single day, and he was starting to get fed up. If it weren't for wanting grandchildren, someone like Mr. Saeng Tai would never have committed this much.

"I heard she needs to prepare for surgery the day after tomorrow. I've had someone book plane tickets. If you want to see your wife, we have to go see Uncle Patsut tomorrow."

It was as if she saw a bright, dazzling light in her father. Her heart pounded like a drum. The day her beloved underwent surgery should be the day she was by her side, and she should be the first person the other person saw.

But when she thought of this, her heart suddenly sank, remembering the last words before they parted.

"I hope Prin gets to leave without seeing a face like this."

The other person didn't even want to see her face.

How could she show up then? She yearned to see that sweet face with all her heart.

The next morning...

The father and daughter traveled from Phuket Airport to Bangkok Airport at almost eleven o'clock. It was normal and familiar for Mr. Saeng Tai to have his subordinates accompanying him, but this time it was fewer, only two people. Otherwise, the scene would have looked like an MP.

"It's eleven now. Let's go straight to the restaurant. I made a last-minute appointment, so Uncle Patsut and his son don't have much time. I'll leave as soon as we're done."

"Okay, Dad."

"And I had my people book a hotel for you. The information is on your phone."

Saeng Nuea nodded rapidly and thanked him as she got into the waiting taxi at the passenger pick-up point.

This was why she always believed that there was nothing Mr. Saeng Tai couldn't do.

Every problem, every detail, every care – her father could manage it all at once. It seemed he raised his child freely, without doting, but when it came to attention to detail, Mr. Saeng Tai was second to none. In fact, he was even more extravagant than others, providing everything except the moon and stars.

She was raised this way. Almost anything she wanted, her father would conjure up for her.

He loved his child very much, it was obvious.

But even with such indulgence, she never acted carelessly or became useless. Saeng Nuea followed in her father's footsteps in every detail, working diligently and growing into a quality adult. Especially when it came to women.

And this was the only thing she wasn't like her father. It was also not something to be proud of, as it had brought about a huge problem to solve and had caused her heart to be sorrowful until now.

The father and daughter arrived at the restaurant a little before the appointed time. This was probably the first time Saeng Nuea had the opportunity to formally get to know her beloved's family.

It was her first time meeting her beloved's older brother, but she had met her beloved's father once before, though it had been so long she barely remembered.

After pleasantries, the conversation focused on the main reason for today's meeting. In addition to the two elders discussing the wedding, Saeng Nuea also had the opportunity to introduce herself, apologize to her beloved's family, and express her sincerity in every possible way.

Everything seemed to be going her way. Her father-in-law wasn't holding a grudge and even seemed fond of her. Her beloved's brother appeared to be a gentleman, refined, gentle, and articulate, getting along well due to their similar age.

Everything seemed to fit perfectly, but Saeng Nuea knew it wouldn't be that easy.

Because if it were easy, she wouldn't have been in this predicament in the first place.

Her beloved's resolute spirit made her realize that loss was not far off if she made even the slightest mistake. Saeng Nuea almost couldn't bear to think that if the person who was to marry her beloved wasn't her, the beautiful doctor might have fallen to someone else by now.

She could lose anything but her wife. She couldn't lose her to anyone. Her heart was already in love, so she could only reiterate to herself that an incident like that day would absolutely never happen again.

After parting ways with the wedding arrangements finalized, Mr. Saeng Tai immediately returned to Phuket as he had urgent work to attend to.

Saeng Nuea separated and returned to her hotel.

With her heart fixed on waiting, each passing second seemed to move slowly. The overwhelming longing made her barely able to sleep that night. The excitement made her jump out of bed to shower and get dressed at 5:30 AM. But it seemed her excitement was a bit too much, as her tall figure appeared at the hospital when the short hand of the clock had just pointed to seven.

She exhaled a soft, hot breath as the clock moved slower than her heart's journey. Her beloved was scheduled for surgery at 10 AM, but here she was, wandering aimlessly in the hospital hours in advance.

After standing around for a while, the hospital coffee shop became the place where she sat to kill time.

Throughout her life, her patience for waiting for something was very low. Especially sitting around doing nothing like this, Saeng Nuea used to see it as worthless.

However, today, waiting for someone for many hours just to see her face, even for a fleeting moment, she felt it was a worthwhile wait. So, as the important time approached, her tall figure quickly made her way back to hover near the operating room once more.

Her heart pounded fiercely when she caught sight of the familiar slender figure being wheeled to a stop in front of the room. Beside her was Dr. Parit, diligently caring for his sister. And there, beside her, should have been Saeng Nuea herself, standing there. But now, the real Saeng Nuea could only watch from a distance.

She saw her face but couldn't go in to hug her.

"Prin has to go into the operating room now. This surgery will go well. My sister will definitely be able to see again."

"It has to be that way. Prin will get to see Dr. Parit and Dad now."

Saeng Nuea stood, her eyes welling up. She wanted to go in and hug her to give her support but could only stand and watch. At the same time, the young doctor, who was already aware of her presence, simply smiled reassuringly.

Parit already knew she would come, because their meeting yesterday had allowed her to know every detail of her beloved's movements.

The slender figure was wheeled into the operating room. Her sharp eyes remained fixed on the sight until the door closed. Saeng Nuea blinked two or three times to clear away her tears, then decided to walk back and sit on a chair lined up in front of the room.

Time continued its course, but each breath counted was also a wait. Her sharp eyes glanced at the operating room door repeatedly, doing so countless times.

Until the waiting time ended. As the operating room door creaked open, her heart pounded rapidly, and her body sprang to its full height.

Her gaze darted to the slender figure being wheeled out. Her beloved's eyes were covered with an eye shield. As the slender figure was being moved to the recovery room, the young doctor's signal made her follow silently.

Stopping in front of the room, Parit allowed the nurses to wheel his sister inside. He chose to turn and speak with his sister's fiancé.

"It will be a bit difficult, given that we all intended for it to turn out this way."

"It's alright, I can handle it. By the way, did the surgery go well?"

"Everything went smoothly, no problems. The ophthalmologist who performed the surgery on Dr. Prin is an older friend of mine. He's very skilled, you can rest assured. In another 24 hours, the doctor will remove the eye covering, and we can expect good news. I'm confident."

"...."

No words came from her mouth, but her sparkling eyes were filled with joy and anticipation. A gentle smile spread across her beautiful face, revealing her perfectly aligned white teeth. The young man standing there could not deny that his sister's fiancé was an exceptionally attractive and charming woman.

If she was this good-looking, he couldn't help but worry for his sister, fearing she would have to contend with other women.

Parit unconsciously let out a long sigh. He raised his index finger to adjust his glasses and spoke, "In a little while, the pain medication and sedatives should take effect. You can visit Prin now, Saeng Nuea. She'll probably be asleep for quite a while."

"Thank you very much, Dr. Parit."

"No problem. Soon, we'll be family. As her brother, I couldn't not help my sister get what she wants. Besides, you have to take responsibility for my sister." He had received information that they had already been together before.

"That's a given. If I could rush the wedding, I'd want to get married today or tomorrow. Also, Dr. Parit, you seem to have said something wrong."

"...?" Parit raised an eyebrow in question.

"Family, I already am. Not just 'soon.'"

The young doctor almost choked on his drink at her clear correction of her status.

She was truly something.

Their closeness developed according to the relationship that required opening up to include another person as part of the family. The doctor bid a few words of farewell before giving the couple a chance to spend time

together, fitting for someone who had flown all the way from Phuket to secretly watch over a sleeping person.

If his sister knew, she might soften a bit, because throughout the past week, it wasn't as if he hadn't observed his sister's condition.

It seemed quite serious.

After the young doctor left, Saeng Nuea waited for some time, until the nurse exited the room and she confirmed that her beloved was asleep. Only then did her tall figure carefully push open the door and step inside.

Her two feet stopped beside the bed. The gaze she cast upon the sleeping figure was filled only with tenderness. The longing was too overwhelming, and she instinctively reached out to gently caress the smooth, clear cheek. Her yearning was conveyed through her touch, yet the sleeping person could not perceive the multitude of feelings being sent.

Her heart had never felt such possessiveness, never desired to protect and care for any woman to this extent. She had never had to be this gentle with anyone, but the small woman sleeping before her was the only one she wanted to be the most gentle with.

Saeng Nuea had never realized when such strong feelings had begun to form in her heart. By the time she noticed, the beautiful doctor had already taken a significant role in her emotions and had claimed her heart, leaving no empty space.

A warm sensation spread through her heart. A gentle smile appeared on her face as she gazed at the sleeping figure. The yearning was too overwhelming to suppress. She couldn't resist leaning down and pressing her lips gently onto the rosy petals of her beloved's mouth.

Only one more night. After this night passed, those beautiful eyes, now closed, would open to meet hers on their wedding day.

Soon, this woman would become her bride completely, the mother of her children, the only woman who would possess her heart.

She would wait patiently, wait for the day when the two of them could fully use the term "life partners."

Chapter 19

The human mind is something that is difficult to heal. Some people might take many months to erase the pain, some might take many years to erase countless memories they once shared, or some might take a lifetime to heal the wounds in their heart.

Every injury requires time to heal. It's hard enough to return to a normal life after physical wounds, let alone a heart that has just suffered illness and disappointment. Even if the body has returned to normal, the wounds in the mind are still fresh, making it difficult to find relief from the pain.

Every memory is still deeply embedded in her feelings. Longing still forms overwhelming waves in her heart. Just two weeks haven't helped to lessen the yearning for someone; it has only intensified, contrary to the days of separation.

The sun was sinking low, setting below the horizon. The sky, once painted with a glowing orange, was slowly being replaced by a deep grey that began to envelop it gently.

The soft orange light from the lamps lining the lawn began to illuminate the surroundings, replacing the sun. Her beautiful eyes still stared blankly, not focusing on anything in particular, but just letting the silence engulf every feeling, allowing her to sink into her own trance.

"It's evening now. Why aren't you coming inside? Aren't you afraid of mosquitoes?"

A deep, familiar voice drifted from behind, startling the person deeply lost in her thoughts, making her turn to look at her brother. A faint smile touched the corner of her lips. She tried to compose her face to appear normal, concealing traces of sadness from her brother's eyes.

"Brother Parit, did you just get back from the hospital?"

"Yes, as soon as I got out of the car, I saw someone here daydreaming. What are you thinking about?"

"Just thinking about random things."

"Random?" The young doctor placed his hand on his sister's head, conveying care through the touch of a brother who always worried about his sister.

"Yes. Prin just thought a little about work. Maybe this Monday, Prin might have to transfer from the old hospital to our hospital."

"You want to transfer now?" Parit frowned as he processed his sister's words. Of course, for some reason, he couldn't support his sister's idea at this time. "Don't you think it would be better to wait a bit longer? Prin knows how important the medical profession is. Our body must be ready. Prin has just recovered. Wouldn't it be better to rest and recuperate your body to be more prepared before thinking about work again?"

"Brother Parit thinks it should be that way."

Her confidence seemed to be at a worrying low. She was like a frightened child lacking self-confidence, exhibiting anxiety about making mistakes if she had to decide anything on her own with confidence.

She didn't want to stumble and encounter pain and disappointment again. She felt ashamed of herself for being stubborn and persistent, refusing to listen to anyone's opinion, especially from her family.

"It's not just me who thinks this way. Dad would probably agree too. Let's wait a little longer, okay? Wait until you're fully recovered. Are your eyes still irritated or stinging sometimes?"

"They still sting sometimes. In that case, let's put work aside for now."

"That's how it should be."

The young doctor smiled faintly, knowing what was what. That's why he had to try to find ways to persuade his sister to agree as much as possible, because even though his sister wouldn't say anything about her heart, the listless symptoms he had observed since her return spoke for themselves.

His sister was not that strong a woman. A life spent only studying and reading might make her knowledgeable in books, but still naive about the world. It would be difficult to pretend to hide her feelings without any suspicion.

"Let's go inside. Dad is probably waiting for dinner by now."

The doctor nodded slightly and followed her brother into the house. In the large dining room, their father was already waiting as expected. The two siblings stepped in and sat down in their usual places. One member of the family was missing, as the woman who had shared joys and sorrows with Dr. Pasut had passed away due to illness.

It had been a long year since he had consistently been a good father. Even though both of his children were now adults, in a father's eyes, they were always small.

"Eat a lot, Dr. Prin. You've lost weight, do you know? If your mother were still here, she would be nagging you morning and night."

"Yes, Dad." Her sweet eyes scanned the food on the table. Every dish looked delicious, mostly her favorite menus, but the person who had no appetite lacked the enthusiasm to even put rice in her mouth.

"After dinner, Dad has something important to discuss with Prin."

Once again, the slender figure could only nod and smile, then chose to quietly eat her meal.

Every movement of his daughter did not escape the father's gaze. Dr. Pasut met his son's eyes and let out a big sigh.

He could clearly analyze the cause. His daughter had visibly lost weight. The listless symptoms he frequently observed were all indicative of her condition.

She had managed to bravely escape, but her mental state was contrary to what her brain commanded. If he let this continue much longer, he, as her father, wouldn't be able to bear it. He felt pity for his daughter. The well-laid plan might be ruined by him accidentally.

After dinner, the three family members moved to the living room. The father's gaze lingered on his daughter's gentle face amidst many thoughts. He knew well that what he had decided to do might upset his daughter a little, but even so, he still believed it was the right decision.

When it comes to emotional pain, nothing can heal it better than the owner of the heart.

"So, Dad, what do you want to talk to Prin about?" Seeing her father sitting silently and just looking at her for a long time, she couldn't help but ask first.

"I want to talk to Prin about the marriage between Prin and her fiancé."

Her heart fluttered instantly upon hearing the topic about to be discussed. Even though she knew beforehand that this day would eventually come, upon hearing the word "marriage," her heart found it difficult to control its trembling.

The corners of her eyes began to burn, but she still tried to force a faint smile while trying to accept it.

Since she had decided not to be stubborn, everything that had been thoroughly considered and thought through by her father's decision would always be the best for her.

"Dad knows it might be a bit too fast for us to talk about this, but Prin has been engaged to him for a while now. Whether it's sooner or later, you still

have to get married anyway. They've found a date now; the wedding will be held early next month. What do you think?"

Again, her heart fluttered wildly, as if all her strength had suddenly vanished. Early next month seemed too soon. Her heart couldn't shake one person out of it, but in a few days, she would belong to someone who would become her life partner.

Her heart ached terribly. Her brain processed slowly. The feeling in her heart still yearned for only one person, but it hurt every time she had to tell herself that the love could not return.

Her life's path was already set. It was wrong from the moment she gave her body and heart to another woman who was not her fiancé. If you look deeper, she was no different from a bad-mannered woman who trampled on the honor and dignity of the woman who was about to become her life partner. Whether she loved her or not, the status of fiancé was something she had to accept and respect the other person more.

"Prin will follow whatever Dad says."

"Then get ready. The day after tomorrow, they'll send a tailor to take your measurements and choose a wedding dress style. All the other details will be handled by their side. The wedding will be held in Phuket."

Phuket?

The thought struck her, piercing her chest. The theory of a small world was swirling around her. Her heart raced, thinking of someone she couldn't shake from her mind. Even though she had never seen her face, she was heartbroken and didn't want to think about it, didn't want to get caught in that loop, or even go to places associated with the owner of her heart.

Her mind was so blurred she didn't want to know anything. Her heart was so downcast that she didn't even want to know the details related to the wedding or even the identity of her fiancé.

Silence was used as a shield to protect her abnormal mental state. But before the weakness could be released as tears in front of her family, the doctor quickly had to find a way to escape from that situation.

And just a little after his sister left, Parit turned to meet his father's gaze. A hot sigh escaped him, feeling the utmost sympathy for his sister.

"We did the right thing by not telling her, didn't we?"

"There's no right or wrong in this, Parit. But everything has its reasons. If we believe this method is the best choice for our daughter, then it's worth doing. Because if our daughter didn't have feelings for that person or truly couldn't move on, her condition wouldn't be as we see it now. Let them get married. The rest is up to the two of them to sort out. Sang Nuea doesn't seem like a bad person, because if she were, our daughter wouldn't have fallen in love with her without ever seeing her face. When people love someone, there must be a reason to love them. I believe I'm not wrong about her. Our daughter will be happy marrying the person she loves, even if there are misunderstandings."

Dr. Pasut concluded with a firm gaze. Although he felt a pang of sadness at having to entrust his daughter to someone else's care from now on, a father's heart desires nothing more than to see his child happy.

On the day his daughter returned in a state that almost broke his heart, he had vowed not to force her will again. But upon learning the true cause, from observing his daughter's reactions, he decided to agree to cooperate with his dear friend.

Since a man like Nai Hua Laeng dared to put all his dignity before him, as a friend he had known for more than half his life, he felt that someone like Nai Hua Laeng had dignity even higher than a coconut tree. If he had agreed to that extent, how could he not trust him?

A man like Nai Hua Laeng wouldn't arrange his daughter's wedding in an ordinary way. What was initially planned was to hold a grand event that would shake the entire island of Phuket. However, since the other bride did

not want too much fanfare, even though she offered to arrange everything herself, ultimately, the opinions of the other bride still had to be respected.

Thus, the conclusion of meeting halfway, the grandeur was scaled down slightly. Nevertheless, it still had to maintain its magnificence, befitting their status.

The large mansion of Nai Hua Laeng was chosen as the venue for both the morning ceremony and the evening reception. The spacious area in front of the mansion was transformed, filled with flower arches primarily in white and pink, mixed with other elements arranged appropriately at various points throughout the event. A large number of tables and chairs were prepared to accommodate many guests, because Nai Hua Laeng's definition of "little" was never little for others.

Sang Nuea smiled at the perfection before her. She would not let her bride feel inferior to any other bride. Everything had to be the best for the person she loved.

Throughout the time they were apart, even though she didn't show her face, it didn't mean she wasn't watching from a distance. Many times, she had to exert extreme effort not to appear before the opportune moment. Her heart felt tortured every time she had to bear so much longing. If she had to wait any longer, she probably wouldn't be able to bear it.

She wanted to possess the doctor with all her heart.

But then, the waiting period came to an end. Tomorrow, her bride and her family would arrive. The guest rooms in the mansion were prepared to welcome the prospective bride's family. Everything was meticulously planned and executed step by step, and she desperately hoped that the secret wouldn't be revealed before the wedding day.

Sang Nuea smiled, her attention to every detail suggesting nothing would be overlooked. Her sharp eyes rested on the prominent Thai script nameplate.

Prin & Sang Nuea

No matter how she looked, she only saw an aura of perfect suitability. Even their names sounded beautiful and harmonized in every way. Even the color of the letters glowed a sweet pink.

Is this what they mean when they say, everything created today is because we are meant to be?

Chapter 20

Just one day before the wedding, the Apiwan family arrived at the large mansion late in the morning. Nai Hua Laeng welcomed them warmly, and they all shared lunch and dinner together.

But on both occasions, the doctor did not even see a glimpse of her fiancé.

"The bride and groom must not see each other before the wedding day, otherwise the marriage will not last."

That was the reason given by the elders. The doctor didn't mind the reason or the superstition at all. But what caught her attention from the beginning was the surprising connection between the name of Nai Hua Laeng and someone else's name.

However, amidst that surprise, she still didn't forget that there were many coincidences in this world, but a name that matched someone else's didn't necessarily mean there was any connection.

The issue that arose as a question was easily dismissed. The languidness stemming from her lack of enthusiasm for the marriage meant that when the elders advised her to stay in her room to prepare for tomorrow's important event, the doctor wasted no time in seizing the opportunity to confine herself to the room from the moment she arrived.

When she stepped out of the car that had picked her up from the airport, she only glimpsed the venue, seeing it briefly. She wasn't eager to explore

every nook and cranny. It was just a general view of a typical reception and ceremony.

And because it held no importance to her feelings, her heart ignored everything, leaving the task of managing everything to others. She was merely a robot, programmed to follow instructions.

The first night resting in the mansion of the person known as her fiancé's father. With limited time, the bride had to be woken up at 4 AM to get ready.

She sat like a mannequin, allowing the makeup artists and hairdressers to work on her. What would be a chaotic situation for many was not for someone who felt neither joy nor sorrow about it.

Her feelings remained flat, without even a trace of enthusiasm. Even though today was an important day for a woman who should feel the happiest in her life, it wasn't for her, the bride who had given her heart to someone else, not the person who would become her life partner in a few minutes.

After a while, the once bustling team of makeup artists and hairdressers dwindled, leaving only the bride, who was ushered into another room to rest.

A large mirror reflected the image of a woman wearing a modern Thai dress in white. Her gentle face was adorned with makeup by the artist, who had transformed her into a bride ready to walk into the wedding ceremony beside someone.

The slender figure gazed at herself in the mirror's reflection. A clear trace of sadness appeared in her eyes when she had a moment alone. Even now, her heart still couldn't shake someone from her mind, because her heart stubbornly kept thinking of that person.

Her heart ached deeply, and warmth began to spread to her eyes again. But before the first tears could be shed and stain her face, a gentle knock

on the door made the tears recede as she tilted her head back and blinked many times.

Her brother's tall figure, dressed in a cream-colored suit, appeared with a smile. Parit stepped in front of his sister. He had been instructed by the elders to check on her readiness, her mental state, and the preparedness of the most beautiful bride in the world.

His sister was already the most beautiful. Even though these eyes carried traces of sadness, in a few seconds, they would be replaced by the happiness a bride deserves on her wedding day.

"Do you know my sister is the most beautiful today?"

"..." A faint smile touched the corner of her lips. The sadness hidden in her heart, she didn't want to share with anyone around her. "Thank you. My brother is very handsome today too."

"Well, it's my sister's wedding, how can I be less handsome than others? I have to stand out, fitting for the bride's brother, right?"

Parit gently touched a loose strand of hair on her sweet face, not daring to press hard for fear of messing up her beautifully styled hair. His sister was so beautiful today, pure and gentle, like a literary maiden stepping out of a world of imagination, like a little angel whom her father and he, as her brother, had carefully nurtured until she grew into the most beautiful bride today.

"It's almost time for the ceremony, Prin. Are you ready?"

"If I say I'm not ready, will Brother Parit take your sister and run home?"

"It's too late, beautiful. Everything happening today will only bring good things for my sister. Prin will be the most beautiful and happiest bride from now on."

"Thank you, Brother Parit." The slender figure embraced her brother, soaking in all the love and goodwill she could always feel. His gentle hand lightly patted her back.

"I have to go now. Dad will come to pick you up in a little while. Get ready. Keep smiling, okay?"

Parit gave a gentle smile before turning and walking out of the room, letting time do its job.

As the time for the ceremony approached, the door opened again, revealing the dignified figure of Prof. Dr. Pasut, who stood proudly smiling at the bride.

"I've come to pick up my beautiful daughter. Let's go, everyone is waiting for you."

He bent one elbow, holding it by his side. Soon after, the beautiful bride walked arm-in-arm with her father, appearing before the eyes of everyone at the event.

Natural shyness and embarrassment arose as she stood as the center of attention amidst a large crowd. Her sweet eyes didn't dare to scan the surroundings. She could only lower her gaze to hide her feelings.

Music filled the atmosphere of the event. In the same instant, gasps from the guests arose as a tall, slender figure in a white suit walked through the doorway into the hall.

All eyes focused on the striking tall figure, including the bride, who looked up at the unusual occurrence. Her gaze seemed fixed on the tall, slender form. Every step the woman took was directed towards where she stood. Her heart pounded rapidly until the tall figure stopped directly in front of her.

Just meeting her eyes made her heart flutter. A gentle smile appeared at the corner of her lips, characteristic of someone charming. Her height was similar to someone else she knew. Her beautiful, sharp features were beyond the word "beautiful." Her gentle eyes conveyed something. Many

things she sensed from this woman's presence were strongly shaking her small heart.

Why did she feel so familiar with someone she had never had the chance to get to know?

"Lead your sister to sit there, my child."

At the elder's words, her consciousness, which had drifted far away, returned to the present. Her sweet eyes dropped to look at the tall woman's palm extended before her. Amidst her rapidly beating heart, her pale pink hand slowly reached out and placed itself on the slender palm of the woman who was about to become her life partner.

It was as if an electric current coursed through her entire body. Just the touch of fingertips, the palm that slowly tightened its grip, caused the doctor's eyes to burn.

It was impossible. The touch of someone could not be so similar to someone else. She must be thinking of that person too much.

Sang Nuea gently led the bride to slowly sit down at the designated spot for the important ceremony. Before them lay the tray of dowry, including a box with two diamond rings, beautifully arranged. They were surrounded by the elders from both families.

Her sharp eyes, refusing to leave the bride's beautiful face, reflected an undeniable fascination. The graceful figure, adorned in a white Thai wedding dress, made her bride appear even purer than all the white in the world.

The prominence of her fair skin could not be obscured by any sadness. The more she gazed, the more her heart, hidden within her left chest, pounded. As soon as she met those sweet eyes, her heart could no longer resist the person in front of her.

A dazzling beauty shone in those eyes, captivating everything around her, as if the whole world had stopped spinning. Sang Nuea was allowing

herself to sink into the trance of her bride's beauty, until she realized it again, only when she felt a light tap on her shoulder.

"Nuea, put the ring on your sister!"

How could she not flinch? The beautiful, sharp face that glanced at the bride immediately broke into a faint smile.

Sang Nuea quickly deflected, reaching for the ring box, but every movement did not escape the sweet eyes that were fixated without blinking. Her slender eyebrows furrowed in curiosity, because besides the striking name, the faint smile of the person in front of her kept prodding her suspicion to work harder.

"Give your hand to her, Dr. Prin."

Her father's urging voice managed to snap her back to reality, making her quickly extend her hand for the other person to slip the ring onto her left ring finger. But the curiosity that intruded on every feeling was not shaken from her thoughts.

The slender figure tried to compose herself to pick up the other ring and place it on her life partner's left ring finger. Their eyes met steadily for a long time. Every feeling conveyed through her life partner's eyes emphasized the clarity, causing her breath to hitch.

An instinct born from deep thought urged her to slowly turn and look behind her.

Until...

Prin & Sang Nuea

Chapter 21

Prin & Sang Nuea

The large name sign, designed with elegant font, stood prominently in the background. That alone made the blood in her veins run cold as if turning to ice. Her heart pounded more than just with confusion; it was a chaotic rush of various emotions.

She couldn't tell if she was happy or sad. Her sweet eyes shifted their attention from the sign and scanned her surroundings.

Amidst hundreds of people, all eyes were on both of them. Realizing the situation she was in, as the bride who had to perform her role to the best of her ability, she tried to compose herself to allow the ceremonies to proceed smoothly.

Even though many questions popped up in her head, whether her father and brother were complicit in this or not, even if everyone conspired to deceive her, it didn't mean she could blame anyone.

Because all this time, if she had paid a little attention to the details about her fiancé, she would have known about everything that happened today herself.

No one lied, they just didn't tell her everything. This way of thinking was frustrating because she couldn't fully blame anyone. Although part of it might have been intentional, another part was because she herself had never even tried to know or ask questions.

It became a half-felt resentment. And to throw a tantrum was not her nature. Unable to find someone to blame, her beautiful eyes could only glance at her life partner, as if wanting to silently unload all her feelings onto the root cause.

"I can explain everything, Prin, but please, just listen to me."

No words escaped her luscious lips. Only multi-faceted eyes stared intently at her life partner, afraid of anger, but it became a powerful magnetic force that drew the tall figure closer to the graceful form of the bride. Her soft hand was taken and placed on her lap, and he seized the opportunity to lean in and kiss the bride's cheek, leaving the surprised woman rigid in her seat.

Her body should have moved, but she couldn't turn her face away from her life partner's touch. The lingering touch spread warmth to her sweet face, becoming unbearable.

The cheers from the guests echoed back as joy. Contradictory feelings arose within her sensitive heart. No matter how angry she was, deep down, she couldn't deny that the feeling of delight was overwhelmingly surpassing other emotions.

Because walking down the aisle with the person you love, no woman could deny that it is one of life's significant desires.

Sang Nuea pulled her lips away from the sweet face, leaving only a lingering warmth embedded on her cheek. Her sharp eyes met her wife's tenderly. The hands clasped on her lap tightened to convey every feeling of love and possessiveness.

"I have claimed all of you, body and soul. Prin is my wife, and I am only Prin's. We are rightfully each other's."

How many things should a heart that already belongs to this person feel? The bond that tied two hearts together, the status of being each other's, it happened amidst many witnesses.

The various ceremonial steps proceeded smoothly, until it was time for the couple to be escorted to their bridal chamber.

On the king-sized bed, fragrant rose petals were scattered. Both brides sat kneeling on the floor, hands clasped in prayer before their respective

fathers. Pasut's gaze shifted between his daughter, his precious darling, and his daughter's life partner.

He felt a pang of sadness but was filled with immense pride and emotion. A father's heart, finally able to see his daughter on her wedding day.

His cherished darling would grow another step, no longer just his little angel as in the past.

His daughter would have the opportunity to learn another way of life, one that almost every woman encounters. Holding someone's hand to walk through life's path is not easy, but no matter what obstacles lie ahead, what he most wants to see is his daughter and her partner holding hands and overcoming them every time.

His warm eyes, filled with expectation, rested on the tall, slender figure who was about to take over his duty. His heart had already been placed in the hands of the woman who had become another daughter to him.

"I love and cherish my daughter as much as my life and breath. I ask you, Nuea, to love and care for her deeply. I entrust you, Nuea, to take the best care of this heart of mine. But if one day you forget this heart, I will be the one to take my daughter back and care for her myself."

"I will love and care for her as if she were my own two eyes. I will cherish her more than my own breath. The day you come to take her back will never come, as long as I still breathe."

Defeated by the eloquent words, if not for the steadfast and serious eyes, the father would not have been so pleased.

Pasut turned his gaze to his daughter, who kept her head down. He hoped that the heartfelt words just now could crack her delicate heart, allowing her to feel the sincerity of her life partner, just as he, as a father, could feel it.

"Dr. Prin."

"Yes, Dad."

"Now my daughter is not alone anymore. From today onwards, Prin's life must move forward hand in hand with her life partner. Don't think alone, don't do things alone. Everything that comes into married life must be done and decided together. Do your best as a wife. Respect our life partner as much as you respect yourself. What I want to see most from Prin, my child, is your happiness."

"Yes, Dad. Prin will do her best. I will remember what you taught me and live my life as happily as possible."

Pasut raised his hand to pat both brides' heads. When he looked to his side, he saw Nai Hua Laeng sitting there, grinning from ear to ear.

"Nai Hua," Dr. Pasut gently nudged his dear friend and gestured towards the two brides.

The owner of the unceasing smile throughout almost the entire event quickly pulled himself away from the image he was imagining of his grandchildren running around kicking a football. Elegant words weren't arranged in his mind, but all his pride gathered and rested with the cherished hope in his chest, always the sole hope of a father.

"Finally, a man like Nai Hua Laeng gets to see his only daughter marry and settle down. From now on, you're not alone, Nuea. Whatever you do, you must learn to think ahead, think about the person beside you a lot. From now on, no matter what the future holds, I believe a person like Nuea will be able to handle everything well. Don't let her slip away, my daughter-in-law."

"I will not disappoint you, Dad. I will hold this daughter-in-law of yours tight every night, because the woman who will be the mother of my children will only be this daughter-in-law of yours."

Such simple words that made the person being referred to almost speechless, because the one branded as the mother of his children was now so flushed she dared not even look up to meet the eyes of either elder.

"Nong Prin."

"Yes, Dad."

"Welcome to our family. Now you are my daughter-in-law. You are a part of Thirakarn, with every right and voice as a daughter-in-law. The path of married life may not always be smooth, but no matter what, I want you to hold onto her hand tightly. If one day my daughter happens to act unpleasantly, you can criticize and advise her. If you can forgive her, then forgive her, my child. I believe you will be everything in my daughter's life."

"Yes, Dad. Prin will try her best to perform her duties."

His eyes, full of affection, looked at his daughter-in-law. Normally, he was a blunt and straightforward speaker, but when faced with such sweet and gentle demeanor,

a man like Nai Hua Laeng instantly became soft-spoken and pleasant to listen to.

As for the daughter, who witnessed her father's double standards, she could only blink, seeing her own future unfold in her imagination.

A future as a neglected outcast awaits, not far out of reach.

When the time came for the elders to leave the two brides alone, the atmosphere after the door closed felt as if everything around them fell silent.

The smile that had been on her sweet face immediately vanished. And because she couldn't find any words to extract an answer from her life partner, the slender figure chose to avoid confrontation by turning her back.

"Prin." Her small wrist was gently grasped and pulled, making her turn to face her.

The slender person looked up at her life partner, no anger in her eyes, which were still full of love, but instead, they were filled with a rising sense of hurt and disappointment that choked her.

Her sweet eyes began to well up with clear tears. She still couldn't make sense of anything. She didn't know where to start. What was the beginning of this whole story? She had gone so far to escape from that promiscuous person, but fate had cruelly thrown her former lover back to become her life partner. And to make matters worse, this promiscuous woman was also her fiancé.

Was it because the world was small, or because this heart couldn't escape from the promiscuous person?

"..."

"I won't say I didn't intend it, but everything I've done, I can explain."

"Explain?" Her voice trembled uncontrollably. Her accusing eyes still stared into the eyes of the promiscuous person. "What more reason could you have, Khun Nuea, than always seeing Prin as just a foolish woman?"

"Not at all, my dear. I never thought that. Never once. Before we met, I never knew Prin was my fiancé. But once I found out, on the day we decided to be together, I didn't dare to tell Prin, because I was afraid Prin wouldn't want to marry me."

"You were afraid because you already had another woman. You always had another woman, whether before or when..."

"It's not like that at all. After Prin, who never got involved with any woman..." Not only did she say that, but the forceful twisting of her wife's wrist, as she tried to shake free from her embrace, made Saeng Nuea pull the slender figure into a full, loving hug.

"P'Nuea, let Prin go."

Her small arms tried to push away her tall shoulders to maintain distance, but the more she struggled, the tighter her arms wrapped around her waist. Every part of their bodies pressed close, their faces only a breath apart. It was so hard to turn away from her prominent nose brushing her cheek.

“I miss you. I miss you so much, do you know that?”

The word “miss” was melting her soft heart into liquid, but still, the memory of the day they decided to break up continued to haunt her, making her inner feelings churn.

She couldn’t easily forget what she had seen with her own eyes.

“P’Nuea, let Prin go.”

“I will never let my wife go anywhere. We are married, Dr. Prin. Don’t run away from me again.”

Saeng Nuea buried her face in her delicate shoulder. Her wife’s unique scent still lingered in her senses, never fading. It was the only scent her heart longed for every single day. Even now, the longing tormented her terribly.

Months apart felt like years. How could she let the other person go?

“I’m sorry for everything. I know I was wrong, even about our marriage that I didn’t tell you about. I was the one who begged everyone to keep it a secret. I was afraid that if Prin knew who I was, she wouldn’t marry me. Afraid Prin would leave me again. I couldn’t bear it, do you know that? If the person who married Prin today wasn’t me, I would have lost my heart in this house to someone else. Prin, please don’t be angry with me. You can punish me however you want. I’ll accept anything.”

Accept anything?

Every word that came out was chipping away at her heart, making it vulnerable. But the natural mechanism built to protect her once-broken heart kept emphasizing the feelings of that day, persistently.

She didn't want to be just a foolish woman in her lover's eyes, but her heart, still overflowing with love, was making her lose to every reason. Their status was that of life partners. Even though she knew they couldn't live in a fantasy world where life had to be perfect, she wasn't a generous woman who could share her beloved with anyone else.

"Prin is tired today. Can you let her go first?"

It wasn't just words; it was a voice indicating such exhaustion that there was no strength left to fight. The person who felt that exhaustion knew not to argue further.

But with her immense concern, Saeng Nuea reluctantly loosened her embrace from her wife's small frame, unable to neglect her even in small matters.

"Let me help you with the zip..."

"Prin can do it herself," she retorted instantly when she saw her gaze fixed on her cleavage. The one caught red-handed was left speechless. Her fair skin around her full bosom made it difficult to pull her gaze away from the temptation. And it was the alarm in her eyes that made the slender woman quickly walk away into the bathroom.

A sense of unease built up irresistibly. If her life partner wanted to exercise their rights on their wedding night, how would she react? Because if that were the case, her heart wasn't ready for that role yet.

Chapter 22

The first morning as life partners began. The bond she had always run from now became the beginning of happiness that filled her heart. Waking up to see the face of the woman she loved first thing in the morning—nothing could be more special than that.

Saeng Nuea gazed at the long, beautiful eyelashes of the person still peacefully asleep. Yesterday's wedding must have completely drained her wife's energy, otherwise, she wouldn't look this exhausted. She was sleeping so soundly that she probably didn't even realize she had snuggled into her embrace almost the entire night.

Her eyes, filled with adoration, scanned her sweet, flawless features. Even while sleeping, she exuded full beauty and charm. Her steady breathing indicated she was still deeply asleep.

She was so deeply asleep that when an immense gravitational pull led warm lips to press gently against soft ones, she didn't even stir.

The soft touch, like milk foam, pulled every emotion, making them float above the clouds. Her well-formed lips savored the thin lips with a gentle touch. The soft tenderness further stimulated her desires, slowly awakening them.

An irresistible longing... The sweetness drew her knowing tongue to slowly slip into her soft mouth. The touch of her tongue explored deeply. Her response, likely from a semi-conscious state, further intensified her uncontrollable desire.

Saeng Nuea moved her palm from her smooth white thigh to her rounded backside, intentionally kneading and gently pulling her slender body closer.

The closer they pressed, the more intensely passion flared. The gentle kiss transformed into a fervent one, driven by the easily ignited desire.

“Ugh...”

A protesting moan escaped her slender throat. From a semi-conscious state, she opened her eyes wide in surprise. Her senses were almost fully awake. Her two hands tried to push against the shoulder of the person who had secretly stolen a kiss, to free herself from the invading touch, but her resistance seemed futile. The audacious thief showed no signs of releasing her kiss easily.

Her knowing tongue explored every part of her soft mouth relentlessly, kissing her repeatedly as if wanting to devour her soul. By the time her lips were finally released, her breath was so stolen that she was almost out of air.

“P’Nuea, why did you do that?”

The doctor gasped for breath, glaring at the person in front of her. She wanted to scold her more but couldn’t, not only because of their status as life partners but also because her sweet, pleading eyes made her unable to say anything.

“I missed you, and I only kissed my wife a little. Please don’t be angry with me.”

“But P’Nuea didn’t ask Prin,” and it wasn’t just “a little” like she said either.

“I saw that Prin was asleep, so I asked in my heart because I was afraid of disturbing you.”

“....”

She only truly understood what it meant to be utterly exasperated today. She never imagined that on the first morning waking up as a life partner, she would encounter her in such an annoying and cunning version.

Even though she should have been angry, her pleading eyes, laced with charm, could easily shake her heart.

During the time she couldn't see, she never perceived such cunningness. But now, her beautiful, sharp eyes held a flirtatious glint that made her uneasy.

Gentle, good at pampering, sweet-talker.

She had heard it countless times: these were the traits of a good flirt.

"Are you angry with me?"

"Can I be angry? Since P'Nuea said she asked in her heart?" She couldn't help but retort to the cunning woman, but she still couldn't shake off her arms, which were wrapped around her like an octopus. "P'Nuea, Prin wants to get up and take a shower. Let Prin go now."

"I'll let you go," a faint smile touched her beautiful face. Was there any other woman in the world who could be so adorably sarcastic and sulky like her wife? "But let me kiss you first."

Without another word, she buried her nose in her smooth cheek before she could react. When she pulled away, her sharp gaze still held an intense adoration. After meeting again, the beautiful doctor completely belonged to her. Her infatuation with her own wife was so strong that Saeng Nuea didn't even understand herself.

Perhaps it was because too much time had passed, and the longing had become overwhelming.

"This time I asked before you woke up. You're not angry with me anymore, are you?"

"...."

Her heart was too full to resist, because her actions, words, and gaze were relentlessly pushing her to fall in love with her life partner repeatedly, which

shouldn't happen. It was too dangerous for a heart that carried too many scars of pain, as long as the feelings between them were still shrouded by a thin mist like this.

When the pull from her arms loosened, the slender woman didn't hesitate to quickly push herself up from the bed and hurry into the bathroom.

Saeng Nuea smiled to herself, watching her delicate back until the bathroom door closed. But when her gaze fell on the clock, she suddenly remembered that her wife's family had to return to Bangkok later in the morning. The tall figure chose to pick up a towel and went into the adjacent bathroom to save time.

After finishing their personal routines, the two women walked downstairs to have breakfast with everyone.

It might seem a bit quick for her father and brother to return immediately after the event, but due to their demanding work, the person left behind as a daughter-in-law understood the situation perfectly.

Her family were all doctors. They barely had time for themselves, and even less time for family. And this was why she had never aspired to be a doctor and follow in her parents' and brother's footsteps before.

As departure time approached, members of both families arrived at the airport shortly before boarding time. Everyone's faces looked happy and bright, unlike the slender woman who felt a pang of sadness at having to be away from her father and brother again.

"Dad's going back now, Prin. Take care of yourself, dear. Next time, Dad and Brother Pawit will stay longer. Give me a little time to clear my work, so we can have more days to relax and travel."

"Prin will wait for you, Dad. I love you, Dad."

"I love you too, sweetie." Pashut hugged his daughter's small figure. His always gentle hand lightly stroked her delicate back.

He was still worried. Even though his daughter was now married and had her own family, a father's heart still didn't want to be away from his child. But because of the long distance, it had become an obstacle that prevented him from watching over his daughter from close by as before, no matter what stage of life she was in. He always wanted to be there.

"Dad will call Prin often. Live happily every day, dear."

"Yes, Dad. Have a safe trip. Prin will live happily every day. Since Prin isn't close by anymore, Dad must take good care of himself."

Not wanting to become a source of worry for her father and brother, even if she didn't know if she and her life partner could make it through this path together forever, she would try her best for the peace of mind of those who cared about her more than anyone else.

The slender figure pulled away from her father's embrace and walked to hug her brother. Throughout her life, she had been most connected to her family. Aside from running away from home before, this was probably the first time she had to truly live on her own.

The more she thought about it, the more her heart sank...

"Have a safe trip, Brother Parit. And don't forget to call Prin often."

"That's for sure. My doctor sister, don't be stubborn. Take care of yourself. Prin is my and Dad's happiness. The happier Prin is, the happier Dad and I are."

"Prin knows. I love you, Brother Parit."

"I love you too, Prin. Don't be fussy anymore." He pulled away and ruffled his sister's hair affectionately, seeing tears welling up in her eyes. No matter how old she got, but the doctor would always be his little sister.

"I entrust my sister to you, Khun Nuea. This one is the apple of my and Dad's eye."

“Don’t worry. I will take care of my own heart in the best way possible.”

No need to say much. The words that conveyed everything made Dr. Pashut and his son simply nod and smile at the speaker.

Everyone looked happy and smiled. All the scenes of connection and intimacy between the two families were observed quietly by the beautiful doctor. Everyone around her made her feel like she was a very lucky woman.

Her father-in-law adored her, and her family adored the other person no less. It was probably a rare relationship between two families, in a society where problems between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law were often encountered in every era.

Which would have been much better if she and her life partner hadn’t had any misunderstandings before.

After parting ways with her father at the airport, Saeng Nuea took her wife straight back to the house that would become their marital home. There was some conversation during the journey, but very little, and it seemed that the slender woman’s cold, indifferent demeanor was still present.

Upon arriving home, the person who had just had the opportunity to visit this place for the first time instinctively scanned the surroundings.

The house, belonging to her lover, might not be as grand as her father, the “Nai Hua’s” mansion, but it was far from small. The front yard was divided into a lawn and a parking area. By estimation, it could probably accommodate five or six cars.

And now, that area was already occupied by three cars.

“Living alone, why so many cars?”

The doctor secretly wondered to herself. As she followed the tall woman into the house, every piece of furniture was elegantly designed and neatly arranged in various corners.

She didn't feel uncomfortable living in this house, but what made her uneasy was more likely the alluring gaze of the owner of the house.

She didn't want to waver, didn't want to feel herself becoming infatuated with her life partner's charm, because she was afraid that the more she loved, the more she would hurt if she had to deal with the situations she had experienced before.

"Prin, do you like our house? If you want to change anything, you can manage it. Our house has three cars in total. Prin can choose to drive any of them, but if you don't like them, I'll take you to buy a new one."

"It's okay. Prin can use any of them."

"Then, let's go upstairs."

Feeling the lingering resentment, her heart, which had swelled like a balloon earlier in the morning, seemed to shrink to the size of her thumb.

The tall figure quietly led her wife up to the second floor of the house, stopping inside the bedroom that would now be theirs.

"This is our bedroom, and the room next door is my study."

Her sweet eyes briefly scanned the living space in the room. Every piece of furniture, including the predominantly white décor, looked clean and quite organized.

Before, she knew very little about her lover's other sides. It might have been a limitation of not being able to see, but when it came to details about their personal interactions, they had permeated her heart so deeply that she could remember everything perfectly.

Whether it was the scent, sound, touch, and embrace, as well as the gentleness and care the other person always gave her—all of this became the impression of a blind woman back then, leading to a deep love that has lasted until this very moment. Even though the other person caused her pain, her disobedient heart still loved relentlessly.

“Prin’s clothes, I asked Pom to arrange them in the closet already.”

“Prin’s clothes?”

She frowned slightly in curiosity. She only had one bag when she traveled here, and more importantly, it hadn’t been unpacked. As for her condo, there shouldn’t have been anything left, but the other person said her clothes were in the closet.

“Some of it I bought new, but some parts I thought were important to Prin, I personally asked Dr. Parit to take care of it.”

Again, the doctor could only stare at her beautiful life partner’s face, unsure what to say. She was so cunning and deceptive; she couldn’t keep up. And she knew it would be pointless to try.

Upon reaching this point, the lingering issue in her heart was ready to be stirred up at any time. Even though they were now legally married, what she had experienced still made her feel uneasy. Because if the person who was now her life partner was still involved with another woman, she definitely couldn’t accept sharing her beloved with someone else.

Since her current situation made it impossible to turn away, it might be time for her to open up and talk things through with the other person.

“Prin has something she wants to agree on with P’Nuea.”

“Agree?” Her throat seemed to tighten for no apparent reason, but this kind of introduction suddenly made her apprehension surge, sending a shiver down her spine. “What do you want to agree on?”

The doctor looked into her lover’s eyes and decided to speak what she had been secretly thinking earlier.

“Prin understands that we are married, but P’Nuea, you know, don’t you, that once trust is broken, it’s not easy to get back.”

“Dr. Prin.” She understood completely. Her heart sank with the hurtful words that came from the lips of the woman she loved. She had destroyed the trust the other person once had in her. Even now, she knew it, but she just couldn’t go back in time to fix it. But that didn’t mean that from now on, she couldn’t change herself.

“Even now, Prin frankly admits that she can’t forget what happened that night.”

“But there was nothing!”

“P’Nuea, you want Prin to believe you, even when you dared to stand and kiss another woman in front of Prin? And if it got to the point of sneaking out of the bedroom in the middle of the night to meet, Prin is supposed to believe there was nothing?”

“Prin, listen...” She knew it was hard to believe what had happened, but even now, she still wanted to tell the truth just once. “What I said might be hard for Prin to believe, but the kiss happened because I was caught off guard. As for what happened that night, I really didn’t do anything with that woman. But I left without telling Prin because I was afraid Prin would feel bad. I was afraid Prin would be uncomfortable. I might have been thoughtless, but I just went out to clear things up with that woman so I wouldn’t get involved with her anymore.”

Even if it was a “clearing up” that involved physical contact and even “sucking milk,” it was over. Since that day, she hadn’t had any involvement with that woman again, and she had no intention of getting involved ever again.

As for all the lengthy words that were spoken, it wasn’t that the wife didn’t listen at all. There was a part of her that wanted to believe every word from the person she loved, but at the same time, the wall she had built to protect herself had not yet been destroyed.

"Let's say Prin understands everything now, but can you give Prin some time? Prin thinks she's still lacking and probably can't fulfill the role of a wife well enough."

"Meaning what?" Saeng Nuea tilted her head, her face beginning to cloud.

"Prin isn't ready to be intimate with P'Nuea yet."

It felt like a lightning bolt struck her in broad daylight. Months apart was bad enough; that alone was driving her almost insane. But now, her wife didn't want to be intimate with her. With such a beautiful and gentle face, why was she so cruel to her?

Chapter 23

What a cruel punishment it was. For nearly a month, she could only sleep with her breath on her wife's neck, but couldn't do more than hug and kiss her. Every night was an absolute torment, because her sweet scent and soft body stimulated her desires, leaving her tossing and turning every night.

She was afraid of forcing herself on her, fearing it would worsen the disdain she already felt from her wife. As a person despised by her wife, all she could do was pray every night until she finally fell asleep.

The light in the room shone brightly, hitting the fair, smooth skin of her wife who had just stepped out of the bathroom. The scent of the same shower cream, when on the body of the person who now sat down in front of the mirror, emitted a far more delicate and alluring fragrance.

Saeng Nuea stepped and stopped behind the slender figure. Her hair, wrapped in a white towel, indicated that she had just freshly washed it.

"Let me help you."

There was no refusal, knowing it was futile. Even now, her sweet eyes could only watch the movements of the person behind her through the mirror's reflection.

The tall, slender figure wore silk pajamas. The short-sleeved top with buttons down the front and long pants. The entire wardrobe consisted of the same style of pajamas, which made the wearer look good, even in sleepwear.

The hairdryer was picked up and plugged in. The gentle touch of her hands drying her hair made the one being pampered feel relaxed. The tender

gaze reflected in the large mirror made the person watching those actions stumble in her breath.

Her lover's attentiveness was carrying her thoughts back to the past. She remembered well how much these things had once impressed a blind woman.

Today, Saeng Nuea was still the same person, no different from the first day they met. She still cared and looked after her just as before. Everything she had always done for her was consistent. If only the lingering resentment about that other woman could be removed, her life partner's behavior would have almost no flaws.

Her heart had wavered countless times, but whenever she thought of that matter, it was as if a thin mist always stood in the way. The foundation of love between two people, shouldn't it be built on honesty? But as long as one person's feelings were being ignored, it meant the other person probably didn't love them enough.

Was her love for her life partner like that? Since they got married, she had never strayed or come home late, not once. During the day, messages would often come, recounting the day's activities. These things were done without her ever demanding them. Was it enough to make her forget what had caused her resentment?

Even now, the doctor still couldn't answer herself.

She had been battling with herself all along, with her thoughts and feelings, and the conclusion was often chaos.

She still couldn't differentiate, couldn't shake anything off. Her heart still swayed with fluctuating emotions, forever circling the same spot.

"It's done. It's dry."

"Thank you."

Her soft voice was uttered as always. The slender figure pushed herself up from the chair. Every graceful step as she walked towards the bed was under the gaze of the tall woman, who could only watch longingly.

The thin, white, close-fitting pajamas were stimulating her desires, making her blood race. She felt hot and cold, and the images rising in her mind made her stomach churn and a heavy sensation spread to her lower body.

"Are you going straight to sleep, Prin?" She asked, crawling onto the bed. The blanket was pulled up to cover both of them.

"Yes. Prin has rounds early tomorrow morning."

Saeng Nuea nodded in understanding before turning to switch off the light. Only a dim darkness remained in the room, with a little light from outside filtering through the gap in the curtains.

The tall figure lay down. The sound of her breathing cut through the silence. Saeng Nuea lay with her eyes open in the darkness. The fragrance from her wife's body stimulated her nervous system more than on any other night.

The longing intensified, making her breath hitch. When it became too much, she couldn't bear it and had to shift, turning to press close to the slender body that lay with its back to her. The enticing scent drew her nose to bury itself in her fragrant neck. The hand that had slipped around her slender waist and began to embrace her could no longer stay still.

"P'Nuea, what are you doing?"

A delicate hand firmly grabbed her mischievous hand that was creeping under her shirt. Her heart pounded, sensing her heavy breathing, and knowing well how much the person behind her was consumed by desire.

"I'm suffering so much, my love. Can I, please?" It was beyond her control. If this night passed, she felt she would die. The slender body was turned onto its back, followed by her moving to straddle it, disregarding any small protests.

"P'Nuea is forgetting what Prin told her."

"I'm not forgetting anything, my love, but please don't torment me anymore."

Both her words and eyes were full of pleading, and by now, no words of prohibition could stop the older woman's desire.

The pajama shirt was pulled up and bunched above her chest, followed by the tiny bra being quickly removed.

The slender body trembled as her nipples were claimed by warm lips. Even though she tried to tell herself not to give in, her body responded to the stimulation, awakening to the longed-for touch just the same.

"P'Nuea!"

How could she stop it in time when the small piece of fabric covering her sensitive spot was swiftly moved from between her legs? Everything happened in the dim light that allowed only outlines to be seen, but she still couldn't tell when, amidst those movements, the tall woman had slipped her pajama pants from her legs.

Because by the time she realized it, it was when her two legs were parted by the body on top. Her lower mound of flesh was being rubbed against the same part of her body. The pressure of her hips moved in a slow rhythm, creating a tingling sensation that made the slender woman clench her hands tightly on the bedsheet.

She knew that intimate relations with one's life partner were normal, but her mental state wasn't ready. She didn't despise her lover's touch at all, but it just hurt every time she accidentally thought that this body, these touches, had once been given to another woman in the same way.

Every movement of her making love on her body, the soft moans in her ear, the prominent nose and warm lips nuzzling her neck, the warm, wet friction that created a soft sound – all of it permeated every atom of her heart.

Every friction created a piercing sensation. Her body was swaying immensely with the rhythm of love. Her breath trembled. Her body was reaching climax because of her lover's touch, but the pleasure flowing between her legs was not expressed through the soft moans it once had been.

Even though her body tensed, receiving the pleasure that spread throughout her, she still tried to force herself not to show any reaction to the other person, even if her physical state couldn't lie.

The intense pressure of her hips on her hot core. The tall woman tensed with heavy breathing. All the pent-up emotions were being completely released.

Saeng Nuea collapsed onto the slender body, burying her face in her fragrant neck, exhaling short, ragged breaths against her delicate skin. But the touch from her arms that she used to receive during their lovemaking before became emptiness. The still, indifferent sensation she felt made her heart plummet to her ankles.

When desire was appeased, her consciousness seemed to return. A wave of dissatisfaction flowed into her feelings.

And of course, the doctor must be very angry.

"Prin."

"Are you satisfied yet?"

"..." It was as if the situation had suddenly been thrown into a freezer. Saeng Nuea was speechless. Her brain worked slowly, too stunned to even be annoyed with herself. "I mean, I..."

"If you're satisfied, then get off me."

Her sweet voice, now hardened, had enough power to make Saeng Nuea drop her body beside her. But because the slender woman suddenly

sprang up from the bed, her restless heart poured out a barrage of questions.

"Where are you going, Prin?"

"I'm going to sleep in another room."

"No, no, no. I'm sorry for making you unhappy, my love. I'm sorry. You sleep in our room. I'll be the one to leave."

Because she had never felt such cold, tinged with anger, Saeng Nuea quickly got out of bed. She hastily fumbled for her pants to put on. She didn't want the doctor to be any angrier than she already was, and it was possible that the other person now despised her.

She was wrong. Even though she knew the other person wasn't ready, she still forced her to do something against her will.

Guilt flooded her heart. Saeng Nuea stood looking indecisive. The silent lack of response made the guilty person even more anxious. With no other choice, the tall figure reluctantly walked out of the room, a lump in her chest.

She was hurt, yes, but she was even more angry with herself.

In the darkness that enveloped the room, she could still see the movements of the person walking away.

The doctor had no intention of holding her back, because she was not in an emotional state where she could manage her own feelings.

More than half of it was mixed with guilt. She knew that it wasn't wrong for the other person to demand these things from her wife, but she was the one blaming the other person, simply because she couldn't overcome some deeply rooted feelings in her heart.

A married life that should have been good, but it couldn't quite reach its full potential.

The next day, Saeng Nuea woke up earlier than usual. She looked disheveled from lack of sleep, and her heart was withered like a plant lacking water. Her strength seemed to vanish, but when she glanced at the clock, the tall figure quickly walked back to the bedroom again.

The room door was gently knocked and then opened. When she found her wife standing in the middle of the room, dressed neatly and ready for work, her earlier drowsiness seemed to awaken slightly.

"P'Nuea doesn't have to take Prin today. It's still very early. Get some more sleep."

Because Saeng Nuea's tired expression made her worry, and she didn't want her to suffer by sacrificing sleep to drive her.

It was still very early. Her lover still had a chance to get a little more sleep. Normally, she drove herself, but since the hospital was on the way to her lover's company anyway, whenever their schedules aligned, Saeng Nuea would often find an excuse to drop her off, just like today.

"I won't be able to sleep anyway. I just need no more than ten minutes. We still have time, right?"

"Yes," knowing that there was no stopping her, she didn't think of refusing the other person's request.

After the tall woman disappeared into the bathroom, the doctor went downstairs to wait. Her sweet eyes looked outside. The weather today looked cloudy and rainy, bringing to mind the events of last night.

After her lover left the room, she couldn't fall asleep easily. Besides worrying about her life partner's feelings, she still couldn't shake off certain feelings.

She barely paid attention to her surroundings, gently exhaling warm breaths, immersing herself in her own thoughts and feelings.

Before she knew it, her life partner's tall figure had stepped and was standing just a little distance away.

Saeng Nuea smiled warmly. In her hand, she held a box of sandwiches in a paper bag, holding it up as she spoke, "I know Prin probably won't have time to eat, so I asked the housekeeper to prepare this for you. Please eat it at the hospital, since you won't have time to go out and buy something."

"Thank you," her feelings were numb from anger, and encountering such care as she used to receive made her heart even more vulnerable.

"Then, shall we go?"

Just a short "thank you" and a face without a trace of resentment. This alone was enough to make her heart feel revitalized, as if she had enough strength to press the accelerator and steer.

Saeng Nuea dropped her wife off at the hospital and then drove straight to her company, spending her time working as usual. But what wasn't usual was the smile that kept appearing and disappearing on her face. Sometimes she was stressed, her mood almost bipolar.

The main reason for this was none other than the sweet face of the beautiful doctor, which floated into her thoughts every time she was free.

The passionate night that had just passed – the body that couldn't lie was what brought a smile to her face, but when she thought of the consequences, her emotions were pulled into a state of tension, fearing her wife's hatred.

Her thick, slender eyebrows furrowed before she picked up the phone from her desk and opened it.

The message she had sent hours ago still hadn't been read by her wife. She glanced at the watch on her wrist. The doctor wasn't on duty today. If there were no urgent cases, she would probably come home at the usual time.

Calculating the time based on the lifestyle they had shared for nearly a month, the tall figure stepped out of her office and went to her favorite Ferrari.

The roar of the engine echoed as she sped away from the company, heading straight for the hospital. At the same time, the operating room door opened, as if the various pressures she had carried for many hours had been lifted from her small shoulders.

The slender figure stepped out of the operating room, looking exhausted, as the patient's relative rushed towards her with tears in his eyes.

But with just one step, she stopped dead in her tracks.

His eyes were swollen, red, and bruised. His gaze was bloodshot from crying heavily. The condition of the man in front of her reflected deeply into her feelings, making her feel depressed.

Even though she had seen many such scenes in her life, she had never become accustomed to anyone's tears.

"Doctor, how is my wife? Is she safe? Is she still with me? Did you save her, Doctor?"

"Please calm down. Your wife is safe. The doctor saved her."

Her soft voice was uttered with a hint of a smile. Even though she was exhausted from being in the operating room for several consecutive hours, seeing the smile accompanied by the tears of the patient's relative, the accumulated fatigue and pressure seemed to disappear completely.

Every life is valuable to one's feelings, and it becomes a hundred, a thousand times more valuable when that life is someone's heart. Saving a life is what brings the greatest sense of pride and fulfillment to a doctor. However...

"You..."

The scene before her made the slender figure startled. The man was kneeling before her, tears streaming down his face. His muscular shoulders were trembling as if he was releasing all the pent-up emotions he could no longer hold in.

"Thank you, Doctor. Thank you for saving my wife's life. I have wronged her greatly in the past. If she were no longer here from now on, I would never have the chance to atone for what I've done wrong in my entire life. Thank you so much."

"It's nothing at all. Please get up. It's a doctor's duty. You don't have to do all this."

Tears welled up in her eyes as she bent down to help the man stand up. His broad shoulders still trembled violently. All his emotions had been poured out through every tear he shed.

She understood all the sorrow, and she realized it even more deeply.

The word "opportunity."

This man made her feel how valuable that word truly was. It seemed immense to someone who was desperately seeking it.

If today she couldn't give this man that opportunity, how long would he have to endure his suffering? Being separated from a loved one while one of them is still alive is cruel, because no one knows when the embrace they once had will be taken away.

The love was taken away, whether by separation or death. The heart would ache to the point of dying upon discovering there would be no chance to do it again.

And what about you? Should you give yourself, or the one you love, a chance yet?

Chapter 24

After returning to the doctor's lounge, her smartphone, which had been ignored, was picked up to check for updates. And a message left by someone easily brought a gentle smile to her sweet face.

It felt like something had been unlocked, because what she realized was a truth that allowed her to break free from the old shackles. She was tired of feeling wary of the past. She didn't want to remember images that drained her spirit. She just wanted to move forward and reclaim the happiness that should be hers.

[Prin just came out of surgery. Sorry for the late reply. If P'Nuea has arrived, you can call Prin.]

The message was sent back. After waiting a while, seeing that the recipient hadn't opened it yet, the thin phone was dropped into her bag. She slung the strap over her shoulder and chose to walk out to wait for her lover at the front.

The atmosphere in the hospital wasn't much different from any other day. As she walked towards the front of the hospital, where she usually waited, being greeted by someone made the doctor turn to look towards the source of the voice.

"Doctor Prin."

"P' Nan, it's been a long time, hasn't it?" A smile appeared on her sweet face as her eyes gazed at her former senior, who was now stepping up to stand in front of her.

"I'm so glad to see you. Are you doing well, Doctor Prin?"

"Prin is doing well. And how about you, P' Nan? What are you doing here?"

Even though she was a doctor, she never wished to encounter acquaintances at the hospital, because this place offered only a few answers for those who walked in and out.

"Well... I've been visiting relatives in Phu Koet for several days now. But today I volunteered to drive my younger sister, who brought my mother here for a health check-up. I never dreamed I'd have the chance to meet Doctor Prin here."

"Yes, Prin moved here several months ago. And I apologize, P' Nan, for not telling you when I moved."

"It's perfectly fine. But I'm happy to see Prin again."

It was a joyful feeling reflected in the eyes that gazed at the woman she secretly loved. Before, she had tried every way to get to know her and have a chance to be close.

And because she wasn't haughty, the beautiful doctor allowed her a fair degree of intimacy. But one day, she suddenly lost contact, without any way for her to get in touch. She had even been brazen enough to bravely stop by her house to ask about her, but the person living in that large house seemed not to welcome her much.

Not only did she receive no information about the doctor, but she also carried a broken heart back with her. Her brazenness that day was probably the first time she had the opportunity to realize the doctor's truly unreachable family status.

She compared herself to a dog looking at an airplane, but even then, the high-flying "sky" wasn't haughty with her.

"And are you staying to travel in Phu Koet for many more days, P' Nan?"

"I'll be staying for another two or three days. And would it be okay if I invited Doctor Prin to have a meal with me? Just one meal. But if you're busy, that's fine too. I just thought I'd ask, since Doctor Prin might have

some time." Her heart's reasons couldn't be stopped. Even if she knew it was out of reach, if there was a chance, she wouldn't discard it.

"Then..."

"Prin, my love."

A voice interrupting their conversation made both of them turn to look simultaneously. Saeng Nuea gave her wife a smile as she stepped to stand beside her, her arm wrapping around her slender waist, acting as if she didn't see anyone else, even though she had been observing the scene for a while before deciding to approach.

And it was perfectly coincidental that she happened to walk in just in time to hear the sentence where this cool girl invited her wife out to eat. And she couldn't help but dislike her on sight.

When inviting someone, shouldn't you learn to read the room? The doctor's wife is standing right here, for crying out loud. She wanted to bare her fangs, but all she could do was force a polite smile.

"P'Nuea, have you been here long? And why didn't you call Prin?" Because normally, if she didn't walk to the car herself, the other person would walk in and wait, which always depended on the situation of that day.

"Well, I've been walking around enjoying the breeze for a while. And my phone is in the car. I forgot to take it." The answer was slightly teasing, but she turned to give her wife a sweet smile. She felt a little satisfied when she noticed the third person's gaze sweeping over her hand.

If she guessed correctly, this cool girl was probably the same person who caused the beautiful doctor to be engaged to her. Not bad-looking, but excuse me, she found her utterly disgusting!

"So, Prin, are you done with your business yet? Did I interrupt anything?"

"No," the firm voice and challenging gaze – it wasn't that she couldn't detect these unusual things. And from what she could infer since they

started living together, she didn't think of overlooking these minor issues and letting them become problems. "This is P' Nan. She's Prin's senior friend. We coincidentally met and just greeted each other."

"Oh, okay." Saeng Nuea had no intention of greeting her. Her other hand, not wrapped around her wife's waist, was still in her pants pocket.

Normally, she wasn't this rude, but with anyone who dared to flirt with her wife to the point of standing there with such longing eyes, she couldn't bring herself to be friendly.

And that annoying demeanor made the doctor turn to look at her senior, who was standing with a completely stoic face. She knew somewhat what the other person thought of her, and it was probably appropriate for her to state her own status so that the other person could let go.

"P' Nan, this is P'Nuea. She's Prin's life partner."

The words "life partner" made the secret admirer's feelings go numb all over. She never dreamed that this meeting would result in her being completely heartbroken.

A girlfriend would be one thing, but this was marriage. In common terms, she was "taken."

And judging from the gaze that looked at her as if she was baring her fangs, it seemed the "husband" was quite possessive.

Since the car pulled away from the hospital, the atmosphere inside the cabin was silent. It was silent from conversation, but not from the occasional huffing sounds coming from the person gripping the steering wheel. Her thick, slender eyebrows remained furrowed, and her sharp eyes frequently harassed the passenger seat.

Annoyed?

Perhaps, but it seemed like a sulking child was hidden within the adult's body. The doctor perceived everything but chose to remain silent, letting the person consumed by annoyance continue to fume to herself.

Sometimes she secretly smiled, finding her hidden sulking endearing. People have many sides, she knew this, but her life partner seemed to be becoming more and more multi-dimensional.

Her outward personality exuded strong leadership, which everyone agreed on. Her gentleness and ability to pamper were things she could see from the start. But the small, intricate details of being annoying, hostile, cunning, and even pleading like a kitten, yet sometimes ready to transform into a tiger ready to pounce on its prey...

Saeng Nuea could be everything, and there was nothing about her lover's true self that she disliked. Her feelings had truly surpassed that point a long time ago.

Many thoughts flowed through her mind, but every thought was related to the tall woman sitting beside her, looking unapproachable.

Her ragged breaths still emanated, making her glance over, but sometimes people just wanted to play hard to get. Learning from living a married life taught her to adapt and become a more cunning woman.

All this time, even though her life partner hadn't strayed, there were many times when they walked together that she didn't fail to notice the charm of the person beside her, which often attracted people of the same gender to try and make advances.

And of course, she was learning to live with that.

The doctor kept playing hard to get until they returned home. The slender figure got out of the car without a word. Her destination was the bedroom. Personal matters between two people sometimes shouldn't be too obvious to others in the house. In a situation that required clearing the air, it should happen in their own space.

The bedroom door closed. It wasn't just the doctor who thought the same way, because the person who followed like a shadow had also been waiting for this moment. Normally, she would have been more impatient,

but her wife's tired expression was still something she was very concerned about.

"I have something I want to talk about, but would Prin like to shower first? So you'll be comfortable."

The doctor gave a gentle smile, and it seemed to be a smile that almost made the tall woman forget to breathe. Because besides the faint, sweet scent that reached her, the sweet eyes that looked up at her were pulling Saeng Nuea's consciousness out of her body.

"P'Nuea can wait, right?"

"..." A big gulp. Was she being provoked by her wife's gaze? "Ye-yes, I can wait. I can wait."

Her stammering voice brought a sweet smile to her face. By now, Saeng Nuea felt almost insane. Her heart was beating too fast. It was as if the frustration that had accumulated throughout the journey had dissolved into thin air.

"If P'Nuea can wait, Prin won't be long."

The slender figure had already walked into the bathroom, but the tall woman stood still like someone in a half-dream. Her wandering consciousness slowly returned. She shook her head a few times before a smile appeared on her cheek.

Or was she not angry anymore?

That thought echoed loudly in her mind, before her brain, which could process things quickly, ordered her to step out of the room to use the bathroom in another room.

It didn't take long to shower and clean herself. So the tall figure, now in her preferred casual clothes, was ready spending time at home, she appeared before the eyes of the slender woman who had just stepped out of the bathroom.

"Sister Nuea, are you done showering already?" So fast! She thought she had tried to prolong her personal routine, but it seemed someone was more impatient.

"I just didn't want Prin to wait." Her voice suddenly became husky as her eyes kept lingering on her fair thighs and the plump, white cleavage visible through the opening of her white robe. That alone made her feel breathless.

"Then, Prin will get dressed now."

The slender figure gracefully walked into the dressing area. However, the person who couldn't wait felt an immense gravitational pull, making her follow behind. The large mirror, almost the size of the room's wall, reflected their every movement. Their eyes met through the mirror's reflection.

Once the thin mist that had once stood in the way had dispersed, there was nothing to obstruct the feelings hidden in her heart anymore. The slender figure turned to face her, but because the distance between them was less than an arm's length, her beautiful hips perfectly brushed against the edge of the counter behind her.

"I... I want to apologize about last night. And also..." Even though she was clearly jealous, when it came to openly declaring that she didn't like it when the beautiful doctor allowed others to get close, she felt a little awkward because she still carried a string of mistakes.

"And what?" The doctor looked into her sharp eyes and smiled through hers.

She couldn't take it anymore. Meeting such brazen eyes, she couldn't resist. "I'm possessive, my love. I don't want Prin to get close to anyone else like today again."

"But P' Nan is just Prin's senior friend. A real senior friend, with no hidden agenda, and not a mistress."

"No hidden agenda, not a mistress, but gazing at my wife as if she wanted to devour her, and then inviting her to eat." Saeng Nuea began to let her emotions show in her voice. The irritation she thought had faded, but when she spoke, her emotions became erratic, edging closer to being bipolar.

"Possessive?"

"Huh?" The simmering anger that had just begun to build felt like it had been doused with cold water, because not only was she being appeased with a sweet, gentle tone, but the gaze that looked deeply into her eyes made the possessive woman even more possessive of every aspect of her wife's being.

Saeng Nuea had never thought, never dreamed before, that someone who once viewed all physical relationships as merely fleeting, like her, could become this possessive of one woman.

"Prin is my wife. If I don't love, don't get jealous, don't get possessive of my own wife, who else should I feel that way about?"

"..." No words escaped her rosy lips, but replacing every word was a movement closer. Her two slender arms wrapped around the tall woman's waist. She buried her face in her left shoulder and spoke only softly, "Prin loves you, Sister Nuea."

She tightened her embrace. All grievances were replaced by a feeling ready to move forward. The events she encountered today made her realize the impermanence of life.

From this day forward, no matter what the other person's true self was like, she was ready to accept it all. Her life had reached this point, a point where she had to fight for everything for her own heart. If she still had this embrace today, she wanted to hold it as tightly as possible, as long as their hearts still belonged to each other.

"Prin won't ask for any promises from Sister Nuea. I won't ask Sister Nuea to promise not to make Prin sad. But if one day from now, Sister Nuea

wants another woman, please just tell Prin directly, and can you let Prin go?"

Saeng Nuea gently pushed the slender figure slightly away from her. She used her eyes to reflect all the truth from her heart, conveying it into the most beautiful eyes in the world. One hand was raised to caress her smooth, soft cheek, using her thumb to stroke lightly, cherishing her more than any precious thing in this world.

"That day will never come. There will never be a day when I will let go of Prin. Before, I may have been mischievous, but when Prin came into my life, many things changed. I won't ask Prin to believe me, but I want to say that since I've had Prin, I haven't been involved with any other woman."

"Prin will believe you. But can it just be this once? Because if there's a next time, Prin will..."

"No more, I've learned my lesson." Her slender arms tightened around her slender waist, looking deeply into the eyes of the person in her embrace. But then, the accumulated desire seemed to make her eyes inadvertently drop to the white cleavage peeking out from the opening of the bath robe.

The more she looked from her elevated angle, the clearer the shape became, making her eyes blur.

"It's been a very long time since Prin left me."

Her voice trembled, beyond control. The eyes that conveyed intense desire made the doctor follow her life partner's gaze, understanding its meaning.

Her beautiful eyes looked at her life partner's beautiful, sharp face again. Her two small, slender arms moved up to wrap around the tall woman's neck, and she tilted her face up to meet the eyes filled with desire.

"Has it been that long?"

"So long it feels like my heart is breaking. I miss Prin so much my heart feels like it's breaking." She repeated like someone delirious. The eyes that

conveyed meaning, the lack of resistance, made the person trying to control herself almost crazy. "I can't bear it anymore, my love."

"Mmm..."

It seemed the longing was truly intense, because the kiss that descended was so demanding that her delicate hands had to dig into the tall woman's back to release the pent-up feelings that were being transferred to her. Her sweet face contorted with the intense passion that assailed her, as if she had been starved for a long time. Her life partner's breathing was heavy and fierce.

Saeng Nuea used her palm to cup her rounded backside, lifting the slender body to sit on the counter. She pressed her body between her fair legs so that their bodies touched intimately, leaving no space.

She wanted to be even closer, to be skin-to-skin, so much so that she didn't even want a sliver of air to pass between them.

Chapter 25

The robe was pulled down to bunch at her hips. Her two plump, fair thighs were exposed, alluring, enticing the large butterfly to swallow its saliva through a dry throat.

"Prin, do you ever realize how beautiful you are?"

Not only did her voice praise in a hoarse whisper, but her long, slender fingers were reaching out to touch her light pink nipple.

The touch of her fingertips slowly circled the base and lightly flicked. Saeng Nuea took her eyes off her own action and moved her gaze to the rosy lips that had begun to swell from the previous kisses. Her plump lips were pressing together because of the stimulation of her nipple. Her face was full of sensual emotion, further arousing the person watching, making her unable to control her desire.

Her beautiful, sharp face burrowed into the other breast, using her warm lips to cup the plump breast into her mouth, sucking and nipping alternately, her tongue darting and teasing the pink nipple until both sides were wet.

"Mmm..."

The sensation was so exhilarating that her body trembled. Her two hands dug into the tall woman's shoulders, arching her chest towards the touch until her body curved backward.

Both breasts rose and fell with her panting breaths. Her delicate back was supported by the hand of the person who relentlessly teased her sweet nipple with the tip of her tongue. Meanwhile, her other slender hand slowly moved down to gently caress her fair, smooth thigh.

"Sweet. I want to suck on them all day and night."

Saeng Nuea groaned dreamily, lifting her face from the pink nipple, still wet with her saliva. She met the sweet, hazy eyes. The hand caressing her fair thigh moved to explore her beautiful, blooming mound of flesh and gently squeezed it.

"Ah! Sister Nuea!" Her sweet voice was broken and ragged. Her eyes were hazy with desire. The invading hand, mixed with raw wildness, was a new sensation that was making the blood in her body hot.

"Don't you know it's not good for Prin to let your partner starve for so long?"

Everything didn't end with the teasing words, because the tall body that stood between her legs knelt down, bringing her face to the same level as her beloved feminine parts.

The actions of the person who had just used those crude words made the doctor blush intensely with embarrassment.

Even though it wasn't their first time, every time she had an intimate relationship with her lover, she had never seen these eyes that just focused on her treasured parts like this.

No more.

She wanted to close her legs but couldn't, because not only was her life partner's beautiful face nestled between her legs, but the person who understood her thoughts immediately burrowed her face into her sweetness.

The warm tip of her tongue lightly touched her delicate petals. Just that made the one being touched involuntarily tense her abdomen and let out a soft moan.

Her wicked tongue slowly moved up and down, weaving between the two delicate petals. The large butterfly was greedily drinking the nectar as if it

had been starved for years, because every thirsty touch created an exhilarating sensation, making the owner of the petals moan incessantly.

Sweet nectar was released for the large butterfly to drink to its heart's content. The clitoris, being rapidly flicked by the wicked tongue, was pulling deep desire to soar to new heights, but then everything was left suspended there.

The large butterfly flew away from the petals. Her sweet eyes, hazy and half-closed, watched the height as she pushed herself up to stand. Her well-formed lips glistened with the nectar she had just drunk. Saeng Nuea gazed at her sweet face and pressed a kiss onto her plump lips again. Her slender hand traced her fair legs, then moved to the softness she had caressed with the tip of her tongue.

The slender body flinched slightly as the strength of her slender fingers lightly brushed between her inner labia, while her thumb pressed and circled against her sensitive part, eliciting soft moans. Her small mound of flesh was pressed harder, before two slender fingers slowly slipped deep into her soft cavern.

"Mmmph!"

Her eyes were watery and pleading. The friction from their bodies becoming one created such an intense sensation that her body trembled. The fingers began to move in and out, eliciting soft moans, making the one in control of the game smirk in satisfaction.

"So sexy, my wife."

Her voice, husky with desire, groaned. Her eyes, burning with lust, gazed at her contorted, sweet face with adoration. The scene before her was awakening the primal instincts of the one in control, driving the rhythm of love deeper. The pace of love was accelerated until her flat abdomen tensed, feeling both a dull ache and a piercing sensation, as the strong rhythm of love created exhilarating pleasure in every atom of her being.

The slender body dug its nails into the shoulders of the person surging with love. Her abdomen tensed, receiving the pleasurable touch, her entire body trembling. Her eyes were hazy and sweet, as she slumped weakly onto the tall woman's shoulder, utterly spent.

Her energy seemed to have been sucked away along with her spirit. Her breath came in short, ragged gasps. Her trembling legs were fighting to support her as they threatened to give way, just like her body.

Her entire body was weak.

"Sister Nuea, what did you do to Prin? Why am I like this?"

"Why? Did I not satisfy my wife?"

The question made the blood rush to her face. Her sweet face flushed red with color.

How could she explain that it wasn't that she wasn't satisfied, but that it was a very long lovemaking session instead? Long... and every touch was exhilarating. Never once had she not felt pleasure and excitement with her lover's lovemaking style.

She was captivated, and addicted to her husband's lovemaking style.

Husband?

Why did her heart pound so hard at that word? She liked it because it felt profound, or because a woman like Saeng Nuea made her want to call her that, or because before, the other person used that word with her.

"And Sister Nuea, do you think you're capable?"

"Doctor Prin!"

Of course, there was a feeling of wanting to nip at her, but the feeling of being challenged by her wife was something she could not tolerate!

"Why the stern voice?" From resting on her shoulder, her sweet face tilted up to meet the older woman's eyes. Her beautiful eyes sparkled, smiling into the eyes that refused to back down.

"If I'm your husband..."

The word "husband" hitting her directly made the teasing woman's face flush hot.

Saeng Nuea smirked wickedly, as if her tiger instincts had been awakened. She took one step back, lifted her two arms, crossed them, and pulled the shirt she was wearing up and over her head. The white shorts were pulled down from her long, slender legs and discarded carelessly. Now, her entire slender body was naked, because when she was at home, she never wore uncomfortable small articles of clothing.

The doctor's eyes widened, frozen at the well-proportioned physique she had the chance to see for the first time, because before, she could only touch and embrace. Her sweet eyes stared fixedly at the perfectly sized breasts, then moved down to stop at the six-pack on her abdomen that she used to often stroke when she couldn't see.

"If you stare at me like this, you might not be able to get up tomorrow."

Her sweet face flushed red when she was teased, but before she could retort, the slender, graceful body stepped closer, making her flinch, caught off guard.

"Sister Nuea!"

Startled by the sudden attack of the person who slipped between her legs again. Her firm, round buttocks were cupped by both hands and pulled closer to her body. The perfect height matched the other person's torso, making their hot, desirable parts fit perfectly together.

But the tall woman moved her hips, pressing her body against her just slightly. The friction created a massive wave that spread through every pore.

"Mmm, Sister Nuea!" Her two slender legs wrapped around the tall woman's hips to support herself. It was an automatic posture as the other person's two hands cupped her buttocks, holding them firm to receive the rhythm of love.

Her slender arms braced against the counter, leaning backward. Deep desire.

Two hearts were plunging into the depths of emotion.

Their body language and movements corresponded perfectly. Her mound of flesh was pressed and rubbed harder until it became hot. The slender body winced at the passion that fiercely assailed her. Her abdomen tensed. Her inner petals heated and swelled with desire, ready to explode into fragments.

Her body swayed with the frenzied rhythm of love that pounded against her. Her hot inner petals burned intensely. The thrilling sensation surged to its peak, as their shared climax exploded into long, contented moans.

Saeng Nuea embraced her wife's slender body, holding her close. Her warm breath exhaled against her fair neck. The extreme exhilaration made her moan dreamily.

"So good. I feel so good, my love."

The direct statement made the listener's face flush hot, but because she had become accustomed to such words, her two slender arms could only embrace the naked body of the trembling person, with a feeling of both love and possessiveness.

She loved everything about this woman. Loved her so much that she didn't want to lose her to anyone.

"Prin loves you, Sister Nuea." The soft words escaped her plump lips, but the one being told she was loved heard them clearly, because it was a whisper right next to her ear.

"But I love you more, my love." This time, the speaker lifted her face from her fair neck, gently kissed her soft lips, then pulled back to look into her eyes with a knowing smile.

"What do you measure that by, that you love more?"

"My life, my breath, and my heart. My entire being."

"Prin has heard that most playboys are sweet-talkers and good at pampering, just like Sister Nuea."

Those beautiful, sharp, knowing eyes truly showed an inclination to believe that.

She tried not to be possessive anymore, but feelings were beyond control.

Her life partner was very beautiful. Beautiful and charming in a way that made it easy to fall in love with at first sight.

Whether it was her thick, slender eyebrows, her beautiful, charming sharp eyes, her prominent nose that fit her well-formed lips, which she knew well could provide so much pleasure when used on a body.

Thinking about it, the jealousy flared up even more in her chest when she imagined that these beautiful lips had also been used to pamper other women, just like her. Even though she knew it was the past, jealousy never had a reason.

"Are you possessive of me?"

"Prin is Sister Nuea's wife. Prin has the right to feel jealous and possessive of her own husband, don't I?"

It slipped out of her mouth, and her small heart immediately trembled when she saw the satisfied smile appear on the older woman's beautiful, sharp face.

As for the person being called "husband," her heart was pounding. She felt the profound meaning of the word. Especially when it was spoken in her wife's sweet voice, it sounded more beautiful than any other voice in the world.

"I love it when Prin calls me that. I love it when Prin is possessive, because if being possessive is this adorable, please be possessive of your husband often."

Saeng Nuea held her body possessively, her heart overflowing with love, warm and vibrant. It was filled with complete bliss.

Once, she was confident that she never wanted to be tied down to anyone in her life. She cherished freedom more than precious diamonds and gold. But when the beautiful doctor came into her life, everything changed. No matter how wide and beautiful the sky was, as long as she had the other person in her arms, she no longer wanted to fly and seek any other freedom.

The End

When a life together is driven by love and understanding, no matter how many days pass, the soft, thick bed still carries the warmth of an embrace. Gentle, warm breaths still caress the skin. Before falling asleep, there are still traces of kisses left on the cheek. Whispers of love still happen every night.

In the morning, upon waking, the scent of love still permeates the air. Love and care increasingly fuse the two hearts together.

The toothbrush with toothpaste already squeezed on it every morning, clothes prepared before work, special meals shared together – these are all the things that continuously fill their love life with smiles and happiness.

Anyone who says having a wife isn't good, today Saeng Nuea completely disagrees with all her heart. A beautiful, sharp face breaks into a smile as her eyes focus on the sweet face of her wife, who is carefully folding up her sleeves for her.

"Don't give me that sweet smile. We're about to leave, and you're still being naughty."

"Just one round, my love. Think of it as our honeymoon starting right at home, right?"

The doctor gave a glare to the cunning person, unable to argue. It took almost two weeks to arrange the shift exchange and notify about leave in advance. The person who demanded a honeymoon trip found an excuse to settle scores with her from the moment she woke up.

The excuses of the one waking up, she could never argue back in time. And she always thought that if indulging her life partner's demands meant

she wouldn't seek external distractions, then it wasn't something a wife couldn't give.

After finishing folding the sleeves, her sweet eyes surveyed her appearance once more. The tall, slender figure wore a blue shirt with rolled-up sleeves and white chino shorts slightly above the knee. The sunglasses tucked into the collar, if picked up and placed on her perfectly slender and beautiful face, would surely make her look cool and captivating to all the women passing by.

"Staring at me like that, do you like it?"

"It's not just Prin who likes it. Prin sees almost every girl who passes by Sister Nuea checking you out too."

"They just look, but Prin is the only woman who has both my body and my heart."

"If that's the case, then when someone looks at Prin, Sister Nuea will have to remember these words too."

She dropped a big bomb with a sweet smile. That alone made the jealous one secretly hold a grudge against her wife in her heart. The beautiful doctor led the jealous one downstairs. The luggage had already been loaded into the back of the car by the housekeeper.

Soon after, the car moved away from the house, heading directly to Thira Kanlaya Marina Yacht Club.

As the tall, slender figure stepped out of the car with her wife, the luggage in the back was quickly handled by employees who rushed to carry it to the pier.

Along the long path, the sight of the company president walking with her arm around her wife's waist fell under the gaze of many employees in the vicinity. Her beautiful, sharp face was adorned with sunglasses, and her casual yet cool and captivating attire made many female employees turn to look back.

Even though she felt a little possessive, the doctor, accustomed to such scenes, viewed it as normal and maintained her composure as always.

The sea breeze ruffled their clothes as they reached the moored boat. The slender figure was still attentively cared for, always close by. But as the boat slowly moved away from the pier, the faint ringing of a thin cell phone signaled its owner.

Saeng Nuea reached into her pants pocket. When she saw the caller's name, it was her father's call, and it was no longer something she wanted to escape.

"What is it, Mister Headman?"

"Don't you try to use that Southern accent on me."

"Oh!" followed by a soft laugh that traveled through the line. "Well, Nuea has a father who's a Southerner, so Nuea is also a Southerner."

"But your Southern accent is terrible, you, Nuea!"

"Well, that's how father taught Nuea!" Taught to speak Central Thai like her mother since birth. What could she use to speak with a perfect Southern accent? But if it was for other things, that would be another matter.

"Don't talk back. Have you left yet?"

"The boat just left the pier."

"And where's my daughter-in-law?"

"She's always in my sight. Can't be far, I'd miss her terribly."

She spoke to her father, but her beautiful, sharp eyes were fixed on the slender figure of her wife, who was admiring the view within her field of vision. Her fair, pinkish hands were trying to gather stray hairs and tuck them behind her ear. Her long, flowing hair was swaying with the wind. It felt like a real-life angel was appearing for her to behold in broad daylight.

"Oh! Don't be so sweet to your father. Have a safe trip, enjoy yourselves. But if you're this obsessed with your wife, when you come back this time, I want to be holding a grandchild, understand, Nuea? Otherwise, if you make me wait any longer, I'll consider you impotent. That's it."

After threatening, he hung up, disappearing with the wind, leaving only the word "impotent" echoing in her ears.

Being insulted like that, there was no way she would accept it.

Saeng Nuea walked to stand behind her wife, wrapping both arms around her slender waist. She gazed at the scenery ahead along with the person in her embrace.

"Last time, Prin couldn't see, but understood everything through Sister Nuea's words. Now, Prin can see everything, just as Sister Nuea once told me."

"That's not enough, my love. Prin's beautiful eyes still need to see many more beautiful moments. And in all those moments, I must be right here beside Prin, just like this."

The soft whisper in her ear, nothing was exaggerated. She perceived it with her eyes, her touch, and her immersion in the moment of happiness with the other person beside her, amidst the atmosphere of the sea and sky.

From a bright blue sky dotted with white clouds, it slowly transformed into a soft orange as the boat reached the most beautiful sunset spot in the area. A special inner feeling amidst the sweet atmosphere. A gentle breeze touched their faces, carrying the scent of the sea, as well as the fragrant scent of the person beside her.

In every fleeting second their eyes met, the gazes filled with love and possessiveness, woven from the depths of their hearts. Many things in life had proven that the woman sitting in front of her was everything in her life. If she were to lose her, it would be worse than losing both arms, and worse than losing vital organs in her body.

What happened in the past was a lesson and a memory. What was more valuable was the love and understanding that would embrace both of them, allowing them to hold hands and overcome everything.

Every journey of life stretches out like the sunrise in the morning and the sunset in the evening. There is happiness, sorrow, smiles, and laughter throughout the day.

Until the sky around them was covered by the passing time, and night covered the entire sky and sea. This night, there was the moon, the stars, and both her and her lover.

The light shining onto the wide deck at the front of the boat was dim, but it still allowed her sharp eyes to see the sweet face of her wife, who was lying on her back, gazing at the stars in the sky.

"Are you cold?" The voice full of concern asked the person lying with her head on her arm.

"Prin has both a blanket and Sister Nuea's embrace." Her sweet eyes left the stars in the sky to meet the eyes of the owner of her heart. Both of them lay side by side, watching the stars. Only darkness enveloped them. The scent of happiness, the scent of love, and arms that constantly embraced, providing warmth.

Both physically and emotionally, there was no warmth greater than this.

"Well, I'm worried because not only is Prin my wife, but Prin will also be the mother of my child." It wasn't just a warm voice, but her slender hand was moving to rest on her wife's flat stomach. "When we get back from this honeymoon, I want our little one in Prin's belly. Let's have a baby."

"..." The doctor didn't answer immediately, but instead smiled, looking into the other person's eyes with a sparkling gaze.

"You're not answering, but you're smiling provocatively at me like that? What does it mean?"

"Prin wasn't provoking you at all," she turned and embraced her life partner, then buried her face in her warm chest, soaking in the love, listening to the heartbeat that she was now sure was hers alone. "Prin wants to have a baby with Sister Nuea."

That was all she needed. The person who had been waiting for an answer tightened her embrace around her wife. Happiness permeated her entire heart. The instinct to protect, to care, became an immense power that made one want to change herself to be good enough for that role.

"I'm ready to take care of Prin and our child. I'll do everything my best. How many do you want?"

"Sister Nuea!" The profoundness was gone now, because the dazzling eyes of the person pressing her face down to meet hers made her think of nothing else.

"Why? I'm asking my wife's opinion first, how many she wants, so I can do it right."

"That's just how you are."

"However I am, I only love one wife. I don't want you to be a doctor anymore. When we get back, can you submit your resignation? I want Prin to be my private doctor, just mine, that's enough. Then Prin won't be too tired and will have time to take care of our child."

No words were uttered aloud. That was all.

But the sweet eyes that looked up at each other were the answer.

With all her heart, the path of their life together might encounter some storms, but she would hold this soft hand tightly. She would protect and care for her.

Saeng Nuea pressed her lips against her thin lips, conveying every feeling through a sweet touch. The more time passed, the more she felt love and connection with the other person.

Possessiveness was clear in her feelings. This heart had forgotten the word "freedom" it once craved. The self she once was slowly faded, replaced by a longing for the sweet bonds from the woman in her arms.

Gentle, tender, even if freedom had to fly away from her forever, as long as her life and breath were bound by the owner of this heart, she would accept it.

Special 1

Clouds moved with the wind. The night scattered coldness for a while and then moved away, giving way to the warm first light of the sun, which revolved repeatedly with time.

Life passing day by day might not be strewn with rose petals, but it was permeated with the scent of love ever since life encountered something more precious than the word breath.

A movement shifted away from the warm arm, rousing the person who had just drifted into slumber a few hours ago. Her closed eyelids slowly opened to glimpse her wife's movements. A loose white shirt was casually grabbed and slipped over her naked body before she leaned down to the infant bassinet placed next to the bed.

The tiny body of the six-month-old baby was lifted to her mother's chest, accompanied by a whimpering cry. However, those whimpers didn't bother the person whose sleep was disturbed so early in the morning, not in the slightest.

"Hush, hush, don't cry, my good one."

Her sweet, soft voice was mesmerizing. Her delicate hand resting on the baby's back gently patted in rhythm to soothe the little one.

Saeng Nuea watched every movement unfolding before her with a smile, before slowly sitting up, naked. Only her lower half disappeared under the blanket, to appear a bit more modest.

"Did the little one wake up to bother mommy so early?"

Her voice softened when speaking to her little daughter, but her eyes sparkled when gazing at her wife's fair skin. The loose white shirt worn

haphazardly made her graceful figure look sexy, alluring, and so captivating that she couldn't easily tear her eyes away.

With each passing day, she seemed to fall more deeply in love with the mother of her child, almost unable to get up.

"It's a holiday today. Sister Nuea can go back to sleep. Prin will take care of the baby."

"How can I go back to sleep? Last night I bothered Prin so much you barely slept. Give me the baby. That way, Prin can get up and shower."

Not just words, but the person who insisted on intimate activities with her wife since both children fell asleep was eagerly reaching for the pajamas discarded by the bed and casually putting them on.

Her two feet stepped to stand in front of her wife to receive the small body of her daughter into her arms. The tiny whimpers that had just begun faded. The baby's round, innocent eyes gazed at the increasingly familiar face and then changed into cooing sounds, as if the little one was greeting her early in the morning.

"Good morning, clever girl," Saeng Nuea greeted her little daughter. However, at the same time, she didn't forget to glance at her other son who was still sleeping soundly, tucked under the blue blanket.

Last night, her little twins had been good as gold, as if they were in on the secret, allowing her to flirt with their mother. Even though they woke up whimpering early, Saeng Nuea still wanted to reward the two little twins who knew how to work as a team even while they were still lying with their innocent eyes closed.

She knew in the future whose team they would be on. It seemed the mother of her children would have to handle a lot, because her genes were strong.

"Look, she's not whimpering at all once I picked her up! And she's even talking seriously. Who is she so good at charming?"

"Just like you, because your genes are strong. Don't you think so, Prin?"

Sweetness was conveyed through her eyes to the mother of her child, who was now raising her hand to gently poke the flushed cheek of their little love-child. Her heart pounded with happiness every time she saw these scenes. She was absolutely captivated by her wife in the role of a mother.

"Probably so," she looked up at her husband, leaving a sweet, tender gaze in those eyes just as much. Strong or not, she didn't know, because besides the twins, even now, her legs still felt weak.

"Answering like that means I'll have to prove it many more times."

"Sister Nuea, that's enough. Prin was just joking." Her sweet voice trembled as her waist was encircled by one arm, and her beautiful, sharp face snuggled close to her neck, making her shiver.

What kind of person gets aroused so easily? Especially when it comes to this, she absolutely cannot concede.

"Consider that a deferment, my beautiful one. I'll settle the score with interest later."

"What kind of person is so good at settling scores? Prin hasn't done anything yet!"

"So good at teasing your husband, and you still say you haven't done anything?"

"No more! I never win when I argue with Sister Nuea. I'm going to shower now."

Saeng Nuea smiled at her wife's cuteness. She watched with all her heart as the slender figure disappeared into the bathroom.

Since planning to have children, Doctor Prin had chosen to fulfill the role of a good mother and wife by resigning from the profession that had once

brought pride to her father. At that time, Doctor Phasut didn't interfere with his daughter's decision, seeing it as her right to live her life.

Even today, her wife still performed her duties without any shortcomings whatsoever.

During the day, she took care of the children. At night, she took care of her husband, diligently creating impressions that made her feel more captivated every day. The pheromones of the new mother seemed to have an immense attraction, making her constantly want to touch her intimately.

Normally, she loved her wife a lot already, but with the added role of the mother of her children, she loved and was even more infatuated with her wife.

Every Saturday and Sunday, Saeng Nuea would often bring the children to see her father. It was an agreed-upon request, typical of someone doting on grandchildren, which she and her wife never refused.

Sometimes they stayed overnight, sometimes they didn't, depending purely on opportunity, situation, and mood. Because the distance was so close, it was never a problem for traveling between the two houses.

This mansion had everything prepared for the grandchildren, whether it was bedrooms or a toy collection room that Mr. Hua Saeng had diligently prepared even before the grandchildren were born. Names were all arranged, not even leaving out the nannies who constantly looked after them.

Spoiling grandchildren must be left to Mr. Hua Saeng. Even at this young age, if they grew up a bit more, they would surely receive everything they wished for. Especially when one of them was a grandson, a man like Mr. Hua Saeng was even more ready to give his all.

Today, she made her father happy and fulfilled. Everyone knew how much Mr. Hua Saeng had wanted a son. Even she, his own daughter, was never really seen as a girl by her father. He never let her touch dolls, never

braided her hair. It's a good thing he didn't make her join the army and shave her head for ordination before marrying a wife.

He didn't even want his grandchildren to call him "grandfather"; he wanted to be called "Poo" (a term for grandfather in the South).

Okay, "Poo" it is. She never thought of defying her father anyway. Before, she could somewhat feel how great her father's love for her was, but today, having children of her own, Saeng Nuea understood her father's feelings much more deeply than before.

Therefore, she didn't want to obstruct anything that brought her father happiness. She was where she was today because of her father. Because if her father hadn't chosen a daughter-in-law who was perfect and also to his liking, by now, she might still be living her life freely as a single person.

The joyful laughter of the six-month-old baby filled the living room. The toy in the grandfather's hand was wiggling in front of the grandchild, enticing the little one to try and reach out, kicking its legs vigorously out of the twin stroller, eager to grab the toy.

"Come, come."

The little one began to use sounds to express emotions. Her round, innocent eyes and small, cute mouth puffed air, making the grandfather laugh loudly throughout the house.

"Haha! Ha! Ha! My grandchild is as impatient as who? Is it like someone around here?"

When subtly alluded to, the tall figure sitting cross-legged on the next sofa turned to meet her wife's eyes. The hand resting behind her back tightened around her slender waist, as if seeking an opinion.

"It's probably true, what Father said, because I heard someone around here once said her own genes were strong."

"Is that so? But I'm not impatient about other things, only with my wife."

It was another instance where the speaker's love-crazed eyes could shake the heart of the person who saw only her own reflection clearly in those eyes. Even after living together for years, the sweetness diligently added to their love life had not faded at all.

It was still full of love, warmth, and care, as it always had been.

Her life partner was still the same person. Consistency remained something that could always be felt from this person. Like a light in the heart that provided warmth on cold nights, embracing her through every dark night.

Just this one person. Her entire life, she desired nothing more.

Special 2

Each day passes, life continues as it always has. Go to work, return home in the evening. Weekends are filled with activities with family. Saeng Nuea is happy living this way. Just knowing there's someone waiting for her at home is like an immense gravitational pull that always makes her heart yearn to fly back home.

She's not homesick; she's wife-sick.

A call from her father an hour ago brought a gentle smile to her face. Her eyes focused on everything in front of her, while her hands controlled the steering wheel, turning into the driveway with a full heart.

"Happy birthday, my dear Nuea. These days you have everything, so I don't know what gift to give you. But I wish you much happiness. It's your birthday, you don't have to come see me like every year. Spend some private time with your wife and child. You can come see me tomorrow, it won't be too late. Understand?"

That was well-wishing conveyed in her father's typical style, and his commanding advice caused her intention to stop by his house to be canceled. The watch on her wrist showed it wasn't even five in the evening, but on this special day, she just wanted to get back home quickly to see her wife and child.

The tall, slender figure stepped out of the car and headed straight into the house. The familiar sight, no different from any other day, was her wife's delicate figure wrestling with the little twins in the living room.

The smile that adorned her sweet face when she turned to smile at her was always something that could soothe Saeng Nuea's heart when she returned home. Her soft, fragrant cheeks too. No matter how stressed or exhausted she was from work, everything would simply dissipate like air.

But seeing her wife's face was better than any energy drink.

"You make me so happy, darling. Why are my wife's cheeks always so fragrant like this? Morning, noon, evening, even before bed, they're still fragrant. Did you bathe in flower petals in your past life?"

"Is that a world from a novel? Or is it that P'Nuea secretly carries novels to read at work?"

"Not at all," Saeng Nuea laughed heartily, looking into the eyes of the slender person who reached up to help unbutton the top two buttons of her shirt, making her feel more at ease.

"You just got home, tired. Prin, don't you think P'Nuea should go take a comfortable shower first? Then come down and play with the kids."

"Where's Pom? Why did you let my wife take care of the two rascals alone?"

"She's in the kitchen. I told her to help set the table. Tonight's dinner is all your favorites, P'Nuea."

Just by looking, Saeng Nuea could understand everything herself. With their age and shared life, sometimes surprises weren't necessary for them at all. Just being together during special moments was enough to make those times supremely happy.

Saeng Nuea went back upstairs, spent a short time showering and changing clothes, then came back down to spend time with her children, no different from any other day.

Today, her son was dressed by his mother in a white little dragon bodysuit. On the hood were two small blue horns, and a tail of the same color as the horns at the back, looking incredibly cute. Her daughter was dressed similarly, just changed from a little dragon to a little pink kitten.

Both their small faces were adorable and charming. Their skin was clean, fair, and smooth, perfectly inheriting from their mother. The lovely outcome before them was a perfect blend of her and her wife.

So lovely and endearing, how could Saeng Nuea not be utterly smitten?

Saeng Nuea spent time with her children until her slender wife, who had disappeared into the kitchen for a while, returned to the living room.

“P’Nuea, dinner is served. Let’s eat.”

“What about Pom? Isn’t she coming to help watch the kids?”

“I told her to rest. I want to spend time with P’Nuea and our children.”

A gentle smile adorned her sweet face. During normal mealtimes, she usually asked the nanny to help look after the children regularly. But on this special day, as a mother, she simply wanted her children to be involved and for them all to be together.

So, shortly after, a double stroller became the resting place for the small bodies of the twins, along with toys brought to distract them during this time.

The special meal was beautifully arranged on the table. It wasn’t extravagant, but it was a simplicity infused with something special. Because it was all about care, as every dish on the table was cooked by the former doctor, who normally had almost no cooking skills.

She could cook, but not everything was delicious. Yet today, she wanted to make everything delicious for the one she loved.

“Why does the food taste different today?”

Saeng Nuea mumbled as she used a spoon to scoop the second dish into her mouth. Just eating the first dish without saying anything had already made her slender wife nervous, unable to take her eyes off her.

“Is it not delicious?” Her sweet voice began to lose confidence, even though she thought it was good, tasting it over and over until she was sure it was delicious. But now she started to doubt if what she tasted as delicious might have been her just wishing it to be so.

“It’s more delicious than every other day, actually.”

“Are you serious, P’Nuea?” She looked half-believing, half-doubting.

“Yes, I’m serious. It’s more delicious than any other day, more to my liking than ever.” Saeng Nuea reiterated. Seeing her wife’s cute, excited reaction, Saeng Nuea could easily guess that this special meal must have been cooked by her wife.

“P’Nuea, you’re not just flattering me because you already knew I cooked it, are you?”

“Not at all, my love. It’s truly delicious.”

Saeng Nuea truly felt that way. These soft hands weren’t just for healing people; they were equally skilled at cooking.

Just receiving words of praise, which were like encouragement from her life partner, was enough to make this special meal filled with smiles and warmth. Beside them, their children kept them turning to pay attention, talk, and tease, until the moment the glass of water was set down.

“Prin knows it’s not something that can surprise P’Nuea, but can’t you pretend not to know for a little while?” Both her eyes and voice carried a hint of coaxing.

“Should I close my eyes?”

Saeng Nuea said with a smile and pretended to close her eyes, but still cheated by peeking to watch every movement of her slender wife, who was stepping towards the counter on the other side. Her wife’s actions weren’t unexpected, but they were acts of care that made Saeng Nuea’s heart pound with overwhelming happiness.

Candlelight illuminated the tip of a candle stuck in a small cake. Her delicate hands carefully held it up and then slowly turned back to the dining table.

A sweet, bright smile reflected in the candlelight. Her slender, rosy lips moved, emitting a sweet voice, and her eyes sparkled as if gathering all the stars in the sky into those beautiful eyes.

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, Happy birthday

Happy birthday to you.

“Happy birthday, P’Nuea. This year we might not go out for dinner like before, but today we are all together. Prin wishes P’Nuea a lot of happiness. May all your wishes come true. May P’Nuea be healthy, love and stay by Prin’s side, and continue to take care of our children like this forever. Prin and the children love P’Nuea.”

Saeng Nuea's excitement came from nowhere, but it was pouring in, choking her throat. The tall figure stood up and stepped towards the owner of the sweet smile who was holding the cake in front of her.

Had anyone ever told her that the sweet voice singing each word wasn't just singing? The melody and the sweet vocal lines, climbing high and low keys, were more beautiful than any song she had ever heard.

Besides being beautiful, her wife also sang wonderfully.

The sweet gaze they exchanged at that moment was melting Saeng Nuea's heart, making her feel as if she was falling in love with her wife all over again.

All this time, the woman in front of her had consistently behaved adorably. She was a good wife, never dominating or overpowering her, whether in

body, speech, or mind. Her every demeanor showed respect and honor for her life partner, always.

With all this, where else could Saeng Nuea find a wife with such perfect and lovely qualities?

The tears welling up now were full of overwhelming joy. The flame on the candle tip extinguished with a gentle puff, before the small cake was taken from her wife's hand and placed on the table, followed by a warm embrace that held her delicate body with love and tenderness.

"I love you and our children so much, Prin. This is enough. It's the most wonderful thing."

Saeng Nuea spoke above her wife's soft head, planting a soft kiss on her fragrant hair, but the sweetness conveyed during this special moment didn't make either of them forget their little bundles of joy for even a second.

Babbling sounds and flailing limbs, seemingly calling for attention from their parents, brought laughter from the adults mixed with soft protests.

The little twins were lifted into the arms of each parent. Their soft, chubby cheeks were buried with a prominent nose. Saeng Nuea used her free arm to embrace her wife's slender waist, their eyes meeting the mother and children with utmost love.

Her little love, her lips pressed close, was conveying all the love and bond in front of their witnesses.

In this world, there was no woman Saeng Nuea respected or honored more than her wife.

The heart that beats every day will belong to her children, and to the woman in her arms alone, until her last breath...

◆ The End ◆

