

## PROLOGUE

*I still see you in every sunset~*

It's been two years, and I'm always here where it all ends, but one thing never ends, my love for him. This will never be over.

That same day, at sunset, I lost my Pat.

I still see you at every sunset, Pat. I miss you, Pat.

Pran came to the same place where the accident occurred, which changed his life and made him a lifeless person.

It was the same sunset, and he looked down,  
Two years ago, when Pat fell off that mountain.  
He dropped to the ground in tears.

"I-i miss you, Pat. Why, why did you leave me alone? I need you, Pat. "Pran wept as he buried his face in his hand. Chimon was standing behind him.

During those two years, Chimon was the only person with him during his bad times.  
Pran comes here on this day, where he lost everything.  
He sat by his side.

"You can't go back, it's no use coming to this place every year... There's life after this, Pran."

Pran laughed sadly, "I can't picture my life with anyone, Mon."

"At least try to do something else. How long are you going to be like this..."Said Chimon, but Pran was still silent

"OK, let's do one thing, why don't we go to a village for your upcoming photography project? There is a piece of information about your real mom being there in that village," Chimon said, making Pran confused.

Pran: "What does that mean?" But my parents left me in an orphanage, and I thought they died."

"They are still alive. What about finding your real parents? The least you can do is distract yourself from your sadness," said Chimon, making Pran laugh.

"I will never distract from Pat, but let's give it a try, let's go to this village for our next photoshoot and find out about my real parents," Pran said, making Chimon nod his head happily.

Chimon: "Let's go now, it's getting dark."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," said Pran. Wave shook his head and went away.

"Don't worry, Pat, I'll come here as the village is just next to this place...take care of you, I love you," Said Pran, looking at the sky.

He took one last look back and left.

# CHAPTER 1

"Yes! You've hit the ball well," they all shouted, and the two took the running.

"Come on, go for the second one. Come on, run." Pran shouted towards his soon-to-be mother-in-law and his father-in-law, both of whom took two rounds.

Others stood outside cheering for them, and the whole ground was shouting and cheering for the Pran team. Pran's friends are cheering for Pran's team, while Pat's team is fielding.

Since everyone was playing cricket in the park, it was a joyful day. It was a resort in a mountain park. They arrived for a vacation.

When the ball comes, Pat's father strikes it, sending the ball skyward as Pat tries to grab it. Pran began to panic.

"Pat, be careful!" Pran yelled.

Everyone started to shout for Pat to be careful, but Pat's only aim was to catch the ball.

Vee Pat's brother runs towards Pat.

Pat didn't listen; he caught the ball, but he was already at the edge of the mountain, which caused him to slip.

Pat rolled down the mountain and caught the edge of the tree branch.

Pat's hand was about to slip from the tree branch when Vee quickly went down and caught his hand.

Pran tried to go down, but Chimon and Fourth held him back.

"P'Vee, hold on to him!" Pran shouted while crying. Pat looked at Pran one last time, and Pat smiled softly at him.

"I love you, Pran," Pat mumbled. Pran shook his head, trying to reach Pat.

Gemini was about to go and help, but it was too late.

Vee's hand loosens its grip around Pat, and he falls from the mountain.

"PAT" Pran woke up from his nightmare. He looked around and saw everyone looking at him weirdly.

He realised he was on the train going towards the village for a photo shoot and quickly apologised.

Chimon woke up after Pran's shout.

"Hey, Pran, "Are you okay?" Chimon asked Pran, who nodded his head.

"Nightmare?" Chimon asked, and Pran nodded.

Chimon sighed, "It's okay; everything will be alright."

Pran wiped his tears and looked outside the window.

It's been two years since Pran had this nightmare after losing his pat. But still, he's trying to be happy with the memories Pat left behind.

Pran shook his head. He took his camera to distract himself from any thoughts.

Soon they reached Chiang Khan village.

Station, Pran, and Chimon walked out of the station.

Pran's phone started to ring. He looked at the caller ID.

Chimon: "Who is calling?"

"Fourth," Pran said, picking up the call, but he kept the phone away from his ears as he knew Fourth would shout on the phone.

"P'PRAN, did you guys reach Chiang Khan?" Fourth shouted from the other line, and Chimon chuckled while shaking his head.

"Yes, we reached," Pran said while chuckling.

"You guys left me and Gemini here," Fourth said with a pout.

"We will go together some other time; your exams are coming, so concentrate on your studies," Pran said, making a fourth sigh.

Fourth: "Ok phi"

Gemini took the phone from Fourth.

Gemini: "Hello Phi, how does it feel to be in a new environment?"

"We didn't even step out of the railway station," Chimon said, making Gemini laugh.

Gemini: "I'm just curious."

"We will come back with so many photos for you guys to see," Pran said, making Gemini and Fourth shout a yes.

Fourth: "Don't forget to buy some gifts for us."

"How can we forget the most important things?" "Pran said, making them laugh.

Gem and Fourth: "Enjoy the vacation, Phi; we'll call you later. Bye."

Pran&Chimon: "Bye"

Pran hangs up the phone.

"This is the area we're going to stay," Chimon said, showing the picture.

Pran nodded his head.

They soon reached the place where Chimon paid for the taxi.

Pran took his camera and took some pictures.

"This place looks like a family," Pran said, looking around the area where many kids are playing. It was a small area with so many homes connected.

"Indeed, these kinds of relationships with neighbours are rare to see in Bangkok," said Chimon, while Pran nodded his head in agreement.

Pran: "Where are we staying?"

"Wait, let me call the house owner," Chimon said, about to call the owner.

"Hey, you are Pran and Chimon, right?" The person asked, they both nodded, and then the person's phone rang.

"Oh, it's me, the house owner, I'm Somchai." Mr.Somchai introduced himself, showing the caller ID of Chimon.

"I already arranged everything for you guys. If you have any issues, you can inform me," Somchai said and walked ahead, telling them to follow him.

They reached the apartment, which was small and built with wood.

They both looked around.

"We will stay here," Chimon said. Pran nodded his head.

Pran opened the window of the apartment; he could see the whole area from here.

"This atmosphere is nice," Pran said with a little smile, making Chimon smile.

"*I guess coming here is not a bad idea,*" Chimon thought to himself. He paid the rent for one month.

"Kids, if you need anything, you can ask me," Somchai said, and they went from there.

"Did he just call us kids?" Chimon asked while pointing at both of them.

"Maybe he thought of you as an elementary kid based on your height," Pran said, chuckling while lying on the bed.

Chimon: "You brat, I'm older than you."

Pran: "Just 11 months."

"Still, I'm older than you," Chimon said. Pran shook his head and covered himself with the blanket.

Chimon: "I'll go and buy something for us to eat."

Pran hummed in response, and Chimon went from there.

He opened his phone and looked at his wallpaper.

"Pat, we both reached safely," Pran said to Pat's photo with a smile.

He closed the phone and looked outside. He could now see the opposite house window, which was open. His eyes started to get drowsy, and soon he slept holding the phone near his chest.

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"Did you sleep well?" Chimon asked while arranging the food on the table.

Pran nodded, sitting on his bed with half-closed eyes.

"Fresh up and come, your favourite food is ready," Chimon said. Pran nodded his head with a smile.

After freshening up, he came and sat in front of Chimon, and they both started to eat.

Chimon: "So, what are we going to do first?"

"Don't know, let's first settle ourselves here, and we can just use my techniques," Pran said, making Chimon roll his eyes.

"You and your go-with-the-flow technique," Chimon mumbled while shaking his head, but he knew that in this type of situation, this was the only way to do.

After finishing their dinner, they both sat on the bed, talking with each other.

After an hour, the room was completely silent. Pran looked at the other bed only to find Chimon sleeping. He went towards him and covered him with the blanket.

He is not sleepy, so he went towards the window and sat near it.

The cold breeze hit his face.

He looked up at the sky and saw one star, which was near another star. Both stars are shining brightly today.

Pran smiled while looking at those two stars.

"Seems like you miss me, Pat?" Pran asked in a teasing way.

**>>Flashback**

*"Look at those two shining stars. If you ever miss me, look at those stars. You will feel my presence through our stars," Pat said, back hugging Pran.*

*Pran: "Cheesy, why will I miss you when you're holding me like this?"*

*Pat: "What if one day I'm far away from your reach?"*

*"Hey, I know you are an idiot, but that doesn't mean you should talk like an idiot. Never say something like that,"* Pran said, pushing Pat away and sulking.

*"Aww, my baby is angry, hub?" Pat asked while coming in front, only to be avoided by Pran, who was turning his face away from Pat.*

*"Ok, ok, I will never say like that... I said, in the sense of business meeting stuff, that if I'm in some other country for business purposes at that time, you will miss me, so I thought to come up with this idea. "How is it?" Pat asked with a grin when he saw Pran smiling slightly.*

*"But never dare to say those words again, "Pran warned Pat, showing his finger.*

*Pat chuckled and held his finger, spinning Pran around and hugging him from behind.*

*"I promise, I'll always be with you, "Pat said while back hugging Pran, who giggled when Pat's breath hit his neck.*

**>>Flashback end**

Pran wiped his tears. "I miss you too, Pat."

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See you in the next chapter ❤️ 🌿

## CHAPTER 2

### NO ONE POV

Pran was about to go from there when he saw the opposite house window, which was open. He looked at the time, which was 2 in the morning.

"Didn't they sleep yet?" Pran talked to himself and shook his head.

"Who cares?" "Pran said, closing the window. Without closing the screens, as he wanted to see Pat start to feel his presence.

He lay on the bed.

"Good night, Pat," Pran mumbled, slowly drifting to sleep.

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The next morning, they both did their photoshoot work and also tried to collect some information about Pran's parents.

In this case, they got only one answer.

"You should ask Khun Ohm Pawat."

Pran ruffled his hair in frustration.

Pran: "Who the heck is this, Ohm?"

"Don't be so loud; if someone hears you saying something bad about Ohm, then it's the end of you," Somchai said, coming their way.

Chimon and Pran looked at him, confused.

Somchai: "He is a gangster who helps everyone, but if you happen to be on his wrong side, he won't hesitate for a minute to kill you right then and there."

Pran and Chimon are looking at each other.

Pran: "And you are saying we should ask for help from that Ohm guy?"

Somchai: "As I said, if you are a good person, he will help."

Pran sighed. "I don't think this will work, Pra said, and he went from there, taking the umbrella from Chimon and walking away.

"Hey, where are you going?" Chimon shouted. Pran looked at Chimon.

"I'm not a kid, and don't you dare to follow me. I'll be back after roaming around for some time," Pran said, making Chimon shake his head.

Somchai: "Are you not going behind him?"

"Nope, he'll be back once he gets bored or too lazy to walk; thank you, Mr.Somchai," Chimon said. Somchai nodded his head, and he went from there.

Pran was walking while taking some photos when he looked up at the sky, which started to get gloomy and started to drizzle. Pran put his camera back in his bag.

He opened his umbrella, holding onto it, and stretched his hand out to feel the droplets of rain.

When he started to enjoy it but got startled when a guy's shout could be heard, he looked to the side only to find two people beating him, while others were just watching the helpless man without helping him.

Pran ran towards them, trying to push them, but ended up getting hurt.

The person behind Pran helped him stand up.

"Don't get involved in a business that is not yours." The guy who helped him said Pran looked at him in disbelief.

He was about to stop them when a car stopped in front of him, making him stop in his tracks. One of them opened the car, holding an umbrella for the person inside.

When the person came out, Pran froze in his spot, his eyes got wide, and his eyes was filled with tears. Only one name was left on his lips.

"Pat"

"Khun Ohm is here." One guy said Pran didn't move his eyes from Ohm.

Ohm looked at Pran, who was in front of him. Ohm avoided his gaze and started to walk ahead, followed by another two guys. Pran smiled lightly when he saw Pat walking towards him. He couldn't move an inch as he felt himself in a dream. (For now, Ohm is Pat for Pran.)

Pat walked past him. His little smile fell. He looked behind him and saw Pat standing in front of the guy he had tried to help.

"Please forgive me."

Pran looked at the guy begging Pat, and Pran's eyes landed on Pat, who kicked the guy, which made him flinch a little. He never saw this side of Pat; it's new for him.

Pat stood over him, twitching his arm. He looked straight at the guy who had a bandaged arm.

"Please let me go; please forgive me. I won't do that again," the guy begged, trying to free his arm from Ohm's hand.

Pran looked at the guy Pat was looking at.

"How can we believe him?" the guy said. Without thinking twice, Ohm broke the same hand where he had hurt his friend's.

After breaking his arms, Ohm looked at Pran, who was standing there utterly shocked.

Ohm then looked at the guy in front, signalling something. The guy nodded and asked everyone to leave from there.

Ohm started to walk towards the car. He bumped into Pran's shoulders in the process. Ohm sat in the car, and he looked at Pran in the side mirror.

Pran looked at the car disappearing from his sight. He tried to run behind the car, but it was too late. He blankly looked at the way Pat went.

"Pat is alive?" Pran whispered to himself, still not recovering from the shock.

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He strolled back home like a lifeless person. He soon returned home. Chimon opened the door to find Pran drenched in rain.

"What the hell? You left with an umbrella and came back looking like you bathed in the rain," Chimon said, stepping aside to let Pran enter.

Chimon shut the door behind him, quickly grabbing a towel. His eyes clouded with concern as he noticed the expression on Pran's face.

Without saying a word, Chimon began to dry Pran's hair gently, the usual teasing in his voice replaced by soft care. "Are you okay?" he asked quietly, unable to bear the silence any longer.

When Pran didn't respond, Chimon's heart tightened. He cupped Pran's face, forcing him to meet his eyes. "Are you okay, Pran?" he repeated, his voice trembling with worry.

Pran slowly shook his head, his eyes filled with confusion and something Chimon couldn't quite place.

"I saw Pat," Pran whispered, his voice barely audible, as if the name itself was too much to bear.

Chimon blinked, stunned. "What? Pat? But—"

"I saw Pat," Pran repeated, his voice growing more desperate. "But he didn't look like him, Chimon. His style, his aura—it was all wrong. But it was him. I know it was him." Pran's voice broke, and he covered his face with trembling hands. "I don't understand. What's happening? What's wrong with me?"

Chimon's chest ached seeing Pran so shaken. He reached for him, pulling him into a tight hug. "You must've been mistaken," Chimon murmured, though doubt crept into his own voice. "It couldn't have been him."

"No!" Pran's voice cracked, and his breath quickened. "It was him. I saw him. He was right in front of me, Chimon. And he—he broke someone's arm. He's different, but I know it was Pat."

Pran's breathing spiraled out of control, his chest heaving as panic gripped him. Chimon immediately held him tighter, his own heart racing. "Hey, hey. It's okay. Breathe with me," he urged, matching his breath to steady Pran's.

After what felt like an eternity, Pran's breath began to slow, though the fear in his eyes hadn't fully disappeared. Chimon slowly let go of him.

"You okay now?" Chimon asked softly.

Pran nodded weakly. "I'm fine," he mumbled, though his voice lacked conviction.

"Come on," Chimon said gently, brushing a few strands of wet hair from Pran's forehead.

"Change out of these clothes. Try to get some rest. We'll figure this out later, but for now, just don't think about it."

Pran let out a weary sigh, nodding again as he trudged toward the bedroom. He wanted to believe Chimon's words, but his heart was still racing with the memory of Pat's familiar, yet haunting presence.

>>With Ohm

"Hey, Drake, kill him, idiot!" Ohm shouted while trying to shoot at the guy who was almost winning the game.

Ohm, Perth, and Drake are playing a video game on their mobile at their usual spot.

No one is allowed in except for Ohm, Perth Drake, and Ohm's guards.

This is the place where they all do their illegal and legal work.

Perth: "Shit, we lost."

Drake: "This is the first time we have lost."

"Aii Ohm, your focus is not here. What happened to you?" Perth asked with a teasing tone as he noticed everything Ohm did when he beat the guy, but he ignored it, as it was just a quick eye contact with the person.

Ohm looked at Perth, and his mind went back to the person he bumped into.

"Didn't you say feelings only make people weak?" Perth asked, making Ohm sigh.

"True, feelings only make people weak, and I've got some other things on my mind," Ohm said, making Perth and Drake frown.

"Suddenly you're looking different, ohm," Perth said with a laugh, and ohm glared at him.

"Nothing, just go home," Ohm said, and they went from there. Perth smirked while Drake looked at them, dumbfounded as he couldn't understand what they were talking about, so he just shrugged and went from there.

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See you in the next chapter  

## CHAPTER 3

Next day

No one's POV

Pran woke up early and got ready to find out about Ohm.

He has to confirm if he is Ohm or Pat. He couldn't even sleep the whole night because of this thought.

He knows the Ohm he saw yesterday was so different from Pat's, but still, his heart and mind didn't stop him from thinking about this Ohm.

What if he is Pat? These were the thoughts his mind was having.

So he got ready without getting caught by Chimon, who was sleeping.

It was seven in the morning. He wrote a note for Chimon, stuck it on his phone, and went out.

Pran asked people about Ohm's home.

"This is Khun Ohm's home, but today he's not staying here; he's staying in his uncle's home."

He saw Ohm's home, which is just opposite his home.

He looked up at his room and looked out the opposite window.

"All this while he was just opposite our room," Pran thought, shook his head, and went behind the person to Ohm's uncle's house.

"This is Khun Ohm's uncle's home." The guy, Pran, nodded his head.

"I'll inform you that you are here, as Khun Ohm will surely help when someone is in need." The guy was about to go in when a voice startled both of them.

"What are you here for?" Ohm shouted from the top. They both looked up and saw Ohm standing on the balcony. The guy bowed to Ohm.

Ohm's eyes are only on Pran, who was looking at him without blinking.

Ohm remembered yesterday when he bumped into him.

"What is he doing here?" Ohm thought

***"Didn't you say feelings only make people weak?"*** Perth's words echoed in his head as he snapped away from Pran.

He looked at the person beside Pran.

"Come in," Ohm said to the guy as he went inside.

"You wait here," The guy said. Pran nodded his head

Inside the home

"Hey, Kato, what are you doing here?" Ohm's uncle asked

"There is a person who wants help from Khun Ohm, so I brought him here, Khun Chai," Kato said.

"Who is he? What is he here for?"

"He said he came with his friend to search for someone," Kato said. Ohm nodded.

"What's his name?" Ohm asked for drinking water. Everyone looked at Ohm weirdly, as he had never asked anyone's name before helping; this was new for them.

"Oh no, sorry, Khun Ohm, I forgot to ask him," Kato said, making Ohm glare.

"How can you not ask something so important?" Ohm shouted again. Everyone was shocked as Ohm took an interest in someone he had never met before.

Ohm looked at Perth. After realising what he was blabbering about, he stopped shouting and looked at Perth's smirk.

"Tell him I'm not available right now," Ohm said with a cold voice.

"Why, Ohm? Are you having any inner troubles going inside?" Perth stopped, came near Ohm, and whispered.

"Or the main troublemaker for your heart is waiting outside." Perth teased, moving far away from Ohm with a teasing smile. Ohm glared while throwing the bottle in his hand at Perth, who caught it while laughing.

Chai looked at Ohm and Perth. He shook his head with a light smile.

Chai: "Ohm, you should help him; the kid came all the way here, and you kato, come join us for breakfast."

Kato nodded with a smile and joined them.

Ohm sighed and went out.

When Ohm came out, Pran looked at Pat with widened eyes as he saw Pat smiling at him.

Pran's eyes filled with tears.

Pran slowly walked towards Pat. They both looked at each other, mesmerised by each other's eyes.

Ohm looked at Pran with the same mesmerised eyes. Pran and Ohm are looking at each other with so many emotions.

But one thing is common: they both have the same confused feeling.

He raised his hand to hold Pat's cheeks, only for Ohm to get his wrist. Suddenly, he turned Pran around, and Pran back hit Ohm's hard chest.

Ohm's arm is around Pran's neck.

Pran got startled by the sudden act. He looked in front and saw the same guy he tried to help holding a gun in front of them.

"Why are you hiding behind a kid?"

Ohm: "Don't act like an idiot."

"Are you scared that now you are hiding behind a kid...." He tries to provoke him, but Ohm ignores him.

"I will shoot the kid if you won't let him go."

"Shoot him prom! Who cares?" Ohm said, making Pran come back to the realisation.

Pran: "He cannot be my pat"

Prom fired the gun, but Ohm jumped to another side while holding Pran.

They both fell on the couch; Prom fired again, and Pran fell to the ground behind the couch. Ohm above him, he looked at Pran for a second, then.

Ohm picked up the nearby wood and threw it in the prom's hand. His gun fell from his hand before he could reach it. Ohm picked up the gun.

Perth and Drake ran out because of all the sounds.

Prom started to tremble in fear.

Pran stood up, looking at everything with widened eyes. His eyes were red from tears.

"How dare he come in front of you again?" Perth shouted that he was about to go towards him, but Ohm stopped him.

Ohm raised his gun in front of Prom and was about to press the trigger when

"Noo! " Pran shouted, making Ohm stop on his track.

Ohm looked at Pran, whose eyes were filled with fear and tears.

***"What happened to me? Why can't I shoot this guy? Who is this guy? Why am I even listening to him? Why does my heart hurt when he's crying? Why does my heart tremble when he looks at me with fear in his eyes?"*** So many questions are going through Ohm's mind, and he very well knows all these internal thoughts are because of Pran.

***Ohm: "But why is he affecting me so much?"***

Drake: "Ohm, what are you waiting for? Shoot him. "

But Ohm didn't hear anything.

Perth and Drake looked at Ohm, who was looking at Pran. They are both shocked, as Ohm never stopped pulling the trigger on someone.

Ohm lowered his gun, but still didn't break eye contact with Pran.

Prom took the situation on his side and escaped from there, pushing Ohm out of his way, but Ohm was still unfazed.

Darke followed him, but Prom escaped. Darke came back.

"Ohm, what is on your mind? He escaped, "Darke said, making Perth sigh.

"Leave it. I'll go and take the first aid kit," Perth said, and he went in to take the first aid kit for Ohm.

If Ohm wanted, he would have shot him now too, but he never did; his eyes were only on Pran, who was looking at everything with mixed feelings.

His eyes are speaking louder than his words, and only Ohm can see those feelings right through Pran's eyes, which he is surprised about. Pran was about to go from there.

"Stop," Ohm said, making Pran stop on his track plan. He looked at Ohm and saw Ohm walking towards him. Seeing this, he tried to go from there, but Ohm caught his arm.

"Don't you hear what I said?" Ohm said, making Pran glare at him.

Perth came with a first-aid box. Ohm looked at Perth and took the box; he dragged Pran to a nearby couch, ignoring Pran's resistance.

"Let me go," Pran said, shaking his hand, trying to get out of Ohm's grip.

"Don't you hear me? Let me go." Pran cried, still trying to break free, but Ohm is stronger than Pran.

Ohm lightly smiled, looking at Pran.

PRAN POV

I freed my hand, but Ohm harshly pulled my hair back, making me whisper in pain.

"Didn't you hear what I said? Don't you dare to do that again, or I will," Ohm said with a glare, and in return, I glared back at him.

Ohm shook his head and let go of my hair.

He held my hand and poured the alcohol into my wound, making my eyes watery because of the stinging pain.

I looked at Ohm, who was bandaging my wound.

Pat's face came into my mind.

I am sure I came this morning in a hurry. But did I skip breakfast? No, right?  
Then why am I feeling weak?

My head is spinning with so many thoughts. There are so many memories. It is like all the images are floating in front of my eyes.

*Arghh, Pat, I hate you.*

*C'mon, Pran. We're friends now, right?*

*Don't you dare harm what's mine?*

*Pran, will you be my boyfriend?*

***I LOVE YOU, PRAN. I'M HEAD OVER HEELS FOR YOU.***

*Do you want to see me undress?*

*He is my boyfriend.*

*Why do you love me this much, Pat?*

*You showed me what love is, Pat, which I never had in my life.*

*I can't wait to see you.*

*Are you trying to calm me?*

*You promised to look out for me. I will look out for you, too.*

*Look at those two stars. Those two shining stars resemble us. If you ever miss me, look at those stars. You will feel my presence through our stars.*

*"I love you, Pran," Pat mumbled. Pran shook his head, trying to reach Pat.*

*Gemini was about to go and help, but it was too late.*

*Vee's hand loosens its grip around Pat, and he falls from the mountain.*

I don't know what happened after that; everything went blank.

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OHM POV

I saw this boy yesterday, and still, I couldn't move on from that simple meeting. Again, I'm lost in his eyes.

Before I could even think about anything, he fainted in my arms. The fast wind I felt was hitting our faces. I was surprised with myself that I could feel this level of warmth from a person I had just met and didn't even know much about, and how much it felt good when he was in my arms, engulfing his hand with mine.

***"Who are you? Why is my heart beating so fast?"***

I raised my hand to move his hair back, but stopped in mid-sentence when Drake talked.

"Just let him lie here. After waking up, he can go back to his home," Drake said, but both Perth and Drake stood shocked at what I did next.

I carried him bridal style, and it was not only them who were surprised.

I've never liked anyone near me, but here I'm carrying a boy who I don't even know the name of to begin with.

I looked at his unconscious face, which was peacefully lying on my chest.

I thought about who he could be because he held so much power over me, but I couldn't find the right answer.

The whole surrounding area is whispering.

It was a big surprise for them, too, as I never cared about outsiders.

Soon, we reached the boy's home, and don't ask me how I know. The owner of this home is my accountant, and he is handling all my bank accounts.

I gestured for Perth to knock on the door, and he did.

I saw a short male opening the door while shouting.

"Pran, where the hell were you?"

But he stopped when he saw my face widen.

What happened to him? Does he never see someone as handsome as me?

"Pat?" The boy mumbled, making me confused.

His eyes looked at the boy in my arms, whom the short guy called Pran.

Pran, why does his name seem familiar? Let's leave it for another time. But a cute name for a cute guy

Wait, did I call him cute? Nevermind.

"What happened to him?" The short guy asked, I ignored him.

I went in and laid him down on the bed. I tried to move from there, but his hand held onto my hand like his life was dependent on me.

I slowly released my hand from his, and then the short guy came in. He was still looking at me like a ghost.

I snapped my finger in front of him. He got startled and was about to shout when I gestured for him to shut up.

"Shh, don't disturb him," I said, looking at Pran.

I never cared about anyone then. What happened to me?

"Let's go out of the room and talk," I said, and I went out of the room, followed by the short guy.

Chimon: "You're alive."

"Are you an idiot? Of course, he's alive. Can't you see he's in front of you? Perth asked, making the short guy gulp.

"I can, but still, it's unbelievable. Pran said that he saw you, but I just shrugged it off, thinking Pran had taken you for someone else. I can't believe Pat is alive." The short guy was rambling so loudly that I couldn't even understand what he was trying to say.

"Hey, wait, wait... Who is Pat? First, what's your name?" I asked because I don't know what this shorty is talking about.

Who is Pat?

Chimon: "You don't remember?"

"What do you want me to remember? I have never forgotten anything to remember." I said I saw him sighing.

Chimon: "What's your name?"

"Ohm Pawat"

"So, you are the Ohm all are talking about? "The shorty asked, I know I'm famous. But I'm getting frustrated as he's not saying who this person is, and he is loading me with so many questions.

"Can you tell me who Pat is? You're starting to irritate me, shorty."

"Hey, I'm not Shorty, my name is Chimon, don't you dare to call me that." He pointed his finger in front of me.

I saw Perth, who was about to shout, and I stopped him.

If it were someone, I would have broken his hand into pieces for pointing his finger at me.

"You are short, so calling you shorty is the correct nickname for you," I said. I don't know why, but I didn't even get angry when he pointed his finger at me.

I just liked to tease this shorty.

Chimon: "Same face with the same attitude, muscle pig."

I heard the shorty mumbling something that I couldn't hear clearly.

"Whatever you are saying, say it loud."

Chimon: "Nothing. Thank you for bringing Pran here. I'll take care of him. You can take your leave."

Ohm: "No, I'm staying here until he wakes up."

"Why do you care?" His question caught me off guard.

Yes, why do I care for him? I sent him back safely to his friend, but still, why do I care about him?

There are so many questions that I don't know how to answer for myself. It's better to go from here.

"Nothing; I'm leaving," I said. I looked one last time at Pran and went from there.

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See you in the next chapter ❤️ 💚

## CHAPTER 4

### NO ONE POV

"Ohm, I know that boy made a change in you, so I just teased you, but if you are serious about him, we will help you pursue him," Perth said. Darke nodded, his head agreeing with Perth. Ohm rolled his eyes.

"Ohm Pawat can never have feelings for anyone, no matter what," Ohm said with a stern voice.

"Who are you saying this to, Ohm? To us or yourself?" Perth asked and went from there. Drake tapped his shoulder with a sigh and went from there.

Ohm looked up at Pran's room.

"I should try to avoid you or I should try to make myself hate you," Ohm said to himself and went back to his uncle's home.

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Pran groaned while waking up. He looked around and saw himself in his room. He looked to the other side. Chimon is sitting on the chair, talking with someone.

"I'll call you later," Chimon said, helping Pran sit up.

Pran: "Who is that?"

"Gemini called you, but you didn't pick up, so they got worried and called me." Chimon said Pran nodded

"How did I come here? The last thing I remembered was that" Pran stopped and looked at Chimon.

"Being in Ohm's home or Pat's home?" Chimon asked, making Pran avoid his gaze.

Chimon: "After you fainted, He carried you here."

"He carried me?" Pran asked shocked

"The Ohm I saw there was different; if he is the Ohm I saw when beating the guy, then

He would have just let me lie there and asked me to go after I woke up, but why did he carry me all the way here?" Pran said. chimon nodded

Chimon: "I saw Ohm, who exactly looks like Pat, but like you said, he has a different aura around him."

Pran: "He's not pat; He is Ohm Pawat."

Chimon: "How can you be sure about that?"

"I'm still not sure. The care he showed today reminds me of Pat, but the aura he showed when hurting someone is different." Pran said, holding his head.

But after a few seconds, his eyes widen.

"Wait, I've seen this aura around Pat," Pran said after remembering Pat fighting their senior for hurting Pran.

Chimon looked at him, confused.

"Do you remember when his so-called senior friends hurt me?" Pran asked Chimon, who nodded.

"How can I forget that? That was the time he claimed you as his in front of everyone." Chimon teased Pran blushed

Hitting Chimon's shoulder lightly

"Ohm did the same; he played along with the guy in front of me but eventually helped me too, and he took care of my wound and carried me all the way here," Pran said. Chimon shook his head.

"We can't be sure if he's pat just by this, "Chimon said, and Pran nodded.

"I'm going to distance myself from him, Pran said with a smirk.

chimon: "How Can you find out if he's Pat if you keep your distance from Ohm?"

"Do you remember how our relationship started?" Pran asked Chimon nodded his head with a little smile.

>>**Flashback**

*Pat Pran's first meeting*



It was the first day of college. Pran and Chimon came to college together, but Chimon had a different class, as Chimon's course is different from Pran's. Pran, on the other hand, was struggling to search for his class. He decided to ask for help from anyone there. He saw this man, whose back was facing him with his headphones, mumbling to himself while looking at his phone.

Pran went to him and called him.

Pran: "Excuse me!"

"Aww, How cute... Especially when we both are together, cutie, my cutie pie..\*kisses on his phone\*"

"Weirdo!" Pran thought, but then he tapped his shoulder and made him come out of his little dream world.

"Who the hell is disturbing me?" He thought and looked at Pran, a little irritated. His heart skipped a beat, but he ignored it and looked at Pran.



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"Yes?" He asked him with a sarcastic smile.

"Uhm, can you tell me where the Architecture Students classroom is?" I'm new here!" Pran asked.

"Oh, alright. Simple just walk straight, then turn one right and two left. And that's it; you'll find a notice board with a map. You can refer on it!"

Pran glared at him.

Pran: "Trying to be cool?"

"Then? How do I look to you? A mobile map? You disturbed me while I was adoring my crush!"

"Oh, is it? Don't worry, man! He or she will never be yours! Wishing you a stroke of bad luck in making him/her fall in love with you!" Pran said this with an attitude and walked away.

"Chilly fries," He said, looking at Pran. He rolled his eyes and kept his phone in his pocket. He was walking towards his class when he suddenly remembered something.

"Shit! Did I say the wrong direction to the notice board? It should be 1 left and 2 Right. Well, a punishment for him, as he wishes me bad luck! Enjoy"

He continues walking to his class.

Pran was wondering why there were no notice boards nearby. He spent almost 10 minutes finding the classroom. Finally, he found his class but ended up getting late.

"Good morning, sir!" Pran came in while wishing the professor He was breathing heavily from all the running.

"Hmm, the first day itself being late? Don't repeat it." The professor said Pran nodded his head.

"Sorry, sir! It's because of that crakehead." He Whispered the last part to himself.

Professor: "Get in and introduce yourself."

"Hello everyone, I'm Pran Parakul!" He introduced himself and went to the two empty backseats. Actually, it was only one; the other one is occupied. The person beside Pran is searching for something under the desk.

As he got up, Pran was shocked.

"You!" Pran and Pat both shouted together while standing up from their seats.

Professor: "Are you not going to sit? Coming in late, now being late for settling down"

Pran: "Sir, I'm not sitting next to this crake... Uhm, this person!"

Pat: "Same goes with me. I'm not sitting with this chilly... um, this person!"

"But that's the only seat left! If you want to choose yours, you should come earlier! Don't waste my time, and both of you sit quickly!" The professor said Pran and Pat had no choice but to sit next to each other.

"Hi! I'm Pat!" He introduced himself with a smirk, extending his hand, but Pran ignored it.

"Keep it with you!" Pran said, facing away from him.

Pat glared, but his glare soon turned into a smirk.

"So, how was your notice board tour?"

"You did it on purpose? How cruel you are!" Pran asked with a glare.

"Isn't it cruel for you to say that I wouldn't unite with my crush?" He asked in return.

"Well, I just predicted the future! The truth is bitter, man!" Pran smirked. Pat understood that there was no point in arguing with this boy who has infinite level attitude.

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*>>Flashback end*

Pran chuckled lightly while tears poured out of his eyes. Chimon wiped his tears, hugging him from the side.

Pran: "I know what I'm doing; it's just the little hope in me asking me to do this. What if he's my Pat? That one thought is making me insane and asking me to go further; I need to start this story from the beginning."

"Where we hated each other, we slowly became each other's everything," Pran said as he wiped his tears.

"What if he's not pat?" Chimon asked, releasing Pran from the hug.

"My gut feeling is saying he's pat I don't know anything about this Ohm, but I still want to give it a try. I have faith in our love," Pran said with a smile.

Chimon nodded his head.

"So, now we have three missions.

One: Finding Your Parents

Two: Finding Ohm's Identity

Three: Finishing our photography project," Chimon said while wiping his sweat dramatically.

Uff, so much work for our age," Chimon said, making Pran laugh.

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See you in the next chapter ❤️ 💚