

# Chapter Introduction

Kiraphat was raised to be perfect. Everything she did had to be successful. Wherever she went, she had to be respected and serve as a representative of an influential family in society. Unlike her, Kita was the brother who worked hard behind the scenes, providing essential support for his sister's success.

Despite these differences, the two never had any problems. On the contrary, they were siblings who loved each other and got along very well. Kita even liked not being the center of attention like his sister. He didn't need to be watched or live up to society's expectations, and could live his private life as he saw fit.

For Kiraphat, however, things were completely different.

She didn’t have that freedom. Or rather, she did, but she had to be extremely careful with her image so as not to harm her family’s reputation. Her stepfather was a politician, her mother came from a traditional lineage, and her biological father owned a large company. Because of this, very few people knew the real her.

Kiraphat could handle pressure well, but she would easily get angry when it came to her family, especially her siblings. To her, everyone was a victim of other people's expectations. "We are products of society and power, just because we were the chosen sperm," she thought. This made her try her best to keep everything under control.

Often, neither she nor her siblings demanded as much of themselves as the world expected of them. They needed to be talented, exemplary, have opinions that influenced society, respect their elders, care for their younger ones and, above all, follow the rules that everyone obeyed.

— Queen, I can go to the party tomorrow in your place.

Kita suggested seeing the tiredness on his sister's face. She didn't look physically exhausted, but her eyes said it all. Since the death of their biological father, Kiraphat had taken on even greater responsibilities, helping his brothers deal with the challenges that came with the inheritance he had left behind.

Despite the fortune inherited by her brothers, Kiraphat showed no joy when she learned that a portion would also go to her. On the contrary, she let out a long sigh and muttered:

— What the hell…

She wanted nothing from her heartless father. If she could, she would have no connection with him.

Kiraphat stopped at the foot of the stairs before going up to her room, not noticing that her brother was waiting for her on the couch. On weekends, the two always returned home, following the family tradition. Even if it was just for appearance's sake, they accepted it as a duty that didn't weigh too heavily.

They were expected to sleep at their mother's house on weekends and have dinner with their father once a month – although this was no longer necessary after his death.

—Still awake, King? What are you doing?

She asked, her voice thick with exhaustion, changing direction and sitting on the couch across from her brother. Once she was settled, she sighed deeply and closed her eyes.

— Waiting for you. Okay?

— Who do you think I am?

Even with her eyes closed, she answered sarcastically. No matter how tired she was, she didn't want to show weakness to Kita. After all, he was also carrying a heavy burden. If he said he wasn't well, his brother would never stay still.

— And who do you think you are? — Kita retorted.

— I'm Queen, for goodness sake. How could I not be fine?

— Don't push yourself too hard. If you can't handle it, let me know.

— If I get tired, I'll tell you.

— Take some time to rest. The world keeps turning without you, you understand?

— yes.

Was his only answer. So he remained silent, just resting while his brother kept him company. He almost fell asleep right there, but decided to get up and go to his room.

Bonita, on the other hand, was a 20-year-old girl with much greater responsibility than she should have. First, she had to support her mother, an alcoholic and gambling addict who always ended up causing problems. Second, she had to deal with an insistent neighbor who tried to win her over, thinking that she would eventually give in.

He was grateful for everything she had done for him, so he felt he should repay her by staying by her side. But for Bonita, this was a burden. She couldn’t just reject him outright, because if he got angry or made a rash move, she would be the one to suffer the

consequences. Such cases were common and were all over the internet.

It was already past midnight and her mother still hadn't come home. Bonita already knew what to expect: either she was drunk at the grocery store, talking to her friends, or frustrated after having lost money gambling at some house somewhere.

The young woman sighed. That night, no one would probably come home. So, she locked the doors and windows tightly. A small rented house like that didn’t offer much security. With the roofs almost touching each other, privacy was non-existent.

Bonita dreamed every day about leaving there.

She wanted to sleep peacefully, without fear that someone would climb through the window to break into her house or that the neighbors would start fighting and hurt each other.

— Bo, are you there?

The voice of Khem, the neighbor, echoed through the wooden door. As soon as she heard the drawling tone, along with the faint smell of alcohol, the young girl's heart raced at such an intense pace that it hurt. It was always like this when he was drunk. Khem always found a way to get close, trying to convince her with sweet words and touching her more than he should.

"If you are mine, you will have a comfortable life. I can take care of you forever."

She didn't believe a single word of it. How could he support her if he could barely make ends meet? All the money he had went into alcohol. Besides, Bonita didn't want to be taken care of by anyone.

She was already used to fending for herself.

She didn't answer and tried to move as quietly as possible to enter her room. If she stayed quiet, he would eventually leave.

BANG! BANG!

His body trembled at the sudden knocks on the door. The fragile wood of the entrance seemed about to give way.

— Bo! Open the door for me!

The young woman shook her head and ran to her room, carefully locking the door. She sat on the edge of the bed, hoping he would give up soon.

She still had to study. In two years, she would finish her studies, but the biggest problem was money. The tuition and academic costs were too high, and she needed an extra job.

Bonita constantly read news about finance and investments to educate herself. The more she learned, the more she wanted to try. But she didn't have the courage to invest the little money she had. If she lost everything, her life would fall apart with it. In the end, all she could do was keep studying and accumulating knowledge.

When Khem finally fell silent, she resumed reading. But soon the sound of a message interrupted her concentration.

It belonged to her best friend, Mint. The phone she was using had been bought from her. Mint was always helping Bonita out, which made her feel indebted.

"Bo, why don't you come work with me? The work is fast and pays well. You have to pay the monthly fee, right? At least try. The bar needs people. I've already assured you that there's no danger."

The message made Bonita hesitate. It wasn't that I despised this kind of work, but I didn't know if I could do it well.

"Just serve drinks, talk to customers, nothing more. I'll take care of you. But if you don't want me to, I'll tell the boss to find someone else. Get back to me soon."

Mint worked in the entertainment industry and took pride in his honest work. This made Bonita reconsider.

In the end, she ended up in a bar's dressing room. Mint smiled from ear to ear as she saw her friend finally give in.

— Can I do this, Mint?

— Of course! P’Fern will take care of you. Too bad I’m in another group.

— What if I can't?

— Okay, at least you tried. But there may be clients who try to get close to you. If you don’t like it, let them know right away. Never think you have to accept it just because they’re paying you.

— Can I really refuse?

— Of course! We serve food, drinks, keep company, prepare drinks. Nothing more than that. Remember.

— And what about my name...?

— Pick a nickname! Everyone has one. Here I'm Bunny.

Bonita raised an eyebrow at her friend's cute name, but realized that it was an advantage. A nickname would help hide her identity.

— I don't want people to call me Bo. If I do this job, I want to leave Bonita behind.

— So... how about "Kit" or "Babe"?

— What do they mean?

— They are synonyms, only the way of speaking changes. And nobody in the bar uses them yet.

Bonita nodded.

* Could it be.

After almost a month of working, Bonita finally found someone who didn't care about her body or face. Instead, the person was interested in what she knew.

Was the news you read before bed worth it?

* What is your name?

The voice was soft, but powerful enough to make her feel intimidated. When she looked up and saw the woman's incredibly beautiful face, she felt even more that they were in completely different worlds.

— My name is Babe, but at work everyone calls me Bee.

It was the name she chose for others to call her, but for this woman, she was willing to give her a choice.

— Hm... and what do you want me to call you?

— As you prefer.

— So, Babe, take out your phone and look for the page you read this morning. Read it to me.

Bonita was surprised for the second time. While reading the news aloud, the woman simply closed her eyes and crossed her arms. Was she listening or sleeping? Bonita decided to test it and remained silent.

— Why did you stop?

— I thought you had slept.

— I didn't sleep. Go on.

— I don't need to prepare drinks?

The woman opened her eyes and shot a sharp look at Bonita, who was sitting on the sofa to her right. It was the place the woman chose to protect her from the boldest customers at the table.

— Did I tell you to make drinks?

- Not yet.

— So, my orders were not clear?

— Hey, Queen! I called the girl to serve everyone, not just you. Let her come sit with us too.

— What if I want her to take care of me only? What's your problem?

# Chapter 1 : I just want to...

No one objected to Kiraphat’s question. The reason was the sharp look in her eyes and the slightly irritated tone of voice she used. In fact, everyone already knew that her friend didn’t like to be the center of attention, especially when it came to jokes with romantic connotations. What was really surprising was the fact that the stranger, called in to temporarily take care of the situation, had been given a special privilege by being closer than she should have been.

Lin couldn’t help but smile, finding the situation amusing. They had all made bets on who would be able to get close to Kiraphat this year. But what no one knew was that Kiraphat didn’t think about that. She just didn’t like seeing Bonita being exploited by the people around her.

It was just an older person's instinct kicking in. And coincidentally, the information the young girl mentioned was something that Kiraphat was really interested in. In the end, that was all.

— If you want, I can sit somewhere else.

Babe said in a low voice, her face showing discouragement, for she knew that she was the cause of the strange atmosphere that was setting in. She was aware that she belonged to a different level than that group of people.

Being the reason Kiraphat was being the target of strange looks and comments was not something she considered good.

— Sorry for causing these inappropriate comments.

She turned off her phone screen. The pride she felt at being useful gradually disappeared. When she noticed that Kiraphat’s glass was almost empty, she instinctively reached out to refill it, as she had done before.

Kiraphat remained silent, without expressing any reaction. She just sat there, motionless, until the cup Babe had prepared was placed in front of her.

— Thank you. But you can stay here.

His tone of voice was neutral, without any detectable emotion. It wasn't harsh, but it wasn't welcoming either.

- Also?

— Choose where you want to sit. I'm not forcing you to do anything. And if you think asking you to read the news is an abuse, I can pay you for your wasted time.

— Can I stay right here?

— I just said that I'm not forcing you to do anything.

— I just don't think I should. It's not appropriate. As for reading the news, I don't mind. In fact, it's a subject that interests me, so I'm happy to be of service.

Bonita lowered her voice on the last sentence, realizing she had already said too much that night. She ended up revealing more about herself than she intended, just because she felt like they were finally interested in her for something different.

— Do whatever you want.

Kiraphat’s tone indicated that she didn’t care about Bonita’s decision. She picked up the glass and took a sip, watching the young woman who had been sitting next to her walk away to find another seat. Bonita smiled at the others before looking away and focusing on her own phone screen.

Time passed without Kiraphat noticing. Suddenly, Phakin's slurred voice reached his ears. However, what he said was not pleasant at all.

— Do you do after-hours programs, beautiful? How much does it cost for the whole night? What do you do?

As he spoke, Phakin placed his hand on Bonita's exposed thigh, which was visible above her miniskirt, squeezing it repeatedly as if to emphasize his question.

— Damn it, Phakin. I already told you it's not allowed here. The owner of the place doesn't want that kind of thing.

Lin scolded him in a serious tone, letting out a sigh. He understood that alcohol could awaken certain desires, but this was too much.

— Oh, relax. We can close a deal quietly, no one needs to know.

— Phakin.

This time, Lin warned him in an even firmer tone, pulling his hand away from Bonita's leg when she noticed his uncomfortable expression.

— I don't accept it. Silent or not, I don't do it.

Bonita swallowed her fear, trying to keep her voice steady. She had been in situations like this before. Not everyone understood that there were different types of services, and many believed that her body could be bought with money.

Fern, who had been working in the field for a long time, watched Bonita with concern, ready to remove her if the situation worsened. If necessary, I would inform the club owner that a VIP customer was overstepping his bounds.

— Do you understand now, Phakin? Stop it.

— Shut up, Lin.

Phakin scolded her, taking out his wallet and waving it in the air, displaying cash and credit cards to demonstrate his status.

— How much do you want? Just for one night.

Bonita forced a smile and shook her head in denial once more. The worst part of it all was that, even with his friends trying to restrain him, Phakin showed no sign of changing his mind.

— I don't do this to make extra money.

* Why?

Phakin’s voice carried not only curiosity, but also a tone of disdain. In his mind, the real question was: why not? He was willing to pay for what he wanted. And if she really didn’t do that kind of work, then she should at least consider the proposal before refusing.

— Personal reasons.

* He arrives.

Before Phakin could say anything worse, Kiraphat interrupted him. His intervention prevented the conversation from taking an even more degrading turn for Bonita. Upon hearing her name called, the young woman looked up, meeting the piercing gaze of the woman in front of her. Instinctively, she straightened her posture.

— Yes? Do you need another drink?

She couldn't deny that for a brief moment, the uneasiness in her heart dissipated when she heard Kiraphat call out to her.

Kiraphat nodded slightly, draining the rest of his drink before placing the glass on the table.

— If my cup is your responsibility, then get up and take care of it.

"..."

— And if anything is not your responsibility, don't get involved. Just do what you came to do.

The words weren’t just for Bonita. Kiraphat was clearly sending a message to everyone around. His sharp gaze served as a warning to those present, and Lin, understanding the message, quickly handed Phakin a glass of drink, hoping he would get drunk and shut up. She thought to herself that next time, she should avoid inviting Kiraphat to places where there were people with no filter like Phakin.

— I don't want to drink now. I'm not done talking yet! — Phakin protested.

— And what do you want to talk about? Come talk to me, then.

Kiraphat put away his phone and fixed an intense gaze on Phakin, who hesitated. Deep down, everyone respected Kiraphat, not out of fear, but because of his firm and decisive personality.

— Talk to who? That girl.

— Which girl?

— The one you just ordered to prepare your drink.

— Still don't get it? I think it's pretty clear that she doesn't do what you're thinking.

"..."

— Sex workers exist, but she is not one. Haven't you realized that yet?

— What the hell… it's just a woman!

Frustrated and humiliated at being contradicted, Phakin got up and left the room, even though he was not completely sober.

Once he disappeared, Kiraphat shot Bonita a look before declaring:

— I'm going to drink all night.

— Sure.

Bonita quickly picked up the glass and prepared another shot. However, when she placed the glass back on the table, Kiraphat spoke again.

— Sit down.

* What?

— I'm telling you to sit down.

* But…

— Would you rather sit where you were before or on my lap?

"..."

— My lap is not a seat. So there's only one option left, right? Sit down and keep making my drink. Can you do that?

— Yes, I can.

— Great. I like it when you understand my orders without difficulty.

Bonita shivered. For the first time, a compliment made her heart flutter. The tone of voice, the satisfied expression, the words… everything indicated that Kiraphat really meant it.

—Would you like a drink too? — Kiraphat asked.

— No, I need to be sober to work.

— What if I order?

— If necessary, I'll drink.

— Hmm… then drink.

Bonita took a sip, but didn’t finish the glass. As Kiraphat had said, she wasn’t really forcing anything. What bothered Bonita wasn’t the order itself, but the fact that Kiraphat didn’t hide what he liked or disliked.

Sometimes Bonita envied that. Kiraphat could express his feelings freely, while she… didn't even have that right. If something displeased her, all she could do was swallow it and pretend nothing had happened.

— Queen.

- What?

Bonita repeated the way the others called Kiraphat. Maybe she couldn't express many things, but at least she could say this.

— Thank you for helping me tonight.

Kiraphat raised his eyebrow, seeming to not understand what the other person meant.

— I didn't do anything.

— Just the fact that you weren't unaware that I was being treated that way already means that you helped me indirectly.

— Really? Don't consider it a favor, because I do it to everyone.

Bonita smiled. Instead of feeling bad, she felt even better when she realized that Kiraphat didn't treat anyone differently.

- Thank you very much.

— Keep making my drink.

— Your glass isn't finished yet.

— It will soon be over.

— I'll wait to prepare another one.

— Hum.

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The next morning

Wearing her college uniform, Bonita was getting ready to go to college. However, before she could even leave the house, her mother was standing at the door, the smell of alcohol wafting through the room.

— Mom, get out of the way. I have to go to class.

— Have you paid the electricity bill yet?

— I already paid.

— And the water bill?

The young woman frowned. — I already paid everything. What do you want now?

— Great. Today I'm going to buy ingredients to cook. Give me some money.

— Mom, I already gave you money yesterday.

— It's over! I need to live too, don't I?

Bonita sighed. She didn't understand how her mother, who was once so loving, had changed so much.

— I don't have any more money. I need to pay my monthly fees.

— What? You work so much, you barely stop by home. Where did all that money go? You don't even have anyone to support.

The young woman bit her lip. But I do, don't I? I have to support you and all the household expenses. All of that is my responsibility.

— How much do you want?

— As much as you have.

— I can't, I already said I need to pay for college.

To protect her money, Bonita always kept it in her bank account. If she had cash in the house, her mother would take it all.

— I have a meeting with friends. Give me at least a thousand.

— A thousand? You can't spend money like that! Yesterday you already took two thousand!

— Why? Can't you support your own mother? How ungrateful! Give me the money right now, I need to pay a debt.

“...”

— Quick!

Bonita's hope of having a peaceful day disappeared right there. And when he finally left the house, he saw that the sky was cloudy, announcing a storm. He needed to hurry, not only to avoid traffic, but also to escape a pushy neighbor named Khem, who always wanted to give him a ride.

On the other hand, Kiraphat woke up calmly, reading the news while drinking his black coffee. As always, he did everything calmly.

He had almost forgotten about Bonita until, by coincidence, he saw her running to take shelter from the rain at the university bus stop. Kiraphat was there only to take care of a personal matter for her younger sister.

— Is she still studying?

He decided not to care, as it was none of his business. After resolving his commitment, when he passed the same path again, he no longer saw Bonita. Perhaps he was lucky and managed to return home before the rain got heavier.

However, as soon as he stepped out of the university gates, he saw the young woman huddled together, arms crossed, at the bus stop. There was no room for her to shelter from the rain, as the place was packed with people. Kiraphat frowned.

— It's not like I'm interested in her. But as an older person, seeing this bothers me.

Yes, because Kiraphat normally didn't like to get involved in other people's problems. But the situation was hard to ignore, especially since Bonita's white blouse was becoming increasingly transparent in the rain.

Bip!

Bonita was startled by the sound of the horn. She looked around, but didn't notice who was calling her until Kiraphat honked again. People around her started to look.

Kiraphat hated attention, so if Bonita continued to ignore her, she would give up.

— Queen?

Bonita muttered to herself, looking around until she found the woman's gaze fixed on her. Somewhat hesitantly, she approached the car.

— Did you call me?

* Obvious.

— What do you want me to do?

— Get in the car.

* What?

— I'll pay you if necessary. How much do you want to come in?

“I don’t do that kind of work,” Bonita replied coldly, making Kiraphat sigh.

— I'm paying you to protect yourself from the rain in the car, not to sleep with me.

“...”

— Come in now. I don't like being the center of attention.

# Chapter2 : Tell us about yourself

Bonita ended up sitting in the luxury car due to the pressure of the situation – the looks from Kiraphat and the many people at the bus stop made her accept the ride. But she didn't get into that car for the money and, uncomfortable, she tried to make this clear as soon as she managed to close the door.

— I didn't come in because you paid me, okay?

Kiraphat just gave a discreet glance, without responding. Instead, he looked in the rearview mirror, put on the turn signal and accelerated, quickly leaving the place.

The rain outside was getting heavier by the moment, and the frigid air conditioning made Bonita, already soaked, shiver with cold. She rubbed her arms and tried to block the cold wind with her bag, instead of simply adjusting the direction of the air.

— Are you cold?

Kiraphat noticed the discomfort, but he didn't really know how to start a conversation. The question was trivial, but in that uncomfortable atmosphere, it didn't seem so bad.

— Yes.

The driver and owner of the car stretched out her hand to reduce the intensity of the air. The cold wind lost strength, and Bonita felt a little better, but still not enough.

— There's a coat in the back seat. Grab it and put it on.

* What?

— The coat is behind you. Put it on.

* It is not necessary.

Kiraphat narrowed his eyes.

— Do I need to pay you to put on a coat and stop shivering?

— I-I... No need.

Bonita shrank back into the seat, feeling even smaller. Reluctantly, he turned to grab his coat. But when she opened it, she was surprised by the expensive perfume impregnated in the fabric — not to mention the visible designer brand, highlighting the high value of the piece.

— What happened now?

Kiraphat cast a sidelong glance when he noticed Bonita hesitating to put on her coat. The air conditioning was already on low; the only alternative to heat it up would be to turn it off completely.

The young girl bit her lips and sighed softly. She felt uncomfortable wearing it, and she didn’t like lying.

— This coat is expensive. I don't dare to wear it... If I ruin it, it would be a problem. You can drop me off at the next bus stop.

Kiraphat frowned. Leaving a small girl, dressed in a student uniform and completely soaked, alone at a bus stop in that heavy rain?

She wasn't particularly interested in Bonita, but she wasn't so insensitive as to ignore the scene either. Seeing the girl trembling awakened her protective instinct, as if she were an older sister who couldn't stay still.

Honestly, even his younger sister was more obedient. But Bonita? Instead of accepting the offer and thanking her, he still managed to irritate her.

— Just look.

— But it's very expensive.

Kiraphat rolled his eyes impatiently.

— I asked you to wear the coat, not to buy it from me. Does the price really matter that much?

“.....”

Bonita fell silent. And then, it was Kiraphat who realized that he had been a little too rude. They barely knew each other, after all.

— Sorry. I'm a bit rude sometimes.

Bonita raised her eyebrows and cast a discreet glance at Kiraphat, who was focused on the road. But, upon realizing that she was being watched, Kiraphat raised her eyebrow, asking: - What it was?

— Nothing.

— You're looking clearly.

“.....”

— I just... — Bonita bit her lip. — I'm not used to hearing someone apologize or thank me.

She hesitated before continuing:

— And I didn't want to wear the coat because it's too expensive.

If I ruin it, I'll owe you.

Kiraphat sighed.

— It's not that expensive. I bought it because I can afford it. Even if you break it, it's not something that will cause me a big loss.

She wasn’t trying to brag; she was just saying what she thought. If she allowed Bonita to wear the coat, it was only because she wanted to help her stay warm. There was no other reason.

— I understand you're being kind, but...

— If you get dressed and warm, consider it payment for the coat.

- Also?

Bonita didn’t understand. Not at all. Why did this upset her so much? She and Kiraphat were like oil and water—they shouldn’t even be around each other, much less mix.

Being so kind to someone he had just met... Wasn't that dangerous? Didn't Kiraphat realize the risk of messing with other people's feelings?

Bonita spent her life dealing with people who always approached her with ulterior motives. She had already learned to identify each of them: Because they wanted something in return.

Because they expected gratitude.

Because they wanted her body.

She had seen so many of these approaches that sometimes she felt like vomiting just thinking about it.

But Kiraphat was different. She helped without seeming to expect anything in return. She just helped because she wanted to help.

And it was exactly this kind of feeling that Bonita found dangerous.

Dangerous to herself.

— If you don't want to wear anything, just cover yourself. That way, at least you won't be cold.

This time, Kiraphat’s voice was softer. The car had already passed several bus stops, but the driver hadn’t even slowed down.

- Thanks.

This time, Bonita didn’t argue. The coat did indeed keep her warm, and that was what mattered most at the moment. But now that she was comfortable, her mind began to wander. Looking out of the car, she frowned slightly.

If he calculated the time, he realized that if he went home before going to work that night, he probably wouldn't make it on time. The only alternative would be to go straight to work without returning home.

— Queen...

She called out hesitantly. She bit her lip as she saw Kiraphat’s intense eyes turn to her. How could someone be so beautiful and yet so intimidating?

— If you called, then speak.

— But you still haven't answered...

* I need?

— Well... If you stay silent, I don't know whether I should continue talking or not.

— Even if I don't answer, I can still hear, don't you think?— Yes...

Kiraphat didn't like Bonita's scared appearance. She hadn't even done anything to scare her.

— Why do you seem so afraid of me?

— I'm not afraid. I just have respect.

* Why?

— Because you gave me a ride...

— You got in the car to protect yourself from the rain. The destination is not mine, so don't use the word "ride."

Bonita blinked, a little surprised. Thinking back, Kiraphat was right. But she didn’t expect someone to correct something so small.

— Right... That's right.

* And then?

— Well... I wanted to ask you to drop me off at the next bus stop.

“.....”

— I have to go to work.

— In the same place where I found you yesterday?— Yes.

— With those clothes?

— I have another one at the restaurant.

— Hm.

Silence filled the car. The bus stop was just ahead, and Bonita was carefully folding her designer coat to return it. She was getting ready to get out when she realized Kiraphat wasn’t slowing down.

— Queen...?

* I know.
* Also?

— Now you can call this a ride. Because we're going to the same place.

When they arrived, the restaurant was still closed, but the staff were already starting to arrive. Bonita got out of the car and bowed politely.

— Thank you for bringing me.

— Hm. What time do you get off work?

— When the restaurant closes.

— Sure.

— Do you have something to do here?

* No more.
* Also?

— My only commitment was to bring you.

* What?

— Why are you so surprised? Go to work.

— A-ah... Yes!

— Take the blouse with you.

* Also?

Kiraphat frowned. Bonita always looked confused and repeated the question every time she spoke.

— It's payment for coming to shelter from the rain.

— I already said I don't want to.

— I'm not giving money. I'm giving something in return.

"....."

— What should you do when an adult offers you something?

Bonita frowned. Looking closely, it seemed like Queen wasn’t much older than her.

— Thank you for bringing me. I'm going to work now.

Kiraphat nodded in response to the thanks, but instead of taking the blouse as instructed, Bonita opened the car door and ran into the store.

She left Kiraphat frustrated and angry, unable to do anything but leave. Bonita was bold to ignore her words like that, as if they held no weight at all.

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Even after returning to the condominium, Kiraphat was still upset. Bonita was the first person outside of her family to disobey her in many years.

“She’s just a student... Why does she work so much?”

This doubt wouldn't leave her mind, so she called one of her subordinates to investigate the situation.

Later that night, she received a report:

(The surrounding environment is somewhat dangerous, but she arrived home safely, Khun Queen. Is there anything else you would like me to do?) — No, you can go back.

(Khun Queen?)

- What?

(Before entering the house, a man who seemed close to her approached her. But she seemed scared of him. Do you want me to keep an eye on him?) — Since when do you care about others?

(I'm just curious. It's not often that you have someone watched without commercial interest.) — Do whatever you want. But I didn't tell you to.

(Understood.)

Kiraphat hung up the call and went back to focusing on the news he was reading. His day was always like this: work, reading, and learning to expand his horizons.

As for Bonita, whatever her subordinate decided to do on his own had nothing to do with her. At least she had left her safe that night.

.

.

A week later, Kiraphat returned to the restaurant. Lin had gathered his friends, and by coincidence, Kiraphat was free.

She had left work at eight o'clock in the evening and had not had time to go home to change, as her friend had pressed her in front of her room. So she was still wearing an elegant women's suit and high heels, which made her look even more imposing.

— I hope Kin doesn't act nasty again.

Lin laughed. “He’s not coming today, don’t worry.”

In fact, upon learning that Kiraphat would be there, Phakin immediately refused. His ego could not bear to be below anyone, not even within his own group of friends.

— He asked me to apologize on his behalf for what happened that day.

— I do not accept.

— No!

— He has my number. If he wants to apologize, he can call me personally. Why send messages?

Lin nodded in agreement. “True.”

— You didn't call anyone else today, right?

— Are you waiting for someone?

— Why would I wait for someone?

— I'm not waiting for anyone. And, most importantly, I know how to take care of myself.

Lin laughed again. “But having someone looking out for you doesn’t hurt.”

"....."

— Relax, if you don't want to, no one will interfere.

— I hope that's true.

During the meeting with her friends, Kiraphat stepped away to go to the bathroom. However, something made her stop halfway: the sound of muffled crying coming from there. The place was empty, so where was that sound coming from?

She thought about going to another bathroom, but before she could turn around, the door opened.

Bonita appeared in front of her, wearing a cropped blouse with thin straps and a short skirt that only reached a hand's breadth past her knees.

— Queen?

The little girl was taken aback and immediately lowered her head to wipe the tears from her face. Normally, this bathroom was rarely used, so she felt comfortable crying there and relieving her sadness.

— Who made you cry?

Bonita hesitated. Instead of asking why she was crying, Kiraphat wanted to know who had caused it.

— It was nothing.

— What do you mean it was nothing? I heard you crying clearly. I even thought it was a ghost, if you hadn't opened the door.

— So that's why you were relieved to see it was me?

— Don't change the subject.

"...."

— Was it a customer? Did you tell the restaurant owner?

— I haven't even started work today. Someone booked me as soon as the restaurant opened and asked me to be there in ten minutes. But no one here has done anything to me.

— So who was it? Someone from your house? Your boyfriend?

— I don't have a boyfriend.

— That doesn't answer my question.

— Excuse me, I have to go.

Kiraphat frowned. It was once again that Bonita challenged her. But those ten minutes of waiting meant they would meet again in the VIP room. That was definitely Lin's doing. I didn't know what her friend saw in Bonita.

— Do you want the same drink as always?

— Who did something to you?

— Queen...

* What it was?

— Let me work, please.

Kiraphat sighed loudly, showing her dissatisfaction. She didn't like not getting answers. She didn't like being ignored by Bonita. And most of all, she didn't like the fact that she was so involved in her problems.

What's wrong with me?

* Feel free.
* Thanks.

. .

After work, Keerapat, who was waiting in the car, quickly left when he saw Bonita leaving the restaurant, now dressed in more modest clothes.

— Queen?

* It is me.

— Haven't you left yet?

— Who did this to you?

Once again, Bonita hesitated. It was clear that Kiraphat would not give up until he had an answer.

— Why do you care? I just cried a little. Maybe I was moved by some story.

— Oh yeah? What story?

"....."

—What kind of story makes someone have a split lip and swollen cheek like that?

"....."

Bonita quickly lowered her head. She thought she had covered her bruises well with makeup. How did Kiraphat notice?

— Are you going to say that I'm intruding?

Why was she pressuring me like that?

— I didn't even say anything.

— Your look says it all.

— Then my look is rude.

"....."

— Thank you for your concern, but I don't want to talk about it. I hope you understand.

Hearing this, Kiraphat’s expression relaxed a little. His stubbornness was difficult to change.

— I'm asking as someone who has a sister.

* What?

— I don't want you to think I'm interested in you for any other reason.

* I know

Bonita knew there was nothing that could interest someone of her level.

— No, you don't know.

"....."

— I'm leaving.

— Drive carefully.

— And you, how are you getting home?

— My friend will take me.

— What friend?

"....."

In fact, Bonita was lying. Her best friend hadn't gone to work that day and she would have to go back alone.

— I'll wait with you. Don't get me wrong.

- Understood.

— Great. And when is your friend leaving?

— Ah...

Kiraphat narrowed his eyes. Had anyone ever told Bonita that she was terrible at lying?

— Wait in my car. The mosquitoes are around here.

"....."

— Don't make me pay for you to get in the car again, Baby.

("Miss, I know you may not want to know, but yesterday she was attacked by someone in her own family.") He sent the message as if he already knew that Kiraphat was uneasy about it.

And so she couldn't ignore it.

But it was only because he had a sister.

I just felt sorry.

Nothing more than that.

# Chapter 3 : Table by the Edge

Only silence spread around...

She had been sitting in the car for almost ten minutes, with the air conditioning on cold, but the atmosphere was still silent and tense. She glanced at Kiraphat occasionally, only to see him staring at his phone screen, as if he were reading something. This only made her feel more restless.

She called her to wait, but she was really just waiting. She didn't even exchange a word with her.

She didn't know how to act in this situation. After all, no matter how long she waited, the friend she mentioned would pick her up would never show up. How could he, if that person never existed in the first place? But asking to leave on her own didn't seem like a viable option either.

Bonita had no idea what Kiraphat was thinking or expecting by getting involved with someone of lower social class like her. Did she think it was fun to help her, just to give her false hope? Or, even worse, did she want to make her believe that there was something special between them?

— You've looked at me several times without saying anything.

Kiraphat spoke without taking her eyes off her phone. It wasn’t surprising. After all, it was just the two of them there, in such a small space. How could she not notice that she was the target of his gaze?

— I'm just curious.

The young woman bit her lips, pondering whether or not she should express her doubt.

— Curious about what?

—What makes someone of your standing care about me? You could just ignore me. It wouldn't make a difference to you if I got wet in the rain or walked home with just anyone.

“..…”

Bonita's comment made Kiraphat's fingers pause for a moment before she swiped the screen again, as if nothing had happened.

— I'm really curious.

She repeated, making it clear that she meant what she said. Her life was not a game or an act of charity for anyone.

— When you see a wet kitten in the rain, what do you do?

“..…”

— Maybe you just look and think, “What a shame! But there’s nothing I can do. I hope you find shelter soon.”

Bonita bit her lip. She tried to imagine the scene and realized that, yes, she could act exactly like that… or maybe not. After all, her own life was uncertain.

—But I… I would approach the cat. Even if I got wet in the rain, that wouldn’t be a problem. I can go home and dry myself off later. I can take care of myself.

— Are you implying that I don't know how to take care of myself?

— Did I say that?

— Your comparison makes me understand that.

— Are you a kitten, by any chance?

“…..”

— You are yourself. Rain or shine, you are not that cat. You can protect yourself from the rain, but you don't.

How could I not? She always did everything she could to take care of herself. But sometimes life didn't offer many choices, no matter how much she wanted to decide her own destiny. Since she grew up, Bonita only knew one straight path. There were never any shortcuts, detours to the left or right. His path was unique and limited.

— Does my situation amuse you?

— No. Your situation just awakens my protective older sister instinct.

Bonita frowned.

— Did you even ask if I want an older sister? I'm an only child.

Kiraphat’s brow twitched. The Bonita at work and the Bonita outside of work were completely different. At work, she was gentle and smiling. But now, she showed all her stubbornness.

— So what?

— What do you mean, "so what"? You're invading my personal life.

— Shh.

Kiraphat gestured for her to be quiet, not giving her a chance to continue her rebellion. His cell phone vibrated loudly, followed by a call from a number he couldn't ignore.

— Yes, Mom.

(Queen, where are you? Can you come home for a moment?) - Now?

(They said you haven't returned to your apartment yet. Come by for a while. Your father wants to talk about work.)

— I'm not available. Besides, I already told Mom not to let anyone interfere in my personal life.

Kiraphat’s firm voice carried a tone of weariness. She was already exhausted by her mother’s constant impositions. No matter how much she did, it never seemed to be enough. What more did her mother want from her? When would this control finally end?

(Mr. Wasin is only concerned about your safety. The elections are coming, and you should be more cautious.)

Wasin was the name of her stepfather, who was also a politician. Because of this, her family was always in the spotlight, even though she was not related by blood to him.

Whenever she attended events or went somewhere, the title that accompanied her was always the same: "Mr. Wasin's stepdaughter."

Kiraphat sighed, looking at the clock. It was almost dawn, which only irritated her even more. Her stepfather scheduled meetings whenever he wanted. Was she really his employee, to have to cater to his every whim?

— I can't go. And tell people to stop waiting for me at the condominium. I won't be going back there tonight.

(Please, daughter, come. Your father just wants to talk quickly.)

— Has your husband realized that this is a time for rest? No one discusses work now.

(If you come, I promise I won't bother you for a while. I'll also stop him from sending someone after you. Don't make him lose consideration for you, dear.)

At these words, Kiraphat looked to the side, where Bonita was sitting quietly, almost curled up. She sighed. It seemed she couldn't continue pretending to wait for her friend.

— Okay, see you at home.

As soon as the call ended, Kiraphat leaned over to buckle Bonita's seatbelt. The movement was so quick and unexpected that the girl nearly sank back into the seat, startled by his sudden proximity.

— W-what are you doing?

— Have you never worn a seat belt?

— You could just ask. I'd put it in myself.

— If I asked, you'd just ask a bunch of questions about why.

— Of course! I have the right to ask!

Kiraphat frowned. What kind of girl was that? While others feared her and didn't even dare to look at her, Bonita not only held her gaze but also boldly responded to every sentence.

— So why did you put the belt on for me?

— For your safety.

“.....”

— Because I'm going to drive.

— But I'm waiting for a friend…

— Don't lie. If you lie once, you will have to keep lying to cover up the first lie. It will become a habit that is hard to break.

Bonita bit her lips. If she had known all along, why hadn’t she said anything? Would she have waited with her all night if no one had called for her?

— Stop using that friend excuse. Just tell me where to take you.

— Right here.

“.....”

— You can leave me here and go on your way.

Kiraphat frowned. Bonita didn't seem to understand the situation.

— If I had intended to leave her alone, why would I have made her get in the car?

— But I want to go on my own.

— At this time of night?

—I've come home alone much later than that.

— I'll take her.

— I appreciate your kindness, but I don't want to be a bother. I don't want your pity, your compassion, or anything like that. I can take care of myself.

Kiraphat watched her silently. Bonita had a determined, stubborn face. Her fingers tapped rhythmically on the steering wheel, as if she was pondering something.

— If you won't tell me where your house is, then come with me.

- What?

Bonita looked at her, perplexed. She had said so much, and in the end, it seemed like her words had gone in one ear and out the other. She didn’t want to get used to this kind of momentary care.

—Would taking me home make you feel better?

“.....”

— I'm not a toy to satisfy your big sister instincts, Queen.

— Why are you so mad at me, Babe? Why do you insist so much on putting yourself below others?

— I'm not mad. I just don't understand why you care so much about me. I'm just a waitress. We don't even really know each other.

— And why shouldn't I care? Who are you to stop me?

“.....”

— If you don't want to care about yourself, that's your problem.

— But this is my life.

— And when did I ask you to give me your life? I'm not here to help you all the time. Only in the moments when we meet.

"....."

— If you're so unhappy about it, I won't insist.

Kiraphat began to feel irritated. He didn’t understand why his genuine concern seemed to be being misinterpreted. So he quickly drove to a bus stop not far from Bonita’s workplace.

The sound of the doors unlocking echoed in the car. Kiraphat didn’t say anything else, nor did he even look to see Bonita unbuckle her seatbelt and get out. He only realized that when the car door closed again and the seat next to her was empty, she sped up and drove off without hesitation.

The young woman glanced at the petite girl's reflection in the rearview mirror, then took out her cell phone to call her trusted assistant.

[Yes, boss?]

— Are you still following me?

[Yes, I'm near the bus stop.]

Kiraphat let out a dry laugh at his ability to always predict her actions.

— Take her home safely.

[Understood, I'll let you know when she arrives.]

While Kiraphat was irritated by the rejection, Bonita just pursed her lips in silence. If you asked her if she was angry or frustrated, the answer would be simple: she didn’t understand Kiraphat, she didn’t know what she wanted, and most of all, she didn’t see any reason for all the concern. They were just strangers who had met a few times. Why did Kiraphat care so much?

Bonita was furious because Kiraphat was offering her exactly what she had always wanted from her own family.

She was angry with herself for fearing that it was all just a fun game for this woman. And in the end, she felt like a fool who was revolted even by her own existence.

. .

Bonita arrived home at almost two in the morning. The environment was silent. Any noise was enough to make her jump. Not to mention the looks from the drunks who were sitting drinking outside the gate.

— Beautiful, why are you so late?

Khem's voice came from behind, making the girl flinch and clutch her bag to her chest. The strong smell of alcohol coming from him made her even more alert.

— I was working.

The boy frowned.

— I already told you that you don't need to work. I can support you. How much do you want? I'll talk to my mother.

— Khem, we are friends.

— But I want you to be my wife.

"....."

— You don't need to waste time studying or working. You can drop everything. My mother has already talked to yours.

Bonita frowned. What did you talk about?

The night before, she and her mother had a huge fight because her mother had taken all her money without permission. She thought she had hidden it well, but in the end, she had failed to fool her mother. Now, she had to deal with this conversation that had happened without her knowledge.

— Khem, you're not making sense. Go to sleep. We'll talk about this tomorrow.

The boy grabbed her wrist and pulled her hard. Given the difference in height and physique between the two, if he wanted to use force, Bonita would have no chance of escaping.

— Tomorrow, I'll take you to resign and move here. You'll be my wife. You don't have to do anything. I can take care of you. I just want a wife, nothing more.

Bonita bit her lips so hard that it bled. She didn't say anything, she just let him say whatever he wanted until he was satisfied.

- Did you understand?

— Uhm.

— Then go rest. Wake me up early tomorrow.

Fortunately, Khem was satisfied after pouring out all his demands. Bonita, on the other hand, entered the house in a daze.

Every word she heard made her realize that she had no right over her own life.

Her mother, the one who gave birth to her, had agreed to sell her to Khem's family for just one hundred thousand baht.

Khem, the childhood friend she grew up with, wanted her to be just a wife locked up inside the house.

No one bothered to ask if she wanted it.

Bonita opened the door to the silent house. Everything was still in disarray, just as it had been after her mother had thrown objects during the fight.

Without hesitation, she walked to her room, sat on the edge of her bed, and hugged her knees. He allowed the tears to flow silently, without sobbing.

At that moment, he decided that house was no longer his home.

She took a large backpack and put all her important things inside it. What she couldn't take, she would leave behind.

And I had no intention of going back to get them.

Bonita decided to call her best friend, her last hope, the only person she could trust at that moment. Mint answered with a sleepy voice, but when she heard Bonita's sobs asking for help, she woke up completely.

— It's okay, Bo. Stay calm. Come stay with me first, then we'll figure out what to do.

— But aren't you with your girlfriend?

[My girlfriend is a woman. You wouldn't feel uncomfortable about that, right?]

— Uncomfortable about what? I'm the one who's afraid of being a nuisance.

[Come on now. She said she doesn't mind, in fact, she's already getting ready before me.]

Hearing this, Bonita felt even more like crying.

— Yes… I’ll wait at the entrance of the alley. Can you come quickly, Mint?

(No maximum 15 minutes.)

Bonita waited until the noises from next door had died down. Then she hurried out, walking and running to the meeting point. She didn't even have to wait. As soon as she arrived, Mint was already out of the car and pulled her into a tight hug.

— It's okay. You have me. You have that scholarship competition tomorrow, don't you? Will you be able to perform in this state?

— Of course. I need to get it. This scholarship is my hope.

The scholarship would not only help pay for her studies, but it would also guarantee her a job after graduation. It was a companylinked scholarship that required the recipient to work for the company afterward, but Bonita thought it was worth it. Such opportunities didn’t come around often, and the position offered wasn’t bad either.

. .

The messages she had received from her assistant the night before had put Kiraphat in a bad mood to start the day. She didn’t know all the details yet, but the fact that someone had run away from home in the middle of the night meant that the situation was serious enough that the person couldn’t bear it any longer.

— I'll stick around and get more information.

Kiraphat trusted his ability to disguise himself and gather information, but she was irritated with herself. After all, even after being rejected like that, she still cared about Bonita.

— She said she doesn't want an older sister? Whatever, that stuckup girl can do whatever she wants.

.

.

At the University

With her eyes swollen, Bonita tried to hide them with makeup and focused on revising her speech for the competition presentation. She didn't sleep all night, and her mind was a mix of feelings.

“Are you okay?” Mint was by her side the whole time, afraid that Khem would show up to cause trouble if he found out she had run away.

- I am. I just need to go on stage, present everything I know to the judges, hear the results and then go to sleep.

— Wrong! After the result, we will celebrate.

"....."

— Today, you have to win.

Bonita's heart skipped a beat when she sat down in the seat reserved for the contestants and saw that, at the judges' table, the one sitting at the head of the table was Queen.

— From what I've seen, the most promising contenders are Bonita and Warathaya. What do you think, Mrs. Queen?

The voice of one of the jurors, who had worked with Kiraphat for a long time, made her look away from Bonita and look at the documents in front of her.

— I believe Warathaya has more interesting information.

— If that's what you think, I'll give her my score as the winner.

The sudden change in Bonita’s expression made Kiraphat stop tapping her fingers on the table. She hated this side of herself. But who else could she blame but herself?

— But Bonita's presentation is also very good.

- What?

— Judge fairly. You don't have to please me.

# Chapter 4 : Good girl

The contest was over, and Kiraphat left immediately. She didn't exchange words with anyone, nor did she even look at Bonita to see her expression. If he had looked, he would have seen that the girl was caught in a dilemma, hesitant, not having the courage to approach or greet. Only then did he realize that what he had done the night before had not been kind at all.

It wasn't a matter of flattering someone powerful or rich, but simply wanting to apologize. That's all. After all, the concern Kiraphat showed last night should not be ignored.

— What's wrong with you, Bo? You've been looking so sad since morning.

Mint asked, noticing her friend's dejected expression. It didn't seem to be because she had run away from home, since Bonita had been thinking about it for a long time.

You don't decide to leave the home you've lived in all your life on a whim. Many things happened before she made that decision. Besides, the results of the contest didn't seem to be the reason for her mood.

— If you treated someone unpleasantly...

- Who?

— I'm not done talking yet — Bonita sighed at the interruption.

— That depends. If it’s someone important, I’d apologize. But if it’s not, then there’s no reason to worry. There are more important things in life than wasting time on people who aren’t worth it, Bo.

Hearing this, Bonita let out a deep sigh and nodded. I agreed with Mint. You couldn't please everyone, but you also shouldn't be rude to those who were good to you.

Even if I didn't know if that person had ulterior motives or not.

— I won't ask who it is, but if it's someone important, go and apologize right away. Don't let this become a bigger problem.

Bonita nodded again. After packing his things, he left the auditorium. As he made his way to his college building, Mint said goodbye to meet his girlfriend. But before reaching her destination, Bonita froze when she saw a familiar figure walking around the place.

Khem walked impatiently, constantly glancing at the elevator and stairs. His behavior was unsettling, almost threatening. Bonita felt a chill as she realized that he had probably already gone to her house and not found her. Maybe her mother had told him that she had run away with her belongings.

She quickly hid behind a tree, biting her lip and clenching her fists. It was obvious that neither her mother nor Khem would let her simply disappear. They knew where she studied, what her major was, but fortunately, they didn’t have detailed information about her schedule.

As she tried to think of what to do, her gaze fell on the figure of Queen, talking to someone next to a familiar car. She remembered the vehicle well, as she had been in it twice before.

— Thank you very much for participating in the trial, Khun Queen.

— You're welcome. Anyway, it's part of the job. Besides, this way I can see if the money invested is going to those who really deserve it.

— You can trust me. The company will never allow its reputation to be tarnished, especially with these projects that have always helped build our image.

Kiraphat nodded. It wasn’t her first time as a judge. The company she ran with her mother and brother had been doing this kind of thing for a long time. Part of it was to attract media attention without major investment, and part of it was to strengthen the company’s image.

The small amount of money earmarked to provide opportunities for students did not compare to the benefits that this act brought.

— Have a good trip, ma'am.

The driver opened the back door for the female boss and then hurried to take his post. But before the car could drive off, the other back door was abruptly opened, revealing Bonita, who quickly climbed in.

“Hey!” the driver exclaimed in surprise, getting out of the car to try to remove the intruder. Kiraphat’s security guards also moved immediately. Someone having managed to get so close to their boss was unacceptable.

— Please let me go with you — Bonita said directly to Kiraphat.

The businesswoman's gaze was intense, and her serious expression made Bonita even more nervous.

She had been rude to Kiraphat the night before, and now here she was, asking for help.

The security guard opened the door, leaning over to pull her by the arm. However, before he could do anything, Kiraphat raised his hand in a commanding gesture. — It's okay. Close the door.— Yes.

— As for the carelessness that allowed a stranger to sit with me, we will settle that at home later.

The stranger Kiraphat mentioned turned pale, feeling the pressure in the air. Furthermore, the irritation in the woman’s voice was noticeable. If she hadn’t been truly helpless, she would never have run to that person for help. But she did so because she thought she would be safer with her than being found by Khem.

The imposing bodyguard swallowed hard before shaking his head.

— Excuse me, ma'am.

— Close the door.

The car door was closed as ordered. The driver didn't even dare to return to his seat and just stood outside, waiting until his boss called him.

— Is running into someone else's car like that the right thing to do?

- No.

Bonita replied in a low voice. Normally, that woman wasn't so strict with her, so there was always room for stubbornness and tantrums. But when she encountered the "Queen" in the way she treated others, Bonita didn't know how to react.

— If you know it's not right, why did you do it?

"..."

— I expect a convincing answer, Babe.

She didn't know why, but every time that woman called her that, a strange feeling ran through her body. It wasn't exactly ticklish, nor something she completely enjoyed. It was something positive, but hard to define.

— Can I get a ride to the university?

— Reason?

— I just want to hitch a ride.

— Reason for getting into my car and reason for me to drive you to the university. Tell me. "..."

Bonita bit her lip, feeling pressured by the woman in front of her. Maybe she was still angry about what happened the night before, and that was why she was ignoring her so seriously.

— Last night, you rejected my help very firmly. And now you come running to me for help?

— Yes.

— If your explanation isn't convincing or you don't have a reason, you can get out of the car. I'm not that kind of a person.

How spiteful, what a sharp memory…

Bonita wanted to act as usual, pretend indifference, not depend on anyone. But the situation didn't allow that. If she got out of the car now, Khem would definitely see her. And that would cause a lot of confusion.

Khem was not a patient person. She had known him for years and knew that well.

- I'm sorry.

Kiraphat frowned. So many sharp words were on the tip of his tongue, ready to order her out of the car, but they were interrupted by a simple apology. She had expected a long explanation as to why this was necessary, but she hadn’t expected that the first thing Bonita would say would be this.

— Sorry for what?

If she was apologizing, Kiraphat would accept it. But only if Bonita knew exactly what she was apologizing for.

— For what I did last night, for not being kind.

— Hum.

— And also for today, for opening your car door out of nowhere.

— Reason?

— Eu...

Bonita hesitated. Should she tell the truth or not? Her answer could lead to several outcomes, good or bad.

— There's someone I don't want to meet waiting for me at college.

— Don't you want to find it?

— No. I never want to see that person again in my life.

Kiraphat nodded, remembering the information his employees had discovered.

— And what do I gain by helping you now?

- What?

—I accepted your apology, but since you rejected my goodwill once, you don't think it will be so easy to receive it again, right?

— And what could I give you?

— Don't look at me like that. I told you I'm not nice.

—But you are not cruel to me.

"..." Kiraphat sighed. Just look… Even when asking for help, Bonita continued to respond in an impudent manner.

— The Queen I know has a sharp mouth but a kind heart.

— Don't talk like you know me that well.

Bonita sighed. Whether she helped or not didn’t matter. At least she had already managed to apologize for what happened before.

— If you won't help me, then I'll leave. Sorry for the inconvenience.

Kiraphat didn't say anything, just watched Bonita turn her body to open the door with a look that was hard to decipher. And just as the door was about to open...

— You said you don't want me to be your sister.

"..."

— So tell me, how should I see you?

— Why do you need to define what I am or am not? At the end of the day, I'm not important to your life anyway.

— Don't draw conclusions from me. Keep that in mind. Until I say something, don't assume that I'm this way or that way.

"..."

The firm voice was accompanied by her presence approaching. The soft hand, which seemed to have never done heavy work, touched his cheek, guiding his face so that he looked into her eyes.

- Did you understand?

— I'm an only child, I already have a close friend. There's no longer any role for you in my life.

Kiraphat also didn't know how to define Bonita, other than stubborn. Didn't she realize that everyone around her feared her? Who did she think she was to dare argue with her like that?

— Then let it be like this forever, my dear.

The woman stepped back and sat back down in her seat. Her sharp gaze fell on Bonita before she said in a firm tone:

— If you want my help, come sit here.

"..."

— If you can't sit here, you can get out of the car.

Bonita's eyes widened. Here she meant on her lap, not in the seat next to her. What do you mean? Hadn't I said I saw her as a sister? What sister would ask for something like that?

— You don't want me to be your sister, nor do you want to be seen as my sister. So, I'm going to change my way of thinking.

— I already told you I don't do that kind of work.

— I just told you to sit on my lap. At no point did I say I would hire you for something you don't want to do.

"..."

— If you don't want to, just get out of the car.

— You are putting pressure on me indirectly.

* And even?

The two of them remained silent for several minutes, until Bonita, unable to bear the pressure, began to cry. It was as if all her internal strength had suddenly collapsed. She didn’t want to obey the order, but she also didn’t want to get out of that car.

In the end, not knowing what to do, her tears fell.

* Once again?

Kiraphat was not accustomed to tears. Throughout her life, she cried very little, and neither did the people around her. Her experience in comforting anyone was practically non-existent, completely opposite to the image of a powerful woman that everyone knew.

* Come here.

Without realizing it, his tone of voice softened. He was no longer as harsh and distant as before.

— Aren't you ashamed to cry in front of me like a child?

— I'm younger than you.

Bonita didn't hold back. In the end, she ended up snuggling up next to her, being surprised by a scented handkerchief that Kiraphat used to wipe her tears, as if she were a ten-year-old girl.

— Can you go a minute without answering me back, dear?

— And can you stop forcing me?

Kiraphat sighed. Feeling a mixture of irritation and amusement, he slid his hand down to Bonita’s slim waist and pulled her closer. If she hadn’t held on, she would have already been sitting completely on his lap.

— W-W-Queen, that’s too close, don’t you think?

— Close how?

— I'm practically sitting on your lap!

— Then sit down at once.

"..."

— Didn't you want me to be your sister? Well, I won't treat you like one anymore.

— I'm not kidding.

— And do I look like your playmate?

Bonita bit her lip. Being questioned like that, she didn't know what to answer.

— About your scholarship...

— Thank you so much for recognizing my potential, but can we not talk about studies now?

— I just wanted to say that if you want to make some extra money, I need someone to summarize the news for me.

- What?

— Someone to read and summarize the daily reports for me.

— Don't you have a secretary, Queen?

— Whether I have it or not, what does it matter? I'm not hiring you to be my secretary. I want you to be my reader, someone to read the reports for me.

"..."

— I have eyes, I can read on my own. But I don't want to.

Kiraphat cut in, letting go of Bonita’s slender waist. But strangely, the warmth of her touch and her softness still felt trapped in his hands, on his skin, refusing to disappear.

— If you're going to accept the job, you should at least say thank you. I don't give this opportunity to just anyone.

Bonita also started to feel a little irritated with Queen. How could she be so arrogant? To take revenge, even if subtly, she clasped her hands together in a prayer position and bowed slightly, touching Kiraphat's left chest with an exaggeratedly ceremonious gesture.

— Thank you very much, Queen.

Kiraphat was momentarily paralyzed. When she looked down, she saw only the soft strands of Bonita’s hair, resting against her right chest. Instinctively, her fingers clenched tightly to stop the urge to caress her head. The whirlwind of emotions she felt at that moment was something unusual for her.

As soon as Bonita walked away, Kiraphat signaled for the driver to resume his duties and said in a firm voice:

— To my apartment.

— I would like to get off at…

— You come with me.

- What?

—Come with me. Or is that sentence also difficult to understand?

# Chapter 5 : Good girl never wins

When Miss Queen decides to be stubborn, her obstinacy becomes insurmountable. Bonita realizes this clearly now, as her gaze is filled with seriousness. And this seriousness means that if Bonita does something that displeases her, Queen will certainly find a reason to reprimand or even punish her.

— I have to work at night.

Bonita doesn't know why Queen wants to take her along, but given the situation, anywhere is better than staying there, under that piercing gaze.

— I'm not forbidding you.

— But I didn't bring any clothes.

She can go anywhere, but she still has responsibilities to fulfill. In fact, Queen could just drop her off anywhere.

— At your work, don't you have clothes to change into?

Catching Bonita off guard, Queen cuts her argument short with this observation. In fact, the establishment has clothes available every day, adapted to the concept of the evening. Fortunately, none of them are overly revealing, just a little daring – bare shoulders, bare backs, strategic cuts at the waist, depending on the occasion.

During festivals, she has had to wear accessories such as rabbit ears, cat ears and even clothes with tails, embodying cute characters.

— And why do you want me to go to your condominium?

— Don't ask so many questions. When we get there, you'll know.

Kiraphat replied as she leaned back in her seat, closing her eyes wearily. The night before, she had spent all her energy arguing with her mother and stepfather, getting into a real fight that, in the end, led to no conclusion. They insisted that she do something she hated, pressuring her, forcing her—as they always did.

And she, as a daughter, was exhausted from trying to please them.

— Are you tired?

Bonita's soft voice interrupts her thoughts. Kiraphat opens her eyes and sees the young girl looking at her like a curious little bunny.

— What if I am? What can you do?

— Do you want me to give you a massage?

- What?

— I can massage you to relieve your fatigue. That's all.

— You're willing to do anything in the world, is that it?

Bonita sat down, answering simply:

— I do whatever I want to do. If they pay me for it, even better.

— Oh, so there's a condition? You only do it if you want to, even if they pay?

— What about you, Queen? Would you do something you don't want to do, just for money? Wouldn't that be a build-up of stress?

Queen remains silent.

— When I can choose, I prefer to choose.

— You're still a girl. Don't come lecturing me.

— I wouldn't dare.

Kiraphat’s eyebrow twitched. If she didn’t punish Bonita every now and then, would the girl continue arguing with her like this forever? — You talk too much. You better be careful.

— Talking is all I know how to do. If you forbid me from that too, then there will be no good left in me.

Faced with this answer, Kiraphat sighs. She doesn't want to waste any more time arguing. At least Bonita is authentic and doesn't pretend to please her, like so many other people who have passed through her life.

This kind of falsehood disgusted her. Knowing that someone was smiling at her while hiding a knife behind her back, waiting for the right moment to stab her, was enough to make her feel sick.

— Do whatever you want.

Kiraphat still looks exhausted and doesn't have the same stern look she had before. Bonita decides to keep quiet so as not to disturb the momentary calm. After all, Queen has helped her many times, and she has never reciprocated in any way.

— Babe.

Kiraphat calls her in a soft voice, after a long silence.— Yes?

— How much does your massage cost?

Bonita blinks, unsure if she heard correctly. Up until a moment ago, Queen had seemed completely uninterested. And in fact, she wasn’t even seriously offering this service. Given their history— always arguing—that seemed odd.

“.....”

* How much?

This time, Queen opens her eyes to look at her. Her body is really exhausted, her shoulders tense. If Bonita really knows how to massage, it would be a good option to avoid wasting time going to a spa.

— Today I'm going to give you a free massage.

* Free?

— Consider it payment for helping me today.

— What if I get addicted?

— If it's about the massage, I'll let you know later, but if you get addicted to me, maybe you'll have to rethink it. I'm no one's toy.

Kiraphat frowned. Bonita had a very pessimistic outlook, but it wasn’t surprising since her surroundings had shaped her that way. But for her, it was fine. Thinking negatively wasn’t a bad thing, because if something did happen, at least she would already be prepared, but if it didn’t happen, it would be a good outcome.

—What would make me addicted to you?

— I don't know, I saw that you were hanging around my life, so I thought so.

I wanted to cover her mouth so she would stop talking so much...

— If that's the case, stop thinking for yourself. I'm not addicted to anything about you.

— Understood. You already said that I'm like a sister to you.

— I don't want to have to teach my little sister, you know? Thunwa has a much nicer demeanor than you.

“.....”

— Don't tease me too much. I'm not your playmate.

— I never meant to provoke you. But in my personal life, outside of work, I'm like this. What I'm showing you is just so you know that I'm not obligated to please anyone all the time.

At least in life, she just wanted to be herself. She didn't want to pretend that she was pleasing everyone all the time. She just wanted there to still be room for herself.

— Except at work, right?

— Yes, that's how it is.

— Are you tired?

— Huh? — Bonita frowned, not sure if she had understood correctly. She had just asked her that, but now she was being asked back.

— I see that you study and work, so I just wanted to know if you were tired, that's all.

- I am tired.

— Hmm.

Kiraphat nodded, before closing his eyes again, ending the conversation. The car then stopped beneath the luxury building. Bonita observed the surroundings without showing much of a reaction of excitement.

It was only once that she would have the opportunity to be in a place like this, because in the future, even if she had the option, she would probably choose to buy a house with a garden in front, rather than an expensive and lonely apartment like this.

— Follow me.

Kiraphat turned around and said to Bonita in a calm voice, walking towards the common area, before heading to the elevator with an excellent security system. The sound of her footsteps echoed on the tiled floor, making her suddenly feel nervous. You've never had to follow someone to an unknown place before.

Now, it felt like she was heading to a slaughterhouse. Her steps, which had been brisk before, were now noticeably slower. Her face showed the anxiety she felt. When she stopped in front of the elevator and looked at the elevator shaft, Kiraphat’s stern face softened.

— I'm not going to kill you, there's no reason for that.

“.....”

— Or do something you don't want, I won't do it either.

Bonita bit the inside of her mouth hard. She admitted that the feeling of fear had lessened a little, but not completely yet.

— Are you scared?— Yes.

Kiraphat sighed, trying to think of something to relax her, but he couldn't think of anything other than reaching out to her.

— Come. I won't let anyone do anything to you.

— Neither will you, right?

She asked again to be more sure, because she really didn't know what she wanted by taking her to a private area. And she herself had been following along without thinking up until this point. If she had firmly refused, she probably wouldn't have been forced, but she decided not to do that.

— Hmm.

She placed her hand on the soft hand that was extended to her. Interestingly, as she squeezed back, her anxiety lessened considerably.

— I'll consider that you promised, okay?

— If I want to do something with you, I don't have to wait until I get here. Remember that. If I want to do it, no matter where I am, I will.

— What are you going to do?

How provocative...

— You don't need to know, because I don't want to do that to you.

Bonita frowned. In other matters, she might not be as confident in herself, but when it came to charm, appearance, and beauty, she felt that she was second to none. Therefore, hearing those words from her made her feel like she was being challenged in some way.

— Don't try to do this to me, okay?

— You're not in a position to challenge or threaten me, babe.

Kiraphat turned around and spoke in a stern tone. It was true that she was kind to her, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t be cruel if Bonita continued to be so sharp-tongued and stubborn.

Don't you know that an untamed horse needs to be tamed?

— I just said, I'm not challenging you.

The person listening sighed and tightened his grip on the hand they were holding together, signaling that he was getting irritated. The more he saw Bonita with this attitude of not caring, the more irritated he became.

Until now, she was the first person who dared to challenge her so openly.

It didn't take long for the elevator to take them to the highest floor of the condominium. The simple reason she chose the highest floor was that Kiraphat didn't like having anyone above her. It wasn't because the highest floor was the most expensive.

— Feel free to rest. I'm going to take a shower.

— Is it?

— I'm going to take a shower and I want you to give me a massage.

— So, you brought me here for a massage?

— At first, I was going to ask you to do something else, but I changed my mind.

— What else would it be?

Kiraphat raised an eyebrow, realizing that Bonita didn’t know what she had brought her here to do. It wasn’t strange for her to be worried, but it was also good. It was time to learn to be afraid. She trusted people too easily. Even if Kiraphat had no intention of doing anything bad, she shouldn’t follow someone into a private space like this so easily.

— You don't need to know. The only places you can go are the kitchen and the living room. Don't go anywhere else.

Bonita frowned. “What was the real reason you brought me here?”

— Is this bothering you?

— Yes.

Kiraphat shrugged. “If you give me a good massage, I’ll tell you.”

Bonita was curled up in a corner of the couch, looking out the large window that reflected the city view. It was beautiful when seen from this angle, but chaotic when you reached down to touch it.

The clear difference between her life and Queen's only highlighted that she would never have a comfortable life like that. She had a chance to be here, but it was temporary, for whatever reason.

Fun.

Compassion.

Contempt.

Either way, there would come a day when she would lose interest or curiosity about who Bonita was. So she didn't try to be sweet, she didn't play cute. She preferred to be herself, so that someone like Queen would lose interest.

The sweet scent of the soap entered her nose. Bonita turned to where the scent was strongest, but the tip of her nose ended up gently meeting Kirapat's. She didn't know when Queen was so close.

But because of the eyelash-counting proximity, her heart began to beat wildly. She instinctively pulled away, but ended up bumping her head on Kiraphat's arm.

— Is it very close?

— I just saw you being enchanted by the view.

“.....”

— So I was curious if, looking at it from the angle you're seeing it, it would be even more pleasurable.

—But it's too close. I got scared.

Kiraphat raised an eyebrow. After her bath, she was in a good mood, and besides, she felt like teasing Bonita. She hadn’t expected to see this reaction. It was strange that she didn’t seem afraid of the closeness Kiraphat created, but rather surprised that their noses were touching.

You could tell by her wide eyes, the saliva she swallowed, and her trembling voice. In the end, Bonita wasn't as good as she seemed...

— Okay, I'll stop teasing. I don't want to see someone have a heart attack in front of me. And, most importantly, I already promised I wouldn't do anything.

“…..” — I'm ready.

— Is it?

— You're going to give the massage, aren't you?

- Oh yes.

Kiraphat was wearing a white robe. Her dark hair was tied up, highlighting her slender neck. She crossed her legs as she sat on the couch, allowing Bonita to come over, stand behind her, and begin massaging her shoulders and neck.

— If it's too strong, let me know.

— Hmm, a little stronger.

Bonita massaged him as she always did. Her body was tense, but the more she pressed, the more she heard Kiraphat's soft sighs, making Bonita's hair stand on end. Did she always make that kind of sound during massages?

— Hmm, it's right there.

"....."

— Oh, it's too strong, babe.

Various sounds that made the body vibrate in a strange way. When she looked down, she saw that the bathrobe that was tied left her breasts exposed, without covering them completely, which only made things worse. Which was hot, really was. She let her hands slip away and stepped back, like a person who...

— I... I'm not going to do the massage anymore.

She felt guilty as soon as she looked at Lady Queen's body. He didn't know what to do with his hands because he felt uncomfortable.

* What happened?

Bonita bit her lip, trying to find words to explain, until she finally said...

— I have to work. Traffic is bad, and I'm going to be late.

She quickly replied. However, with the student uniform and going to that place, Kiraphat didn’t seem to be very pleased. People can talk a lot behind their backs when they’re not involved.

— Wait.

* Also?

— I'm going to that bar.

"......"

— And please tell me who I should contact if I want you to look after someone alone all night.

"....."

Her face was worried, but her voice remained calm. Bonita swallowed hard as she saw Queen stand up and walk towards the bedroom. Gosh... did she actually use some seduction spell on her?

— As for today, you failed the massage. I won't reveal what I want you to do here.

Since she was alone today, Kiraphat didn’t see the need to open a VIP room. She simply chose a table in the corner where not many people passed by. That was enough.

That night, Bonita wore a white shirt, with the bottom button unbuttoned to lift the top of the shirt, showing off her white belly. The dark pants and high heels made her look even more attractive. Her face was heavily made up, matching the lights of the place, and her hair was loose and falling over her forehead.

She had become more thoughtful and less stubborn than before.

— I don't understand, why would you waste your time here? — Because you can't contradict me here, right?

Bonita bit her lips and nodded. It was time to work, and she couldn’t speak arrogantly anymore. Was she trying to play with her?

—How long are you going to keep doing this work?

— Until I save enough money to finish college.

She answered immediately, without needing to think.

— Hum.

The conversation then fell silent again, until the glass of drink was almost empty. Bonita then asked to compete with the background music.

— Would you like something else to drink?

— Your choice. I'm going to the bathroom.

The slender figure nodded and watched as Queen stood up and walked to the bar to place her order. The bartender’s smile, which seemed like a tease, was ineffective as always. She didn’t like being the center of attention or being asked to sit and make judgments about the customers’ behavior. It was just a waste of time.

— A tequila, please.

— One moment, miss.

— Kiraphat went to the bathroom. Be careful, because one of my girls will approach her table. The moment she trips and falls into her

lap, or approaches her, capture the image. You will only get one chance, don't let it pass you by.

- Yes sir.

— If we can get a good photo for the boss, you and I will earn a nice bonus.

Bonita frowned. The name Kiraphat was unusual. Few people used that name, and she knew one of those people. Hearing someone badmouthing her made her feel irritated, and she unconsciously straightened her back, before being startled when she realized that the bartender had placed the drink in front of her, touching her hand with his fingertips.

— Drink with gusto, baby.

Her eyebrows knitted together as soon as she heard these words. The young woman did not respond, but instead looked towards the source of the conversation. She realized that they were looking for someone, right where she was sitting with Madam Queen. With this, she was even more convinced that these people had no good intentions.

“I’ll come back and get it,” she told the bartender in a calm voice.

She then began to slowly walk away, before quickly walking to the nearest bathroom. Either way, she needed to warn Lady Queen about what was about to happen.

— She hasn't come yet. Go ahead, maybe we can get a good photo from somewhere else.

— Yes.

The bathroom downstairs showed no sign of the person they were looking for. Bonita was so anxious that she ran upstairs and found Miss Queen talking on the phone with a serious expression. But since she didn’t want anyone to see her at that moment, she quickly walked in front of her, pulling her arm and guiding her to the nearest storage room.

At that moment, all he could think about was that he needed to hide.

“What are you doing?” Kiraphat frowned, still holding the phone, but seeing how serious Bonita was, he decided to follow her.

—Come with me first. Can you avoid drawing even more attention?

Suddenly, it seemed like she was the one to blame. Kiraphat responded to the person on the other end of the line with a calm tone before letting Bonita pull her along. She wanted to know where she would take her. The alcohol in her body only made her want to think even less.

Besides, the information he received from the call was already annoying enough. He wouldn't have even answered if it wasn't something important.

— I understand. Just keep an eye out. — She replied firmly.

[He's already gone to look for the boss, sir.]

— Hmm.

The call ended, but Kiraphat’s gaze remained fixed on Bonita’s serious expression. She seemed suspicious of something, but Kiraphat didn’t know what it was.

- What it was?

— Someone is trying to take pictures of you.

— How do you know?

The storage room was cramped, used only to store brooms, mops, and cleaning supplies. There wasn't enough room for two women to hide comfortably, so their bodies were very close together.

— I heard.

Bonita looked through a small crack in the door, not sure if those people were still around. She just knew that she was worried about Queen and didn't want her reputation to be damaged by being there with her.

— I heard it when I went to get your drink. Someone is waiting to take pictures inside the bar, and someone else is going to bump into you on purpose. — She explained as if she was making a complaint, her expression serious.

Kiraphat didn’t know if he could trust Bonita, but her information matched exactly what his subordinates had reported. Furthermore, the genuine concern in her eyes made Kiraphat feel something unexpected.

Bonita's gaze remained focused on his lips, which were moving non-stop, mumbling about Kiraphat's fame and how those people wanted to create a scene just to take pictures.

This made her feel like…

…kiss her.

But instead, Kiraphat raised his hand and covered Bonita’s lips, silencing her. With his index finger over his own lips, he gestured for her to be quiet.

In that crowded place, it was unlikely that anyone would walk in such a calculated manner, as if they were looking for something.

— Be silent.

Now it was Kiraphat who peeked through the crack. He saw a man dressed in black from head to toe. If he were downstairs, he might not have drawn attention, but here, his eyes scanned the room as if he were really looking for someone.

A seed of trust was planted in Kiraphat’s heart. Bonita seemed to be genuinely concerned for her. The fact that she was so close, pressing her body against hers as if she was afraid of being found, allowed Kiraphat to feel the other’s rapid heartbeat.

It didn’t take long for the man to leave. On this floor, there were only VIP rooms, so the longer he stayed, the more suspicious he would look.

— He's gone.

Kiraphat whispered as he released the hand that covered Bonita's lips. When he saw that she was biting her own lips, he swallowed hard.

— Babe.

— I'm hot. We need to get out of here.

— Babe.

* What?

— If I want to kiss you, what do I have to pay with?

Kiraphat grabbed her chin, lifting it so their eyes met. But instead of being surprised, Bonita replied in a firm tone: —Have a few glasses of tequila gotten you drunk yet? You should be worried about the person who was looking for you just now.

—No one will be able to take pictures of me.

* What?

— And no matter how much I drink, I'm still conscious… and I still want what I asked you for.

Bonita frowned.

— You don't have to pay anything, because I won't let you kiss me.

She turned her face and tried to move away, but the tight space didn't allow it.

— If you're not scared, then we should get out of here. That way, I don't have to worry about you.

— Do you care about me?

— Do you think I brought you here for another reason?

- I understand.

— Queen, I'm not kidding.

— Babe, I'm serious.

Bonita swallowed hard. Queen's gaze on her lips made it clear she wasn't joking. But who said being drunk was an excuse to want to kiss someone like that?

— I don't allow it.

Kiraphat let out a heavy sigh, showing frustration at not getting what he wanted. Then, he grabbed Bonita's waist, pulling her close and gently squeezing her hips.

— Ah! Queen!

— You're annoying me.

Bonita frowned and dug her nails into her arm in response. The tighter Queen squeezed, the tighter she squeezed back.

If it was a game, then they were tied.

— I can contradict you even more, do you want to try?

# Chapter 6 : Conciliate

At Bonita’s defiant words, Kiraphat’s anger only grew. Her ego, impulsive personality, and desire to win caused her to press the other’s delicate body against the narrow wall. She released her hand from Bonita’s slender waist, lifted her chin, and tilted her face before pressing her lips against hers quickly.

— "Ahh...!"

Bonita’s eyes widened in shock, her body stiffening. Even her hands, which were clinging to Kiraphat’s arm, lost their strength. A flood of emotions washed over her, but the main one was disappointment, mixed with deep shock.

She had thought Kiraphat was different. In the end, he was just another person who wanted to use her body. But the most absurd thing was that she had allowed herself to have this hope. How could she expect anything from someone she barely knew? They were strangers to each other, separated by an unbridgeable chasm.

Bonita never had the right to expect anything from anyone. Not even her own family.

When he noticed that Bonita had stood still, without reacting, Kiraphat stepped back with a dissatisfied expression.

— I squeezed, you scratched, but when I kissed you… why didn't you fight back?

The kiss was not deep, nor invasive. But what happened inside

Bonita was much more intense, reaching the depths of her heart.

She pushed Kiraphat away. It was a small move, but it made her feel much better. Her face was red with anger. As if to make her displeasure clear, she wiped her lips with the back of her hand before opening the door and leaving without saying a single word.

— Where are you going, babe?

Kiraphat held her arm, but when Bonita turned to face her, her eyes were filled with disappointment. Worse still, she looked like she was about to cry. Kiraphat felt a tightness in his chest. He hadn’t expected to see her react like this.

— You didn't listen to me! I thought you were different, that you were better! But in the end, you're just like everyone else!

Kiraphat was silent.

— If so, I'd rather just meet the Queen who protected me from those people that night.

It was the first time Kiraphat realized he had truly made a mistake. His stubbornness and desire to control everything had hurt Bonita.

— I thought you respected me more than that. At least, I thought you wouldn't be like the others.

Bonita kept repeating the same thing, lost in her own thoughts. If she had known this would happen, she would never have allowed herself to trust Kiraphat. And now, what she had done hurt her deeply.

— Eu...

Bonita swallowed hard, sobbing. She pulled her arm free from Kiraphat’s hand and then ran away, leaving her there, motionless, as if her soul had been ripped from her body.

Kiraphat bit his lip and let out a long sigh. The small moment of triumph he had felt had turned into a disaster. Had it been worth it? The only certainty was that he did not feel good about what he had done. Bonita’s disappointed eyes, the way she wiped her lips… these images would be stuck in his mind for a long time.

But still… Kiraphat wasn’t the type to chase after anyone. It went against her nature. She liked to be in control, to make everything happen the way she wanted. She hated losing her balance because of someone.

And even more so for a younger girl like Bonita.

She was frustrated that her desire to win had led her to act like this. Bonita didn't help either, teasing her the whole time. But worst of all, Kiraphat should have known that she had no right to do this without permission. If he was going to do this from the start, why did he ask if he could kiss her beforehand? People who really want something don't ask for permission.

It was like that saying: playing with a dog can make him lick your face. And yes, Kiraphat compared himself to a dog – a big, untamed one, not at all cute.

But what bothered her most wasn't the kiss.

It was the fact that Bonita hadn't allowed it... and yet, she did it anyway.

Had he lost his mind because of some provocations?

Miss Queen’s touch was both soft and warm. She remembered that feeling well, she even remembered the look the other girl gave her—a look of someone who had lost control and no longer intended to hold back.

Still, she was really angry. She knew the other would never look for her to apologize. And if he wasn't going to apologize, then let it all end there. As for the job offer that Queen had mentioned, since there was no formal written acceptance yet, the woman could do nothing against it.

If he knew he was wrong but had no intention of apologizing, then it was better if they never met again in this life. He could stay angry for a hundred years and never make up. Yes, she would take that seriously.

— If you're not going to apologize, then never appear in front of me again!

— Who needs to apologize to whom, Bonita?

Mint's voice sounded behind her, making her body shiver. She hadn't even realized her friend was there.

— Nothing... Have you served all the customers?

— Yes, I'm free now. And you? Weren't you busy until the bar closed? What are you doing sitting here? If some gossiper comes and tells the manager, you could be in trouble.

— Tell me what? I've already finished my work.

— Has that client left yet?

Bonita frowned and shook her head. She really didn’t know if Queen had already left. According to protocol, she was supposed to stay with the client until the end of the allotted time. If Queen complained to the manager, she might be considered negligent.

— With that face, don't tell me you were irritated with the client?

Mint teased her friend. Bonita was beautiful, with big round eyes and chubby cheeks. It was always fun for Mint to tease her and make her sulk.

— What face?

—Front forehead, eyebrows together and mouth closed. Have you ever been told that your expression makes it very clear what you feel?

— Never.

— Then I'm the first to say.

— My face has always been like this since I was born.

— And what do you have in the corner of your mouth?

Bonita quickly wiped her lips with the back of her hand and looked in the mirror. Her frown deepened when she noticed a trace of lipstick—Queen’s lipstick. Even though she was no longer there, that woman still managed to make her angry.

— Just be careful.

Mint said, as if she knew something. She wasn't naive, but she preferred to just give her friend a warning rather than get too involved.

Bonita didn't answer. He stood there for a while longer before getting up and going into the hall to see if Queen was still there. However, the table was already occupied by other customers. This meant that Queen had left, and the restaurant had freed up the table for other people.

Great. That way, they wouldn't have to go through another embarrassing situation.

One week later

Kiraphat sat at the head of the meeting table, calmly listening to each team’s presentations. Her face was impassive, but her mind still wandered to Bonita’s disappointed expression.

Kiraphat didn’t like the lack of concentration that made her lose focus on her work. She hated it. But she couldn’t find a justification for the feelings that disturbed her. She thought that in a few days she would forget everything. After all, why would she care so much about someone she barely knew? But Bonita simply wouldn’t leave her mind. And that was the problem.

She made no comments on the reports presented, as all sectors had prepared well. Nothing to criticize. She simply expressed her gratitude for the team's effort, allowing the meeting to end quickly.

— I have no objections to the work of each sector. Thank you for your commitment. I promise that if our results at the end of the year are positive, everyone will receive a fair reward.

No one wants to work hard without any reward. Everyone wants to grow and be recognized. And as vice president, Kiraphat would never neglect this aspect.

A solid foundation only made the mountaintop even stronger.

As soon as she left the room, the heads of each department sighed in relief and exchanged cautious glances. No team had made any mistakes this time, which meant that in the next presentation, everyone would need to try even harder.

If it was already difficult to compete to be the best within your own team, competing with other teams to stand out was even more challenging.

That evening, Kiraphat returned home. Despite his disagreements with his mother, he still kept his promise to come back every weekend. As soon as he walked in, he saw his older brother relaxing in the living room.

Upon seeing her, he quickly turned off everything and followed her into the kitchen. While she got water from the fridge, he sat down at the dining table, looking like he wanted to say something.

— I just got in touch with Queen's men. But they told me they're looking into something for her. Nothing business-related... but rather about a certain college student.

— Leaking information about the boss? Should we fire him?

It was true that she still had people monitoring Bonita from a distance. She just wanted to know if the girl was okay. That was all. Not that she was interested... absolutely not.

— Never mind. That’s all this guy said, but no matter how much I pressed him, he wouldn’t give any details. Annoying, isn’t it? He worships you more than me. I was the one who hired him, after all.

— Heh, in the end, he even sold out his own boss.

Kita smiled. It had been a long time since he’d seen Kiraphat interested in anything other than work and family. A long time indeed. And he was happy to see that now it seemed that was changing.

— Who are you helping?

— I just felt sorry.

So stubborn, so impulsive, so bossy... She didn't really want to help. The last incident still left her feeling guilty. Great, Bonita.

— Is this little sister that good?

Kita teased, but Kiraphat immediately shook his head in denial. — King knows that Queen is not like that.

What kind of good person would receive that disappointed look from Bonita? She still had no self-esteem since the other threw away the kiss mark. And that was a kiss! It wasn't something disgusting.

- Like this?

— The kind they call good.

— Why? Just because Queen is cruel to those who deserve it doesn't mean she's evil. Life forces us to make choices, doesn't it?

— Yes, but... — But with certain people, she was still bossy.

— Hm?

Kita rested her elbow on the table, resting her chin on her hand, waiting for her sister's words. He always felt grateful for being a good brother, to the point of gaining her trust. Because, if it wasn't too much of a secret, Kiraphat would always tell him everything.

And he always tried hard to be a good advisor, especially to his family. Especially to Kiraphat and Thunwa, whom he protected more than anyone else.

— For some people, being good isn't enough to win.

— What does Queen mean?

— A kitten.

— Hm?

— I recently adopted one. Very stubborn, needs to be tamed. Last week, I tried to play with it a little, but it snorted and raised all its fur. I guess I thought it was scary.

Kita laughed. “What were we talking about? How did we end up with cats?”

"O King," he said.

— Wait... Is this 'cat' a person?

— You're smart.

— Sorry, I think I take after my little sister.

— Is that a compliment?

— Be careful not to push him so hard that you scare him.

— It would be good if he were scared. The way he keeps contradicting me, I'm getting irritated.

Kita raised an eyebrow, keeping all questions to herself. From the look on Kiraphat’s face, it seemed like something interesting was going on. He himself wanted to know how long she would stay with this “cat.”

Until you get tired and let it go or until you decide to keep it forever?

— King.

— Yes?

— Have you ever done something bad to someone and couldn't

forget it?

— Does this question mean you want to apologize?

— I'm just asking out of curiosity.

Kita laughed. “Alright, then I’ll answer as general knowledge.” — House.

— First, is this person important enough for you to waste time apologizing?

— What do you mean?

— If you can answer that first question, I'll tell you the second one.

— King, I'm not stupid. — The firm tone of voice, followed by a serious look.

— My sister is smart about everything.

— I don't want to know any more. It's a complete waste of time.

Kiraphat said this and left immediately, but Kita shouted behind her:

— Second, does Queen feel bad for doing something bad to this person?

Her footsteps stopped suddenly. “Nonsense, King.”

— I'm just passing on knowledge.

Two days later

Bonita walked down from the school building, not forgetting to look around to see if anyone was lurking. Khem's appearance last time made her need to be extra careful.

Fortunately, he wasn’t as patient as she thought. After waiting for her for three days, he disappeared. But she still wouldn’t let her guard down until the start of her vacation in two weeks.

However, as soon as she walked out in front of the building, her eyes caught sight of a familiar car parked there. When she tried to drive straight past, the rear window rolled down, revealing a stern look that was urging her to get into the car.

"Heh, you think you can boss everyone around in this world?"

She walked right past without caring, believing that the other woman wouldn't do anything that would draw attention to herself. People of status and fame need to maintain their image, so obviously they wouldn't do something stupid to tarnish it. Today, Bonita still had to sort out the issue of her new home and didn't have time to play the games of a spoiled person.

But it seemed she was wrong. The other one didn't really do anything scandalous, but sent a woman dressed in a suit, acting as a bodyguard, who approached her directly.

— The Lady wants you to get in that car.

— Which car? Are you sure you're not getting it mixed up?

— St. Bonita, the Lady asked me to let you know that if you don’t come in, she will come to your work and order you to attend to her every day for a month.

Bonita frowned, feeling her heart tighten without realizing it.

Taking care of her every day for a month? She had to be crazy! Wasting money on nonsense like that.

— Have you gone crazy?

She muttered to herself. Of course the other knew her weak points, knew where to find her, but she chose not to show up directly and instead pressure her like this. A week without giving any sign of life, and this was all she could think of to apologize?

— The lady also asked me to let you know that she wants to discuss a job that was previously agreed upon. If you don't get in the car within 20 seconds, she will impose a punishment.

— Punishment?

— Yes.

— What the hell! Who does she think she is?

— The Lady asked me to say…

— Enough! I already understand that your Lady is a tyrant.

For a moment, it seemed like the woman in front of her gave a small smile, but it was too quick to be sure. Bonita turned and walked straight toward Kiraphat. Not that she was going to get into the car like she wanted, but just to make her position clear.

Bonita knocked on the glass of the window that had been rolled down earlier, but all the words she had prepared to reprimand her disappeared the moment Queen opened the window and pulled her face inside without warning.

Just like last time, when the other one pulled her in for a kiss.

— Come in. Or I'll kiss you right here.

"....."

—Anyway, you already see me as a bad person.

But what kind of lamentation was this? Even so, Bonita would not give in so easily. She was not as naive as Queen thought.

— I won't get in the car until you apologize.

Kiraphat's gaze narrowed, his eyebrows drawing together into a crease.

—What makes you think you can give me orders?

— And what makes you be here now?

Bonita held her gaze defiantly. If the other woman thought she would see her crying again, she was mistaken. She was sensitive, but not weak. If she had been, she would have been destroyed long ago.

The days that had passed had taught her how to deal with Kiraphat. She had already imagined what she would do if she returned. And now that she had returned, it was time to put that plan into action.

— You can kiss me as many times as you want, but you should know what you did wrong. Mature people don't run away from their mistakes like you, Queen.

Kiraphat gritted her teeth. Bonita was still as sharp with her words as ever. She had thought that the other would have become more submissive, but no. The kiss that night only seemed to have made her even more stubborn.

— You should be afraid of me, not challenging me like this.

— If I were afraid, then I would walk away. Fear makes me avoid certain things.

— Get in the car.

* No.

— Babe.

— I don't follow your orders.

"....."

— Apologize.

"....."

— Now, Queen.

Kiraphat was losing patience with Bonita. Didn’t she realize her tolerance was limited? She hated being bossed around.

* Skirt.

The woman ordered the driver, before giving Bonita another piercing look.

— Come in.

— I already said no.

Kiraphat frowned. “You and I aren’t going to solve this with just an apology, babe.”

— I know that.

* ... I'm very sorry.

— For what?

— For kissing you without your permission.

Bonita nodded. “Then give me some room. I’ll get in the car, but through this door here.”

The moment Bonita got into the car and closed the door firmly, Kiraphat pressed her against the side of the vehicle with terrifying speed, as if she were a shadow in the darkness. Bonita didn’t even have time to react to the sudden attack.

— You can kiss me as many times as you want.

Kiraphat whispered, repeating the words Bonita had said before, just wanting to challenge her. But the other took this sentence and returned it as a promise.

— You said that, didn't you?

"....."

Bonita's chin was held and lightly squeezed.

- Reply.

—Yes.

— Great. Then keep your word.

As soon as she finished speaking, Kiraphat's lips fell on hers once more. Fast. Precise. But Bonita was left without a reaction, as the kiss was intense, repetitive. The other woman not only kissed her, but even bit her.

— Mmm...!

She had to swallow hard. Kiraphat wouldn't let her get away. Not even to take a breath. Each attempt to open her lips was interrupted by a new attack. She felt the pain of the bites, and could already foresee the swelling that would come later.

Bonita had kissed before, but never someone with such a dominating will. Damn, was she trying to apologize or punish her?

— Haha…

She inhaled as much air as she could as Kiraphat released her. He felt like someone who had nearly drowned and, upon surfacing, was desperately trying to fill his lungs.

— Why did you bite me?

— So you remember. Next time, don't try to order me around or act like you're above me.

— Oh, really? That makes you want to devour me even more, does it?

Kiraphat held her gaze. But when she saw the tears threatening to form in Bonita’s wide eyes, she hesitated. She wanted to be even crueler, but she simply couldn’t. Slowly, she lifted her thumb and caressed the other’s swollen lips.

— If you don't want to get hurt, don't do that again.

— What if I want to hurt myself because of you? Does that mean I should do it again?

“Babe.” Kiraphat’s tone was lower and more severe, and Bonita finally fell silent. It wasn’t that she wasn’t startled by the intensity of the kiss, because she was. Her lips hurt, but she had no one to blame but herself. After all, she had given her permission with her words.

— You came to apologize to me, didn't you?

"......"

— Then spoil me more.

It was strange how, in just a week of not seeing each other, Bonita seemed to have matured enough to face her as an equal. But at the same time, Bonita thought that if Kiraphat wanted to play with her, then she would play back. And the day the other got tired of the game, she would get tired too.

# Chapter 7 : Mature

— Where do you want to go?

Since Bonita had told her to do whatever she wanted, Kiraphat chose to ask instead of deciding on her own like he usually did. After all, he was trying to please her, and Bonita should have gotten over her irritation or anger by now. She needed to understand that in the world, the number of people Kiraphat would act like this towards was very small.

— I don't want to go anywhere. I just said it for the sake of it. There's no need for you to indulge me.

"....."

Kiraphat’s eyebrows twitched again. She had lost count of how many times this had happened since she had met Bonita. The young woman seemed to have a knack for constantly irritating her.

— And after that kiss, I won't allow anything else. We're even. I forced you to apologize, and you kissed me.

In fact, Bonita still felt that she had heard wrong. She never expected that Kiraphat would apologize so easily, without any arrogance.

On the other hand, Kiraphat felt like she was being manipulated by someone younger.

— I don't like that.

— Don't you like me?

Kiraphat gave him an intense look. Did Bonita have any idea what she was asking?

— If I start liking you, you're the one who'll have problems.

- Why?

— If you want to know so much, then make me like you.

Bonita frowned. It wasn’t her place to chase after or force Kiraphat to like her. More than that, she didn’t even want to know that much. Why should she put in the effort for something uncertain when she could bet on something more predictable?

And at the moment, she wasn't sure if she could expect anything from Kiraphat, since she couldn't read her.

— Then I don't want to know anymore.

— Won't you even try a little?

Liking someone wasn't a task or something that followed a script, at least in Bonita's opinion. If she was going to like someone, she wanted it to be something natural, without having to make an effort to please or do what the other person liked. If it was going to happen, her heart would know how to tell her.

And for now, Kiraphat was still more annoying than someone worth falling in love with.

- No.

— Heh.

Before they could continue their discussion, the sound of raised voices outside the car interrupted their conversation. Kiraphat’s security guards were working hard to keep the situation from getting out of hand again. And it was not normal for a man to suddenly come staggering towards the car.

When Bonita looked out and saw who it was, her heart skipped a beat. She was so tense that Kiraphat immediately realized something was wrong. She had received reports about this person before, but she had never seen him in person. Now, there was no doubt. There was no need for an introduction.

— Do you know him?

Kiraphat asked casually, but deep down, he wanted to know how Bonita would respond. Would she ignore him or tell him the truth? Her answer would directly affect his confidence. If he wanted to know if he could trust the woman in front of him, this was a good place to start.

— Yes, but if I could choose, I would rather not know.

If she had known that Khem would grow up to be someone like this—someone obsessed and thirsty to possess her, someone who made her feel afraid just to be near him—she would have preferred never to have met him. To her, Khem would never be anything more than a friend, and that was the most she could offer.

But Khem wouldn’t stop yelling and causing a ruckus. Bonita couldn’t just stand by while he disrupted everyone around him— especially Kiraphat.

— Are you going out?

— Yes. If I don't go, he'll keep drawing attention to you. Ask the driver to take you back if you want.

Kiraphat didn't respond or agree. He just watched Bonita get out of the car in silence.

As soon as Khem saw Bonita, he stopped screaming and smiled broadly, as if he was very happy. But he couldn't get close to her, because two security guards were holding him tightly by the arms.

It was like a scene straight out of a mafia drama. The more he tried to escape, the more impossible it became, and in the end, he was the one who ended up hurt. Those men's hands were as heavy and firm as pliers.

— Bo, why did you disappear like that? Do you know that Aunt Bua was very worried? I was also waiting for you here for several days! I called several times and you didn't answer.

"....."

— We’ve already talked about this, haven’t we? You were going to drop out of college and become my wife, living a quiet life at home. How can you run away like that?

Bonita frowned, for she had never agreed to any of this. It was all in his head.

— Whose car is that? I saw you get in a while ago and never come out. I was worried something bad had happened, so I came looking for you. Tell those guys to let me go, Bo.

"....."

— Tell them to let me go and let's go home. I won't be mad at you for running away. As for Aunt Bua, I'll sort everything out with her.

— Go back home, Khem. I'm not going back there. And about what you said, I never agreed with any of it. You were the one who made that decision alone.

The young man frowned, his breathing heavy with anger. He had already boasted to the entire neighborhood that he would soon have Bonita at home, as his wife, serving him in bed. Now she disappeared and made him feel ashamed.

— What do you mean I made this up? Your mother took my money!

Khem's harsh voice and menacing gaze made Bonita take a step back. She felt afraid. Afraid that he would take her back to that place she was trying to escape.

— Then go sort it out with my mother. This has nothing to do with me.

Khem's eyebrow began to twitch. Bonita was more stubborn than ever. She didn't behave like before, she seemed like another person.

— What do you mean it has nothing to do with it? She's your mother!

Khem’s loud tone echoed throughout the place, catching Kiraphat’s attention, who opened the car door and got out. His handsome face displayed a stern expression, making the atmosphere even heavier.

Bonita felt like a crushing weight had fallen on her shoulders. It was humiliating that all of this was happening in front of Kiraphat. She didn’t want the other woman to see this bad side of her life, but she had no choice. Her life had never been all about beautiful moments.

— Oh, so it's because you now have a millionaire to support you? Is that why you abandoned your family?

"....."

When Bonita didn't respond, Khem turned to Kiraphat and asked directly:

— Do you know that this woman is my wife?

— Khem! — Bonita exclaimed, shocked. How dare he say that?

There had never been anything between them. Not even in thought.

—What's so fun about taking someone else's wife and supporting her? Do you think money can buy everything?

Before he could say anything else, one of Kiraphat's bodyguards kicked him in the leg, sending Khem falling to his knees on the ground. He then twisted his arm, eliciting a cry of pain.

— Let me go, damn it!

Khem struggled to free himself, but he was powerless. He hated to admit it, but he was alone. If he had brought his friends, those security guards would have had a real problem.

— Why are you interfering in husband and wife's affairs?

— Khem, what nonsense are you talking?!

Bonita screamed, exasperated. However, before she could say anything else, Kiraphat stopped her, touching her shoulder and squeezing lightly.

Kiraphat's eyebrow rose as he noticed Bonita's body trembling. But was it anger or some other emotion?

— Take him away from here.

His voice was cold and indifferent. He didn't even bother to look at Khem.

— Yes, ma'am.

— If you are so brave, then let me go! I'm going to take my wife home!

— You only know how to talk nonsense, without using your head. Or rather, you use something else instead. And you still expect me to be docile?

"....."

— Whether Bonita is your wife or not… whether she ran away from home or not… none of that matters to me. Even if your allegations were true, it wouldn’t diminish her value. And it certainly wouldn’t give you the right to feel like you own her life.

— Stay away from my wife!

Khem cried out as he saw Kiraphat pulling Bonita closer, wrapping her in a protective embrace. She did something he had never done.

— I've never had a husband like you, Khem! — Bonita declared loud and clear.

"....."

— And even if I chose someone to support me, in exchange for whatever I was willing to give, without taking anything from anyone or doing anything wrong, I wouldn't need your permission!

"....."

— The only permission that matters is my own.

Kirapat turned sharply to face her. Those words… were exactly what she had told her younger sister before. The right to her own body, mind, and heart belonged only to herself, no one else.

She always thought so. But she never imagined that one day she would find someone who thought the same way.

— Bo, don't do that.

Seeing the seriousness in his friend's eyes, Khem spoke in a soft tone. If she didn't accept to go back to him, if she didn't give in, what would he do? He loved Bonita much more than she or anyone else could imagine.

— Come back, Khem. And let us not meet again.

* I am not going.

Bonita couldn't make Khem disappear, because he didn't fear her. But Kiraphat could. She didn't need to take him out of this world, she just had to make him understand that he should value his own life more. That would be enough.

— Ask me.

Kiraphat turned to Bonita and whispered softly. She was willing to help her, but every action required a return. It didn’t have to be big, but at least it wouldn’t be a loss.

* What?

— I can make him stop bothering you forever.

"....."

— Ask me.

— In exchange for what?

Bonita knew she wouldn't get help for free. If just one request was enough, Kiraphat's eyes wouldn't shine like a lurking wolf's. She already had the answer in mind, she just wanted to hear confirmation from Bonita herself.

If empty promises meant nothing, Bonita knew that rule didn't apply to the woman in front of her.

— In exchange for my satisfaction.

—That's pretty vague, don't you think?

— Make me happy in any way you are willing.

This time, Kiraphat would make no mistakes. She created a perfect trap, hoping that Bonita would jump into it of her own free will. If that were the case, she would not be able to blame her later.

After all, from the beginning, Kiraphat had given her the choice. Whether or not she wanted to jump was her decision.

Bonita pursed her lips, her big eyes returning to stare at the figure of her old friend. Then, she made her decision.

-He is well.

—Good choice, dear.

Kiraphat gently ran his hand through Bonita’s hair before turning to his bodyguards and Khem. His touch was gentle, but his expression was now cold and calculating.

— You know what to do, right?

— Yes, ma'am.

The security guard grabbed Khem by the arms and dragged him away. Meanwhile, Kiraphat signaled to another security guard, who was already standing by.

— Someone took pictures of me.

— Do you want me to solve this, ma'am?

— No. Leave it be. But find out which news agency or group this person is a part of.

Kiraphat's enigmatic gaze always made others hesitate. No one ever knew exactly what she was thinking.

. .

Back in the car, Kiraphat and Bonita continued on their way slowly. They had not yet decided on a destination.

— Do you have to work today?

— I'm on vacation.

Kiraphat imagined that she felt embarrassed by what had just happened. And of course, no one wanted to go through a situation like that. Everyone has secrets that they would rather keep hidden.

— Aren't you going to ask who he was?

Kiraphat could say he already knew everything, but he chose to just shake his head silently.

— That's your business.

She knew her employees wouldn’t be able to figure out everything. Just the basics—who was who, their personalities, and their intentions. To really know, she’d have to wait for Bonita to tell her herself.

— You can drop me off anywhere. I don't want to go home now.

— I didn't say I was going to take you home.

- What?!

Bonita frowned, but she was too tired to argue. She felt exhausted, weak, and deeply ashamed.

— Then drop me off in front of the university.

— No need to be embarrassed. I don't care.

The scandal, Khem’s allegations, everything he had said… None of it bothered Kiraphat. She wasn’t the type to easily believe what she heard.

—But I made people look at you that way.

“We can’t control what others say,” Kiraphat replied in a calm voice, exchanging a glance with the driver before sighing lightly.

— That's true, but...

— I don't care what others think of me. I can't care about everyone in this world.

Bonita bit her lips before nodding, feeling a little relieved. Kiraphat didn’t really seem to be bothered by Khem’s words. On the contrary, she acted as if it didn’t matter at all.

— Now you are not safe.

- What?

— Someone is following us.

Bonita quickly turned to look back, but with so many cars on the street, it was impossible to know whether Kiraphat was telling the truth or not.

— B-Because of me?

Kiraphat was silent for a moment before answering, “Partly. It must be someone trying to take pictures of me. And now, there are probably pictures of us together.”

"....."

— What should we do if the photos are released?

— I-I can't take that responsibility! I have nothing! I'm sorry if I caused you any trouble with fake news!

Kiraphat wanted to laugh, but held it back. She understood that Bonita was truly shaken, otherwise she wouldn’t have this reaction. Normally, she wasn’t someone who bowed down easily—except when it came to work.

— If there's a safe place, you can leave me there. I promise I won't cause you any more trouble.

Bonita lowered her head, resigned to her fate. That was why she didn’t see the slight smile that appeared on Kirapat’s lips—a smile that soon disappeared when his fingers gently lifted the young woman’s chin, forcing her to look at her.

— You have a part in this, but it's not your fault.

"....."

— If you really want to take responsibility, then act normally. Or else, behave appropriately so that you can be by my side when we have to answer questions.

- And me?

— If the photos are released and you are in them, then I think that's how it will be.

—But how could I help her?

They were from completely different worlds. If Kiraphat had an elevator all to himself, Bonita still had to climb the stairs. Kiraphat had his own car, while Bonita still took public transportation.

— Don't look down on yourself.

Kiraphat’s voice was firm. She wanted Bonita to hold her head high no matter the situation. Even when she received a kiss from her, or when she was stared at by others, she wanted Bonita to not show weakness.

— As for your question about where is safest… my answer is: my place.

"....."

— Do you want to go? I'm not forcing you. Today, I promised I would do whatever you wanted, didn't I?

— And our agreement?

— I will charge you at the right time.

— You should tell me how many times or for how long I have to fulfill this agreement.

— That depends… on how long you don’t want to see that man.

— So does that mean I would have to stay with you forever?

— I didn't say I would stop it if necessary.

"....."

— And remember, babe: when you're with me, never lower your head to anyone.

— Not even for you?

— What do you mean?

Bonita bit her lips, trying to push away the strange thoughts that were popping into her mind. But when she saw Kiraphat’s insistent gaze, she knew that she wouldn’t win this battle. In fact, ever since Khem had appeared, her reasoning seemed to have been completely messed up.

— If I'm taller than you and I look down… does that count?

Kiraphat frowned, unsure if she had understood correctly. However, she let out a hot sigh before replying,

— If I let you get taller than me, maybe.

# Chapter 8 : Fragile

— How could I be above you? That's impossible.

Bonita said this before looking away out the window. Kiraphat didn’t know what to say, as the other had already assessed and decided the outcome of the situation for herself. She couldn’t change Bonita’s mind unless Bonita herself decided to change it.

Bonita seemed to carry a heavy heart throughout the journey. Since she did not speak, Kiraphat also remained silent. So, they continued in silence until they reached the condominium.

It was strange, but at that moment, Kiraphat could feel the fragility that Bonita exuded. Her face, her gestures, her gaze – everything about her screamed that she was on the verge of collapse. It was as if all his resistance had dissipated, revealing a vulnerability that only emerged when something shook his heart deeply.

Well... Bonita tried so hard to get out of that place, to get away from the environment that was eating her up inside. But in the end, there were still people who were chasing her and suffocating her with expectations.

And it wasn’t just expectations. There were also countless desires surrounding her—money, lust, possession. Even Kiraphat, who was an outsider to the story, felt revulsion when she remembered the gaze of that man named Khem. How could Bonita, who had lived under such pressure her entire life, not feel something even worse?

"How can you say that? Aunt Bua is suffering because you ran away! It was Khem who took care of her all this time. Do you want to be ungrateful?"

Kiraphat was not surprised by the way Bonita referred to herself. Everyone called her whatever they wanted, but to Kiraphat, Bonita was Babe – the identity she chose to present.

They walked in silence to the condominium. Bonita walked slowly behind Kiraphat, like a wilted plant. Kiraphat didn't understand why he cared so much about her.

— Babe.

Bonita looked up to meet her eyes.

* What it was?

Her eyes were still clear, but they had shone brighter before. Kiraphat hated to see Bonita's brightness and stubbornness disappear.

* Come here.

Once again, she said it, extending her hand. Last time, she had acted impulsively and regretted it. Now, she wouldn’t make the same mistake. She held Bonita’s hand from the elevator to the apartment. This time, Bonita didn’t resist.

Once they entered the apartment, Bonita remained silent, lost in thought. Kiraphat didn’t press her. He knew that what had happened had shaken Bonita deeply. It was good for her to show weakness sometimes. No one needed to be strong all the time.

Bonita, however, had other thoughts in mind. Was she really worth so little? Her childhood friends believed she could be bought. Her mother saw her sole purpose as a debt to be paid. But hadn't she already paid it all? Since she learned to fend for herself, she couldn't remember a single moment when she had received genuine care from the woman who had brought her into the world.

A mother's role may not always have been clear, but a son's was – to repay the debt to his parents. No matter how much they hurt her, she had no right to resent them.

Bonita has always had to take care of herself. And yet, everyone expected more from her. There were always more demands, more obligations. No one ever saw her as someone who needed to be taken care of either. And Kiraphat...

Of course, Kiraphat would be no different. People like her didn't waste time on someone without an ulterior motive.

— Why are you being so good to me?

Why did she apologize so easily? She could have used her power to crush her, but she chose not to. Even though there was a hint of stubbornness in her attitude, the truth was that Kiraphat didn’t need to apologize. They hadn’t even known each other for that long. Pretty meant nothing to her.

— Why are you helping me? What do you want?

Bonita now seemed to be lashing out in desperation. She wanted to know if she could still trust anyone in this world. Why was it so hard to trust anyone? Her voice trembled as she asked the question, and Kiraphat frowned but didn’t answer. Instead, she sighed, picked up her phone, and started checking the news, as if she didn’t want to get involved anymore.

But the lack of response only made Bonita more uneasy. She moved closer, observing every detail of Kiraphat—his face, his clothes, the luxury of his apartment. Then, without thinking, she made an impulsive decision.

— Don't ignore me.

And, in a sudden movement, he sat on Kiraphat's lap.

She was still wearing her university uniform, and her skirt had ridden up slightly, revealing her thighs. Kiraphat, who was scrolling through her phone, stopped immediately. Her eyes lifted, staring at Bonita with a reprimanding look.

— What do you think you're doing?

— You have a goal, don't you? That's why you helped me. Nobody does anything for free. You told me that yourself, didn't you?

— Get off my lap.

Kiraphat’s voice became serious. She didn’t like this one bit. Yes, she had kissed Bonita without permission before. But that didn’t mean she wouldn’t respect her from now on.

Her apology wasn't just to close the matter—she really meant it.

— What if I let you have me?

— Pare.

Her orders were ignored. The delicate body in her lap pressed her face closer before covering her lips, exploring them hesitantly, completely different from when she had been the first to initiate. Kiraphat allowed her to do so, even though her brow was still furrowed. She was trying to understand what the hell was happening to her. Why had she suddenly started acting like this?

And the answer she received left her so dissatisfied that she almost got angry: Bonita was willing to take the initiative, to do anything with her, just because she felt she needed to give something back.

She didn't like that Bonita thought that way.

Then, while the other was still trying to kiss her, Kiraphat stood up. Even with a little difficulty, his constant exercise routine gave him enough strength to carry Bonita in his arms, in a position that seemed strange, but that perhaps served to tame that stubbornness.

— W-where are we going?

The young woman was so startled that she broke the kiss, pressing her lips together when she noticed the serious expression on Queen's face. A few moments ago, Kiraphat hadn't even returned the kiss, as if none of it affected her, while Bonita was trying her best.

Queen was terrible for not collaborating with her at all.

With no response, Bonita assumed she was being taken to bed. But to her surprise, Kiraphat took her to the bathroom. She was placed on the marble sink, while the hands that had been holding her the entire time now surrounded her, as if trapping her there. — Let go of your hands.

Kiraphat removed the hands that were on his neck and, with a firm and serious tone, added: — Stop thinking about everything now and go take a shower.

“.....”

— I don't know everything that goes on in your head, but what you're doing right now is not cute.

For the first time, Bonita showed a childish side. She lowered her head, trying to hold back her tears, feeling as if she were being scolded. As if someone was trying to pull her out of her own bad thoughts. She wanted to be strong, but everything she had been

through in life still hurt. No matter what she did, they would never give her freedom. They would continue to haunt her until they got what they wanted.

— Go take a shower and then we’ll talk.

Kiraphat's voice became softer.

“.....”

— Got it, babe?

Bonita nodded, still with her head down. He just shook his head up and down, not showing that he was crying. Kiraphat also didn't try to force her to open up. Fragile and sensitive people had the right to hide their pain.

— I'll get you a towel and some clothes. Wait here, understand?

Bonita nodded again, but Kiraphat insisted:

- Did you understand?

“.....”

— Babe, I'm talking to you.— Yes.

The hoarse voice replied softly, but that was enough for Kiraphat to realize that Bonita was beginning to recover.

After Bonita took a shower and put on Kiraphat's clothes, she sat on the sofa, hugging her knees in silence. Kiraphat could hear her conversation with a friend, explaining that she would not be returning to her own room that night. What's more, he discovered something that wasn't in his employees' report: Bonita was looking for a place to live.

She didn’t want to interrupt her friend’s time with her partner. If Kiraphat hadn’t gone after her, who knows how far she would have wandered in search of a room?

It was then that Kiraphat realized something else about Bonita: she always put others before herself. Finding a place to live while still studying and without a steady income was not easy. On top of the costs of college, everything was even harder without financial support.

— Today I saw Khem... But I'm fine, don't worry... Now?

Bonita looked around while talking on the phone. Kiraphat was startled and pretended to be busy with her cell phone.

— I'm at an acquaintance's house. Everything's fine, I'm safe... I didn't do anything, don't worry.

Of course he hadn't done anything. The one who had ulterior motives was Bonita.

— I don't want to bother anyone. Besides, there are cheap rooms, I just need to choose well.

Hearing this, Kiraphat frowned even more. What worried her most was Bonita's safety. If she could get a cheap room, would it be safe? As you know, to ensure security, the rental price is usually higher.

That was another thing about Bonita that bothered her: the fact that she made her worry.

Seeing that she was still talking to her friend, Kiraphat decided to go take a shower. But when he came out of the bathroom, Bonita was gone. No matter where he looked, she was no longer there. Kiraphat had to look for her until he found her sitting on the porch, hugging her knees and crying.

Did you come here to cry in secret because you didn't want me to hear?

This girl... She was stubborn like no one else, but she also seemed as fragile as porcelain, as if she could break with a stronger touch.

Kiraphat opened the sliding door silently, but Bonita noticed his presence and quickly wiped away her tears before walking away.

— I don't usually like sitting on the floor. It's uncomfortable.

“.....”

Kiraphat didn't say anything else, just sat on the same level as Bonita. But instead of sitting next to her, he preferred to lean his back against her. The only reason for this choice was so that Bonita would feel that she was not alone.

— I'm going to put on the headphones. So even if you sing loud enough for the whole building to hear, I won't hear you.

“.....”

Bonita was still sobbing, but for some reason, Kiraphat's presence leaning against her made her feel better. She didn't ask anything, didn't show any irritation.

Could it be that, besides the bossy side, Kiraphat also had this other side?

And I'm lucky enough to see this?

Maybe there were still some good things in my life...

The muffled sound of Bonita’s crying and her body trembling slightly made Kiraphat realize that she was still crying. In fact, he hadn’t put on headphones or done anything. He just wanted Bonita to let it out, to let herself cry.

He sat there just to be with her, until she was ready.

Sitting on the floor wasn't so bad. I just hoped I wouldn't have to do it often.

She sat on the porch for a while, then moved to the couch as usual. Bonita was feeling a bit out of place, not knowing where to put her hands. Now that her mood had improved, she began to feel uncomfortable with everything she had done. If she ignored the fact that she had cried, the most embarrassing moment was definitely when he had climbed onto her lap and kissed her.

Oh my God, Bo! What have you done?!

— Ahm... You said you wanted to talk about work.

Bonita took the initiative, making Kiraphat look away from the TV to look at her. In fact, she had no problem with silence. She could sit like this all day as long as Bonita didn't bother her. Interestingly, unlike other people she had tried to get involved with, Bonita didn't irritate her. But no one had ever gotten to the point where she wanted to continue a relationship.

— Hum.

— I thought about it and I don’t think I’m good enough. I also don’t have much time. — If I had to balance night work and the new proposal, I wouldn’t be able to do either one properly. Besides, being greedy and trying to hold down two jobs at the same time didn’t seem like a good idea.

— If you're not good, you can train. If I wanted someone perfect, would I hire you?

— I don't think I'll have enough time. After class, I have to work at the restaurant.

— And what do you prefer? Staying at the restaurant or working with me?

- What?

— I'm not suggesting you quit. But if your current job doesn't give you time for other opportunities, shouldn't you rethink your choice?

Bonita bit her lip, thinking. Was quitting her job to work with Kiraphat really a good idea? Besides, there was no guarantee that her generosity would last. How long would Kiraphat remain interested?

— I'm not pressuring you. You're an adult now, decide your own life.

"….."

— If money is a problem, I can pay you the same as you get at the restaurant. That's not a problem for me.

Bonita felt a slight discomfort. Kiraphat was already calling her job "old", even though she hadn't agreed to leave it.

—Also, my old apartment needs someone to take care of it. If you accept, you can live there temporarily.

Kiraphat wasn't forcing anything, just offering options. Ultimately, it was up to Bonita to decide whether to accept them or not.

— I need to go back to my room. I already told my friend that I wouldn't stay out late.

Bonita wasn’t making excuses. In fact, she had warned Mint.

There was no need to sleep in Kiraphat’s room. But unlike usual, Kiraphat remained silent, as if he hadn’t even heard what she said.

— Queen, I really need to go.

— If you're sleepy, the bedroom is inside.

- What?

— I already told you that they are following you. If I take you home now, these people will find out where you and your friend live. Is that what you want?

With this argument, Bonita was speechless. Ever since the incidents at the restaurant, something strange had been happening. Last week, there really was someone trying to take pictures of Kiraphat. She knew it was true, so she completely believed that Kiraphat wasn’t lying.

— But I have nothing to do with it.

— Yesterday, no. But today, yes.

Kiraphat spoke coldly. She had already been informed that the paparazzi were after her, trying to expose her as the stepdaughter of a famous politician.

But for Kiraphat, it made no difference.

— I apologize in advance, because you might end up having more headaches because of me.

— More than you already give me?

Kiraphat frowned. “Do you think I’m your friend?”

— It was a joke! Don't take it so seriously. I'm fine, I don't have a reputation to maintain. I'm just a student.

At the end of the sentence, his voice came out a little weaker.

— Babe.

- What?

— Do you know how to cook? I'm hungry.

Bonita had never seen anyone eat with such gusto. Kiraphat cleaned up the plate of fried rice she had prepared.

— Were you very hungry?

— Yes. I haven't eaten anything since lunch.

This made Bonita frown, but she just nodded without saying anything. Still, her worry surfaced.

— You need to eat at the right time. Your body is no longer like a teenager's.

Kiraphat narrowed her eyes. “Are you saying I’m old? Sorry, but I don’t plan on dying at 30.”

Bonita couldn't help but laugh. The serious way Kiraphat spoke was simply hilarious. Besides, she didn't mean it that way. She just wanted to point out that as we get older, our stomachs can't handle so much neglect.

— I just don't want you to have a stomach ache.

"..."

— I didn't say you were old.

"..."

— Don't tell me you're upset?

— I'm not a child to get upset about these things.

She said that, but her sullen expression gave away the opposite.

— Don't be upset. I'm just worried.

— Hmm. I already said I'm not mad.

* Excellent!

—But if you want me to eat on time, then come work with me.

— Do I have to do everything at the same time? What would my position be? You already have a secretary, you already have everything. What exactly would I do?

* I don't know.
* What?

— If you know what position you want, let me know.

— Don't just throw that responsibility on me! What if I say I want to be your wife or something even more specific? It'll be a problem for you.

—Is that so?— Kiraphat was not one to back down easily.

"..."

— So, do you have the courage to answer what you want to be?

— Why do I have to answer? I don't want to be any of that.

Kiraphat chuckled softly. She was the kind of person who loved to tease.

— Don't come later wanting to be that.

— Keep those words to yourself.

"....."

— The most important thing is that I don't like wolves, because they are not very docile.

— You're good with words, Babe.

— You've played with me before too, but it's a shame you won't be able to play again any time soon.

. .

Having challenged Kiraphat a little too much earlier, Bonita had to swallow hard as she lay on the edge of the bed. The place of the one with the most power was no exaggeration, because the environment was permeated with her aura, making Bonita feel surrounded by something invisible.

She just knew it made her feel small.

— Do you want to fall out of bed or something?

Kiraphat asked, coming closer and looking. The soft light from the bedside lamp made his face look more gentle than aggressive, and the scent of his hair filled the room.

Bonita had to bite her lip to keep from showing any strange reactions. Who didn't like a soft scent like that? It was clean, inviting, something that made you want to sink in and take a deep breath.

She knew she would end up crying until she lost her mind.

— Ah!

Bonita screamed as her body was pulled by the waist and thrown to the center of the bed. Kiraphat was really using too much strength.

— Sleep well.

"....."

— Are you scared now? Before you were challenging and threatening me.

— I'm not scared, I'm just being polite, because this is your bed.

— My bed, so what? I let you sleep here.

* Good...

— Now you can sleep.

— Yes.

Ten minutes passed, but neither of them were asleep. Kiraphat sighed before leaning over to see if Bonita was asleep yet. When he realized she was still awake, he asked, — What time do you have class tomorrow?

* The afternoon.

— Hmm, I have to work in the morning.

— I'll go out with you, then. About the job and your proposal…

— Think about it. Call me tomorrow with the answer.

* To connect?

— Yes.

— But I don't have your number.

— Coincidentally, I don't have yours either. What are we going to do?

— Then, no problem. I'll answer now. Thank you for the opportunity you gave me. But…

— You know that if you refuse, I won't give you another chance, right?

Bonita looked her straight in the eye before answering clearly: “I just wanted to thank you, I didn’t say I was going to refuse. No need to make threats.”

"...."

— How do you want to be thanked?

— And how have you thanked me?

Bonita bit her lips. Kiraphat never gave up. The more stubborn she was, the more Kiraphat wanted to dominate her. Bonita didn't know why, but before, Kiraphat had been sweet to her.

Bonita stood up a little, placed her hand on Kiraphat's chest in a somewhat awkward gesture of thanks, letting her weight rest on her.

* Thanks.

— Hum.

Kiraphat replied in a soft voice. At times, she seemed easy to understand: stubborn, temperamental and grumpy, but she also had an aura around her that made Bonita feel safe by her side.

It was strange, Bonita's emotions were mixed. This wasn't good, but she couldn't deny that something in her chest was warming.

— What are you thinking?

* Also?

— You are distracted.

— I'm just thinking, but mostly I'm trying to understand what you really want.

Kiraphat chuckled softly before replying in a firm voice, for the first time winning the argument between the two.

— Are you sure you want me to tell you what I want? Can you handle it?

"....."

— I may want something you can't give me, Babe.

"....."

— Sleep now, before I change my mind and don't let you sleep.

But the threat didn't make Bonita afraid. Before she actually lay down, she whispered softly, as if it were a secret: — I trust you 10%. So don't make it go down to 0, okay?

"....."

— If you respect me, I will respect you too.

— Sleep now.

Kiraphat knew that Bonita had faced a lot of emotional things that day. The fact that she was still joking and arguing with her was already a big improvement.

— You, Queen.

* Also?

— I'm not sleepy.

— Will talking to me help you?

— Why don't you ask why I cried?

— Because I don't want to know.

"....."

— Is that none of my business?— Yes.

* Don't stop.

Kiraphat said again, as he gently stroked Bonita’s hair. There were no goodnight words, but the fact that Bonita fell asleep without dreaming was what made her feel that sleeping next to Kiraphat also had its advantages.

# Chapter 9 : Envious Queen

The black coffee, hot enough to release a cloud of steam, was sipped repeatedly. Her dark eyes fixed on the headlines displayed on the iPad screen. Kiraphat was not surprised to see her own name splashed across the newspapers. What irritated her, however, was the insistent ringing of the telephone—and on the other end of the line, her mother. She was no doubt calling to reprimand her for the scandal she had let out, just as her new husband was preparing to run for election in the next legislative session.

She never understood why her mother loved that man so much, and honestly, she didn't care to find that answer.

The scandal would affect the family's credibility and, in addition, public comments would tarnish the image of the renowned politician.

But Kiraphat would not let the journalists extract information without thinking it through. She had no interest in politics, nor did she want to be a pawn in anyone’s game. If the media wanted to harm her, fine – let her stepfather cross her off the list of candidates as soon as possible.

The only one who would be harmed would be Bonita, who probably didn’t even know that she had been pulled over to Kiraphat’s side by accident. Worse still, her mother might even order her to be taken to her. After all, the journalists had already distorted everything, suggesting that Bonita was a protégé of Kiraphat, the influential daughter of a politician and vice president of a large company. Although no one dared to state the real reason, for fear of lawsuits.

The sound of shuffling footsteps finally made Kiraphat look away from her iPad. She frowned as she saw Bonita walk out of the room, still drowsy. Did she notice the state of her clothes?

— I woke up late... Why didn't you wake me up?

— And why should I?

— Because I slept too much!

— You were sleeping so well. If I woke you up, it would be a sin.

— Do you believe in sins and punishments?

— Now he just wants to argue.

Bonita sighed. She didn't even know exactly what she wanted. She only knew that when she woke up and realized she was alone, a strange fear took hold of her chest. The night before, Kiraphat had been so kind that she almost thought it had all been a dream. When she woke up and couldn't find her, she found herself desperate to look for her.

“Wear something appropriate,” Kiraphat said firmly, turning his attention back to the iPad. His finger slid across the screen, switching from the politics section to the economics section.

Bonita looked at herself and frowned. Only then did he realize that the neckline of his shirt was open, because the top button had fallen off, leaving one of his shoulders exposed.

— You didn't see anything, did you?

— What are you talking about? — Kiraphat asked, bringing the cup of coffee to his mouth, avoiding looking at her directly.

— Last night, I didn't wear anything under my clothes to sleep...

And now I left without realizing it. You didn't see anything, right?

— What do you want me to say? What answer do you want to hear?

— The truth.

— Vi.

The cold but sincere tone made Bonita feel a sudden heat throughout her body. She didn't even know why. Just imagining the scene made her freeze in place.

— But not everything.

- What?! — After making her worry so much, why didn't Kiraphat just say everything at once? Did he enjoy teasing her?

— And now it's pretty obvious if you don't get dressed soon.

“You’re impossible!” Bonita exclaimed. How could Kiraphat talk about these things so naturally?

— Crossing your arms won't hide anything... Go get dressed properly.

“.....”

— And where exactly am I cheeky? You're the one who asked for the truth.

Kiraphat looked up and smiled slightly. But Bonita would never know one detail: when he woke up before her, Kiraphat had spent a long time just staring at her sleeping face. With his fingers, he caressed her lips, which he had already taken for his own the night before. The loose nightgown he had given Bonita to wear did not cover much. When she slept on her side, Kiraphat could see everything perfectly. And those little "cherry buds" from the morning... They looked delicious. But unfortunately, she was not allowed to touch them.

That's why he quickly got up, made himself a coffee, and immersed himself in the news—all to curb his own urge to repeat past mistakes. Kiraphat was not a good person, but he would not make the same mistake twice.

— I need to go back to my room.

— Do you have important classes today?

— They are all important.

— Hmm...

— I'm not going to skip class, do you hear me?

— I know. Go study. But after class, I'll send someone to pick you up.

- What?

— You have work to do. Have you forgotten?

— I haven't resigned yet.

— And when are you going to ask?

— I need to give at least a month's notice, right?

“Too long,” Kiraphat snorted. With the recent scandal, he knew more trouble would arise if Bonita continued in her current job.

— All companies have rules to follow.

“What a boring bureaucracy,” Kiraphat said, looking up. His serious tone made Bonita feel a tightness in her chest.

— I'll pay for the remaining time. How much does it cost?

— Are you that rich to waste money like that?

— Rich enough.

“.....”

—The sooner you get out of work, the sooner you can obey me after the sun goes down. Remember that.

— Queen, please don't be so stubborn.

— And why shouldn't I be? I'm not doing anything you didn't consent to.

"....."

— Or are you scared?

— What should I be afraid of?

— Well... what could it be?

— Aren't you afraid that I'm just deceiving you?

Kiraphat arched an eyebrow. “If you think you can, try.”

Bonita sighed. She simply couldn't understand how this world, which revolves around the sun, ended up bringing the two of them together like that. Besides, Queen was like a positive pole magnet, while she was the negative pole. No matter how much she tried to pull away, in the end, they always ended up orbiting around each other.

— Give me three reasons to spend money on me.

- Like you?

—Don’t say no, because that would mean you’re lying. — Bonita wasn’t convinced, but who in their right mind would spend tens of thousands a day for no reason? She certainly had one.

— 1. Because I want to.

"....."

— 2. Because I decided I was going to do it.

"....."

— 3. Because you will please me for six hours a day.

— Queen, those aren't reasons. — Bonita replied in a neutral tone.

Kiraphat stood up and walked towards her. Bonita was clearly frustrated that the answers weren’t going her way, but instead of backing down, she stood her ground.

Queen fixed the loose button on Bonita's shirt with one hand and, leaning in, whispered close to her ear. Their lips brushed lightly, and the sensation made Bonita shiver from head to toe. Without realizing it, she swallowed hard.

— Those are my reasons.

— If you keep this up, I'll start to think you're jealous of me.

Bonita just wanted to point out that Queen's behavior was not normal. I had never met anyone who acted like that towards a simple acquaintance. Working nights for months, he learned that there are different types of people.

Some paid fortunes in exchange for comfort and no-stringsattached relationships. But what about Queen? Why was she willing to spend so much on Bonita?

— I won't stop you from thinking whatever you want.

She left, leaving behind a mountain of conflicting feelings for Bonita to deal with alone. Bonita wasn't naive enough to not realize what was happening. Queen was like a wild wolf, free and stubborn.

And that made her wonder... was there any way to tame her?

If she didn't want to be discarded prey, Bonita would need to learn to defeat the wolf.

. .

Queen had ordered Bonita to come see her immediately after class. So now he stood there, frowning at the documents Queen had handed him.

— This news...

— If anyone comes to ask you or tries to meddle because of this, I want you to say that you are mine.

- Your?

— Yes.

— Your... in what sense? Because, if you think about it, saying that will only make things worse. They'll believe even more that you're buying me.

—But isn't that the truth?

"....."

— Only I didn't buy you the way they imagine, right?

— Whatever. I refuse.

Kiraphat sighed at her stubbornness. How could he forget that Bonita would not take orders easily?

— It's the only way to keep you safe.

In the end, realizing that hiding the truth wouldn't help, Queen admitted it. She had already dragged Bonita into that whirlpool and wanted to protect her. From journalists thirsty for information, from people who tried to get involved... even from his own mother.

— Segura?

— I pulled you into my world. Do you think I would be irresponsible enough to leave you alone to deal with the consequences?

The question brought a lump to Bonita's throat.

No one had ever cared about how she lived, how she survived from one day to the next.

— You can just let me go my way. I'm just another woman who crossed your path. Soon, I'll disappear.

Kiraphat frowned. “I told you not to speak for me.”

—But there’s no guarantee that you’ll continue to want me around.

"....."

— I don't want to fool myself, because falling hurts. If you want to spare me, then don't play with my heart.

— I already said that being mine doesn't mean you have to bow your head to anyone. And I can't guarantee you anything...

"....."

—But if you want something, then fight to keep it.

— How are you fighting to protect me from all these things?

— If you want to interpret it that way, I don't object.

Bonita sighed. “Don’t give people false hope like that.”

"....."

— Because if I start believing... maybe I won't even care about the pain anymore. Maybe you'll be the one who has to deal with me for the rest of my life.

— Really? Then try it.

. .

Kiraphat's eyes were trembling slightly as Kita had appeared out of nowhere. He seemed worried about the news involving Queen, but upon meeting Bonita, he quickly got along with her.

And Bonita, surprisingly, was very polite and pleasant with Kita, very different from the way she treated Queen.

—I can't believe you approached my sister. Normally, she's more inaccessible than an end-game boss.

- And even?

— Yes, to the point where I had to schedule a meeting two weeks in advance to talk to her.

Bonita shot a sharp look at Queen, who maintained her impassive expression behind the desk. Compared to what she had heard, she realized she was lucky – she never needed to make an appointment. On the contrary, it was Queen who came to her.

— Mom made a deal for her to come home every weekend.

Kita's revelations were surprising. He spoke in a completely different way than what Bonita knew from Queen.

But, since Kita was charismatic and she had nothing against it, she allowed herself to interact without worries.

She smiled and laughed a few times until she heard a loud throat clearing.

— Too much noise.

Kita laughed. He glanced at Bonita before testing something. His instinct told him that the woman in front of him was not there by coincidence, and the fact that his sister had chosen her to be the center of attention, receiving privileges above others, was suspicious.

But he knew his sister's personality well. He knew she wasn't the type to easily admit her feelings. So to break through her resistance, he might need a crowbar.

— Babe.

Kiraphat frowned. She had been using that nickname for a long time, calling herself that. As far as she could remember, she was the only one who used that name. And suddenly, Bonita wanted her brother to call her that too? Annoying, don’t you think?

* What?

— Sorry, but you have something stuck in your eyelashes.

— King!

— Yes?

He looked at his sister with a carefree expression. When she didn’t say anything else, he went back to talking to Bonita.

— Babe, come here.

— What? I'm talking to Mr. King.

* One.

Her tone of voice intensified. The atmosphere began to get heavy, and Kita found it difficult to breathe. Bonita, in turn, raised her eyebrows, noticing the tension coming from her, but remained seated.

* Two.

At this point, Bonita began to bite her lips. They say anger makes people foolish, and rage makes them mad. But what Kiraphat was feeling now was something impossible to define.

She didn’t even have to count to three. As soon as she stood up,

Bonita realized that both she and Kita had provoked a sleeping wolf.

It practically backed away from her the moment Kiraphat stood up. But for some reason, seeing her furious because of her, Bonita’s heart beat fast and fast. Instead of feeling afraid or wanting to run away, her heart insisted on wanting to get even closer.

And that's why she concluded that her heart was foolish.

Kiraphat didn't pull Bonita away by force, he just stood between the two and gave his brother a stern look.

— King, can you please leave?

— W-what? Are you kicking me out?

— The door is over there.

Kita swallowed hard. His theory was confirmed, but he didn't expect the response to be so intense.

— I'll walk you out — Bonita offered.

In truth, she wanted to avoid Kiraphat’s piercing gaze. She had never seen her display this kind of attitude before—as if she wanted to crush her between her hands.

— Ah… Sure.

Kiraphat stood still, watching the two leave. As soon as his brother was gone and Bonita had closed the door, Kiraphat stepped forward, pressing her against the wall beside the entrance.

- What are you doing?

— What? What did I do?

— You provoked me.

Bonita frowned. Kiraphat was clearly irritated. Her breathing was heavy and her expression more intense than ever.

— I was just talking to your brother. Normal stuff.

— And why don't you talk to me the same way?

— Can you stop asking these questions that make me think you're jealous?

Kiraphat tried to contain her frustration, but she couldn’t. She didn’t want to argue, because she knew it would only worsen her mood. So she chose to ask directly, making it clear that Bonita was in no position to challenge her.

— What time do you start work?

— Usually at six.

— It's already six.

At that moment, Bonita understood that Kiraphat wanted attention. She wanted to be pampered. She was acting like a jealous child. How could she not see that?

— Okay… What do you want?

— Make me stop getting mad.

— Are you mad at me?

— Babe.

Kiraphat lowered her tone, serious. If Bonita didn't do something, she really might explode. Why? She didn't even know. All she knew was that she hated seeing her so close to Kita. Hated seeing her smiling at him. Hated all of this.

— What should I do?

Bonita placed her hand on the collar of Kiraphat's shirt, then slid it down to his chest, right over his heart.

— It’s beating fast… Is your heart scolding me?

Kiraphat fell silent. Her heartbeat was so intense that Bonita could feel it. She wasn't just talking for the sake of talking.

— It hurts.

— You're so grumpy... What should I do, then? Aren't you going to give me any tips?

— Think for yourself. You're good at annoying me, can't you be good at calming me down too?

— Why do I have so many responsibilities?

The pressure on Bonita’s shoulders increased. Kiraphat was persistent, always pushing her. She didn’t know if she was violent by nature or just repressing everything she felt.

— What can I do? Any restrictions?

— Do whatever you want.

- All?

— Yes.

To catch a predator, you need a specific type of trap. Bonita didn’t know what it was, but she realized that Kiraphat’s impatience could be useful in luring her. That way, she could find out what to really expect from her.

With that in mind, Bonita pushed away the hands holding her shoulders and instead grabbed Kiraphat’s wrists. She stood on her tiptoes and brushed the tip of her nose against her cheek.

— Did that help?

Kiraphat stood still. With no response, Bonita understood that it was not enough. So she counted to three before moving on to the next step. With her left hand, she still held Kiraphat's wrist, but with her right, she pulled her by the nape of the neck, bringing her closer for a soft kiss, before slowly pulling away.

- And now?

— Don't start…

Kiraphat spoke in a hoarse tone. She was fighting something inside her. Ever since the day she had kissed Bonita, she still couldn’t forget the feeling.

—But you were the one who said I could do anything.

— Yes, but don't start something like that.

Their gazes locked for a long time. Bonita didn’t back down. She didn’t run away. She was challenging Kiraphat. And seeing this, Kiraphat felt even more like she was being teased. When Bonita dared to kiss her again, defying her warning, Kiraphat decided she wouldn’t hold back any longer.

— You started it. So don't accuse me of taking advantage of the situation.

Kiraphat’s lips pressed against hers in almost immediate response. Bonita’s delicate waist was gripped tightly before her hands slid down to her hips, pulling her closer, their grip never letting up. Meanwhile, Bonita tried to fight back. She didn’t know if she had done the right thing or the wrong thing to do in the first place, but there was no way back now.

— Mmm...

The sound of clothing rubbing, the sound of lips pressing and sucking, and the sound of panting breaths filled the room. Kiraphat pulled his own wrist free from her grip, only to pin it back down, pushing Bonita’s hand against the wall. With his other free hand, he dug his fingers into her shoulder. The more Kiraphat kissed and squeezed, the harder Bonita scratched.

It was a fitting response.

— More... Ahhh... — Bonita swallowed dryly. Kiraphat didn't give him any respite, thrusting even more intensely than before.

— Ah...

Bonita let out a moan as her lips were nibbled. Only then did Kiraphat give her a break, satisfied that she had vented her frustration.

Bonita didn't know if she was still angry.

But feeling Kiraphat's face against his neck was an overwhelming sensation.

— Q-Queen...

She inhaled deeply, touching and releasing the skin of her neck, until the sound of knocking on the door interrupted the moment.

— Queen, I left my things.

Kiraphat didn't respond, but punished the interruption by nibbling on Bonita's neck.

— It will leave a mark...

Bonita whispered, digging her nails into her shoulder as she realized her neck would surely be marked.

KNOCK KNOCK

— Queen, I forgot my phone.

Kiraphat sighed deeply and pulled away from her neck, staring at Bonita's face, which was now flushed and carrying an expression that was hard to resist.

She had warned him not to start.

— You can't be mad at me. You started it.

— Are you jealous?

- What?

— If you tell the truth, I won't be mad.

— Queen...

— Why don't you hand the phone to Kita first?

Kiraphat sighed again and looked at the spot where his brother was sitting before. Seeing his phone, he quickly picked it up and went to open the door, handing it over without hesitation.

BAM!

She closed the door in his face. Kita was surprised, but soon laughed. How long had it been since he had seen his sister angry over something personal? Her life always revolved around work. But this was better. At least he knew that Kiraphat still had a heart and hadn’t completely turned into the robot his mother wanted him to be.

— I'm waiting for your answer.

— What do you want to hear?

— The truth.

"..."

— Don't stay silent. I hate irresponsible people.

— You never like what I do.

— Don't change the subject.

— Then don't force me.

— If you don't answer, I'll do it with someone else. And you can't freak out like before.

Kiraphat's eyes sparkled.

* Tent.
* I go.

— Don't tease me, Babe.

— Then answer my question.

"..."

— Queen, take responsibility for what you did. I started with a kiss, but who didn't stop there?

— If you dare do it to someone else, I'll kill him.

So she wouldn't hurt her, but rather the person she was with? What kind of logic was that?

— If you don't want me to do it, then answer me.

— It's not jealousy.

— Then stop doing that.

— And if I admit it's jealousy, can I continue?

— I want the truth.

Even after exposing herself so much, she still resisted? Bonita wouldn’t give up so easily. If Kiraphat didn’t fall into this trap, then it was best for her to stop here. Otherwise, she would be devoured herself.

* You know.
* I don't know.

Kiraphat sighed. Not even at the company’s annual meetings did she get this tense. Not even when her mother pressured her did she hesitate this much. But with this little girl… she simply couldn’t handle it.

— Is it so difficult to answer?

* I don't like.
* What?

— I don't like you getting close to other people. I don't like you smiling at other people. I don't like you talking sweetly to anyone. I don't like you being sweet to anyone.

— That doesn't answer my question.

"..."

—Besides, my job requires me to do everything you hate.

— Now you can only do all this with me.

Sly, stubborn... What was she, after all? Bonita sighed. She didn't understand why Kiraphat was acting like she was a police officer trying to arrest her.

— I just want to know: yes or no?

"..."

— If it's so difficult to answer...

— I don't like you getting close to others. Isn't that clear enough?

Kiraphat spoke in a softer voice. Bonita’s neck was red in one specific spot, where she had bitten hard. Did it hurt?

— Babe.

* What?
* Come here.

— Where to?

Kiraphat sighed and patted the space next to her.

— Sit here. I want to see your neck. Is it hurt?

— Just look, right?

— I don't guarantee it. Come soon.

# Chapter 10 : I wonder what it's like

Lie, all lies...

Look at her neck? No way. She just slid her fingertips gently over the marks left, spreading a wave of heat that ran through her entire body.

Stop touching other people's necks, can you stop that!?

— I'll ask the secretary to bring some concealer to cover it.

- It is not necessary.

— Are you going back to your room like this?

—And how else would I go back? Or do you want me to sleep with you one more night?

— Don't challenge me.

— I'm not challenging.

— If you dare, come.

— Can you stop talking like I'm afraid of you?

— You should have, don't you think?

When Bonita regained her composure, her personality began to shine through again. Which was a good thing, after all, Kiraphat didn't like seeing her downcast, unable to do anything but stay by his side.

— You ask me to respect you, but you keep provoking me until I lose my mind. Do you think it's fun to get hurt?

— Then stop frowning, pursing your lips, and clenching your teeth. Then I won't do anything.

— Do you like it when I'm like this?

— What if I say yes?

Kiraphat snorted. She didn't believe Bonita actually liked her, it was more likely that she just enjoyed seeing her reaction. Either way, she had to admit that Bonita was bolder than anyone she had ever met.

— And then I'm the one who takes advantage of the opportunities... Who was it that offered this chance, huh?

Bonita was silent. She was right. The only time she didn't want to was the first time, and she knew it. She had already apologized and been forgiven.

— So tell me right away that you don't hate my kisses. If you did, why would you reciprocate?

— Is that something you ask?

— Why wouldn't I ask? During the kiss, it was just the two of us. If I don't ask you, who will I ask?

Bonita grimaced. She was the only one who could talk about this subject without the slightest embarrassment. She wasn't like her, who could talk about kisses and other things so easily.

—Can you stop being so direct about things that don't need to be?

Kiraphat frowned in confusion. What was wrong with asking?

— I kissed you, so who should I ask?

— I have to go to work today. I have to talk to the manager about my dismissal and that thing you asked me to do.

Since she kept insisting, she had to change the subject.

Otherwise, she would keep talking about the kiss nonstop.

— Why didn't you tell me before?

— You didn't ask.

— And how would I know what you plan to do every day?

—And why should I tell you? Isn't it strange that I suddenly start telling you everything I do in my day?

kiraphat sighed, walked over to the table, picked up his black

jacket, closed his briefcase and gathered his belongings before turning back to face her.

— I'll take you.

— Can you not act like a sugar mommy?

— I'm not old enough to be called that.

— And what should I call you, then?

What she was doing gave rise to the thought of that. Hiring her to take care of a single person, giving her an apartment to live in, and to top it all off, the intense kiss just now… How could one not think that she had no ulterior motives?

— My name is enough, you don't need to give me nicknames.

Kiraphat said calmly and pulled Bonita to her feet, before placing his jacket over her shoulders.

— Put this on.

“..…”

— It's not appropriate to walk around with me wearing a student uniform, right?

— People already saw me wearing this when I came in.

—But did they see when I marked your neck like that?

—Can you not talk so directly about these things?

— No. — Kiraphat answered without even needing to think.

Bonita wanted to pinch her mouth. Who taught this creature to be so direct? Some things just didn't need to be said. The more she talked, the more she remembered what had happened.

Every time she kissed her, her posture spoke volumes. She never did it just because she was angry, she seemed to enjoy taking her emotions out on her. And the more she resisted, the more Queen seemed to enjoy it.

Thinking about this, Bonita wondered why she wasn’t afraid of her. The more she was strict, the more she wanted to challenge her.

— Vista.

Kiraphat’s voice sounded more authoritative. This time, she obeyed. The familiar scent of her expensive perfume reached her nose. She was already familiar with that scent. A clean, sophisticated fragrance that made her seem even more imposing.

Since the night before, she had already given him an outfit to wear. Although their bodies were not that different in size, Queen's height caused the jacket to fall over her hips.

— It feels like I'm wearing my father's clothes.

“…..”

Bonita looked up to look at her. The more serious Queen became, the more she wanted to tease her.

— Daddy?

Kiraphat froze. He didn't know what he felt when he heard that. He seemed to like it, but at the same time he didn't like it.

— Stop it, I already told you not to give me nicknames.

—But it's cute. It's not like that word can only be used for men.

— I'm not going to play.

— Why? Did you like it?

— Quiet, babe..

Bonita smiled, pleased that she had managed to get her off her rocker. At least she didn't feel like she was losing this fight. Between the two of them, the cat and mouse game never stopped.

And the moment she approached to whisper "daddy" in his ear, Kiraphat was faster and pulled her towards him, making his body collide against hers.

Her face was so close that she could feel Kiraphat's heart beating fast.

She smiled.

She said she didn't like it, but if her heart was racing like that...

What could that mean?

— Don't play like that. I don't like it.

Bonita looked up to look at her. From this angle, Kiraphat’s serious face looked even more beautiful.

And what's more… His lips were also swollen, just like hers.

— I'm not kidding.

— Don't mess with what you don't understand, okay?

—Was that a lecture or a concern?

Kiraphat sighed. The hand that held her slender waist closer squeezed tighter before he spoke in a voice that seemed to contain his patience.

— Can you not be stubborn for at least 10 minutes?

— Time — Bonita raised an eyebrow. — Try asking me, maybe I'll be a good girl for longer.

— You are on working hours.

“I know.” The young woman’s soft voice replied, raising her index finger and drawing circles on the other person’s left chest before asking, “Did I do something wrong at work?”

— You are stubborn.

— I'm not stubborn.

— Babe.

— Yes?

As soon as this word was said, her waist was tightened even more. The other person leaned in, looking like he was about to do

something with his lips, but Bonita lowered her head in time to escape.

— Lift your face.

Bonita remained silent, without answering, but stood on her tiptoes and lightly bit the other's shoulder through her white shirt, in retaliation for being squeezed and pinched nonstop.

— Ai!

— You squeezed me even tighter than that.

— Do you dare to bite me?

— And you still dare to bite me too.

When the other kissed her, she bit her lips repeatedly, and Bonita never complained. On her neck too. She was already a full-grown wolf, so when would she stop acting like a restless pup with itchy teeth?

— Be careful not to be left without an answer.

Kiraphat controlled his emotions before pulling away from the soft body. The sudden movement caught Bonita by surprise.

— Did you push me?

— I just pushed you away.

— He pushed.

— Babe.

— I don't like that.

This naughty girl! What to do with her? Every day, Bonita messed up his thought system more than the company's profits. But in a unique way that was hard to define. Kiraphat didn't like her stubbornness, but he liked her resilience.

— Don't make me punish you, because if I do, you know it won't be kind.

"....."

— Why are you so stubborn with me?

Bonita looked at the pretty face, trying to find any trace of emotion in the other's eyes to confirm her own confidence before answering: — Because you love it when I'm like this.

* I don't like.
* He is sure?
* Why?

— Nothing, I just wanted to make sure you really don't like it.

— When we're alone, you can be as stubborn as you want, but when there's someone else present, I expect you to understand when I give you an order. — You promised, huh?— Yes.

Bonita's first test was dealing with the stares of several people. Some were discreet, but others stared at her shamelessly, without hiding it.

— Don't lower your head.

Kiraphat whispered as she looked straight ahead as usual. The bodyguards walked beside them, but Bonita wasn’t used to it. Her body was hunched over, her shoulders slumped, and she bumped into the other several times.

— Babe, look straight ahead. Don't look at the ground.

This time, along with the words came a gentle hand wrapping around her shoulders and pulling her closer. The gesture made it clear that this woman was under Kiraphat’s care. This caused a few gazes to shift away, while Bonita began to raise her head.

— If you don't listen to me, you will be punished.

"....."

— This time, I'll let it go. But if it happens again, don't say I didn't warn you about what I'll do.

. .

Bonita had moved into Queen’s condominium two weeks ago. After school, she would work and come home, repeating this routine over and over again. Over time, she discovered that her favorite moment was when Queen would close her eyes and listen intently to what she was saying, whether it was a report from her secretary or international news. Queen never ignored her efforts.

— Do you think this cryptocurrency is worth the investment?

From a businesswoman's perspective, Bonita didn't know why Queen was asking that, but the fact that her opinion was being taken into account made her happy.

— It still doesn't seem interesting to me. The owner does a lot of self-promotion without having a concrete product.

— Hmm... So you think like me.

When she moved into the condominium, Bonita didn’t expect the apartment to be so large. With her few belongings, she felt lost in the large space, but she appreciated the security and privacy that Queen provided.

Queen never entered her room, only asking if she was comfortable and safe, insisting only that there would be people monitoring from a distance, at least temporarily, until the curious stopped investigating.

At first, Mint, her best friend, protested a lot, but after seeing that the place was suitable, she ended up accepting and said: "Remember, Bo, you'll always have me."

So when Mint called to cover her shift that night, Bonita was hesitant. Mint was sick and couldn’t take off work that weekend.

— What are you thinking?

Kiraphat asked, noticing that Bonita had suddenly gone quiet. She had been enjoying the conversation, but now she seemed distant.

* What?

— Is there anything besides me to occupy your mind?

— Yes, it does.

* Who?

With each passing day, Kiraphat made her feel more and more special. Smiling softly, Bonita replied, — Mint.

Kiraphat frowned. “Your friend?” — Mint asked me to cover a shift tonight.

* Why?

— She's sick and has already used up all her time off. She called me a little while ago asking for help.

"....."

— Can I go help you?

Over the past week, Bonita has noticed how busy Queen has been. The journalists were relentless. Every Friday, Queen went home in a sour mood. This meant that tonight was his chance to help Mint without bothering Queen.

— Do whatever you want.

* Thanks!

— But I'm going with you.

* What?

— Why not? Can't I go for a drink?

— But you have to go home.

— So what? My house won't move.

— I'm not running away, I'm just going to work.

— Talks too much.

— Admit it right away that you're attached to me.

— Save that mouth for something sweet later. I don't want you to end up hurt because of me.

So stubborn...

You seem to be in a bad mood again. This doesn't stop her from doing anything, but it always makes her angry. So, it makes you want to provoke her to see if she loses her composure.

— Are you going to hit me?

— Hmm.

- I am scared.

— If you're not really scared, then don't say it.

— I'm afraid you won't do anything.

— Babe.

— Yes?

Here she goes again with that attitude. She likes to provoke me to do something, and when I do, she pretends to be vulnerable, looking at me as if I had forced her.

So she ends up being pulled until she loses her balance and sits on my lap. I, who am sitting in the office chair, quickly grab her waist before she falls.

— If you are afraid, then leave.

Queen's request for permission is the least sincere thing in the world. If you want to kiss, you never ask "Can I kiss you?", but always something that forces me to interpret the meaning on my own.

She is someone who is stubborn and hard to please, but strangely, she seems like a puzzle that I am desperately trying to solve, without even knowing what the reward is at the end.

What awaits me at the end of this? Heaven or hell?

— You said you don't want me to bend down, didn't you?

“.....”

— From this angle, I'm taller than you.

Kiraphat sighs heavily, pushing the papers to the corner of the table without caring if anything falls to the floor. Then he lifts Bonita and places her on the table, standing up and leaning over her.

— Now look up.

— Again... — She always likes to pinch my chin.

— Don't turn your face away unless I allow it.

— Don't bite my lips. I have to work tonight and I might have to drink alcohol, so I can't risk my lips getting bruised.

— Hmm. — Kiraphat changes his mind. If lips are forbidden territory, I can bite somewhere else.

— Keep your chin up.

She says this before burying her face in my neck, nibbling and sucking, making me swallow hard. I have to work tonight. Did she forget that?

— D-Don't leave any marks.

— Don't tell me what to do.

She ignores my request, so I raise my hands and push her face away.

— I have to work.

— I am your work.

Bonita wants to laugh. She didn't stop me from going to work, but she's sulking because I don't do what she wants.

— If you don't want me to buy you, then don't be stubborn.

— And who started this?

— Did I start?

When she starts to look dissatisfied, instead of irritating me, I like it. I've learned to deal with her better and better.

— After work, I won't stop anything.

— Do I need to hear you?

— Or would you prefer me to listen to someone else?

Kiraphat frowns and reprimands her in a stern tone. “I already told you I don’t like this.”

— You never like anything when it comes to me.

— Because I don't like it.

— Have a little patience. You say you don't like it, but your eyes are devouring me now.

— Babe.

Kiraphat scolds again. She needs to know what is going on. How long are we going to play this game of patience? And why?

Our status doesn't allow any of that.

— Wait, okay?

Bonita murmurs before pulling her face down for a light kiss above her lips, as if she was taming a ferocious wolf. This makes her stop in her tracks.

— Wait for me, understand?

— Hmph. I can't get anything.

I don't know when we started communicating more with our bodies than with words.

— If you piss me off again after work, it won't just be a mark.

“.....”

- Did you understand?

Bonita doesn't answer, just pulls her face into a new kiss as a reward for promising to wait. Her face is lifted again, and since she can't unload her emotions on my lips, her touch on my body intensifies.

My back is pressed, my waist gripped by gentle hands. My shirt, tucked under my skirt, is pulled up, and her warm hand slides over my skin, making me grab her wrist to stop her from going any further.

At most, it's all just kisses and bites on the neck.

— S-Stop for now.

Bonita takes a deep breath. Your kisses always steal my energy. I never get used to it, and I don't think I ever will.

— Just a little more.

— I blush every day because of you.

“.....”

— Go easy on me.

— I already took it easy.

Kiraphat finally removes his hands from my body and sighs against my neck, trying to control his emotions.

She hates feeling this way. Being around Bonita every day makes her feel too much. She likes to be in control and can't stand it when I try to switch roles.

. .

Kiraphat didn't lie about coming for drinks. She lets me work, but she doesn't take her eyes off me.

Something strange happens. First, I was serving one group of customers, but suddenly I was transferred to another group, even though the first one hadn't left yet.

Normally when a girl waits a table she stays there all night. My job is to serve drinks and chat.

Because of the distance and the poor lighting, Kiraphat can't really see who's at the table, but he has the feeling he knows someone there.

Soon, one of his men approaches and whispers:

— Kongthap?

— Yes. The son of Mr. Wasin's political rival.

Kongthap, Kiraphat and King were once friends, but because of family rivalry, their friendship was destroyed. Something happened between Kongthap and King that caused them to break up completely.

* Boss.
* What?

— Mr. Kongthap sent word that if you don’t hurry, he’ll take this ‘kitten’ home.

Kiraphat frowns.

Of course. Today, Bonita is wearing a cropped top that reveals her waist, long pants and a cat ear headband in her light hair, drawing attention wherever she goes.

The young woman quickly got up from the table and walked unhurriedly in the direction she wanted to go, with the black-robed security guard following her from a distance. She arrived in time to see that Bonita was being persuaded to drink an alcoholic beverage.

— Kongthap

— Oh, I thought it was Queen.

— Did you know I was coming?

The young man chuckled. His deep, hard-to-read gaze quickly glanced at Kiraphat, before flashing a wide smile as he looked at Bonita.

— At first, I didn't think it was true, but it seems like the queen's throne is shaking because she showed weakness.

— Are you talking nonsense?

— I'm just saying what I think.

—Without a queen, we still have the king, have you forgotten?

This sentence made Kongthap clench his teeth tightly. The crack between their friendship was still clearly present and would not disappear. And if he were to really fight, he knew he wouldn't be able to beat two brothers who got along so well. Kiraphat was not afraid of having weaknesses, because Kita's support was always strong. But still, I would have to try.

— Drink with me.

Kongthap ignored Kiraphat and spoke to Bonita on purpose. He made a discreet signal to Kiraphat, indicating that there was something dangerous in the drink.

Bonita, for her part, didn't know how to react. She also wasn't sure what was happening at that moment. Queen had said she would stay at the table until the job was finished, but there were still several hours to go and this client seemed to know her personally.

— You can't drink too much.

She told the wealthy client that she had bought his hourly wages from the other clients. He had paid for all the drinks and their value, so of course he would not accept not drinking.

- Everything is fine.

— Don't do anything dirty, Kongthap. You're better than that.

Kiraphat spoke in a calm voice, his serious and menacing gaze directed at Kongthap. In fact, he was not a bad person, he was even a good friend, but the actions of the elders had affected the children, causing friends to become enemies.

—It’s not fun, is it? — Kongthap muttered.

"...."

— How about this? If you don't want the kitty to drink...

Kongthap raised his hand and touched Bonita's chin, keeping his hand there until she had to pull her face away, pulling away.

— You drink.

— Is this poison? Why do you want me to drink it so much?

— Let's take a risk, like we did when we were kids.

The boldness when we were young was like holding a gun with a single bullet and taking turns aiming at the temple. That was why we were able to be friends. She didn’t have resentments like Kita and hadn’t been pushed away as lonely as Kongthap, so there were no deep wounds.

Kiraphat sat between Kongthap and Bonita, her hard gaze reprimanding Bonita's frail body that caused this situation. She then looked at Kongthap with a determined gaze.

— If I die, Kita will make you die even more painfully.

— I know. — He knew better than anyone what the two brothers were like.

— And if I am tortured, Kita will make you suffer even more.

"...." Kongthap swallowed hard before nodding his head. Because, no matter what the outcome was, Kita wouldn't leave him alone if he touched her sister, not even a hair.

Kita had always been like this, and Kongthap had chosen this path since he had placed someone to follow Kiraphat's movements. He knew it wouldn't be easy to get close to Kita, but it wasn't impossible if he pressed at the right point.

— What's going on? — Bonita whispered.

— If I die...

Kiraphat started to speak, but didn't finish before she was interrupted by Bonita, who was startled by her talking about life and death.

— What are you saying?

— I know you won't miss it.

— If you can't speak properly, it's better to keep quiet.

Bonita replied firmly, and from what she understood of the conversation, it seemed that they were both referring to the drink in the glass that was beginning to melt, with drops of water around it. Whoever died in this world, it could be anyone, but not the woman named Kiraphat.

— Bepp!

— No!

Kiraphat and Kongthap exclaimed together as Bonita took the glass and downed it, drinking it all in one go, finishing by throwing ice on the floor so no one else could drink again.

— What now? Who's going to die this time?

# Chapter 11 : Queen Size

Kiraphat had never felt so angry before in his life. But within this fury, there was also a clear and distinct feeling. Bonita's fearless madness, without any instinct for self-preservation, made Kiraphat's heart tremble. What few people knew was that Kiraphat had always enjoyed challenges. He loved to put his life on the line, just to feel the adrenaline rush of overcoming death once more.

— What did you put in the drink?

She immediately turned to ask Kongthap. Besides the absurdly high alcohol content, which had already made her body spin almost instantly, she wanted to know if there was anything else.

— Kongthap!

Kiraphat’s sharp tone made Kongthap feel irritated. Even he didn’t expect Bonita to pick up the drink and drink it. Wasn’t she afraid of dying? Or had she acquired this behavior because she was always around Kiraphat?

— Damn it! Your girl won't die. At most, she'll writhe until she almost loses her sanity.

- What?

— Aphrodisiac, Queen.

— You gave me an aphrodisiac?!

— Yes! Do you think I would have the courage to kill you? I just wanted you to suffer from the effects, nothing more.

“.....”

— If you want to help, you already know what to do, don't you? Isn't this girl yours?

— Shut up!

No one had the right to disrespect someone who was hers. And much less in front of her. How could she accept that?

— Stop pretending you're a good person. You and your brother are equally despicable. As soon as you got better, you abandoned your friends behind.

The slap Kiraphat gave Kongthap’s face echoed loudly, overpowering even the thunderous music around him. The impact caused the man to bleed immediately. She had already told him to shut up several times, but he insisted on talking nonsense.

— I told you to shut up! It's obvious that King is angry! You always act like you're the victim and blame everyone, but you know very well that we were separated because of the adults' problems!

“.....”

Kongthap gritted his teeth. Of course he knew. But didn’t he have the right to feel abandoned?

— What kind of aphrodisiac?

Kiraphat asked in a harsh tone. Faced with Kongthap’s silence, she raised her foot and kicked his knee, making it clear that she was waiting for an answer.

— I asked, didn't you hear?

— Tsc! Will knowing this change anything?

— Don't make me lose my patience any further, Kongthap.

He ran his tongue over the corner of his slapped lips, staring at Kiraphat for a long moment before looking away. After all, no matter how much time had passed, she was still the scariest person he knew.

— Spanish fly. The effect is quick, it causes torment, it takes away control of the body, but it passes in a short time.

— Why did you do that?

— I already told you. I just wanted her to suffer.

Kongthap's only goal was to find out how important this woman was to Kiraphat. He wanted his former best friend to feel an overwhelming and uncontrollable desire. That's why he chose the strongest drug. He wanted her to suffer, not get sick or die.

— Well, you will suffer just as much, Kongthap. If my girl suffers, you will pay double for it.

After saying that, Kiraphat held Bonita and left there immediately.

Fortunately, the girl managed, with difficulty, to stay on her feet. But Kiraphat was furious. How could that crazy woman just drink something suspicious without thinking? What if it was poison? She would have died! She could have chosen not to drink it or just thrown it away, but no. He decided to drink in her place.

— What the hell did you do? Why did you drink that?!

— And why did you talk about death?

“…..”

— I wouldn't let you die.

Bonita's voice was slurred, but it still carried an irresistible stubbornness. The effect of the mixture of alcohol and aphrodisiac was manifesting itself faster than expected. His words caused Kiraphat's subordinates to burst out laughing.

— What are you laughing at?

She gave him a deadly glare. Even if they were her trusted subordinates, it didn’t mean they had complete freedom.

— Nothing, boss. I just liked it.

- Did you like it?

— I liked her answer, boss. Not the person.

He quickly corrected himself and put on a serious expression. Kiraphat’s sharp gaze was becoming too dangerous. He still wanted to continue working for her for a long time.

— Smartass.

— Sorry, boss.

Bonita was placed in the back seat of the car, which quickly drove off towards Kiraphat's private condominium. Taking her to the hospital was out of the question. The risk of the news spreading was great. Kiraphat didn't care what others would say about her, but if they found out why Bonita had to be taken to the hospital, the story would spread until it reached its roots. And it wouldn't just affect her.

— If that's the maximum speed the car can reach, buy another one tomorrow.

Kiraphat complained, irritated. Meanwhile, Bonita rubbed her body nonstop, feeling an unbearable heat. Her breathing was uneven, and her skin burned as if it were on fire.

— I-I'm hot...

Bonita squeezed Kiraphat's hand, which was visibly tense. Her heart was beating so fast that she actually began to fear that she would die there, as she had said before. The feeling was suffocating, painful.

Noticing Bonita's state, Kiraphat changed his mind. Who else could be harmed by this situation doesn't care. Bonita's safety was the priority.

— Let's go to the hospital.

She ordered the driver to change the destination. But Bonita shook her head, refusing.

She had seen people poisoned with this type of drug before. The best remedy was to stay in a safe place, drink plenty of water to flush the substance out of her body, and fight the effects with all her might.

— N-no need...

— It's dangerous!

— I can handle it.

Bonita didn’t want to cause any more trouble. The situation was already bad enough. Besides, she was just an ordinary person. It didn’t make sense for Kiraphat to risk his reputation for her sake.

— Speed up.

Kiraphat ordered the driver as he took out a bottle of water and handed it to Bonita. But the girl was shaking so much that she couldn’t even open the cap. Kiraphat had to open it for her. However, with the uneven road, the water ended up spilling onto her clothes.

Furious, Kiraphat scolded the driver and grabbed the bottle herself.

Bonita’s state was so miserable that Kiraphat’s anger towards Kongthap was growing by the second. She wondered: if she had been the one to drink the drug, would she have been as furious with her former friend as she was now?

Bonita’s breathing became more irregular. Her chest rose and fell too quickly. She understood what was happening to her body. She heard every word Kiraphat and Kongthap said, but she fought to stay conscious, digging her nails into her own arm. She didn’t care if she left marks. She just wanted to hold on to sanity.

— Just a little more...

* More...

She could only nod in response. Alcohol was part of the problem, but the effects of the "Spanish Fly" seemed to affect her even more. Just as humans cannot avoid natural disasters, she could not escape the effects of the substance she had ingested. There was no difference.

Kiraphat noticed that Bonita was pressing her own skin until it left marks and grabbed her hands to stop her from continuing. However, this gesture seemed to open space for her delicate body to throw itself against him.

“Can I kiss you?” Her voice was hoarse. If it were any other time, Kiraphat wouldn’t hesitate.

* No.

The young woman refused seriously, even turning her face away when Bonita tried to press her lips against hers. But even so, the woman under the influence of the aphrodisiac did not give up. She changed targets, sliding her lips from Kiraphat's chin to his neck, imitating the gestures she herself had already received. However, before she could leave any mark, her face was pulled up.

— Have some control.

Bonita bit her lip, her eyes filling with tears until they flowed uncontrollably. She wanted to have control, but at the same time she felt tortured by an uncontrollable desire. The heat in the center of her body was so intense that she didn't need any more stimulation.

— Help me... — he whispered, climbing onto Kiraphat's lap. He took her hand and guided it down, pressing it against the center of his desire, which was pulsing violently, just like his heart.

— It's beating nonstop...

— Babe...

Kiraphat swallowed hard, trying to pull his hand away. He wanted to help anyway, but not like this.

- Come here.

She pulled Bonita into a tight hug, frowning as she felt her mouth close over her neck, sucking on it like she had found her favorite candy.

— Can I bite you?

— Hmm...

Once given permission, Bonita wasted no time licking and biting the sensitive skin of Kiraphat's neck. She tried hard to ignore the pain and the growing sensation inside her that the other was unintentionally arousing.

— It's not enough...

Her voice sounded sly, almost like a low cry next to Kiraphat's ear. She didn't even need to look to imagine the expression Bonita was making at that moment: arched eyebrows and pleading eyes. But I wouldn't look, because if I did, I might give in.

- I know...

Just a little longer. When they got to the apartment, she would help Bonita clean up, and the effects of the drug would wear off. The Spanish Fly was intense, but its effects only lasted about an hour.

— Queen... please... a little more...

Kiraphat was also struggling to control herself. She pressed

Bonita’s face against her chest, holding her tightly. If she didn’t, Bonita would surely look at her with those tear-filled eyes, trying to make her give in.

She stroked Bonita’s hair, feeling her body tremble uncontrollably.

The heat seemed to radiate not only from Bonita, but also reach Kiraphat. She moved restlessly, trying to rub her hip against Kiraphat’s thigh, as if that could ease her suffering.

— Mmhh...

The stubborn young girl moaned softly as she continued to move. Kiraphat looked in the rearview mirror and gave a firm order to the driver.

— Turn the mirror around. Put on your headphones. Don't see or hear anything. And get us to the apartment as quickly as possible. — Yes, ma'am.

It was a mistake to pay attention to the driver, because in that moment of distraction, Bonita took the liberty to act. She began to move more insistently, holding Kiraphat's stern face and managing to steal a kiss.

— Mmhh...

Kiraphat immediately turned his face away, tightly holding Bonita's face. She wasn't made of stone, she also felt desire, but she was holding back for Bonita, so as not to let anything go wrong.

— Babe, not like that...

— Mmhh...

It was unclear whether Bonita was responding or just moaning in frustration. But one thing was clear: the thin blouse she was wearing was already damp, highlighting her breasts, making them tantalizingly visible.

When the drug wore off, would she remember what she had done? Or would she regret it? That was exactly why Kiraphat was trying to control herself.

She kept moving. Bonita began to unbutton her jeans, wanting to feel the warm skin against her thigh directly. Kiraphat had to act quickly to catch her hand.

- So as to.

— Let me go.

— Do you want to torture me?

Bonita moved closer, kissing Kiraphat's cheek softly before sliding her lips to his ear, whispering huskily. The heat of her breath made Kiraphat need even more self-control.

— If you don't want to, I can look for someone else...

Kiraphat's face darkened.

— If it’s not with me, it won’t be with anyone else.

With a firm tone, she pushed Bonita into the bathroom and turned on the shower immediately. The cold water would help soothe her condition. It had already been about 30 minutes, so the effect should be wearing off.

Now, Kiraphat held the shower like a weapon. Whenever Bonita tried to move forward, she would turn up the shower, drenching the young girl even more. Her wet body was a spectacle in itself, provoking the desires that Kiraphat tried to repress.

— Queen!

— This is for your own good.

— Do you hate me that much? Do you enjoy seeing me suffer?

The delicate body sobbed in frustration at not being pampered as she wanted. She fell to her knees, hugging her own legs as she cried, taking the other person by surprise.

- What is that...?

— If you were sober, I wouldn't say anything.

— Are you really that nice?

"....."

— Why do you decide to be this good person right now, when I don't need you?

Kiraphat didn't know what to do other than kneel in front of her. Bonita took advantage of the moment to push her, making her lose her balance and fall to the ground, before pushing herself up and straddling his lap.

— What do you think you're doing?!

— If you're not going to help, then keep quiet.

Bonita wasn't out of her mind. Time has made her more aware – and also more full of desire. If Kiraphat insisted on playing the righteous person, then he should do so until the end.

Kiraphat stood there for a moment, unsure of how to react. She just watched as Bonita stripped off her underwear and slid off her pants, exposing her own skin without hesitation. God, she was trying... trying so hard to resist. But patience had never been her strong suit.

And Bonita knew exactly how to test her.

— Lend your mouth to me.

The sentence came before she leaned in again, taking control. This time, Bonita was on top, just as she wanted. Kiraphat lifted her face, allowing her to lead the kiss with all the intensity she desired.

— Lend your hands too.

"....."

— Uh... can it be stronger?

Kiraphat's hands trembled.

She had never reacted like this before. But when Bonita took his fingers and placed them on her breasts, where the pink nipples stood out, she couldn't help but shiver.

If anyone saw this... they would die of shame.

Meanwhile, Bonita's hips moved against Kiraphat's thighs, still covered by his dress pants. Her movements were clumsy at first, but, stimulated by the chemistry of the moment, she soon found a more determined rhythm.

Her breasts swayed with each thrust, her hair falling over her face as she gave herself over shamelessly. Bonita no longer felt ashamed —all she wanted was to completely destroy Kiraphat's patience and force her to react.

— You don't know how to tighten it?

— I'm trying to hold on for you.

— Ah... did I ask for that?

Bonita's face, filled with desire, made her even more irresistible. And that pleading look, tilting his head and staring at her expectantly, was simply cruel.

— Don't be insolent.

Kiraphat's voice sounded firm. But how many more times would she need to warn her tonight?

— And does anyone here do more than talk?

Kiraphat frowned, closing his fingers around Bonita's breast, eliciting a satisfied moan from her.

— If it won't help... then let go.

She gritted her teeth. Bonita's stubbornness, coupled with the desire boiling in her body, was pushing her resistance to the limit.

— Remember one thing: I tried to be patient with you.

Kiraphat had never been a patient woman. And now she pulled Bonita into a hungry kiss, squeezing her breasts until they overflowed between her fingers. She liked the way her skin flushed with her marks.

— Ahn... there!

Kiraphat didn't like anything wet. Then, before Bonita could climax right there, he lifted her into his arms and carried her to the bed. Her warm, damp body sank into the soft mattress, testing its quality as Kiraphat tore off his own clothes and leaned over her.

He kissed her neck, sucking the skin hard until he left marks. His hands roamed all over her body, but squeezed her breasts the most intensely.

— Don't close your eyes.

— Mmmh... more...

Kiraphat grabbed Bonita's chin, forcing her to look at him. Her eyes were shining with desire, and that made her even more tempting.

— If you want it so much... then pay attention to everything I do to you.

— Ah!

She squeezed her breasts again, reinforcing her words.

* Did you understand?

— Ahn... Yes...

* Reply.

Kiraphat demanded the answer as he gripped her chin more firmly, forcing her to moan instead of form words. From this angle, he looked like a wolf about to devour its prey.

It was an unusual scene... but it made Bonita's heart race. She liked that hunger in Kiraphat's eyes.

Her lips were nibbled, pulled and dominated in another fierce kiss. The "Queen" held nothing back now.

If before he said he was being gentle, this was definitely not gentle. His touch was more intense, his body warmer. Bonita couldn't hold back and dug her nails into her shoulders as she was taken over by the overwhelming wave of sensations.

Kiraphat pulled his lips away after a deep kiss, but his hands still roamed her body.

— Are you going to answer now?

— Y-yes...

- Excellent.

Kiraphat slid his hands down her body, squeezing her waist before pulling her closer. His fingers slid down to her hips, marking the skin more intensely.

She was never patient. She was never gentle. The clearer and softer Bonita's skin, the more she wanted to see it dyed red by her marks.

Tonight, she would be a paintbrush... and Bonita, her canvas.

But first...

— Are you sure you want this?

— Huh?

— Are you aware of what you are doing?

— Do you think this is the right time to ask this?

Bonita's irritated tone made Kiraphat sigh. He decided to change the subject. Otherwise, Bonita might turn from a bunny into a tigress.

— Can I bite?

— Hah! You already do that all the time without even asking!

Kiraphat smiled.

Great. Let her keep being sassy.

Because if he didn't tame her that night, then she didn't deserve to be called Kiraphat.

Kiraphat's mouth found the skin of her neck, leaving marks before moving down to her collarbone. He bit and sucked every inch, as if marking his territory.

— Uh... you...

She reached the place she had wanted for so long. She circled Bonita's breasts, teasing without touching the most sensitive spots, until the other arched her body, trying to force them into her mouth.

— D-don't provoke me...

Her sly tone made Kiraphat swallow hard.

Sure. She would give in this time.

Gently, he pressed his lips against one of her breasts, caressing it before swirling his tongue around it. Slowly...until it was so hard and sensitive that the slightest touch drew moans from Bonita.

The sound of his voice filled the room, making the air even more thick with desire.

And when Kiraphat pressed his fingers into the hottest, wettest spot between her legs, Bonita writhed, moaning even louder.

— Here... you're so wet...

— Ahn...

The delicate body raised her head, giving her a pleading look for her to stop teasing and torturing her like that.

— Spread your legs.

The consciousness that was beginning to return made him extremely embarrassed, but his body responded obediently to her every order, without any resistance.

Kiraphat's face moved down, running his tongue from her left breast to her right, down to her navel, intentionally leaving love marks and bite marks along the way. When he looked up and looked at Bonita, who was cowering like a helpless rabbit, his heart skipped a beat.

The sight of her body covered in love marks was simply mesmerizing. Her white skin was dotted with repeated red bruises, and yet Bonita never gave in. The more her mouth fought, the more her body responded in kind.

— Don't just stare.

Her trembling voice protested, and Kiraphat couldn't help but lean in to reward her with another kiss—this time, softer, savoring the sweetness of her lips, which had been cold before but were now beginning to warm. Then he moved down again.

He kissed every inch of skin, from her ankles to the inside of her thighs, sucking and sucking, leaving countless marks. He didn't care to hide his preferences in the slightest, because if Bonita didn't accept in the morning, there wouldn't be a second time.

— It hurts...

— You'll soon get used to it.

— Ah...

As soon as the hot tongue touched her most sensitive part, playing with it in the same way it had with her breasts, Bonita's body shivered, set ablaze by the heat. And yet, her hips rose instinctively, as if this touch was something she had been waiting for for a long time.

One of Bonita's hands gripped Kiraphat's hair, while the other gripped the sheets. Her hips moved involuntarily, seeking more contact, as if her body already knew what made her feel pleasure.

— Q-Queen...

"....."

— More... faster...

The heat inside her belly consumed her, and all she wanted was to squeeze her legs together to ease the sensation, but she couldn't, because Kiraphat was between them, his tongue exploring every inch.

The moment Kiraphat thrust his tongue inside her tight canal, Bonita arched her back, letting out a loud moan as she was overcome with pleasure.

— There... is...

"....."

— Ahh... slower...

— Oh?

— Ah... I-I can't take it...

"....."

* More!

Bonita screamed in her throat, biting her lips to keep the embarrassing moans from escaping. Her face turned to the side, her lips parted as she tried to control her breathing. Pleasure radiated throughout her body, making her shiver repeatedly.

* He arrives...

"....."

— Ahh!

Kiraphat did not listen to her. Feeling the growing wetness, he devoured her even more ravenously, ignoring the moans and spasms coming from Bonita. The wet, lewd sound of her lips sucking every drop only made his excitement rise again.

— D-don't provoke me...

"....."

— Queen... come up here and hug me.

"....."

* Please.

Her delicate body trembled like a baby bird out of its nest. As soon as she moved towards Kiraphat, she was quickly wrapped in a tight hug, muttering that she was tired. But now, look at her. Who is tired and keeps kissing other people’s necks like that?

His soft, repeated kisses only rekindled her desire. Did she really not notice?

— Is it over yet?

* What?

Kiraphat didn't want to waste time talking. He leaned down, kissing her lips, bending one knee to lift her leg and position her better. Then, without hesitation, he slid his fingers into the same place he had just explored with his tongue.

— Mmhh...

Bonita moaned, biting Kiraphat's lips as pleasure washed over her again. When they pulled away, Kiraphat nibbled on her earlobe before pushing his fingers inside, slowly and deliberately.

— Ah...

It was hot and tight in every direction.

— Does it hurt?

— I-I... it's weird...

— Strange? Then bear with it. You asked for it.

So why ask if he had already decided? Bonita was about to complain, but before she could, her lips were captured again. As Kiraphat kissed her, his fingers moved inside her, slow and teasing.

When he noticed that Bonita was beginning to adjust, he sped up his movements, mercilessly. His eyes were fixed on her face, watching her every expression intently as he dominated her completely.

What Bonita didn't know was that by doing this, Kiraphat discovered exactly where she was most sensitive - and, of course, focused even more on those spots. She loved seeing her submissive, surrendered to his whims.

— Don't look away.

— Mmh... don't tease me...

— What did you call me before?

She asked as her fingers continued their torment. The way they moved, slowly moving in and out, made it even harder for Bonita to answer.

"....." Was that the time to ask?

— Call me again. I want to see your face when you do.

Bonita bit her lips. Did she want to see her completely fall apart in embarrassment?

— D-do you like this?

— If you want to know the answer, call me again.

— Ah... s-slower...

Instead of slowing down, Kiraphat increased his speed, making Bonita's body shiver uncontrollably. In addition to being provocative, she was also authoritative.

— Call me.

Kiraphat leaned in to kiss her again, as he thrust harder into her.

The sound of his movements echoed through the room, and seeing Bonita trying to open her mouth to call out to him only made him continue to tease her even more.

— Ah... hmmm...

— Call a little louder, please.

She whispered close to her ear, placing a soft kiss. The gentle words contrasted with her movements, which were bolder. She tried to open her mouth to speak, but she couldn't form words. The feeling of pleasure grew, like a wave approaching the shore. Her belly tightened, as if something was about to be released.

— I... I'll finish.

- Serious?

— Hmmm...

She pounded into her as hard as she could, but when her face moved down to bite her breast, the pleasure increased even more. Finally, she gave in to her climax, coming undone and losing all energy.

She hugged Kiraphat tightly, sobbing because of the pleasure that hit her repeatedly. However, one thing she felt was that she seemed to be controlling some emotion, although she herself did not know what it was.

— I haven't heard you say it yet. Is it over yet? — Kiraphat asked, joking.

— Hmmm, don't tease me.

— I haven't even done anything yet.

— Then take your hand away.

— Speak first.

— Daddy.

"...."

— Daddy, please.

— Hmmm

— How strange. You said you didn't like the nickname I gave you.

— Talk less.

— Ah!

Kiraphat moved her fingers to discipline the naughty girl before saying something like a threat, but it wasn't quite that. She didn't want to let the girl rest so easily. There would be no chance for her to achieve her dreams on her own since she would also come after her.

— You better not be stubborn while you're fighting my fingers.

— Don't threaten me.

— Tell me more.

— Ah, slower.

She didn't get much rest. Bonita's body was turned over so that she was face down on the bed, and her back became the target of a full-grown wolf, who bit and sucked her. Her hips were struck repeatedly until they were sore.

Bonita screamed as her intimacy was pressed by the same spot. The embarrassing sound escaped, without her being able to stop it in the slightest.

— I... can't take it.

— You can handle it.

Kiraphat clenched her jaw as she moved her hips. The touch on her pushed her over the edge. There were still many things she wanted to do to the girl, but she had to control herself, or the punishment would be even more intense.

— Stronger, please.

— You said you couldn't take it.

Bonita scratched Kiraphat’s arms as she mounted her. Without any kindness, Kiraphat treated her with intensity. The more Bonita showed weakness, the more she increased the pressure. She could only fight back, there was no room for kindness.

— Do you only have this strength?

— Save your mouth for shouting.

Kiraphat squeezed Bonita's chin, not letting her moan, because after so many provocative words, she kissed her hard, keeping her quiet to punish her.

— Hmmm...

Her body was shaking, she couldn't even count how many times that happened. She didn't know if it was because of the drug or Kiraphat's strength, which was taking complete control of her body. Expressions and sounds she never imagined she would make were escaping her.

When she realized it, she was exhausted, almost falling asleep after reaching her final climax. Kiraphat hugged her from behind, kissing her shoulder where he had left bite marks. Bonita shuddered, being thrown down by the intensity of the pleasure, curling up like a small bird.

—Has the drug worn off yet? It must have worn off by now, it's been hours.

As far as she knew, drugs like that lasted for an hour at most, but she had been enjoying herself with her body for much longer. How was this not over yet?

— I don't want it anymore.

Bonita tried to pull away from the mouth that was pressing down on her, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't escape. If she were a police officer, she would be the criminal being interrogated until she was completely clean.

Kiraphat smiled at the sight. Throughout the night, Bonita had never refused anything she had offered. The more aggressive Kiraphat was, the more she resisted. It was clear that if she hadn’t been so stubborn, Kiraphat would have gone to any lengths necessary.

— Hmmm... I'm tired.

— If you wake up and start complaining, I will punish you.

Understand?

Exhausted, Bonita turned to her, her eyes half closed, and said, “You want to punish me, don’t you?”

— Don't stop now.

— Let me rest.

"....."

— Don't be naughty with the babe, okay?

Bonita spoke, raising her head and kissing his chin cutely, something she didn't usually do, before immediately falling asleep. Kiraphat remained silent, watching her attitude.

I couldn't deny that I liked the way she acted.

— If you wake up and forget, I'll make you suffer even more, you brat.

# Chapter 12 : Once again

A deep sigh sounded before her eyelids slowly fluttered open. Her body ached as if it had been used intensely all night. The overwhelming sensations that had enveloped her for hours felt vague, almost like a dream.

Bonita wasn't sure what really happened the night before. Why was I completely naked when I woke up? The last thing he saw before falling into a deep sleep was Queen's face. Could it have just been a dream? She asked herself repeatedly, frowning. But when her feet touched the cold ground and her fragile legs had no strength to support her, she knew immediately that it was all real.

Where were you?

The person who should be the first to see when he woke up... Where had he gone? The bright sun indicated that it was already late, but that didn't matter as much as the doubt that tormented her. If that really happened, why did you wake up alone? And if it had just been a dream, why was his body so sore? The burning sensation between her thighs indicated that she had been touched, truly explored.

Thinking about it was no use. With difficulty, she managed to support herself and enter the bathroom, after resting for almost ten minutes. Walking normally was not easy when her legs were shaking like that, as if she had overdone it with physical exercise.

But when she entered the bathroom, instead of simply washing herself as she wanted, Bonita stood paralyzed in front of the large mirror. Her reflection showed a naked body covered in red marks.

She could hardly imagine which parts of her body had not been touched the night before.

Her neck had a few scattered marks, not very large, but when he looked down, he saw that her breasts were covered in bites mixed with reddish bruises. The nipples were sensitive, as if they had been stimulated all night. Feeling ashamed, she covered her chest with her hands. Looking down at her abdomen, she bit her lip as she noticed marks even around her belly button.

Bonita closed her eyes immediately, not daring to look any further down. The images were vague, but the sensations were becoming clearer. She had been completely taken over the night before.

But speaking of which... waking up alone after remembering what happened was enough to make her heart drop. Everything he had was taken by Queen. Everything, in fact. Only his heart remained, which still hesitated to be given. What if, for Queen, it had all been nothing more than a passing pleasure? What would she do?

She didn't want to be disappointed in love. She wanted to love just one person for a long time. That's why this fear dominated her. In the silence between the two, nothing was clear.

— Sigh...

After washing herself, feeling more refreshed, Bonita took the liberty of opening her wardrobe and putting on a white shirt to cover her body. There was no sign of her clothes anywhere, and there was no one there to ask permission.

The voices coming from outside stopped the moment the bedroom door opened. Kiraphat frowned as he looked in the direction of the sound, while Kita raised his eyebrows in surprise to see Bonita walking out of the room wearing only a dress shirt. The red marks on her neck and thighs made it clear what had happened.

— Oh!

Bonita didn't expect to meet a man like that either. She was so embarrassed that she stopped immediately, not realizing that she was irritating someone.

“What are you looking at, King?” Kiraphat asked his older brother, who quickly looked away. Before Bonita could understand anything, she was pulled back into the room, confused.

— Why did you go out dressed like that?

— I wanted to know why I woke up with nothing and full of marks on my body. What happened?

Bonita faked a sudden amnesia, just to see how Queen would react. Would she pretend not to know anything? Or would she get angry, as she had promised before?

But what really bothered her was not finding Queen when she woke up. At least in those moments, she could wait until she was awake. Waking up without her was scary. What if you left the room and couldn't find her? What would you do?

— Don't you remember?

Kiraphat asked, his voice lower, his gaze less intense. In addition to the irritation that Bonita had exposed herself to her brother, a feeling akin to disappointment appeared on his face.

— No, I don't remember.

Bonita's innocent look made Queen believe her. For the first time, the imposing woman looked vulnerable. Normally, Queen was like a queen in her castle, with no weaknesses. But now, she seemed to have let her guard down.

— I just remember that I drank and started to feel really hot. You took me to the car, and the next thing I knew, I woke up here, covered in bruises.

Queen sighed deeply and looked at her again, a serious tone in her voice.

— Are you sure you don't remember?

— You don't believe me?

— I just want to make sure you're not lying. Because if you are, I promise you won't be leaving this room any time soon.

- Why?

— If you don't remember, do you want me to refresh your memory? From the bathroom to the bed?

“.....”

— Why are you silent?

— I asked what happened, I didn't ask you to remind me. Because, in fact, I remember it very well.

In the end, Bonita admitted the truth. From her words and her gaze, it was obvious that she was saying what she truly felt. If she let the matter drag on, she might end up being forced to relive it all over again. And her body definitely couldn’t handle any more punishment from that insatiable woman.

— You're cheeky...

Queen muttered, pulling Bonita by the waist. Her body felt even lighter than the night before, perhaps because she was lacking strength and had not eaten anything yet. She was so fragile that Queen worried that if she squeezed her too tightly, she would end up hurting herself.

— I already repeated everything.

— You can repeat it again. I already told you, use it again. If you don't remember, I'll finish you.

Bonita arched her eyebrow before replying, “I haven’t seen anyone finish anyone off yet.”

— We'll see.

She reaffirmed her words as she firmly gripped the other woman’s slender waist. Bonita always stood up to her in everything. In fact, she was good at fighting back. Even in bed, she didn’t back down. Would this woman ever think of giving in?

— Don't you know that letting me wake up alone after an intense battle isn't cute at all?

— I just left quickly to take care of something.

Kiiraphat immediately retorted. What do you mean she abandoned her? That was an exaggerated accusation.

— But that's okay. I'll consider that you helped me.

* To help?

— Yes. After all, I was the one who asked you last night, wasn't I?

Kiraphat’s serious face returned. The mood that seemed to be improving fell apart the moment Bonita said that.

— We are nothing. You don't need to take responsibility for what happened. I'm not a child to cry about what happened.

* I understand.

Kiraphat released her hand from Bonita’s waist and immediately took a step back. She shouldn’t feel this way, but she couldn’t help it. The disappointment that was growing inside her made her not even want to look at the other’s face at that moment.

— Don't make that angry face.

Bonita walked over and raised her hand to touch the corner of the woman’s mouth, which now displayed only sternness. The weight of the atmosphere was so intense that she wondered if she had done something wrong without realizing it. Normally, no matter what she said, the other woman never reacted like this.

Why would today be any different?

— Ah!

This time, it was Bonita who frowned as her hand was slapped away, as if her touch was unwelcome.

— If you want me to pretend nothing happened, then I'll do that.

"....."

—But don't think I'd sleep with anyone who asked, just to help. I'm not that nice.

— Are you angry?

— And why wouldn't I be?

Kiraphat replied in a harsh voice. Silence filled the space, completely filling the room and making everything suffocating.

— I'll talk to King for a moment. When I'm done, I'll let you know.

As for your clothes, I'll ask the maid to bring them.

— And why does it have to be the maid?

— Or should it be me?

"....."

Bonita realized at that moment that Kiraphat was really angry. Her face, her gaze, and even her voice betrayed it. Furthermore, the coldness with which he treated her made her heart tighten. These feelings shouldn't even exist, but they were there.

— When you cross the finish line, victory is yours. But if you refuse to accept it, it means you have already lost your prize to someone else.

— I don't understand. — Bonita replied in a soft tone.

— But I know you understand.

What had happened between them the night before was not something that could be erased. It had happened over and over again. So by acting as if nothing had happened, as if it wasn’t important, Bonita was making it clear that she didn’t want anything more than what already existed between them.

The relationship between the two would be stagnant. No elevator to go up, no stairs to walk. From now on, they would just be boss and employee.

— Why are you mad at me?

Bonita stood in front of the door, stopping Kiraphat from leaving. Why act like she had done something wrong by trying to take responsibility for what had happened? Did she even have the right to want something more between them? Kiraphat had never said anything about it either.

— That's none of your business.

— Don't act like a child, Queen.

— That's none of your business either.

The stern look Kiraphat gave her made her heart ache. She hated that look. She didn’t want that.

— Don't look at me like that.

— And who do you think you are to give me orders?

"....."

— Get out of the way. I don't have time to talk to you.

— I don't want to be mad at you.

Kiraphat let out a dry laugh, grabbed Bonita's arm, and pulled her away from the door.

- That's your business.

But instead of backing away, Bonita just stared at her with teary eyes. She didn’t even have time to react when the tears fell. It wasn’t because of pain, not because she had squeezed her arm, but because Kiraphat was being cold. Adding that to the effort of appearing strong, it was too much to hold back.

— You… Are hurting me.

Hearing this, Kiraphat immediately released his hand as if it had touched fire. His face remained stern, but the anger was still there.

— I'm not going to do anything to you. You don't need to cry.

"....."

— I just wanted you to move out of the way. Did it hurt that much?

— Yes.

Bonita nodded and wiped her tears with the back of her hand before looking at her. It actually hadn't hurt that much. But the tears came because Kiraphat was angry.

— Now you have to take responsibility.

— Huh? For what?

- I don't know.

— If you don't know, why did you say that?

"....."

— Don't come demanding responsibility without even knowing why.

Kiraphat’s harsh tone made Bonita feel like she no longer wanted to hold back. Ah, you wanted her to speak? Very well then!

— Why wouldn't I know? I'm your woman now. All night, in fact.

"....."

— You only know how to be hard on me, don't you? Is this how you're going to be for the rest of your life? Are you never going to talk to me properly?

Kiraphat frowned. “Are you really awake? Did you forget what you said before?”

— So what? Can't you at least try to win me over? Show that you care about what will happen to us?

"....."

—Or are you just going to accept what I say without question and then get angry like a child?

— Do I have to win you over? You were the one who pissed me off first!

— Yes, and...?

Kiraphat let out another dry laugh, running his hand through his hair to try to contain his growing anger. He tried to control himself so as not to shake Bonita until he made her understand. She had barely woken up and was already arguing with her.

— I wanted to talk to you about this too. But when I saw you, you said that I didn't need to do anything, that I could just consider it as help. So tell me, how should I react?" — And you think I'm not afraid?

— Don't raise your voice at me.

Kiraphat scolded her. Her brother was outside the room, not that close. Besides, she wasn’t the type to explain or tell her personal matters to others. It wasn’t that she was ashamed of anything, she just didn’t like it.

— Then why did you raise your voice at me first?

— Beautiful, speak properly.

When she was reprimanded, Bonita remained silent, saying nothing. It didn't matter. If she wanted to get angry enough to not want to talk, kick her out, or do anything, she could do it. She didn't have the patience to explain anything at that moment. She took a step back, away from the heavy door, and spoke in a soft tone: — I'm not in your way anymore. Go ahead.

"......"

— Please ask the maid to bring my clothes as soon as possible, so I can go back to my room and get ready.

Excellent!

Kiraphat wanted to sigh out loud. Not even ten minutes had passed, and the stubborn girl had already become irritated and sulked, making her seem like the one in the wrong in the situation, even though she had started it first.

What kind of relationship was that, anyway?

— You spoke in a way that irritated me first, and now you want to act offended?

— That's my problem.

— If you say one more ironic word, I'll kiss you right now.

—But if you kiss me, I'll consider you an apology.

As soon as she finished speaking, Bonita's face was gently lifted, followed by the light touch of his lips on hers. It wasn't a hungry or fierce kiss like the night before, but it made it clear that she really was apologizing in that way.

The apology took several minutes. Afterwards, Bonita left the room more tidy, with her hand being held firmly as she walked alongside. And the phrase that convinced her to follow it was: — Let's wait for King to leave and then we'll talk. But if you sulk again, I'll lock you in bed. You'll only be able to leave to go to the bathroom.

— You like giving orders, don't you?

— I gave several last night too. Have you forgotten?

—But it may be a long time before I need to be "taught" again.

* He is sure?
* I have.

. .

The main conversation with Kita was about what Kongthap did the night before. When the boy saw Bonita's condition, he became furious. In addition to messing with his sister, Kongthap also caused his future sister-in-law to go through trouble.

But he had to admit that he was impressed when Bonita took the glass and drank it instead of Kiraphat, without knowing what had been mixed into the drink. It was an impulsive act, but it showed that she would never betray her sister. Kiraphat had finally met her match.

When Kita left, silence filled the room again. Bonita didn't know how to act. Unable to argue or find a way to win over the other, everything seemed strange.

— Are you sleepy?

* What?

— Are you sleepy?

* A little.

— But I'm hungry. Make me something to eat.

— Do I look like a cook to you?

Kiraphat shook his head.

— No. You look like my wife.

"......"

— If you deny it, I'll refresh your memory.

— Has anyone ever told you that you are a dictator?

— Then feel happy. I'm only like this with those I care about: my sister, my brother, my family.

"....."

—Isn't it nice to be included in this?

— What do you want to eat?

— Changing the subject?

— Yes, changing the subject.

It was the first time Kiraphat had seen Bonita blush so much and look away in embarrassment. Deep down, she was just a small girl who was forced to act strong.

— Come here.

— Where to?

— You already worked hard enough last night. You don't have to cook for me.

— Ah?

— I already sent for food.

"....."

— I'm not teasing you, so you don't need to make that angry face. You don't scare me.

— Why? My face looks cute to you, is that it?

— Where did you get this mania of thinking you're so good?

— They say that habits are absorbed through interaction. And lately, I've only been with you. What do you think?

— You're asking for it...

. .

Bonita often felt confused about herself. Part of her felt that she could be who she really was with Kiraphat, without having to hide anything or live up to anyone's expectations.

But another part of her mind insisted that they were very different. She had nothing that made her worthy of being by her side – no status, no fame, not even knowledge or skills.

Standing next to Kiraphat, she felt like she was betting everything. If she chose to move forward, she could never go back. But if she decided to stop here, she knew Kiraphat would not wait for her.

— How far do you think our story can go?

Kiraphat immediately understood what she meant and, without answering right away, he moved closer until their shoulders touched.

— You've cried before while I sat silently behind you, haven't you?

— Yes.

— But today, if you cry, I'll hug you until you feel better. No matter the reason.

"....."

— Do you think this is a good or bad change?

* I don't know.
* You know.

Kiraphat gently cupped Bonita's delicate face, lightly caressing her lips before resting his palm on her cheek.

Bonita was fragile like glass. She was ready to break at any moment, but at the same time, she didn't seem to fear this fragility. She just lived like that, between recklessness and fear.

— Our history has long since passed the count of "one". You know that.

— Is that why you're so nice to me?

—That's why you're still here too, isn't it?

What the hell...

Queen never gave direct answers. She always left riddles for

Bonita to figure out. But in the end, it was true. There was a reason Kiraphat treated her well, just as there was a reason Bonita didn’t leave. Maybe it was something they both knew, even without having to say it.

— When will you speak clearly?

— When the time is right.

— I want to hear.

* To hear?

— What do you feel for me?

— Does someone who only trusts me 10% have the right to ask that?

— Even if I didn't trust you at all, I would still like to be the only person with the right to ask you anything.

— Don't be sneaky.

— What if I want to be?

— Babe.

* What?

— So, what's your decision?

— About what?

— What are you still afraid of?

— Of everything.

Kiraphat sighed.

— Then be as afraid as you want. I myself will make that fear disappear.

— I never taught you to be conceited like that.

Had anyone ever told Bonita that her habit of constantly talking back made anyone want to provoke her?

— Why should I be obsessed with you?

— Don't you think that would be an interesting idea?

Just as their faces were about to come closer, Bonita’s phone vibrated intensely. She looked at the screen and, upon seeing the name on the call, answered immediately without hesitation. Before she could say anything, a serious voice on the other end of the line began to speak: [Bonita, your mother asked someone to contact me. They said she is very sick, but has no money for treatment. Now, she is bedridden at home.]

- My mom?

Bonita frowned. Before she left home, her mother had seemed perfectly fine, with no signs of illness. The only thing that seemed to be affecting her was her drinking and gambling addiction. Other than that, nothing seemed to be able to bring her down.

[I don't know if it's true or not, but the photos they sent me show that she really looks like she's in bad shape. Why don't you go see how she is?]

Bonita bit her lip, hesitant.

— I'll think about it.

She ended the call and was lost in thought. It was at that moment that she felt Kiraphat's arms wrap around her waist, pulling her into a tight hug against his chest.

— You won't.

- What?

— Whatever you're thinking of doing, I won't allow it. Got it?

# Chapter 13 : No One Else

— Do you know where I'm going?

Bonita gave herself completely to the hug when she realized that she had someone willing to be her refuge. She pulled her legs close to her chest, hugging them instinctively. Her body spoke for her: even though she trusted Kiraphat more, it was still not completely. Or maybe she was just used to comforting herself alone.

— With that, I'm not playing with you, Babe.

“.....”

— I said you're not going, and that means you're not going. Got it?

Kiraphat's voice was both gentle and firm. Bonita couldn't explain what she felt when she heard it, only that it warmed her heart.

But despite this, he couldn't help but let out a worried sigh. She liked the way Kiraphat cared for her, but she didn't like the fact that she always seemed to guess what was on her mind. Still, it was strange: instead of feeling suffocated like before, her heart felt lighter. Maybe because, now, Queen was by his side and, therefore, the problems with his mother no longer seemed to take up so much space in his thoughts.

The ironic thing was that the person who was supposed to be her safe haven was also the one who made her feel the most exhausted. Her mother never asked if she was willing, she just pushed the entire weight onto her shoulders without hesitation.

Bonita always wanted the best for her mother, but she also needed to love herself. Otherwise, I would spend my whole life trying to satisfy her without ever being happy.

Saying "no" to others is sometimes saying "yes" to your own happiness. She couldn't spend her whole life sacrificing herself. Nobody could.

— Do you want to tell me?

Suddenly, Queen’s voice softened. She knew Bonita was dealing with something difficult, but even so, Bonita didn’t want to make her worry. She also didn’t want to rely on her too much, afraid that if Queen was no longer around, her life would fall apart even further.

— Are you interested in my story now?

She teased, trying to change the tense mood of the conversation. But Queen didn't take the bait.

- No.

“.....”

—I just thought that if you wanted to talk, you'd know I'm willing to listen. It's not like I'm dying to know about your life or anything.

Bonita couldn't hold back a smile. She threw herself against Queen with force, practically sinking into the hug, and closed her eyes.

— You can be cute when you want, you know?

— Cute? What nonsense.

Kiiraphat frowned. She definitely didn’t fit that word. She preferred to be called strong, smart… anything other than “cute.” She thought of herself as a “cool girl,” not a “cute girl.” And Bonita probably thought so too.

— Well, at least to me, you're cute.

Bonita whispered and fell silent. Kiraphat almost thought she had fallen asleep. He leaned his face in, about to kiss her cheek, but then he heard a soft voice break the silence.

— If I don't go... and my mother is really sick, what do I do?

— When you left there, didn't you think about it?

— No. I just wanted to get out. The future didn’t matter. My present was all I had. I didn’t have that many choices. Some people come to a crossroads and choose a path. I only had one.

“.....”

— And to think she always seemed so strong.

She was talking about her mother. Throughout her life, she had rarely seen her mother get sick. She, the daughter, was always the weak one, and that was why she was always reprimanded for being a burden.

The funny thing was that when her mother was healthy and comfortable, Bonita didn't exist for her. But whenever she needed help, Bonita was the first one to be called.

The hesitation in Bonita's voice made Kiraphat repeat his decision. Bonita could stay informed about her mother without having to go there. The danger was unpredictable. The man Kiraphat had sent to teach a "lesson" had disappeared for a while, but she knew he still frequented Bonita's mother's house, probably collecting the hundred thousand debt.

Kiraphat could see only two scenarios: In the best case scenario, Bonita’s mother really was sick and could be taken to a hospital. But the worst case scenario—and the one she feared most—was that the woman was faking it just to manipulate her daughter again.

Either way, she wouldn’t let Bonita put herself at risk. If Bonita was “her person,” then Kiraphat would make sure she was safe. She might not be perfect at protecting her, but she would never allow anyone to destroy her.

— My decision remains the same: you won't go.

Bonita smiled slightly.

- I know.

—But if you really want to go, give me three good reasons. If you do, I'll take you myself.

— Hm?

— You heard right.

— If you do that, I'll end up thinking you care about me.

Kiraphat might not realize it, but his concern was evident. Bonita could see it in his eyes, in his touch. She knew she was not alone.

— Then think whatever you want. Who said you can't?

. .

Kiraphat had not left his room for two days. The bruises were starting to fade, but not completely yet. She kept herself isolated, as if she wanted to escape the world for a while. Even her obsession with news had taken a break.

And coincidentally, Bonita didn't have classes that day either.

But she liked being together like this, without complications. The other never imposed what she should or shouldn't do. If she was reading a book, for example, the other would not interrupt her, unless she was hungry, murmuring so that she could hear until she had to get up and cook with the ingredients available in the refrigerator.

And it would have continued like this without her suspecting anything, if it hadn't been for the phone call from her best friend, who alerted her to the fact that her mother, who claimed to be ill, had given an interview to a political journalist, causing great damage to Miss. Queen and her family. The newspaper headline only made her even more angry: "Endless scandal! The drama of the mysterious woman and her stepdaughter, the daughter of a famous politician, who abandoned her sick mother. The mother cries out for compassion through the media, begging for her daughter to return, as she only has this daughter. Meanwhile, the boyfriend laments having lost his love without having a choice."

She clicked to read the full article. In addition to her mother’s interview, there were also photos of her and Miss Queen, taken in secret. Some were from the university, others from the front of the place where she worked, although they were blurred. Now she understood why the other was reclusive. She was being attacked by society. But the worst part was that, even with something so serious happening, the other didn’t even bother to tell her.

— You didn't think to tell me what was going on?

The anger in her voice was evident. Miss Queen raised her eyebrows, but when she showed her the headline, her expression changed, and the other just sighed.

— That's not important.

— Isn't it important? But it made you stay locked in your room for days, without working, without going out, eating anything I prepared with the few ingredients we had.

Miss Queen waited patiently for her to finish speaking before responding in a calmer tone than usual.

— Listen, I haven’t stopped working. My work can be done from here. I’m not avoiding going out because of this news. And as for the simple food you prepared, these are dishes I like. Otherwise, why would I keep fresh ingredients in the refrigerator?

— You're lying.

— I'm not. While you study, I work. When you sleep, I'm still working. The only break I take is when you cook and when we go to sleep together.

— If I'm causing you trouble, just say so.

Bonita persisted, refusing to believe that the other woman was truly unaffected. She looked again at the headline. People of status like Miss Queen, with a name recognized in society, would certainly be impacted. She feared that the other woman’s silence was actually an implicit acknowledgement of the problem.

But in the end, it was all her fault.

— And at what point did I say this got me into trouble?

Miss Queen asked calmly. She wasn’t really affected. In fact, she was pleased with the news’ impact, as it made her wish come closer to reality.

— I just didn't leave because I wanted the marks on your body to disappear first.

“.....”

— I'm not ashamed of having done them, but I don't want others to look at you the wrong way.

— There is something called makeup, you know?

— I know. But if I have a choice, I'd rather you not have to put something unknown on your skin for so long. Isn't it uncomfortable?

“.....”

— Don't make that face.

— What face?

— The one you're doing now.

— And what's that face?

— The one out of surprise because I was worried about you.

The other's frankness caught her off guard. It was as if she was stepping on the accelerator hard and then suddenly being forced to step on the brakes. The anger that had built up in her simply disappeared without her realizing when.

— How do you know I don't like having something on my skin that makes me uncomfortable?

— That's my business.

—But your matter involves me.

* And even?

— Miss Queen.

* What it was?

— Don't provoke me.

— Then I'd rather not know.

* What?!

Miss. Queen chuckled softly. Bonita looked both embarrassed and frustrated at being teased. But the truth was that her concern went beyond the marks on the other's body. She feared that the flood of news-hungry journalists would affect her.

Bonita wasn't the only one to blame herself for all of this. Miss. Queen also couldn't help but think that by bringing her into his life, his peaceful routine had been altered. She accepted that the news spread because it benefited her own goals. But Bonita didn't have the same privilege.

Bringing the other into his orbit was a purely selfish act. He could have easily let her go and moved on with her life, but he chose not to.

— You have class tomorrow. So go.

- What?

Miss Queen walked over. The marks on the other’s neck were already almost gone. By tomorrow, they would probably be unnoticeable. With the help of her hair to hide them, there would be no problem.

She gently slid her fingers over the reddened skin, looking into her eyes before murmuring, — It should be gone by tomorrow.

Bonita didn't like the way her heart raced when she heard that.

She didn't like it at all. The other woman was behaving in a way that left her feeling increasingly helpless.

. .

Bonita finally returned to university. But, unlike usual, Miss. Queen drove her away. Before, she always went alone. Despite losing a scholarship to someone else, she still had considerable savings now that she no longer had to spend money on her mother's supposed expenses.

— I'll come and pick you up in the afternoon.

Miss. Queen said as she arrived at the entrance of the building. Bonita opened her mouth, ready to refuse, but when she saw the other's firm gaze, she decided not to contradict her. I didn't want to resist the care I was receiving. So, he accepted.

* Thanks.

— Hm. If I need something, I'll hook up.

* Also?

— Get the number right away, no beating around the bush.

The slender body let out a laugh, because the "Queen's" expression when asking for the number was something she should have captured in a photo. In addition to being full of pomp, she still made sure to maintain her pose.

— Do you want me to call you or are you going to call me?

* Whatever.

— If I don't call, will you call me?

Bonita chose to rephrase the question and by simply changing the words a little she got a different meaning. She believed it.

— I'll call you if you keep me waiting for more than 10 minutes.

* Then...

— And there will also be a punishment for making me wait.

Hearing this, the young woman pouted and let out an involuntary grunt. After all, this woman always found a way to pressure her.

— In that case, please don't hurt too much in the punishment.

"....."

— I'll wait.

— Oh, really?

. .

The good mood that surrounded her all day disappeared in the blink of an eye. As soon as classes ended, before she was even late for her meeting with Queen, Bonita found her mother waiting right in front of the college building.

— It was worth rummaging through your room until I found your class schedule.

She barely had time to react before she was pulled into a more secluded corner. And then came the reprimands and slaps from her mother, who tried to punish her as she had done when she was a child.

— You are an ungrateful daughter! You managed to do well for yourself and now you want to abandon me?

— Get along with what, mom!?

Bonita frowned as she tried to defend herself, but it was no use. Her mother pinched and hit her mercilessly. The worst part was that she didn’t have the courage to push her hard.

— Now that you have a millionaire supporting you, you left me alone in that old, crumbling house! Do you know that Khem threatens me every day because of the money I took from him?

Her mother's face was red and tense. Only then did Bonita realize how much weight she had lost.

— If you want to marry Khem, then marry yourself. I will not marry him.

PLA!

A slap slapped Bonita's face. Her mother, overcome with anger and impatience, was seething with irritation because of the heat and the time she had waited.

— Do you have the courage to talk to me like that?

— And why did you accept his money?

Bonita ignored the pain and fought back. It was strange how, when she endured everything in silence, no one noticed. But the moment she decided not to take it anymore, everyone seemed to care. Including her mother.

— Oh, you ungrateful girl! I already told you that you were going to marry him, but you decided to run away from home! Do you know how much that hurt me? The money ran out, I had to run away to avoid being charged!

— Oh, so that's why you called Mint in sick?

— And what else could I do!? Do you know how generous Khem is? He always covers my debts! And you still don't realize how good a husband he is!

— How many times do I have to say that Khem is just a friend? I never wanted to be his wife!

Bonita's voice grew firmer. But even though she said it so clearly, her mother didn't hear it.

— And who said you have a choice? Go home!

— I'm not going back.

Mom grabbed her wrist tightly. Bonita tried to break free, but her body was already covered in scratches. The smell of alcohol on the mother's breath made it clear that, despite financial difficulties, she never gave up drinking.

— Do you want to catch more?

The loud voice began to attract attention. Bonita lowered her head, but it was too late. Some people started recording with their cell phones. The mother, however, didn't care. All he wanted was to take his daughter home, as he believed he had an obligation to support her in exchange for being raised.

— Let go, mom!

— I won't let go! Don't be stubborn, you ungrateful girl!

"....."

— Look at this! Record everything! This girl has no respect, she ran away to live in luxury and left me in misery!

As she screamed, her mother hit and pinched her. Bonita’s arm was covered in red marks. In the middle of the fight, she ended up tripping and falling backwards on the wooden bench. Her elbow scraped the floor, leaving a bleeding cut. The pain made her eyes fill with tears, but her mother didn’t even notice.

The only thing the woman wanted was to ensure that if her daughter did not marry Khem, she would at least support her financially.

— Auntie, do you really need to do this?

A student approached, trying to help Bonita up, but the mother stopped him with a shout.

— Don't interfere! This is between mother and daughter! She deserves this!

Then he turned to Bonita with more criticism.

— Stop pretending! Stand up now, or I will expose everything so that everyone knows the truth!

— Expose what, exactly?

A firm voice echoed. Kiraphat appeared before them.

In fact, she had been waiting in front of the college for a while now, because she wanted to take Bonita to sort everything out with her own mother. That way, she could put an end to this story once and for all. But she didn't expect to meet Bonita's mother first.

— And who are you? Don't meddle in other people's families!

Kiraphat ignored the scolding and helped Bonita up. When he saw the tears and bruises on her body, his anger grew even more, like a kettle about to explode.

— Bonita is already an adult. She has every right to choose her life. Not even her mother can control her.

His voice echoed throughout the place. Each word was spoken with clarity and conviction, to the point that those listening swallowed hard.

—And what does a stranger know? I created her! I paid for everything for her!

— How much did you pay, exactly?

Kiraphat asked in a serious tone, holding the other's delicate shoulders in a gesture of implicit protection.

— If you want to demand something, please state an amount, but make it reasonable. If you can attach the receipts, that would be even better.

“.....”

— And as for the interviews you gave about me with false information, get ready. We will meet in court.

Bua realized at that moment who the woman in front of her was, holding her daughter. For the first time, she felt fear. Her posture, her tone of voice, and even the authority she exuded made it clear that she was in the presence of someone powerful. All she could do was remain silent, watching as she took her daughter away. However, she could still hear her politely asking some students to delete the photos they had taken with their cell phones.

— Please delete the footage you recorded. If any video leaks and harms me or your colleagues, I won’t be so patient.

Kiraphat knew he couldn't just be nice. Sometimes he had to command respect.

. .

The young woman remained silent, letting Kiraphat take care of first aid without saying a word. She lowered her head so much that her chin touched her chest.

— Let's go to my house to take better care of this wound. I need to go back there today.

Kiraphat's voice was softer than before.— Yes.

Now, the girl obeyed without hesitation. Her initial fear had turned into frustration. She was tired of her mother controlling her life, as if she could dictate her every move just because she had given birth to her.

As the car drove on, she broke the silence by stroking the red mark on her arm, left by a pinch. She tried to find a way to cut off these endless problems once and for all.

— What do I need to do?

- What?

— What do I need to do to get my mom and Khim to leave me alone?

She was so exhausted that she just wanted to get out of that mess. But she saw no way out, because as long as they knew where she studied and how she lived, they would continue to interfere.

—How far do I have to run to get away from them?

Kiraphat felt the pain in the young woman’s words. He raised his hand and gently stroked her hair. Bonita, in turn, fell onto her shoulder. Her body trembled, so Kiraphat pulled her into a protective embrace.

At that moment, Bonita looked as fragile as a porcelain doll.

— Stay with me. You don't have to go anywhere.

“.....”

— Don't you know that, since you're mine, you don't have to bow your head to anyone? And you don't have to run away from anyone either.

- I didn't know.

— Now you know.

. .

Mrs. Kirin was shocked to see her daughter come home with a young girl wearing a student uniform but in a very unpresentable state.

— Oh my God! What happened, Queen?

Bonita bowed respectfully to the middle-aged woman, whose face resembled that of the woman beside her. The lady returned the gesture before rushing to examine the wounds, without anyone expecting it.

— Why are you like this? I asked Queen to just talk to her!

— Mom, I didn't do anything to her.

— So who did it?

Bonita forced a weak smile. “My mother.”

Silence fell over the room immediately. Mrs. Kirin frowned. When her daughter asked for permission to take the injured girl to get her wounds tended to, she simply nodded without hesitation.

After about ten minutes, Kiraphat returned to the room. His face displayed a clearly irritated expression, but his mother didn’t want to jump to conclusions.

— Mom, do you want to say something?

— Didn't the girl come with you?

— I asked her to wait in the room.

The lady nodded. “About the news that came out, I think everything is getting out of hand. It’s already affecting Thannawasin and the party. Besides, that person we discussed a possible political alliance with wants to know how things are going.”

— I know the situation got complicated, but about this alliance… I don't remember agreeing to anything.

— I just wanted you two to get to know each other better. If you really don’t want to get involved in politics, I won’t force you. But stop using this gossip about you to pressure me and Mr. Wasin.

Kiraphat sighed in frustration. Typical of her mother. She always knew exactly what was going on and why. Yes, she had let the gossip spread on purpose, but if she gave in on one point, her mother would soon ask for more.

— Mom, you know you can't force me.

— Is it so hard to please me just once?

— Mom, if it's not someone I choose on my own, it's no one.

— At least go have dinner or make friends. If you like women, I don't mind, as long as it's someone I approve of.

Kiraphat frowned. “I already have plenty of friends. And plenty of enemies. I don’t see why I need more.”

— Don't tell me you love that girl.

— Let me tell her first, then I'll tell you, okay?

— Queen! I never stopped you from doing anything, but choose someone appropriate!

— Appropriate in what sense?

— Everything. Status, education, social appearance.

—But I already have all that, don't I?

- Exactly.

— So why do you want more than you already have?

— Queen, don't talk to me like that.

— And don't pressure me.

"....."

— If ‘suitability’ was everything, then why did you and my father divorce so badly?

"....."

— If ‘suitability’ were everything, then why does Mr. Wasin love you, even though he knows you were once married and have children?

Kiraphat always respected her mother. She saw her as a strong woman, raising her children alone. But that didn't mean that everything she thought was right.

The truth is that the idea of “correct” will never be the same for everyone, because everyone sees the world in a different way.

— Are you satisfied now? Did you make mother and daughter fight?

Mrs. Kirin’s angry voice made Kiraphat quickly turn around. He saw Bonita’s distraught expression and ran over to her. This only angered his mother even more.

— I'm sorry. — Bonita apologized respectfully.

— Apologize for what?

Kiraphat asked, confused. Bonita hadn't done anything wrong.

— For making you fight with your mother.

— At least you know.

- Mother!

Kiraphat sighed, holding the girl's hand, trying to lead her somewhere else. But Bonita didn't move. She stood there, motionless, like a statue.

— If you don't move, I'm going to kiss you right here, in front of my mother.

Both her mother and Bonita were shocked. The young girl quickly bowed and let Kiraphat take her to her room. After all, she didn’t want to kiss anyone in front of other people.

— You didn't have to say it like that…

— What way?

— I heard you talking to Khun Ying. She's right, you know? I really don't see anything...

— You don't need to talk so much. Keep that mouth shut so I can kiss you.

- What?

— Silence. Now.

— I was just telling the truth.

— The truth is that choosing you or anyone else is my right. The fact that others don't accept it doesn't mean I have to obey.

"....."

— My life, my body. I am the one who has the right to choose.

— Don't talk like you can actually choose me, okay?

— Why wouldn't I? After all, I didn't choose anyone else, I chose you.

"....."

— If you are afraid, I never blamed you. But I already told you that I will make that fear disappear. Whatever scares you, I will destroy it.

— Do you think you're a gangster now? You're not much bigger than me.

— Do you have a problem with that?

— No... it's just... my heart is itching to hear you talk like that.

Kiraphat raised his eyebrow. “It’s really itchy, isn’t it? I can relieve it if you want.”

— No need. But from now on, if anything is going to happen besides normal hugs and kisses, I want to wait until you commit to me first.

— Obedient?

— Yes. Have I ever been submissive to anyone?

For Bonita, the word "commitment" didn't just mean that she wanted to be in charge of the relationship, but also that she wanted to be sure that she was the only one for her.

— Maybe it's the only way for me to lose my fear.

—What fear is this that makes you want me to commit myself so much?

— You know what? Then prove it to me. Try to dominate me just once.

— Sharp mouth, huh.

— I confront you in everything, don't I? From words to...

— Be careful what you say, Babe. I don't like to be challenged.

— What a shame... but Daddy's heart is beating so fast.

The young woman lightly touched the other's left breast, playfully.

"....."

— Are you sure you don't like it?

Bonita took a step back when she saw that the other seemed about to advance. Wounds on the body did not heal immediately, but those on the soul seemed to be being healed by the woman in front of him.

That was why she wanted to overcome her own fear, knowing that she would be loved and cared for.

"Forever" doesn't exist, but I wanted it to last until they broke up. He always said he wasn't a good person, but just because he never said it didn't mean he was bad.

If it were that pure, it wouldn't have survived until today.

— I already told you, if you're not obedient, I won't let it go past this point.

Kiraphat gritted his teeth, unsure of what Bonita's next move would be.

— Queen.

- What?

Bonita smiled when she saw that the other was getting angry. Had anyone ever told her how beautiful she was when she was angry?

— You've always been a queen. Have you never thought about stepping down from your throne and begging someone?

— Someone who?

— Who would you like to beg?

— I'm not a dog.

— It really isn't.

— Babe.

— Yes?

— Do you think I'm your little friend?

— I never said I was joking. I'm serious about this.

— Do you really want to be above me?

— Quite a lot.

"....."

— Try to imagine. Me above you, and you having to satisfy me while looking at me.

Kirapat actually imagined the scene and inadvertently swallowed hard, causing Bonita to let out a provocative laugh.

— Are you really imagining it?

"....."

— How cute.

— Aren't you afraid of my mother anymore?

— I do. If she offered me 10 million to disappear from your life, like in the dramas, what would you do?

— Nothing. You would accept the money.

"....."

— Why that face? If an adult gives you something, accept it.

— Do you want me to take the money and leave? — Bonita became serious.

— If you're asking that, does that mean you want to be with me?

— Well... since we're here, right?

— Heh.

— So you want me to go?

— Answer yourself: do you want to stay or go? Your life, your heart. You have the right to choose.

Hearing this, Bonita relaxed and smiled again.

— Are you testing me?

* What?

— Should I answer?

* What do you know.

— Don't frown.

— I'm not sulking. I'm not a child.

Bonita chuckled softly. “I don’t want money. I want a dominant wolf.”

— What nonsense. That doesn't exist.

* Serious?

— Yes.

— What a shame... so I need to look somewhere else?

— Stop talking nonsense and go take a shower.

Kirapat told her to clean herself up, frowning when he heard something he didn't like.

— Do you want to take a shower with me?

— What? You said yourself you weren't going to let me do anything.

— And I won't. I just want you to wash my back. I don't know where my wounds are.

Hearing this, Kiraphat’s gaze grew fiercer. She was determined to settle the score with the gossiping journalists and Bonita’s leech mother.

— If you want me to wash you, then take off your clothes and go to the shower.

# Chapter 14 : You are my favorite.

Bonita almost smiled when she saw Lady Queen's serious expression and bright eyes, but despite that, she didn't want the other to actually do what she had suggested. I was just trying to ease the tension in the air, that's all. However, she didn't realize that her vulnerability was evident in her voice and her gaze, allowing the other person to capture her feelings.

— I'm kidding. I can take a shower by myself.

—Oh, really? And do I look like someone you can play with like that?

The girl raised an eyebrow, as if she was pondering the answer, but in reality, she just wanted to tease her. His intention was just that. He still wanted to hide in a quiet corner to think. Seeing Lady Queen's family reminded her of her own, and the difference between them was stark.

The affection Queen received from her mother was based on the desire for her to have the best and most suitable. Bonita has always been just a set of expectations. He always had to meet all of his family's demands, even being handed over to Khem so easily, just for money. And if she had to put a value on the amount she received, she found it insignificant compared to her freedom and happiness, which would be stolen from her forever.

—Lost in thought again?

Bonita smiled softly.

— I can take a shower by myself, really.

Kiraphat frowned before nodding, not insisting. Bonita’s expression showed that something was bothering her, and she didn’t want to force her to talk. Just the fact that the girl acted normally, as if nothing had happened at the university, was surprising enough.

Not a single tear was shed as he carried her out. His calmness was so great that it made her uneasy.

— I'll set aside some clothes for you.

* Thanks.

— And since when do you need to thank me?

Kiraphat's expression was neutral as he asked, but the attention Bonita received from her warmed his heart a little.

* You are...

Mrs. Queen really was someone full of tricks and games. Bonita sighed and approached, raising her hands to thank her as she always did between them. But, before she could complete the gesture, she was pulled into a firm hug, feeling the warmth of the other's body against hers.

Was Stra. Queen hugging her?

— If you are hurt, tell me. I can see the wounds on your body, but not the ones in your heart.

Her voice was much softer and more welcoming than usual, to the point that it made Bonita's heart flutter.

Maybe that was what she wanted all along. Someone to hold her when she was at her wits' end. Someone who would let her be herself, without having to change.

— Are you trying to be more affectionate now?

— Stop arguing.

“.....”

— When you're with me, you can be whatever you want. Strong, weak, smiling, wrong... You don't need to pretend to be happy to hide anything. And I can also be whoever I want.

— That sounds like emotional blackmail.

—But you won't refuse, will you?

— You're so conceited.

— And why do you want to turn me into a dog so much?

Kiraphat tightened his grip for a moment as punishment before relaxing it. For the first time, Bonita returned the gesture, hugging her back. A hug that made her allow herself to surrender, without fear that the other would let her fall.

The trust that was growing between them couldn't be measured in numbers. In the end, it was just something she felt, and it wasn't that simple to define.

— I want a dog.

—And that's why you turned me into one?

— A wolf, actually. It's not an easy thing to find.

“.....”

— You like to bite, squeeze, tease... That suits you, don't you think?

— You talk nonsense.

Bonita laughed, absorbing the other's body heat until she was satisfied. Then she pulled away. After all, Queen was incredibly perceptive at noticing other people's feelings.

And he still had the special talent of making her heart waver. - I am going to take a bath now.

When her back hit the marble table, the pain intensified. She didn’t even need to look in the mirror to know she was hurt. Her elbows ached, and the scrapes on her arms were the least of her problems.

— Don't let the water touch your wounds.

— It’s difficult to take a shower like this.

— Then let me help you.

Kiraphat said this in such a serious tone that it made Bonita raise an eyebrow and then smile slightly, teasing her. Then, he stood on his tiptoes and placed a kiss on her chin, as a reward for her indirect concern. Kiraphat’s expression almost broke into a smile, but she managed to maintain her seriousness in time.

— If you're worried, just say so.

— Wasn't that clear enough?

— I don't know. Just don't forget to separate my clothes.

Bonita walked away and entered the bathroom. As soon as she closed the door, her shoulders slumped. The weight of the air seemed to crush her, and she couldn't bear it any longer. If she wanted to be swallowed by the earth right now, she would just accept it, because she was exhausted.

She tried so hard to look strong in front of Queen. Just now, she almost cried when she was hugged.

She slowly took off her clothes, hanging them on the wall before stepping into the wet part of the bathroom and turning on the shower. The water ran down her body, but she didn't care if her wounds stung. At that moment, she just wanted to wash away some of the weight she carried in her soul.

She just wanted to live her own life. That didn't mean she didn't care about her mother. She had already given her everything she could. But she couldn't give up the rest of her life.

Living a living hell was unbearable, even more so next to someone you didn't love.

She felt repulsed every time Khem looked at her lewdly. The sound of his breathing when they were close, his forced touches... Never, not once, did she feel safe or warm in his presence.

If she had to marry him, as her mother wanted, then she could be called an ungrateful daughter. But she couldn't do it. And she was tired of her mother not letting her live her own way.

Not even in public did she worry about hiding what she did.

Tiredness took over Bonita, and she curled up on the floor, hugging her knees as the shower water poured down on her.

Tears mixed with the water, becoming indistinguishable. But his red eyes and nose were proof enough of his pain.

The soft sound of her sobs filled the bathroom.

His physical wounds had been carefully cleaned, but the shower water made them wet again.

But at that moment, that didn't matter.

. .

Kiraphat sighed. She had stood in front of the bathroom door for so long that she could hear her sobs escaping her even over the constant sound of the shower. The sound of the water was uniform, so any unusual noises stood out easily.

The young woman dropped what she was holding, took off her clothes and grabbed a bathrobe before opening the door and walking inside. He carefully placed everything on the edge of the sink.

Kiraphat walked in and saw Bonita flinch in surprise. The girl quickly wiped away her tears and turned away, but it was no use. Kiraphat had no reason to be ashamed, and neither did Bonita.

— I already told you not to get that wound wet.

She pretended to be serious and approached naturally.

“.....”

— Do you want me to give you a real bath, huh?

— N-no!

— So, do you really want to sit on the bathroom floor?

“.....”

— That's not good. Finish your bath and go rest.

— I'm not sleepy yet.

— It will be soon.

“.....”

— And if you want to cry, don't cry alone. Got it?

— Don't treat me like I'm...

— I care about you.

This time, Kiraphat spoke clearly, and Bonita found no words to retort. She simply held out her hand, letting Kiraphat help her up. Her body remained rigid, like a robot, even as Kiraphat’s touch as he washed her body sent shivers and sensations spreading throughout her.

— Don't make that sound.

— What sound?

— The one now.

— Ah... this one here?

Kiraphat sighed, giving up on the argument. He removed his hands from Bonita's body and instead pulled her cheeks until they looked like fluffy marshmallows.

— Stop playing around.

— Hmm!

— Get dressed quickly. If you catch a cold or get sick, I will punish you.

— And how are you going to punish me?

— In a way that makes you moan like now... all night long.

“.....”

— Want to test it?

— I do, but not now.

Bonita quickly replied before leaving, leaving Kiraphat staring at her back and sighing. The purple marks on the girl's body made her furious, but she held herself back. She couldn't imagine how Bonita had endured all that throughout her life.

If even she, an outsider, felt so much anger, how could Bonita deal with it?

Bonita fell asleep almost immediately after laying her head on the pillow. She no longer sat there crying, because everything that weighed on her was soothed in the bathroom, along with her queen. Kiraphat comforted her with words, looks and gestures. Her heart finally seemed to heal, and Bonita didn't even notice the soft kisses she received on her cheeks, eyelids, forehead and lips, along with a warm whisper in her ear: — I can't protect you in your dreams, so don't have nightmares. I don't like not being able to help you.

. .

The next morning, Bonita woke up feeling a warm embrace around her body. When she opened her eyes, she saw Queen sleeping soundly beside her, breathing peacefully. At that moment, her face did not display the mischief and charm that it always carried when she was awake.

Once again, Bonita felt safe by his side.

Without realizing it, her fingers touched the tip of Kiraphat's nose, lightly tracing the woman's features.

— Opa!

Bonita jumped when her hand was grabbed tightly. Kiraphat wasn't sleeping as soundly as he seemed.

— Why did you wake me up?

— I didn't wake you up!

— So, what do you call picking other people's noses?

— Good morning?

Kiraphat chuckled softly and opened his eyes.

— I thought you wouldn't wake me up.

— Well... I woke up, then.

* Did you sleep well?

— You squeezed me so tight that I dreamed I was being crushed by a snake.

Kiraphat raised his eyebrows.

— Seriously? How tight?

* Very.

— So, would you rather be squeezed by a snake or by me?

— What kind of question is that?

— They say that dreaming about snakes means finding your soulmate.

— Oh, so I was crushed by my soulmate?

— Hmm.

— And who would that be? If I found my soulmate, that means I've already met her, right?

Bonita pretended to think, and in the next instant, Kiraphat bit her lower lip playfully.

— You were bitten by the snake.

“.....”

— Now I need to remove the poison.

Bonita laughed, surprised that Kiraphat would act that way. The woman rubbed her face against his neck like a spoiled child. It wasn't something Bonita was used to seeing, but oddly enough, it made her feel at peace.

* What are you doing?

— The queen's poison has already reached you.

* What?

—Only the owner of the poison can remove it.

Kiraphat brought his face closer and pressed his lips gently to the same place where he had bitten her before. Bonita closed her eyes, accepting the gesture willingly. It seemed that, between them, kissing was already something natural.

* And then?
* What?

— The poison has already been removed.

— Hmm... I think so.

Bonita joked, joining Kiraphat's wave.

— And have you found it?

* What?

— Your soulmate.

“.....”

— If you haven't found it yet, I'll take you to a mirror.

And Kiraphat actually took her to a mirror. When Bonita didn't respond, Kiraphat frowned, and even later, during breakfast, she still looked serious.

— Do you want me to peel the shrimp for you?

Bonita asked softly, trying to please her, as she didn't know how to deal with that tension.

The table was full. At the top was an imposing-looking man. Beside him were Lady Kirin and Kita. Kiraphat sat on the other side of her mother, with Bonita by her side.

For Bonita, sharing a meal like this had never happened before. She never imagined she would experience this moment.

Kiraphat looked at her but didn’t answer. Her mother, Lady Kirin, watched closely, curious to see how Bonita would handle her daughter’s temper. Everyone in the family knew when Kiraphat was angry or upset. And most of the time, she only calmed down when she got what she wanted.

— Queen...

Bonita whispered so only Kiraphat could hear.

“.....”

— If you don't talk to me, I'm leaving.

She didn't want to threaten or raise her voice, but the silence at the table made her sentence echo throughout the room.

Kiraphat stared at her for a moment before finally opening his mouth to respond…

— Peel

— That's all.

The shrimp on the plate were meticulously peeled. During their time together, Bonita had memorized that she loved seafood, especially shrimp, but didn't like being the one to peel them.

I want to eat fried rice with shrimp. Can you peel it for me?

Do you know how to make shrimp porridge? Remove the shells, please.

What about fried basil shrimp? Can you make it?

Her orders were simple, but they always revolved around shrimp. If someone didn't know that, it would be strange.

— Here it is.

- Thanks.

Kiraphat picked up the peeled shrimp before returning one from his own plate to Bonita. This gesture caught her attention again, especially from Kirin, who watched Bonita curiously. What had just happened was an unusual scene, as if she was watching a movie that had never been seen before in the world.

— Eat plenty. You need to take the antibiotic.

— I'm satisfied.

— At least eat the shrimp.

— I'm satisfied.

Kiraphat sighed.

— Then peel it for me. I'll eat it later.

— Why are you eating so much today?

— I'm eating what you left on the plate.

“..…”

— If you can't finish it, pass it on to me.

— Queen, if you're not satisfied, there's still more food in the kitchen. You don't have to eat the leftovers.

Lady Kirin couldn't contain herself. She never allowed her daughter to do something like that. Never taught her. At home, there was always plenty. There was no need to eat anyone's leftovers.

— It's okay, Mom. Queen can eat.

Bonita had no way of avoiding Lady Kirin while she was in that house. Instead of waiting to be called, she went to the pavilion in the garden where the woman was resting.

— What are you doing here?

— I want to thank you for allowing me to stay here temporarily.

— This only happened because you came with my daughter.

- I know.

Bonita clasped her hands in front of her body, as one should do when speaking to a respectable adult. This caused the marks of the injuries inflicted by his mother to become visible. Lady Kirin frowned and beckoned her over.

— What happened to you? May I ask?

The atmosphere, look and tone of voice were incredibly similar to Queen's. If Bonita didn't know that mother and daughter fought frequently, she would have thought that Queen saw her mother as a role model in everything.

Bonita's attire of choosing to kneel instead of sitting next to Lady Kirin earned her some respect. But despite this, Kirin still didn't like that her daughter had brought a stranger into the family, especially considering the negative rumors that were circulating.

— Did you fight with someone?

— No. I was hurt by my mother.

- My God!

Lady Kirin exclaimed in surprise. Bonita smiled slightly, seeing no reason to lie. If the woman had the courage to ask, she would have the courage to answer. After all, the truth always speaks louder.

What really surprised her was Lady Kirin holding her arm to examine the marks.

— I'm fine, thanks for your concern.

— Have you applied ointment?

— Queen passed it to me.

Hearing this, Kirin became serious and carefully let go of Bonita's arm.

— About that… I understand that you two are developing some kind of relationship. But, as a mother…

Bonita didn’t wait for her to finish. She raised her hand, asking for permission to speak. When Kirin nodded, she responded immediately.

— My mother always had expectations of me, always pressured me, always told me to do this and that. As you can see, she even hurt me. So, if I can ask for something… Please allow Queen to choose who to love.

“..…”

— You don't have to accept me. I never expected to be chosen. In the future, it may no longer be me who Queen brings to meet her.

— My daughter is demanding. She doesn't change her mind easily.

Kirin interrupted. She knew her own daughter well. Even though she didn’t like the fact that Bonita was a stranger with no status, she was intrigued by the person who had managed to enter this house.

— Yes… And precisely because of that, I pray that Queen never has to regret because of the person she loves.

“..…”

— Queen is strict, but she's been very kind to me. So I want the people around her to be kind to her too.

Bonita's simple words made Kirin fall silent, assessing her with a calm and unreadable gaze.

— Queen looks a lot like you.

* Where are you from?

— In gestures, in a striking presence, in the way of speaking, even in the look.

—No one has ever told me that before. You're the first.

Bonita smiled.

— If I hadn't seen Queen challenging you with my own eyes, I would be sure that she has you as her model.

— Flattering me will not bring you any benefits.

* I know.

— It's good that you have that awareness.

— Just now, I helped the maids clean the kitchen. That's how I discovered the story behind Queen's love for shrimp.

—Has my household staff been spilling house secrets?

— These are just everyday details, Lady Kirin. But it made me realize how much Queen loves you. And that's why I don't want her to suffer for someone she loves.

“......”

— She really likes shrimp, doesn't she? Because when she was younger, you always made it for her, didn't you?

"...."

— Shrimps without shells and well peeled, I will try to do the same for you, if there is an opportunity in the future.

— If you're going to confess something, go talk to someone who wants to listen, it has nothing to do with me.

Mrs. Kirint had been looking irritated for a while now upon hearing this, but it was also reflected in her heart, as she had been a very controlling mother recently.

— I feel jealous.

"....."

— About Queen having Lady Kirin as her mother. That's all I wanted to say.

Bonita had her reasons for speaking like this. She had heard from Mrs. Queen that Mrs. Kirin was forced by her family to marry without love. The marriage did not last long and she ended up getting a divorce. Mrs. Kirin raised her two children alone, without any help from her ex-husband, until she met her current husband, whom she stayed with out of love.

It is not easy for a woman to raise and care for two children, and it is also not easy to marry someone you do not love. Lady Kirin is an admirable woman for Bonita.

In her controlling manner, she still displayed a great maternal sensitivity, something different from what Bonita had experienced in her life.

Bonita didn't know if Mrs. Queen would think she was being bold in trying to teach a lesson, because before continuing the conversation, Mrs. Queen quickly entered, saying that she had something urgent to attend to and needed to leave her house immediately.

— What were you talking to my mother about?

Kiraphat asked as he got into the car.

— She asked about the injuries.

* Just that?
* Just that.

— Okay then.

— Why? Did you think I would actually be attacked?

* No.

— How?

— My mother wouldn't do that.

* Why?

— Because she knows that if she did that, I would be very angry.

— She may just be wanting the best for you, as she should be.

— And you want me to accept my mother's good intentions, is that it?

"....."

— If my mother wants me to marry someone I don't know, do you really want me to do that?

—That kind of thing... you have to decide for yourself, don't you?

— I'm asking you.

Bonita looked at Mrs. Queen's impassive face before calmly replying.

— If you ask me, I still reaffirm that I want you to be with me. That means I don't want you to be anyone else's.

— Hmm, is that all?

— Looks like someone liked my answer.

— Your answer even makes me want to try something with you. Try harder, who knows, maybe I'll end up really falling in love with you.

# Chapter 15 : Fear

Bonita never imagined that Miss.'s urgent matter Queen would take her back to the old house where she lived. As she walked inside, she felt countless gazes fixed on her, which made her move even closer to the woman in front of her. People's excessive interest scared her, and she wondered how the other had put up with it for so long.

With people in front and behind her, Bonita felt as if she were being filmed in a movie, with the curious gazes of her old neighbors acting as cameras. Not far away, she saw Khem standing behind the fence, looking at her with an expression that was hard to read, almost frightening. She could only stare at him for a moment before looking away, unlike Kiraphat, who stared back at her without fear. In the end, Khem lowered his head and walked into his house.

— What are we doing here? — Bonita whispered.

— They say I bought you with money, so I thought I should come and buy you for real. What do you think?

“It’s not funny,” she replied seriously.

— I'm not kidding. I'm serious.

Kiraphat couldn't stand to see Bonita scared or lost every time matters related to her mother or old friends came up. If she had run away to start over, then she wanted her to really succeed.

— I already said that everything that scares you, I will destroy.

Her serious tone and expression left her speechless. Bonita meant that her fear was already diminishing, leaving only the doubt as to whether she was really worthy of being chosen by her. If he weren't deluding himself, he would realize that, between them, actions have spoken louder than words for a long time now.

When they reached the door of the house, Bonita hesitated, unable to take another step. Kiraphat held her hand and pulled her inside.

— Let's go. Your mother is waiting.

— Waiting?

— Yes. Before that, I talked to her.

Bonita only understood what was happening when she saw her mother sitting on the sofa in the middle of the room. The furniture was nowhere near new enough to accommodate someone like Miss Queen, but she sat down without hesitation.

Suddenly, the house seemed even older and more worn in her presence. The image made Bonita understand how a person's aura can influence the environment around them so much.

“Sit here, next to me,” Kiraphat said, looking at her firmly.

She complied, sitting down beside her as one of her men placed a manila envelope on the table.

— All the documents you asked for are here.

Bua, Bonita’s mother, glared at her daughter, conveying resentment without saying a single word. Bonita had put her in a difficult position, especially now that she was facing someone so powerful. On top of that, Khem was constantly pressuring her, demanding that she return the money if she didn’t bring Bonita back to him.

“Read the documents before you sign,” Kiraphat said, handing them to her.

Bonita frowned, not understanding until she heard the next sentence. Her heart froze.

— The amount you asked for in exchange for Bonita’s complete freedom.

So in the end, did her mother still see her as something that could be bought and sold, like before? Could anyone, as long as they had enough money, have her?

— A house with land in the chosen province and payment of all your current debts — Kiraphat added.

“Can I sign now?” Bua interrupted, not even bothering to read it. All she wanted was to get the money and get out of there as quickly as possible.

She felt a slight pang in her heart as she thought that in the future, when she was old and sick, there would be no one to take care of her. But the thought soon disappeared when she saw the sum offered.

- Mother...

— Don't call me that. This is all your fault. Happy now? Finally free?

Bonita remained silent.

“Uh-huh,” Kiraphat cleared his throat, interrupting. She had brought Bonita so she could see for herself that she was free, not to hear insults or words that would make her cry.

— Do you want her to sign?

Bonita’s face reflected sadness, something she couldn’t ignore. He snatched the papers before she could respond. If she didn’t want it, this deal wouldn’t happen.

Bonita didn't answer right away. She looked at her mother, searching for some sign of love or regret. She found none. What she saw was a stranger, someone driven only by greed. For a long time, she tried to ignore this, because she believed it was her duty to take care of the woman who had given her life. But now, that obligation was over. There was no path left to follow.

“Sign it,” she said in a low voice.

That was the last thread that still connected the two. And his mother didn't hesitate for a second before cutting him off.

The instant the signature was made, Bonita felt her body light, as if something heavy had been lifted from within her. The sensation was so strong that she clung to Miss Queen's arm, afraid of disappearing, of getting lost.

Now, Bonita was completely alone. With no family. With no one to care about.

— I hope there will be no more interviews, no more ambushes at the university to demand money or make scandals — she said, reinforcing the agreement.

“I know,” Bua replied harshly.

Kiraphat signaled for one of his men to hand the suitcase full of money to the woman. Then he stood up and pulled Bonita along with him.

— There's nothing here left for you to hold on to.

“......”

— Starting today, I want you to start over without having to hide or be afraid.

Bonita nodded in agreement. She held tightly onto the other woman’s arm. For the first time, her body felt so light. It wasn’t from happiness at leaving her mother behind, but rather from a sense of relief, as if all the weight she had been carrying had been lifted from her shoulders. She didn’t know if she would have reached this moment if she hadn’t met that woman in the store that day. Maybe she would still be living in hiding, afraid of being discovered for the rest of her life.

— Thank you, Queen.

— And now, do you still want me to stay?

— Boss, be careful!

Khem quickly advanced with a kitchen knife towards Kiraphat. As he had just left the gates of the house, no one had time to react. It all happened very quickly. The man camouflaged himself among the onlookers and, at the right moment, landed a direct blow to Kiraphat's abdomen before fleeing.

— Queen!

Bonita’s delicate shoulder was gripped tightly. She saw the other woman frown, but this time, it was different. It seemed like she was trying to hold back the pain. Some security guards ran after Khem, while others called the ambulance with tense expressions. The people around panicked, backing away like a scattered swarm of bees. No one dared to approach Kiraphat.

— Why didn't you dodge?!

Bonita screamed, unable to contain herself. If the woman had moved even a little, she would have gotten out of the knife's reach.

But she stood her ground, protecting Bonita, and that was why she ended up injured.

— Ah... It's the first time I've been stabbed.

— You think this is something to record as a statistic?!

Bonita's voice trembled, her eyes burning as she saw Kiraphat's pained expression. She was not used to this and did not want to see this scene ever again.

— Last time, you were willing to die for me.

Kiraphat was referring to the glass of drink Bonita drank in her place. If it had been poisoned, she certainly wouldn't be here now.

"....."

— Now it's my turn.

— Don't be like that.

Bonita sobbed, kneeling on the ground. She touched the woman’s face, trying to keep her conscious. Her face was getting paler and paler. Fortunately, Khem didn’t pull out the knife, because if he had, Kiraphat would have already lost too much blood.

— I don't like to owe anyone anything.

— You may owe me, but not like this!

— It hurts a lot.

Kiraphat swallowed hard, feeling pain spread throughout her body. She could barely move. Her eyes searched for her subordinates, who were waiting for orders.

— If I die, don't forget...

— Who said you're going to die?! — Bonita interrupted firmly, pressing her fingers into her skin.

"....."

— If you die, I won't love you anymore. I'll love someone else, kiss and hug anyone, just to tease you!

It would have been an effective threat, if not for that last detail. Kiraphat wanted to respond, but he couldn't speak anymore.

— I'm scared. Do you understand?

— Hmm.

Of course she understood. Having dealt with so many people throughout her life, she knew from the beginning that Bonita feared abandonment, feared no one needed her anymore. The only way to give her security was this.

Kiraphat knew that Khem would not remain silent if she appeared here. However, she did not expect him to be so bold as to act in such a way. She could have dodged the blow, but if she did, the blade would have hit Bonita. Therefore, she chose to remain still.

She took the risk because she knew it would solve many issues. If she died, the game would end there. But if she survived, all of Bonita's fear and distrust would disappear.

— And if you die... what about me?

"....."

— I won't die with you. But I will live in the way that would disappoint you the most. I will be rebellious, love anyone, ignore everything, just to make you sad for having done so.

What a well-crafted threat for someone so small.

Kiraphat squeezed her hand in response, signaling that he understood. The sound of the ambulance siren grew closer. His vision began to blur, and Bonita’s image became hazy. Perhaps she was losing too much blood.

What she was doing now was no different than a game of Russian roulette. The only question was whether or not she would survive.

— Don't sleep! Don't close your eyes, understand?

"....."

— Stay with me, my love.

Bonita whispered softly, pressing her forehead against Kiraphat's. Tears streamed down her face, but Kiraphat could no longer sense that someone was crying desperately for her.

. .

Kiraphat's family quickly arrived at the hospital. Kita held onto his mother, while Wasin had a tense face. The surroundings were silent.

Kirin didn't scold Bonita. Seeing the young woman sitting there, crying until she was shaking, with her eyes swollen and red, he realized that it wasn't the right time.

No one asked what had happened. The most important thing now was Kirapat's safety in the operating room.

Kita let out a big sigh. He should have paid more attention to the message his sister sent earlier:

If something happens, don't let Bonita suffer. Don't let Mommy blame her.

Initially, he thought it was something related to Kongthap and had already resolved this issue with that man. Even though he had to use harsh words and even force, it was clear that Kongthap posed no threat to Kiraphat or him.

— Mom, sit down first.

— Hmm.

Lady Kirin sat waiting in front of the operating room, in a chair not far from Bonita. All was silent until, in the next hour, the door to the operating room opened, followed by the doctor, who said something. The sound of Bonita's sobs rang out, loud enough for Kirin to reach out and squeeze her shoulder.

— Why are you crying so much? My daughter isn't dead yet.

— B-but... Mrs. Queen got hurt because of me.

— What do you mean, because of you?

— Well, today...

— Mom, I think it's better if we wait for Queen to tell this story herself, don't you think?

Kita interrupted the conversation. He knew very well what would happen if Bonita told the truth. In the worst case scenario, she could be taken away from Kiraphat. So it was better to wait for his sister to wake up and explain everything in person. As controlling as his mother was, she always took Kiraphat's feelings into consideration, since his sister never accepted anything that didn't please her.

— Are you hiding something from me, King?

— No, Mom. But it seems like this is something Queen already foresaw might happen.

— Did she foresee it?— Yes.

Lady Kirin stared at her son for a long time before sighing and nodding.

— Okay, we'll do it like this.

But to Bonita, that didn't make any sense. The words she had heard could be interpreted in many ways. What did King mean by "Queen already saw this coming"?

It wasn't just Lady Kirin who was being left in the dark. Queen was also hiding something from her.

# Chapter 16 : How to Train Your Queen

Bonita had never felt so angry in her entire life. She understood that Kiraphat wanted her to have more confidence, but she was also furious to see the woman risking her own life like this. How could she think that Bonita would be happy if that confidence came at the cost of her breathing?

On the contrary, it only made her even more terrified. What if, in the future, Kiraphat died because of this impulsiveness? Bonita already knew that the other liked challenges, but she didn't need to take it that far, right?

And it wasn’t just Bonita who was furious. After Lady Kirin learned of the situation, she went completely silent. Her sharp eyes stared at her daughter before she simply turned around and left the room without saying a single word. Mother and daughter were identical even in this.

Still, Bonita agreed that Kiraphat deserved the wrath of those around her for trying to prove something so senseless. As the vice president of a large company, someone who had led people for so long and could read others’ intentions without difficulty, it was unbelievable that she would act so recklessly.

Bonita was so angry that she didn’t even want to look at Kiraphat, but at the same time, she couldn’t move away. The fear that if something happened, no one would be around to take care of her kept her from leaving.

“Are you going to stay mad? Can’t you see I’m hurt?” Kiraphat’s voice was calm, but her discomfort was evident. The wound hurt, the hospital bed wasn’t comfortable at all, and now she had to deal with Bonita and her mother, both of whom were angry with her. Nothing about this situation was good.

— I see, yes — Bonita replied coldly.

— So why haven't you come and give me food yet?

Bonita continued to sit on the couch in the room, keeping her distance, which only made Kiraphat even more uneasy. She didn't want to act like a spoiled child, but Bonita always managed to irritate her.

— Your hands aren't hurt — Bonita retorted in the same indifferent tone, clearly still upset.

— Babe...

— Why are you calling me that? — She replied immediately, irritated.

Kiraphat sighed, surprised by this reaction. Not even her mother could hide her smile when she saw Bonita explode in anger when she found out the truth. When did the two of them start to understand each other so well? Were they talking in secret? If this continued, Kiraphat would have to deal with the two of them against her in the future. This was not good at all.

And as if that wasn't enough, her mother didn't even say a word to her, as if she was pleased to see someone scold her instead. That judgmental look before she left the room said it all: she could have left, but she wouldn't let the matter drop so easily.

“Did my mother say something to you?” Kiraphat asked, worried that Lady Kirin might have said something cruel that would make Bonita feel inferior.

— No, she didn't say anything.

- Great.

—But as soon as you get out of the hospital, I'm going to move out of the apartment you gave me. I'm also going to quit my job.

— What? Why?

Kiraphat frowned, not understanding the reason for this sudden decision.

— You said yourself that my mother didn't say anything to you.

Bonita wasn’t lying. Lady Kirin hadn’t pressured her, hadn’t bought her with money, or anything like that. She had her own dignity, and in Bonita’s eyes, she wasn’t the kind of person who would use such outdated methods. But even without saying anything, Lady Kirin clearly understood what was going on between the two of them.

And Bonita respected her patience. Even when she saw her freaking out in front of the emergency room, Lady Kirin tried to calm her down.

— I think we both need some time apart. That way, you can figure out what you really want and I can see if you can make me stop being afraid.

Furthermore, this distance could help them see their feelings in a broader way. Sometimes, being too close prevented them from seeing things clearly.

“.....”

— I want to feel safe and trust you through normal actions, not these crazy risky things. Have you ever stopped to think about what I would do if you hadn't woken up?

Bonita looked at her seriously. Why couldn't Kiraphat just show his love in a more ordinary way? He just had to show her that he really wanted to be with her. He didn't have to put himself in danger and say, "You've done this for me before."

Feelings were not debts. They were not something that needed to be reciprocated or compensated for later.

—But you don't have to get to the point of moving away from me.

—And in what position would I be by your side, then?

- You know.

— I don't know anything. And regardless of what you say, my decision has already been made.

Kiraphat fell silent. How could Bonita speak as if what was between them meant nothing? It was obvious that it did. If it didn’t, things wouldn’t have come this far.

She never forced her into anything. If someone said that Bonita only had feelings for her because they were too close, Kiraphat would disagree. But Bonita never fully trusted her feelings, and that was starting to irritate her.

— What's wrong? Are you going to punish me? If you can get up first, then try.

— If you don't want to take care of me, you can leave right now. I don't want to hear that kind of thing after almost dying.

“......”

— I know what I did may not be right, but that's who I am. I

wanted to show you something about myself, in the midst of so many things you still don't know. But from what I can see, you can't accept that.

— And how do you expect me not to be mad after what you did?

Bonita knew she had every right to be angry, to be irritated and to demand explanations.

— Did you want me to run away and let the knife hit you?

The anger in Kiraphat's voice made her wound hurt even more, but she ignored it.

— If you can't accept this, then let's end it here. I won't tolerate taking this risk in the future anymore.

“.....”

— If we want this to work, both sides have to give. Between us, no one can be just the giver or just the taker.

Kiraphat let out a frustrated sigh. How did things get to this point?

— Are you threatening me? Do you want me to run after you like a fool? Is that what you wanted when you asked me to think about us?

— You don't have to do anything.

“......”

— Just don't stop me if I go out on a date or talk to someone else. After all, one night together doesn't mean you have any right over my life.

— Be careful what you say, Babe.

Kiraphat warned her in a deep voice. She definitely didn't like being teased like this.

“......”

— Do you think I wanted to play the hero in a soap opera? I could have easily dodged the blade, but I didn't. If I had, the one who would be lying here now would be you!

"....."

Bonita bit her lips tightly. Now, the two of us were like fire and gasoline—the more time passed, the more intense the explosion would be, until our feelings for each other were completely destroyed.

— I understand that you can't accept this. I don't blame you for being angry, you have every right to feel what you feel. But at the same time, you also don't have the right to judge my decision as if it were irrational or thoughtless.

"......"

— If what I did is something you don't want to accept, I understand. And I also understand that my feelings might make you uncomfortable to the point where you don't want to carry them with you.

Kiraphat's voice was calm and steady. She herself didn't know exactly how she felt at that moment. Maybe his heart had already been screaming in pain since he heard Bonita say she wanted to get away. And now, she would allow herself to be a little childish, to throw a tantrum as much as she wanted.

— The agreement between us can be canceled by you at any time. As for the apartment, I will leave it to you and will not interfere any further. But if you want to leave so badly, then go.

"....."

Bonita pressed her lips together. She felt an immense desire to pinch the cheeks and lips of that woman, who was pouring out words filled with pain to the point of making her feel guilty.

— If you've already made your decision, then there's nothing holding us back anymore. As you said yourself, just being together isn't enough to keep something, is it? Well, I can't force anything either.

Kiraphat let out a dry laugh before lying down and closing her eyes. All her hunger had disappeared. She didn't even want to know if, when she opened her eyes again, she would still see Bonita's face there in that hospital room.

But the sound of footsteps moving away and the door closing made it clear that, between them, everything had truly come to an end.

. .

She didn't know how much time had passed, but, unable to truly sleep, Kiraphat opened her eyes when she remembered that she needed to take her medicine after the meal. In any case, she needed to take care of her own health – she hated being there, stuck in the hospital, unable to move freely because of so many restrictions.

He frowned as he felt pain as he moved. He lifted his shirt a little and saw blood leaking from the wound. Maybe it had happened while he was yelling at Bonita.

— Damn... Bleeding for so little?

She grumbled to herself in annoyance before pulling her shirt back down. She didn't want to call the nurse to redo the bandage. She just wanted to eat some food, take her medicine, and sleep.

However, before she could do anything, a pillow flew from the sofa straight into her face. Luckily, she looked up in time to catch it. Frightened, she clutched the pillow tightly, thinking that she was being attacked because of political issues involving her family. But the familiar voice that echoed right after made her change her mind.

— I'm mad so you can come and comfort me, not so you can be mad at me back!

It was Bonita. She had never really left the room, she had just pretended to leave to see what Kiraphat would do. During that time, she had only heard sighs and irritated grumbles, but Kiraphat had never turned around to check if she had really left.

And what made Bonita give in completely was seeing Kiraphat discreetly wiping the tears from the corner of her eyes. She was crying – but because of physical pain or heartache? Either way, Bonita hated being the cause of his tears.

After all, his queen should always keep her head held high, and not cry like that.

— No.

Kiraphat was surprised. He thought Bonita had already left. Now she wondered if, while she was lying there, she had done something shameful without realizing it. She only remembered that, suddenly, tears fell because she felt wronged – because Bonita didn't understand or accept the care she offered her.

— Are you still here?

— Of course I am. Did you think I would really leave you?

* Who knows.

She looked away, like a child who had done something wrong. Bonita might have thought Kiraphat was angry again, if not for the corner of her mouth curling into a slight smile before turning into a childish pout.

Was the pain making her delirious?

— Don't sulk. You're not old enough for that.

He said, walking over to her and taking the pillow from her hands to throw it back on the couch. It was the first time they had been this close since Kiraphat had woken up as a patient there.

* What it was?

Bonita sighed. She was angry, but it seemed that at that moment, there was someone more hurt than her.

Why maintain pride, when the person who had always remained strong was now there, with tears in his eyes?

Anger could wait to be resolved later. The most important thing was that his queen was safe.

— You're bigger than me, and yet you act like a sensitive child.

— Who is sensitive?

— If you keep arguing, I'll leave you to eat alone and I won't come back until the day you're discharged.

"....."

— Choose. Will you be quiet and let me feed you or will you eat alone?

— You speak as if you were much greater than me.

— Then eat alone.

Bonita pulled away, but Kiraphat was quicker and grabbed her arm. She ended up using too much force and frowned in pain.

— Ai...

Minutes ago, when she saw the blood, Kiraphat hadn’t even cared. But now, even if it was an ant bite, she wanted to express that it hurt.

— Don't move so much!

— But you were going to leave me!

— Because you are stubborn!

— I'm not. I protected you.

— That has nothing to do with it!

— Then stop being mad. You saw that I'm hurt.

— Yes, I am angry! You said yourself that I had the right to feel what I feel! But even so, I will take care of you. Do you understand?

Bonita didn't know what irritated her more - Kiraphat's serious manner or the way she used that same tone to act cute. But one thing was certain: if Kiraphat started acting like this, the person who would suffer would be her.

—Tsk.

— Don't be stubborn.

— I just don't understand.

- What?

— Why do you need to move? Why do you want to live alone? It's dangerous! There are journalists, there are all kinds of threats around you... And being a woman alone, it's even more dangerous.

Kiraphat still couldn’t accept this idea. What was wrong with them being together? They could even sleep in separate rooms if that was what it took. But if something happened to Bonita while she was alone, what would she do?

— Staying with you could be even more dangerous.

Dangerous for her heart. Because, in such a short time of talking, Bonita was already completely surrendered.

— I'm not going to do anything to you, Babe.

— I know. But that's how it has to be. I've always lived alone... Until I met you.

— You just confessed that finding me made it so you didn't have to live alone. So why do you want to break up with me now? What's wrong with being with me?

— It's not that it's bad, but I would like you to try to win me over in a normal way.

— Who is conquering you?

Bonita looked down at the sick person before letting out a sigh, indicating that she was already starting to get irritated again. This woman really is stubborn.

— Are you sure you want to ask that question?

Kiraphat sighed. She didn't like being at a disadvantage like this, but to avoid creating more friction between them, she decided to answer simply. Once she recovered, she would find a way to get revenge with interest; she just had to wait.

- I am not sure.

— Great. That means you understood what I said.

— I can do that. But you only have a week. After that, regardless of whether you're still afraid of my feelings or not, I won't care anymore.

"....."

Bonita sighed, but nodded without a choice. Alright, at least this means we're meeting halfway.

— I'm not someone with a lot of patience. And I'm also not the type of person who likes to be away from the people I like.

— Saying that, does that mean you're going to surrender to me?

Kiraphat raised an eyebrow. “That depends on what I’m getting out of it.”

Their eyes met before Bonita brought her hand up to Kiraphat’s handsome face. She placed her hand on his warm cheek, feeling the warmth of his skin, taking in his well-defined features—perfect eyebrows, piercing eyes, sharp nose, soft lips. Gently, she slid her fingers down his face.

Kiraphat, in turn, stood paralyzed. She looked like a statue, not knowing how to react. It wasn't often that Bonita took the initiative to touch her, and never before had she shown such emotional vulnerability.

— You're hot.

Kiraphat wanted to answer that it was because she was still alive, but something inside her prevented her from speaking. If she said that, that hand that was gently caressing her face could turn into a painful pinch or even a slap.

— Thank you for being safe.

"....."

— Thank you for still being alive to argue with me.

— That sounded like a declaration of love without the word 'love'.

- Silence.

Bonita lowered her voice, scolding her, and pinched her cheek lightly. But as she did so, she realized that she liked the feeling. She has soft cheeks and delicate lips... But why is she so stubborn?

Kiraphat pressed his lips together. He wanted to retort, but as someone who was at a disadvantage, he felt he had no choice but to submit. Even more so now that Bonita seemed unwilling to let go of her cheeks.

How can she play with my cheeks like it's so much fun?

— As much as you love challenges, you shouldn't love them more than yourself.

"....."

— Or, if you can't love yourself that much, I'll make you love me instead. Got it?

Hearing this, Kiraphat's serious expression began to soften. The smile that appeared was small, but it improved the mood between them significantly.

— Then try. If you succeed, I will only be yours.

— You have to be mine alone.

- Also?

— You lost your chance to be with someone else since I drank that glass of drink for you, my Queen.

. .

Khem was arrested from the day of the incident. Kiraphat, as a victim, let him be judged by law. The charge of attempted murder was not a light one, and even though he had influential connections, Kiraphat knew that he could not escape the consequences.

As for Bonita's parents, she had someone watch them from a distance. She discovered that they had indeed moved into the place they had requested, but their extravagant spending habits made her doubt how long it would be before they would come back to bother Bonita.

On the other hand, Kiraphat was irritated with her mother, who seemed to have sympathized too much with Bonita. He even went so far as to ask to take her home, and everything would have been simpler if Bonita hadn't flatly refused to go anywhere until Kiraphat managed to win her over "the right way."

Even though she had said she would only give it a week, for someone as impatient as her, a single day already seemed too long.

But what exactly did "winning the right way" mean? She had always been herself. She didn't even know how to act "normally" the way Bonita wanted.

Now, for Kiraphat, Bonita was even harder to understand than the stock market or the global economy.

— It's the first time I've seen Queen so stressed.

Kita commented after seeing her sister sitting with a frown, tapping the tip of her pen on the table nonstop. Ever since she left the hospital, it seemed like Kiraphat had been irritable every day. Counting today, it was already the third day.

And the main cause of this was a woman named Bonita.

— Hard to win over, huh? How about sending this little pest to a desert island with you for a month?

Kita laughed. “So this is the right person?”

Kiraphat sighed and looked his brother in the eyes seriously.

— This and no other, King.

The man smiled, ready to tease, but asked:

— And have you apologized to her yet?

— ???

— For risking your life like that. This is no joke. Not everyone can accept something like that.

— That has nothing to do with it.

— How could you not? Try to think of it another way. If it were your sister in the place of that knife, would you be indifferent?

— Stop assuming things that didn't happen, King.

Kiraphat replied firmly, while Kita laughed, looking at her sister with a shrewd gaze. He didn’t know how others saw her, but for him, who had grown up with her, Kiraphat was a difficult person to read— except when it came to Bonita. That completely unhinged her.

— If just thinking about it makes you furious, imagine if it had actually happened. Do you really think that just arresting that man would be enough? Now do you understand why you need to apologize?

Kiraphat sighed. “I get it. And it’s not like I never said anything.” — Well... they say that even the most skilled stumble in love.

— Shut up, King. Don't provoke me. If Kongthap keeps insisting, I won't let it go.

Hearing this name, Kita’s face darkened. He was still angry about what Kongthap had done—no matter the explanation, to him, it was unacceptable.

— Better not to talk about it. I don't want to get upset.

"......"

— Aren't you going to pick up Bonita from university? Why are you making that face at me?

— You can't run away from this subject forever, King.

Kita shrugged. “Actually, I’d rather throw this out of my life. Anyone who dares to mess with my family doesn’t deserve my attention.”

Before Kiraphat could respond, the cell phone on the table vibrated.

She got Bonita's personal number after insisting once more when she left the hospital. Interestingly, this time, Bonita accepted without hesitation.

"That's a good start to winning the girl over."

If Bonita said it was good, then it must be.

— Talking to you gives me a headache.

— I bet it's her calling you.

— Nothing like that. I was the one who told you to call half an hour before class ended.

Kita laughed. He already thought Kiraphat was adorable when she was attached to her younger sister, Thunwa. But now that she was starting to fall in love, she was even cuter.

Seeing Kiraphat leaving work on time and leading a more normal life made him admire Bonita more and more.

— This has my full approval!

Kiraphat frowned and replied irritably:

— Even if you didn't approve, I wouldn't mind. Have you forgotten?

# Chapter 17 : Queen's Favorite

The third day of their separation wasn’t much different from the previous ones, as Bonita had intended. At the end of the day, she still ended up spending time in Kiraphat’s room as usual. She didn’t know if it was Kiraphat who was cunning enough to keep her around or if it was just her own soft heart.

Whenever he thought about returning to his own home, he began to worry about a thousand things: would Kiraphat be hungry in the early hours of the morning? Would you accidentally end up hurting yourself again? Or, worst case scenario, would he do something risky again? Bonita said out loud that she wanted this time apart so that they could both better see the relationship between them. But in the end, she was the one who couldn't take her eyes off Kiraphat.

As Kiraphat counted down the days, Bonita didn’t even feel like she had begun her own test. If she continued to worry about Kiraphat like this, it definitely wasn’t a good sign.

— Read the documents to me.

As soon as he saw Bonita getting ready to return to her apartment, Kiraphat always found a way to stop her, asking her to do something before she went.

— I have to go now.

— There are documents to sign before tomorrow's meeting. I haven't finished reading them yet.

Kiraphat explained why she needed to go. Although she was still recovering from her injuries, her responsibilities could not be ignored. She could not simply lie in bed and wait for her to get better. Many people would be affected by the delay in work, and many others would seize any slip-up to attack her.

As vice president, she was already frowned upon by some within the company. Many felt that women were not good managers, that they were weak and indecisive. If they had a choice, they would have preferred to support Kita, her brother, as president.

Fortunately, however, Kita valued family ties more than the interests of the shareholders who tried to manipulate him.

— If I'm late, those snakes at the company will take advantage of this to attack me.

Bonita meant that in the entire world, no one was scarier than Kiraphat. The seriousness she displayed at that moment was clearly forced. As if the powerful “Queen” would actually be afraid of half a dozen gossips in the company! Quite the opposite – they were the ones who should fear her.

— Do you want to keep walking around? You yourself said I shouldn't move around unnecessarily. After all, you don't even take what you tell me to do seriously, do you?

Kiraphat’s excuses were endless. Sometimes Bonita thought that if she weren’t vice president, she could have a successful career as an actress. During the time Bonita was away, Kiraphat had no trouble going to work, even though she was injured. But now, with Bonita around, she suddenly needed help with everything.

— You were the one who told me that — Kiraphat insisted.

Bonita pursed her lips. Yes, she had really said that. It was her concern that made her tell Kiraphat to move as little as possible until she was fully recovered. She didn’t want her to get hurt any further.

In the end, Bonita no longer knew who was benefiting from this situation: her or Kiraphat.

But what Bonita didn't realize was that Kiraphat liked being forbidden from doing things. This meant he still had an excuse to keep Bonita around. There were still only four days left. After that, he wouldn't need to hold back anymore. Even if Bonita continued to keep her distance, at least she was there, in the same space as her.

Bonita only came near when necessary: to clean her wounds, to force her to take medicine (which she could have taken on her own, but simply didn't), to help her change her clothes, so she wouldn't have to strain herself. Kiraphat couldn't remember how many years it had been since she had felt that being a patient had its advantages.

— Okay, I read. But I just read.

— Hm, just read it.

But of course, after Bonita finished reading the documents, Kiraphat made one more request. It was the thousandth time that day.

— Stay here with me tonight.

Bonita didn’t answer right away. She just looked at her with a suspicious look. In the last 24 hours, she had barely had eight hours to herself, including sleeping in her own apartment, studying, and finishing her college work. And Kiraphat knew it.

They still had a "test" – or perhaps a "punishment" – to complete. So why did she keep making requests like this?

— May I? — Kiraphat repeated.

— I need to study. You know that.

— Then study. I won't bother you.

—The seven days we agreed on haven't passed yet.

— What do I need to say to make you stop arguing with me?

— Try to tell the truth.

- I miss you.

It was only three days of sleeping alone, but it was enough for Kiraphat to realize how much she hated it.

She'd never had trouble sleeping alone before. But now... now she didn't want to anymore.

“..…”

— Now that I've told the truth, is that okay?

Kiraphat sat on the couch, watching Bonita study at the table in the corner of the room—a table she herself had ordered brought in for Bonita to use.

He frowned when he noticed that Bonita was still wearing her college uniform. It was pretty, it suited her, but it wasn't comfortable for studying for so long.

Without thinking much, Kiraphat stood up. But before she could take a single step, Bonita immediately turned to face her, as if she had a security camera on her the entire time.

— Where are you going?

— You don't need to get up. I'll go alone.

— I already told you I don't want you to move around too much.

If the wound opens again, what will you do?

— I'm not moving around that much.

— I asked: where are you going?

Bonita repeated the same question once more. She was there, if the other really wanted something, she could ask without any problems. It wouldn't be difficult for her at all.

— You don't have to be so serious. I'm not afraid of you.

— There’s nothing to be afraid of — he replied calmly. — I’m just asking.

"....."

— Can you answer the question directly?

Their gazes met, and in the end, Kiraphat sighed, giving in. If she persisted, she might end up sleeping alone once again, like the previous nights.

— I'll get you some clothes to change into.

- What?

— I don't know how long you'll be studying, but you spent the whole day in those college clothes. I imagine they're not very comfortable.

"......"

— I'm just going to prepare something for you to sleep in. I'm not planning anything else.

Hearing this, Bonita smiled. Furthermore, she couldn’t help but smile when she saw the other’s expression – half sullen, half serious.

Had anyone ever told her that making that face made her adorable?

Maybe it was better if no one had. Bonita wanted to discover that side of her for herself.

— You don't like my clothes?

— It doesn't matter what you wear, it doesn't affect how I feel about you.

—But some people have a fetish for student uniforms. I'm just curious to know if you're one of them.

Kiraphat arched his eyebrow.

— I have a fetish for you without any clothes on.

"....."

— If I said that, would you take off your clothes for me?

—But you're hurt. Are you sure you want to see?

"....."

— If it's just to look, I think it's better to leave it for later. OK?

What a provocation...

Bonita always said or did something that made her want to squeeze her, bite her, mark her. And now, when she saw her standing right in front of her, talking nonstop, she could only think of one way to silence her: with her mouth.

— What's wrong? My face is up here.

Bonita commented, noticing that the other was staring at her mouth the whole time. She didn't even know if Kiraphat had paid attention to what she was saying before.

— You talk too much.

— Don't give me that! You're the one who wants to kiss me and keeps saying that I talk too much.

"....."

— Did you know that if you told me the truth, I wouldn't be able to resist?

Kiraphat gritted her teeth. Since when did Bonita start having such an advantage over her? Lately, it seemed like the girl could always predict her moves.

And now those defiant eyes were waiting for an answer. She hated this. She hated being at a disadvantage. Kiraphat had always been in control, always the leader. But with Bonita, it was different.

— Time waits for no one. If you take too long to answer, I may change my mind.

* Don't do that.

— What is that?

— You want me to surrender.

Bonita raised her eyebrow.

— You knew, right?

* I don't like.

— You never gave in to anyone. So if you did that to me, I would know that you would always have me by your side in the future.

"....."

— You said you wanted to prove yourself. But so far all I see is you giving me orders.

— Giving in to you is not something I need to prove.

* What?

— Mark this down, babe. If I ever give in, it will be because I love you. Not because I need to prove something.

"......"

Bonita couldn't explain why her heart beat so fast at that moment. Maybe it was the tone of his voice, the look in his eyes, or simply the fact that Kiraphat was really serious.

* Understood.

She simply nodded, and instead of answering, she leaned closer, standing on her tiptoes to give him a light kiss on the lips before pulling back. It was a short, soft kiss, but it hit Kiraphat hard. Sometimes, Bonita’s gentleness was overwhelming for someone like her, who had always been so emotionally tough.

— You didn't exactly answer the question... But I liked what you said.

"....."

— I'm going back to studying. Go do what you have to do.

* Wait.

Kiraphat grabbed her shoulder before she walked away.

— Why did you kiss me?

— Can't I kiss?

— I just want to know why.

— Maybe it's a reward for the right answer.

This time, Bonita stood on her tiptoes and lightly bit the other's neck before running back to her corner. But before she left completely, she raised her finger in a warning tone.

— Don't run after me. If you open the wound, I'll get mad.

— You always find a reason to be mad at me.

Bonita laughed.

— And you always find a reason to be sulky at me.

— What do you mean? I don't sulk.

—But when I don't let you hug me or I don't get close enough, you make this face.

— And what's wrong with hugging you a little?

Kiraphat complained, crossing his arms. Since she was injured, Bonita really wasn’t afraid of her?

— You and the word ‘little’ don’t know each other, do you?

"....."

— When I let you, you never let go. You always mark me, even when you say you won't.

— What an exaggeration.

Sometimes, Bonita didn't even know if Kiraphat was the same person as before. Lately, it's looked different. And she was still sensitive and jealous.

When he saw her frown, he felt sorry for her. She always ended up being the first one to give in, to try to make the other person feel better.

— If you keep sulking, you'll sleep alone tonight.

— You always say I'm sulking. My face is just like that.

Bonita laughed. Her face wasn’t like this all the time. If she paid closer attention, she would see that her expressions had changed a lot lately.

— Okay, no sulking. I'm going to study.

— Uhm.

— Go do what you have to do. Why are you still looking at me?

— I'm waiting for you to go back to studying so I can go.

- Why?

— My business.

Bonita narrowed her eyes. Would they ever be able to go half a day without arguing? They hadn’t even exchanged ten sentences and they were already arguing again.

— It's off topic.

— You're the one who complicates things.

— Do you want to sleep alone?

— He always threatens me when he can't beat me.

— And you can't give in to me even once?

This time, it was Kiraphat who frowned. If he were to interpret the word “always” she used correctly, it would mean every time, right?

— When I get tired of you, I'll think about it again.

— Don't take too long, because the more you get tired of me, the more freedom I have.

— You can't help but tease me, can you?

— Hmm… I think I need to find something to shut my mouth. “…..”

— Like Daddy's mouth.

— I told you not to challenge me. Don't say things like that.

— Ah, so the one who's about to lose control isn't me, right?

Kiraphat began to count to ten in her head. If she didn’t do this, she would definitely grab this annoying girl and crush her right there. But now, just gritting her teeth wasn’t enough. She had to clench her fists tightly.

— I was just kidding.

- Joke?

— Don't be upset, you're the only one I like to play with.

“..…”

— And most importantly, the only one I want to play with, Daddy.

— You're asking to be punished.

Bonita chuckled softly and finally gave in after teasing Kiraphat enough. She turned around and went back to her reading corner, but

she couldn’t help but peek at the other girl’s back as she disappeared into the room. A smile appeared on her lips.

It was strange, but true: now, she could be herself without forcing anything. And when she could turn the tables and provoke Kiraphat every now and then, she began to gain more confidence. Her fear… She already understood where it came from. And it seemed like her Queen was helping to dispel it without having to prove anything.

Just being with her, receiving her attention and affection was enough. The rest? Time would tell.

After reading through what she had planned, Bonita lay down next to Kiraphat. They both wore similar pajamas. Between them, a separator pillow had been placed—but it didn’t last even a minute before it was thrown away by her Queen.

— How ugly to destroy things.

— It was in the way. — Kiraphat looked at the pillow on the floor as if it were a mortal enemy.

— Winning a fight against a pillow and still being proud of it… It was just a pillow.

— Since when did I look proud?

Bonita wanted to laugh, but, being so close, if she did that, she would be at a disadvantage. So, she preferred to change the subject.

— I don't want to bother you.

— Oh, really? But I want you to bother me. What do we do now?

Bonita smiled, turned to face her, and then said something she had been tasked to convey. In fact, I wasn't even sure if it was a gesture of affection or if I was being used as a pawn in the adults' game. But since that woman was important to Kiraphat, she couldn't ignore her.

. .

Bonita always respected and loved her mother. Until, at a certain point, she had to step away. That's why respecting Lady Kirin was easy. Just knowing that she raised Kiraphat with such love was reason enough for Bonita to bow in reverence.

— The Lady asked me to let you know that she needs to attend the party event. Mr. Wasin has invited us. The whole family must go.

Kiraphat frowned. This made her doubt even more. Did your mother really like Bonita? Or did you just want to keep her around as a bargaining chip? If it were the second option, she would get her out of there immediately. He didn't want Bonita to believe in an affection that wasn't real.

If his mother wanted to play, Kiraphat decided he would play too.

— You're coming with me.

* What?

— You're coming with me.

Bonita blinked, as if she had heard wrong.

— Lady said it’s a family event…

* I understood.

— But I'm not…

— You're mine. How could you not be part of the family?

—And what would I go as, exactly?

If she did, it would be a scandal. A former nightclub girl, alongside Kiraphat, the stepdaughter of a powerful politician, at an event full of influential figures?

This would only reinforce the rumors that Kiraphat was supporting her financially. Bonita didn't like that kind of comment, but what could she do? I swallowed silently.

— Does it matter?

— I think so. I don't see any role that would allow me to be by your side at that event.

— Even if I have to be next to someone else? Wouldn't that affect you?

"....."

— What if my mother introduces me to someone, thinking about the family's future?

Bonita forced a smile. That was the price of being someone from a different world than her, wasn't it?

— What could I do? In Lady's eyes, I'm not someone who should be by her side.

Kiraphat pressed his thumb against Bonita's lips, silencing her.

—Queen's favorite.

"....."

Unable to speak, Bonita used her gaze to question the meaning of those words. But… she liked what she heard.

— In this role, you can go anywhere with me. You can stand by my side. Walk with me. I've already told you: you're mine. You don't have to fear anyone.

Bonita opened her mouth slightly and unhurriedly bit the tip of Kiraphat's finger, as a small retaliation for silencing her.

— How many favorites do you have, huh?

— Just one. Do you accept the title?

"....."

— If you don't accept, tough luck. Because she's already yours, Bonita.

# Chapter 18 : Queen's Favorite

Silence was the only response between us, as our eyes met, trying to test each other's sincerity. Her delicate body hesitated, wondering if she really deserved the position she gave me, especially under Queen's piercing gaze. Her gaze held me in place, preventing any thought that deviated from what she intended. Always firm and unshakable, like a true "dictator queen".

— Silence means you agree, right?

"....."

Bonita didn't know what it was like to trust or have confidence in someone. All his life he had known only fear: fear of not having money tomorrow, fear of not being able to finish his studies, fear that his mother would find his savings and spend them on drinking and gambling. Fear that one day she would actually end up being Khem's wife. And sometimes I didn't even know why I wanted to stay alive, since I knew fear more than happiness. But that started to change, little by little, from the day he met her.

Queen had turned his world upside down.

What had once fallen was now standing.

What he had never known, he was now learning.

Because, while Bonita didn't know it, Queen was the one who, little by little, gave her these lessons. She felt it when she felt safe within her gaze. She heard it in her firm but comforting voice, which warmed her heart when she provoked her. And she felt it even more when someone who never gave in to anyone let her win small battles between them.

No one knew, but Bonita knew that Queen gave in to her more than anyone else.

And that meant a lot to someone like Bonita. After all, a woman who had always been on top did not bow down easily. When Bonita asked Queen to treat her as an equal, it wasn't out of pride. She just wanted to know if, despite social differences and her difficult past, she could be truly valued and respected.

Because, until that moment, he had never received that from anyone – not even from his own family or the friends he grew up with.

Queen wasn't the type to sugarcoat her words to comfort her. On the contrary, her serious expression, as if she was angry at the world, was always accompanied by actions that made Bonita's heart race.

Like now.

She probably wouldn't have been so nervous about the sentence she heard, if Queen hadn't let a small smile escape and caressed her cheek with her fingertips.

Since when did she become so seductive?

— Why are you smiling?

In the end, Bonita couldn't hold back the question. Queen's smile was something she would never get used to.

— Can't I smile? My smile doesn't hurt anyone.

Who said that? It's hurting my heart, making it beat so fast like that!

— If you want me to go with you, fine. But I have one condition.

- What do you want?

— You always speak to me in a very distant way. I don't like that.

Kiraphat frowned. He had always spoken like this since the first day they met. Why was Bonita only now realizing that she didn't like him?

— I've never seen you like anything I do, Bonita.

— I don't like it or you just don't notice?

"....."

— You say I judged you without knowing the truth. But you judged me too, didn't you?

Bonita retorted, making a face. Without realizing it, she pouted slightly, irritated by Queen's provocation.

— And what is the exchange you want?

Kiraphat sighed, changing the subject. She didn’t want to argue with Bonita tonight. They both needed to rest. Tomorrow would bring many things to do together—and not just tomorrow, but the days after that as well.

— Changing the subject?

Bonita's expression relaxed when she saw Queen nodding, confirming that she was, in fact, changing the subject. Otherwise, the stubborn Bonita would certainly find a reason to sulk and make her run after her.

— Are you going to accept or not? If you don't accept, I'll kiss you.

Even if he gave in a little to Bonita that night, Kiraphat would still be who he was. Sometimes, she even surprised herself for giving in to Bonita in some situations. But she didn't feel diminished by it. On the contrary, the girl drove her crazy in a way that made her want to crush her in her arms.

— Can anyone who is wrong do this?

Bonita lifted her face with a mischievous smile. She still believed that Queen should be punished, not pampered like before.

— So, should I correct this error?

— And what would you give me in return, huh, my Queen?

Instead of answering, Kiraphat frowned and pulled Bonita closer, placing his leg over her hip. He held her body tightly, ignoring the slight pain of the movement. If Bonita noticed, she would certainly start complaining.

— Why do you like to tease me so much?

Bonita let out an amused laugh. She didn't mind Queen holding her like this. In fact, she enjoyed seeing her show both her good and bad sides. If it was something between the two, she wanted to know everything.

— Can't I play a little?

— If you’re punishing me, you shouldn’t be provoking me. I’m not a very patient person, remember? I’ve told you that before.

— How impatient you are, my Queen.

Bonita teased her once more. But this time, the tone of her voice and the way she said it made Kiraphat hold her breath. She wanted to smile, but she didn’t dare. She also didn’t want to frown and make her sulk again.

— If you know that, then stop testing me.

— Was that a request?

— In what part of the sentence did I ask for something?

— But I understood it as a request.

— You're imagining things.

—But you always forbid me from doing things that are impossible to avoid.

— Even if it's hard, you have to do it. Or you won't have the energy to study or live tomorrow. Got it?

Bonita chuckled softly. Her threat wasn’t scary at all. On the contrary, it just made it clear how much power she had over Queen’s feelings.

—Wow, what a scary threat. Should I be afraid?

— Yes, I should. Because it's not just a threat, I do what I say.

"....."

— You already know what happens, don't you? And next time, I won't go easy on you.

— Should I be afraid?

Bonita repeated the question, but the truth was that fear was nowhere near what she felt. I didn't even know how to explain why.

Maybe because Queen was the only woman who made her feel safe in her presence.

— Yes, be a little afraid. You might not like what I do. I might not be as sweet or kind as you imagined.

— I never thought that of you.

"....."

Bonita smiled.

— You're looking so angry again. I was just joking.

— If you play too much, you'll end up in trouble.

— If I'm scared, I'll let you know. And if I don't like something you do... I'll let you know too.

“.....”

— You know very well that I'm not the type of person who can stand to be with something I don't like. My patience is as low as yours. I've spent my whole life hearing the word 'tolerance'. I don't need to be patient with anything anymore.

- Great.

The two gazes locked on each other for a long moment before Kiraphat moved closer. When Bonita didn’t pull away, she felt as if she had been given permission for the closeness to advance to the next stage. Thus, the kiss happened again. However, this time it was soft, delicate, for it was just a kiss to lull us to sleep, not a kiss to initiate something more intense.

— So you might as well not bite me, huh? — He teased at the end.

— That mouth of yours…

The delicate body chuckled softly before ending the joke with a kiss on Kiraphat’s chin. She didn’t know why, but she felt that by doing so, the woman who seemed ready to scold her would eventually calm down, becoming a docile queen instead.

— Can you refer to yourself as 'Phi' to me?

— Why? — Kiraphat frowned.

— I just like it.

* Just that?

— Uh-huh. Is that okay?

— Is that the only request you have?

Why would she ask for something so small? Kiraphat had imagined that Bonita would ask for something much bigger—an expensive handbag, a luxury car, or even a large sum of money, as so many others had done before in exchange for something. But surprisingly, all Bonita wanted was a change in the way she referred to herself.

* Just that.

— Why ask for something so small?

Bonita raised an eyebrow. To her, this request was no small thing. After all, everything “P’Queen” did for her was something big. It had an impact on her feelings, on her decisions from now on.

— You're something big to me. Didn't you know?

"..."

— If you didn’t know, now you do, P’Queen.

. .

The event Lady Kirin had ordered them to attend was being held at a hotel. The venue was filled with familiar faces to Kiraphat, but everything felt new and frightening to Bonita. The stares of strangers, the flashes of the journalists’ expensive cameras, the pressure in the room—all of it almost made her unable to continue walking. Fortunately, P’Queen didn’t let go of her hand for even a moment. She also didn’t try to avoid the curious glances of the others.

— No need to be tense. I'm here with you.

— How do you stand those looks that stare at us as if they were security cameras? They don't even try to be discreet when they flash you or ask if I'm the woman in the scandal.

— I can't stand anything. I just ignore it.

"….."

— And you should do the same.

As they walked into the hall, Bonita discreetly observed the others’ posture and tried to imitate it so that P’Queen wouldn’t feel embarrassed to be by her side. On the other hand, Lady Kirin didn’t seem to mind the stares. After all, it wasn’t strange for the family to be gathered together, especially with her husband’s election approaching.

Though she didn’t show it outwardly, Lady Kirin sighed and glanced at Bonita from time to time. Her own pride made it difficult to accept Kraphat’s choice. There were countless options for her daughter, and yet none of them had been given the chance to walk beside her until now. But knowing her daughter’s personality, Lady Kirin found herself torn. Kiraphat never gave in to anyone—except when it came to the heart.

She always lived up to expectations in everything: she studied at the best universities, held the position of vice president to support her brother Kita, and even visited her deceased father's grave every month. She treated her half-siblings with affection, respected her stepfather, and was never rude.

Kiraphat respected those who respected her. But when she was treated badly, she could be cruel. Therefore, it was difficult for Lady Kirin to hurt her daughter's feelings.

— Why the serious look, mom?

Kita asked, noticing his mother’s frequent sighs and the glances she threw at Keraphat and Bonita. He knew exactly what she was thinking. If his stepfather hadn’t been busy with political meetings, he might not have had the courage to bring up the subject himself.

— Do you really want me to tell you, Kita?

Lady Kirin looked at her son, already knowing the answer. Kita and Kiraphat were extremely close. He would never allow his sister to get hurt. Likewise, Kiraphat would do anything for Kita without considering the consequences. Before, the mother still tried to suggest suitors for her daughter. But now that Kiraphat had taken Bonita home, no one in the family had any doubts that she had made her choice.

— Mom can say whatever she wants.

- Then…?

Kita smiled lightly at the woman he loved most in the world.

— You may speak, but please do not do anything that will make Kiraphat feel as if her choice is not accepted.

"....."

— We both know that love can happen at any time and with anyone, regardless of gender or anything else. And if it happened to Kiraphat, our role is to help her maintain that love, not destroy it.

— Are you giving me a lesson, Kita?

Lady Kirin wanted to pinch him for his audacity. How could he protect his sister with such a slight smile? Even in front of his own mother, he had made his decision: Kiraphat came first.

— I'm just saying something to think about. If you could consider it, I'd be very grateful, Mom.

— Heh, none of you live up to mother's expectations.

He had to admit that Kita’s words were quite persuasive even to himself. Lady Kirin’s weary gaze swept over Kiraphat and Bonita, who were standing side by side, before she let out a sigh. If one ignored the issue of social and economic suitability, what Kiraphat was doing was clear as day: she was respecting and beginning to share her personal space with someone.

The path of love she was building was like a concrete floor—if anything interfered with the process, cracks and imperfections would appear. And when the concrete dried and hardened, there would be no way to fix it.

— I know, Mom. You know what it's like to live with someone you don't love. You don't want Queen to go through that, do you?

— I'm thirsty. Go get me a glass of water.

Her mother's evasive answer made Kita smile before sighing. Both mother and daughter were equally stubborn and full of poise – and perhaps he was the same.

— Yes, ma'am.

— King, take Queen to talk to the elders over there.

Lady Kirin pointed in the indicated direction, and Kita hesitated, unsure of what exactly his mother wanted him to do.

— And the water?

— Isn't there someone else available to pick it up?

She was referring to Bonita, which left Kita speechless. Her face must have clearly expressed her reluctance, because her mother gave her a pinch on the waist before saying, — I have my honor too. I will not hurt or destroy anyone.

— I know, mom. But...

— No 'buts', Kita. It's an order.

The young man sighed and nodded before turning to speak a few words to his sister. Kiraphat looked at his mother.

— Mom, take good care of Bonita.

This statement further reinforced Lady Kirin's certainty that once Kiraphat chose something, she would stick to that choice.

— Do you think I would do something bad?

— I don't know, but I hope not.

Kiraphat replied in this manner before turning to mutter something to Bonita, who did not protest or try to stop her. Silently, she allowed

the man who served as her shield against storms to accompany her.

Bonita stood slightly apart from Lady Kirin, hesitant to stand completely beside her. Her delicate body made the matriarch wonder if the young woman ate properly—she was so thin she looked like she was about to break. Next to her daughter, Bonita looked even smaller.

— King said you want a glass of water?

Bonita's soft voice asked, not too loud and not too soft.— Yes.

— Then, I'll get it for you.

The place where they were gathered served as a reception area before entering a charity auction event, important for the image of businessmen and politicians. Therefore, there were no chairs, so that everyone could interact easily.

“Do you know where to find it?” Lady Kirin arched her eyebrow, observing Bonita’s manner.

— Yes, I saw people picking it up before. Queen also told me where to pick it up.

Lady Kirin sighed. Just look—even without being present, Kiraphat still understood the situation and knew exactly where to position his allies.

— Then go.

Bonita nodded and turned on her heel to leave. Fortunately, she was used to high heels and tight dresses, so she was able to walk without difficulty. However, before she could reach for a glass of water, her arm was grabbed by a male hand.

She almost screamed, but held back out of respect for the surroundings and Kiraphat's image.

— So... do you also accept jobs in places like that?

It was Phakin, a friend from Kiraphat’s circle whom she had met once. The man used to frequent this place with his friends, but she had never seen him there again. Surprisingly, fate had brought them face to face here.

- What?

Bonita didn't recognize him right away, but she remembered when he didn't let go of her arm and, worse, slid his hand to her wrist as if they were intimate. She tried to pull away, but couldn't.

— I'm friends with Lin and Queen. We met before, remember?

— Yes. Is there a problem?

She kept her voice polite but firm as she tried to free herself. However, Phakin tightened his grip on her wrist.

— Do you work here too? Who did you come with?

Phakin had read some of the news and knew that Kiraphat was involved with a woman. As soon as he saw her, he recognized her immediately. But what surprised him most was that his assumption was right: she was a girl who could be “bought”. This made him angry – why had she rejected his advances before, then?

His words hurt Bonita. He reduced her to her old job, treating her as someone of no value. She knew her job was honest, but that didn’t stop others from looking down on her.

— I'm not here to work. Now, please let me go.

— How much did Queen pay?

* What?!

— You're the woman from the rumor mill, aren't you? The student who worked at night and was supported by money.

Bonita always knew that Queen's world was full of people from different social classes, but she never imagined that her past would come back to haunt her like this. In the blink of an eye, Phakin summed up her entire life and made it seem like her relationship with Kiraphat was a scandal.

Suddenly, Bonita questioned whether she really belonged there.

— Aren't you going to answer?

* Excuse me.

— Wait. This time, I'm not drunk. I'm actually interested in you.

"….."

— We can have something secret. I promise no one will know and I will take good care of you. What's your name again... Pi, right?

— Let me go. I'm not interested.

— Why? Did Queen offer you a better deal? Tell me how much it was, maybe I can pay more.

"….."

— Don't play hard to get. Everyone knows why a woman like you is at Queen's side. In the end, it's all about the money, isn't it?

Bonita sighed and frowned.

Let them talk about her, fine – but who was this man to disrespect Kiraphat like that?

— Whatever my position here, as a friend, you should respect Queen more than that.

"....."

— Even if I was bought, even if I was supported, who gave you the right to insult me or try to do business with me, knowing that I am with Queen?

Her tone hardened. And when she noticed journalists with cameras raised, her irritation grew. But no matter how hard she tried to break free, Phakin held on tight.

Bonita was angry, frustrated and confused. She wanted to get out of there.

All the confidence Queen had given him was being destroyed by Phakin.

— Do you want everyone to hear this discussion? — He whispered.

Phakin frowned in displeasure. He liked to have fun, he appreciated beautiful women, and he had plenty of money to spend on his own desires. Even if Bonita had some connection to Queen, so what? In the end, she was just a woman who sold her body, without any real importance.

— Or are you acting like this because you want more money?

— Who wants more money, honey?

Lady Kirin's cold voice suddenly came, without anyone noticing when she had approached.

Phakin immediately let go of Bonita’s hand upon recognizing the new presence. It was obvious that in the business world, everyone knew Lady Kirin, the wife of an upright politician like Lord Wasin. Furthermore, he knew that she was Kiraphat’s mother. — Now, why this silence?

— It's nothing, we were just greeting each other as acquaintances.

— Oh, really? Well, if you already know each other, then I think Bonita should introduce me to this young man. After all, as my daughter's favorite, she is part of my family too.

— What? — Bonita blinked, unsure if she had heard correctly.

— You've heard, haven't you? Don't make me be rude to your acquaintance.

Lady Kirin had been watching since the moment she saw someone stopping Bonita from getting water. She had also heard the entire conversation. But pretending not to know Phakin, her daughter’s friend, made the young man feel disconcerted.

— I don't know this man, Madam.

— What? But why then…

— That’s not true! We’ve met before. I saw her when I was out with Queen. She worked at a bar and took care of us. Plus, I’m friends with Queen.

— So what?

- What?

— I mean… so what? How do you explain pulling and dragging my daughter like that?

— Ah… Are you okay with the fact that Queen’s favorite is a woman who works nights? She has no right to be protected or considered part of the family.

— If it's honest work, then there's nothing to worry about.

"......"

— You didn't steal anything from anyone, right, Bonita?

— No, ma'am.

Bonita replied in a low voice. How could she steal someone? If Queen really had someone special, she would leave the scene herself without needing to be kicked out.

- I'm thirsty.

Lady Kirin turned to Bonita, but not before casting a glance at Phakin, who was pale. Her previous sentence sounded almost like a reprimand.

— Don't touch anyone without permission, young man. If you're really my daughter's friend, I imagine Queen wouldn't like to know that you act like this with her wife.

Phakin pursed his lips in annoyance, but he had to back down, as there was nothing he could do. Lady Kirin’s authority was clear, and she was openly protecting Bonita.

— Yes, ma'am.

As Lady Kirin drank water, she couldn't help but notice Bonita's silence and expression.

— This could happen to you again and again if you continue to be with my daughter. Even if you haven’t done anything wrong, there will always be people who judge you. In the real world, there are few who truly recognize the good qualities of others.

"....."

— Have you decided if you're ready to face this?

Bonita bit her lip, thinking before answering.

— If it were just me, Bonita, some random person of no importance, then no. But as Queen's favorite, I think I can handle it all, no matter how hard it is.

"....."

— As long as my presence doesn't tarnish Queen's name, that's enough for me.

This was what troubled Bonita the most. She trusted Queen more and more, and at the same time, she wanted to be by her side even more. But deep down, she wasn’t sure if she was worthy of it. It was all because of Phakin’s words.

Lady Kirin raised an eyebrow.

— To stain? To stain because of whom?

"......"

— If my daughter was afraid of getting dirty, you wouldn't even be here talking to me now, Bonita. Keep that in mind.

— And you… do you approve of this?

Bonita asked hesitantly. Was she, with her background and her position, really appropriate to be there?

— Approve what?

— The fact that Queen and I…

— If I didn't approve, what would you do?

"....."

— And if I approved, what would you do?

"....."

— Would any of these answers make you abandon my daughter? If not, then it doesn't matter what I think. What matters is that if Queen ever decides to listen to me and leave you, only then can you come back and ask me whether I approve or not.

Lady Kirin's words stayed in Bonita's mind until the end of the party and even when she returned to her room. She couldn't stop thinking about them.

— I need to go back to my room.

She said as she saw the fixed, questioning gaze of the woman in front of her.

— Sleep here.

- No.

— Babe, I told you to sleep here.

Bonita sighed.

—Besides the title of favorite that you gave me, what else is truly mine? Is there anything that makes me feel safe that you will always be by my side?

— What's wrong with you?

Kiraphat’s voice softened. She didn’t know exactly what had happened that night, as she was busy with meetings and contacts for future business. When she returned, she found Bonita silent, her shoulders slumped, completely different from the confident she had been when she arrived.

But since she didn't seem to fear her mother, Kiraphat couldn't just conclude that everything was her fault.

- Reply.

— I asked what's wrong with you. Who did something to you?

— Nobody did anything. I just want security. Now.

She didn't want to wait any longer. If Kiraphat really wanted her, he should have given her complete security at that moment. Because Bonita also wanted to be by her side. But fear held her back.

The fear of being discarded.

The fear of not being important.

The fear of ending up alone again.

The fear of not being worthy.

The fear of everything you could fear.

Kiraphat gently held Bonita’s face. He felt her trembling. Her eyes were filled with confusion.

— I'm here. You know that, right?

Bonita nodded slowly. Queen's hands were always warm and safe to her.

— Do you want to hear a story before bed?

- What?

— Go take a shower and I'll tell you.

.

On the soft bed, Kiraphat and Bonita sat, leaning against the headboard. There was no storybook.

— What do you want to tell?

— Once upon a time… there was a family of wolves who were born with the expectation of being perfect. Father, mother and children living together, with plenty of food. It was supposed to be like this, wasn't it?

But it so happened that one of the wolf cubs – from now on, we will call him Key – ended up discovering too soon that his own father, the leader of the pack, was cruel and merciless. He was violent and always hurt his wife when he was angry, in addition to bringing strange female wolves to join the pack.

Key, who had always been the youngest in the pack, became a big brother after a new wolf gave birth. His mother then decided to run away with him and his older brother, cutting off all contact with the pack to start a new life.

At first, Key's mother faced many difficulties, as no one dared to help her for fear of revenge from the pack leader. However, thanks to her skill and determination, she managed to support and raise Key and her brother until they grew up.

Key silently observed his mother's strength, always loving and respecting her. He dreamed of being at least half as strong as her.

Thus, he obeyed all her teachings – with one exception: love.

Key had already seen an example of a broken family, so he couldn't understand what true, healthy love was. However, he began to learn about it through the world around him, until one day, he encountered a wild baby rabbit.

The rabbit was a natural survivor, and his gaze aroused curiosity. He was not afraid of Key, even though he knew he was a wolf. On the contrary, he did everything he could to stay alive. One day, when he saw him soaked in the rain, Key called him to take shelter in his den.

At first, Key thought that the rabbit was like a fragile little sister that he needed to protect, otherwise he would surely be devoured by some predator. But over time, the little rabbit began to awaken something strange inside him.

The presence of the rabbit began to occupy Key's thoughts. He realized that love was not as scary or bad as he had imagined. He felt that he could finally understand it, and he wanted to proudly tell his mother: "Look, this is the love I chose. It makes me happy and is perfect in itself."

Key wanted very much to share this achievement with his mother, but there was one problem: he was a wolf and could not assure the rabbit that he would never hurt him. And in turn, the rabbit believed that he could never belong to a wolf family.

But Key was truly happy. Happy to be able to be fragile next to that rabbit. Happy to be, for once, the one who surrendered. Happy to see him well fed and sleeping safely under his care.

Bonita didn't know why, but tears began to stream down her face. Was this a story that had come from deep within her soul? It didn't sound like any fairy tale she had ever heard before. On the contrary, it was eerily similar to her own life.

— I have a question.

Kiraphat gently stroked Bonita's soft hair. — Do you think a wolf and a rabbit can love each other?— Yes.

— If they can love each other, the first challenge between a wolf and a rabbit should be trust, right?

— Yes.

— So… can you trust me?

“.....”

— To believe that I will be a wolf who will choose only you, my little rabbit. The only one, the first and the last.

# Chapter 19 : Kneel before your Queen

—Can I prove right now how this wolf can be tamed?

Bonita wasn't challenging at any point, she just wanted to know if the words the other was saying were sincere or just a sweet deception to make her lower her guard.

- He is sure?

— Yes.

— Wait here.

Kiraphat disappeared for a moment and returned with a small box in his hands. The contents were a mystery. She placed her on the edge of the bed and then fixed Bonita with an unreadable gaze.

—What I'm about to do, I do because the person in this room is you.

"....."

—So our agreement is that from now on, no matter if you're scared or insecure about something between us, you'll tell me directly.

Bonita bit her lip before shaking her head, but she didn't expect to be so surprised when Kiraphat suddenly knelt on the ground with both legs. The fright made her get up from the bed and go to the other one, but when she tried to kneel down too, she received a look that stopped her.

- What are you doing?

— I'm allowing you to be above me. Because if I'm going to be tamed by someone, it's going to be you.

— My Queen...

— I am not submitting myself out of fear, but because I love you. Understand this. This is not a competition. Between us, no one will be defeated.

Bonita couldn't describe what she felt. So many emotions hit her at the same time, catching her completely off guard. She never imagined that Kiraphat would show his submission in this way. And much less that the simple way of calling her "Phi", as she requested, would bring so much warmth to her heart.

Hearing the word "love" being said so clearly and directly made his heart beat with happiness. His Queen wasn't just proving it with words. She chose to demonstrate her feelings in a visible and undeniable way.

— In that box there is a collar.

- What?

— You heard right. It's a collar for people.

Kiraphat had secretly ordered it ever since Bonita said she wanted to see it tamed. But he never imagined that he would use it in a situation like this. After all, if it needed a master, it was only natural that it would use a collar, right? That was what Kiraphat thought.

— Take it and put it on me.

"…..."

— But know that once you do, it means you will always be above me. And you will always have to look down on me while I serve my mistress. Because tonight, I will love you my way. I will not hold back. I will not hide anything. And I am sorry if I am not as tame as you imagined.

— You didn't have to do that.

When Bonita had said she wanted Kiraphat to be tamed, she had never imagined it would involve a collar to show ownership. It was overkill. But for some reason, her heart was beating wildly. Something inside her told her she liked this.

— Stop talking and put the collar on me already. I am eager to serve my mistress.

— Queen! — How could she say these things so naturally?

—But know that, even if I'm tamed, I can still bite my owner. So be prepared.

Clack!

The sound of the collar buckle snapping shut around Kiraphat’s delicate neck made Bonita swallow hard. In addition, there was a small silver plate reflecting the light, with her name engraved on it as the owner. Kiraphat’s face was impossible to read at the moment. Her dark hair, loose and messy, fell down her back, and in front of the collar dangled a leather leash.

Bonita never imagined that she would take this so seriously. Kiraphat gave himself completely, like a tamed wolf.

— You should hold that tab.

Kiraphat raised his face to look at Bonita, who stood up. The young woman took the leash with a mischievous and curious look.

- Like this?

Bonita grabbed the leash and gave it a gentle tug. Immediately, Kiraphat’s face came closer. Since she was still kneeling, her head was right in front of Bonita’s most sensitive area.

For Bonita, looking down and seeing her Queen staring at her sparked an intense electricity in her. So she sat on the edge of the bed and pulled on the leash again.

— Can I do whatever I want?

— Yes. Everything. But I don't promise to obey everything.

— Can I give any order?

— You can. But I already said that I can't guarantee that I'll follow them all.

Bonita nodded, understanding that it would be impossible for the woman before her to obey her one hundred percent. But what Kiraphat had already done was far beyond what she could have expected.

— Are you sure it doesn't hurt?

She tugged on the leash once more, not too hard, just to reinforce her point.

— If I feel pain, don't think you'll come out of it unharmed.

— You speak as if it were true.

— I already told you I bite.

As soon as she finished speaking, Kiraphat leaned over and gently bit Bonita’s inner thigh, causing her to let out an involuntary moan. In addition to biting, she slid her tongue over the sensitive skin, making Bonita’s body heat up instantly. Instinctively, her fingers tightened on the leash, pulling it tighter.

— Who gave you permission to bite there, little dog?

Kiraphat frowned at the way she was called. Besides taming her, Bonita wanted to turn this into a roleplay? Would this woman always do something unexpected during sex?

— Puppy?

— It's wearing a collar, it has a leash and an owner. If it's not a dog, then what is it?

— I don’t know how I should feel. It’s strange, but being controlled suddenly made me feel better, in an inexplicable way. Still, that doesn’t mean she can’t go back to being the Huntress. Let her think she’s in control for now.

— Whatever. Where else can you bite?

Bonita pulled the rope tighter, making Kiraphat frown as the noose tightened around his neck. The slender body wrapped the rope around the palm of her hand several times until it was firm. Kiraphat had nowhere to escape. In fact, the society she grew up in shaped her to understand people, not to mention her experience working in a bar. She had seen couples doing intimate things and even witnessed Mint and her girlfriend kissing frequently.

She was just a human with feelings, desires and curiosity. And being in an advantageous position, she felt even more confident – after all, who knew how many times the "Queen" would give in like this?

— You like biting my mouth, don't you?

"....."

- Do.

Kiraphat obeyed without hesitation, but he did not bite down immediately. Instead, he savored the soft lips before sinking his teeth in at just the right pace.

However, her calmness seemed to irritate someone – the rope was pulled again, making her frown before retaliating with a stronger bite, surprising Bonita.

— If it hurts, let me know. Remember?

— Ah!

— Where is your promise to be yourself? Why do I feel like 'daddy' is forcing himself? Isn't that true?

Kiraphat let out an irritated sigh. If he was too nice, it wouldn’t do any good either—she was hard to please.

— I'll assume you've allowed it.

— If it's you, I'll allow anything.

With those words, the slender body was pulled down. Kiraphat used her own lap for support—tonight, Bonita would be on top, forced to look down at her.

Lips pressed together, sharp teeth nibbling until Bonita knew that if she kept this up, her lips would be swollen and bruised. Kiraphat’s hands roamed her body, squeezing her soft hips and pulling her close. With only a shirt and panties on, the friction between their bodies was undeniable.

The fingers holding the rope dug into Kiraphat’s shoulder as her lips moved down to his neck, leaving painful marks. She was clearly doing it on purpose—like a puppy biting on instinct. How could he see her any other way?

— D-Don't make too many marks...

— Hmm.

It was unclear whether it was a response or just a moan, as her mouth was still occupied.

— Ah!

Bonita frowned as her breasts were squeezed tightly. Invasive hands reached under her shirt, pinching her nipples until they were hard before trying to undo the buttons—unsuccessfully, until a violent tug ripped them off, scattering them across the floor.

Honestly, watching Kiraphat mark her body while she could only look down was embarrassing, but also deeply satisfying. Her body responded well to that savagery.

The "Queen", who had always sworn never to submit, now gave her all the rights she demanded.

Breasts were bitten slowly, wet sounds echoing in the room along with Bonita's moans. Her hips ached from being squeezed so much, and her nipples, pulled hard, would soon become sensitive.

— Why did you close your eyes? — Kiraphat's harsh voice sounded displeased.

— It's just that...

— Tingling?

Bonita frowned and pulled the rope as punishment.

— Use that mouth for something else. Stop talking.

—Why? Does that excite you more?

Their eyes locked for a moment before the slender body challenged: — Can you really do it?

"….."

Bonita stood up, untying the rope and taking off her panties— leaving only her unbuttoned shirt. She tossed the garment into Kiraphat's lap before pulling the collar back, forcing her to look up.

— Use that mouth properly.

"….."

— Because I want to see if you keep your promises.

— I already warned you that I don't like challenges.

— Excuse my insolence, but I'm not wrong.

— Face the consequences, then.

"Ah.. Nhnn!"

She shouldn't have provoked her. With her hips immobilized and unable to fight, there was no escape.

The excessive pleasure made her want to fall into the "Queen's" lap again, but now Kiraphat was buried between her legs, determined. Bonita tried to resist, rubbing her hips to ease the tension, but it only made things worse.

— I-I can't take it...

She begged for mercy, her fingers buried in Kiraphat's hair. But when she saw the look he gave her, she understood: it was a punishment for having defied her.

This had nothing to do with "submission."

— Nhhh!

Bonita trembled as she reached her climax, but Kiraphat didn't stop, forcing her to collapse onto his lap and hug her.

- I am tired...

Her voice came out weak – after all, she had to hold herself back from falling while dealing with the other's skillful tongue.

— What? We haven't even started yet.

— Nhn... daddy is really good at this.

"....."

After resting for a while, Bonita began to move, nibbling on Kiraphat's neck.

—D-Don't move.

— I want to bite you too.

— You can bite, but not now.

— I want to go to bed.

Now, the two of them were in bed. Bonita's body was marked red, while Kiraphat lay beneath her, accepting the inferior role for the night.

The collar was still around her neck, and once again, Bonita was "served." This time, at least, she had something to hold on to—but her hips were red from being squeezed so tightly.

— G-Give me some...

— You're so good with that mouth that it's almost irritating.

Lately, Bonita had been barely breathing. One tug on the rope was enough to make her completely lose her grip. She wasn’t sure who had tamed her like this—but it was definitely someone who knew exactly what they were doing.

It took a while for her hips to finally free themselves, her throat was already hoarse from moaning. Now, Bonita was sitting on her lap again, their lips glued together in a violent drink, with no escape but to respond. When she bit, Bonita bit back. When she licked, Bonita did the same, imitating every movement until she no longer knew how wet that rose was.

Suddenly, long fingers slid inside her without warning—and not just one, but two. Even though they had done this before, Bonita was still inexperienced. What should have been her advantage quickly became her defeat, and now she was completely at her mercy.

— D-deep…

In their position, Kiraphat's fingers could reach even deeper places. Bonita bit her lips as they moved inside her, making her squirm without any control. And when Kiraphat discovered a sensitive spot and insisted on it, her body melted like wax under a flame.

— Can I bite?

There was nowhere else to vent his frustration, but Queen's perfect shoulders were an irresistible invitation. Bonita looked at herself, marked by bites, pinches and red hickeys, and wished she could paint her body the same way.

— You can bite. But remember: the stronger you are, the stronger I will be.

- Hmm…!

Bonita nodded in agreement. At this point, anything went—she had to bite.

Kiraphat nibbled, sucked, and at one point even gave her hip a firm slap. But since he was underneath, there were things that bothered her—she couldn't push her back against the bed, she couldn't control the pace as she wanted.

— H-harder…

It was Bonita who ended up taking the initiative, moving her hips to find friction. As they learned each other's language, her breasts were already marked red, her nipples taut from being bitten and sucked as if she were hungry.

— I-I want to stay underneath…

She mumbled, exhausted. Kiraphat was pushing her to the limit, leaving her without strength.

-He is sure?

Kirahat asked, his voice hoarse. Of course he would—but not without conditions.

— Don't torture me…

Bonita spoke in an unconsciously pleading tone, trying to kiss his chin to move him. It worked, but only a little. As their hips pressed together, Kiraphat unhooked the leather collar from around his neck, leaving only the nameplate.

— A deal.

- Also?

— Let me tie your hands, and you can lie down.

“……”

— Put your hands behind your back, bunny. Tonight, you're going to be this dog's dinner.

— Ah! N-no, I'm going…!

Bonita fell onto the bed, panting, as Kiraphat flipped her onto her stomach, pulling her hips up while tying her hands behind her back. A vulnerable position that left one very pleased.

Kiraphat covered her body, kissing softly from her rounded shoulders to her sweaty temples. Bonita was surprising—she endured his wildness without hesitation, as if begging for more.

— Nngh…!

Bonita moaned softly as her hips were squeezed, Kiraphat's fingers sliding inside her. She couldn't take it anymore – not that she didn't like it, but she was exhausted.

— We need to sleep…

— Remember: you are above me now. That means nothing will change. “……”

— If you ever doubt yourself, know that I will never doubt you. Darling — She said…

— Y-yes…?

— Do you want to be my favorite every day?

“……”

— Because you're the only one I'd kneel for.

Bonita didn’t remember how she answered. But the fact that Kiraphat had held her like that all night proved that she must have said yes. And most of all, Kiraphat had slept with the collar still around her neck—just because Bonita had said she liked it.

How could I refuse?

Even if there were a hundred P’Queens in the world, in the end, the only person who would matter to her would be the “Queen” in her arms.

# Chapter Epilogue : Queen's

The day the status quo between us changed to something brighter was like stepping out of the shadows into the morning sunlight. For Bonita, her confidence grew immensely. The darkness that had once represented the fear within her no longer had any power over her. She was certain of that.

Hearing words of love and witnessing actions that demonstrated respect slowly made her fears disappear. Plus, waking up and seeing that Queen was still by his side, not going anywhere, made his day infinitely better.

— Don't you have a meeting today?

The young woman asked as she noticed the other woman's eyelids fluttering. Her eyes dropped to the necklace she still wore around her neck, and a smile appeared on her face. She delicately reached out to remove it. She didn't want to be pretentious, but since the other woman hadn't taken it off herself, Bonita assumed that since she had put it on, she should also be the one to take it off.

— Ah...

Kiraphat responded with a murmur, but still did not open his eyes. This gave Bonita the opportunity to discreetly observe the body of his beloved... Yes, his beloved.

Now, she could call her that with all the letters.

On Queen's shoulder, red marks from the previous night's bites were visible. As for his own body, he didn't even need to look to know that it was covered in marks. His chest was still tender, and just remembering what had happened last night made his body shiver.

The other woman’s neck was slightly red, but the necklace was too soft to hurt her skin. Queen had chosen well. Even the restraints that had bound her wrists the night before left no discomfort. Or maybe it was because all her attention was on Queen…

— Come with me.

* What?

— For the company.

* With me?

— I mean... P’Queen.

Kiraphat frowned and finally opened his eyes. He had always spoken like this, so changing suddenly wasn’t easy. But he wanted Bonita to know that he was trying.

— I still haven't gotten used to it...

Bonita smiled, understanding. Just knowing that Queen was making an effort for her was enough.

* I understand.

— Stop calling me "Queen." — And what should I call you?

— Whatever you want.

— So... Daddy?

“..…”

— Amor?

“..…” — Big Daddy?

— Can you stop?

Kiraphat frowned and pulled Bonita closer. The touch of her bare skin was more pleasant than she had imagined, and the simple fact that they were talking in the morning made everything more special. Now she understood why Bonita had been so angry when she woke up alone that day.

— So, what do you want me to call you?

Bonita lightly touched the other’s lips with her fingertips. Last night, Queen wasn’t the only one who had bitten. She had also bitten back, and now the traces were still there. Kiraphat lightly bit her finger and, looking into her eyes, replied: - Anything.

— "Anything" does not exist.

— I'm older than you, aren't I?

“..…”

— So if I refer to myself one way, you should call me the same way.

— If you want to be called a specific thing, just say so.

Kiraphat arched his eyebrow.

— And you? What do you want to call your girlfriend?

. .

Now that they were truly together, Bonita realized that her Queen was hiding a childish side that she never imagined. Maybe that was why Queen was so grumpy now, after Bonita said what she wanted.

The truth was, she barely had time to study or hand in her work. I didn't work at night anymore, but every time the sun went down, I never got anything done. Because Queen always pulled her into bed. Where did you get so much energy from?

— I don't understand why we have to be apart before the holidays...

Kiraphat grumbled once more. His face was serious, and his eyebrows were furrowed. Bonita’s vacation was less than a month away, but for Queen, that was too long to sleep alone. After all, ever since they decided to be together, they had slept in each other’s arms every night.

Every time he closed his eyes, the first thing he saw when he woke up was Bonita's face. Now, suddenly, he wouldn't see her anymore? It didn't make sense.

— When we're together, I can barely study for an hour... You know why.

The youngest said firmly.

Kiraphat knew this very well. Whenever Bonita stayed too focused on her books, she would find a way to distract her until Bonita gave in. But what could she do? After they started dating, her patience grew thin, and all she wanted was to be by Bonita’s side all the time. — There's no point in saying you won't do anything. If I walk around the house in a T-shirt without a bra, you'll throw me on the bed.

— But it's because you're cute.

Bonita's eyes widened, shocked by the direct answer. Now Queen knew how to be sweet, huh? But she wouldn't fall for that.

— And when did I go to drink water?

- When?

— When you came from behind, you kissed my neck and scared me so much that I spilled water on myself.

— At that moment, you were beautiful.

Bonita narrowed her eyes. Where did Queen get such compliments from?

— And in the bath?

— At that moment, I just wanted to bite you.

— And watching TV?

— You were paying more attention to the TV than to me. I didn't like it.

Each excuse was more absurd than the last, but Bonita couldn't deny that her heart was racing. Even so, she couldn't give in.

—So you mean, no matter what I do, I won't escape?

“..…”

— That's why it's better this way. And you can't sulk, or I'll really get mad.

— That's not fair. I understand that you want to focus on your studies, but ignoring me completely is already overkill.

- What?

— It doesn't matter. At least on the weekends, we'll sleep together.

— Are you sure I'm going to "sleep"?

— I don't know... You might end up not sleeping, because you left me alone five nights in a row.

— Look who's being selfish...

Kiraphat sighed, frustrated. She didn't want to seem immature, but she just wanted to be with the person who made her feel good. And in the whole world, this person was just Beautiful. If his presence was considered suffocating, all he could do was move away a little and try to change.

— Then, whatever you wish.

Bonita frowned because she didn’t like that phrase very much. The last time the other said it, the two of them almost fought. And now, she didn’t know if the situation was heading towards the same outcome.

— Are we fighting now?

She asked in a firmer tone. If that was the case, she had every right to be really angry—and not just pretend. If the other woman had no reason, neither would she.

- No.

— Don't lie.

— We're not fighting. I don't want to fight.

Kiraphat answered honestly. She just felt hurt, but not to the point where she wanted an argument that got out of hand.

— So why say ‘as you wish’?

— Because that's just it. No matter what I say, I'm not going to change your mind, am I?

—But when you say it like that, it seems like you don't care.

"....."

— And if I said ‘do whatever you want’, would that make you feel good?

Faced with the other's silence, Bonita repeated the question.

- Reply.

— No, I wouldn't feel good.

— So, how do you think I feel?

"......"

— We're not breaking up forever. I just need some time now. Other than that, have I ever crossed you?

— Don't be mad.

— Then why do you make me angry?

Every sentence Bonita said was a question, all of them cornering

Kiraphat. It was as if Kiraphat was in a ring, taking one punch after another until she was dizzy. Any more and she might be knocked out.

— Come here.

In the end, it always ended like this. If Bonita was upset or unhappy, Kiraphat would calm her down with a hug. The warmth shared between the two made the heated emotions dissipate.

Because in the end, if they could still hug each other, the argument didn't matter – the touch showed that they still loved each other and wanted to be together. This was enough to heal the relationship, which was nothing more than a journey of mutual learning.

— Are you that mad?

Feeling Bonita's body tremble, Kiraphat asked, caressing her back.

She had never realized that her way could hurt the other so much. Now that she knew, she would try to prevent it from happening again. Before, she would say what she thought without caring about other people's feelings, but now there was someone she needed to care about.

— I won't say that anymore.

— Don't promise something you can't deliver.

— When I said ‘as you wish’, I meant that I respect your decision. It doesn’t mean that I don’t care. Because in the end, no matter what you decide, I will always follow you.

"....."

— I just… I don’t want to be away for too long.

Finally, Kiraphat confessed, his voice softening.

— It's just for a few weeks.

— Uhm.

—Hang in there, okay?

— And what is the reward for that?

— Hold on first. Then you can charge.

. .

It was Friday, the day Bonita could spend time with her beloved, as they had agreed. Since classes ended early, she went to wait for the other in the office, since the meeting was not over yet.

At first, she attracted a lot of attention when she walked up to the principal's floor in her school uniform. But because he chose to ignore the curious looks and whispers, over time, these expressions of curiosity turned into habitual glances. They didn't respect her like they did when she walked beside Queen, but that didn't matter. She never wanted to be revered by anyone.

— It took a while today, didn't it?

Kita’s voice rang out as he approached with a woman at his side. Since the meeting was still ongoing, he didn’t need to participate, but Kiraphat did since the project in question was under his supervision.

Bonita already knew that his sister was frustrated with the delay – she didn't even need to ask to know that it was because it would cut into the time she could spend with Bonita.

* No problem.

He replied softly.

Kita smiled fondly.

— This is the first time I've seen Queen irritated by a meeting taking too long. Usually, it's the others who lose their patience.

* Also?

— Queen got used to taking on all the responsibilities. She wants to do everything in the best way, but sometimes I worry about that.

"....."

— This is the first time I've seen Queen actually bothered about leaving work late.

—But it’s normal, isn’t it? People should have an organized work routine.

Kita smiled again.

— Yes, but in her position, nothing is certain. Not power, not status, not time. There is always someone ready to take her place.

— I see. When we’re together, she often stays up late reading documents.

— Exactly. What I mean is, she never acts like a normal person except when she's with me or you, Babe.

The nickname “Babe” seemed to have become the way Queen and others called her. Over time, Bonita almost forgot she had a real name.

Now, Kiraphat no longer glared when Kita approached Bonita, so he could talk to her without fear. But if he sensed that his sister was uncomfortable, he would keep his distance. This was a way of respecting both his sister and Bonita.

— Do you want me to tell you a story?

- Also?

Another story. These brothers were the same. Bonita didn't know what he would talk about, but if it was something about the person she loved, no matter how painful it was, she would listen.

— Queen changed when she realized how strong our mother had to be to raise two children alone. When she learned that society saw our family as ‘incomplete’ because of the divorce, everything got worse.

"......"

Kita sighed.

— Being called an ‘incomplete family’ was bad enough. But raising two children alone was even harder. Although many tried to help, our mother never accepted, because she wanted to prove to the grandparents that she could take care of us.

Bonita couldn't help but think of her own mother. Did she ever feel like she was trying to protect her?

But it was a useless question. The answer was clear: her mother chose to run away and live comfortably alone, with the money that the person Bonita loved gave her, without ever trying to get in touch again.

— Your mother was a strong woman.

— Yes. That's why Queen always looked up to her. But in the process, she lost some of her happiness. So if there's anyone in the world who can make her relax and just be a normal girl, I'm glad it's you, Babe.

- Also…?

— Please take good care of my sister and help her grow up into a happy adult.

—But your sister King is very stubborn and spoiled, you know?

Kita laughed. “You can scold her, but never stop loving her. From what I can see, Queen expresses her feelings very clearly, so clearly that even her mother had to give in to her.”

Bonita smiled. She was not surprised that a strong woman like Lady Kirin had given in to the wishes of the daughter she had always protected. In the end, she raised Queen very well, and Queen became an example for those who love her to follow. Even though she was a little stiff, she was still adorable in Bonita's eyes.

— So does that mean I was lucky because Lady Kirin respects Queen in that regard? Kita smiled. “Of course.”

. .

Everyone knew that Kiraphat always spoiled his younger sister. So, getting their loved ones together was a good thing. However, what made his eyebrows raise was the fact that Bonita was smiling and laughing frequently during their conversation.

Thunwa wasn’t much of a talker, but for some reason, she was especially talkative that day. Meanwhile, Kiraphat remained silent, joining in the conversation occasionally, but not as much as her sister.

— You're sulking.

Bonita noticed how much her beloved was frowning. But since he was the same age as Thunwa and King, the conversation flowed naturally. In addition, the two gave him a lot of advice.

— Hmph.

— Don't be upset. She is Queen's sister, after all.

— Who said I'm upset? Don't talk nonsense.

— Are you sure? Then I won't please you.

— And how do you intend to please me?

— Hey, didn't you say you weren't upset?

— I changed my mind.

Bonita chuckled softly and leaned in to kiss her beloved's chin. In that place, surrounded only by people she trusted, this was the most she could do to comfort him. But outside the dining room there were still many curious onlookers, including journalists who insisted on following her.

It was a chaos that he couldn't get rid of so easily.

—Has the annoyance passed?

"....."

— I was just talking about you, you know?

Kiraphat wanted to ask what else Bonita remembered, since she loved calling her by different names.

- Who are you'?

— My love, of course.

— You love calling me different things.

— You don't like it?

— Did I say I don't like it?

— So you like it. — Bonita smiled, and Kiraphat sighed, because in the end, he always ended up giving in to her.

— Are you tired?

Kiraphat gently ran his hand through Bonita’s hair, ignoring his younger sister’s provocative glances, before turning his attention back to his beloved. She hadn’t asked this without reason. Her life was always hectic and the target of curiosity from others, especially from journalists who loved to create scandals to tarnish the family’s reputation.

Fortunately, Kongthap's family was not as involved in these matters as they imagined. Or perhaps it was because King handled the situation impeccably.

However, when he left that room, he had no idea how many photographers he would have to dodge. Having dinner with Thunwa was not something that was common, and his half-sister was also a big target for the media. Some newspapers still insisted on spreading false rumors about the brothers fighting over their late father’s inheritance.

— What kind of subject?

— Anyone. If you're tired, tell me.

Hearing this, Bonita smiled even more. There was not a single day that he regretted his choice to get into Kiraphat's car to escape the rain. And he was thankful to Queen for not simply walking past that night.

—Any subject at all?

— Of course.

— What if the journalists ask about our relationship? About me being just a girl without roots?

— No matter who you're talking to, you can always say that I'm yours. And I don't care what others say about you. At the end of the day, you're the one I chose. My favorite. The only one.

Bonita paused for a moment. Was Kiraphat being sweet with ulterior motives again? In a few days, she would finish her exams and the holidays were getting closer and closer.

- Serious?

— If you want to know, try telling that to the journalists when they come to ask you.

"....."

— You can always say I'm someone's Queen.

— What if I said I was Queen's favorite?

— In that case, make sure you speak loudly so everyone knows who you belong to. That way, people like Phakin won't come near you again.

Kiraphat was still angry that someone she considered a friend had acted that way towards her beloved. She thought he would have the discernment to know what was right or wrong, but she was wrong. He had let his desires take over, completely ignoring common sense.

Bonita leaned over and whispered in Kiraphat’s ear. It was something she had never said before, but at that moment, she was ready to speak, with a heart free of fear and the certainty that she would never be abandoned.

- I love you.

Kiraphat stood still, blinking slowly, until Bonita repeated.

— Did you hear? I said I love you.

"....."

— I don't need to tell the whole world this. It's enough for my Queen to know. It doesn't matter if others don't approve, I don't care.

"....."

— Because, in the end, I'm already Queen's favorite. The only one, right?

FIM.

**SPECIAL**

# Chapter Special I : Most Fiery Queen

Bonita had never considered herself a jealous or possessive person. More than that, Keraphat had never been someone who made her feel that way—until now. Maybe because when a relationship changes, expectations change with it.

Or maybe it was because this was the first time her beloved had canceled an appointment with her. Everything felt new and strange, and it was still mixed with a suffocating feeling in her chest that she couldn't put into words.

She was just irritated, feeling uneasy knowing that Keraphat's client was an affectionate foreigner, who still had the audacity to say that the deal would only be successfully closed if she received the same care as always from Bonita's beloved.

Pff... was she really that charming? Serious face, firm posture, and stubborn to boot! Bonita understood perfectly that Keraphat had responsibilities, but even knowing this, she couldn't help but feel discontent when she found out that she was flattering a big foreign client. It was obvious that Keraphat couldn't be herself all the time – there were rules, there was the weight of the position she held. Even if she wanted to turn left, sometimes life forced her to go right. There was no way around it. After all, no one in the world can live only according to their own will.

Bonita tried to blame the heavy rain for her bad mood. She couldn't get home and was stuck alone in the university building. The rain made her depressed.

It was at that moment that she realized how used she was to being taken care of by Queen. He thought about her serious face, the car always parked waiting for him after class, the little conversations they had on their cell phones.

The sound of the rain falling heavily, the thunder rumbling in the distance—all of it only intensified her melancholy. At least she wasn’t alone here; there were other students trapped by the storm. If she had been completely alone, she might have cried.

Loneliness hit her hard.

Longing has no shape, but it has a familiar smell, a beloved face and an ever-warm hug. Maybe it was the first time Bonita missed her beloved so much.

She was no longer afraid of meeting her mother or even Khem. She knew she could live alone normally. The problem was that she had gotten used to having Keraphat always around her. It was as if she was the oxygen that kept Bonita alive.

She completely ruined it.

Bonita was still lost in her thoughts when she noticed something familiar in the distance. Her vision was blurred by the rain, but that car... that car she knew well. But when it passed by, she sighed and looked away to her cell phone. At least it helped pass the time.

Then, a large black umbrella approached the building. A sharp gaze scanned the surroundings with concern. Keraphat was wearing a white shirt with rolled-up sleeves, tight pants, and high-heeled shoes. Her usual loose and elegant hair remained impeccable. Her presence drew attention, especially in a moment of haste like this.

The rain and unpredictable wind made the white shirt stick to her body, highlighting her curves for everyone to see.

But Keraphat didn’t care about any stares. As soon as he saw where Bonita was, he walked straight to her. If it weren’t for his assistant’s message, she wouldn’t even know that her beloved was waiting there, alone.

Then she would reward the assistant for watching over Bonita when she couldn't.

She left the umbrella in a place where it wouldn't get in anyone's way, ran her hand through her damp hair and straightened her sleeves before approaching the young woman, who was looking down, oblivious to everything around her.

Keraphat looked around, checking if there was anything wrong. When she saw that there wasn’t, she felt more relieved.

She wanted to know how Bonita lived when they were not together, how she spent her time. Seeing her sitting alone, with no one around, made Keraphat realize that Bonita was alive, but she didn't really seem to be living.

She had few friends, a family that let her down, and a life that had not been kind to her. So Keraphat promised herself that she would fill in all the gaps. She would be his girlfriend, his best friend, and his family.

He didn't know if he could play these roles perfectly, but he would do his best.

Keraphat stopped behind her. His shadow covered her. Bonita looked up and her eyes widened in surprise. She hadn’t expected to see her there so early. She had said she would be busy until the evening, but it was only five in the afternoon.

— Did you wait a long time?

A warm touch landed on her head, gently caressing her. Any questions Bonita wanted to ask immediately dissipated. Her chest felt warm, and her eyes filled with tears.

She hated crying, hated appearing weak in front of others. But for some reason, she couldn't hide her feelings now.

“.....”

— Don't cry. I'm here. I didn't leave you alone.

Keraphat pulled her close, allowing Bonita to hide her face against his body. She felt the dampness on her beloved's clothing and lifted her face to examine it.

— Why are you wet?

Keraphat raised an eyebrow.

— It's raining.

— Did you come all the way here in the rain because of me?

— Yes. If the clothes get wet, I'll change them later.

“.....”

— What was that face?

— Everyone is looking at you.

- What?

As everyone knows, Kiraphat doesn't care about other people's opinions of her. The young woman only cares about the people she chose to have around her. Then, upon hearing Bonita's comment, she swept her eyes around once more. At first glance, she just wanted to see if there was anything strange going on with Bonita, not caring if anyone was watching her. But this time, when she looked again, she realized that several gazes were actually fixed on her.

— I don't like that.

— But I didn't even do anything.

“.....”

— Why are you angry?

— Do you still need to ask?

— Let them look, I don't care. Haven't you noticed why I'm in such a hurry and wet like this?

— Don't turn the situation against me! You're wrong.

— So, in the end, you're jealous?

Sighing… in the end, we always end up like this, teasing each other. We never go a day without arguing.

— If it were the other way around and my clothes were so wet that they showed everything, would you be okay with everyone looking at me?

“...” Kiraphat imagined the scene and frowned.

—Would that be okay?

Bonita insisted, and Kiraphat sighed and shook his head.

— Right now, I can barely wear a crop top because ‘someone’ left marks all over it. Whenever I try to put it on, I can never get it off.

- Good...

Kiraphat didn't quite understand what this had to do with his wet shirt.

— So you're jealous?

— Don't I have the right to be jealous?

Kiraphat laughed, grabbed Bonita's chin and said:

— You can do whatever you want, as long as we love each other.

. .

A few days ago, Bonita received a gift from her friend Mint. As soon as she heard that Bonita was dating, Mint was very excited. However, her behavior when giving the gift seemed suspicious.

‘Trust me, this will make it even more fun.’

'What do you mean?'

‘Oh, just open this with your girlfriend.’

“...”

‘From what you’ve told me, I think your girlfriend might like that kind of thing... and so might you.’

Oh my God, I shouldn't have told you that Queen liked to bite and squeeze hard. Mint seemed to enjoy and take pleasure in seeing my reactions and the red marks Queen left on me. She wasn't scary, but sometimes I was anxious to see what else she would do to me.

— What is this box?

Kiraphat asked as he got out of the shower and saw Bonita staring at a small rectangular box on the bed, as if it were a foreign object.

— A gift from a friend.

— Present?

Kiraphat frowned. What special occasion was this? Bonita’s birthday was still a long way off. Had she forgotten something?

— A gift because I'm dating.

“.....”

Kiraphat was relieved that she hadn't forgotten anything, but she still thought it was strange to receive a gift for being in a relationship.

— Mint gave it to me. She said we should open it together.

Wearing tight pajamas and short shorts, Kiraphat sat on the edge of the bed and motioned for Bonita to open the present.

However, as soon as he saw what was inside the box, Kiraphat automatically looked at Bonita. How close were they that Mint gave her a sex toy as a dating gift?

Mint’s gift contained a small vibrator and a medium-sized dildo. To Kiraphat, this was nothing to be ashamed of, but Bonita quickly closed the box, clearly embarrassed.

— You guys are really close, huh?

Bonita opened her mouth, but didn't know what to say, so she just nodded. She would make sure to get revenge on Mint later for making her feel so embarrassed in front of Queen.

— Why are you embarrassed? That's normal.

“…..”

— These things can make sex more fun.

— Don't you think it's strange?

— No. I'm just surprised.

“.....”

—But if you don't want to use it, we can return it. I have no problem with that.

— Then I'll keep it, right?

Bonita quickly agreed, but when she saw the slight disappointment on her girlfriend’s face, she swallowed hard. Wasn’t she the one who said she didn’t care? So why did she look disappointed?

— What if I throw it away?

She teased to see Kiraphat's reaction. This time it was even more obvious. Queen nodded, but her gaze clearly said that she felt attached to the items.

— P’Queen?

— Hm?

— Answer again. Should I throw it away?

Kiraphat realized that Bonita had already given in to the idea of using the toys. Now, it was just a matter of when.

— Keep it for now. If we throw it away, your friend might be upset.

.

.

I shouldn't have given in and kept it.

If I hadn't, I wouldn't be shaking with pleasure right now because of the vibrator. It vibrated in the most sensitive places, making me moan involuntarily. My hands wanted to push Queen away, but I didn't have the strength to do so.

— Ahh...

Eventually, my body tensed and I gave in to the pleasure Queen was giving me. Now I understood: when we were together, it was never just lying down and sleeping. Something was always happening.

There were times when Queen would kiss me all over my body and then suddenly stop, saying very calmly:

— Oh, I forgot you have class tomorrow morning.

And how did she think she would be able to sleep that night? In the end, she gave in and let herself be pampered the way she wanted. She already knew she was a cunning person, full of tricks, but she had never imagined she could be so malicious.

How could someone be cruel, cunning, and incredibly cozy at the same time? Queen was incredibly greedy. As if how much he loved her wasn't enough – didn't she know that?

* Tired?

— If I say I am, will you stop?

* No.

Bonita opened her mouth and bit the lips that pressed against hers, punishing that spoiled stubbornness that only appeared when they were in bed. Then she murmured:

— If you're not going to stop, next time don't even ask.

There was still one last "accessory" that had not been used. Bonita covered her face with a pillow, not wanting to see how she would deal with it or what method she would find to use it. But soon she felt the mattress dip, revealing that she had already come up. The pillow was pulled away and, once again, Bonita found herself hating the expression on her face - because it always meant that she had lost the battle completely.

The eyes full of affection, the hand brushing strands of hair away from her face, and the gentle touch... all of this was a perfect trap. Just like a hunter patiently waiting for his prey, Kiraphat always knew the exact moment to capture it.

— If you're scared, we can stop here.

— I'm not scared, but...

But it was embarrassing, wasn't it? She understood what the other meant: sex toys existed to spice up sex, to add new experiences and sensations. But sometimes she wondered... why did some people seem to be so good at it? How many times had she tried to ask and gotten no answer?

Maybe it was because there was no single answer. In the end, it was all about the fun along the way and what they did together.

— Will it hurt?

— I don't think so. The size isn't that big, and besides, your friend also bought you some lube.

— Then do it now, no need to ask.

.

.

Exhausted.

That's how Bonita felt when it was all finally over. In the end, having "help" wasn't so bad - it had actually been fun. You just had to get used to it. The other seemed very pleased with the new toy, to the point of whispering that they should find more interesting things to test.

When she turned on the vibrator and pressed it against her most sensitive spot, moving her hips with it, Bonita almost lost the ability to formulate words. Trying to escape was not an option – her hands were trapped, and all she could do was dig her fingers into the sheets, while the other one glowed with happiness as she watched her writhe in pleasure and desperation.

"Just wait until it's my turn... I'll get my revenge with gusto."

— Where did your friend buy this from?

- Also?

— Forget it. I'll find a way to buy it myself. It shouldn't be that difficult.

# Chapter Special II : My Beautiful One

Bonita's mom reached out to her on graduation day through Mint. She said, "Congratulations on the day you've been waiting for," and added that she was already looking for a job and starting a new life with someone local.

The young woman in her graduation gown didn’t know whether to be happy or sad when she heard that. It seemed like her mother was just reinforcing that she was willing to move on with her life without her. But strangely, she didn’t cry. She just nodded, acknowledging the message her best friend had conveyed.

As for Khem... The last time she went back to the old house to pick up some of her remaining things, she heard that he would likely be locked up for many years on charges of attempted murder and possession of drugs for sale.

Everyone has a price to pay for their own actions, sooner or later. In the end, she also needed to start her new life.

— Your girlfriend looks amazing today.

Mint whispered after noticing a certain serious-looking woman approaching. She clearly wasn't enjoying the heat.

— Don't compliment too much around her.

- Why?

— I don't want to always answer the same question when she asks me if she's pretty and stylish at the same time.

Come to think of it, she never told anyone that if she was complimented with the right words, she would find some way to tease or demand that they repeat it over and over again.

“.....”

— And most importantly, don't go gossiping behind my back about that little toy you gave me.

— Saying that, you just make me more curious, Bonita.

— Then you should know that your toy left me sleepless, energyless and unwilling to do anything for days.

I'm lying.

—That was exactly my goal.

— Mint, don't you dare do that again.

She just blinked and smiled.

— I don't promise anything, but I'll try.

. .

On Bonita's graduation day, there was nothing grand. She just received flowers from the person she loved, words of congratulations and a warm hug that came along with: — I've always been proud of you.

“.....”

— You're amazing, from day one until today. But even if you weren't, I would still love you the same.

And damn, Queen made her cry with just two sentences. In the end, she couldn't help but ask: — What is love to you?

Kiraphat raised her eyebrows. This was a question she didn’t even need to think too much about.

— It's being faithful to one person for the rest of your life.

“.....”

— And I'm already faithful to you.

. .

Kiraphat wasn't an irrational person, but sometimes she wanted to be. She wasn't very patient either, but she had to be when she saw how much Bonita was adored at work.

Her mischievous little girl had a strange way of winning people over easily. She was friendly and got along with everyone, unlike how it was with her.

And since it had been some time since her stepfather's election and he had won by a landslide, the journalists and opponents called a truce. Perhaps because attacking from that side had not worked as expected. Now, finally, she and her beloved could live as they should.

— Are you two very close?

She asked after Bonita told her that a coworker had asked her out for the weekend. It was no big deal. Letting her live her life was the right thing to do. But Kiraphat still couldn’t get used to it.

— Now he is the person I am closest to.

— What time will you be back?

— I don't know for sure, but it's probably late. You don't have to wait for me for dinner.

— Hmm.

Even saying that, Kirapat waited.

Bonita didn't want to work at your company because she knew she wouldn't feel comfortable being both your girlfriend and your subordinate. Her determination to find a job on her own made her respect her choice.

No one would believe that Bonita had the most beautiful smile in the world. When she was happy, her eyes would shine. It was at that moment that Kiraphat promised herself that she would give her anything she wanted.

The sun had already set, but Bonita had not yet returned. Kiraphat picked up his iPad and began reading international news, but soon lost interest and sighed.

Rrrrr Rrrrr

Bonita's name appeared on the screen, causing his brow to furrow.

— Do you want me to come get you?

She asked because she didn't know the reason for the call. Normally, if she wanted me to pick her up, she would let me know in advance.

[Yes, can you come get me?] — Did something happen? (No, I just wanted you to come.)

Kiraphat didn't take long to arrive at the location. He frowned slightly when he saw that his beloved was sitting far away from her coworkers.

— P'Queen!

Before she could even approach, Bonita called out to her anxiously and came towards her quickly, which was unusual.

* What there was?

Bonita sighed. She just wanted to go out, have fun, and buy a gift with her own salary for the person she loved. But she didn't expect a coworker—whom she considered close—to confess his feelings, despite knowing that she already had someone.

She asked Kiraphat to pick her up just to make it clear that their relationship was real. She didn't mind losing someone who made her feel uncomfortable as long as it ensured her and her girlfriend's peace.

— Why that long face?

— Give me a kiss?

* What?

— A kiss.

* What it was?

Normally, Bonita didn't make requests like this in public. It was Kiraphat who always took the initiative.

“Are you bothered by something?” he asked softly.

“.....”

— If you don't answer, next time I won't let you go out alone.

“…..”

— Babe...

She didn’t answer. Kiraphat sighed and looked past her, toward the group. She recognized the face as someone Bonita had shown in photos of coworkers before. She always kept her informed, even when it wasn’t necessary.

— Did a friend of yours bother you?

— I'm not a child! — Bonita retorted.

— So what are you? Why don't you talk? I can't read your mind.

— I really thought I would have a friend...

"....."

—But in the end, she's not a real friend.

— So next time, if you want to go somewhere or do something, let me know. I'll go with you.

— No, a girlfriend is a girlfriend. What's this story about being friends?

Bonita's forehead was lightly tapped with a flick.

— Don't pretend not to understand.

- I love you.

"......"

— Stop letting me live my life alone and come live with me for real. Understand?

Bonita knew very well why her girlfriend always gave in so much. She was afraid that Bonita would leave behind the life she was supposed to be living. Even when she showed dissatisfaction, she never said a word to stop anything. She really was someone who thought more of others than herself, as King always said.

"....."

— Just because you don't live your life like everyone else doesn't mean you can't live it with me.

— What else did King tell you?

— I don't need him to tell me anything. I know. My girlfriend is very strict with herself. "....."

— You need to relax a little.

— You have your own life. Why should I interfere?

Bonita shook her head, stood on her tiptoes and kissed the other's chin without caring about the looks around before saying: — My world cannot exist without P’Queen.

"....."

— And the world of P’Queen should have me too. Understand?

She always tried to fill in everything she thought was missing, afraid of losing something. But at the same time, she forgot to look at herself and realize how much she had already left aside in her own life.

— Do you love me that much?

— Not so much...

"....."

— But it's the greatest love of my life.

. .

That morning off, Kiraphat had a meeting. She woke up earlier than usual to avoid the alarm clock disturbing her girlfriend, who was a light sleeper and woke up easily.

However, no matter how hard she tried to move silently, Bonita woke up anyway. The young woman rubbed her eyes and, sleepily, walked over to where Kiraphat was, buttoning his shirt in front of the mirror.

— Are you going to work?

— Uh-huh. Are you awake yet?

—It's cold. That's why I woke up.

— But I covered you properly.

— The blanket doesn't warm up.

— Hmm?

— P’Queen’s hug is warmer.

I didn't know if I had said this before, but Bonita always became more cunning and sweet in the morning, as if her stubbornness was still playing in her dreams.

— Let me help.

Kiraphat unbuttoned the buttons on his shirt and turned so Bonita could button them for her.

— Babe.

— Hm?

Queen's lips landed softly on Bonita's forehead as she lifted her face.

— I haven't brushed my teeth yet!

Bonita pouted and pressed her lips together, complaining. She had already said several times that she didn't like being kissed before brushing her teeth.

— Then go brush your teeth, so I can kiss you again.

— Who said I'm going to leave?

— Won't you let me kiss you?

— If you come back late and the meeting takes a long time, there will be no kiss.

— And if I come back early, can I kiss?

— You can get two kisses if you come back early.

— And if I take too long, I don't gain anything?

— If you want to know, try it.

"....."

—But if you come back soon, maybe I'll give you something else.

— Like what?

— Like that new toy you bought. Did you think that if you hid it I wouldn't see it?

— Did you go through my things?

— If your things are for my use, I have the right to look.

"......"

— So, are you coming back early or late, Daddy?

— Stop provoking me.

— I'm not teasing.

— Babe.

— Yes?

— You know that if you keep talking like that, you'll end up getting your comeuppance, right?

— And what can you do to me?

"......"

— Because if this meeting goes on for too long, then you're going to be in trouble.

— Your mouth...

— Ah, ah! No kiss!

Kiraphat sighed, pulled Bonita's waist and lightly squeezed her hips as punishment for the morning's provocation.

— I better get back sooner than you expect.

Ah, when would this Queen stop being so dangerous to her heart?

# Chapter Secret Special : Low Queen

Trigger warning: Sexually explicit scenes, sadism, sex toys, 18+

— Does it hurt?

Kiraphat's soft voice asked after pulling the last knot, tightly binding Bonita's wrists. The young woman felt relieved when she realized that her lover did not reject her nor see her taste as something abnormal.

As everyone knows, people's preferences are different.

Kiraphat simply liked being in control, seeing the expression of suffering on his beloved's face, hearing Bonita's breathless moans, knowing that she was the cause of it all. And that included biting and leaving marks on the other's body.

It was like an art created by sex, drawn on the body of the person you love, while the other person surrendered themselves, allowing themselves to be the blank canvas on which your lips would paint.

In the end, the result would be unpredictable for both of them.

Kiraphat didn't know exactly how to define his preferences, but he knew he liked it. And if Bonita didn't feel comfortable or didn't like it, she would never force her into anything. Nor would I think of loving someone else. The two just needed to adjust their perspectives and adapt until everything fell into place perfectly.

— Hmm.

The delicate body responded with a murmur, her pleading eyes staring at the older woman like a cunning little rabbit.

— Does ‘Hmm’ mean it hurts or it doesn’t?

Kiraphat kept a serious expression, trying not to show weakness in the face of the youngest's provocation.

— Does ‘Hmm’ mean you can kiss me?

The older girl hesitated for a moment. Just look, even trapped in this disadvantageous situation, Bonita still found a way to provoke her. Did she really enjoy seeing her lose control and reveal all her obsession?

People were generally afraid of her. Bonita was the first one who, since the day they met, ran directly towards his unpredictable intensity, without showing an ounce of fear. On the contrary, his stubbornness seemed to have no limits.

— Be careful not to get just one kiss.

— Hmmm, and what else would I get?

— What do you want to achieve?

— What if I tell you... everything? Would you give it to me?

— It depends on what ‘everything’ means to you. But you’re forgetting something... In your current position, you don’t have the right to negotiate or demand much.

Bonita raised her eyebrows, her eyes widening and tilting her head to look at the older woman, her voice filled with feigned disappointment.

- Not even?

"....."

— Won't you spoil me a little?

Kiraphat gritted her teeth. No matter how much she tried to be careful and patient, Bonita never thanked her. Instead, she only found new ways to tease her, testing her limits, encouraging her to want to squeeze and possess her even more.

— I don't think tying just your wrists will do. Maybe I should shut you up too.

— Shut me up? — Bonita raised her eyebrows, pretending to think.

"....."

—Want to try? If you spoil me after that, then go ahead.

Kiraphat counted to ten in her head, but found that it didn't help at all. Before she could actually gag her, her fingers slid to her lips, pressing the lower one open. She slipped the tip of her finger in there.

Instead of realizing she was about to be punished, Bonita ran her tongue over her finger and sucked it slowly.

— What do you think you're doing?

Kiraphat asked, trying to keep her voice steady, but feeling her heart racing. Bonita continued to surprise her. It was this defiant attitude, even in bed, that kept her from pulling away. Just watching her pace made him want to bite her, squeeze her, and possess her completely.

Bonita had a power over her that no one else ever had.

—But why did you put your finger in my mouth?

— For you to stop talking.

— Oh, I thought you wanted me to suck it.

— Your comments are crossing the line.

— Why? I’m just talking to you, P’Queen.

"......"

— Don't tell me this made Daddy want to get me? It seems his patience isn't that great.

"....."

— Don't look so angry, because I'm not afraid.

— Babe.

— Yes?

— I warned you.

— What did you warn me about? I have a rather bad memory.

— Very well, Bonita. Now you will see.

Kiraphat growled low, like a wolf threatening its prey. He quickly stood up, grabbed a tie from the closet, and went back to bed.

—Save your voice just for moaning tonight.

Bonita swallowed hard. The older woman's expression and gaze left no doubt: she would be punished for having provoked so much.

— Open your mouth. — The tie rested on his lips. — Bite.

— Stronger.

Kiraphat pulled the ends of his tie and tied it tightly.

— If I hurt you too much or if you can't take it, you know what the sign is, right?

I ask again about the secret code between the two, because now, Bonita can't even pronounce a word. All that's left is body language and gestures that only the two of them can understand.

— Mmm.”

Click!

The lights in the room went out, plunging everything into darkness. However, the objects Kiraphat needed to use were already positioned in their usual places. It took a while for her eyes to adjust to the darkness. Bonita could also barely see her loved one's face, just as Kiraphat could only see indistinct figures.

— It's too dark. If you make any signs, I won't be able to see.

Kiraphat said this before deciding to turn on the small bedside lamp. At least it wouldn’t be completely dark. Before, when Bonita hadn’t had her mouth covered yet, perhaps complete darkness would have been possible. But in the current situation, where she couldn’t do anything—not even speak—leaving her completely in the dark wouldn’t be good. A little light was needed to observe her reactions.

At this moment, Bonita seemed completely defenseless. Her hands were tied in front of her, her lips sealed by a firm fabric, preventing her from letting out any provocation that could destabilize Kiraphat even further.

She looked like a wild hare about to be devoured by a wolf. And of course, Kiraphat would do just that—not just look like it, but make it real.

— When you can't talk... it's kind of cute.

Kiraphat murmured, sliding his fingertips over her ankle, slowly moving up to her hip. Each movement left a light touch, so soft that shivers ran through Bonita's body.

— Mmm…”

— Even now, without being able to speak, you don't stop arguing?

"......"

Bonita frowned, looking at the one who was enjoying torturing her. At least before, even though he couldn't resist her savagery, he could still talk, provoke her, make her hesitate. He still had his mouth as a weapon. But now, there was nothing he could use against her – only his gaze.

— What should I do with this stubbornness, huh?

Tapa!

The palm of his hand hit her hip—not hard, but not soft enough to go unnoticed. Her fair skin flushed red, marked by the shape of his hand. Her delicate body was clearly reacting to the violence of her loved one.

— That's good, isn't it?

— Mmm!” — Of course it’s good, you idiot!

— Do you think you can challenge me with just that look?

“......”

— Then hold that look until the end, dear.

— Oh!

Her fragile body was pushed against the soft mattress, followed by the weight of the taller body that immediately covered her. The curve of her neck became the target of Kiraphat's bites, now an adult wolf. She bit, pulling the skin between her lips before releasing, only to repeat the gesture lower down. Bonita moaned, confused between the pain and pleasure that mixed together.

Her legs were parted, and Kiraphat positioned himself between them. The bare skin in contact revealed how sensitive Bonita was now. Her hips were pulled closer, until the most sensitive parts were touching. But Kiraphat did not go any further – only light movements, letting Bonita's rose feel every shiver until the nectar began to flow.

Soft breasts were squeezed, the soft flesh slipping between fingers, until the pink nipples were sucked hard. The slender body writhed, the sensation this time wilder than ever.

— Mmm!!

She arched her back involuntarily, her lips parted as he sucked and nibbled, leaving her speechless. Finally, he licked her as if she were his favorite ice cream. Kiraphat examined Bonita's body thoroughly before picking up the vibrator and turning it on to maximum power.

Trim Trrr…

She pressed it first against her navel, then slid it down to the swollen red rose that was already crying from being mistreated so much. The trembling entrance made it clear that his "stubborn little girl" was on the edge, but she could do nothing but moan softly, her eyes brimming with pleading tears.

— Ahh…

No, she was not crying out of pain, but out of pure ecstasy. No sign of protest emerged, so Kiraphat understood that he had license to continue for much longer that night.

The vibrator, the size of an index finger, touched the tight bud, wet with her own fluids. Bonita tried to pull away, but he held her hips firmly, biting her thigh as a warning: if she resisted, the punishment would be worse.

“Nothing to say?” she asked, looking up. Bonita’s contorted expression was always fascinating to her.

“......”

— If you stay quiet, I'll finish you off.

Bonita suppressed a shiver, biting his tie until it was soaked in saliva. In response, she kicked him lightly on the hip.

— Hah! The rabbit still has fiber.

“......”

Kiraphat loved her reaction. Satisfied, she went back to tracing circles with her tongue on her flower, while the vibrator continued its relentless work.

— Mmm…

Her delicate body writhed, sensitive spots invaded by a simultaneous attack. But escaping her lover's fury was impossible. Bonita knew she loved being treated like this—loved the unpredictability, the surprise of what move would come next. Deep down, though, he knew she loved everything they did together.

But just before she could climax, everything suddenly stopped.

With heavy-lidded tears, she watched in confusion as her lover tossed the vibrator aside on the bed, wiped her lips with the back of her hand, brushed aside her long hair, and picked up a dildo much larger than any they had ever used before.

It was a double dildo.

Of course, what came next would bring something equally intense for both of them.

— I was going to use a normal one, but since you're so stubborn today... you'll have to put up with it, okay?

"Another one...?" Bonita looked at the object she would now have to "hold" and swallowed hard when she saw her partner's concentrated expression as she inserted her own end. The difference in size between the two tips was... considerable.

— So tense.

Kiraphat was ready. The brunette approached, rotating her hips, positioning the toy already firmly adjusted to her body against Bonita's most sensitive part. Before continuing, she grabbed some lubricant after all, silicone objects don't get wet on their own, and without help, it could hurt her.

Kiraphat took care of everything, and once he was done, he leaned down to press a kiss to Bonita’s forehead before loosening the tie that was holding her lips together. Because at times like these, Bonita’s soft moans were the most delicious reward for her.

Kiraphat's lips slid over the same sensitive spots, while the toy slowly penetrated the delicate rose, little by little. The unusual size made Bonita bite her beloved's lips, as it caused considerable discomfort.

— Uh…

The curvy hips moved steadily, until finally they were fully inserted. Bonita frowned before opening her mouth, swallowing air as if she was short of breath.

Tightness. Pressure. Discomfort.

— Don't be tense. — B-but it's weird…

— Me too.

Kiraphat kissed her again, while his hands held his beloved's hips firmly, moving in a steady rhythm, caressing until, finally, Bonita relaxed.

With every movement of her hips, every wave of pleasure Bonita felt, Kiraphat felt it too. The intensity increased, building into a crescendo of desire, rising with every second.

— Ah!

A strange sound echoed through the room, mixed with the impact of hips hitting each other. Everything was a mixture of pain and pleasure at the same time.

— H-Hum… too fast… — a trembling voice whispered.

“Hmm.” Kiraphat only responded with a murmur, but that didn’t mean he would obey. On the contrary, after hearing that, his hips increased their pace even more.

—S-Stop… don't tease me… — Bonita's head shook with each impact, her thin lips pressed together to prevent any more shameful moans from escaping.

— If you finish before, you'll see... — he threatened.

— I-I can't take it…

Everything was getting more intense, as if she was on the verge of collapse.

Seeing this, Kiraphat squeezed his beloved's chin with his fingers, approached and stole a heavy kiss, biting and sucking until their throats felt the metallic taste of both their saliva.

— Hold on.

— H-There…

Was Queen being too cruel? She knew how to drive her crazy without any effort. Bonita's mind was blank, unable to think of anything other than the face that dominated her, eyes satisfied as he watched her suffer.

Her skin, once pale, was now flushed. Kiraphat pulled the toy out almost completely before thrusting it back in hard, pinning Bonita's hands above her head and hammering until her body trembled, soft breasts swaying, lips releasing unintelligible moans. Her face contorted between pleasure and despair. Before losing control, she looked at her beloved's expression and spread her legs even wider.

Until he noticed that his partner's hips slowed down – the reason was the intense tightness inside her. The delicate body trembled, already on the verge of ecstasy before it was even allowed. Bonita looked up, her gaze irresistible, and whispered: — K-Kiss me…

Kiraphat wasn't so kind, but she leaned in anyway, pressing her lips against her beloved's, wild and quick, before starting the next round.

— I warned you not to finish before.

The frail body was turned onto its stomach, hips raised as Kiraphat slid the toy inside her once more.

— I-I already came…

—But you didn't have my permission, did you?

“.....”

— If a girl disobeys, the punishment is to be pushed to the limit again, right?

— Ah..!

The soft shaft was pushed in from behind, even deeper now. Kiraphat nibbled, sucked and marked the skin on her back, before slapping her white hips firmly, leaving them red. He moved inside her, punishing the stubborn woman as he sought his own pleasure, until they both finally overflowed, exhausted.

Her fragile body collapsed onto the bed as soon as Kiraphat withdrew, proving that, all that time, she had also been fighting her own climax – a silent battle to keep up with her beloved's rhythm.

Tears streamed down Bonita's face, her labored breathing betraying her extreme fatigue. Kiraphat released the ropes from her wrists, kissed her sweaty temple and pulled that scarred figure into a tight, tender hug.

* All good?
* Tired…

— I asked if you were okay. — So sensitive that I almost died…

— Hmph.

— Where did you get so much energy from? You crushed me until I could barely stand up…

“......”

—Where did all that skill come from, huh?

* Also?

— I'm exhausted…

— Do you want to take a shower first?

* I don't want.

— You're all sweaty.

— I won't take it.

— Okay… You’re not hurt anywhere, right?

— If I say it is, will you lick it to relieve it?

Kiraphat frowned. As soon as Bonita caught her breath, she was back to teasing.

* Where does it hurt?

Bonita turned her back, took a deep breath to recover, and then faced her with a defiant look.

Her delicate legs slowly opened before she murmured, — Where it’s wetter… that’s where it hurts.

“.....”

— Go lick it, then. And if I don't tell you to, don't you dare raise your head.

— I'm not in the mood for games.

— When did I play with you, daddy?

“.....”

— Or are you so tired that you can't take it anymore?

Kiraphat clenched his jaw. There it was again—Bonita always managed to make his self-control crumble.

— Then don't come begging for mercy later.

— Let's see who's going to ask to stop tonight.

There were many ways to tame a rebellious wolf, but among thousands of possibilities, only Bonita knew exactly how to do it.

—But first of all, my little wolf needs to crawl over here.

“.....”

— If you can't, maybe I need to reconsider whether this wolf is really all she says she is.

“.....”

— Oh, and don't forget: the little wolf must crawl from the ankles.

You know who the real queen of this bed is, don't you?