

**SPARROW**

# CHAPTER : 1

"I'll be back." A petite woman, who was sitting on a brown couch in a corner of a restobar, was about to approach someone she had been eyeing for a while. She did not forget to tell her two close friends who did not understand the situation. They looked puzzled.

"Where are you going, Pure?" Love asked and grabbed her friend before she left. The small girl was distracted, but she sat back and did not go anywhere.

"It's P’" Air,"

"She's here?" Dew, the girl with a sweet, delicate face, asked her. She looked concerned when she knew who Pure wanted to see. The thought did not sit right with her. Deep down, she honestly did not want these two to meet. But her best friend never thought that way. Even now, Pure was sitting here, but her mind had already wandered to where Air was.

"I saw her with another woman. But she is alone now. So I figured I should go say hi." Pure distractedly told them, her eyes still trained on her ex's petite frame, who still had an impact on her heart as always.

"You always said hi to her whenever you saw her. When will you be able to move on if you're always like this?"

"Hey, don't scold me." They had talked about this so many times. Pure still did the same thing that made Dew have to scold her every time.

"Why can't you have feelings for someone who doesn't have a husband, Pure?"

"I loved her first, long before she was married."

"So what?" Love went silent, listening to the two of them quarreling for a while. Then, Love interrupted, her voice was emotionless. It was normal for her. Pure and Dew stopped arguing immediately after they heard her.

"I just can't move on from her." She admitted quietly, her face dropped. She was the one who got dumped. Her friends felt bad for Pure, so they let her do what she wanted and stopped trying to prevent her from going.

"Whatever. Don't say I didn't warn you." Love felt both sorry and wanted to scold her at the same time. Pure could not move on from that older woman for over a year. She no longer cried like when the woman just got married. However, she knew that Pure did not get that much better. That girl was still obsessed with that same woman. She hadn't started seeing anyone else, she refused to move on, like she was waiting for something. From an outsider's point of view, it looked like she was just hopelessly waiting for the woman. That woman who was from a famous family got married and had a grand wedding last year. Both families were tight-knit, with no signs of changing anytime soon. Even though she knew that Pure's ex, Air, did not wish to become that businessman's wife, she could not turn it down due to many reasons. Therefore, if Pure still had her hopes up, she was worried that her friend might be disappointed in the end.

"I'm just going to say hi."

"Seriously, Pure. Are you sleeping with someone's wife?" Dew asked the question that Love had been wondering all this time. She was horrified by the idea that Pure did what she wanted, without caring about the fact that her ex was a married woman.

"It's not like that."

"When was the last time you did it?”

"Last week."

"Um..." Dew face-palmed the moment she heard it. Last week, seven days ago, that was not long at all. Meanwhile, Love slowly slumped back to the sofa, feeling tired all of a sudden.

"We just slept together, Dew. Nothing happened."

"It's still not right."

"I'm trying my best here." Pure finally gave in and admitted that fighting with her own morals was so hard. It was draining her.

"Whatever. You're an adult. Do what you want. Are you coming back?"

"Don't wait for me if I take too long. Alright?"

The delicate girl walked past the crowd until she reached her destination. The older woman turned and saw her ex. She grinned casually like she was running into a friend, or some kind of acquaintance.

"Who are you with, by the way? She's pretty." Asked Pure. Her eyes gleamed, which made the other woman shoot her a look.

"Not this one, okay?"

"I haven't said anything." Pure shrugged when she heard the woman's demand. Air knew that Pure wasn't interested in the girl she complimented at all. Still, Air acted like she genuinely thought Pure wanted someone else, even though she knew deep down that this kid had not moved on from their past relationship.

"Just wanted you to know, Pure. Who do you come here with, anyway?"

"With my friends."

"Would you like to sit with me?"

"Can I try my luck with your girl, P' Air?"

"My sister, not my girl." The older woman laughed, her head moved with her laughter. She told Pure that the woman misunderstood her, she did not sneak out behind her husband's back to mingle with some cute, young girl at night.

"I didn't know you had a sister?" Air did not have a younger sister. She knew this, as the woman's ex-girlfriend. Still, she asked because she wanted the woman to elaborate on what kind of sister she meant, whose sister that girl was.

"Just have one now.”

"I'm sorry?"

"She really is my sister." Air said smoothly. Her voice was velvety smooth, as always. She was still smiling kindly at her as usual.

"Fine, a sister. Are you sure I can sit with you?"

"Of course. As long as you don't try to flirt with my sister."

"When have I ever done that in front of you?"

"We can never be too sure about that." The smaller woman wrinkled her nose at Pure. Pure smiled at the sight. She found everything Air did adorable, always had.

"So he doesn't mind you going out this late at night?"

"I'm married, not imprisoned."

"How should I know? He is always so protective of you, like a dog with a bone." The woman made a remark about her husband who came from a well-known family. Pure looked so disgusted by him. Air frowned and chided her

"I should smack you for talking about him like that."

"Heh”

"I'm not protecting him. No need to look grumpy like that."

"Wanna go home with me?" Pure changed the subject and asked her about her plans for tonight. She did not want to talk about the person who was waiting for Air at home. The more she talked about him, the more she thought about him, and the thoughts only brought her even more pain despite how often she did it.

"I can't tonight. My sister is here."

"You wouldn't go with me even if your sister isn't here." The girl looked so hurt that Air wanted to pull her into a hug. But it was just a thought, she couldn't do everything as she pleased. Seeing Pure and refusing to cut her off had hurted the girl enough.

"I just visited you last week."

"I missed you." I will always miss you. That was Pure's truth, but she only said some part of it.

"I can't go see you often."

"Your husband is a possessive man." Pure still brought him up even when it made her feel awful every time. It was like she became addicted to pain. The fact that Air belonged to someone else was like a dagger to her heart, yet she kept stabbing herself with that dagger.

"My, you seem to be fixed on that."

"It's boring."

"Fix your face a little, will you? Loft is here." Her soft hand touched the pouting girl's shoulder gently when she saw the girl, whom she had come here with tonight, walking towards her after she had gone to the toilet ten minutes ago.

"Who's Loft?"

"My younger sister. She just got back from another province." Air left it at that. The girl in question arrived and sat at the same spot. There was an obvious question in her eyes, but Loft did not say a word. She simply gave that stranger a friendly smile and answered her sister's question.

"Is it crowded inside the restroom?"

"It is. There's a long waiting line." Air slowly nodded at the answer. She thought she should introduce this woman, who looked so unaffected, to Loft before the younger girl got even more suspicious.

"Loft, this is Pure. She is a friend of mine. Pure, this is Loft, Lamp's little sister." She automatically lowered her voice when she told Loft who Pure was. She just made that up. And she had to lower her voice again when she told Pure who Loft was.

"Oh, your husband's sister. Hello there, Loft." Pure smiled and smoothly greeted her. She did not act suspicious at all. She played the role of the younger friend so well, even when she was so tormented by it that she wanted to cry right then and there.

"Hello, P' Pure.”

# CHAPTER : 2

"Sorry for the trouble, Pure." The girl apologized after Air was called by her best friend to pick her up at the airport out of the blue and asked Pure to drop Loft off at her house. The petite, older woman looked so guilty. Air did not want to trouble her ex like that. But she worried about Loft too much to let the girl go home by herself.

Bam just came back from abroad. She planned to take a taxi when she arrived not too late at night. But her flight was delayed, so nothing went as planned. By the time she landed, it was almost one in the morning. She was uneasy about calling a taxi at this time. So in the end, Bam had to ask her best friend to pick her up.

"It's fine."

"I can go home by myself, P' Air." Loft offered again when she realized that she would have to trouble other people. She could take a taxi home even though it was already late at night. Still, her gorgeous sister-in-law refused to let her do that. Air kept shaking her head and, at the same time, Pure, who acted the part of a younger friend of Air, insisted that she would drop her off

"I can drive you home. She worries about her little sister, you know."

"Ah. P' Pure, can you wait for me for a second? I have to use the restroom." The whole time Loft was sitting there, the two women kept looking at each other in that intimate way. Loft could guess that Pure was unlikely to be just her sister-in-law's younger friend, as the woman introduced. And they looked like they wanted to talk in private. So Loft decided to let them talk as they wanted.

"Alright. You can wait for me at the entrance, I will pick you up there."

"Okay. Drive safe, P' Air."

"Yeah."

Loft decided to walk away from where the girl who had similar height to her was standing. She turned back to look at them and saw that the two women were casually linking arms as they exited the restobar. Loft watched them until they were out of sight before she went to the restroom, as she told them, even though she did not feel the need to use it at all.

After spending an hour with them, Loft could sense the longing in Pure's voice and gaze many times. That stunning woman was not good at controlling her expression at all. Unlike Loft's sister-in-law, who was so good at hiding everything she felt. Air looked so relaxed and nonchalant. She did not let anything slip, no matter how Loft looked at her. If she only looked on the surface, she would have no idea that the two women were not what they said they were.

Loft wasn't sure if her older brother knew about how his wife had seen her ex-lover multiple times or not. If he did not suspect a thing, then she did not want to mind Air's business. Air must have known this about her husband's sister. Which was why the woman did not seem concerned at all.

"Aren't you worried? You let your husband's little sister get so close." Pure asked out of curiosity as they were walking to the parking lot. At the end of the day, Loft was still Lamp's family, it would be better for Air if she did not let the girl get too close. No matter how good that pretty girl was at keeping secrets, she still could not be trusted.

"But I haven't done anything?"

"When are you going to divorce him?" Pure always asked that question whenever she met the woman. Even when she did not get the answer she wanted, she never stopped asking

"Don't sulk," Air could not say anything more than that, because she did not know when that would be.

""I never asked you to wait for me. I know what you are going to say, alright?"

"Such a grumpy girl." Pure shrugged a little. The two of them walked together to the parking lot and went to their respective cars. The two who were once something more stopped walking to say goodbye to each other.

"Drive safe, okay?"

"You too. Don't seduce my little sister²." Air said again, even though Loft and Pure did not seem to have that kind of tension at all.

"You seem fixated on that. Scared?"

"You are scary.

"No, I am a delight." Pure shook her head and praised herself casually. Air could not deny that claim. So she simply nodded and made an acknowledging noise in her throat.

***Notes: In Thai culture, your spouse's siblings would be like your own siblings as well.***

"Hm."

"Right?"

"Go, sorry for troubling you, okay? Bam can't find anyone else to pick her up."

"Hm, say hi for P' Bam to me."

"Okay. I will tell her that little Pure misses her."

"See you whenever your husband isn't paying attention, okay?"

"Such a mouth on you." Air gave the girl a look. She waved dismissively. Loft was proChapter : :ly waiting in front of the restobar, and she had to pick up her friend at the airport.

Pure gave the sister of her ex's husband a ride. They made small talk the entire drive, nothing too intense. The girl who was many years younger than her was talkative. Her bright, pleasant voice made the people she talked to relax well. And the girl was careful about what she said. She tried not to get too personal. If she wasn't sure whether what she had asked was too personal, the tall girl would say something in lieu of asking for permission first.

"P" Pure, do you mind if I ask this? Are you seeing anyone right now?”

"You can ask me. But I won't answer." Pure said and parked her expensive car in front of the house, where Loft said it was where she lived.

"Okay, fine by me."

"You won't go ask other people about that, will you? If you want to know about me, then you should ask me, alright?" The older woman said knowingly. Whether or not she was seeing anyone was not a secret or anything, she simply wanted to tease the curious girl. If Loft asked her sister-in-law about that, then she would not be angry at her at all.

"Well, you didn't answer."

"So what, Miss Little Sister of P' Air's husband?"

"P" Air is married. You should find someone else'

“......”

Pure stilled. She stopped every movement and word the moment she heard the younger girl say that. She didn't think the girl could catch on because Loft's expression and eyes showed any sign of curiosity or wonder.

"I can tell."

"Are you going to tell your brother?"

"I'm not a snitch”

"Then why did you ask if I was seeing anyone?" The girl knew from the start how Pure felt about Air and what they used to be. Still, the talkative kid chose to ask that. Pure did not understand this part so much.

"In case you like more than one person."

"I don't."

"No one, other than P' Air?"

"None," Pure answered truthfully. Ever since they broke up, she has never had eyes for anyone else. No one ever made her feel like she wanted to try again with someone new

"You don't want to move on?"

"I came first."

"Hm, okay." Loft nodded and laughed brightly. She saw this stunning woman's hardened eyes and her tone when she said she came first, Loft felt equally fond of the woman as Loft pitied her.

"Why are you laughing? Aren't you in a good mood."

"You're pretty, P' Pure."

"What does that have to do with anything?”

"I am in a good mood when I see pretty girls." The tall girl said honestly, but that was not the true reason why she laughed.

"Are you hitting on me?" Pure had heard Loft flirt many times, she decided to ask her honestly. She could talk about this straightforwardly. If the talkative girl wanted to ask her out, then she could turn her down so she wouldn't have to waste her time. But her response made Pure laugh in the end.

"No. Who could compete with that person in your heart? And it's not like the one in your heart is a stranger." The girl was easy to talk to, that was what Pure felt. The two of them could talk easily about anything. Even something sensitive, Loft could still talk about it with a smile.

"You know P' Air for a long time?"

"Yeah. Our parents are friends."

"Ah." When the parents were good friends, it was not unusual for them to arrange a marriage between their children. It was rather normal for rich people, in fact.

"Are you going to wait for her?" Her innocent eyes stared at Pure while she waited for Pure to answer. For Loft, it wasn't so unexpected if this stunning woman wanted to wait Air and Lamp's marriage was a complicated matter, so complicated that perhaps all of these could end one day. She did think that there was still hope for the woman who was still waiting for Air.

"I'm not."

"I hope you find someone."

"Why? Don't want your brother to get hurt?" The girl may have sounded like she meant well when she said that, but Pure did not see it that way. So she asked while she was still smiling.

"I don't want to get hurt. If you don't let anyone in, then I won't get my chance."

"You just said you weren't hitting on me. Besides, I am your sister-in-law's ex, you know that right?" She thought Loft was so slippery and cheeky. She could not tell what was true and what was just teasing when it came to this girl. Pure could not figure her out at all.

"Do I have to ask P' Air for her permission before I start asking you out?"

"You should ask the person you want to ask out."

"But you don't let me." The girl pretended to sound sad when she complained. Her beautiful face, which used to have a smile on it, was now dropped so deliberately. She could tell after a brief look that Loft was messing with her.

"So what will you do next?"

"I have to get out of your car and get ready for bed."

"Do that. Get inside, and get some rest."

"Will we see each other again?" Loft unbuckled her safety belt, but she still refused to get out of the car. She turned to Pure and asked about their next encounter. She sounded more serious than ever.

"If you want to see me, tell your sister-in-law to arrange a date."

"No way. You arrange it if you want to see each other.

Don't use me as your excuse."

"Then we won't meet again, yeah?"

"We can always run into each other."

"Suit yourself." Pure nodded and smiled, amused. The girl wrinkled her nose at the stunning, older woman. She did not attempt to talk to Pure again since it was very late at night. She should end this conversation, no matter how much she enjoyed talking to the other woman

"Good night, P' Pure. Thank you for giving me a ride.”

"Good night." Loft smiled before she got out of the car and stood outside. She waved at Pure a few times before she turned around and opened the gate of that large house. Loft disappeared inside that grand space. Pure watched her until she could no longer see Loft. Then she turned back to the road in front of her. She thought about the conversation she had with that talkative girl. She eventually laughed at the way the girl countered her.

# CHAPTER : 3

"Thank you for picking me up." As soon as she got in the car, Bam turned to thank her best friend. No matter how late she called, she could always count on Air.

"Thank me again. You called me out of the blue, you have to thank me twice."

"Thanks, thank you so much. Did you go out to drink at Loft alone? Where was Mr. Lamp?" Air signed while she was driving when she heard the question about the man who was her husband.

"He had some kind of party to attend to." She did not even ask him about the details. Air never cared where he went or who he was with. She had never waited for him to come home. She was not sure how on earth Lamp could stand marrying a wife who was so cold toward him for a year.

"Don't you have to go to that as his wife?”

"It's not my thing."

"So you don't go with him because it's not your thing?" Bam got that she did not like faking a smile for a bunch of people. Still, she thought that, given her friend's status, it was part of her responsibilities to do that.

"He didn't seem to mind." In fact, he never forces her to do anything, not just attending parties, even something a married couple ought to do, like making love. Lamp and she slept on the same bed, on different sides. The man had never tried anything, and he always respected her. Lamp always did that, so Air was always careful every time she did something or said something cruel. Things would be easier if the man were a little more terrible.

"I get it. He indulges you. He wouldn't force you if you tell him you don't want to do it."

"Yeah."

"Are you happy, Air?" It was a simple question. But the woman found that she wanted to sneer at herself. Her life was far from that word at the moment. Ever since she broke up with Pure, Air had never known happiness ever again.

"Why are you asking me that? I'm married to Mr. Perfect, who is very rich, you know?" Bam could tell that Air was being sarcastic. The woman was not as thrilled by it as she said.

"And do you love him as dearly as Pure?"

"No one is like her." Air shook her head. She looked so sad that it made Bam feel bad for her.

"Your situation gives me a headache. How is that girl doing, anyway?"

"She's fine, as usual. We meet sometimes."

"How often is sometimes?"

"Not that often. I just met her before I picked you up.

She said hi." Not that often, as in about once a month. Or once every two weeks if Air missed her too terribly. But nothing inappropriate happened when they met. Air just wanted to see her, wanted Pure to be in her sight. Even if Air could not touch her, she still wanted to see her to look at that beautiful girl. For lovers who could not be together, watching each other was the most appropriate choice.

"So it's just Loft, Pure, and you?"

"Yep."

"Oh, my. Your ex and your husband's little sister. And you let them meet each other? Jeez." Bam looked horrified. Her friend, on the other hand, did not show any sign of worry. It was not that she was certain she was good at keeping a secret, but it was because she had known Loft pretty well. So there was no need for her to worry.

"Even if Loft knows something, she would mind her own business. That's how she is, I've known her since she was little"

"So you're just casually seeing Pure sometimes? You two astonish me.

"We can see each other, yes."

"You still love her?”

"Always have." She barely had to think about it. Air could answer Bam's question immediately. There was no other word than love inside her heart when it came to Pure.

"But will she wait?" Air swallowed and went quiet for a moment. Then she told Bam something she had talked to Pure about a year ago.

"I didn't tell her to wait, and she isn't waiting for me." She told the girl not to wait for her. And Pure agreed, saying that she wouldn't. Yet, the two of them still existed in each other's orbits and were not going anywhere.

"Are you seriously going to let it be like this?"

"What can I do? It's proChapter : :ly for the best."

"Best for everyone, except the two of you."

"No one cares. They only care that their friend's children got married, their families joined, and their business is going well." Air's parents wanted her to have a picture-perfect family with a father, a mother, and a child. They saw that she was at the right age to do so, and then, Mr. Perfect came into her life. So there was nothing better than making Air married Lamp.

"When are you going to leave him?"

"I don't know. Lamp doesn't want a divorce, so everything is hard for me." Air wanted to hit her head with something solid at that thought. The man didn't even show any sign that suggested he was bored with her. He was always smiling at her as if he were overjoyed to live with his lawful wife.

"Obviously. He loves you."

"What the hell does he love about me?"

"You want that divorce so bad, huh? Worried that Pure might find someone?"

"I told her not to wait, but I always hoped I could go back to her in time." Air did not know when she would be able to get rid of this commitment. Would Pure already find someone by the time it was over? There was no certainty between them at all. Air could not do anything else, other than pray that she would not be too late.

"You might get her back in time. I don't think Pure ever dated anyone else. I don't know how she manages that. But you don't mind either way, do you?" Bam was talking about physical intimacy. Air understood what her friend meant well.

"I don't mind. It's not like I can do it with her."

"I feel bad for all of you. I feel bad for Mr. Lamp, too."

"As for Lamp, feeling bad is the only thing I can offer him as well."

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The large house was still as peaceful as any other day. Air entered the house. Before she could go anywhere, a tall, handsome man got up from the couch and greeted her politely out of habit.

"You're back." Lamp walked towards her with his long legs until he stopped in front of his, oh, so beloved wife. The man grinned, showing his white, perfect teeth. The man looked at her tenderly. But none of that could melt the girl's heart even once.

"How long have you been back?"

"Not long before you, Air. Did you go out for a drink with Loft?"

"Oh, yeah, we did. Bam just came back from abroad, so I had to pick her up. And Loft went back with... a friend." Air stuttered a little after talking so smoothly when she had to mention a certain someone.

"You should go upstairs to shower and rest. Do you have any plans tomorrow?"

"Your parents want us to eat with them?" Dining with her husband's parents was one of her duties as his wife. Even though Air did not want to meet anyone that day, if his parents asked for her presence, then she could not say no to that.

"No. I want to eat with you.”

"Can it be in the evening? I have to discuss some work at the company during the day."

"Of course." The man looked positively beaming. His grin made Air secretly sigh, feeling heavy and burdened.

"Alright."

Lamp watched his delicate wife walk up the stairs to the second floor longingly. He let out a helpless sigh. His shoulders slumped, not as dignified as before. If there was anyone who could make someone who had everything like him feel inadequate, it would be this petite woman alone. He knew that she did not love him, but he still pushed on, claiming that it was what their parents wanted. He knew it was something a loser would do. But he loved Air and hoped that she would turn to look at him one day.

"Father asked about when we will have a child today."

Air's hands paused while she was drying her long hair when she heard Lamp's baritone voice. He told her about what the parents asked. She knew that it was his way of pressuring her

"What did you tell him?”

"That you are not ready yet." The man was wearing grey pants. He unbuttoned two buttons of his white shirt and rolled the sleeves up to his elbows. Lamp came to stand in front of the small woman and answered her question.

"I don't want to have a child." It was the only answer she had.

"I understand, but our parents don't."

"Are you seriously going to live like this?" She asked as exasperated as she could ever feel. Air felt hopeless, and she could not find a way out of this situation. Ever since she got married, her family and her husband's had been pressuring her every time they met. The first question they asked her was always about when they would have a child.

"I love you."

"You know how I feel."

"Not even a little, Air? Do you really not feel anything for me, even just a little?" The man asked tiredly, his eyes pleading with her. Air had to look away from that gaze. This man was not a bad person. On the contrary, he was a good man, the kind many people would happily give their hearts to. It was just that Air was not one of them.

"You are a good man, Lamp. But if I can love someone just because they are nice, I'd love you a long time ago.”

# CHAPTER : 4

Loft put her phone inside her bag after she texted a certain someone and got to the conclusion that she would approach the woman, who was her sister-in-law's ex-girlfriend, whom she ran into in the restaurant a little before noon today. The tall girl walked to Pure's table. She took little time to sit on the opposite side of the table. The woman who was already sitting there looked up at her and did not say a word. Loft was the one who greeted her first.

"Hello."

"Go ahead and order something, I'm hungry." The woman handed her a huge menu. The younger woman accepted it and glanced at the menu briefly. After she decided on what she would have, Loft raised her hand to call the waiter.

She ordered the food for herself and the older woman in front of her, then they waited for the food to come. During that time, she talked to Pure about many things, like the talkative person she was. Their conversation flowed naturally even though they just met yesterday. The twenty-four-year-old girl got along with people easily, she had lightened up the atmosphere incredibly so. Even Pure felt that there was never an awkward moment between her and Loft

"You normally stay in Pattaya?" When they talked about work, Pure had some questions after hearing that Loft just came back from Pattaya yesterday.

"I go there very often. It's not that far. Let me know if you want to go there."

"Why? Will you book a hotel for me?"

"You can stay at my place. I can even pick you up at your house."

"How sleek of you." The woman remarked idly as if she knew how Loft was. She did not know anything deeper about what the girl was really like. But from their conversation, it was clear that this girl was so talkative and took things light-hearted, Pure could not tell what was true with this girl.

"I'm not."

"Don't argue with me. What time did you tell P' Air to come, anyway?"

"I told her to be here in the afternoon. She should be here anytime now.”

"ProChapter : :ly still time for lunch, then," Pure muttered and looked at her watch. She estimated that this cheeky girl proChapter : :ly had time to eat her lunch for an hour.

"There is,"

"You will be scolded if you don't make it in time." She was just saying that out of habit. She knew her ex well. That woman detested tardiness more than anything. No matter how much she was in a good mood before, if someone was late without any good excuse, then her mood would soon be replaced by irritation.

"Got scolded often?" Loft raised her brows and smiled

"I was never late."

"Was it because you were punctual or because P' Air was scary?"

"I am punctual. But P' Air is scary." The tall girl nodded. She recalled this habit of her gorgeous sister-in-law, so she didn't say anything about that. She had seen her brother getting scolded by his wife so coldly many times. The man, in his early thirties, did not talk back to her at all, he even looked like a kicked puppy The outsiders must think that they make a cute couple. But for Loft who knew that their wedding one year ago took place because of a one-sided affection, all she felt was sorry for them.

Loft's older brother fell utterly in love with the woman, who was a daughter of his parents' close friends. He was obviously overjoyed when he got the woman. Lamp had not stopped smiling at all on their wedding day. But if one looked closely at the bride, they would see that the bride had a sad look in her eyes and always forced a smile. She used to wonder if the woman already had a lover before this, how her sister-in-law's lover felt when everyone kept saying that the wedding was full of joy and that they were a match made in heaven.

How heartbroken would her lover be?

How was this woman in front of her holding up a year ago?

"Why are you staring at me?"

"You're pretty, P' Pure."

"I know." Loft inclined her head and laughed, amused by that answer. The woman didn't even decline the compliment. Loft couldn't find anything to comment on or remark on Pure's confidence, not when she really was as pretty as Loft said

"Are you sure you don't want to come with me?”

"I told you. I don't want to see P' Air."

"You're so determined. I thought she could see you whenever she wanted since she had your heart?" Pure shook her head and smiled. She did love Air, but she still had a lot of self-control. No matter how much she missed her or if she wanted to see her face, the fact that Air was a married woman now always served as a reminder that this woman was taken, lawfully as well

"We're all grown-ups now. We can't just do what we want." Because if she really did what she wanted, Air would have never been married to someone else. But things were complicated between Pure and Loft's sister-in-law. There were many factors, many reasons that tangled into a messy thing Whoever had said that love would make people get through anything? Pure would be one of the people who argued with that person as if her life depended on it. Her past experience had confirmed that there was much more to love, so much more than they could ever sort to make it go as smoothly as they wanted

"Even though you still love her? Can you resist it?" The girl looked curious when she looked at her. Pure smiled when she saw that from the younger girl After they talked for a while, she could tell that Loft was a rather blunt person. She did not beat around the bush, nor did she try to be discreet when she tried to gain some information. Her emotions were visible in her eyes. Pure wanted to know that if one day, Loft had to hide something, how would this girl do it?

"You would have chosen to go in head first, wouldn't you?" The older woman rested her chin on her hand and asked. She watched the stubborn girl who was about to answer her. She already guessed what Loft was about to say from how the girl talked and how she was as a person, from what Pure had seen. Loft proChapter : :ly wasn't the type to just follow orders willingly. If this girl were forced to marry someone, perhaps she would go against it until her parents decided to give up.

"No one could force me to do anything." It was as she expected.

"I can tell. But P' Air isn't like you." But it didn't mean that Air never put up a fight. No, Pure never thought that for a second. She knew that going against the adults' orders was so exhausting that Air lost her will to fight. Love could be tiring sometimes. There were so many problems, so many obstacles between them that made her and Air decide to give up on each other

"Why didn't P' Air fight for you?”

"It was time to give up."

"Lamp loves her. I know that he really does." Loft said that, but her eyes didn't say that she was picking her brother's side, or trying to brag about the feeling that the businessman, who was a new rising star in the industry, felt for his wife. Loft simply told her what she could sense.

"Do you think your brother's love is enough to make P' Air love him back?"

"I don't know. But she loves you, that much I can tell."

"You know everything, yet you still want me to let someone in, and you will be the first in line." Pure laughed, amused. She felt so comfortable talking to this person. The girl kept flirting with her, but her actions were more of a well-wishing little sister than someone who was trying to ask her out.

"I'm not rushing you. Take all the time you need."

"You're not rushing me because you already have someone, perhaps?"

"You are not the only one I have, P' Pure. I am quite pretty, too." The girl shrugged her small shoulder, making Pure laugh "Yeah, yeah, eat up, gorgeous. We still have to eat dessert after this."

The lunch between two people who ran into each other went well. They finished the delicious meal until they were both full. Pure offered to pay for the food, claiming that she was older. But Loft argued that even though she was young, she was an extremely wealthy girl. She could totally pay for the meal. In the end, Pure negotiated so that the stubborn girl had no choice but to give up.

"You pay next time, okay?"

"Alright. Only because there is next time, though." Loft gave up when she heard that there would be a next time.

Pure teased her for that with a smile,

"You want to eat with me again?"

"Yes. I want to see you again, P' Pure." The girl admitted without thinking. She did not know what kind of answer Pure wanted. But she did not think of anything more complicated than the fact that she wanted to see Pure and talked to her again.

"You're unbelievable. Let's go pay for the meal It's almost time for your appointment.”

"Are you worried that P' Air will get annoyed, or that I will get scolded?"

"I don't want P' Air to be annoyed. It will take her a long time to recover from that."

"You don't want the woman you love to be upset all day?"

"Of course. A smile suits her way better than a scowl."

"Oh, no, my poor heart hurts."

"How dramatic."

Loft bursted out laughing when Pure said that. She let the other woman pay for the meal while she waited in front of the restaurant. At the same time, she took out her phone to text her sister-in-law back. The woman said that she would arrive soon. Air asked what she wanted to have today. After they agreed on the place, they agreed that they would see each other there in a few minutes.

"This is it, then, enjoy your dessert."

"Yeah. See you later."

"Alright.”

# CHAPTER : 5

They separated in front of the restaurant. The tall girl went down the escalator to the dessert shop where she agreed to meet with her sister-in-law. She looked around the shop and found her sister-in-law's small frame sitting there, waiting for her. Before she could go anywhere, the woman met her eyes and waved at her.

"Did you enjoy eating lunch by yourself?"

"Very." Loft did not tell her the truth that she did not eat alone. But it wasn't something the woman had to know, that was what Loft thought. What was between her and Pure was nothing but a coincidence.

"I will order dessert now. You can eat anything, right?"

"Yeah. You can order whatever you want, P' Air."

"One second." Air got up and went to the counter to order. Loft stared at her small back like that. Then, she took out her phone to send a text to the person she had just separated from earlier. She chatted with Pure for a moment, bickering and flirting until she was content. She stopped when her brother's wife came back to their table.

"Do you have anything to do after this, P' Air?"

"No. But I think I will do some shopping. What about you, Loft?"

"I will buy something for my maid's birthday."

"You mean the maid at the house?" Air raised her brows. At the same time, she admired how attentive this girl was.

"No. The maid at my pool villa."

"Your staff must adore you to bits."

"I'd hate for them to hate me."

"What are you going to buy, then? Do you want me to help?"

"If you don't have any plans, you're welcome to go with me. I'm still not sure yet." She had not thought about what she wanted to buy. She figured she could walk around and find something that was appropriate and useful for the recipient. But when she really gave it a thought, her mind went blank.

"Alright."

"Lamp said you guys will go on a honeymoon next month, right?" She heard her brother say that he was planning their honeymoon trip with his beautiful wife. She asked the woman out of courtesy, not because she wanted to mind their business or anything. It seemed like what most married couples did, even though Air and Lamp did not get married because they both loved each other.

"Oh, that. Your brother wants to go."

"You don't?"

"I am busy at work. Things are not so stable, so I don't want to be away for a long time." It was an understandable reason, but Loft thought there was more to that. There must be more reasons why Air did not want to spend her honeymoon with her husband.

"How many honeymoons have you gone on in a year?"

"We haven't gone even once."

"That's why he really wants to go."

"He kept suggesting it many times," Air said and forced a smile. She recalled the times she tried to come up with excuses to say no to Lamp's suggestion, and she wanted to let out a tired sigh many times. She was so weary of this. relationship between them. She wanted to get out of this arrangement every moment, but she could not. If the man who was this tall girl's brother were someone else instead, then Air was ready to drop everything to go on a honeymoon with her ten times more. Air wouldn't try to avoid her like this.

"You can just say no if you don't want to go. Lamp won't mind." That man always indulged his wife, even the parents kept teasing him about it. If Air said no, then Loft thought the man would not force her.

"I already told him. Still."

"Does it make you uneasy?"

"You mean your brother?"

"Everything. How does it feel to live with someone you don't love?"

"You know about that?" The question might come as a surprise. But Air looked so calm as if she already anticipated that someone would know how she felt.

"Your eyes were so hollow on your wedding day."

"Your brother is not a bad person. It's just that I don't love him"

"I understand." Now, it was like Loft was the one who tried to understand every party involved. Her beautiful sister-in-law, who was forced into a marriage she did not want. Pure, the ex-lover, had to walk away even though she still loved Air very much. And her brother, who gave his whole heart to a woman who did not even glance back at him. Their relationship was so complicated and messy that it was giving her a headache. This person loved this person, but that person loved another.

After Loft and Air exited the dessert shop, the two of them stopped at many stores along the way. As they were shopping, someone called Air on the phone. Loft was standing near her, so she could see that it was her brother who called. The two of them talked politely and were full of respect. Even though Air did not want to be his wife, she still treated him well, very well, in fact. However, Loft, who knew everything about their relationship, could sense the cold indifference in their conversation.

"I'm with Loft right now. Yeah, I've eaten. Loft, too We're shopping right now. You still have to talk to your client, right? Okay, see you in the evening." Air ended the call and put her phone inside her bag. There was no smile on her beautiful face. There was no emotion shown on her face. Air smiled again when she turned to tell Loft to walk to another store.

"Let's go check out that store.”

"Okay."

The tall girl looked at the woman, who was a lot shorter than her. She regarded Air and thought that if only Air married Lamp out of her own free will, they would make a lovely married couple. But if Air ended up with the woman whom Loft just separated from at the restaurant an hour ago instead, Loft thought they would make a cute couple as well.

"I have to buy some coffee first, P' Air. I'm running out of coffee at my place."

"At that store?" Air tilted her head to the capsule coffee store nearby. There were many people going in and out of the store. It seemed that the store was quite popular, given how convenient it was.

"Yes. Then we can go check the kitchen section next.

My maid is a great cook, I think she would like it."

"I agree. It will be a useful gift that she can use."

After they agreed, they entered the coffee store where there was a variety of coffee for them to choose from. A staff dressed in formal attire came to greet them and suggested their new product smoothly. Loft glanced around briefly before she told them what she wanted. Everything was going well, then she noticed a very stunning-looking woman whom she started to get familiar with. But it seemed that her sister-in-law noticed her first.

"Pure? Are you here with someone?"

"Just me." She said and looked at Loft, who was smiling faintly at her.

"Hi, P' Pure." The tall girl greeted her casually and gave her a friendly smile, acting as if nothing happened. Pure wanted to wrinkle her nose at the girl, but she still played along.

"Hello, Loft."

"You drink this kind of coffee?" It had been a year since they were so close. There were more things Air did not know about the younger woman. Pure drank coffee, but she usually bought it from a coffee shop. She never made it herself. Air used to be the one who delivered her coffee on a daily basis. Did she have a coffee machine at home now?

"I just brought the machine. It's convenient."

"Just because it's convenient, doesn't mean you can drink multiple cups of coffee per day, you know?" The smaller woman was concerned about her at that instance. She interrupted the coffee-loving girl knowingly and frowned,completely forgetting herself. She would always wish the best for the girl, even when their relationship changed.

"Are you worried about me? You should be here to stop me, if you are." Pure teased because she knew that Loft understood everything. But Air did not know that. Air only thought her husband's younger sister knew that she did not want this marriage, but did not know the relationship between her and Pure. The small woman glared at Pure. If she could, she would scold the girl who had no sense of propriety.

"Watch it."

"You two carry on with your talk. I will go pay for my coffee." Loft saw how uncomfortable her sister-in-law was, so she excused herself to get her things done. She hoped that the two women would have the chance to talk all they wanted without keeping up their images like this

"Okay."

Loft walked pass Air from behind. At that same time, she looked and locked eyes with the woman whom she had run into again. She raised a brow and smiled at her. The woman inclined her head a little while remaining calm. Then she turned to smile at the person she wanted to smile at without paying attention to Loft again.

Loft did not feel upset to see that, it was understandable. Pure still loved someone else. She did not do anything wrong. Deep down, Loft could not deny that she was disappointed to be dismissed like that, even though they were just enjoying their conversation together an hour ago.

She was disappointed because she had her hopes up on what, exactly? The tall girl could not answer that question herself.

"Don't drink too much coffee, okay?"

"So scary."

"I will smack you if I find out you drink multiple cups of coffee per day because it is convenient." Pure laughed at her threats. She knew how scary Air could be when she was seriously scolding someone. But when she was stern and frowned at her, she looked too adorable for Pure to be scared.

"It's good, though. You should try it."

"I'll ask Loft to recommend the coffee machine for me

"You are quite close to your husband's sister."

"We have known each other for a long time. I didn't just know her when I got married to her brother.”

"Is that so?"

"You're scowling again. You won't look pretty that way, you know." Air wanted to squeeze Pure's nose like she used to. But they were not in a place to do what they used to do out of habit anymore. Besides, Air was with Loft, her husband's sister, today.

"Is there a time when I'm not pretty?"

"Never. You've always been pretty." Air complimented her sincerely. Pure had always been pretty in her eyes, and it would always be that way.

"Enough with the sweet talk."

"Let's eat something together sometime."

"I don't really want to eat with my ex, though."

"Such a mouth on you."

"Pick me up whenever you're free. I have to go now.

Say goodbye to Loft for me."

"Okay."

Her hands tightened around the coffee bag as she exited the store without waiting for anyone. Even though she was more stable emotionally now. The sight of that older woman's sad eyes made Pure want to pull her into a hug. She saw Air pause her hand when she was about to reach for her. The restraint they had for resisting them from doing what they wanted hurt too much for both of them.

Shortly after she walked out of the store, her phone vibrated a few times. She took it out and found Loft's texts. The girl's picture, who liked to tease and gave her a relaxed smile, appeared.

'You left without saying goodbye, gorgeous.

Pure smiled at that. She pictured Loft's expression and eyes.

"If P' Air can't watch out for your coffee limit, I can do that for her."

So smooth and cheeky.

"It's exciting, isn't it? Seeing each other at the coffee shop?

Yeah. Pure agreed. Her heart was hammering when she had to greet Loft as if she had just met her, even though they just had lunch together.

# CHAPTER : 6

"How long are you staying in Bangkok?" Elm took a sip and asked the same question she asked every time their group hung out. Ever since Loft moved to Pattaya to take care of her family's business, they had to ask this question every time the girl came back to the capital. Most of the time, the tall girl who was the daughter of a luxury, seaside pool villa's owner did not stay in Bangkok for long. The longest she had been here was only five days.

"I will go back in a few days."

"Is it peaceful in the countryside? I want to spend my life there when I'm old." Namtan handed Loft a drink while she looked at her, waiting for her response.

"By countryside, you mean Pattaya. It's not peaceful at all."

"Well, at least your house is peaceful." Elm was talking about Loft's huge family house that she used to visit. Last time, she forced Namtan to take a leave from her work to visit that place together last year.

"You can visit, but I won't let you stay."

"You're going to live in that huge house alone?" Namtan used to live with her family, she thought that perhaps Loft might get lonely living alone in that large house. But the woman simply laughed and shook her head. She did not look terrified. It was proof that the tall woman who came from a famous family had no problem living peacefully without anyone but herself.

"Or do you not live alone? Did you hide a chick there, Loft?" Elm bursted out with the question because she wanted to know. Loft snapped a tired look at her and denied that accusation to stop her friend from imagining things.

"That's absurd."

"Well, you only stay for a few days. I thought there was something interesting for you in Pattaya." Elm muttered, looking suspicious. She used to wonder about this many times. When Loft's brother first sent her there, the girl complained about it to her on multiple occasions. But as time passed, Loft no longer complained to her. She did not show any sign that she wanted to come back to Bangkok, as if she had found something in Pattaya. Like she was happy and wanted to stay there, like she wasn't forced.

"I have my work there, Elm."

"You said you didn't want to go back then," Namtan added. She remembered that her friend had fought with her family about it many times. Now, it seemed that her family had to beg for her to come home from time to time.

"It's fun once you live there for a while.

"You sure you don't have a girl waiting for you in Pattaya?" Loft paused for a moment before she shook her head. Then the girl had a private smile. She did not have a girl in Pattaya, if she had one, then it was proChapter : :ly the girl in Bangkok. That was more likely.

"I don't have one."

Eventually, her friends stopped caring about her supposed girlfriend in Pattaya. They talked about something else instead. Their hangout, which happened in months, was fun as always. Everyone kept each other posted colorfully about what was going on with their lives.

"Drive safe, okay?" But every party had to end. Elm said for the third time to her two friends before they went their separate ways about road safety.

"You, too. No one is tipsy, right?”

"We just had a few sips, why would we get drunk?" Namtan said and laughed cheerfully at her and her friends' drinking habits. They had no idea when they became like this, by the time they knew it, they were talking until their throats were dry instead of drinking into oblivion.

"See you later. I'm leaving now." Loft waved them.

When her two friends nodded, she walked to the parking lot. It took her a few moments before she sat in her car. She put her seatbelt on and prepared to go home. Then, she had a notification on her phone from someone. The girl took out her slim rectangular object and read the text. She had a soft smile on her lips without her knowing.

Are you free? How about we go out for a drink?"

Pure invited her. It surprised Loft. She did not know why the woman did that, but she did not take long to decide. The tall girl texted her back so quickly, as if the small woman might change her mind if she took too long.

"Yes. Where do you want me to pick you up?"

She stared at the screen as she idly tapped on her steering wheel. A moment later, Pure answered her question.

"I will send you the location.”

Less than a minute later, the location where Pure wanted Loft to pick her up appeared on her screen. Loft regarded it for a moment. Then she hurriedly drove to meet her because she did not want her gorgeous older woman to wait for long. And most importantly, she wanted to see Pure a lot.

"P. Art Studio belongs to you, P' Pure?" Shortly after Loft picked up the woman who invited her for a drink, the girl asked about the workshop called P. Art Studio, where Pure turned off the lights and locked its door earlier before she came to sit on the passenger side.

P. Art Studio was a famous pottery workshop. If one wanted to take their lesson, then they had to wait in a long line. At least, they had to book a month in advance. Namtan and Elm invited her to take a class here as well. But she had too many responsibilities at that time, she did not have time to focus on art. So she always postponed the lesson. She just realized now that Pure was the owner of this place, and an instructor on some occasion as well.

"Why are you so excited, Loft?" Pure asked out of curiosity when she saw how excited Loft looked. What about her walking out of the pottery studio made Loft act like that?

"My friend invited me to take a pottery class here. But I never manage to find time to attend it. I just realized that you are the owner of this place." She said quietly at the end, it was more like she was muttering to herself. Pure smiled when she saw regret on Loft's face. She had been so busy back then that she couldn't go to the pottery class with her friends.

"Why? If you knew, you would have cleared your schedule?"

"Precisely. I won't have to wait until I see you at the bar with P' Air." Loft wrinkled her nose while her eyes were still trained on the road in front of her, not at the woman next to her.

"I don't teach every class, there are many instructors."

"You can't pick the instructor in the class schedule?"

The girl who looked so disappointed pouted so adorably. She did not even try to hide that there was another reason for her that made her want to take a pottery class, and it wasn't because she wanted a hobby.

"No"

"What do I have to do to study with the owner of the studio, then?”

"I'll have to charge you extra if you want a specific instructor." She understood that the girl was teasing her at first. But the girl seemed to be persistent when she asked about how she could take Pure's class. So she thought Loft might actually be serious about it.

"How much do I have to pay for it then?"

"Are you going to learn how to make pottery or are you going to hit on the instructor?" Pure hugged her arms and asked. Loft caught a glimpse of her charming smile on Pure's face when Loft glanced at her. She was aware that Pure's neural expression made her look so elegant and beautiful. But her sweet smile suited Pure much better.

"The instructor won't let me ask her out."

"Are you free tomorrow? I can teach you if you are free." Normally, Pure didn't let anyone who seemed to hit on her get close to her. But for this girl, she found that she treated Loft differently from other people. Maybe it was because Loft was not like anyone else. Pure was comfortable seeing how relaxed she was. It put Pure at ease when they spent time together.

"I thought you would let me take you out if I were free.”

"Stop flirting, you little minx."

"Hey, I'm being serious." Loft insisted and giggled, making the older woman laugh with her.

"So are you?"

"I'm free. But don't I need to book it in advance?"

"No. The studio is closed tomorrow."

"So I will be the only one in class?" Loft didn't think that she was special. But she couldn't help but smile to herself. Pure could see everything.

"If you don't mind taking your lesson alone with me, that is."

"I don't mind!"

"How about in the afternoon, then? We'll proChapter : :ly be home late tonight." It was almost midnight now. It would take hours for them to drink and arrive home. So the next morning would not be ideal for any activity. Loft had no problem with the time Pure suggested. Even if this gorgeous older woman wanted to see her since early morning, she would be happy to meet her

"Anytime that is convenient for the instructor works for me" After they agreed to meet tomorrow in the afternoon,Pure lost half a day of her day off willingly. Loft, on the other hand, planned to rest at her large house, but she canceled that plan without hesitation

Many expensive cars drove into the clustered area. The road was already small, and it was even more narrow when there were many cars parked on the side roads. They had to be extra careful when they drove. But Loft seemed to be familiar with the way. There were commercial buildings on both sides of the street, full of many types of stores. Most of the stores were restaurants that opened at night, like rice porridge restaurants, noodles, and Chinese sukiyaki, all of which had a sign that said they were closed at four or five in the morning.

"I invited you out for a drink, not to eat late-night rice porridge."

"There is a hidden bar around here, not just rice porridge restaurants." She said with a smile while Pure complained. The older woman looked around the area for a while, and she still hadn't found any place around where that could satisfy her need to drink alcohol.

"Maybe you are hungry, who knows?"

"How about we eat something after we drink?"

"Drink first, then we can decide.”

"We're here... just a little further." After they talked about their late-night meal for a moment, the two of them. arrived at their destination. Loft tilted her head to make Pure look in that direction after she turned off the engine.

"Hm."

"You're with me. I won't allow you to flirt with other people, okay?" The tall girl turned to give her an ultimatum that sounded a lot like a plea when the gorgeous woman was about to step out of the car.

"Can you stop me?"

"You asked me to come late at night, and you're still so mean to me?"

"You sulk so much, I can't even tell whether you are being serious or joking."

"Don't be cruel and let anyone flirt with you while I'm here, please. I'm being serious."

"I won't let anyone flirt with me today. Okay?" She not only said that to reassure Loft, she even petted the pouty girl's head because she couldn't resist the fondness she felt. Pure smiled so sweetly at her, making Loft's breathing hitch for a moment Loft knew that she shouldn't fall for this woman's charms. She shouldn't get herself involved with someone who was still not over the person in their heart. Still, there was something about Pure that was irresistible for someone like Loft.

# CHAPTER : 7

"You're drunk, gorgeous, very drunk, in fact," Loft informed the woman who looked at her with glossy eyes. She wasn't sure if Pure knew that she was acting differently. Usually, the older woman was a natural at charming people. This gorgeous older woman didn't even have to do much, and she still made Loft's heart skip many times. But once the alcohol was in her system, it was like her charm went skyrocket.

Her beautiful face was adorned with makeup that looked so lovely on her. Her face was not far from Loft's. Their bodies pressed so closely together that Pure could easily climb up the younger woman's lap. Pure didn't do that when they first met at the bar. That was why Loft thought this was proChapter : :ly what she did when she was drunk.

"I can't admit that I'm drunk." The woman smirked a little and shook her head slowly. Loft raised a brow and asked out of curiosity. Pure always had her attention, no matter what she said.

"Why not?”

"P" Air will scold me if I'm drunk." Pure smiled even wider when she mentioned someone who wasn't there. Loft's sister-in-law always had an effect on her ex-girlfriend.

For someone who still had feelings for her, the thought of her was enough to have an influence on her.

Pure didn't have any other intentions when she talked about her ex. She was drunk and wasn't in her right mind, she couldn't control herself as much as she used to when she was sober. Plus, she felt strangely comfortable, making it easier for her to say what she thought.

"So you never got drunk before?"

"I did. I just got drunk when she was with me. P' Air is protective of me... no, she was protective of me." It was like she just realized everything Air used to act was in the past now. The girl was hurt, and she corrected it, mostly to remind herself. "Did P' Air get protective of you because you're like this when you're drunk?"

"Like what, hm?"

"Can I say it?" Loft rested her chin on her hand. She rested her elbow on the sofa's armrest. She grinned when she was asking Pure's permission.

"Do I look so bad when I get drunk in your eyes? Why are you hesitating?"

"On the contrary, P' Pure. Your eyes are glossy when you're drunk. Practically gleaming. Your smile is sweeter than usual" If this woman gladly let someone in, maybe she wouldn't be single this long.

"You mean I'm prettier?"

"Prettier and more alluring."

"No matter how pretty and alluring I am, all you can do is flirt with me for fun, okay?" The woman stopped her. The girl grumbled and pouted.

"You always stop me."

"I have to. You look like you are enamored with me."

"Why can't this gorgeous girl let anyone in?"

"Because that gorgeous girl already has eyes for someone else." Pure inclined her head and told what she thought Loft already knew. It was not some kind of mystery why the woman did not let anyone in. It was something this tall, good-looking girl knew from the start.

"P' Pure, do you hate my brother?" The question made Pure pause for a moment. She met the girl's eyes, hoping to find what was hidden inside. She wanted to know why the man's sister, the very same man who took the woman she loved away, asked her this question. But she couldn't find anything but a normal curiosity like she had for anything else.

"I hate everyone that makes it turn out this way, your brother, your family, and P'

Air's family." She was quiet for a while. Pure could give her a solid answer, it was clear what she felt towards the people who destroyed her relationship with her lover. Loft could sense how upset she was about this matter.

She was hurt from this relationship. And she resented everyone who made her and Air face those problems until they couldn't take it anymore. The thought of her lover lying next to someone else made her want to yell every time. The image of that man and the woman she loved with her whole heart together made Pure want to wish that it was just a nightmare. She always had to cry when she had to admit that it was reality.

"P’Air is the only one you don't hate."

"How can I hate her?"

"You love her too much, right? My chance of you letting someone in seems very slim."

"I let you flirt with me for fun." She raised her small hand to touch Loft's shoulder and patted her lightly a few times, as if she was telling Loft to accept that what they had was just something casual, no commitment or anything.

"P’Pure, you're so cruel for someone who is hurt."

"No, you're just overthinking it." The woman shrugged, not admitting it, and quickly denied that accusation. Loft laughed brightly.

"Should we leave now?"

"Hm, we can leave now." Even though talking to Loft for three hours straight was entertaining for her and there was never a dull moment. But Pure agreed that it was time for both of them to go home and rest.

Loft had always been a good listener, no matter what they talked about. The girl knew when to respond. She looked her in the eyes to show how attentive she was. She looked away sometimes when they were flirting, and when Pure flirted back, making Loft flustered. In the short amount of time that she knew this girl, Pure could tell that she enjoyed talking to her a lot.

It did not happen often, but it was possible to enjoy talking to someone, but didn't want it to become something more.

"Call me when you decide to let someone in, P' Pure.”

Loft dropped Pure off at her condo and stopped the car to tell the other woman that before they separated. Pure turned back to look at the girl immediately. The first thing she saw was a smile that Pure had become familiar with since she saw it so often.

"There are many people for you to be interested in, right? You told me back then that you were quite pretty yourself." She said to freshen up her memory. Loft did not deny it, she even admitted it willingly.

"It's not good for me to get all lonely while I wait for you, right?" The older woman laughed when she heard how persistent the girl was. The girl really told her to let Loft know when she decided to let anyone in, while Loft would still be involved with someone else as she waited.

"You don't let yourself get lonely while you wait. I guess that's fair."

"You proChapter : :ly don't let yourself get lonely while you wait either."

"How did you know?"

"Which one are you talking about? How did I know about the fact that you wait for P' Air or that you don't let yourself get lonely?" Loft supposed everyone could see the first, even though Pure never admitted it, even once. About not letting herself get lonely, Loft was just taking a wild guess. She thought she had guessed right when she saw how the woman reacted.

"Both."

"I guessed. Did I guess it right?"

"Yes,"

"All of them?"

"Yes." No matter how many times Pure was asked, no matter who asked, she never admitted that she was waiting for Air, hoping that they would be together again. She always denied it explicitly. But now, she was nodding, she did not dismiss it like before.

"See? Heartbroken gorgeous girls can be so cruel."

"Go back to sleep. See you in the afternoon."

"Are you sure you can go home safely, gorgeous?"

"Oh my, you're so smooth. I'm sure." Pure scolded her with a smile before she insisted that she could go to her room without any trouble.

"Bye.”

"Drive safe, okay?"

Loft nodded slowly. After Pure said goodbye and reminded her about road safety, she got out of the car and walked further away. Loft watched her go until she disappeared inside the tall building in the heart of the capital.

"Why do I have to like someone like her this much?"

Someone like her, as in a heartbroken, gorgeous woman who never planned to let anyone in and made it clear how much she could give Loft. Because she was like that, Loft found her so alluring that it was hard for her to resist.

. .

"Mother told me today that she wished to have lunch with you at her house. Do you have plans?" The tall man asked as he came to sit beside his wife, who was reading a book.

"No. Does she want something?" Air lowered her book down and answered her lawful husband before asking why his mother wanted to have lunch with her. Normally, his parents would have dinner with her instead.

"No. Loft will go back to Pattaya in a few days. She proChapter : :ly wants us to have a meal together before Loft leaves.She has a party in the evening, so she invites us for lunch instead."

"Oh. Loft is home today?"

"She said she would stay home all day when we last talked. Met all of her friends and all."

"I see." She responded. Then the petite woman lifted up her book to read. She did not want to talk to him anymore. Lamp watched the woman he loved and let out a tired sigh. Air was cold in a way he had never experienced before. She was so indifferent that a smile directed to him was enough to delight him as if he had found gold, even though it was just a normal smile people gave each other.

"I will go out to see a friend tonight."

"Hm." His wife hummed in response. Her eyes and interest were still on that thick book in her hands. Lamp watched her and pursed his lips, trying to suppress the awful feelings that were stirring inside.

"I might not come home tonight."

"Okay. Make sure people don't talk about it, yes?" Saying that he wouldn't be home was like him asking for permission to sleep with another woman to satisfy his needs.

Air accepted that and had never once tried to stop him. She only asked him not to cause any problems that could affect her.

"Okay." Lamp got up and walked away, his expression darkened. He always hoped that his wife would show that she wasn't happy about it, even just a little, if he told her he would sleep with someone else. But Air did not even care where he went, who he was with, if he would come home, nothing could get to this woman.

# CHAPTER : 8

Loft was sitting with her arms crossed as she looked at her only brother. She had asked him something and was waiting for his answer. Lamp was quiet for a while. He closed his eyes and caressed his face when he started to feel stress, even though it was not hard to answer his sister's question at all. He was simply too distressed to say it out loud.

"Does living like this make you happy, Lamp?"

He did not want to admit that he was tormented by his wife's indifference more than anything. Air was so polite, she respected him. But she had never given him anything more than the same courtesy she gave her acquaintances. He was not special to her. That was why Loft's question felt like a knife gutting him, leaving him feeling a lump in his throat.

"I thought I would be."

"So you are not right now?"

"Yeah"

"How long are you going to keep her with you?”

"It's not easy to get a divorce."

"You can if you want. But you refuse to." Loft knew that the reason why her brother refused to take care of this problem was that he didn't want it to end with them going their separate ways. Lamp was very confident that one day, Air would let him into her heart.

"You don't want Air to be your sister-in-law?"

"I don't want to meddle with what is between you and P' Air. I will say this only once and for the last time." Loft didn't say a word when she heard that the parents wanted the two to get married. She did not interfere when she saw those sad eyes that showed no joy. She thought that they would work it out soon. What changed for her, who did not like to meddle with other people's business, was when she had come to know both Air and Pure. She had seen their pain, the wound her family had caused. Loft could no longer stay silent.

“....”

"Lamp, you love her, and the feelings are not reciprocated. Then you use those advantages as a means to have her. You still only have her body. P' Air is practically a robot at this point." It was not often that they all got to hang out together like this. Ever since the two of them got married,Loft had been busy with her work at Pattaya. She rarely got to see how melancholy her sister-in-law was when she was surrounded by their parents. Air was like a robot that was ordered to smile, to answer, and to only show her graceful side. It was like the woman only brought her body here and left her soul somewhere else.

"I don't even have her body."

"You don't have the right to touch her if she doesn't consent, Lamp. Don't act like an asshole."

"I would never think about doing anything inappropriate to her. Air proChapter : :ly already hates me enough when she married me." No matter how much he was captivated by her looks, how much he liked her demeanor, how in love he was, Lamp had never thought about forcing her even once. What he did might seem cruel and selfish. But he was not that cruel to take anyone by force.

"Let me ask you this honestly: did you know that she was already seeing someone back then?"

"Yes."

"Then why were you so persistent about marrying her?”

"I just wanted to have her." The man's answer disappointed Loft greatly. She thought Lamp didn't know about this, so he was persistent about the wedding. But the truth was, he knew everything, and Loft believed that he knew who Air was seeing at that time.

"So much that you didn't care about anything else?"

“.....”

"How disappointing."

"I'm sorry." His little sister's eyes and voice showed him how awful she felt about what he did. Lamp could only apologize quietly as if he couldn't do anything more than that.

The conversation between the siblings by the pool ended there when they saw the woman who was their topic of discussion come to hand them a cup of coffee. Loft's face was indifference, it was clear that she wasn't happy with him, but she turned to grin at her beautiful sister-in-law. The woman. returned the gesture with her lovely smile. Lamp watched them, feeling envious.

Air's smile was never meant for him, even once.

"The maid said you asked for an afternoon coffee.”

"Thank you so much, P' Air." Air put a small tray that had three iced coffees on it on the table. She handed the coffee to the two siblings and grabbed one of her own before she came to sit next to Loft.

"You were up late last night?"

"Sort of." Loft returned when it was almost morning.

She laughed softly before she responded vaguely.

"You have your fill of drinking whenever you get back to Bangkok. Don't you have friends in Pattaya?" Lamp didn't complain, he was simply teasing her. He had never stopped Loft from hanging out with anyone, he never did.

"Let's go out for a drink together before I go back, P' Air." The tall girl invited the woman next to her with a smile. Air agreed immediately. If she didn't have other plans, she would never turn down this girl's invitation.

"Alright."

"No bailing out from this, okay?" The girl raised her hand, waiting for Air to clap it as a promise. Air complied casually. Lamp watched the two of them get along. He smiled, pleased to see it. He thought that if his wife at least had some affection for him, he would be a very happy man.

"I won't.”

"I have plans in the afternoon. I have to go now." After they agreed, Loft looked at her watch and saw that it was almost the time that she and Pure agreed to meet. So she said goodbye to her brother and her sister-in-law. But her rush to get out of here made Air ask, curious.

"You have plans? I thought Lamp said you were going to stay home and rest today?"

"Oh... change of plan."

"Are you going out with a friend?" Asked Air. It was a normal question, it shouldn't be hard to answer. But Loft felt uncomfortable and awkward for a moment. That was why she answered weakly and awkwardly.

"...Yes A friend."

"So you're going out every day, then?" Her brother raised a brow and teased her. The girl insisted that she wanted to stay home the other day. And now, she had just changed her mind

"Why are you complaining? I'm heading out now. Bye,

P' Air"

"Bye.”

Loft stepped out of the area. Once she had come far enough, she stopped. Loft thought about what had just happened and sighed, feeling troubled. It felt like she was having an affair with her sister-in-law's ex, even though Air and Pure had already broken up.

. .

The woman tied her long, dark hair up. Her only student of the day crossed her arms and admired her appreciatively. Pure looked good in everything she did. She was alluring in every moment. There were many kinds of pottery on the shelves, but no matter how beautiful those art pieces were, they were no match for the owner of this studio.

"How long are you going to stare at me?" She let Loft look for a while. But Loft showed no sign of looking away. So Pure had to tilt her head and ask with a smile.

"I'm sorry for being rude. You're too breathtaking

"Thank you. But please stop staring. I'm starting to get flustered now." Pure thanked the girl when she was done tying her hair. She walked over to put on her apron. Her movements were swift, at ease. Even though she had this girl who kept staring and praising her, the older woman still carried on with ease. "What do you want to make today?"

"I've never done pottery before. What do beginners usually make?"

"The most basic one is a plate."

"Can I make something harder than a plate?"

"You can't just be like other people, can you? How about a mug?"

"Okay."

"Alright. Put on your apron." Pure handed her a brown apron and watched the student get ready for a moment. Then she asked the girl about how she was going to take care of her long hair. "Wanna tie your hair up?"

"Are you going to tie it for me?"

"My student is so demanding." She complained and frowned. But in the end, she walked over to get a hair tie and approached the girl who was smiling cheekily at her.

Pure stood behind her and carefully tied Loft's long hair up. She did it so gently as she slowly wrapped the girl's hair together before she tied it with Pure's black hair tie. Loft let out a pleased smile and didn't say anything. She quietly thanked Pure when the woman was done.

"Thanks."

"You should take off your watch. It might get dirty.

Her sweet voice was not far from her ear. Shortly after, Pure's hands came to take off Loft's watch on her left wrist. The woman leaned over from the back, so their faces were close to each other. Pure's warm breath caressed her skin, making Loft freeze.

"What if your student dies from that?"

"You kept demanding me to do stuff."

"I was just teasing. Who would know that I could die if you were actually serious?"

"Get up and wedge the clay, so we can start."

Loft nodded and followed the gorgeous older woman to the long table that had a large lump of clay on it. Pure showed her how to knead the clay to remove air bubbles, then Loft had to do it by herself. Pure's delicate lips were painted with a lovely shade of lipstick as she talked Loft through each step in detail with her sweet voice that was so lovely to hear. No matter what Loft's questions were, or how odd they were,the older woman always answered them with patience. She kept smiling so kindly at Loft.

"Use your left hand to hold the side. Yes, like that. Then use your right hand to press it from above."

After they wedged the clay, the next step was molding it with an electric potter's wheel. Loft was looking at the moving clay, looking troubled. No matter how detailed Pure's instructions were, she still had no idea how much weight she should apply to the side and above.

"Go on," the student looked up when Pure prompted her. Then she slowly reached out as Pure said. Her left hand cradled the side of the clay while her right hand pushed down as the wheelhead was still moving without stopping.

"It's not symmetric. What should I do?" Once she started doing it, the clay did not turn into the shape she planned. Loft asked, alarmed. She was worried that her mug would miserably fail. Pure, who had been watching her, laughed and complained before she lent a hand.

"So fussy, this girl. Do it slowly, be patient." Pure's soft hands placed on top of Loft's to control her pace. Their beautiful faces were an inch apart as they stared at the black object on the electric wheelhead. The soft touch made Loft hold her breath. She slowly looked up, and the sight bewitched her, making her freeze in her spot when Pure looked at her as well. The girl looked like she was in a daze. The older woman couldn't help but flash her a sweet smile. It was doing things to Loft's heart. She kept staring at those lovely lips. Her mind had wandered so far away. By the time she came to her senses, she heard what the woman said: "I let you flirt for fun, remember? No kissing."

"That's a shame."

"You really look like you regret it, Loft." They talked while they were so close. Pure still had a smile on her face. Bickering with this girl became one of her entertainments.

"I'm that obvious?"

"Pay attention to class."

"Do you get this close when you teach other people?"

She asked what she was wondering about. Loft had no idea how this woman had taught pottery before. Were her hands placed above her students like this? Did they get this close like this? The tall girl could not contain her curiosity, so she decided to find out by asking directly

"Heh, why?”

"Oh, nothing. I'm just jealous of the people who took your class."

"You are taking my class."

"Do you really stay this close to every student, Miss Pure?" Pure laughed when the girl started to scowl. Not only that, Loft even pouted, making her want to squeeze it a few times.

"I don't usually get this close to a student"

"So you're just toying with a poor girl? You keep making me fall for your charm." The girl grumbled. Pure looked at her fondly.

"Is it working?"

"I won't tell you that. It's unfair."

"My, you really put up a fight."

"Stop toying with me, P' Pure."

"Alright Pay attention to the clay before your mug loses its shape." The conversation that made her heart pound ended at that. Pure moved away and let go of Loft's hands. She stepped away to watch Loft and gave her some suggestions Loft could breathe freely again. The girl nearly fainted earlier Being near this woman really was dangerous, she knew that the woman was toying with her, but she still fell for it. She knew that Pure thought nothing of it, yet her heart kept hammering again and again.

# CHAPTER : 9

"P’ Pure, do you want me to deliver Miss Loft's craft for her?"

Normally, one of the staff, like Tem, was responsible for delivering the pottery to the students after they bisque-fired the clay. But since that person had a private lesson on the studio's day off, Tem thought that she was proChapter : :ly not like anyone. So she asked her boss first.

"It's fine. I will take care of that." Pure paused, she was paying attention to what she was reading on the laptop's screen. She turned to the staff who were busy with their students craft work.

"Alright. I'm heading home now, okay?"

"Yeah."

The employee and the boss said goodbye to each other. Then the studio was even quieter than before. Pure was the only one in the studio now, when there were two people earlier. She slowly relaxed back on her chair. Her mind, which was just thinking about her work, took a turn to think about a certain someone

They had not talked for three weeks, ever since the day Loft took a pottery class here. Over twenty days that they did not say a word to each other. It was long enough for the younger woman's first pottery to be ready to use. While Loft was in Bangkok, they met each other nearly every day. They talked occasionally and drank until nearly dawn. But the girl went into radio silence when she went back to work at Pattaya. This baffled Pure a lot. Normally, the girl would appear to tease her, then suddenly she acted like those times didn't exist in the first place.

Loft really was an odd girl, as she thought.

She grabbed her phone, which was not far away, and tapped the screen to discuss the students' craft that the studio was responsible for. She pressed the call button and waited in line for a long time. She nearly hung up when the girl took her call.

"Did you call me because you missed me?" The girl was always cheeky and playful, which was what Pure could tell.

The cheerful voice on the phone was enough to make Pure smile immediately. They hadn't talked for three weeks, but it still didn't feel awkward talking to this girl.

"So you really want me to answer that?"

'On second thought, no. I can't handle the disappointment. What's up?"

"The mug you made a while ago is ready to use now. Do you want me to send it to you in Pattaya?"

'I'm worried that it might break if you send it via postal mail. My LP mug is worth a lot, you know. Pure could tell immediately what face the younger girl was making, even though she couldn't see it Loft was proChapter : :ly smiling cheerfully with her eyes gleaming. Pure was a little annoyed by the girl's precious LP mug. She thought about the time the girl decorated it and smiled. Loft was writing two English letters on the mug. When she asked her, the girl smiled and said LP stood for Loft and Pure. That was how Pure ended up making another mug. Naturally, she wrote the letters differently, she wrote PL on it.

"What should we do then, my dear customer?"

'Come give it to me yourself at Pattaya. Or you can wait for me to go back to Bangkok. But it will take a long while, though. I want to use the LP mug with the PL mug now.’

The girl pretended to sound so sad, Pure knew she was faking it because Loft didn't even hide it. Pure laughed before she muttered absentmindedly.

"How sly."

'I have many rooms in my house. You are always welcome.'

"No one lives with you?"

'I don't have a girlfriend. I'm not seeing anyone. You have to believe me, P' Pure.' Pure wouldn't believe her if she kept laughing like this. Loft was trying to convince her, but she was too playful for Pure to trust.

"Who would believe a little minx like you? I will visit you when I find the time. I can't right now, so I'm going to keep it here in the meantime."

"I'm so sad, I failed to convince you. I failed to lure you in as well. So this is the downside of having my eyes on someone older. The girl complained and sulked. It made Pure want to pinch her. If Loft were here with her, she didn't think she could resist doing that.

"You're just saying that.”

'So what are you doing, right now, gorgeous?' The girl laughed and changed the subject to ask what Pure was doing at the moment. It was a sign that they would not talk about going to Pattaya anymore.

"Working."

"At the studio?"

"Uh-huh."

'It's nine in the evening. You should go home."

"I'm going to. I'm hanging up now, okay?"

'Call me again if you miss me, yeah? I will be waiting.

A smile appeared on her face. She considered letting the minx get away with it without doing anything. But she couldn't resist saying anything back.

"Oh? So you didn't call because you didn't miss me at all?"

'I won't tell you. Don't want you to get smug. You should hang up. Get home safe, gorgeous.

"Okay. Goodnight, Little Loft.

"Hm.”

Pure worked for a while, then her phone vibrated, suggesting that someone was calling her Pure looked away from the laptop screen to the phone she put down.

She frowned when she saw the name of the incoming call. Even though she still kept in touch with her ex, Air likely had a good reason for calling her. That woman was never one for giving in to her impulse. She always had reasons behind her actions. Of course, the reason was still unknown to Pure, it made her heart race so easily.

"Hello?"

"I happen to be in the area near your studio. Are you still there?"

"Yes"

Can I go see you?"

"Do you need something, P' Air?"

'Do I need to have a reason to see you?"

"No. But it's strange. You aren't usually like this."

'I will drop by. Have you eaten?"

"No. But I'm not that hungry. You don't have to buy anything."

Alright.

Air lowered her phone. She hung up while her eyes were still trained on the studio where the lights were still on.

Pure bought her lies without any suspicion. She did not suspect a thing, other than what she wanted when she said she wanted to meet with the woman. Pure didn't know that Air came all the way here with the dinner for her and was watching her not far from that nice one-story building. It put Air at ease that the other woman didn't know.

As for why she came here, it was simply because she missed Pure. It had been a while since she saw Pure. They had not talked. Both of them grew apart so long it made her feel distant with the girl. Air didn't want to trap the girl in their past. But she found it too difficult for her to cut ties with this girl. She could barely stand not seeing her face or hearing her voice. She never succeeded in letting Pure go as she wished. Air couldn't deny that she was one of the reasons why both of them could not move on from this pain.

The petite woman entered the studio without bringing anything with her. Pure said she didn't have to buy anything with her, so she discarded their dinner without a thought. She walked past different sections of the studio with familiarity. The corners of her eyes burned at how many memories she had of this place. Wherever she looked, she saw memories of her and her ex-girlfriend. Their laughter was full of joy, and the smile they shared. From the moment Pure planned to build P Art Studio to the moment she accomplished it, Air was there with her at every step. That was why it hurt so much for her every time she visited this place.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"Just water is fine." Pure nodded and poured a glass of water for her special guest, who watched her every move

That small back that used to press so close to Air, those hands she used to hold, her scent that Air used to love so much, and those eyes that used to look at her with so much love. Air missed all of them. Many times, she missed them so much that she cried. Even now, the petite girl still felt like crying.

It still hurt too much, the woman she still loved, and the place that was full of their memories.

"Are you done with your plans in the area?"

"Yes. It's not that important." The older woman stilled for a moment before answering, like she had just realized what excuse she used.

"Don't you have to hurry back home?"

"I never have to. How's this place going?”

"This place is very famous now, you must know that? The waiting line is very long." Pure said and wrinkled her nose at Air. Truth be told, P. Art Studio was really well-known before they broke up. Air was worried about how hard Pure had to work at that time. A few years later, it seemed that Pure had a lot more responsibilities than before, judging from what the girl was bragging to her.

"I know that your business is very successful. Are you tired?"

"I'm not the only instructor here. There are a lot of people helping me with the work. The studio owner rarely teaches now, really."

"That's good. So you don't have to overwork yourself."

"What about you, P' Air? How is work?" Asking about their well-being and work seemed like important topics for both of them. They had to know, no matter what. Other than that, there was another thing that Pure always asked.

"Lots of work to do, as usual. But it's been more than usual lately.”

"So he and his family... still treat you well, I take it?" If Pure got a positive answer, then she would be at ease, knowing that at least they treated Air well.

"Yes."

"It's good that you find someone who is nice to you." The younger girl muttered to herself. Air could hear it loud and clear, but she didn't say anything.

“....”

"So are you here because you missed me?" Pure's question hit the mark. Air pursed her lips, swallowing her answer without saying anything. Then she had to admit it when the stunning girl stared at her, demanding an answer.

"Yes."

"Then say that you missed me." Air watched her resting her chin on her hand, the corner of Pure's lips lifted up a little. Her eyes were full of expectation. The girl asked like she did not expect the answer to be what she wanted. Air wanted to know what exactly Pure wanted to hear.

"How demanding "

"Don't say it, then. I can't force you to do anything. Pure's smile, which used to be so beautiful in Air's eyes,seemed to dim with sadness. No matter how many times she and Pure saw each other, whenever they were, she always saw this sight. If Air could stay away, she would very much like to disappear so that she didn't have to know about the pain the woman she loved was going through. But she couldn't

“....”

"So I am the only one who can say it, right, P' Air? I'm the only one who can tell you I miss you." In every encounter, there were always words that cut deep between them.

"Pure"

"I'm really telling someone's wife that I missed her."

Pure knew that what she did was wrong. She let out a bitter laugh. No matter how normal her life was before, she could not control her emotions whenever she was in front of her ex, regardless of how talented or skilled she was. She was always sensitive to everything Air did. She was already dejected when this beautiful woman did not say a word and remained still

"Someone's wife wants to tell you that she missed you as well."

"How come you didn't end up being my wife?"

"I wonder as well.”

"Why didn't you marry me, P' Air?" Air blinked rapidly to chase the tears away when they welled in her eyes. Memories of the past flashed in her mind. Images of her and Pure talking about the future before they broke up replayed in her mind like someone ordered it.

. .

*"Will you marry me, P' Air?" The delicate girl lay on her side, she looked at her innocently as she asked.*

*"Of course, I will." Air turned to face her when she answered. She smiled fondly at the girl and squeezed her nose lightly, she couldn't resist it.*

*"P' Air, do you want to be my wife?"*

*"I do." The older woman answered that instant. She did not stop to think at all. She loved Pure so much that she could not picture herself with anyone else but this girl in front of her. Air dreamed of the days she would get to spend with her lover happily every single day. It had always been Pure for her from the start, and that never changed.*

*"Whoever has you as their wife would be very happy."*

*"Really? So, are you happy?”*

*"What, I have you as my wife now, P' Air?" The girl asked, her eyes gleaming naughtily. Air could easily tell what the girl meant. She responded in a way that the younger girl liked to say that she was such a beguiling, stunning woman.*

*"Haven't you? Have me, that is.*

*"I have." Pure's long finger slowly traced her face, down to her neck. The touch was featherlight, making Air's stomach stir with heat.*

*A girl like Pure was no less as dangerous as someone older like her.*

*"Hm.*

*"So many times, too."*

*"Pervert."*

*"Will I get to have you tonight?" Her eyes asked her adorably, making Air smile indulgently. She understood now why Bam kept insisting that she had to keep up with that insane stamina when dating someone younger. Pure reveled in sex. She made it clear that she loved it when they were intimate with each other. Pure always let her know when she wanted to do it or when she had the urge to do so. Air usually let her, she welcomed it every time, in fact.*

*"I have a meeting tomorrow morning. And you have work, Miss Pure."*

*"I'm still young.*

*"Are you saying that I'm old?"*

*"I'm saying that you are too pretty. P' Air. How can I stand looking at my pretty girlfriend without touching her?"*

*"You should try. You always ask for it whenever you come to see me." The woman complained and squeezed the needy girl's nose. Pure giggled for a while before she grabbed Air's hands. The air changed from relaxing to serious between them.*

*"Marry me, P' Air."*

*At the age of twenty-five, Pure proposed to her.*

*"Yes, yes. I will be your beautiful wife, Pure, no one else's."*

*And Air, at the age of twenty-eight, said yes so firmly.*

*"Wait for me, okay?"*

*The two of them made a promise and shared a joyful smile.*

*"Yeah, always.”*

*They had no idea what the future held.*

Air lowered her gaze when she was asked about the promise they made three years ago to avoid looking at the pain in Pure's eyes. She had no strength to say anything. Air could not give Pure an answer as to why they never got married to each other.

# CHAPTER : 10

"Didn't you say you would tell the housekeeper to welcome me?" That was the first thing Pure said to the owner of the house. She wanted to know why the girl was crossing her arms and grinned at her at noon when the girl said she had work.

Yesterday, Pure let Loft know that she would be coming to Pattaya for vacation. Loft grumbled that she still had work to do and had to ask the housekeeper to welcome her. But when the important guest arrived, Pure only found the same girl who kept telling her every day to visit. There was no sign of a housekeeper at all.

"I have some time to spare. So I came here. But I'll have to leave soon."

"You didn't let me book a hotel." Pure talked to Loft for two hours last night. They argued about this for a while before they came to an agreement. The gorgeous older woman sighed many times. The girl laughed, amused, that she finally made Pure give up in the end from her effort "Didn't you come to Pattaya because I invited you here?"

"Yeah. But I don't want to trouble you."

"You have to stay at my place if you are here because of me. Come, let's get inside." The tall woman cut their conversation and grabbed Pure's suitcase before she headed inside. The woman shook her head and followed Loft inside.

The phone call Pure made to Loft that day because she wanted to talk about the craftwork the girl made in her pottery class made them reconnected, even though they hadn't talked for three weeks. Last night, Pure let her know that after Loft had been trying to get Pure to Pattaya, she could finally take a seven-day leave from her studio to go to the countryside. If Loft didn't mind, she would go to her the next day in the afternoon. Loft said she didn't mind at all, even if she had work, she would still say that she didn't mind.

"Make yourself at home. I already told the housekeeper to prepare your lunch. I will join you for dinner tonight." Loft put her luggage inside the guest room she had prepared for Pure. Then, she walked down to the woman who was taking in the house while she was sitting on the large sofa.

Loft informed Pure of what she should know before she went out to work.

"Hm."

"Any place you want to go?"

"No."

"Call me if you need anything."

"Go back to work. Don't worry. I can manage." Pure laughed before telling her to get back to work when she felt that Loft started to fuss about her too much. Pure was literally in her house, she didn't know why Loft had to worry that much.

"Okay...oh."

"What is it, now?" She thought the tall girl would say anything else out of concern, so Pure asked and was ready to complain when the girl finished talking. But the girl only said something briefly with a smile, making the gorgeous older woman pause.

"I missed you." Whether it was when they lost touch or when they got in touch again, Loft knew that her mind always wandered to this gorgeous woman. In a month that she had stayed in Pattaya, there was not a day she didn't miss the time she got to hang out with Pure, doing something together.

"You start flirting the moment I arrive?" Pure was caught off guard a little when she looked into those eyes. She thought that she could handle this sweet talker of a girl well. But she was still flustered by Loft.

It wasn't like Loft lacked her charms or anything.

"You gave me your permission, okay?" Pure started to hate it when Loft said Pure was the one who let it happen. Loft always said that whenever the girl was more direct with her flirt than usual to stop Pure from complaining about it.

"Are you going to leave soon?"

"Hm." Loft nodded with a smile. It was such an annoying sight for Pure.

"Work hard, okay?"

"Understood, Miss Pure." The older woman couldn't resist it anymore. She smacked a hand on the girl's shoulder. Loft laughed, amused, and patted where she was hit. Then, the girl had to force herself to say goodbye so she could finish her work.

The owner of the house drove out. So Pure, the only guest here, was the only person inside this large, spacious, two-story house. The petite woman got up and looked at the swimming pool outside the house. She took in the greenery that was surrounding the property. Loft's house wasn't located by the beach like the pool villa that was her business. But from what the girl told Pure, this place wasn't far from the beach. It was a short distance if Pure ever needed to hear the sound of the waves, or if she wished to walk on the beach.

. .

The girl who was in a hurry to work drove to her office immediately. Loft tried her best to finish off everything as fast as she could. The work she had to do lessened as time passed. But it did take hours for her to finish it. Even though her focus remained on her business, there were a lot of times when her thoughts wandered to a very pretty someone. Loft found that she was more distracted than usual when Pure was close by.

As Loft took a break, she lay back and closed her eyes on the large chair. Loft massaged her temple lightly. She did it for a while before she sprang back to work. The phone on the table made a sound and vibrated, telling her that she had received a text. Loft opened it, her eyes that were closed slowly widened when she finished reading that question.

'I'm going to France. Do you want anything?"

That was how Lamp usually was. He always asked what his sister wanted whenever he had to travel abroad. It was the same when he had to travel to another part of the world. The girl started to feel uneasy and upset when she started to piece it together.

'Your honeymoon?"

She texted him briefly, wanting to know if it was as she thought or not. The answer she got told her everything she needed to know.

'Yeah. One week honeymoon.

Loft sighed and texted him a no before she threw her phone on the table. There was no need to feel awful about it. Still, she couldn't help but feel strangely hurt when she realized why Pure came to visit her at Pattaya for a week; it was because Pure wanted to heal her wound

Maybe the two events were not connected, but the timing was aligned, so she couldn't say they weren't.

The vast sky was covered with darkness. The girl who just came back from work stepped out of the car and slowly entered the house unhurriedly. It was so quiet as if no one was here. Her beautiful eyes searched for Pure. It didn't take her long to find the woman swimming in the large pool on the side of the house.

Loft came to sit at the sunlounger by the pool. She crossed her arms and legs while she stared at the woman who was wearing a black bikini, swimming in the pool. The gorgeous older woman's body was so captivating that Loft couldn't look away even for a second.

"Lots of work to do?" Pure came to a stop at the edge of the pool. She tilted her head to ask the girl in front of her. Loft kept looking at her, her eyes couldn't hide anything. Pure could tell how much the girl was interested in her body.

"Loads."

"Don't look at me like that, Loft."

"Sorry." Loft was startled when she heard Pure chide her idly. She quickly apologized for doing something really inappropriate, like openly staring at her body with want.

"You know how you look at me?”

"I suppose I proChapter : :ly look at you... Like I want to jump in and devour that pretty girl in a black bikini, right?" Loft told her and looked somewhere that wasn't the pale skin that was so in contrast to her black bikini.

"Hm."

"You allow me to flirt, but not kiss or devour."

"Such a little minx. Are you hungry?" The girl muttered, making Pure chide her, and changed the subject at the end.

"Not much. You can swim for a while if you like."

"I won't. Let me wash up and I'll join you for dinner. Can you wait?"

"Yeah."

"Is something the matter?" Pure saw the girl nod, and once the girl didn't look at her like she wanted to devour her, there was something so troubled in those eyes instead. Pure wanted to know why Loft was acting like this. What was troubling the tall girl that made her look so troubled now?

"There is something I want to ask you." The girl who was sitting cross-legged slowly got up to crouch on the chair. Loft looked down at the beautiful woman in the pool after she told Pure what she wanted. The tall girl was quiet for a moment. Pure asked again, hoping that the curious girl would tell Pure what she wanted to know.

"What?"

"Why are you here, P' Pure?" Her voice and expression were so serious that it was an unusual sight for someone as playful as Loft. Pure was puzzled by this situation. The girl kept inviting her to come here every day. And when she decided to come, Loft started to wonder why she was here.

"Hm?"

"Why did you decide to come here all of a sudden?"

"I came here because there is this kid who keeps telling me to visit her in Pattaya. Because I came to deliver you something." Truth be told, delivering ceramic mugs was not something important enough for her to come all the way here. But Loft kept telling her how great Pattaya was. Besides, Pure wanted to go on a vacation as well. So Pure decided to get her work done and leave her studio in her trusted staff's good hands while she went on her one-week vacation.

"Is that so?"

"Why?”

"Not because P' Air is going on a honeymoon?"

"Oh. I just know from you that she is on her honeymoon." Pure immediately understood what it was when she heard that. She laughed before telling Loft the truth that she had no idea that her ex-lover was going on a honeymoon. The petite older woman did not say a thing. They barely had the chance to talk after that day Air came to her studio. They simply texted each other short messages from time to time. They didn't usually respond immediately either. Most importantly, Air would never say anything concerning him unless she asked her.

"Did I get it all wrong?"

"So what if I came here because P' Air is on her honeymoon?" Pure asked her as she looked up at her through her lashes. She saw Loft sigh softly before the girl met her eyes.

"It'll proChapter : :ly suck for me if a certain someone sees me as nothing more than rebound."

"You're being absurd. Do you feel hurt, then?"

"No." The girl pouted, making Pure smile so easily. Pure couldn't deny that the girl looked so adorable when she showed Pure her vulnerable side.

"No? But you just pouted."

"Stop teasing me. Get up and wash up, so we can have dinner."

"Okay."

“....”

"What is it now?" She agreed, but the girl still refused to move away. Loft was still staring at her. So Pure had to ask her again what the girl wanted from her.

"Want me to take care of you, Miss Pure?"

"Do you want to?"

"Come on up," Loft said and grabbed a white towel as she waited for her. Pure shook her head slowly but didn't say anything else. She got out of the pool and walked to the girl while she was drenched all over.

"Thanks." Pure was covered with a large towel. She thanked her and wiped herself dry. Shortly after, Loft picked up a bathrobe of the same color, waiting to put it on Pure.

"Join me for dinner when you're done washing up. The housekeeper proChapter : :ly set the table for us." Loft said while she was tying the bathrobe for Pure.

"Understood, Miss Loft.”

"Are you upset?"

"About what?"

"That P' Air is going on a honeymoon."

"I thought she had already done that. They have been married for a year now." Pure always cried about what those two would do as husband and wife before they even had their wedding. A year ago, she broke down at the idea of them sleeping on the same bed, spending their lives together, and going on a wonderful trip abroad just the two of them.

"Meaning that you're not upset?"

"Meaning that I was already upset about it."

Even though she was upset about it again, Pure didn't say it out loud or show it. She sent Loft a smile before she excused herself to shower. So that she could join the girl for dinner as they agreed.

# CHAPTER : 11

"Good Morning."

The owner of the house greeted her and flashed her a bright smile. Pure, who just walked down the stairs, raised a brow at Loft for a moment before she returned the smile while she approached the girl who was having her breakfast.

"Don't you have to go to work?" It was unlikely that it was Loft's day off today. But why would the girl be here at nearly nine in the morning? She had thought that no one would be home now.

"I will be working from paradise today."

"Your own house is a paradise?" Pure asked and chuckled.

"Yes, because you are here with me. Let's have breakfast together. I'll make you coffee."

"Thanks." The older woman said softly. The girl who was happy to help her quickly got up to make Pure coffee as she said.

While the tall girl was turning her back on Pure. The special guest's beautiful eyes took in her appearance, from her long hair that was tied up without much thought, showing off her long neck, to her body that was covered with a large white shirt, to the edge of the shirt that covered her shorts, making it seem like the girl wasn't wearing them. Loft still looked as good as ever this morning. It wasn't unexpected for Pure to be captivated by the sight that she found herself watching Loft like this.

"Did you sleep well last night?" The tall girl asked about last night while she placed the matching ceramic cups that contained hot coffee in front of her. Pure glanced at it and smiled fondly at how the girl wanted to use the cup so badly.

"Yes, like sleeping in a fancy hotel."

"You should come here again."

"I haven't left yet, Loft."

"Why does your mug look so good?" The hasty girl shrugged and didn't say anything about it. She turned her attention to the two ceramic mugs in front of her instead.

"It will get better if you practise often." The girl paused her hand that was about to drink her coffee. Loft looked at the woman and smirked when she heard that suggestion.

"Can I take my lesson often?"

"Sure. If you're free."

"I mean, can I take my lesson with you often?" The girl smiled so annoyingly in Pure's eyes. Loft was always ready to flirt with her. No matter how she responded, the girl always smiled so brightly and laughed in good humor.

"Who are you to the instructor, then?"

"Does the instructor want me to be something more?"

"You ran out of your flirting quota. Let me know what day you want to take a class, I might not be available."

"Alright. It will be a long time before I go back to Bangkok, anyway." Pure nodded. She understood how busy the girl was. Loft didn't get to go back home to see her family often. Things were quite busy around here at work.

After they finished having breakfast, the two of them separated to do their own things. Pure went to draw by the swimming pool while Loft worked, she kept glancing at the gorgeous older woman who was lost in her artwork.

Loft never had the chance to watch anyone look so peaceful when they drew. She didn't even know any calm and collected artists before in her life. So the sight was so interesting to her that she didn't want to look away. Sometimes, Pure's beautiful face would look down on her paper. Sometimes, she would pull away from it and stop frowning. She would massage her neck to relieve some soreness every once in a while. Everything was happening in front of Loft's eyes. Loft came to the conclusion that this girl was hot as hell when she was drunk, but she was also very captivating when she was collected.

The two spent the entire day inside the large house. Loft didn't go out, and Pure didn't want to go anywhere. The two of them sat in different corners, but they glanced at each other often. They sat together for lunch before they did their own things again. It went on like this until it was evening. The generous host invited her gorgeous guest to have dinner with her

"It's time for dinner, Miss Pure." The woman who lowered her head to scribble something on her paper looked up and saw Loft watching her with her arms crossed.

"Are you hungry?"

"Not much. But you have to eat when it is time to eat. "

"Alright. I have to eat when it is time while I'm here.”

"You should eat when it is time, wherever you are. Let's go sightseeing this evening. Allow me," The girl took the drawing pad from Pure to stop the gorgeous older woman from losing herself in her artwork for now. Otherwise, Pure would have continued to draw until she lost track of time.

"You want to go sightseeing?"

"Why would I want that? I live here. It's you I want to take out for sightseeing, P' Pure."

"And where do I want to go?"

"No idea. You're so good at drawing." Loft saw her drawing for hours, she just noticed that Pure was drawing one corner of the house, she was also there in Pure's picture, working in a corner. She just discovered that Pure's drawing skill was as amazing as her excellent pottery skill.

"Is it good?" Pure saw that Loft was admiring her work and did comment on her drawing. But she still wanted to ask again, hoping that the answer would delight her. But then, the girl turned to look at her and said something that made Pure want to smack her forehead for being so annoying.

"Beautiful”

"I was talking about the drawing." Pure saw those glossy eyes and immediately knew that the taller woman did not answer her question.

"What was I talking about, then?"

"I can't with you," Pure complained, making Loft chuckle and end their bickering.

"Let's have dinner." Loft raised her hand for Pure to take. Pure glanced at it for a moment before she turned down the gesture. She didn't want to make Loft's hands dirty. But the other girl didn't seem to mind. In the end, Loft still insisted that the older woman take her hand.

"My hands are dirty."

"We can wash them together." Pure didn't want to argue with her. So she took her hand and let the younger woman pull her up from the chair and entered the house together before they went out for dinner. They didn't forget to collect the stuff on the table with them.

On their ride to the restaurant in the evening, they found that some roads had traffic, given how many cars were in the street. Loft tapped the steering wheel and sighed, feeling tired that she was stuck on the road. But when she turned to the person beside her, she found that Pure was in a completely different mood from her. Pure was shaking her head softly to the rhythm of the music that they turned on in the car, without a care in the world. The woman smiled softly when her favorite song was played on repeat.

"What is it?" Pure asked when she saw that the younger woman stared at her, but didn't say a word.

"How can you be in a good mood when the traffic is this bad?"

"You're really that hungry?"

"No. But I don't like traffic jams."

"Who likes that, anyway?"

"You do, gorgeous."

"I don't like it. I'm just not in a hurry."

"You're so calm, P' Pure." Loft had observed her since she learned pottery from the woman. Pure handled things very well. She gave suggestions and answered Loft's questions kindly. She didn't look irritated or annoyed at all. Loft thought the only thing that could make this calm person get so angry was a matter about a certain someone. "You only get angry when it comes to certain things?”

"It's normal, right? Who would be calm about everything?"

"That's true. I am normally impatient about everything. But I am very patient when it comes to you."

"You asked me every day when I would let someone in." Pure couldn't help but make a remark about the bragging girl. Loft said she was patient, but she asked Pure many times about when she would start seeing someone again. The girl kept insisting that she would be the first in line.

"I am really patient. I can't do anything, so I am extra patient."

"Did I make you get your hopes up too much?" Pure teased her, not backing down. She kept reminding the girl how far they could take it, how much she let the girl flirt with her. But Pure was worried that they might cross some boundaries.

"You didn't make me get my hopes up too much. It is your charisma that is too much." Loft inclined her head, she told her it wasn't what the other woman worried about, it was something else that was the real problem.

"What should I do?"

"You can't help it, anyway.”

"Maybe you just like this kind of person?"

"I like gorgeous older women."

"That's proChapter : :ly what most kids like." Pure poked Loft's prominent nose with her finger. She always touched so gently, and every time she would give Loft that sweet smile so carelessly. Who could resist not falling for this woman after witnessing that?

"I think every girl likes pretty older women."

"Is that so?"

"You liked that as well."

"I can't argue with that." Loft guessed it correctly. Pure admitted it. A pretty older woman once had her heart, and still had it to this day. Pure fell so deeply in love with Air, even when their relationship was over. She could not stop loving her. That was how dangerous pretty older women were.

"I know that you still love P' Air."

"Hm... so?"

"But I can't stop myself." She couldn't stop herself from flirting with Pure, from looking or thinking about her. Loft couldn't control her own emotions anymore, even when she knew how this would end. She would still risk it because she was helpless for someone like Pure.

"You're getting yourself into trouble." The older woman complained tiredly. But she couldn't deny that she did like Loft a lot. That was why she didn't want to end their relationship like anyone else.

"But will I get that said trouble?"

"You should be scared for once, Loft." If the tall girl showed any sign of fear, then maybe Pure would deal with her own feelings better. But Loft didn't seem to want anything but diving into it head first.

"We live recklessly when we are young. We aren't usually afraid of anything."

"Are you that young?" Pure frowned as she complained, making the girl laugh when she saw it.

"I'm younger than you, P' Pure."

"I know that. But you are not young enough to lack self-preservation."

"So you want me to be careful either way?"

"That is how it should be." Both Pure and Loft were playing this mind game from the start. If they wanted to be precarious, then they wouldn't jump in from the start. They enjoyed it when they talked. They got excited when they took turns flirting with each other, making their hearts pound. And they both liked that feeling. So they never stopped doing what they should do, which was to stop flirting with each other

"Then why didn't you try harder to stop me?"

"You're not someone who doesn't intrigue me." Loft let out a pleased smile when she learned that the older woman she was enamored with was interested in her as well.

"We both know it all... what we should and shouldn't do."

“.....”

"But we can't stop, can we?"

"Then what should I do?" Pure asked like she couldn't find a way out. But she simply just wanted Loft's consent before they got involved. If the younger girl said that there was nothing to be done and they could just let things be what they wanted them to be, then the two of them were complicit in this mess, willingly.

"Don't do anything. Let me take you out, and..." The daring girl moved her face closer and put a little distance between them for a moment.

"...." Pure didn't move away. She was sitting there, waiting for Loft to finish talking.

"Just let me kiss you."

"So sly." The gorgeous older woman chided her when Loft finished that sentence.

“.....”

"Stop staring at me.'

"Hm." The girl nodded. She was still smiling and refused to move her face away. Loft remained where she was and openly stared at the woman's pretty lips.

"Not here, Loft." The woman pushed Loft's shoulder with her small hand. She told her not to do it now, she didn't forget to tell the girl where they could do what she wanted.

"Save it when we get home.”

# CHAPTER : 12

"Not here, Loft. Save it when we get home.

Those words were what brought Loft to this place, in front of Pure's bedroom. Loft could remember everything that this gorgeous older woman said to her. She tried to control her breathing the best she could, but she was very excited.

After they agreed on that in the evening, the two of them were stuck on the road for a while. But they made it to the restaurant where Loft booked a table in time. The person who was happier than anyone would be Loft. The tall girl kept grinning, and she was obviously in a good mood. Pure had to wrinkle her nose many times when she recalled what made the girl act this way.

When they got home, they both went into their respective rooms to freshen up. They didn't talk about what they discussed in the car while they were stuck in traffic. Still, Loft didn't demand the kiss. She chose to come to Pure's room after she showered

Knock Knock Knock

The tall girl knocked a few times on the thick door. She was wearing her pajamas, standing with her hands behind her. She was waiting for the woman inside the room to come out and welcome her. Loft was there for a moment, then the beautiful woman appeared when the door was ajar.

"What do you want at eleven in the evening?" The petite girl asked and crossed her arms. She looked at the smiling, younger girl knowingly. Pure didn't forget about what she just said in the car. She had expected that Loft would come to her tonight, demanding she keep her promise. And the girl really came.

"I have to finish something from earlier in the evening.

"Oh." She pretended like she just recalled it. Loft grinned, admiring how sly the older woman was.

"It was a few hours ago. Did you forget?"

"No. Come in." Pure invited her in. But Loft was still standing there, not going anywhere. The girl simply smiled at her and looked at her with those gleaming eyes.

“....”

"You can stand there if you want”

"We can do it here?"

"I mean you can stand there. I'm going back to my room." Loft laughed cheerfully while she stepped closer. She wrapped her arm loosely around the woman's small shoulder as she led Pure inside without forgetting to close the door.

"You allow me to do this. I recall." The two of them stood in the middle of the room to talk. They stood side by side, then Loft came to stand in front of her. Her long fingers slowly tucked Pure's dark hair behind her lovely ear. They were getting closer to each other. The younger girl was looking at her with so much want in her eyes, she wanted to get rid of the distance between them.

"I remember that, too."

"Just a kiss. I won't do anything more than that." She tilted Pure's chin up with her fingers. Loft stared at those lovely lips while she promised that she wouldn't do anything more than what the woman let her.

"I won't let you do anything more. And I do hope that you won't try to convince me otherwise. You're adorable when you do that." Pure wrapped her arms loosely around Loft's neck. The girl hugged her delicate waist and pulled their bodies flush against each other.

"Hm."

"Are you sure you have thought this through?"

"Why? You think touching each other more will make me fall in love with you?"

Loft's nose nuzzled on her soft cheek as she asked the woman with a chuckle

"It is possible."

"You are that good that you can make it happen?"

"Even now, you're still joking." Pure pulled the girl's collar and complained about how the girl refused to be serious in this situation. She kept playing around and laughing

"I've thought this through. Don't worry." After Pure got the confirmation, she had nothing to argue about now. She let her feelings and everything happen without thinking at all.

Something gentle touched Pure's lips. The hot breath that smelled like mint was making her lose her mind. Her hands let go of Loft's' collar and moved to her nape. They moaned when the kiss grew more heated. The wet tongue went inside, searching for the sweetness, and it was doing its job well. Her heart was pounding harder. Their hands wandered, exploring each other's bodies.

Even though they had agreed that they would only exchange kisses on the lips, when it happened, she couldn't deny that it set their desire aflame. Heat traveled all over their bodies. Every part that Loft touched seemed to burn hotter. Loft was standing there, but then she started walking forward while Pure stepped back until they both fell on the bed while they were still kissing.

It was so hard to stop now. They revelled in each other, and it was like gasoline that was ready to set ablaze at any given moment. They looked at each other, full of desire. But in the end, they had to end it now before they crossed the line.

Their battle of exchanging breath came to an end. Loft climbed the gorgeous older woman's body earlier, she slowly dropped herself to the place next to Pure on the bed. She stared at the woman whom she was infatuated with, while Pure lay on her side to look at the younger woman. Her finger traced the girl's nose appreciatively.

"You really turn me on³ " Loft muttered with a scowl before she lay on her front and buried her face into the large pillow. Pure watched her and smiled fondly at her, even though the girl turned her on as well.

***Note: Loft said this line and the next line in English in the Thai version.***

"You should go back to your bed."

"I really get turned on." The tall girl still muttered a little before she turned to look at Pure, letting the gorgeous older woman see her sulk. Pure laughed.

"You're acting like you are throwing tantrums because you want a treat."

"You are not a treat, P' Pure."

"Is that so?"

"I should get back to bed. Sweet dreams. I will make coffee for you in the morning in the LP and PL mugs, don't forget to drink it tomorrow." The host sprang up to sit and said goodbye to the woman who was still lying on the bed. She told Pure to drink the coffee in the morning together. But then, Pure's sweet voice asked her, stopping every movement.

"You like it that much?"

"You mean the mugs?"

"You just talked about the mugs." Pure got up and smacked the girl in the shoulder lightly when Loft asked back and smirked at her. That made the girl laugh cheerfully after pouting and throwing tantrums earlier.

"I like it. Very pretty.”

"The mugs?"

"You, P' Pure." The girl cocked a brow at her a few times.

Pure felt so fondly annoyed at how Loft was acting The girl was just showing her how much she desired Pure a few minutes ago. But she could control her emotions shortly after. Loft even teased her in good humor.

"Just go to sleep."

"Okay, I'll go now. Sweet dream, P' Pure."

"Hm." Before she could say anything, Loft pressed her lips on the same spot again. The touch was not so different from the first time. It started as gentle, before it grew more heated, more passionate. They exchanged their passion and moaned occasionally.

"I can't. I have to go now." Loft said hoarsely next to her ear. Pure rested her face on the girl's small shoulder after they pulled away from the kiss.

"Hm." Pure felt like she was burning with fire, but she had to suppress it. She had to learn to control herself, not do everything as she pleased.

"See you tomorrow in the morning?”

"Yeah."

"Ouch! Why are you biting me?" After Pure responded, Loft bit her shoulder, causing Pure to cry out. It didn't hurt much, but it was enough to startle her. "Are you in the mood, P' Pure?"

"Isn't that normal?"

"I won't lock the door. So, if you think that we shouldn't be horny all by ourselves in different rooms tonight, you can go to me right away."

"Is that how you try to convince me?" Pure lifted her head up from Loft's shoulder and gave her a look. Loft kept flashing her a nice, relaxing smile.

"No. I was just giving you another suggestion." The tall girl offered that if Pure wanted to jump at her, Loft would welcome her with open arms. For Loft, she did not have anything to fear at this point.

"So you like it when things are complicated?"

"How complicated it can be, really?"

"Such a bold thing to say." Pure lightly knocked the girl's head. Reckless was what fit Loft the most at the moment "You kept telling me to be careful. But when have you ever been careful, P' Pure?"

"Why do I have to be careful?"

"Do you really think you will only have P' Air and never have feelings for anyone else?"

""I never love anyone else." Pure had always stayed true to that older woman. She believed that there was no place in her heart for anyone else but Air. She thought that ever since she fell in love with her years ago, until now.

"You should be careful. I am quite pretty, too. I'm really going back to sleep now."

"Hm. Goodnight." Loft leaned over to kiss both of Pure's cheeks before she left. It was a gentle touch that put a smile on Pure's face.

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The man drank his coffee while he watched his wife work at a corner in their hotel room. They looked like a married couple going on their honeymoon in other people's eyes. But in reality, Air simply had a change of scenery for her to work.

They arrived in France a few days ago. They barely spent time together. Air was indifferent towards everything. She stayed inside the hotel, working and going to bed when it was time. Lamp also didn't do anything. He never liked forcing anyone in the first place.

Lamp knew why the petite woman decided to go on a honeymoon with him this time, even though she had avoided it before. Air wouldn't bother flying all the way to France unless it was because she wanted their families to stop meddling in their marriage. Air's parents kept asking her, "When are you going on a honeymoon?', 'When are you giving us a grandchild?' the entire year. In the end, the petite woman had to give in because she ran out of excuses.

"Don't you want to go anywhere?"

"I never wanted to come here in the first place. You can go if you want." The girl who was never interested in him said. She didn't even look up at him. Her eyes were trained on the laptop. Lamp was not important enough for her to look up from the screen. It was the truth that hurt him, as her lawful husband.

"Loft said you were like a robot. I agree."

"You could stand it for a year." If Lamp said that because he wanted her attention, Air thought it was working well because she stopped everything to look at him. "You agree that I have to be the one who demands a divorce."

"So when are you going to do it, then?" If both of them demanded a divorce, the heat they had to take from their families would be less than the case where Air demanded a divorce alone. She had waited patiently for the man to run out of patience and ask for a divorce.

"Air, you look at me like you don't understand why I love you." The man whose feelings were one-sided let out a self-deprecating laugh.

"I really don't understand it."

"But you did use my love even when you didn't understand it."

"I'm sorry." Air couldn't deny that fact. Among the men whom her family wanted her to get married with, Lamp was the one who showed how much he loved and respected her the most. Her thought at that time was that if she could not get out of this arrangement, then this man was the best option she had. Deep down, she felt bad for taking advantage of his feelings.

"But I was selfish for using our parents as an excuse. I made myself one of the choices you were forced to make.”

“....”

"I wanted to have you. I thought that one day, you would look at me, even just a little, that was why I married you. I wanted to laugh when you said I was a good man. In reality, I'm not that much of a good person." Lamp laughed bitterly, he was ashamed.

"I am not a good person, either."

"If we divorce, do you have to marry someone else?"

"My parents think that remarrying is scandalous. They won't let me."

"Was that why you agreed to marry me that easily?"

"I didn't agree easily. But I gave up when I reached a dead end." There was nothing easy about breaking up with Pure. But Air had tried her best to make it work. It might work if it were just about the two of them. But when there were too many external factors coming between them, their foundation started to shake and they had to give up. Maybe it was Air's fault for not being strong enough, and that was why their relationship ended with pain like this.

"Perhaps... I've reached a dead end with you as well.”

"Please, can we divorce?" Air begged, looking so sad. Lamp glanced at the sight, feeling pained. Both he and Air were selfish in some parts. One of them took advantage of the other's limitations, while the other took advantage of the love.

No matter what, none of them were happy.

"I was just thinking about that.”

# CHAPTER : 13

Loft walked out of this room a while ago. Perhaps that girl was having a sweet dream. Pure was proChapter : :ly the only one who couldn't sleep tonight. She tossed and turned many times, trying to erase the images of them being so close from her head. But it was so difficult. She couldn't get rid of the touch that made her heart race and her body burn like fire that easily. Her desire could not be extinguished, and the cause of it had already escaped.

Pure let out a long sigh before she decided to get up from the bed when it was half past midnight. She should go for a walk to calm down, or perhaps it would be easier to masturbate. But Pure didn't want to choose that option. She knew that if she did, she would fantasize about Loft's voice and scent when she did it. Pure didn't think it was appropriate

The small woman walked down from the second floor of this large house. She glanced out to the swimming pool and saw someone she was thinking about, sitting cross legs, drinking wine. The girl looked at the night sky absentmindedly. She seemed relaxed.

Pure wondered what made her want to stargaze at half past midnight.

"I thought you were asleep." A familiar voice greeted her. The woman who was lost in her own thoughts snapped her head to look at her. Loft sent her a smile before she told Pure why she was here.

"I couldn't sleep. You couldn't sleep as well, P' Pure?"

"Hm. I figured I could take a walk." Pure sat down next to her, tilting her head to watch Loft's mesmerizing face. Pure smiled at her sweetly. "I didn't expect to see the owner of this house."

"Do you want a drink?"

"Can I have this glass?" If she said yes, Loft proChapter : :ly got her another glass. But Pure didn't want to drink that much. She simply wanted to tease the girl who had to rely on alcohol to sleep. Pure thought that it would be alright if she had a sip.

"Are you stealing my share of the drink?"

"Naturally." Pure grabbed her glass and finished it in one go. Loft watched her without looking away. She stared at the woman's lips when the woman flicked her tongue to lick the drink Loft felt her face grow heated that instant.

"I don't want you to go back so soon." Loft had been thinking all day about how this petite older woman had to go back to Bangkok in a few days. So the girl sulked when they had the chance to sit together without doing anything.

"I have work to do, you know."

"I know. But having a beautiful woman walking around the house makes me so happy." The older woman narrowed her eyes at the girl who was shaking her head.

"You really like pretty girls, don't you?"

"Who doesn't?"

"It's not like I'm going back tomorrow."

"But you still have to go back."

"Go visit me if you missed me, yeah?" Pure patted her head to comfort her. Loft wasn't the only one who thought about when they had to go back to their normal life. Pure felt lost at that thought, too. Coming here made her feel so calm, even though it was for a temporary moment. Pure only knew restlessness, she thanked herself for deciding to take her vacation here. It seemed to allow her to let go of the things she had shouldered, even just for a brief moment. But it really meant a lot to Pure.

"I can? Can I really go see you if I missed you?"

"Of course."

"I feel like I have to ask for your permission to do everything. It all depends on you." Loft smiled when she said that. There was no sign of bitterness. Pure tried to observe her and search for what was hidden underneath, but she couldn't find anything. So in the end, she decided to ask Loft directly instead.

"Do I make you feel upset?"

"Not at all. It's thrilling to feel like I am a slave to your whims."

"You seem to like excitement a lot," Pure remarked tiredly and shook her head. She did not know if Loft enjoyed that kind of excitement because she was young or because she was Loft

Seeing how the tall girl lived her life reminded Pure that Loft was the complete opposite of what Air was. That woman was meticulous with everything. Her decisions always had a reason to support them, no matter what those decisions were. Even when they broke up, there were many reasons behind their breakup. Stop loving each other was never one of them.

Pure was distracted for a moment before she came back to herself. She knew that she was being watched. Loft's eyes did not hide how much she wanted Pure. Their eyes met, and she knew what Loft wanted. The girl was honest and direct, Pure did like how honest she was a lot

“....”

"I don't want to stop kissing you now that you let me.Can you not allow me?"

"It's up to you."

"It's annoying when you say it's up to me, you know."

"So that's how you feel."

The girl smiled at her like a challenge. Pure couldn't resist pulling the younger woman into a kiss. Their hot lips pressed against each other, and they kissed impatiently, making it hard to breathe. Loft tilted her head to the side so they could kiss more easily and pulled the older woman's delicate body into her lap. The distance between them was so small. The hot breaths were driving them crazy. Her hands never stayed in the same place. Pure touched wherever she wanted with her desire. Loft did that as well. The sun lounge was used in an odd way, but the owner thought it was doing what it was supposed to, it was worth the price like this.

"I definitely won't be able to sleep like this," Loft said while she was still panting. After fighting with this heated exchange, Loft had gathered her strength to tell the woman her burden when they both set their hot desire aflame again.

"Can you get yourself off? I mean, I will, too." Both of them knew what getting themselves off meant. Pure tried her hardest not to cross the line with Loft to the point where they couldn't return. But it seemed that the girl who was in her seat right now was not very cooperative. The words from the small mouth were enough to make her lose control at any given moment.

"Do you let me imagine that I am doing things to you?"

Loft dragged her finger from her neck to her breasts. Pure had to tilt her head up and inhaled sharply. She bit her lips lightly and squeezed the girl's shoulder to let her know that she had to restrain herself as well.

"You're asking me like that?"

"It's not appropriate for me to say your name when I'm about to come, right?"

"Say you'll let me. And we can go to our separate rooms now." Pure wasn't sure if Loft was saying that to ask for her permission or if she wanted to provoke her even more. If it was the latter, then it was working.

"Let's go to your room."

"Hm?"

"Your room. Now."

Pure opened the door hastily. Then, Loft was pushed to her large bed before Pure covered her body. They had amazing self-restraint for successfully bringing themselves here without stopping at the sofa in the living room. Though they wanted to reach their release immediately, no matter where they were inside the house.

"Stay still." The woman on top of her unbuttoned her pajamas. But Loft kept moving, she tried to pull the woman closer so they could kiss again. The gorgeous older woman gave her a look and told her to stay still. Loft had to respond briefly. She smirked as if she was delighted by this.

"Roger that."

"You really do like being ordered?"

"Order me again." Pure shook her head, then she finished unbuttoning her top. Their first passionate experience was about to begin. But before they could take things further,the woman on top of Loft gathered her strength to remind Loft about some facts so the girl could reconsider. But instead of pausing, Loft simply sighed and dismissed it like she didn't want to talk about that again.

"I'm your sister-in-law's ex. I'm still in love with P' Air."

"Why do you keep insisting on that? Just tell me if you want to have sex tonight or not."

"I don't want you to regret it."

"I'm cool with dying if I get to fuck you before that."

"Have you lost your mind, Loft?"

"Let's just get to it. It's late."

"Hm."

Their agreement about what would happen that night began and ended with a hum. A split second later, the two women jumped at each other like they were some starving predators. Heat traveled everywhere on their skins. The large bed had its use like the sun lounge by the pool

They both knew that it wasn't wise for them to sleep together. What happened tonight might cause a problem in the future. But why would they overthink it when they were irrational human beings? No matter what the reasons were, if they were lonely, if they enjoyed it, or if it was because they enjoyed each other's bodies too much, Loft could never resist it, and Pure was never determined enough to care from the start.

"Can I use my tongue?" Loft looked up at the woman to ask for her permission after she teased those beautiful breasts and moved her lips lower to Pure's stomach and reached her thin underwear. Pure looked away from those eyes that were full of want because she felt shy. But she nodded a few times to give the girl her consent. "I have some dental dams."

"You have something like that in your room? Did you use it often?"

"I'm afraid I cannot answer that question. You'll have to talk to my lawyer, instead."

"Cheeky girl. Oh." Pure moaned after she chided her when Loft's finger flickered her sensitive part through her clothes.

"P’Pure," Loft said hoarsely. Her breath made Pure shiver. She closed her eyes and squirmed when it was too much.

Hm.

"Can I say something improper?"

"You mean...?"

"Can I talk dirty to you?" Some people got turned on from talking while making love, but some people didn't like it. Loft wanted to come to an agreement with this gorgeous older woman, whose face flushed deep red right now, before. She had no idea what the woman liked in bed.

"Yes"

"What are the things I can't do?"

"You can't insert any object inside me."

"Okay."

"I don't like it rough."

"Anything else?"

"I won't let you do it alone?"

"Of course. If you don't return the favor, I will really have a problem with you"

"That's it let's do it." After she ran out of the list, Pure urged the girl, who kept staring at her, to do something She didn't think she could take it any longer. The heat was burning her alive. If she didn't get to be touched in time, it would be torment and uncomfortable for her. Even though she made it clear what she wanted, Loft still refused to move and do something. The girl watched her for a long time until Pure started to wonder. Then, she recalled their conversation and started to understand her.

“....”

"You really like being bossed around?"

"Yeah."

"Take my clothes off and finish what you started."

After Loft received her order to pleasure the woman, she didn't wait anymore. The girl who would be the one who gave Pure her release reached out to grab a dental dam from the drawer in the nightstand. Pure watched her with her face flushed hot. She did challenge the girl because she wasn't willing to back down. But when they were about to begin finding pleasure in each other's bodies, she started to feel shy all of a sudden. Loft was not a one-night stand partner. She was someone whom Pure talked to and did many things with. It wasn't strange that she felt more shy sleeping with Loft than with someone else.

Then, what they wanted to happen did happen, their pace switched between fast and slow. Two women tangled on the large bed. They switched their positions many times. Their sweet and sometimes hoarse moans could be heard occasionally. The fire of desire that they both lit up burned bright until it dimmed when they were spent and satisfied. They lay there, panting hard. Their skins were dampened with sweat. So they decided to shower before they went to bed, when a new day arrived hours ago.

# CHAPTER : 14

"You're going back to Bangkok tomorrow. What do you want to do today?"

Loft asked about her plans for today when she glanced at the woman who was taking a coffee next to her. It had been six days. But Pure had never planned to do anything. The gorgeous older woman mostly spent her days drawing for fun. But she was skilled, so her drawings were still lovely. Other than drawing, Pure colored pictures. She really put effort into coloring the pictures in the large sketchbook. That was all Pure did. It surprised Loft a little. At first, she thought that the woman liked to go to parties or go out at night. But when they got to spend time together, she realized that Pure liked to stay somewhere peaceful and lost herself in something she was interested in.

"What do you want me to say?"

"Hm?" The girl didn't expect anything. She was just asking a normal question. But when Pure asked her that, she wasn't sure if she had asked the wrong question or not.

"You want me to sleep with you until you're satisfied, is that it?"

"If that's what you want to say. Then I will invite you to bed now, even though it's ten in the morning." The younger girl glanced at her and pouted. Ever since they had that passionate night together, they had talked about sleeping together often. Naturally, once they started, they kept doing it. Loft lost count of how many times she made love to this enticing older woman.

"I don't want to do anything in particular. I can read while I lounge. Can I use your study?"

"Of course." Loft welcomed the woman into her bedroom nearly every night. She wouldn't stop Pure from using her study.

"You don't have work today?"

"Who works every day? Today is my day off."

"What do you usually do on your day off?" Ever since Pure came here, she had seen Loft working every day. The girl came to chat with her from time to time, but she usually spent most of her time on her responsibilities. So Pure had no idea what the younger girl did when she was not working, if Pure was not here with her.

"If I don't have plans, then I would do something inside the house."

"Such as?"

"Cooking, watching movies, listening to music, I read sometimes, but I tend to fall asleep when I read." Loft considered it and answered her easily enough. She didn't do much, after all.

"You don't like to read, but you have a huge study."

"Maybe I have it to lure someone like you."

"Is that so?" Pure tilted her head and asked. She reached out to pet Loft's hair. She didn't understand why she liked doing it so much. Her heart skipped a lot when Loft looked at her with her eyes gleaming like that. At the same time, Pure was fond of this girl who had a cheerful smile like a womanizer. But to her, Loft was adorable. She was naughty and made Pure want to smack her sometimes.

"Is it working?"

"Yeah." Pure nodded and hummed, making the girl grin so wide that her eyes squinted close.

"Let's go read some books." Loft got up and invited her. She didn't forget to offer her hand for Pure to take. Pure didn't turn down the soft hand at that time. The gorgeous older woman placed her hand there. Loft tightened their hands together.

Inside the study, there was a place to work and to read. The older woman who loved peaceful places read through the thick book on the sofa in one corner of the room. Loft watched her many times and smiled every time. Pure was someone who could stay still for a long time. Being close to a woman like this made Loft feel calm when the woman was focusing on something in front of her. But there were many situations that made her heart beat like crazy when the woman gave Loft her attention. Every time those bewitching eyes looked at her, Loft admitted that it was doing things to her. She felt so empty at the thought of this woman, who had so much influence over her, leaving tomorrow.

"Can I sleep with you tonight?" Loft knew that her time was running out. So she wanted to make the most out of the good things they had. She quickly got up and approached Pure She sat next to her and told Pure what she wanted cutely.

"I'm sorry?" Pure looked up from her book when she heard that to stare at the girl next to her. Pure raised a brow when she didn't understand why Loft came all the way here to tell her.

"I want to sleep next to you."

"You sleep with me every night."

"But you're leaving soon." Just like that, the woman who came here for her vacation understood Loft's action instantly.

"Don't talk like you're going to make up for it tonight.

I'm tired."

"You like it when we do it, P' Pure."

"I do. Don't you?" Pure was annoyed by how Loft was smiling so smugly. But she couldn't deny that she didn't like the sex. The two of them took turns pleasuring each other without feeling tired for many nights. Loft was new and exciting, sex with her was unforgettably fun and enjoyable. The girl whom she used to say was so cheeky impressed Pure with her skill of pleasuring Pure.

"I do. Did you do it often?"

"What?"

"Do you do something like this often?" The younger girl's question was vague, unlike when they were in bed. Normally, Loft was careful when they talked about other things because it was not a part of what they agreed on before they made love. No matter how dirty Loft talked when their bodies burned hot with desire to turn them on, the tall girl chose to ask her politely when they were talking on the sofa in her study.

"With P' Air, you mean?" Pure couldn't help but tease her when she saw the curious look in Loft's eyes. Her ex's name wasn't a forbidden thing to say between them. Loft talked about her sister-in-law often, same as Loft mentioned her ex-lover, whom she hadn't gotten over many times.

"Why would I want to know how many times you had sex with your girlfriend?" The girl knew that she was being toyed with. She frowned and scowled before grumbling, making Pure smile. She laughed before she pulled the girl closer by her nape until Loft's head rested on her small shoulder.

"So fussy."

"You always teased me."

"Not that often. I have to really like them before I sleep with them."

"You must have really liked me, then.”

"Hm." The cheeky girl didn't know what to do when she got the answer she wanted. In the end, she complained about how the older woman focused on these books instead.

"Stop reading. You kept reading since the sun was so bright. It's dark outside now." Loft put the book in Pure's hands away, placing it on the table. Then, she touched Pure's free hand while she was still resting her head on the gorgeous older woman's shoulder.

"You also watch me read since the sun was so bright until the sky was dark."

"Let's go out and eat something together. I didn't tell the housekeeper to prepare a meal for us."

"Want me to cook for you?"

"For real? You're going to cook?" Loft looked so excited from her voice and expression. She quickly lifted her head up from the woman's shoulder to get a better look at Pure.

"I can cook."

"You're amazing, P' Pure. You can do literally everything."

"It's just cooking." For Pure, having some cooking skills was nothing special. But the girl didn't seem to agree.

Loft widened her eyes as if she had never met anyone who could cook before. Then she heard what the girl said and started to understand Loft a little.

"Oh, my, damn, Mama, she is so charming." Maybe Loft just liked someone who could cook.

"So?"

"Yes, yes."

"Uh-huh. What do you want to eat? When do you want it?"

"I want a bacon fettuccine aglio e olio. I want to eat now."

"Alright." What Loft wanted to eat was not too hard for Pure, so she agreed to it. It seemed to excite the girl, whom Pure suspected had a thing for a woman who cooked, even more.

"P" Pure, you are a gorgeous older woman who is so hot and knows how to cook."

"So what?"

"I like you.”

"I see." Pure pretended to ignore the blunt confession while she was still smiling cutely. Loft's reaction made her laugh easily. The tall girl wrinkled her nose and scowled at her.

"Tsk!"

"So grumpy. Let's go cook our food." The woman who was ready to be the cook got up and invited the girl to go with her.

"Hm."

Pure took her hand and led her out of the study. She was about to walk down the stairs to head to the kitchen. But the hand that she was holding squeezed her and stopped her from walking anywhere. The gorgeous older woman stopped her track. The smaller woman turned to check what the younger girl wanted to say or do. She waited for a moment, and the girl started to call her name.

"P" Pure."

"What is it, Loft?"

"You can come here anytime you want."

"Won't anyone have a problem with that?"

"I am the owner. Who would have a problem?" The gorgeous, hot older woman who could cook was pushed to the wall near the study's door. Loft paused for a moment before she pressed close to Pure, her hot breath caressing Pure's cheek.

"You look so sad. Are you lonely?" Pure placed her soft hand on both of Loft's cheeks. She looked up through her lashes and asked about what Loft was feeling.

"So, what did you leave here? I'm going to miss you a lot."

"I will proChapter : :ly miss you, too." It was like Pure had discarded all her suffering here in those days she lived here. It was truly a vacation for her with someone by her side. Loft had never done anything that made her uncomfortable. The girl made her feel so relaxed, just like Air used to make her feel once

"I want you to visit again."

"I get that."

"I'm not surprised why P' Air still loves you." No matter how well her older brother treated Air, how much he respected her, it seemed that her sister-in-law, who acted like only her soulless body remained, could not give Lamp what he wanted. The man would never win, no matter how hard he fought, when he had to compete with Pure, the ex-lover that Air still had feelings for.

"Why?"

Because...

"You're adorable, P' Pure."

"You are, too." Pure didn't say that to appease Loft She truly felt that way.

"Will there be a day you want to love someone else?"

"...." Pure couldn't answer that question, so she chose to stay silent. Loft understood that well. She had braced herself for it, but she still felt an ache inside her chest every time.

"My poor aching heart."

"This brat." Pure was worried when she saw how pale Loft was. But a split second later, the girl grinned and acted playful like her usual self. Pure thought that perhaps it was how Loft covered up how she truly felt.

"I'll leave our last dinner before we continue with our work in your hands, Miss Pure."

"Alright"

"Can I call you when you get back?”

"Yeah."

"What should I do if I want to have sex with you, P' Pure?"

"Call someone else if I'm not available."

"That's not what I want you to say." Whenever something didn't go her way, the tall girl would look upset immediately. Pure watched her and laughed. She didn't forget to ask what the girl wanted her to say.

"And how do you want me to answer that, Loft?"

"You have to say that you allow me to get myself off while picturing that it is you instead." The younger girl told her the line. Pure didn't repeat what she said. But she chose to give Loft her permission.

"Okay. You have my permission."

"Mama, she's being so charismatic again."

"Stop telling your mom. Are you going to eat your fettuccine or not?"

"I am."

"Then let me cook it."

"Promise that you will come back?”

"I promise that I will come back." Pure pressed a kiss on Loft's soft cheek instead of touching it like she used to. Loft beamed happily, hiding nothing. It was clear that she was overjoyed. If this woman promised her that she would be back, then Loft would believe it with all her whole heart that the woman would come back as she said.

# CHAPTER : 15

'Pattaya doesn't have a hot, gorgeous older woman. It's so lonely. The cheeky girl told her on the phone. Pure shook her head and smiled immediately. No matter what time it was, or how they were in different provinces, Loft still flirted and acted clingy to her.

"You called me to tell me this every time, Loft."

"I missed you."

"What did I say? Visit me if you missed me, then." Pure reminded her of the solution to this problem that she had told her many times before she came back to Bangkok. She took off her high heels after she had just closed the door.

"Work has been hectic. I'm so busy right now.

"Me, too. Work is hectic,"

Are you home yet, Miss Pure?"

"Just got home. I just took off my shoes." Pure told her what she was doing at the moment. It was something Pure and Loft did throughout this week. They found a way to flirt with each other when they had the chance. The girl, who said she was Pure's slave, never missed a chance.

I'll wait in front of your room to take them off for you.'

"Really? I'm looking forward to it."

'You always say something like that. Loft complained. Pure could picture what kind of face Loft was making. She laughed, amused. No matter when, she could still tease the girl as always.

"Isn't this the kind of answer you want?"

'Older women are really good at everything."

"I'm not that old, Loft. What are you doing right now?"

The delicate woman sat on the sofa. She tilted her head to press against her phone while she was taking off her watch. She talked to the girl, who was far away, on the phone.

'I just got off work. Just got home as well.'

"Wash up and get some rest." It might sound a little blunt and short, but Pure said it so gently and softly. No matter how much Loft liked it when Pure bossed her around, Pure's gentle side was something to behold as well.

'P' Pure’,

"Yes?"

"I missed you. Can you send me a picture?"

"Hm. I'll send you one after I shower, okay?"

'Oh? So you have to wait until you shower? Is that what this is?"

"Like you don't like those pics." The gorgeous older woman knew how to please the girl. She knew the right thing to say, the right moment to be so charismatic, which Loft told her she had plenty of. Even when Pure was going to take a picture for her, like she asked, Pure was still so charming and flirty that it made Loft want to admit defeat to her charms.

"Ah... I-”

"I'm going to go shower now."

Okay

After Pure hung up, she was going to shower. But then she received an incoming call that made her stop in her tracks. Pure glanced at the brightened screen and widened her eyes a little. Air was gone for over two weeks. Pure was surprised that she contacted her this time. She had many questions in her head like, 'Did you just come back from your honeymoon?". Did you get so busy with work that you can't find the time to say hi to me?', or 'Did her France trip with him make Air forget about her for a while?".

Normally, if her ex went into radio silence, Pure would sulk a little since she was hurt. But it was different this time, maybe it was because something else interested her more than waiting for a certain someone to contact her. During that week in Pattaya, the artist never had the time to think about the pain she had carried with her. And during the week she was back in Bangkok, she had been talking with Loft. Pure couldn't deny that that cheeky, tall girl had already changed her habits.

Pure thought she had left Air behind many times, especially when she was with Loft in that large house. But whenever that woman who used to have her heart came back, Pure knew that by the end of the day, the older woman was still there inside her heart.

"Yes?" Pure took a deep breath and greeted her with a neutral tone. She didn't ask her the questions she had immediately because it was Loft who told her that Air went on a honeymoon, and because no one knew about their relationship. So Pure had to keep her questions to herself, not letting them out to cause any problems.

Did you come back from the studio?”

"Yes."

"Can I come see you at your place?"

"Say you missed me first, then you can come." Pure thought that this petite older woman, who always had many reasons to support her actions, would avoid admitting it honestly, like always. Air didn't usually say things that could prevent Pure from moving on.

"I missed you.'

But it seemed that the younger woman was very wrong this time. That older woman didn't change the subject. She even admitted it truthfully.

"Okay. You can come."

Those brief words were enough to defeat Pure so thoroughly

She opened her thick door to welcome her guest after Air let her know that she had arrived a few minutes ago. Pure looked at the woman who had been gone for two weeks without saying anything for a moment before she moved to the side to let the woman in. Air carried a paper bag in her hand. She stopped to take off her high heels and changed into the house slippers she usually wore when she was here. The younger woman watched her every move with many emotions.

Familiarity was dangerous for relationships that were already over. Even Air, who had always been careful about how she acted, still slipped into the old habits she had when they were still together.

"Your souvenir." Air turned to the girl who was watching her in silence and handed Pure the paper bag. Pure took it and asked her like she didn't have a clue.

"Where did you buy it?"

"France."

"You went there for work?" Pure knew, but she asked her anyway. She hated this feeling so much, but she didn't have much choice.

"Yes. Work."

"I see." Pain surged through her body. It was no use to tell her the truth, she knew that. But Pure was still hurt that Air chose to lie to her. If she hadn't seen Loft, then she would have no idea why this woman went to France. Pure wondered if Air had been lying to her before this.

"I was there to work. But other people would think that I went on a honeymoon." Air didn't let her ex-lover drown in that feeling for long. The truth from her lips lifted Pure up again. Pure blinked rapidly, chasing the tears that started to well up from the hurt.

"Did you have fun?"

"No. I never wanted to go there in the first place.

"Hm.

"Open it. I thought you might like it." Air told her while she walked to the living room area.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Can I use the bathroom to wash my hands?"

"I just changed the hand wash in the guest bathroom. I'll get you another one." Pure saw that Air was about to walk to the bathroom, so she stopped her. She planned to grab Air's favorite brand of hand wash from the bathroom in Pure's bedroom.

"It's fine. I can use that one."

"I don't want you to complain about how it doesn't smell nice." Pure remembered that Air commented about this a lot in the past. It was a trivial problem between a couple that they never really fought about.

"Why did you buy the ones that don't smell good, then?"

"That brand is out of stock. I couldn't get one, so I just grabbed anything. Wait here." Pure explained and placed the souvenir on the table. She disappeared into her bedroom almost immediately.

Air slumped to the sofa, exhaustedly. She closed her eyes and let out a tired sigh. She missed the time they were together so terribly. Back when they were dating, talking about hand wash products was way more interesting than anything that had been going on in Air's life right now

What would their lives be if they hadn't broken up?

Would they be happier? Or would they have to suffer from her family's pressure like before? Did Air do the right thing to end their relationship at that time? If she made the wrong choice, could she still fix it before it was too late?

Air had talked to Lamp about the divorce. They agreed to do it quietly and informed their families once everything was done to prevent all parties from interfering, persuading, or stopping them. Air wasn't certain if they could end things as easily as they planned or not. While the mess hadn't been resolved, the woman who was still another man's wife pondered hard. Should she tell her ex-lover now about that? But what if, in the worst case scenario, Air couldn't sort it through fast enough, how disappointed would Pure be?

Air always overthought more than anything when it came to her girl.

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Loft stared at her phone for a long time while its screen was still dark. It had been almost two hours since Pure told Loft she would shower and send her the photo she requested. Loft was surprised that the gorgeous older woman didn't reply to her. She wondered if something had come up. Because, usually, when Pure said she would do something, she had never broken her promise even once. Moreover, Pure never made her wait long if they agreed on a certain time. But this time was not like that. And Loft couldn't do anything but wait for her

"What is that gorgeous and hot older woman doing now?" Loft muttered and turned to lie on her back. She was lying on her front and staring at her communication device on her bed earlier.

She missed Pure. That was what Loft felt right now when they were far apart. Loft tried to find the time to talk with her often, but it wasn't the same. She missed Pure even more when she heard her voice and knew how she was doing. She wanted to be close to Pure, to touch her, to watch that gorgeous woman do whatever activity she wanted quietly, without barging in. Above all, she wanted to spend time with Pure again. But Loft had no idea if it was possible or not.

"Would I be pestering her too much if I called again?"

The girl who admitted that she was a slave for this older woman from the capital muttered a question without an answer. She wanted to do something, but a part of her was holding her back out of fear.

Loft thought that was what it was like to fall in love with someone so one-sidedly

"Maybe she's asleep?"

"How can you forget to send me pics, P' Pure? It hurts

to wait for you. I didn't want to see you when you're about to shower or anything. I just want to see your face. I missed you."

"But you'd look so sexy when you are about to shower.

So maybe I want to see that.”

When Loft couldn't do anything else, the girl who kept talking to herself unlocked her phone and clicked on the photos Pure sent her and the ones Loft took. She scrolled through the photos as if nothing was particularly interesting to her. But while she was staring at them, a smile never disappeared from her face.

Pictures of everything that gorgeous older woman did, when she cooked, when she sipped a coffee from the L.P mug, when she read a book with a serious expression, always made Loft smile, but at the same time, it made Loft miss her even more

'I really missed you, P' Pure. At some point, Loft couldn't take it, so she typed that heartfelt text to her. She lay waiting for a while. All she got was silence. The girl was disappointed and decided to go to bed to stop thinking too much.

Loft didn't get a response that entire night, no picture like Pure promised, and no reply at all.

# CHAPTER : 16

"So you're just going to sit here and stare at me after you brought me the perfume?" At first, Pure considered letting Air rest her chin on her hand on the sofa and watched her until Air was satisfied. But it had been a while, and Air still didn't say a word. So Pure couldn't help but ask the woman.

"I missed you."

"Why are you saying that so casually today?" Pure could tell that something had changed. Air had always been careful with her words, but she told Pure she missed her twice today. It was the strangest thing that had ever happened since they broke up a year ago.

"You know why I don't say it often."

"Who would know what's going on in your head, P' Air." The older woman wasn't someone whom Pure could read easily and tell what she was thinking. Air was good at not revealing anything from her expression and demeanor. She rarely said a word, and it was like a wall that concealed her feelings so well. The less Air spoke, the more she could hide about what she truly felt.

Pure couldn't say that she didn't know why the woman never said those sweet words to her. She understood that there were so many steps in this petite older woman's thoughts. Air believed that if she kept telling the girl about how she felt, the younger woman wouldn't be able to move on. And it was not right for Air to remain in the past and try to stop her former lover from moving on when she was still someone else's wife.

But for Pure, seeing each other so often was not so different from stopping her, it was just not as obvious.

"I will tell you more often from now on."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I'm fine." The older woman shook her head and smiled. She couldn't help it when the pretty girl frowned like she had many questions. Air grinned and laughed brightly.

The stress Air had when she and Pure could only be ex-lovers made her try to hide how vulnerable she was. But after she and her husband talked about ending their relationship, Air knew then that she felt and acted so differently now.

"I don't understand you at all. Do you want something to drink?”

"Like beer, liquor, or wine?"

"Yeah, that. What do you want?"

"I'll have a beer, please." The owner of the house nodded and got up. She walked to the kitchen, which was not far away.

Air watched her body appreciatively. Today, the younger woman was wearing a spaghetti strap, bodycon black dress that was long enough to cover half of her thighs. Air assumed that she dressed like this because she didn't have to teach pottery class today. Pure proChapter : :ly went to the studio to finish off other works. If the owner of P. Art Studio had a class to teach, she will wear something more practical so she can move around more easily while crafting her artwork.

Pure was someone who looked good in every way. If she wanted to show her adorable side, she could excel at it. And if she wanted to show off her hot, sexy side, she would succeed as well. Today was the same. In Air's eyes, this artist who adored making pottery more than anything was both beautiful and hot, she was very charismatic as well.

The woman who had been at this place more often than anyone got up and followed her to the kitchen. Air leaned her hips against the large marble table while she watched the woman busying herself with opening a can of beer in front of her refrigerator. At first, Air simply wanted to watch her like that. But a memory from the past appeared in her mind when she saw this sight. Air walked over to the woman out of habit. Her arms wrapped around the woman's delicate waist from behind as if Air wasn't aware that she was doing it. She rested her face on the girl's shoulder and closed her eyes, soaking up the warmth she missed. Her heart raced with delight.

Air missed the touch that she used to have every day in the past. She missed Pure, who was her lover and the only joy she had

Pure was startled when she felt the warmth from the body behind her. She froze, not knowing what to do. Even so, her heart pounded, welcoming the embrace instantly.

"Pure." The name she once loved to hear, no matter when the woman called it, was so close to her in a way she had never dared to imagine. Ever since they broke up, they have always been at an appropriate distance from each other. It was rare for Air to initiate this closeness between them.

"Yes?" She was so affected by it that she couldn't keep her voice calm. Familiarity really was dangerous to relationships that had already ended.

Her heart ached with the familiarity of this embrace, this familiar voice, and this familiar feeling inside her.

"You told me you didn't wait for me, but you refused to see anyone else... is that still the case?" The woman who was so ashamed of herself mustered her courage to ask something that she thought was so selfish.

"Why?"

"No one has replaced me yet, right?"

"...." No one could replace Air. It was always like that.

Pure used to answer that without thinking. But for a moment, her heart dropped, and an image of a certain girl with a bright smile flashed across her mind. But it was just a split second.

Eventually, the woman who hadn't moved on answered her.

"No."

Pure was quiet for a brief moment before she answered the question. But Air thought it wasn't a good sign. She had never asked Pure that question before. Pure was the one who always told her that she didn't have feelings for anyone. However, now that Air asked her that, Pure's answer scared her

"Please don't find someone else, not yet." Air felt so ashamed to say that. She tried her best to be fair with the younger woman as much as she could. But when Air saw what seemed to be a better future for Pure, she hastily tried to stop Pure from moving on.

"P’Air, you never asked that of me ever since we broke up." Today was full of surprises for Pure. She placed the beer on the table next to them and pulled Air's wraps away. She turned around to face the other woman. Air looked up at her, and what Pure saw was that adorable, pleading gaze she hadn't seen for a long time.

Pure missed these things, this way she acted She missed the person Air used to be so much.

"I was the one who broke up with you to marry someone else. I don't dare to ask that of you." The older woman looked away when she confessed to that. She always felt guilty about that, no matter how many times she talked about it

"Then how come you can do it today?"

Air was quiet for a moment. She looked up to meet the younger girl's eyes again. The woman who had a similar height to Pure took a deep breath before she slowly exhaled. It was like she tried to muster her courage and get over her guilt "I'm dealing with the arrangement I have. It might take a while. I can't tell you how long it will take... but, will you wait for me?" Pure widened her eyes immediately at that. But if one were observant of her, they would find that there was no delight in her surprise at first. But a split second later, the woman who had been waiting for Air after all these times blinked rapidly and asked her, sounding thrilled.

"You're divorcing him?"

"In the best-case scenario, I will be able to." The woman still wasn't sure how it would turn out, so she answered it neutrally. Perhaps it would take longer than she thought to sever her commitments. At worst, maybe their plan would fail miserably. Air had no idea how it would turn out. No matter how much she tried to be free, things would get complicated if her family knew and was against her decision

"You never give me anything tangible."

"I'm sorry." For the woman who had her heart, Air thought all the apologies in this world wouldn't be enough.

"I accept your apology. I lost count of how many times you said you were sorry to me." The girl was being sarcastic to her. It was something Pure did without meaning to, a lot of times. She couldn't control how disappointed she was.Sometimes, she said or did something that made the other woman warn her with her indifferent voice. It made Air sound like she demanded respect.

"Pure,"

"Alright, alright. Jeez, you're still scolding me after we broke up." Air simply said her name and didn't do anything else. But it made the stubborn girl give in almost immediately Air had a talent for dealing with her ex-girlfriend, in the past and now.

"I'm not scolding you."

"You won't admit it even if you do." Air smiled and shook her head when she heard those lovely lips mutter. She glanced at the beer that Pure had already opened nearby. Air gestured to it and asked about the other woman's intention.

"Do you still want to drink?"

"Yeah." Pure handed her the beer.

"Thank you."

The two of them leaned against the marble table in the kitchen and took a sip of the cold beer together in silence. They thought about different things. Air was worried about what she had just noticed, while Pure was troubled because someone did make her feel something for a moment. Pure was supposed to be overjoyed when she learned that Air and her husband were having a divorce. But she didn't feel that way. It wasn't that Pure wasn't happy. It was just that there was another feeling that came with the joy she felt

She still loved Air, always would. She was certain of that even now. But during the year that she had become Air's ex-girlfriend, no one had made her feel the way Loft made her feel. Pure thought that it wasn't a good sign at all.

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The next day, before noon, after Loft was hurt by the older woman from the capital and fell asleep like that, she woke up and went to work as usual. There was no morning greeting text as usual. Loft wanted to talk to her, she wanted to flirt with Pure. But she didn't want to pester the woman, Pure would reach out to her when she could. But the woman had disappeared until now. The tall woman kept glancing at her phone many times. But when something urgent came up, she paid it no mind. Then, her phone vibrated, telling her that she received an incoming call. The girl finally looked away from her laptop screen.

Pure called her when it was almost noon. Was that older woman just having the time to wonder about her?

"Yes?" Normally, the sweet talker would say something like, 'What's up, gorgeous?' but she was still annoyed from last night. So she left the flirt out this time. It seemed that the woman who called her noticed the change.

'Are you mad?"

"Why would I be mad at you?" The girl denied it, but it confirmed what Pure thought even more.

'Aw, a certain girl is mad at me. Sorry. I was a little busy last night.

"Is everything alright?" Loft wasn't actually mad at her. She just didn't like that Pure ghosted her like that. It made her feel so bereft. But when she heard that the gorgeous older woman had her reasons, she was more concerned than a little crossed. She asked Pure, sounding worried. But the woman was quiet for a while before she answered.

It's nothing."

"That's good. What are you doing?"

"I just woke up. I'm about to shower.

"You don't have to go to work today?”

'I have a headache. So I will go in the afternoon. Are you working?"

"Yeah. Are you feeling better? Wait, are you still in bed, P' Pure?"

'I'm feeling better. Yes, I'm still in bed. Why? Do you want to join me?'

"I haven't said anything."

'Oh, really?' Pure laughed cheerfully when she could find a way to tease her. The girl who fell for it every time made a fuss about it and told the gorgeous older woman to do what she planned to do.

"You're so silly. Just go shower."

\*Can we talk?"

"We are talking."

'I mean, can you do a video call now?"

"Yes, gladly."

"Uh-huh.

"What? Are you making up with me?" Loft assumed it was the reason why Pure did that. The woman who always kept her word may feel bad about doing something she didn't like, so she tried to make amends for it. And when the woman told her why, it was just as Loft thought

'Aren't you mad about me breaking my promise last night?"

"Just a little. It's fine if you don't make it up for me." Loft wasn't someone who was important enough to show how upset she was with Pure. She understood that it wasn't her right to do that. Loft simply told Pure how she felt and told her that she didn't have to worry about it. But Pure made the girl's heart soar when she showed that she was putting effort and tried to care about Loft's feelings.

'I have to. I don't like people who can't keep their promises.

"But you did that."

Hm. And I'm making up for it. I'm hanging up now.

"Hm."

After Pure hung up for a moment, she called Loft again while she was still in bed. This time, Pure video called her. The moment Loft tapped accept on her phone's screen, she saw the woman she missed every day. The gorgeous older woman's hair spread on her bed. The twenty-eight-year-old Pure's face was unblemished and youthful. Her gorgeous and hot older woman looked like an innocent child now

"Your eyes are half-lidded, Miss Pure."

"I'm sleepy. And I'm not your gorgeous and hot older woman now. Loft agreed that right now, Pure wasn't the charismatic older woman who was ready to flirt with her. Pure was simply a woman who had just woken up and was still sleepy. It was a very adorable sight. Pure looked so cute in Loft's eyes when she closed her mouth and yawned.

"Yeah. You are an adorable older sister to me now."

Want us to be sisters, then?"

"Sisters don't do what we do, though."

'Miss Loft, you're not allowed to say something like that when it is nearly noon.'

"Oh, my bad." Pure narrowed her eyes at Loft. The girl pretended to look guilty and apologized to her while she was still smiling and laughing

"Get back to work. I'm going to shower now.

"Okay. Bye."

"Work hard, little kiddo. Bye.”

Before the adorable sight ended, Loft saw the woman's grin that was so wide it made her eyes close. Loft smiled at the sight. Even now, Loft couldn't stop smiling since she was still so full of happiness. It got worse when she received a short, yet sly text from that woman.

'Sorry for not looking hot like you prefer. I'll make it up to you later, yeah?:)'

"This woman is so my type," Loft muttered with a smile. She softly smacked her head on the table when she couldn't handle that hot and gorgeous older woman.

# CHAPTER : 17

Bam took a sip of her drink while her eyes were trained on her best friend, who was sitting beside her. Air crossed her arms on the large, red sofa. She looked indifferent, but her eyes were distracted. The woman looked at the bustling crowd around them absentmindedly, looking gloomy. It had been an hour since she started acting that way. Bam could tell that something had been troubling the woman. Now that Bam thought about it, Air was never really happy. No matter when they met, at what time, Air would always be this woman who had to shoulder some heavy burden. It seemed worse this time.

"You asked me to go out for a drink, but you haven't touched any. Why don't you just stay home?" Bam remarked that when she couldn't stand looking at how lifeless this woman was, she hoped to change the situation. It worked a little, but not enough to turn the tables. Luckily, the petite, beautiful woman turned to talk to Bam instead of staying quiet.

"It's boring at my house."

"You didn't fight with Mr. Lamp, right?”

"We are not in a position to fight." They barely interacted, so there was nothing to fight about. She and her husband simply lived under the same roof. They could not find a way to connect. They lived their lives minding their own business.

"So what is this about? I thought you would look better now that you were handling the divorce." Air had been waiting for Lamp to agree on the divorce. So why did her petite friend still possess this melancholy air like before? Bam thought she would get to see Air's happy smile now.

"Yeah. I was supposed to be happier now. But that isn't the case."

"You have a problem?"

"Not with the divorce." The two of them were handling the divorce quietly. They were not done because there were assets that they had to deal with, and it would take a while to get that sorted out. Still, their parents thought they were still married and didn't suspect a thing.

"So what's your problem?"

"Pure.”

"Hm?" Bam heard the name of the woman her best friend loved and quickly put down her drink to pay attention to what her friend was about to say.

"I told her to wait for me."

"So what's the problem? Your girl proChapter : :ly waggles her tail with joy. She has been waiting for you for a long time.

"You thought so, right?" Air forced a smile. Bam saw tears well up in her eyes. She waited in silence without interrupting the woman.

“.....”

"I'm not sure if she is happy when she knows that I'm getting a divorce."

"What makes you think that?" Bam's voice was barely a whisper. The eyes that looked at the woman showed a sign of pity. If it really was as Air said, then it would happen at the worst timing that had happened in her life. Pure had been waiting for Air all these times, even when she said she didn't But when the obstacle between them was about to end, the girl's heart had begun to change. If that was the case, then the person who was hurt the most in this situation would be Air, the woman who couldn't seem to find her happiness.

Back when she had Pure, Air said that pretty girl was the only joy she had. Bam didn't want to imagine how wrecked her friend would be if the person she loved more than anything had become another person's happiness forever

"You know, right? That girl is not good at concealing her emotions. She always lets it show on her face and eyes when she is delighted, sad, dejected, or happy."

"You are her ex, Air. You're the only one who can tell every time. Pure could hide how she feels sometimes."

"I can tell, even if it was just for a split second."

"You think she loves someone else?" It sounded unlikely. But the heart was unpredictable like that. Many people loved someone today, and changed their mind the next day. Bam had witnessed this couple's longing for a year. They broke up, but they never stopped loving each other. She wasn't sure if Air misunderstood, or if that beautiful artist really did let someone in to take care of her.

"I don't know. I don't know who she meets, who she talks to. I have no idea who makes her happy when I'm not there."

"Maybe it's not as bad as you think, Air.”

"Time is the most precious asset. If at some point, Pure isn't there waiting for me when I come back to her, then I will have to accept the consequence of letting time pass like that."

"How will that end for you, then?"

"I used to think that I would understand if Pure stopped waiting for me. But when it's actually happening, it hurts so much." Air couldn't suppress the tears that welled up in her eyes anymore. She lost her will to stay strong, she lost her strength to suppress the bitterness she felt. She could handle a lot, but she didn't seem to be able to do that when it came to Pure. Tears fell down her cheeks, and her small shoulder trembled. The sound of her sobs could be heard ever so often Bam had to look away from the sight of Air breaking down because she couldn't take it anymore.

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There was no one inside the pottery studio, no students or staff. Pure was the only one checking the list of goods they had to order in the studio. Usually, she would go home at that time. But she was still here, working to kill time because she was waiting for someone.

'Can I come see you at the studio? I missed you so much.’

Loft texted her in the evening. Pure assumed that it was the time the girl got off work. Loft really did whatever she wanted. It was why Pure complained for a long time. The girl worked all day, and she still wanted to drive to Bangkok. And most importantly, Loft would have to go back to Pattaya tomorrow to work. It sounded like a tiring trip in Pure's mind. But not for the girl who couldn't take the longing anymore. Even though her gorgeous older woman didn't support her plan, Pure still allowed Loft to meet her, not because Loft kept nagging or trying to convince her. The tall girl didn't do anything other than send her a text. Pure was the one who knew that it would be good for both of them if they met

"The owner of P. Art Studio works so hard," Loft greeted her when she appeared. Pure looked up and saw the girl approaching her while she remained seated where she was.

"You said you would come here. So I worked while I waited for you."

"I got stuck in traffic a little."

"What do you want?" The girl who was standing there was still looking at her. That nonverbal communication let Pure know that there was something this girl wanted, but refused to tell her.

"I missed you." Pure left so many memories there when she left. It was making Loft lose her mind until now. She couldn't ignore the longing even for a day. Even though they talked, they heard each other's voice, and they looked at each other's photos, it didn't help lessen the longing at all. It was why Loft was standing here now.

"I know that you missed me."

"Do I have the right to know if you missed me, too?"

"I missed you, too," Pure told her, making the girl grin so wide that her eyes closed. Pure got up from her chair and approached the girl. She stopped in front of Loft, there was a small distance between them. "Do you want a hug?"

"How do you know what I want?"

"Is a hug what you want?"

"You really have to be good at everything," Loft complained, looking troubled. Still, the tall girl moved closer and pulled the gorgeous older woman into a hug Pure hugged her back by tightening her arms around the girl's waist. She rested her chin on the girl's shoulder and closed her eyes. "You dressed so pretty today. You don't have a class to teach?”

"I don't dress prettily when I have a class?"

"You do. But not this kind of pretty."

"What does this kind of pretty mean?"

"The hot, sexy kind. Short skirt, like this." When Pure had a class to teach, she usually dressed well, but her outfits were more practical. She wouldn't wear a skirt that covered half of her thighs, a tank top, and a blazer like this.

"I don't have class. I haven't taught a class for a while now." Pure smiled kindly at her when she answered. She slowly pulled away from the embrace when she felt that they had been hugging for a long time.

"Are you heading home now?"

"I have to if I get off work, right?"

"Can I go with you?" Loft pleaded cutely at her, it had always been an adorable sight for Pure. She smiled and teased the girl who was waiting for her answer with hope by narrowing her eyes and asking about the girl's intention.

"You want to come home with me?"

"Will you let me?"

"If you don't want me to, I will go back to sleep at my place." The scheming girl pretended to look so sad to gain her sympathy. Pure smacked her head lightly before she nodded, giving the cheeky girl her permission, making the girl beam from how happy she was.

"You can stay the night."

"This gorgeous, hot older woman is so kind."

"It's time to go home now."

Both of them left the studio and arrived at their destination within half an hour. Loft was watching the woman, who owned this expensive room, open the door with her heart beating fast from delight. Seeing Pure's face was more than enough.

But the woman made her even happier by allowing Loft to come inside her personal space and spend the night with Pure

"Come in," The host gestured with her hand for the girl to come in and moved to the side, so this good-looking guest could enter. Loft scanned the place quickly before she turned to look at the woman who was locking the door. Then Loft recalled that she told her she wanted to do something. "What is it?"

Pure asked out of curiosity when the younger girl stared at her. She was puzzled for a moment. The girl who was a little taller than her smiled and traced her gaze down Pure's body.

"I told you I'd come all the way here to take off your shoes."

"I can do it myself. Stop that."

"But you always challenge me, saying that you're looking forward to it."

"You remember everything, don't you?"

"I remember everything you say, P' Pure. Everything."

Then the girl who had good memories pushed the delicate woman to the wall and pressed close to her.

"Didn't you say you're going to take off my shoes?"

"I can do that later."

Pure knew even when the younger girl didn't say a word. It was clear in Loft's eyes that she wanted the touch they used to exchange when they were so close to each other. Pure wouldn't stop her. The gorgeous older woman closed her eyes, waiting for the gentle touch on her soft flesh. It happened shortly after that. Pure's arms wrapped around Loft's neck, while the girl pulled her waist closer until there was no space between them. Their longing and pining were conveyed through the heated kiss.

"Can you take them off now?" After Pure was satisfied with the passionate exchange, she pulled away and asked about the girl's plan, which Loft seemed not to care about anymore

"Take what off?"

"My shoes.

"Oh. I will take them off for you now." Then the younger girl took off her sneakers and crouched down to take off the woman's red high heels. Pure looked down and watched her, her face felt hot. She got even more flustered when Loft looked up to meet her eyes. The memories of their passionate lovemaking flashed in her mind. Loft might not be pleasuring Pure with her tongue, but Pure couldn't help but think about it since the girl was in the same position as if it was intentional. "I'm just taking off your shoes, what are you thinking about?"

"Nothing." Pure looked away. If she still argued with the girl on the floor, she would be cornered for sure. Seeing Loft's knowing smile let Pure know that the girl didn't believe what she said.

"It's okay if you think about it. I was thinking about it, too."

"You pervert"

"Wow. You knew what I was thinking about."

"Enjoying yourself much? Get up here if you're done. Go wash your hands. The bathroom is that way. I'll go change my clothes." When Pure felt like she was about to lose, she changed the subject by pretending to scold the cheeky girl who was still smiling at her down there even when she was done.

"Okay." The girl responded in good humor and got to her feet. Pure frowned at her earlier, she was about to walk away to change her clothes when Loft moved to block her path.

"What?"

"P" Pure, if you missed it. I can do it again." They did this before. They both knew what Loft was talking about, there was no need to explain more.

"I shouldn't turn down your offer, right?"

"You really shouldn't."

"Okay. Then do it until I tell you to stop. Get it?"

"Did the gorgeous and hot older woman get even hotter each passing day?" Pure didn't say a word to that. But she leaned in closer until Loft held her breath and closed her eyes because she thought she would get that familiar sensation on her lips. But she waited for a moment, and nothing happened other than the warm breath next to her ear that came with a hoarse whisper

"Move. I want to change my clothes."

Pure pushed her out of the way. Then the gorgeous older woman walked to her bedroom. Before she closed the large door, Pure turned around to cock a brow at Loft, making the girl laugh in that instant.

# CHAPTER : 18

When it was early morning, the girl who had to go back to another province woke up to shower and get dressed in silence. She was ready to exit the condo in the heart of the city. But the gorgeous owner of this room was still sleeping soundly without a clue in this world. Loft watched that beautiful face in the dimmed light while she put on her watch.

Pure's eyes were closed. She looked so innocent, unlike the gorgeous and hot older woman from last night. Within a few hours, the two of them played a tune of their desire, pleasuring each other so much, and responded to their longing in kind. Pure's large bed was a mess, like it had been through a battle of some kind. If Loft had thought that they left such a good impression on each other's bodies in that huge house, it was even more memorable now that they met each other again after being apart for a month. If it was unforgettable before, then last night burned in both of their memories

"I'm leaving now." Loft leaned over to whisper next to her ear. Then her soft lips touched the woman's unblemished,Chapter : :y-like cheek gently. Pure looked so adorable when she slept Loft couldn't help but smile fondly at the sight

"Hm."

"Sorry. You stir up easily." Loft saw the woman who was sleeping soundly a moment ago move and hummed something. She thought she had disturbed the gorgeous older woman from her sleep before the sunrise. So she apologized and sat on the bed.

"Are you leaving?" Pure opened her eyes to look at Loft. She reached out and grabbed the girl's thumb tightly when the girl had to hurry for work. This small touch made Loft feel so warm inside.

"Yeah."

"You shouldn't come here if you have work."

"You never stop complaining." The older woman kept nagging her about how she had suddenly come to Bangkok while she still had so much work to do. Loft listened to her with a smile. Pure was still doing that the next day. And Loft still responded the same.

"Do you want coffee?”

"It's fine. I can buy one on the way. Go back to sleep, P' Pure." Loft felt bad that she woke Pure from her sleep. And she wasn't mean enough to let the gorgeous older woman make her coffee. But the woman seemed to be happy to do that even when she was still sleepy.

"I'm up now. Are you in a hurry?"

"Not that hurry." Loft smiled when she saw Pure drowsily get up and sat on the bed. Pure slurred her words since she just woke up.

"Hm. Wait for me for a second. Let me brush my teeth before I make you coffee."

"Okay. I'll wait outside."

"Hm."

"Miss Pure." Pure was about to get up and wash up in the bathroom. But the tall girl's voice called for her. Pure turned to look at the girl and paused for a moment. Her beautiful, bare brows raised, and she ran her hand through her messy hair to deal with the mess.

"What is it?"

"Your pajamas are not very appropriate." Loft pointed at her pajamas. The top button fell off, revealing her breathtakingly smooth skin inside. Loft moved to fix it quickly, if she left it like that, Loft would be in trouble since she was the one seeing that.

"My button falls off. Don't be a pervert. I'm not even fully awake."

"I will try to control myself outside. Join me soon, okay?" Loft kissed both of her cheeks and laughed while she walked out of the room, leaving Pure to watch her go, and wrinkled at that teasing girl alone.

The tall girl quietly watched the gorgeous older woman move from behind. Pure was making coffee with ease. This woman was good at pottery, drawing, coloring, and she was quite skilled in the kitchen. Loft admitted to herself for the hundredth time that she didn't just like this woman. The only thing left for her to do was fall in love with this woman.

"Are you sleepy?" Pure asked when she placed the hot coffee in front of Loft. She sounded and looked so concerned. Then, Pure sat on the chair next to her.

"A little bit."

"You sure you can drive?"

"Of course. Thank you for waking up to make me coffee”.

"Let me know when you get there." The gorgeous older woman insisted on what she was supposed to do. Then she took a sip of her coffee. Loft nodded and responded shortly without looking at the woman. She was staring at the drink quietly as if there was something so interesting there. In truth, she simply wanted to avoid Pure's gaze while she pondered on something.

"Okay."

"Are you alright?" No matter how hard she tried to cover it. The older woman still noticed that Loft was acting strangely.

"I'm fine."

"You're not good at lying. But it's fine if you don't want to tell me."

"It really is nothing. It's just that...I feel... kind of awful that I came all the way here to do that kind of stuff with you." Loft knew that she couldn't get anything more from her relationship with this older woman. Still, she was worried that Pure would be upset with the way Loft was treating her. But it wasn't the right time to tell Pure that she came to see her, not just because she wanted sex, she wanted something more than that.

How could Loft say that she missed Pure? Not just when they were exchanging touches in bed. Loft missed everything: Pure's smile, her voice, her soft scent, and having Pure in her sight.

"You want to stay with me longer?"

"Of course, I want to stay longer. Who would come here to sleep with a girl and drive back in the morning?"

"You still have work to do. When are you coming here again?"

"I will be home next week. Can I go see you at the studio before that?"

"Do you actually want to go home?"

"My home will always be there. You might not be, P' Pure."

"....." Pure paused for a moment. Her heart sank, she felt so hollow when she heard what the girl was saying. It wasn't something new if Loft felt that their relationship couldn't be like this forever. Still, Pure was frightened when she thought about how their ending was approaching.

"How are things with P' Air?"

"What?”

"I was just asking. No need to sound so scary." The girl laughed like she was in a good mood. But it was an act she did to hide something, that was all.

"I do not."

"I don't know how much longer Lamp could stand living with a cold, indifferent wife like that. But it won't be long. The last time I talked to him about it, my brother was a mess as well." Loft had never told Pure about what she had talked to her brother. They usually talked about Air. But today, the tall girl suddenly told her that. The gorgeous older woman wondered if the younger girl knew something she recently knew.

"If P' Air divorces your older brother...

"Then my time is up, right?"

"Loft's bright smile turned bitter and forced when they talked about the end that was waiting for them down the line.

"You don't have to worry about me. I'm really fine. 1 braced myself when I started having this relationship with you." Telling Pure that she had prepared for it was just a cool thing for Loft to say. Loft was so head over heels for this gorgeous and hot older woman that she couldn't find a way out of it. No matter how well she prepared herself for this, she couldn't live her life peacefully when Pure went back with the woman she loved. However, even when Loft could see what she would become in the future, she never regretted jumping at someone like Pure head first, not even once.

Loft had spent good times with this older woman in front of her. It was like she was floating in a dream. Loft was so happy that she didn't want to think about anything else.

"Won't you be sad?"

"I will be. Other than that, I don't know what I feel when I see P' Air again. I forget everything when I am with you, P' Pure. I even forgot about how the woman who is like a sister to me would feel."

"You're not the only one that made it happen." They created this mess together. They made an agreement before they crossed the lines. Pure would never let Loft feel bad alone.

She should be the one who shouldered that feeling.

"I feel bad about it, but just a little. Because I really, really, like you, P' Pure."

"...." The confession was so honest, so genuine, but Loft didn't smile at her. She looked so sad that Pure could tell when she met the girl's eyes.

"See you next week, gorgeous." The younger girl got up from her chair and said goodbye. She stopped to look at Pure, who looked up at her, and smiled brightly as usual.

"Yeah. See you next week."

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"You're not going out? You haven't gone out anywhere lately." When Air came back to work, she saw Lamp watching a movie. The man was wearing pajamas, ready to go to bed. He didn't go out at night like he used to. It surprised Air, the man seemed to want to spend time at home more than anything.

"We're getting a divorce. Can I at least stay with you?"

"Is that why I always see you at home every day?" The petite woman raised a brow and asked out of curiosity. Because they were ending their relationship as husband and wife, Lamp decided to stay home and not hang out with his friends.

"Maybe it's because you interact with me more now that we are getting a divorce. That's why I want to be with you.”

“....”

"I mean, even as friends. I don't want anything else. I want us to interact as friends." The man who was in his happiest moment ever since they got married fumbled and explained to her. He really didn't want anything else from Air. It was enough that the woman talked to him and smiled at him more.

"We can be friends. But nothing more."

"Noted, Miss Air. Have you eaten?"

"No. I came home after I got out of my office." The woman sounded so tired when she told him that. Air walked over and sat next to him. If it were before, Air would have avoided him and gone upstairs. She wouldn't come to sit beside him like this.

"Do you want to eat anything? I can make it for you."

"I don't want to trouble you. I'll find something to eat."

"You don't trouble me. Wait here."

"You can't cook."

"I can make instant noodles."

"Fine. Thanks a lot." Air let out a cheerful laugh when she heard that. Lamp stilled at the unfamiliar sight.

"How strange.

"What is it?"

"Once I let you go, I get your smile and laughter that I've always wanted. You smile at me so easily now that we're friends." The woman who was about to be his ex-wife seemed so lively ever since they agreed to get a divorce. It confirmed that he did Air wrong in so many ways. It was like he was the one who took her happiness away.

“....”

"I'm happy to get them from you, even just as a friend."

"Thank you so much, Lamp."

"Thank you as well, everyone is jealous of me the entire year you are my wife." Lamp's close friends were interested in Air a lot. They always asked things like 'she looks so prideful, what's she like at home?' or 'Air looks so aloof, what is she like when she acts all clingy and cute?". Lamp smiled and didn't say a word because he had never seen it before.

"You know that no one should be jealous of you for having me as your wife.”

"Let them be jealous that I have such a beautiful wife, never mind the other things."

"I'm really sorry."

"I'm sorry for caging you for so long. Now that you can be free, fly anywhere you want. Love someone you want, okay?"

"Thank you." For this man in front of her, there was nothing Air could give him but her apology and her gratitude. Lamp could only be a good friend to her and nothing more. Even when they had their wedding and were legally married, it didn't change the fact that Lamp would never have her love.

"I know that money was one of the reasons why you decided to get married. You spent a year making yourself more stable financially. It's proChapter : :ly enough for you to be free from your family."

“....”

"I hope you find your happiness."

"You, too.

"Hm. Wait a second. I will call you when the noodles are ready.”

"Okay." Air smiled and responded briefly when she watched Lamp's wide back walking away from her. She was relieved and anxious. It was a good thing that her fake relationship with Lamp was coming to an end. But she couldn't be fully happy when she thought about a certain someone's reaction.

# CHAPTER : 19

Miss Air, Mrs. Juthamas asks to see you.'

Her secretary's soft voice told her the important matter It was why the secretary called her at this time. Air heard the name and sighed. But she was still the woman's only daughter, so she couldn't do anything but accept it. She gave her mother her permission to enter, allowing the woman to say the same thing until she was satisfied.

"Come in,"

The executive board member put her phone down and lay back against the large chair. Air closed her eyes, braced herself to hear that tiresome thing from the woman who would be here in a few minutes. Just thinking about who she had to face made her tired. Air hated talking to her family the most Whether it was her father or mother, it was the same when it came to the way they treated their daughter. No matter how old Air was, how high her work position was, she was still so much below them both. No matter what, the president of the company and his wife always had the power to control and force Air.

"What is it, Mom?" Air asked when she saw the middle-aged woman, who still looked good, step into her office. She hoped that the woman would get it done soon.

"I'm just checking in on my daughter... you came back from your honeymoon for a while, but I haven't seen you at all. How was it?"

"How was what?" Air pretended not to know what her mother wanted to say. She looked at the woman calmly, not revealing anything for the woman to see.

"You know what I mean."

"We are not ready to have a child yet."

"Lamp didn't say that he wasn't ready? Or is it you who has a problem with it?" Years ago, the two of them talked about what happened when Air agreed to marry a man. After she had passed that point, having a child was believed to bring her more stability, which had become the main point instead. That was what her parents said. Her parents dictated her life at every stage.

“....”

"You are getting older every year, Air. It's very risky and tiring to have a child when you're old."

"I see."

"You're married for a year now. Did you perform your duty as a wife well?"

"You mean being his Chapter : :y-making machine?" This woman's idea of duties that a good wife should do consisted of taking care, and tending to her husband's needs. So that he wouldn't go out and find pleasure with someone else. That was what her mother taught her.

"You need to have a child if you want to have a family."

"I will tell Lamp to do it." Air was being sarcastic. She let out a self-deprecating smile at how awful her life was.

"Stop acting so lifeless. You can't blame anyone if your husband becomes unfaithful. Do everything to please him. That is your duty."

"Is this all that you came here for, Mom?"

"Your dad asked about Lamp. Tell him to have a meal with us at our house sometimes."

"I will tell him that.”

"You chose him yourself." Her mother reminded her when she saw how Air acted like this was a troublesome ordeal. Air was that man's wife because she chose it. But the woman hadn't thought about the reasons why Air chose him at all

"Weren't you guys the ones who made me choose?"

"Getting married and having a family are something you should do when it is the right time. We have talked about this many times."

"Maybe we should stop talking about it. And you should stop intervening with my family."

"Don't be so arrogant. You still have to rely on us. You should watch your mouth."

“.....”

"Did you forget who made you come this far? Would you have this kind of life if it weren't for me and your father?"

"I'm sorry."

"If you insist on being so stubborn and refuse to listen to anyone, then do it. But I cannot guarantee what life you will have. After all, you are born and raised with a silver spoon in your mouth, you never know hardship in your life." Her mother always brought up that threat ever since she was a girl until she was old enough to work. And it worked every time. Air was made to believe that she would never be able to stand on her own. She had this high position because of her father's power, not because she was good at her job.

"Believe your parents. Everything belongs to you. Don't forget to ask Lamp to have a meal with us. I have to go now."

"Okay."

The cruellest woman she knew walked out of the room. Air watched her go until she was out of sight. Then she slowly let out a sigh of despair. Her family issues were too much on her mind. If it was before, back when she still had a certain someone by her side, Pure would comfort her after she was hurt with those cruel words. Air wouldn't even have to ask.

But they hadn't been together for a year now, and Air could only hug and take care of herself alone.

She wanted to run somewhere far away and not care about anything else. But Air couldn't deny that her self-esteem had been crushed her whole life, she didn't dare to do anything as she pleased. She was already careful with everything she did, including her work and her finances. She had many conditions in her life, so she had to think it through before she made a decision on anything. Choosing to break up with Pure in order to marry Lamp was one of her weaknesses. She couldn't take the heat, the pressure from her parents was all around her. She decided to give up, hoping that one day, when this was all over, when the time had come that she and her husband couldn't be with each other, Air would be able to build something of her own to the point that she could let herself be free of her parents for good.

Before she and Pure broke up, they fought many times about the same topic. Having her parents controlling her and ordering her around had taken a toll on their relationship. The younger woman cried and asked if money was part of the reason why she decided to get married this time. What that pretty girl once asked cut an ugly wound inside her, it had never healed to this day.

*"So your job and your money matter more to you than us?"*

Air made the wrong choice, and she had to accept the consequences of her actions.

"Miss Kat, I will take a sick leave in the afternoon. I won't be in the office." She picked up her phone, pressed her secretary's number, and told the woman what she wanted

'Are you unwell, Miss Air? Do you want to see a doctor?"

"It's nothing serious. I have no other important appointment, right?"

'Not today, no.

"Thanks a lot."

Air hung up when she got the answer she wanted, and she was ready to leave her office to see someone she wanted to see more than anything.

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Pure was wearing a white t-shirt and a pair of skinny black pants. She was wearing a brown apron on top. Pure was sitting in front of the electric wheelhead. There was a little boy sitting close by. Pure had a kind smile on her beautiful face, anyone would love her as their instructor no matter whether it was a child or an adult. That woman was always calm when she was doing what she loved, she hadn't changed. Air watched her favorite sight for a long while until one of the P. Art Studio staff saw her and greeted her casually

"Hello, P' Air. Are you here to see P' Pure?" The woman who was preparing the colors for the ceramic decoration in front of the shelves stopped everything and walked toward her. Her greeting was loud enough for the studio owner to hear. Pure looked up and saw her. "Why are you carrying that much stuff?"

"You haven't eaten lunch, right? I bought pizza."

"Thank you so much. Free food again. I will put this away for now." Best eagerly helped Air carry the stuff she bought with both of her hands. The girl in her twenties grinned happily and quickly put their lunch in the kitchen.

"You're welcome."

"P" Pure is teaching over there." The girl turned to look at where Pure was and informed the guest who everyone in the studio was familiar with.

"Okay. Now, if you'd excuse me." Air told her and walked straight to the woman who was teaching her little student. Their eyes met for a moment. Air walked unhurriedly until she stopped not far from where the pottery instructor was sitting.

"I'll wait for you at your office." Air gestured at the office. It was the place she waited for Pure every time when the girl hadn't finished her work.

"Why are you here at this hour? Don't you have work?"

"I skipped work."

"I'll be there." The pottery instructor narrowed her eyes like she didn't quite believe what she said. Still, she nodded and told her that she would be there when she was done with her job.

Air walked to Pure's office. Once she entered the private room, the petite woman sat on the sofa that she liked so much. She selected many decorations for this room. Before, Pure would always ask for her lover's opinions. Air used to be the person who mattered to Pure the most in every way. She wasn't sure if that was still true now. She started to feel worried, but deep down, she hoped that she wouldn't be too late to get the spot that used to be hers.

"You know how to skip work, Miss Air?" Pure asked her with the girl's sweet voice when she opened the door and entered the room. The younger girl looked curious about how unusual it was.

"I'm doing it now.”

"Is something wrong?"

"I just want to see you." Air didn't tell her the truth. But one look into the younger girl's eyes, Air thought Pure proChapter : :ly understood everything so easily. And she was right.

"Did you fight with your mom?"

"How can you tell?"

"I can tell." Pure could always tell when Air's eyes looked like she needed comfort. No matter how good Air was at hiding how she felt, she could never hide this from the younger girl.

"Do you want to have lunch with me?" Air planned to have lunch with her. Still, she had to ask what the other woman wanted first. Maybe Pure already had plans with someone. But when the girl came to sit next to her, she didn't answer Air. Pure chose to ask her out of kindness.

"You're not going to let me comfort you first?"

"Will you comfort me?" Air always wanted this woman's kindness, but she never dared to ask for it. Even when Pure offered it, she still asked, feeling scared.

"I usually comfort you, right?"

"Aren't we in an unusual situation?”

"What did you fight about?" It had been a while since Air heard this question. It reminded her how long she hadn't had Pure by her side and how long she had been so alone.

"We only fight about a few things."

"When will your mom stop being so awful?" Pure always referred to her as 'P' Air's mom', no matter how long it was, that middle-aged woman who acted like she was superior to everyone could never gain her respect from this girl. Of course, Air never had a problem with how Pure felt about her mother. On the contrary, Air laughed, amused at it.

"I don't think she can stop."

"How can I comfort you?" Pure didn't know what to do; that was what she was feeling. If they were still lovers, she would have pulled Air into a hug and patted her hair softly She would press a kiss on her forehead like she used to. But ever since they broke up, they could not do any of that so casually anymore. It was one of this petite woman's crazy rules that Pure didn't want to try and understand. But she had to try to understand Air's complex thoughts. She knew that Air always had a reason when she did everything

But many times, she used so many reasons that she neglected her own feelings.

"You can't do what you used to anymore, right?"

"You are the one who didn't let me.

"I'm sorry."

"I have grown a little. I started to understand your many conditions, P' Air." In the past, she used to have many foolish questions. But now, when she tried to understand what Air was going through and what she had to bear, it was easier for Pure to accept her decision.

Whether it was when Air broke up with her, when Air got married to him, or when Air tried not to do anything that prevented her from moving on. Pure thought, she started to understand it now.

"Pure,"

"Hm?"

"About my divorce,"

"What about it?" Her heart ached when she listened to Air. It was so odd that it worried Pure, she wasn't as glad as she should be when the wait was over. The feeling was more apparent now when her relationship with Loft went beyond her control. The sad look in that girl's eyes bothered Pure so much that she had to contemplate over and over again about the woman she believed was in her heart.

Pure started to wonder if her feelings for Air had changed now.

"I'm almost done with it. When I'm free, when I don't have any bonds, I will wait for your answer... if you still want us to go back the way we were."

"P" Air, did you know that I've been waiting for you all these times?" It was just as she said. Pure had been waiting for her ex-lover diligently. The woman was hurt from her past love and could never move on. She still stayed around Air, never really staying away from her. Pure was like that for a year. Then someone walked into her life.

"I know. But the last time I asked you this. You've changed." Air looked at the conflicted emotions and saw that the same determination wasn't there anymore. Air didn't want to accept the truth, but she proChapter : :ly took too long. It had been too long since the person who used to love her started to have feelings for someone else.

“....”

"When that time comes, tell me if you've changed your mind, alright?" Air said that, like it were an easy thing to do. In truth, it hurt so much that she felt like crying

"Have I changed?" Pure whispered, looking like she was distracted. She couldn't argue with that because deep down, she knew that something had changed in her.

"Did someone make you happy in my place when I wasn't there?"

"Loft fulfilled that place so flawlessly. The girl was her joy, her comfort, her bright smile.

If that was the case, then did it mean that the tall girl had replaced the person Pure kept saying that she loved more than anything?

"You don't have to answer me now. I will ask you again. I won't take long." The girl's silence made Air feel despair. She had so many questions, she was so hurt and dejected.

Why couldn't she find her own happiness?

"I'm happy that you're getting a divorce, P' Air."

"You look so conflicted, did you know that? I'm scared, Pure.”

"I'm sorry." The girl who was feeling so conflicted looked away and apologized hoarsely and shakily. The sight made Air really want to cry. She was too late. She came back when Pure already had someone else in her heart.

"So you really have someone who makes you happy when I'm not there," Air muttered weakly. She forced a smile. Her sad eyes watered. Her hope of living freely with the woman she loved with all of her heart collapsed in front of her eyes. The light that started to shine disappeared that instant.

Air never asked her to wait. She never wanted to stop Pure from moving on. But when Pure wasn't there, where she left her, it was so hard for Air to accept it.

# CHAPTER : 20

"Are you coming back to Bangkok today? Stop by at home. I want to talk to you about something."

The message from her older brother made the person who was about to get out of the car parked in front of the pottery studio halt her movement and sit still for a moment. Loft frowned, wondering about the importance of what Lamp wanted to discuss. Even though she didn't know what the actual topic was, she could sense that it wouldn't be something good for her.

It wasn't that she suddenly became afraid of that certain situation, but because she had thought it over carefully, so she had a clue. In the past week, many changes had occurred between her and Pure. And for the person counting down the days they have left, she could sense immediately that the time bomb was nearing its end.

The strange attitude and fewer conversations, coupled with how her brother asked her for a talk, Loft knew these events happening all at once were definitely not coincidental.

"Do you have a class today?" The door to the studio owner's office opened to welcome a familiar guest. A moment later, the visitor's clear voice asked with a smile. But Loft's bright smile made the person watching her feel sullen deep inside.

"I have one in the afternoon. Were you driving fast? You arrived quite quickly." Pure stopped what she was doing and turned her attention to the person in front of her. She clasped her hands and placed them under her chin, her beautiful eyes staring intently at the tall woman who walked closer to her.

"I drove as normal."

"Do you want to grab a bite?"

"I can't today. I have somewhere to be later."

"So you just stopped by to see me?"

"Just to see your face. I miss you."

"We haven't talked much, don't we?" Pure knew that what she did had caused the gap between her and Loft to widen in a very short period of time, just like how it took them a short while to grow closer. Their relationship started out thrilling,

the excitement gradually climbed higher and higher as they went, but when the fall came, it plummeted to a frighteningly low level.

"We're not in a relationship to be talking every day to start off" It was a sentence that both acknowledged the truth and expressed dejection at the same time. Pure's disappearance had a great impact on the heart of the person who was missing her It was something that even the one who intentionally disappeared was well aware of. Yet, the beautiful woman still chose to do it, so Loft didn't show any sign that would be a nuisance to her. The tall girl just stayed in her place, quietly and modestly. If Pure called, she would be delighted, with her ears perked up and her tail wagging. But if Pure didn't contact her at all, her ears drooped, her day-to-day would become lonely and lifeless.

Everything depended on the older woman, whether it was cheerfulness, smiles, or even tears. Pure was the one who had everything in her hands.

"Loft," deep down, she felt quite guilty for acting differently from before, without explaining the reason to the other girl. During that time, Pure didn't pay any special attention to anyone, whether it was Loft or Air. She chose to distance herself from both of them, hoping to thoroughly reconsider what was inside her heart, but it seemed to do no good. It only harmed the others' feelings.

"There must be a reason why you've changed, P' Pure. I understand." And the reason was definitely her sister-in-law.

"Are you coming over tonight?"

"I think I have an appointment with a friend tonight."

"Are you avoiding me?" Since they had known each other, it had been too few times that Loft had rejected her outright like this. So Pure thought that this might be an attempt to avoid her. And since she was curious, she asked the girl directly. The answer she got was exactly as she had thought.

"Like how you avoided talking to me, P' Pure.”

"I was just... thinking about something," Pure confessed softly, then looked away when she couldn't stand Loft's reproachful gaze anymore. She wanted to embrace the tall girl and comfort her by gently patting her head like she always did, apologizing and promising not to make the girl sad again. But with just a thought of what she wanted to do, someone else's face floated into her mind. At that moment, guilt surged through her, making her unable to distinguish who she felt more guilty towards, Air or Loft.

"Have you made up your mind yet?"

“....”

"It's fine if you still haven't decided. Take your time.

I'm heading back now, I have some errands to attend to."

"Umm."

"See you later." Loft bid her farewell with a smile before moving towards the door to leave the office, with a throbbing pain growing in her heart. It was time to take responsibility for the consequences of her bold and reckless decision that she had made without any fear of pain, Loft thought to herself. The painful destination was waiting for her.

She had to step forward and face it.

"Loft..."

“.....”

Her feet stopped in front of the door, but the owner of the name didn't look back. She just kept quiet and waited to hear what Pure wanted to say.

"I'm sorry."

"P' Pure, you can do whatever you want and decide however you want. Just think of me as someone you have to relieve your loneliness while you're waiting for P' Air." Being a rebound, someone who was there to ease her loneliness, was proChapter : :ly the most suitable for someone like her. She had no emotional importance to the woman and didn't receive even a fraction of her love. There was nothing deep between her and Pure, there was only fun and satisfaction as they went.

“.....”

"I'm happy, P' Pure. I'm happy while you waited for P' Air”.

Pure looked at Loft, who was slipping further away, the distance was startling her mind. No matter what the decision was this time, in the end, someone would be in despair, at least her.

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Loft stopped and looked at her sisters-in-law who was smiling at her from afar with a feeling of guilt. It was true as expected. Meeting Air could bring back the good feelings that had faded away for a while. Even though this older woman loved and cared for her like a real sister, she still secretly stabbed her in the back, secretly having an affair with the person her sister-in-law loved as if she didn't know right from wrong. Even though Air and Pure had broken up and had no ties left, it still wasn't the right thing to do.

Humans were selfish. Loft truly understood it the day she met Pure. The beautiful woman pushed her to try to seek pleasure regardless of other people's feelings. That woman tricked her into becoming a slave. And the woman, who was her sister-in-law's ex-lover, also taught her that self-restraint wouldn't work if the other person was as charming as she was.

She knew that Air and Pure loved each other, but a person who entirely fell into the spiral like her kept asking herself, 'But what could I do? I love Pure no less. as she continued to be drowned in this delightfulness. But when the time was up for a rebound like her, if the two of them got back together, her relationship with Pure would have to be buried deep. There would be no need to dig it back up, let it die along with the thrill and excitement that has run out

Let the feeling of love die along with the position of her ex-sister-in-law's lover.

"Long time no see." The kind smile and the gaze filled with love and affection suffocated Loft's breathing. She felt like she did something wrong, but at the same time didn't think she was in the wrong. Yet deep down, she really felt terribly guilty.

"That's right. We haven't seen each other for a long time.”

"You just won't return to Bangkok."

"Work has been really busy." Not only did she tell a huge lie, she also smiled nonchalantly to cover it up. Loft really hated these feelings

"Let's head inside." Air walked over and put her arm around the younger person's waist and walked into the house. The lovely younger sister glanced at the other woman's beautiful face, the girl wanted to disappear from here so badly

The atmosphere in the living room where her brother and sister-in-law were seated was different from normal. It was not tense, quiet, and filled with the same awkwardness as before. Loft thought that the two of them seemed unusually relaxed. The most surprising thing was that Air exchanged conversations and smiled at Lamp naturally. She was no longer a soulless robot.

Good things must have happened in this house, and that made Loft's heart pound heavier automatically.

"You have something to talk to me about?" She asked about the important matter that brought her here when Lamp and Air were both present. Loft looked at her brother's face, then at her sister-in-law's face. Both were silent for a moment before Lamp started to speak in a deep voice.

"I wanted to tell you this first before we break it to the family; Air and I are getting a divorce." It was like the light that had dimmed had completely gone out. Hearing the confirmation of what she suspected drained her more than she expected.

Although she really wanted to cry, as a younger sister who had warned her brother about this, she should be smiling happily when he chose to do the right thing. For that reason, Loft smiled widely, but her heart was numb from the throbbing pain inside. And the more she linked the news to Pure's changing attitude, the wider she smiled with ridicule for her own life

Because the person in the other woman's heart was about to be freed from her bond, it was right for the beautiful woman to change from her old self.

"I'm glad you're doing this, Lamp." It was good that her brother didn't keep doing disappointing things, but Loft was so dejected that she wanted to run away from this place. She couldn't pretend to be nice any longer.

"We have been working on this for a while now. It will be over soon." Turn to your lovely sister, smile at her, and congratulate her on her freedom. The hurtful one commanded herself.

"It is time for my lovely sister to be truly happy."

It was a bitter pill she had to swallow.

"Once everything is settled, Air and I will tell the family. No one can stop us by that time." The young man said with a smile. Loft saw it and thought that she should smile again to confirm to him that this was really good news and she should not forget to play out the reactions a younger sister should have.

"I will keep this a top secret.”

"Thank you." Air thanked her husband's sister sincerely, as she secretly wondered a little about the girl's gaze

"Want to have dinner together?" Her older brother invited her since he had not had the chance to share a meal with the girl who resided in another province in a long time. However, the girl quickly declined without even giving it a thought.

"I would have to decline. I have a matter to attend to this evening."

"What a busy girl you are."

"Um, but I'll sort it all out soon." She said with a smile and slowly calmed her expression back to indifference. At that moment, her mind began to ponder heavily about what to do next.

'Can I come over?"

Pure stared at the short message on the phone screen with doubt. Loft had told her during the day that she had an appointment with a friend tonight, didn't she? Why did the girl ask if she could come over to her condo at almost ten o'clock like this?

But even though she didn't quite understand the situation, Pure typed a reply shortly after, permitting the girl what she asked for.

"Don't you have an appointment with a friend?" When she opened the door to welcome the girl, the question she was curious about was immediately asked.

"It was canceled." Pure raised her eyebrows at the tall girl, and she clearly noticed something unusual. The pretty face was expressionless, without a hint of a smile, and the girl's sullen eyes were constantly gazing at her.

"Are you staying over with me?"

"Can I?"

"Yes." After giving permission, the owner of the room turned and walked ahead. But before she could go anywhere, her body was immediately pulled into an embrace by the person behind her. The arms that were holding her tightened even more. Calmness covered the two of them. The person who initiated the hug went still, she didn't utter a word. Loft used physical contact to communicate herself, and Pure could feel that this girl must have heard some things.

"Let me stay over?" The soft voice whispering to her was hoarse and weak.

"I already gave you permission."

"Let me sleep with you." The pleading tone was mixed into a similar request.

"Umm."

"Let me stay with you." The tremble in the girl's voice told her that the other person was crying.

“....”

"Let me stay by your side." And no matter how much Pure tried to stop it, she couldn't stop herself anymore. The older woman let tears flow down her cheeks, while her narrow shoulders were also starting to get wet

"Loft"

"It can be our last time.”

“....”

"I know you love P' Air, and P' Air still loves you... But I love you too, P' Pure."

The confusion, contradiction, and bewilderment that she had before had intensified. When the girl finished expressing her inner feelings, Pure found her confirmation that she was the reason for the two women's sorrow. And above all, she had brought herself just as much sorrow.

# CHAPTER : 21

"*Let me stay by your side."*

The granted request led the two bodies to continue moving forward as the touches on their lips intensified without a break. Her warm and wet tongue teased the other girl's, as the owner used it to explore for the sweetness hidden deep inside. The heart that was carrying the burden was still performing its usual function. The desire to press their bodies against each other could not remove what was stuck in their hearts. Loft wanted to be closer to this gorgeous woman. She wanted to seize the last moments of having this woman beside her. Because after this night passed, what she and Pure had might be gone without a trace.

For someone who had no right to be loved, this must be the furthest she can go. Even though Pure sometimes treated her well, causing her to inadvertently think too far of their relationship, in the end, there was nothing more between the two of them than fleeting joy, temporary loneliness, and a second of wavering. There was no depth in their relationship, no attachment in any way When someone in the woman's heart returned, the person who had been true to her love and waited endlessly would choose to go back to her without question.

The two women slumped down on the large sofa in the middle of the room. Loft was on top, while the pretty older woman was below her. When the two lips that had been passionately grinding parted, their meaningful gazes were locked on each other for a while. Pure's slender fingers slowly traced the other person's face. Loft shut her eyes as those light touches began. The tenderness she had received was about to end soon. She wanted to keep this person for longer, but she couldn't do as she wanted.

Emotions overcame her heart, her eyes started burning. Loft tried her best to hide her sorrow, but she was just a human being who wasn't always tough. Clear drops of tears fell, as if reconfirming her sorrow. From now on, if she missed the other woman, how would she deal with it? She didn't even have the right to say it, and wasn't in a position to go see her.

*"I miss you.*

*"I miss you, too.*

No more of those words. Everything was over.

"My gorgeous woman." As she used her fingertips to wipe away the other woman's tears, Pure's eyes were filled with sadness, it was reddened like someone who was about to cry in the next few minutes. Loft thought she should say something to comfort her.

"Yes?"

"Even though you're still as pretty with those sad eyes, I don't want to see you in sorrow, P' Pure."

"How can I smile happily?" Not only tonight or only at this moment, but Pure has been immersed in her emotions for a while now. Of course, those symptoms have caused her to start acting differently from before. All her conversations, despite of who, had decreased. She was confused about what to do with her heart, and thus why she disappeared to assess everything in detail. But even so, she still couldn't find a conclusion to her messy relationship.

"Don't let the matter with me make you suffer. Don't worry and don't feel guilty."

“.....”

"P' Pure, you're not in the wrong for not loving me.'

“.....”

"Silence was still what Pure chose to give the girl who was on the verge of collapsing.

Loft forced a lifeless smile, and that action made Pure unable to bear to watch anymore. She lowered her gaze to avoid it. No matter what the reason was, she was hurt too much when the other person said that Pure didn't love her. But if the girl asked directly if she did, Pure wouldn't have a clear answer for her either.

"The one who loves even though they know they shouldn't is the one who's wrong."

"I'm sorry."

"I'll give you a chance to pay for it tonight."

"We're doing that even though..." Even though both of them were upset, it became a sentence that Pure decided to swallow back, refusing to say it out loud. While Loft was sobbing, she was almost unable to hold it in anymore. And how could they make love in this situation?

"Of course we can. It was only that between the two of us." The physical pleasure that they gave each other was something that Loft and Pure had always done. It created fun, excitement, and thrill to ease the loneliness while waiting for that certain someone. That was the sole foundation of the relationship between the two of them.

"Loft... it's not like that." She wanted to deny what the younger girl thought, but Pure didn't know how to correct it Between them, it wasn't just about exchanging physical pleasure. But could she tell the girl that? If it wasn't just that, then how much more were they?

It wasn't just lust, but there were other things involved.

"Can you have sex with me, gorgeous? I won't tell anyone how beautiful you are in bed. I'll keep it a secret to my grave." Pure swallowed the bitterness in her heart. Hearing what Loft said, it seemed the story between them would be kept deep in the girl's heart. A period of her life would be suppressed, not revealed to anyone. Pure understood very well what this tall girl really meant.

"Allow me to be close to you."

Her raspy whisper came with a steaming breath to Pure's ear. The woman's hair stood as she felt a shiver travel all over her body. The soft palm of the person who was waiting for the answer dragged through her shirt and circled her stomach, climbing higher and higher, causing the owner of her body to tense up. The more Loft moved her naughty hand lower to mess with the rim of her pants, Pure had to hold her breath for a moment.

"Mmm." As soon as her neck was nibbled lightly, a groan escaped from her throat. Pure automatically looked up when the burning touch reached her sensitive spot.

Loft knew which position could make the gorgeous older woman react. The number of times they slept together had given her a lot of experience.

"Be mine, just for tonight, is enough."

"Hmm." The bra hook was undone with the hand that was inserted under the woman's body, while her lips were pressed against the other passionately. Pure extended both her arms around the other woman's neck as if looking for something to hold on to.

"And I won't ask for anything else." The gloomy gaze locked onto hers. Pure nodded slowly, and with that response, Loft smiled back at her. It was a smile she was unfamiliar with, a smile different from her usual.

The clothes that were covering them were now off their bodies. Their naked frames were pressed against each other on that sofa. The raging emotions intensified their touches. The light bite marks made the smooth and fair skin blush red. Pure's gorgeous busts were kneaded lightly then heavily in a rhythm. Her moans that she was embarrassed by escaped her mouth from time to time.

"So pretty." After she complimented, the peak of her breast was licked and sucked. The gentle bit made the owner flinch and arch her body in response to the exciting sensations. Loft looked up to the pretty face that was now filled with desire. She smiled at the sight. No matter when, Pure was still beautiful in her eyes, even when she was filled with lust, her tormenting face with a hint of happiness, or when she was sending that begging gaze for something more.

And it would be good if what Pure wanted and called for included her love.

"Loft..." Seeing the tears that were flowing, the lust that was growing rapidly seemed to soar in an instant. Every time the younger woman looked at her, the girl would always cry. She didn't know what the mischievous child was fighting with inside, but Pure could feel the pain from the wounds she left behind. And how could she not feel guilty?

"I love you, P' Pure. I really do love you."

After finishing that sentence, it was as if the switch had been triggered. The person on top started giving her pleasure without a break. Loft pampered her gently, yet so intensely at the same time that Pure felt it was different from the other times they had done before. Time passed, but the activities that prompted the two young women to move their bodies toward each other showed no sign of stopping. They took turns giving and receiving those intimate touches until they ran out of energy. Then they took a break to take a shower and cleanse themselves before returning to continue the activity many more times.

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In the late morning of the new day, the sun shone brightly, but it could not penetrate the thick curtains into the bedroom. The two bodies were sleeping soundly as they were exhausted from their intense activity last night. If it weren't for the vibration of the communication device on the bedside table, there would be no way they would have woken up.

Pure reached out to grab her mobile phone and swiped the screen to answer the call without looking to see who was calling. When she heard the voice that came through, the person who was still half-asleep widened her eyes immediately.

"You're not up yet?”

"I stayed up late last night." The reason why she overslept was not explained in detail, and the other woman didn't seem to mind or press for any other excuse.

'I thought you were already in the studio. So can I come to your condo?"

"Huh? Are you coming over?" After she was woken up from the surprise call, the following sentence startled her even more. But no matter how shocked she was, Pure still tried to speak as softly as she could. The reason was so as not to disturb the person who was still sleeping soundly next to her. And of course, besides that, she didn't want Loft to know who she was talking to.

'I sent a message last night. Didn't you read it?'

"Ah.

'It's okay if now is not the right time.

"It's not like that. Give me a moment to take a shower."

'Hm. And what should we eat?"

"P’ - anything." She was about to address the other person as she usually would, but she had to stop abruptly and avoid mentioning the other person's name. At the same time,she secretly glanced at the girl, then let out a soft sigh in relief that the other person was still sound asleep.

'Okay, I'll be there in an hour.'

"Hm, okay."

Pure hung up the phone with a heavy heart. Air was coming over, but Loft was still sleeping next to her. She promised her ex-lover because she couldn't refuse the woman's dejected tone. However, she still didn't know how to tell the tall girl that someone was coming over to see her. The current situation was so difficult that the middle person, like her, wanted to disappear. She didn't want to carry anything like a selfish person anymore. No matter which decision she made, it was confirmed that she would hurt one of them.

'P' Air is coming over, can you leave for now?"

How could she say that?

'Don't come, P' Air. I'm busy."

She didn't dare to say that either, because in the past, Pure had never rejected Air, not even once.

"Was that P' Air?" While the helpless person was lying down with her eyes closed and pondering hard, Loft asked with her hoarse voice. The question that her younger girl asked made Pure's heart drop.

Pure knew that just admitting that the person who called earlier was Air would already hurt Loft quite much. But lying wouldn't be the right thing to do.

"Yes"

"How much time do I have?" Even though it hurt, it was expected for someone in her position. Pure's true partner was about to return. Loft should take herself as far away as possible.

"About an hour."

"Alright. I'll just take a quick shower."

"Loft," Pure felt guilty. She could tell from staring at those eyes that the gorgeous older woman was close to sobbing. The woman had to purse her lips tightly, her eyes were red, and her prominent nose was also starting to turn red.

"That's what I have to do. Don't make that face."

"I'm sorry."

"You've made up for it more than enough, it's okay. Let me take a shower first." Loft quickly dismissed the apology and hurriedly got herself out of there. She couldn't hold back her sorrow anymore. But before she could go anywhere, the feeling of warmth pressed against her back. The small arms grabbed her waist and hugged her tightly. Pure's beautiful face was buried in her shoulder. After a short while, the wetness seeped through the fabric to her skin, informing her that the woman she loved was crying.

"I'm sorry."

An apology was what Pure chose as her solution. Loft understood and accepted that no matter what, the woman's heart still belonged to the same person and had never changed.

# CHAPTER : 22

"I'm leaving."

After taking a shower and getting dressed, the girl who did not even put on makeup walked in front of the gorgeous older woman. The gorgeous older woman had an indifferent expression on her face as she sat on the bed. The bedroom was covered in silence for a long while, without a conversation. Even though they usually had a lot to talk about, suddenly, both of them were lost in their own thoughts. Until one of them had to say goodbye, a hoarse voice broke the gloomy atmosphere.

"Alright," Pure answered without looking up at the other person. She could not face the sadness clearly visible in Loft's eyes. And many things made her think that this farewell might be their last.

"Thank you for everything." Even though the other person did not look at her, Loft still smiled and placed her hand on the person seated on the head and lightly patted it. After today, these soft touches would proChapter : :ly not happen again. Pure's kindness that she had received, the gentleness that the beautiful woman showed to her, must have finally reached an end

"Will we meet again?"

"I will never bring myself to meet the you who's P' Air's girlfriend." She didn't want to see the image of the two of them beside each other, and she felt too guilty to face the gorgeous older woman who was always kind to her.

“....”

"I'm leaving. It was a pleasure to know you... gorgeous."

The fun, exciting, and thrilling party came to an end. The young woman with a bright smile walked away, leaving only the confused and indecisive person sitting in the same position alone. Pure lifted her legs that had been hanging down beside the bed into a hug, resting her beautiful face on her knees. Not long after, tears streamed down her face. She sobbed without a care that someone would hear it, because right now, there was no one beside her.

On the day when she was shaken, Loft came to make her smile. On the day she was floating aimlessly, the tall girl came in to be a shelter for her to hold on to. Pure felt comfortable when she saw the bright smile, her heart that used to be heavy, light like a feather when that person was beside her. In a short period of time, their relationship developed further than expected. When they started this chaos together, she never imagined herself letting her heart waver. What she kept saying every day was that she could not love anyone else. Her heart was completely given to Air. Even when she was hurt to the brink of death, she still waited loyally. But then one day her heart was shaken. When the person who had always been her number one priority had finally become free, she still could not be as happy as she should be.

*"I love you, P' Pure. I really do love you."*

Hearing that, she did not dare to even admit that she loved the younger girl too. But she also did not dare to deny that she had never loved her. At this moment, Pure had no confidence left in herself in any way. She had never been this confused since she was born. And that feeling made her suffer so much.

"Didn't you say you were going to take a shower? Why are you still in your pajamas?" As soon as she saw the owner of the room open the door to welcome her, Air asked with a suspicious look. And even though she had something troubling her, she chose to keep it to herself and did not try to press for an answer.

The woman's eyes were swollen and red as if she had just cried, but Air did not ask for the reason.

"I was discussing work. Give me ten minutes.

"You don't have to rush. Would you like to eat first? I bought you lunch."

"You haven't eaten yet?"

"Not yet." That answer was from the person in front of her. But Pure's mind was wandering to Loft, who she recalled hadn't had lunch yet.

"Just stopping by for a meal?"

"I'm not here to get your reply. I just want to see you."

As she heard the question, Air knew what the younger woman was trying to convey. The things they had talked about the last time they met must have been stuck in Pure's mind, making her question. Air understood that this was an expected reaction of someone who still hadn't found an answer for her yet.

"I didn't say anything." The narrow shoulders swayed slightly, the beautiful woman pouted adorably before she walked away to take a shower and let the guest, who was very familiar with the place, prepare lunch as she always did

"Pure,”

"Hm?" Pure turned back, her slim eyebrows raised and her eyes staring, waiting to hear the question with anticipation.

"Do you miss me?" Pure paused for a moment.

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*"I miss you."*

*"I miss you, too.*

A certain someone's clear voice popped into her mind, along with an immediate response from her. Pure had once said that she missed Loft without having to pause for a thought, but now she was still because, upon reflection, Air's had disappeared from her mind for a short period of time, as if she had not been a person with much influence on her before.

"I've been missing you all along"

"Until they came along?" It was a truth that Air knew and felt pain throughout her heart. She saw Pure's changing attitude become clearer every day, and she believed that this good-looking woman would continue to reveal the changes without end.

"Why do you have to see through everything?" Hiding her feelings was not something Pure could do if the person observing her was Air. Knowing that was the case, she did not plan to avoid it, but chose to complain and give in instead.

"You're really bad at hiding your feelings"

"And what will you do, P' Air?"

"Are you choosing them? You just have to make a decision and that's it, Pure."

“.....”

"Just choose, and all this chaos will end."

"If it were that easy, you think I'd be like this?"

"You make me want to cry with every word you're saying. Just go take a shower already." Air grabbed Pure's shoulders and turned her around, pushing her so she would finally go take a shower. The girl who was about the same height grumbled a little but obediently followed. She walked into the bedroom obediently. Air watched her until she was out of sight before secretly sighing softly.

Pure's actions had been clear for a while now. It was clear that Air no longer holds the first place in the girl's mind. Because if she were still number one, the decision wouldn't be difficult, and the apology would never reach her ears From now on, all that was left was what she, as the ex-lover, planned to do with this situation. Would she give up and move away from them as far as possible, or would she try to hold onto the other person one more time?

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The relationship between her and Pure happened so abruptly. When the time came, the ending couldn't be much different from how it started. On the first night they met, she was so captivated by the other person's beauty and charm that her heart wavered. She saw the secret that the beautiful woman tried to hide, but could not pull herself away. The flirtatious words made her willingly fall into the trap. For Loft, she started with a liking for the woman, but as time passed, her fleeting emotion turned into love that she could no longer find a way out of

The youngsters loved excitement, Pure always said that. They lived their lives carelessly. The gorgeous older woman complained to her many times, but Loft couldn't deny the accusation. She was elated with excitement. She liked the fun and threw as they exchanged words and sensations. And how about it? Couldn't fleeting lust grow into love?

Falling in love with Pure wasn't hard to do at all.

By now, that pretty and sexy woman must be spending time with someone else happily. The two were perfect for each other in every way, and most importantly, Loft's sister-in-law was the person Pure loved with all her heart. For just this one reason was enough to crush her, who had just come by for fleeting excitement. Loft didn't even need to seek a way to fight back.

The fun time was over. The excitement has ended.

Loneliness has come to an end, and Loft and Pure must go their separate ways. That was the right thing to do, but the person who had already fallen in love could not just smile at it so easily. She even cried over and over again, thinking back on her and that woman.

"What's wrong, Loft? Mother said that her daughter has been sitting in a daze all day." Her older brother asked in his deep, baritone voice. He dropped himself into the seat opposite her

The area by the large swimming pool was another place where she and Lamp would come to sit and talk. Because whenever there was something troubling her, Loft often took herself away from the people in the house and found a quiet space. The young man in front of her has the same habit.

"I have a few things in mind, don't worry. And why haven't you gone home yet?" The man being here at this time surprised Loft quite a bit. Normally, after finishing dinner with the family, her older brother would excuse himself to go home. The elders often teased that he missed his wife and was in a hurry to go back to her. But today, he was still here and did not seem to be in a hurry at all.

"Not going back today."

"You're sleeping here?"

"Yeah, Air won't come home. I'd rather not go back."

If his wife didn't stay over elsewhere, the man who was taking in the delight would definitely not let this opportunity slip away. But because the petite woman had informed him that she would not be returning home that night, Lamp continued to pace around the large house until late

"Oh?" The new information made the listener feel bitter. The two of them must have had so many things to talk about, or maybe they had things to do together that the whole day was still not enough With the thought of it, her eyes started to burn again. She didn't want to cry in front of her older brother, but the fact that Pure and Air were currently together in that private space had such a strong effect that she could barely control herself

"I don't know where she went. She didn't say anything She just said she wouldn't be back."

"You have no right to know about her whereabouts anyway, Lamp."

"Don't stomp where it hurts, alright?" Lamp replied with a laugh as if he didn't feel any pain from anything related to Air anymore. But the truth was not like that

"How did you get over it, Lamp? You've loved P' Air for so long."

"She doesn't love me, that's all." It was true that if she didn't love him, he had no option but to get over it. But the difficulty lay in the methods and time it took to get over it

"Why didn't you just let it go from the beginning?"

"I told you, men who have a good career, lots of money, and have been admired all their lives like to think that they can change the minds of all the women in the world." The false confidence was revealed frankly, and the young man waited for his sister's scoldings willingly. Loft would never agree with those thoughts, it's just a matter of how bad the kid sitting right next to him with such a sullen face would scold him for it.

"Really disgusting. My brother's thinking is just sick."

"I'm sorry, now I know that's not it."

"So you decided to let her go?"

"Air has never been happy for a day. Family is not a safe space for her. Seeing my face at home makes her sick.

Your sister-in-law only seems to be happier when she meets that person." The last sentence that mentioned the certain someone was soft, but it made Loft's heart twitch violently.

"Do you know who that person is?"

"I know." The older brother nodded and admitted it.

Later, the younger sister nodded as well, before emphasizing the truth for both Lamp and herself to remember.

"There is only one person who makes P' Air happy." And that person was Loft's happiness as well.

"Yeah, the only person in the world."

"That's right."

"Got your heart broken, Loft?”

"Hm?" While talking about her sister-in-law, her older brother suddenly asked about her. Loft raised her eyebrows and looked at the other person suspiciously

"Your looks... You look like you're heartbroken."

"Something along that line. But don't tell Father and Mother. It'll get better soon." She didn't think her expressions would be so obvious that others could guess the cause of them. When she was asked, she admitted it easily but refused to tell the other person any other details. Lamp didn't press her.

"Are you sure? I've never seen you like this before."

"It'll definitely get better. It won't take long, I think."

She answered without knowing how long it would take to heal.

Loft could only hope that she would get better soon. But before that day came, she should try to get through this night first.

Knowing that the person she loved was with someone else was quite heartbreaking. If she thought about when Air found out about them in the future, her heart would be shattered just as much. Therefore, the excitement between her and Pure shouldn't be revealed anywhere. It should be buried deep and let disappear as if it never happened.

# CHAPTER : 23

For Air, the feeling of truly losing someone hit her the most when the other woman was sitting within reach, yet the distance between them felt insurmountable. They were within each other's line of sight, but there was no connection, no flowing conversation, no exchanged smiles, no gentle gaze left. Everything reconfirmed to her the certainty that she would never get that version of Pure back. Everything had changed, leaving no trace of what once was. Even the joy Air had hoped to see on Pure's face upon arriving here was absent. The gorgeous woman now seemed lost and lifeless, more so than when Air had been trapped in the role of someone else's wife. That much was clear, she was no longer a crucial factor for Pure's happiness.

As painful as the truth was, Air couldn't help but wonder who the new person in the other's life was. What kind of person had the ability to seep into the heart of someone so steadfast and unwavering like Pure? What kind of person could make the girl who had waited for her for so long feel not as content with the news of her liberation from past restraints as Air had expected? What kind of person had the courage to gather the shattered pieces of the girl's heart and piece them back together, and almost become the owner of that heart?

One year might not seem long to some, but when you're the one waiting, one year could feel excruciatingly endless. And for them, it was a year that Air had someone by her side, which made everything exponentially harder. Pure had stood firm in her position, enduring the role of a former lover she had to reluctantly accept. That role had left countless wounds that were difficult to heal. And if one day, someone came along to care for and heal those wounds, Air knew she had no right to demand anything anymore. Even if the pain was unbearable, she had always thought that if Pure simply asked her to leave, she would willingly step away to spare the younger woman any discomfort.

"How are you feeling right now? Tell me all of them, what are you carrying inside?" Though she had some idea, Air wanted Pure, who was drowning in gloom, to voice her feelings. Asking this was her way of opening up a conversation, one that could lead to addressing the tangled mess of their relationship. Pure was in such a bad state that Air couldn't bear to see the younger woman like this anymore. If there was any way to ease her beloved's suffering, Air was ready to do it immediately.

"Conflicted, confused, guilty," Pure admitted. She had always relied on Air as her confidant, sharing every problem and worry with the older woman. And now, even though Air was part of the turmoil in her heart, Pure still chose to speak openly.

"That happens when you realize you have to choose one of us, right?"

"Why does it have to be me who chooses?" If she could switch roles and be the one waiting to be chosen, would it be easier than this? Pure wasn't sure, but one thing she could say for certain was that she felt so tormented she wanted to cry all the time.

"Because you're the one both of us love. We can't live as three, right? Or should we?" The gorgeous older woman asked, her tone serious at first, before raising an eyebrow and adding a teasing remark. She giggled lightly, as if she weren't treading on the fragile emotions of the moment. But Pure knew her well enough to see that Air wasn't taking this as well as she pretended to be.

"That's crazy.”

"Yes, it's crazy. And that's exactly why you have to choose,"

"What criteria should I use? Can you tell me, P' Air?" Pure was truly at a loss, unable to find a way out of the tangled mess of their relationships. So she pleaded to the older woman for guidance.

"I don't know either. I've never had to choose between you and someone else." Her choices had been constrained by external factors, but her heart had always held on to Pure. If she ever had the freedom to decide, the girl in front of her right now would undoubtedly be the one she chose

"You've never had anyone else in your heart but me, P' Air. But there were things more important than the person in your heart,"

"I'm sorry, I'm dealing with the consequences of that mistake now." Air was only an ordinary human, she was not born to make every decision correctly. Sometimes she thought she had chosen the best path, but many times, looking back, she regretted her choices. It had always been this way, and it would likely remain so until the last day of her life.

"I don't want to keep wondering, 'What if you had chosen me?' 'What if that day you hadn't married him?' Would we still be like this now?"

"I don't want to think about it either,"

"What should I do?" Pure asked. Air pitied herself, and she pitied the girl too. Her dear girl's eyes were brimming with tears again, her lips pressed tightly together as she tried to hold back her emotions. Air had never seen Pure so utterly lost before.

"I've never said it out loud, but there hasn't been a single day I didn't love you, and

I know that person must love you just as much."

"Yeah, they said they love me."

"And do you love them?"

"I've loved you all along, P' Air,"

"Are you trying to tell yourself that?" Pure's attempt to avoid answering the question directly made Air narrow her eyes slightly. It was clear now. If Pure couldn't even say she didn't love the other woman, then her feelings for them were undeniable. Pure had already given her heart to the person in question.

This is what it felt like to see the person you love, loving someone else.

“....”

"You already know what you're feeling for them. And let me tell you, the reason things are the way they are is because I'm no longer the only person you love."

"Like how you weren't upset about your divorce?"

"I wasn't at all. Because I didn't love him. Do you understand better now?"

"Why does it feel like you want me to choose someone else?"

"You're imagining things. I'm saying this because I want you to be certain of your decision, not because I want you to choose someone else. If you feel that way, it's proChapter : :ly because deep down, you already think the person you want to choose isn't me, don't you think?" Air's calm and steady voice had a way of soothing the tension, even in the midst of such a heavy conversation. Despite the weight of the topic, her former lover managed to keep the situation from spiraling into unbearable intensity

"Is this really the right thing to do?”

"You've done nothing wrong. I want to be loved. I want to be chosen. But more than anything, I want to see someone as wonderful as you, Pure, be happy." Air's love wasn't entirely selfless or pure; she had wanted to claim Pure as hers alone. But as she looked at the woman's beautiful face now devoid of smiles, she knew that forcing Pure to stay with her would only lead to more pain for both of them. It might have been easier if Pure's feelings for someone else were fleeting, but it would be devastating if what Pure felt for them was genuine love.

"I'm sorry for everything, P' Air, you know?" She was sorry for her lack of stability. She was sorry that she hadn't been able to wait for Air to return. And she was sorry for playing with Loft's feelings, leaving the once-bright girl crying far too often.

"We were together for a long time, and we loved each other deeply. I love you more than anyone else in the world. You are my only happiness. But now, my only happiness doesn't seem happy anymore,"

"It's unbearable. I feel like I can't take it anymore. It hurts so much right here." Pure said, placing her petite hand over the place where her heart was beating steadily, as tears that were brimming finally spilled over. Air reached out to gently stroke her head to comfort the girl, her own tears falling as well.

"I saw a dental dam on the floor near the sofa. Have they been here?" The discarded packaging near the large sofa was undeniable evidence that Pure was no longer hers, in body or heart. Air didn't mention it to make Pure feel more guilty, but rather to remind her, her ex-girlfriend, who was about to become just a sister, to be mindful of what she should do.

"P’ Air..."

"If what you feel for them goes beyond that intimacy, don't forget to tell them, okay?" Air's gentle tone was accompanied by a kind smile. Her words made Pure cry even harder. The girl's narrow shoulders started shaking with sobs. It was the second time Air had seen her cry like this, the first being when they ended their relationship a year ago.

"I'm sorry," Her trembling body that was bawling leaned into Air's embrace. Air willingly wrapped her arms around the younger girl in return, holding her tightly in return for the warm touches. Tears from the older woman fell onto Pure's shoulder, where she placed her chin, as the dark night outside the balcony enveloped them, matching the somber atmosphere of the moment.

"It's okay, don't cry,"

"I'm sorry,"

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"Why are you back so soon? You told me you'd be gone for a week," the housekeeper asked hurriedly as she saw her mistress step out of the car. Before heading to Bangkok, Loft had mentioned she'd stay there for about a week. Yet, just two days later, Miss Loft was already standing in front of her.

"I missed Pattaya already." She didn't see any point in admitting the truth, that she had come back after her heart was shattered. Instead, she brushed it off with a playful response, as was her nature.

"I haven't finished cleaning yet. Your bedroom curtains are all down, Miss Loft."

"I'll sleep in another room tonight. It's no problem,"

"What about food? Should I prepare pare lunch and dinner?"

"No need. I'll eat out. Just keep doing what you were working on, Auntie."

"Alright. Let's head inside; it's too hot”

The housekeeper, whom Loft respected as a family member, extended her arm around Miss Loft's waist and guided Loft toward the house, concerned that the girl might melt under the blazing heat of the sun.

"What would you like to drink? I'll prepare it for you." As they walked into the house, the person in charge of caring for Miss Loft asked her once again, meaning to prepare it before she heads back to her tasks.

"A cup of coffee, please. I haven't had any today."

"Sure, just a moment,"

"Thank you,"

Loft settled into her usual workspace, a corner with a view of the swimming pool. As she sat there, images of a pretty woman sketching by the pool flashed through her mind. She had already said that Pure had left so much here. The memories they had created together were overwhelming, impossible to erase in such a short time. Loft thought about Pure every day and knew that moving forward, those thoughts would only bring more pain than ever

As she sat there, consumed by thoughts of the gorgeous older woman, Pure was likely happy elsewhere with someone else.

Her former sister-in-law's ex must have now become her former sister-in-law's current girlfriend.

"Is the pretty Miss Loft not here with you?" The housekeeper placed one of Loft's favorite ceramic mugs filled with black coffee in front of her, as she asked about the person whose initials were prominently on the mug

"I don't think she's coming back." The promises Pure had made to return here must have been forgotten. No matter how much Pure valued keeping her word, the idea of coming back to this place to see her felt impossible now.

"When Miss Pure was here, you were so happy, Miss Loft."

"Having a friend around does that. It keeps the loneliness away," Loft said, wanting to laugh at the thought.

"A big house like this, it must get lonely living alone."

"Thanks for the coffee."

"My pleasure. I'll get back to work. Let me know if you need anything."

"Alright."

Even if the house were filled with a dozen people, Loft didn't think she'd feel the happiness the housekeeper spoke of It wasn't loneliness, just as she had lied, the joy she had once radiated was because of Pure, and only Pure could bring that out in her. But that happiness was gone now, as the gorgeous older woman was no longer in a position to stay by her side.

# CHAPTER : 24

When something came to an end, the people involved still had to live in a place full of those memories. Suppressing those memories from resurfacing was not easy to do. Loft, the owner of this house, has been struggling with such feelings since forever. And it became even more difficult when it was clear that between the two of them, there was no other possible status apart from an old acquaintance.

Every area, whether it was the bedroom, the kitchen, the swimming pool, the living room, including the area where she worked every day, reminded her of the woman she had fallen in love with. If it were to continue like this, Loft didn't know when she would be able to heal her wounds. No matter where she looked, she saw only smiles and happiness lingering in every square inch.

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"*You looked sexy wearing an apron while working on pottery. And now you even look sexy while cooking?" The person who was standing with her arms crossed looked at the chef closely. She had a sly smile on her face while she complimented the woman. The petite frame was busy cooking. Her face had a focused expression, her long hair was tied up in a high bun, showing off her fair nape. Pure really looked good in every action she took. No matter what she was doing so intently, it was very difficult to take her eyes off her.*

*"Is there a time that I don't look sexy in your eyes?"*

*The young woman who heard the sweet sentence asked without looking at the other person. But the corner of her mouth lifted up slightly.*

*"None.*

*"And are you intending to stand there, cross your arms, and just watch me? Go sit and wait at the table." The younger woman who asked to have fettuccine had been hovering around her since she started. Now that she was close to her goal, Loft still refused to move. Pure wasn't sure what was so interesting about standing and staring at her while she was busy here.*

*"It's hard to see if I sit there.*

"*I'm just cooking." Pure glanced at her for a moment and met those sparkling eyes. When Loft's thin lips moved to correct the sentence she had just said to align with her mind,the sweet-talker gave her the look that she often said were her flirty eyes.*

*"You're just pretty when you cook."*

*"I'm just pretty when I do anything." Pure corrected her again, and Loft had to give in because there was no way to push her sweet words further. In the tall girl's eyes, Pure looked beautiful while doing anything, just as she said.*

*"Who could argue with that?"*

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Even now that Pure was no longer within sight, Loft still knew that the woman would be as beautiful as before. She wondered every day what the older woman might be doing, and if there was someone else by her side? She kept wondering about that latter question every time. And when she thought about that empty space beside the woman that was not hers, a tingling sensation ran through her every time.

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"*Are we doing it here?" She asked even though her body was already sitting over the other woman's lap. Loft smiled and dragged the hand that was previously placed on the older woman's small waist all over her back. Her eyes stared at the lean frame sitting on top without a blink.*

"We've never done it here." "Here' was the sofa in front of the big television screen. Earlier, they were just seated side by side, intently watching the movies. But when they started with those soft touches on their lips, it went further until it reached the point where the other woman was resting on her lap like this.

"No one will come, right?" Even though she had never seen anyone else come into this house at night, she was worried that things wouldn't be as usual. The scene of her and Loft cuddling and touching each other intimately, plus how their clothes were on the verge of falling off, was proChapter : :ly not a good sight to look at. But seeing the girl's watery eyes, her flushed face, and her heavy breathing, Pure could tell that the girl would definitely not let her end what was about to start.

"No one will walk past us, right?" The girl firmly insisted that she would continue here. Pure wrinkled her nose and complained to the person who asked so seriously to watch a movie, but in the end, she wasn't even looking at the screen.

"And who said she wanted to watch a movie?"

"Is the movie as pretty as you, P' Pure?" The girl said as she gave a smile that made Pure have no choice but to nod, giving permission to do what she asked for. She wasn't getting carried away by Loft's sweet words. But the reason she often indulged the girl was because of that lovely smile.

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That night, the movie that everyone said was so much fun couldn't give her as much happiness as Pure gave. The conversation between the characters continued to reach their ears, but it was accompanied by their sweet voices that leaked out again and again. The tune of desire started playing out not long after the famous movie had started. Until the story that lasted over an hour and a half reached its end, the lust of the two women still couldn't be extinguished. While the big house was in silence with no other sounds to interrupt, the moans that were once somewhat muffled became several levels clearer.

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"You're so good at staying in the same place." The unblemished face was leaning on the table, watching the woman who had been seated for almost two hours without moving, coloring in the large drawing book, as she complimented.

"Who would be fidgety all the time like you?" The young woman, whose hands were still moving and smearing color on the paper, glanced at the crumpled face of the person who was scolded for a moment, then laughed with affection.

"I'm not the patient type."

"Wanna try?"

"My drawing and coloring skills are hopeless. It's so bad to the point that the art teacher threw away my drawing book in high school, so I don't like doing things like this that much." The person who had a bad experience said with a relaxed manner, not holding a grudge against it anymore. But if asked if she would like to stay seated to draw and color like Pure did in her free time, Loft could immediately say the answer was no.

"That's too bad. Is that part of the reason you don't like it?" The gorgeous older woman, who was often referred to as a talented artist, immediately halted her busy movements. She stopped coloring and played with the long coloring pencil in her hand instead, as she asked in a soft and pleasant voice about the point that might have become a trauma for the girl. Her eyes were constantly observing the situation intently.

"Can you make me like it, P' Pure?" The mischievous girl rested her chin on her hand and grinned widely. The moment Pure received that liveliness, she couldn't resist teasing the girl. Loft meant making her like drawing or coloring. But the older woman thought that she should get back at the other person's habit of flirting every time she had the chance. So she didn't hesitate to do it.

"Isn't it that you like me already?"

"Can you stop flirting? There's nowhere else for me to go." Loft's face turned red all the way to her ears. The adorable sight made Pure smile and burst out laughing. She used the coloring pencil in her hand to lightly tap the girl's head.

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When the beautiful woman smiled and laughed, there was never a time that Loft didn't start laughing along with her. Pure was already beautiful, but believe her, when she smiled, that person could become even more breathtaking. She could have everything and succeed at any cause perfectly. The person who had become a slave to love would melt at any ordinary thing she does.

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"You invited me for a swim, but you're not doing it. She glared at the person who kept getting closer as she complained. The girl was the one who invited her. But when they got into the water together, Loft didn't show any sign of desire to swim as she claimed to have. On top of that, the girl kept disturbing her by pushing her back to the edge of the pool and moving her own body close to her.

"I just want to get you in the pool, you see.

"Youngsters like to get excited over something like this, don't they?"

"Any age should be excited by this. You in a swimsuit? Even a sixty-year-old would be excited." Not only did she say that, but the excited kid used her fingers to play with the swimsuit strap around her neck. The girl's sweet eyes glanced from her face down until the person being stared at felt a sudden heat. The woman had to pop a question, hoping to stop the stare that was as if she was going to be swallowed alive, embarrassing her.

"What is it?"

"You're pretty when you're wet, huh?" Loft nudged the face that was soaked with water droplets up and carefully examined every part of it, from the woman's eyebrows, eyes, nose, and soft, natural red lips. While she was enjoying the beauty of her partner's face, the owner looked at her suspiciously, pressing the speaker of that sentence to hurriedly make up excuses for the ambiguous words.

“....”

"I mean wet from water." Even with that excuse, it didn't seem to show her sincerity enough. Pure still squinted her eyes and stared at her, so Loft laughed before finally muttering,

“....”

"Wet by the pool water, P' Pure, don't look at me like that."

"I didn't say anything." The teasing girl shrugged lightly, while her beautiful face was still adorned with an unfading smile.

"Your eyes are accusing me of some other wetness."

"I'm not."

"But the other wet is also pretty," Loft admitted and moved her face closer, until the tip of her prominent nose lightly brushed against the soft cheek that was still wet, nuzzling her breath onto the woman's face continuously. Pure's hands that had been resting on her side were lifted up to rest on the shoulders of the person in front of her, and she unknowingly squeezed when her neck was attacked by the girl's lips.

"Really?"

"I like it when you ask me this." She found quite a liking to the woman's go-to question. Loft pulled her face away from the gorgeous older woman's sensitive spot and told her her thoughts. At the moment when their eyes met, before Pure said the same thing over again.

"Really?"

"Mmm." As the woman moaned in response from her throat, the thin lips were almost immediately pressed by Pure. The heavy pressure attacked her along with a willful drag and flick of the girl's tongue. The older woman's two arms hugged the girl's neck, pulling her body closer. The thin swimsuit could not withstand the heat that was being exchanged between the two. Their breaths were huffled as her emotions were aroused and raged.

"You can't... do more here.

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Tears fell on the thin tablet in her hand. The person who intended to work but didn't get anything done blinked her eyes a few more times to drive away the impact of missing the other woman. She took a deep breath, trying to put an end to the sensitive feeling as soon as possible, even though there was no one here to see the scars that the other woman had left for her.

Loft did not want to drown in the feeling of longing all the time, while the other person had forgotten everything that happened here. But why did she still remember everything? Pure still made her feel confused. No matter how hard she tried to shake that person off her heart, she could not. The voice, the glance, the expressions, the smile, and the faint scent were still vivid in her memory.

Her feelings for Pure were more than she expected. The level of sorrow that she had prepared for before could not reduce the impact it actually had. It was much heavier than she had estimated. Pure came and smashed her heart until it was broken into pieces. Just thinking about it made tears flow easily. Loft had never been tortured by love this much before.

# CHAPTER : 25

"If she makes you hesitate that much, what else is there to think about?"

Dew crossed her arms and frowned at her friend, who constantly looked like she was heartbroken all the time, with doubt. It wasn't like Pure was an indecisive person. When that certain someone who came in made her change that much, it was clear that the person was special. But her annoying friend just let the woman go, remaining indifferent to everything around her, like how she was playing with the pen in her hand right now while her two friends stared at her as if they wanted to tear her apart. But Pure didn't flinch.

Hearing that her best friend's ex-lover had finally settled the divorce, she smiled widely and was overjoyed. It might be time for the loyal girl to be happy like the others. But when they met a week ago, Pure said that she couldn't go back to Air anymore because something had changed. And that something was the heart of the person waiting. At that time, Dew's eyes widened as if she couldn't believe it. She scolded the other person for joking inappropriately. But in the end, the beautiful artist firmly confirmed once again that the relationship between her and her ex-lover had truly come to an end. But the woman who asked to end the relationship that had dragged on and could not be broken off still felt guilty.

"Stop feeling guilty already, alright? You weren't thinking of P' Air's feelings that much when you were having sex with someone else." Love took a jab at Pure, causing the woman to glance at her and sigh, unable to argue back because her mean friend was right about everything. When she was drowning in delight, Air's feelings were not the first thing she thought of. Instead, it was the desire at that moment between her and the other woman that held higher importance than everything else.

"True, it was like leaving P' Air behind, no different from when you felt that P' Air had left you behind as well."

"I felt it, at that time." Even though she was being torn to pieces, Pure remained calm and spoke subtly, not showing any fear or anger at all.

"Then why did you let it happen?"

"Couldn't resist?" Love asked first, followed by Dew, who asked the next question. Of course, both of them were demanding answers.

"Hm." Pure nodded in surrender. She and Loft were like fire and oil. Whenever they were close, they were ready to burn everything to ashes, from self-control to a sense of righteousness.

"You've never been like this, Pure. You've never let yourself go this much before." The three of them were close to the point that Dew could say with certainty that Pure had never allowed anyone to have this much influence on her heart. The ones that occasionally came in for the fun were usually clearly marked out, but it was different with the new woman. And Love asked a question that she herself was wondering about as well.

"Is she that good? That person."

"Good." The clear response made both friends sighed then started laughing. And it was Love again who tried to narrow down the definition of goodness, narrowing it down to the cause of what made Pure's heart fully occupied.

"What exactly is good?"

"Everything." In terms of appearance, she could immediately tell that Loft's look doesn't lose to anyone. She was tall, had a pretty face, and a great figure. And after getting to know her better, Pure found her mischievousness and playfulness, which easily brought a smile to her face. In addition, the girl's gentleness helped her heart, which had so many wounds, to be taken care of. The tall girl didn't just come by to serve her lust, but she was more valuable than that

"Were you happier than before?" Love asked in a softer tone.

"Because she made me happier than I was, that's why it went too far like this." She couldn't say much, Pure had never experienced true happiness ever since Air got married. When someone came in and made her feel this way... Love thought she understood the person in front of her quite well.

"So what will you do next?"

"You won't choose one of them?" Even though deep down Love didn't agree with this much, if Pure wanted to, she wouldn't object. She understood that it would be difficult because the woman still had some righteousness left, as she felt guilty when seeing the face of her ex-lover

"I don't know, I'm so tired." Her face was withered. her eyes were dazed, and her mind was at a loss for words for her present heartache. Pure had been like that for many days.

"Go try it out. If being with P' Air doesn't bring you happiness, try being with her first. If you're still not happy,then just become a nun." Dew herself was at a loss for ideas on how to help. She could only suggest what she could think of. If in the end Pure still couldn't be happy with her love life, she thought that not loving anyone would be a good choice.

"I agree. Either way, everything is already ruined. As your friend, I want you to be happy for once."

"Stop feeling guilty about P' Air. Even though it seems like you did something wrong, it's not that wrong." Although she was a little irritated that her friend was making up more trouble when she was so close to getting her ex-lover back, Dew still insisted that Pure did nothing wrong, to the point of being branded as someone evil.

"It might be wrong." The person who knew her actions well smiled forcefully. Even she didn't dare say that what happened was right. She believed that Dew and Love must have thought the same.

"You were just in love with someone else after your breakup, weren't you?" Anyone who didn't understand the whole situation would think the same. If she said that she and Loft knew everything but still jumped into it, there was no way that she could say wholeheartedly that it was just loving someone else after breaking up with her ex.

"If you knew who that person was, you might not have said that."

"Then who made a steadfast person like you waver like this, Miss Pure?"

"P’ Air's ex-husband's sister."

“.....”

Both Love and Dew were shocked, their eyes widened, their mouths gaping open as if they wanted to say something but couldn't. Pure laughed and then explained the reason for her guilt more clearly, which made both of them react more than before.

"A younger girl that P' Air adores like her own younger sister.

"Pure, does she know who you are?" Love asked and swallowed hard. She couldn't believe that the person who had been waiting for Air to come back the whole time would do something like this.

"She knows."

"But you both still started it?" Dew massaged her temples to relieve the throbbing pain there. When she listened deeper into the details, it was even more complicated than she thought. It wasn't surprising that her good friend was in such a state.

"Hmm."

"Does P' Air know?"

"Not yet." The person who asked couldn't help but lower her head and lightly bang it on the desk. She closed both of her eyes, refusing to think or imagine the time when Air would receive this heavy information.

Love was very displeased that Air decided to get married and leave her best friend to drown in disappointment. But she never wanted the woman's heart to break for any reason.

"You're in big trouble, huge. Was it an accident or something, Pure? Can you explain? Why is it this person?"

"It's not like I didn't mean for it to happen, Dew. I was conscious of everything when we started."

"Did you think you wouldn't be shaken?"

"Because I was sure that I loved P' Air the most in the world."

"That's really stupid." Sometimes, thinking that she'd be loyal to someone forever might be as stupid as her friend said.

"It was so fast. I'm still surprised, thinking back on it.”

"That's understandable. Love and romance are difficult to control, but don't you have any self-restraint at all?" If she hadn't started, the trouble weighing her wouldn't have happened. If she was going to feel something, she should have felt it before stirring such a burden. Outsiders like Love and Dew thought that way. But expressing extreme opinions wouldn't be appropriate since it didn't happen to them directly.

"I had, but it wasn't enough." Because if the self-control was sufficient, her relationship with Loft would never have come this far and changed things up this much.

"But I guess you could consider it taking responsibility. P' Air is taking responsibility for what she'd done, you and that person are proChapter : :ly no different."

"You're not going to run away to become a nun to punish yourself, are you, Pure?"

"Are you crazy?" The young artist denied with a laugh But it was a laugh that lacked any liveliness. Every time her friends saw it, they couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

"Once you become a nun, you can't have sex with anyone. It's no fun anymore.'

"That's really bad, Love.”

"It's good to feel remorse, to feel guilty, but don't stay there for too long. You should be happy too."

"Being happy without caring about other people's feelings sounds really bad." The young woman, who was still immersed in her sorrows, muttered something that was stuck in her heart softly. But if anyone were to ask if Loft was a mistake, Pure could immediately answer that she was not.

"And is Pure that nice of a person? It's true, P' Air doesn't deserve this sorrow, but who does? You? or her?"

Dew's question was not difficult to answer because whether it was Air or Loft, Pure never wanted either of them to be sad. But she understood that it was hard to avoid. During a period of intense reflection, she sometimes thought that if she didn't choose either of them, would everything be better? Would the wounds between the three of them be less painful if no one could go on?

"You're not so evil that you don't care about P' Air's feelings, but you just care about your own feelings more. At one point, you were the main thing that made you happy, which, to be honest, is normal. Is this normal for us humans? I don't know. There might be people who care about others a lot, but there are also many people who care about themselves more than anyone else. I'm saying this in favor of my friend,”Dew explained her own comments at length before concluding that she was trying to find a conclusion that supported her close friend's actions.

"I can't tell at all. It sounds very neutral." The person who was being supported by her close friend shook her head at Dew's attempt. She giggled again.

"You'll be thirty in a few years. Why are you still so restless about love like a teenager?" As they grew older, they had many more responsibilities. Love thought that having heart problems was a waste of energy. Simplicity was what they were looking for. However, Pure was completely different. This person was riding on a roller coaster, seeking extreme adventures, until she wondered if, at the age of twenty-eight, the boring ones like them should follow Pure and add some liveliness to their own lives or not.

"Any age could be restless. But just love normally, will you? Why make it so complicated?"

"Then, who do you love, Pure? Can't it be simple?" If that person was not the younger sister that Air adored, she could see the path without complications. But if that was not the case, she had to accept that nothing was easy anymore

"Then, will you go on with that person?”

"I don't know what she will say, Love."

"It means you love her, right?" The person who had received love confession from both Air and Loft stopped dead in her tracks before looking up at the woman who asked the question.

"I've never said it before."

"You'll be at retirement age in a few years, don't you know if you love her or not?" The young woman sitting next to Love crossed her arms and stared at her intensely. Her beautifully drawn eyebrows furrowed, making her look especially fierce.

"I know, but it was superficial before."

"What did she say?"

"About what?"

"Does she love you or is she going to leave you?" If Air's young friend came into her life just to play, not taking it seriously, she and Love would encourage Pure to cut ties and end all the problems that had been lingering, ending the story of a complicated love. But when they heard the answer. everything they had thought about collapsed almost immediately.

"Nonsense. She loves me, Loft said she does."

"Then go for it. If you want to love her, just do it. Be happy already, Pure. You've been like this for such a long time."

"Hm, thank you very much." Pure looked at Love's face, then at Dew's face, and then gave them both a weak smile. And when her friends heard the thank you, Love asked knowingly.

"I think you have an answer in your heart, what you're going to do next, I mean."

"Yes." She could already answer all the questions. All that was left was to wait for someone to support that it was feasible, and the results would turn out good. Pure was one of the people who had been waiting, which both her friends never disappointed. Even if she'd leave scars for someone, if she had to choose, Dew and Love would wish for their good friend who has suffered from love for a long time to find some happiness for once.

"You're not running away by getting ordained, aren't you?"

"No way, stop with that nonsense, Dew.”

"Sister-in-law's ex isn't too bad. It's not like you fell in love with your sister-in-law."

"It's not wrong, but it's not a hundred percent right either. It's not clean, pure, and smooth, do you understand?" The two close friends turned to talk, still arguing with themselves.

"Our friend isn't entirely white either. Together with that person, I think they'll be dark gray. Secretly having an affair with the sister-in-law's ex is quite something."

Loft might look cheeky, but under that front, she still hid her vulnerability. During the time when she couldn't make a firm decision about their relationship, that girl looked so pitiful. She tried to hide her hurt by always smiling. She wasn't sure if Loft knew or not. No matter how hard she tried, her smile revealed everything about how broken she was inside.

Whether the brokenness was still waiting for her to heal it or not, Pure could not figure. But if the girl would still welcome her, she was ready to fix the superficiality to become a stronger relationship

Hopefully, it was not too late. She really hoped that Loft would still wait to flash her a lovely smile at her like every time they met.

CHAPTER : 26

Pure lowered her gaze to the ground, feeling uncertain. Her legs paced back and forth near the front gate of the house where she had once shared memories with a certain someone. Memories she had left behind, leaving that person to drown in them alone for so long, long enough for that girl to imagine all sorts of things. Long enough for Loft to misunderstand that she wasn't someone who was loved or chosen.

The confusion and turmoil Pure had faced before this had driven her to isolate herself and reflect deeply. Her friends had scolded her, teased her, and urged her to take action. Love and Dew weren't the kind of friends who coddled her, but neither had they ever stood against her. Her close friends repeatedly emphasized that they wanted to see her happy, and Pure knew well where her happiness lay. That realization had prompted her to hastily rearrange her life and bring herself here, trembling, in front of Loft's vacation house in Pattaya.

In her twenty-eight years of life, never had she felt so lacking in confidence. If Loft could no longer endure the pain, if she no longer wanted to hope for anything from her, what would Pure do? If Loft didn't want to risk herself with someone so indecisive, how would she handle it? Pure didn't know a thing. Yet, despite everything, she insisted on coming here to talk about their relationship and to express something that had been in her heart all along.

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"P" Pure," the small gate opened, and the homeowner called out her name, staring at her with a puzzled look on her face. Loft stood still, without even a hint of a welcoming smile. Her demeanor made Pure's heart sink, and she could blame no one but herself. It was her fault for letting time slip away, for repeatedly hurting the tall girl, for creating wounds so deep that she now resented her presence.

"May I come inside?" she asked boldly, her voice trembling with fear of rejection. The older woman's hands unconsciously clenched tightly.

Loft glanced at her for just a moment before nodding That small gesture allowed Pure to exhale a sigh of relief quietly to herself. The tall girl walked over to open the gate so the beautiful guest could drive her car inside, even though her mind was still swirling with countless questions.

Pure's presence brought Loft a great deal of unease. Why did this beautiful woman come here? Was there some pressing reason that had brought her to her doorstep? She didn't know and didn't dare to speculate. Yet, despite the heartbreak she'd carried for many days, her heart now raced as if secretly filled with hope. Just seeing the older woman's gorgeous face, just catching the familiar scent of her perfume, felt like a revival from near death, reminding her of how deeply she was still under the woman's spell.

"I don't quite understand why you're here, P' Pure," Loft said, revealing the lingering question in her heart. The girl placed a glass of water in front of her before silently taking a seat across from the woman. The atmosphere between them lacked the ease they once shared. It felt as though Loft was hosting a guest she barely knew.

The distance between them was palpable, and Pure could sense it.

"I'm not sure if you've already sorted everything out about us," she began, unsure of how to start the conversation. She chose to ask something that could connect to Loft's current feelings. If she told her that everything messy between them had been resolved, it would mean the girl no longer wanted her in her life and was ready to move forward without her.

"Even though we haven't seen each other for quite a while, it's still too soon for me to sort everything out and make things normal again." Her answer brought Pure a small sense of relief. It wasn't exactly comforting to know someone couldn't move on, but the fact that Loft hadn't completely let go gave her a chance to fix things.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice filled with remorse. She had never stopped feeling guilty, never stopped being tormented by this relationship. And yet, she still couldn't muster the courage to say anything other than an apology.

"You've already said sorry, and you weren't entirely at fault for this."

“....”

"If you're just here to apologize, then don't come again. It's painful to see you right now." Loft, who had long accepted that she had no right to be loved, hadn't forgotten that truth. She interpreted Pure's visit as nothing more than the woman seeking forgiveness out of guilt. There couldn't possibly be any other reason.

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"I'm not here just to apologize." Her heart was filled with fear. Loft's calm tone and emotionless expression made her anxious. Rarely did the girl act this way toward her.

"Then why are you here?" Loft was still confused about her intentions. The younger woman looked at her with growing bewilderment.

"I've ended things with P' Air."

"......"

Loft's eyes widened in shock, unable to hide her surprise. She had never expected to hear such a thing. To her, the idea of Pure ending her relationship with Air was the last thing that could ever happen. As waves of emotions overwhelmed her, she realized that her heart was now racing with hope once again.

"I can't go back anymore."

"Are you saying that I've been chosen?" Pure's words remained ambiguous, but Loft could no longer interpret them any other way. The only conclusion was that the gorgeous older woman couldn't go back to being with Air because her heart had inadvertently welcomed someone new in its place.

"It's not just about me choosing you. You have to choose too." Pure didn't want to be the only one making the decision because she was just an ordinary human being, not above anyone else. She wasn't here today just to tell Loft that she had made her choice; she wanted Loft to make a decision about their relationship as well.

"You know that I love you, P' Pure."

"I know. But loving someone and not choosing them, it happens sometimes.

Loving me might hurt you so much that you don't want to deal with me anymore."

"Falling in love with you, P' Pure, has hurt me more than anything else. Living with the thought that you don't love me, that I'll never be chosen really hurts." Loft confessed, lowering her gaze. Her demeanor made Pure realize just how deeply she had wounded this person.

"I'm sorry for causing you so much pain."

"But I still love you anyway, it's crazy." When Loft lifted her gaze, Pure saw the traces of sorrow in her eyes.

"You've always been a little crazy

"Are you really choosing me? Is it really me?"

"Is it too late?"

"Even if you'd come later, it wouldn't be too late

That was the special privilege this gorgeous older woman held.

"P’Air doesn't know about us yet." Pure admitted. Beyond their relationship, there was still the matter of another person who needed to understand. Revealing the truth about her relationship with Loft to Air wasn't something that could be done easily. Pure couldn't even bring herself to look her former lover in the eye. If the truth came out that the person who had changed her was Air's former sister-in-law whom she was close, she had no idea how Air would react. Just thinking about it made her want to cry.

"Will you tell her?" Keeping it a secret would hurt Loft just as much as anyone else, and Pure didn't want Loft to bear that burden anymore.

"I will."

"I feel guilty toward P' Air, but if you're going to keep our relationship a secret forever, then don't even start it." For the first time, Pure saw a fierceness in Loft's gaze. The playful, bright-eyed girl who used to smile so warmly was now looking at her with calm determination.

"I never intended to do that.”

"It's hard to tell her, but I hope you'll do at least one thing right."

"I understand."

"I do love you, but I can't just live in the shadows. Even though I love and respect P' Air too, our relationship is something she needs to know about." This wasn't just a suggestion for Pure to consider, it was something she had to do. There was no room for argument. If Pure wasn't willing, Loft felt that the woman in front of her wasn't someone she could proudly walk beside.

"I've never seen you like this before." The once-easygoing girl had become resolute when it came to their future. Loft had always been willing to yield and indulge Pure in everything, but this was the one matter she couldn't accept with a smile.

"If you're just playing around, tell me you're just playing. Don't make it seem serious. Do you know how much it hurts to have hope?"

"I'll tell P'Air.”

"I'm not going to ask if you love me. You've proChapter : :ly been confused enough already. But one day, someday... I want to hear you say you love me." Pure was someone who was clear and honest. So much so that even someone who had just met her could sense that she wouldn't say those important words unless she was absolutely certain. Loft understood this about her. Everything between them had happened so quickly that it was hard to be sure if it was real love. But Loft believed with all her heart that this gorgeous older woman was the one she loved.

"Can you wait a little longer?

"I can always wait if that day comes."

"Thank you."

"Is that it for our problems?" The atmosphere calmed down. The tense situation slowly eased that they could start breathing normally again. Loft asked, raising an eyebrow to confirm that everything they needed to discuss had been resolved. She wanted to make sure there was nothing left before she allowed herself to do what she wanted.

"I think so."

"Then... Can I have a hug?"

"Come here," Pure opened her arms. It didn't take long before warmth enveloped her as Loft embraced her. Pure rested her face on Loft's shoulder and closed her eyes, savoring the touch she had missed so much. During their time apart, amidst all the confusion and turmoil, the image of their happiness together had never faded.

"I missed you so much, I cried." In the past, it had been like that, and even now, the tall girl couldn't hold back her tears. Loft let them fall freely, soaking the shoulder of the gorgeous woman she loved.

"I'm sorry it turned out this way."

"I knew it would hurt, but I didn't know it would hurt this much." The weight of it all had been too much to bear. She had thought that over and over while drowning in the memories they had shared in this house.

"That's why, from now on, we have to live more carefully." It was time for them to have a normal love, like everyone else. The excitement, the drama, and the vivid colors of their past should end here.

"I don't want to be hurt by you again, P' Pure."

"I won't hurt you." Her simple promise carried a power that filled Loft with unconditional confidence. If Pure said so, Loft was ready to believe her without a shred of doubt.

# CHAPTER : 27

"Mmm, Loft..." Her body twitched when the warm, wet tongue licked her sensitive spot rapidly for the last time. Her lust was released, and a sweet moan escaped her mouth. At the same time, her naked body, which didn't have anything to cover her, squirmed, and her face showed signs of torture mixed with delight. And all of her reactions indicated how much Pure was satisfied with the touch just now.

"Here, wipe it." The tissue paper placed beside the bed was pulled out of the box to wipe the moisture on the lips of the person who had just used it so intently a moment ago. Loft slowly moved to lie down on the side, waiting to receive gentle treatment from Pure with delight. Her eyes stared at the woman's beautiful face through the dim light. Pure halted the hands that were busy wiping the moisture and looked back at her, asking curiously, "What are you looking at, huh?"

"It's like a dream to have you here, P' Pure." The slender fingers traced along the bridge of the prominent nose before gradually moving lower and lower past the nape, sloping down the shoulders until reaching the woman's chest that was barely covered by a thick blanket. Pure took a deep breath when her body felt the light sensation. Loft's actions were quite provocative. She felt aroused so easily when being close to this person

"What we did a while ago was real. You weren't dreaming"

"Hmm, I really did come."

"Ngh, you're so..." Pure pinched the girl's nose lightly as a punishment. She wasn't talking about the sexual activity that had just happened, but the naughty girl decided to put it that way and gave her a mischievous smile.

"We did that as soon as we arrived, didn't we?" After talking for a while, the two women who yearned for each other jumped into it without hesitation. The intense activity started on the sofa in the living room. But since the sunlight was still shining at that time, Pure asked to continue their intimacy in a less open area. Eventually, they ended up on the wide bed in Loft's bedroom, a bed that they were both very familiar with. On the previous visit to this house, Pure used that part of the house more often than any other area.

"You don't like it?”

"No, I like it when we have sex. But for a moment, I thought it was normal because our relationship also started off like this" A faint smile appeared on her face. It didn't look as bad that she was forcing it, but Pure knew the girl must have something bothering her quite a bit. So she should definitely show her sincerity

A person who used to believe that she loved someone with all her heart all the time had to rethink herself carefully again. Those stimuli were influential enough to stir such a big change. Pure wanted the younger woman to understand that this time, she really put lots of thought into this decision.

"Loft,"

"Hm?"

"I'm serious about us. I may not have sorted everything well and right yet, but I'm serious with it."

"I'm happy and not confident at the same time Throughout this time, Loft never thought that she would become that person, the person that Pure wanted to walk beside. When it happened, there were many mixed feelings. She was both happy and worried, and was afraid that Pure might just come to her when she was confused and lost. When she got back on her feet, who knows, the woman might leave her again. Loft, who thought that she was never in the woman's eyes, was not someone worthy of starting a stable relationship with. The girl had no confidence left.

"You're not a boring person, and you're not someone unworthy of falling in love with when close enough." Under the unexpected, endless possibility lies. Loft should know this fact. Moreover, Pure herself was not a heartless person, it wasn't like she never wavered. Even though she had always been stable, anything could happen when her heart wavered.

"What are we, P' Pure?" They talked about many things, but their status was never brought up in any discussion. Loft thought that if it was left unclear, she would be the one who felt restless. Being mindful not to take things too far was torturous. She didn't want to be in such a situation, so she had to ask for clarification from the young woman who was lying down while glancing at her right now. The woman gave a loud, clear, and eloquent answer, making her feel relieved and emotional that she couldn't hold back her tears

"We're girlfriends."

"I never thought I'd get to be your girlfriend." So this was what it felt like when someone who used to be hopeless suddenly received something they never dared to dream of She just learned of these new feelings today.

"Not at all?"

"Hm. I only thought about it, and how happy it would feel."

"I'm just an ordinary person. I can't make you happy all the time. Being my girlfriend might not be that great." Loft's reaction made Pure feel a little worried. She wasn't sure what this tall girl expected, but at the very least, she wanted to let her know that being in a relationship wasn't just about happiness. There were also many problems and obstacles that had to be overcome. In the future, she might be the one who brings Loft sorrow and tears.

"I know you're just an ordinary person, P' Pure. But you're an ordinary person that I love. That's why I'm overwhelmed with so many feelings." The tall girl muttered adorably. Pure couldn't help but smile with adoration at the sight. But when she looked down and was greeted with the smooth, fair breasts that were exposed from the blanket, that adoration almost completely disappeared.

"Shall we continue?" Even though she asked that, while she was waiting for the reply, Pure had already moved up above her. Loft smiled and quickly embraced the delicate frame that was so close to hers. There was no gap between them. The blanket that used to cover her was pulled down, resting on her beautiful hips. Pure's beauty fell under the girl's gaze, who was examining her passionately. The person being showered with the intimate gaze got embarrassed. Her whole body was burning hot.

"If you want to do it, then go ahead."

"I want to do it for you. Can I?"

"Hm." It was hard to tell if that was a moan to signal permission for the girl to start initiating the sensations, or it was because her breasts were being touched so brutally and massaged gently that she could not hold back her voice. However, Pure didn't really care to analyze it. The gorgeous older woman leaned down and flicked her tongue to lick the top of the younger woman's breasts, alternately sucking and pulling on to it, fueling the girl's boiling rage. Loft arched her body in response and twisted back and forth a little when the sensation became overwhelming. At the same time, the soft hands that caressed her back moved lower until they stopped and squeezed the soft and smooth peaches "Pure”.

"What is it?" She pulled her lips away and replied, glancing up seductively, that the person who called out swallowed a large lump. She almost stopped breathing at the sight she saw. The messy hair that was carelessly brushed couldn't take away this person's beauty. The face and eyes that were full of emotion made Loft's emotions flutter even more, even though they only stared at each other and didn't do anything else.

The sight of the small tongue that was licking her delicate lips was unbearable for the person watching. The woman pulled the person in front into a kiss. As soon as their soft parts touched, the woman who knew how to handle a hot-tempered girl pressed their touches until the girl's hands and feet were weak. Pure stuck her tongue in to explore the girl's mouth, flicking and entangling with the same part. When their sensitive parts touched against each other, the fire of desire ignited even further. She could feel it from the body reaction of the person below her.

Pure moved her face from the same level, lower and lower, after pulling away from the kiss. She dragged her hot lips across the girl's neck, stopping by to greet the breasts, then biting down on the flat stomach that was contracting from the growing lust. Loft's soft hands lightly caressed the woman's head and accidentally pressed a little to vent her emotions. When her sensitive spot was being teased, the naked frame of the person being touched flinched and twisted again. The moment the hot, wet tongue of the person giving pleasure. started licking, Loft unknowingly released a sweet moan. There was no time to stop and think about why the gorgeous older woman was so good at this. At that moment, she was so lost in thought that she could not think of anything else except how she was closer to ecstasy. She had to urge the person who was busy with her head down at her flower to hurry up a little more because she could not hold it in anymore.

"Let's go take a shower." Their love-making activity finally landed perfectly with Pure taking on the lead role without fail. Both of them lay on their sides. Pure stared at the other person relentlessly while Loft closed her eyes tightly because she felt weak from the recent rush to her destination.

"Hmm."

"Do you want to shower together or should I shower first?" After asking about her needs and waiting a while for a response, the tall girl who had just opened her eyes called her name softly instead of choosing between showering together or letting her shower first.

"P" Pure."

"Yes?"

"Between us... Can it really develop to love?"

"What's wrong?"

"I can't be just a substitute to ease your loneliness while waiting for someone else anymore." Loft couldn't go back to her original position. She had come too far to go back. She and the gorgeous older woman had to be lovers by the end of this

"I don't want you to be just that."

"I'll wait for you to say you love me, P' Pure." The little girl who was a slave to love was happy to give the gorgeous older woman time to process her thoughts until she was satisfied. But she secretly hoped that it wouldn't be too long before she would get discouraged. Even though she acted like she would agree to everything, she also had her own limits. If it was too much to handle, if there was no way to continue, she would have to accept it willingly.

"Yes." She agreed and smiled. No matter what, Loft always tried to make her feel comfortable. The girl didn't press for the answer she wanted, didn't rush to hear those sweet words when she wasn't ready to say. But even though this kind little girl said that she could wait patiently to a certain extent, Pure didn't intend to let time pass by that long. If everything went steadily, her heart was calmer and not as agitated as before, and her normal conscious state returned, she would say it with confidence that Loft was the one she fell in love with

She would immediately say that she loved the girl, just like how she had told someone over and over again.

# CHAPTER : 28

"P’Pure, stop staring. I can't decide on a color," The impatient girl who had been dragged into coloring glanced at the person sitting close by and furrowed her brows in complaint. Being under the gaze of those beautiful eyes, even though she loved the rich brown hue of them, Loft found herself completely losing focus. And Pure wasn't even doing much. She was just sitting there, looking.

"Just pick whatever color you want. I'm only watching" Pure wasn't doing anything disruptive, yet her mere attention was enough to throw the taller girl off completely. Every movement became awkward. Loft, already insecure about her artistic skills, felt even more unsure with Pure watching her so intently.

"It's like having a teacher watching me."

"I'm not a teacher. I'm your girlfriend." The moment those words left her lips, Loft froze. Her hand stopped moving. and she bit her lip lightly, overcome with embarrassment at the mention of their relationship. Her face grew warm, and she could already feel the blush creeping up, ready for Pure to tease her about it. Every time their status as a couple was reaffirmed, Loft could never keep her composure, completely different from the gorgeous older woman, who would always flash a sweet smile, unfazed and unembarrassed. On top of that, Pure loved to tease her by calling her 'girlfriend' as often as possible.

"Fine, then. Just keep watching."

"You get flustered every time you hear the word "girlfriend', Loft."

"So what? Having you as my girlfriend is like a dream come true. If I get flustered, what's the big deal?" She could firmly say it was beyond expectation. Loft had never imagined she'd have this day, the day when someone who once saw herself as an outsider, as someone who came second, could call Pure her own.

When their once-uncertain relationship began to clarify, Loft found herself waking up to Pure by her side. The gorgeous older woman would sometimes cook for her, and they shared every meal together. They went about their day, working or pursuing their interests, but could still see each other once they looked up from their duties. These moments had happened before, but back then, they were shrouded in ambiguity. Now, things were different, and it was no wonder Loft still couldn't act like her usual self.

"You're so dramatic." Her laughter lasted only a moment before her lips moved to press a gentle kiss on Loft's lips, the same lips that had just been mumbling complaints. Loft flinched slightly but ultimately accepted the warm, soft touch, not invading inside the cave without resistance Her eyes closed, and her hand, which had been holding the colored pencil, tightened into a fist.

"If complaining gets me quieted like this, I'll complain all the time."

"Have you never been kissed before?"

"I have, but a kiss like that? P' Pure, that was adorable." A soft, gentle, teasing kiss, as if she were an adorable young girl. Pure did that to her just now.

"How is it different?"

"It felt like you were finding me cute or something."

"Well, you are adorable." The gorgeous older woman confirmed her words by reaching out to gently stroke Loft's head, a gesture she often did. Truth be told, this simple act had shaken Loft's heart since the day they first met.

The confident, gorgeous older woman had a gentleness about her that Loft couldn't resist. It was this mix of qualities that had made Loft, who was addicted to the thrill, fall for her so deeply, without any way to fight it.

"I'm not your little sister."

"I wouldn't want you to be. I don't want a little sister, I want a girlfriend." Pure replied. The woman who wanted love put her elbow on the table, resting her chin in her hand, and gazed at Loft with eyes full of sweetness. Loft couldn't meet her gaze and lowered her eyes, overwhelmed by the intensity of Pure's affection, just as she just confirmed she wouldn't want her as a little sister.

"Alright."

"And now you're blushing again."

"It'll take a while before it goes away.

"You're cute like this. What's wrong, Loft?" Loft, who had been avoiding her gaze, suddenly looked up with an unreadable expression. The sudden change left Pure slightly confused. The beautiful woman, who had been smiling warmly as she complimented the girl, adjusted her tone and demeanor to match the seriousness she saw in Loft's eyes.

"Can I ask you something?" As she basked in the warmth of their moment, Loft's thoughts drifted to a certain someone. She hadn't asked much about the details of Pure's relationship with Air, partly because she knew it would be painful for the woman to talk about, but also because it hurt her too. It was a memory she wanted to erase but couldn't. She didn't want to remember that her happiness had once been built on the sorrow of the older woman. Yet, those memories remained vivid.

"Ask away. You rarely ask me anything, even though there are so many things you could be curious about."

"I'm not really curious. I don't know... It's just that when you're here, I don't really care about anything else." Perhaps it was her way of protecting herself, or perhaps it was her way of escaping the guilt. Loft chose to focus only on the happiness of having Pure by her side, rather than dwelling on thoughts of a third person.

"You should ask sometimes, you know?"

"How did you end things with P' Air?"

"I apologized, cried, then I told her I couldn't go back."

Pure's face was visibly clouded with sadness. She wasn't trying to hide anything, not even a little. The beautiful woman let her emotions show, and Loft could feel the deep pain lingering in her heart. Loft had no idea when, or if, the two of them would ever truly move past this emotional scar

"If that person isn't P' Air, how would things between us have turned out?" There was no denying that because it was Air, the situation had reached its conclusion as smoothly as it had. Air hadn't tried to hold on to someone whose heart was no longer with her. She hadn't lashed out or guilted Pure further. Instead, she had offered guidance like the kind woman she was. Pure couldn't even imagine what the outcome would have been if it hadn't been Air. How would the tangled mess between the three of them have ended? Who would have been left heartbroken, and who would have found happiness? Or perhaps no one would have gotten what they wanted.

"P’ Air makes everyone else's problems easier, but her own... she always makes them harder."

"Because she loves you, P' Pure." No matter what happened or what decisions Air made, one thing was certain: Air loved Pure. She was steadfast in her feelings, not even once. She had remained steadfast in her love for her younger partner, even when she was in the role of someone else's wife She loved with integrity and respect for everyone involved.

"But you love me too, don't you?"

"I love you, P' Pure. And I'll show you just how much." If love could be measured by time, Loft's love might seem lighter compared to someone who had built a relationship over many years. But she was certain her love for Pure was no less than anyone else's. All she asked was for Pure to watch and see what she would do from now on.

"Then that's enough. Over time, maybe we'll feel less tormented by guilt. In the future, it might just be a faint ache when we think about it."

"Love doesn't always have to be complicated. But why do you always end up choosing the hard path?"

"Simple love? Then you'd have to love someone else. not me," Pure teased, her sweet smile designed to reassure Loft that choosing to love her, complications and all, wasn't a mistake

"That's true." With some people, even when they seemed to have a messy future ahead, there was always something that pulled them in, urging them to get involved. Loft had felt that way about Pure from the very first moment they met. She had known the road ahead would be dark, yet she had boldly jumped in, unafraid of the pain. And even after facing heartbreak not long ago, she hadn't learned her lesson She hadn't let it stop her. Given the chance to reconnect, Loft had made the same decision again. For some people, it was worth sacrificing so much just to love them, and for Loft, Pure was that person.

"Do you think you made the wrong choice?"

"No, I don't. It's good this way.

"Then I hope you'll find happiness on the path you've chosen."

"You can create my happiness, P' Pure."

"If I can, then rest assured. From now on, you should be happy."

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The hot coffee cup was set down on the table after a sip. Lamp glanced at the woman sitting across from him, his brows furrowing slightly. Air didn't look as cheerful as he'd imagined she would. In fact, she seemed visibly sad.

After finalizing their divorce, informing their families, and dealing with the ensuing chaos, they had reached a conclusion that, while not beautiful, at least freed someone who had been trapped. Yet, instead of appearing better than this, his ex-wife seemed the opposite, which left Lamp confused

"We've divorced now. Why are you still sitting there looking like that? Did your parents say something to you?" Though his tone was teasing, his concern was genuine. He had no idea what harsh words Air might have faced from the family after their divorce.

"What could they do? You're the one who asked for the divorce." The petite woman replied with a shrug, though in truth, she had endured countless hurtful remarks.

"They must've said a lot to you."

"That I didn't take care of my husband, that I wasn't attentive enough." The divorce had been entirely her fault in her parents' eyes. They believed she hadn't cared for her husband properly, hadn't been charming enough to keep him. and had ultimately caused the downfall of their prestigious family name. To them, it was a loss so great that their useless daughter could never make up for it.

"Air? Attentive? That's laughable, the minds of those elders." Lamp said with a chuckle. He couldn't even imagine Air being doting or attentive. It had never happened and never would

"Well, it's what I was supposed to do, apparently. That's the only thing in their minds."

"And what else is bothering you?"

"I got dumped."

"Got dumped?" Lamp repeated the reply briefly. He knew Air had divorced him to return to the owner of the pottery studio. But why was she now saying she had been dumped, and with such an emotionless expression?

"Yeah."

"You mean...Miss Pure...?" That name still held such significance over her heart that Air's heart trembled at the sound of it. From the night they talked it out and sorted the messy relationship they kept dragging on, Air didn't meet the talented artist ever again. She couldn't take it, that was. She didn't bring herself near the younger woman at all, she knew she wouldn't be able to hold her tears at the sight of her former lover. So she ran away to heal her scar, figuring it was better than struggling for more wounds. And as she had cut all contacts with Pure for quite a while, she had no idea how the woman's love life was going. She had no idea if the girl was happier. Even though she cared for the girl, she had no energy left in her to extend her caring because she was wounded pretty badly herself.

"Yes. I was too late."

"So it's my fault for dragging things out." He had already felt responsible for it, but now guilt was creeping even deeper into him. He ruined Air's life, it was he alone. But this petite woman was not the type to blame others. She would gladly bring everything upon herself as she always does.

"Don't feel guilty. It's something I have to accept."

"You seem so at peace with it."

"What else can I do?"

"And what about your plans to resign? When will that happen?" Lamp moved on from that matter, steering the conversation toward her plans for her career.

"Soon."

"Won't your parents try to stop you? From resigning, I mean."

"They proChapter : :ly won't care. They think a daughter like me would fail and crawl back anyway." She knew how her parents thought. Even if she resigned, they would not be that troubled by it. Plus, they were certain that a good-for-nothing daughter like her would come crawling back, begging for forgiveness.

"And what's your plan after that?"

"Are you going to tell my parents?"

"I love you more than your parents, Air."

"You're confessing so bluntly," Air said with a laugh, unable to suppress her amusement at Lamp's straightforward confession. Apart from Bam, who was her close friend for a long time, this person was another she could talk with at ease. Even when he confessed, she wasn't feeling uneasy at all.

"So what's next?" The man pouted, shrugging and raising his eyebrows as he asked.

"I'll find another job. Even if it doesn't pay as much as being the CEO of my dad's company, I don't care."

"Do you need my help?"

"Do I have to marry you again?"

"No way. Being married to you was like living with a rock. But the business in Pattaya is starting to settle down. Maybe Loft will have to come back to help me here.”

"You mean you want me to take over there?" Loft left for Pattaya to take care of the business there for so long that Air almost forgot the youngest heiress was just seeking experiences. When the right time came, the girl would be back to support her brother's tasks.

"If you're interested, I mean."

"Have you talked to Loft about it yet?"

"It'd be nice if she'd show up to talk once in a while."

"I haven't seen her in a while either. Ever since she went back to Pattaya, she's been quiet." When the tall girl went back to her work in Pattaya, she would go quiet until she planned to visit Bangkok, then she would contact them again It was her usual behavior that everyone was familiar with.

"Why don't you go visit? Take a break. Loft's house has plenty of space for you to stay. Ask if there's anyone else there with her."

"Your sister has a girlfriend?" Air had never seen Loft with anyone. When she heard that she should ask if there was anyone there with the girl, her curiosity became evident.

"I don't know. But I've seen her look like she's been heartbroken before. Must be some teenage love thing”.

"Alright, I'll ask her."

"Take a break after you resign. Think about what you want to do next. If you decide to help me, I'd be thrilled to have someone as capable as you."

"Talk to your sister first, Lamp. She might want to stay in Pattaya."

"We agreed from the start. If everything's settled there, someone else can take over. Loft will have to come back to help me. But I'll talk to her again." Lamp promised to talk to his younger sister. But he believed that Loft wouldn't have any problem with this decision, especially if the person taking over was Air. His beloved sister would be grinning ear to ear that her beloved older woman would take over her work.

"Alright. Thank you.""You're welcome.”

# CHAPTER : 29

Air knew very well that Pure didn’t love her anymore, and she tried to accept it while living her life as normally as possible—but it was incredibly difficult. Pure stopped seeing her, stopped talking to her, and disappeared as if she no longer existed in the world.

Of course, that pretty-faced girl never called out for her either, which was proChapter : :ly for the best—for both of them. Or maybe for all three of them.

What was happening now, the feelings growing inside her, felt like a repeat of what happened a year ago when they broke up for many reasons. The difference this time was that Air believed this was a real goodbye. There was no hope left, no future in sight.

Pure wasn’t someone who said she wouldn't wait and then came back later. Her "*little one*" had completely allowed someone new to take the place of someone from the past. That’s why this goodbye felt like it was forever.

The lights inside the ceramic studio were still on, since it was only six in the evening. Normally, if Pure didn’t have plans elsewhere, she would still be busy working inside. But when Air looked through the clear glass, she didn’t see even a shadow of the pretty girl.

Her effort to move on had been worn down by longing. Air had held herself back for many days, trying not to come here. But in the end, she couldn’t resist anymore. She drove over just to stop by and look from a distance.

She had no intention of showing herself. She just wanted to see the face of the person who had always held her heart—one last time.

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*"Pure loves P’Air more than anyone in the world."*

*"You said that during the first year we were together."*

*"Well, I still love you more than anyone in the world."*

*"And how long will I be your 'most loved in the world'?"*

*"Forever."*

*"But I knew... there’s no such thing as “forever, Pure.”*

*"I never waited. You never asked me to wait."*

*"So what was I supposed to do? Is it really that easy to love someone else?"*

.

Loving someone else wasn’t something Pure could easily do at the time. But that didn’t mean it was impossible.

Once again, Air found herself crying just from remembering the past—the love and bond they shared, so tight it was painful to let go. She didn’t know how much time it would take for the pain to ease.

She just hoped that, eventually, as a woman in her early thirties, she would learn how to handle everything better—including heartbreak.

When the person she came to see from afar wasn’t there, disappointment took over. Her exhausted body returned to her place not long after. The sofa in the middle of the room became her final stop, Air collapsed onto it.

*What else was she trying to do?*

The petite young woman just wanted to stay still and gaze blankly at her surroundings. Maybe she really should take a break like Lamp had suggested. The past several days, she had allowed her emotions to sink too deeply into sorrow.

Thinking this, she reached into her bag to find her mobile phone and call her close younger sister, whom she hadn’t seen or spoken to at all lately.

## [Hello, P’Air.]

She waited for the signal before hearing a flat greeting from the other end. Air frowned slightly, surprised by Loft’s reaction—it was quite different from what she had expected.

Normally, Loft’s behavior was the opposite; if she called, the tall girl would usually express joy in her voice. "Is this a good time to talk?"

"Yes, it is. What’s up, Air?"

"Is someone staying at the house in Pattaya?"

She got straight to the point, and the response from the other side revealed just how shocked Loft was.

"Huh?"

"Or do you actually have a girlfriend now?"

"If I go on a trip to Pattaya, is there a room I can sleep in?"

Air clarified her earlier question. This time, the person on the other end went so quiet that she had to call her name, thinking the call might have been disconnected.

"...."

"Loft?"

"There’s a room available. When are you coming?"

"Tomorrow. Is that too sudden?"

"Well, a little. I’ve never really seen you do anything so suddenly before,"

The voice on the other end laughed after pointing out the unusual behavior, which Air could only nod in agreement with.

It was true, as Loft had said—rarely did she ever make such impulsive, lastminute decisions without careful planning. But it wasn’t hard to understand. Right now, what could you expect from someone who was emotionally fragile and on the verge of falling apart at any moment?

"If it’s inconvenient, I can take some time to plan first."

"You can come tomorrow. I’ll have the housekeeper get the room ready for you."

"Okay, see you tomorrow. Good night."

Hearing that there was no hesitation or mention of the suspicion that Loft wasn’t living alone made her realize that maybe she had misunderstood the situation after all.

"Good night."

The phone that had been pressed against her ear was slowly lowered until it was placed down beside her. Loft sat still, her body cold with tension, her heart beating fast and hard.

Her mind was racing, trying to process the sudden announcement from her former sister-in-law. She had never imagined this scenario—hadn’t prepared herself for this unexpected visit, especially while Pure was still here with her.

It was terrible timing for someone who had only just begun to float on a fragile wave of happiness. She had spent only a few days with Pure, trying to temporarily erase the guilt that lingered in her heart.

Yet in the end, the very person who felt like a sharp blade constantly piercing her conscience had announced that she would be arriving—coming to stand right in front of her.

And most importantly, Loft had no idea how to handle it.

*Would her beautiful lover choose to avoid the situation—or face it?*

Even though she didn’t want to hope, deep down, she knew that if it were possible… she would truly be happy if Pure chose not to run away.

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“I thought you were working—what are you sitting here doing?”

The playful voice of someone in long-sleeved pajamas and loose pants snapped Loft out of her thoughts. She turned immediately to look. Her eyes swept over the figure dressed modestly, yet the top button of the shirt was undone just enough to reveal smooth, fair skin—making her look subtly, effortlessly sexy.

With someone like Pure, even the slightest bit of exposed skin could shake the heart of anyone watching.

Her charm ran that deep.

“Come here, P'Pure. I want to talk to you.”

The younger woman didn’t respond with words but instead called Pure over to sit close, ready to discuss something important.

The truth was, she wasn’t ready to accept Pure’s decision—not yet. Loft was scared and unsure. Anxiety had returned to gnaw at her, stirring up chaos within. Her heart, which had just recently calmed for a brief moment, was once again caught in the same relentless storm of feelings.

She was afraid of how fragile Pure could be.

Afraid of the bond between them proving too powerful to sever.

Afraid that Pure might change her mind and leave her.

Terrified that the happiness she had only just begun to piece back together would crumble in the blink of an eye.

“What is it?”

Seeing the serious look on Loft’s face, Pure asked with concern. Loft sat there with her brows tightly furrowed, and when she finally looked into

Pure’s eyes, it was impossible to miss the sorrow clearly reflected in them.

Pure walked over and let herself drop gently onto the seat beside her, turning to face Loft as she waited to hear what the other woman wanted to say. Loft was silent for a brief moment before taking a deep breath and finally speaking, her voice steady but soft.

“P’Air is coming here tomorrow.”

It felt like being hit in the head with something hard—that’s how Pure reacted upon hearing those words. She swallowed thickly, her breath catching in her throat, and her once-steady heartbeat immediately turned erratic.

She was sure the shock showed plainly on her face, and that reaction didn’t go unnoticed—it stung more than a little for Loft, who had secretly hoped for something else.

Loft had already figured that her beautiful lover proChapter : :ly wasn’t ready to make their relationship public so quickly. But seeing Pure’s face go pale and watching her avoid eye contact so completely—those things pierced her heart.

Maybe hoping that Pure would instantly stand up and take a clear stance had always been a hopeless dream.

Maybe Loft should have given her more time.

She understood just how difficult this was.

And yet, she couldn’t stop herself from feeling hurt.

“What’s she coming for?”

“Just to rest, I guess. If you don’t want to see her... I think you might have to leave the house in the morning,”

Loft said, lowering her eyes to avoid meeting Pure’s gaze.

“What time is she coming?”

“I don’t know. She just said she’d be here tomorrow.”

"Okay."

“Whatever happens, I let you know, P'Pure.”

Pure didn’t explicitly say how she planned to handle the situation, but Loft could guess. Returning to Bangkok early to avoid facing her ex-lover seemed like the most likely path the beautiful older woman would choose.

"Do you really want me to meet P’Air, Loft?"

"I don’t want to rush anything. We’ll deal with us when the time is right."

There was both truth and a lie in that sentence. It was true that she didn’t want to push, but if the woman in front of her could resolve what was left hanging sooner rather than later, it would be better—for both of them.

"But your eyes don’t say that."

"Deep down… I do hope you’ll do something more clear. But I get it—it’s proChapter : :ly too soon."

"Do you really understand?"

Pure’s trembling gaze fixed on Loft, stealing the breath from her lungs. Both of them were so fragile, like they could shatter into pieces at the slightest emotional trigger.

"I really do understand. But I can’t stop myself from feeling bad."

"....."

"Let me think about it. I’ll let you know later."

Loft placed a gentle hand on her shoulder and gave it a soft pat before standing to her full height and walking away—leaving Pure alone, weighed down once again by the burden of having to make a choice.

Pure watched the younger woman walk farther and farther away. Even though she couldn’t see Loft’s face at that moment, it wasn’t hard to imagine the sadness that must have been there.

Loft had tried not to pressure her, was even willing to give her the time she needed to sort everything out. But it was difficult to pretend not to feel shaken whenever Air was brought into the picture.

If someone were to ask whether Pure was ready to break Air’s heart right now, the answer would be a clear no. She had never wanted to be the one to hurt that person any more than she already had.

But if she kept dragging things out like this, it wouldn’t be fair to Loft either.

Ever since she was born and raised, she had always hated having to make choices—but never more so than at the age of twenty-eight. How many times had her decisions left someone else wounded?

And how often had every path, no matter which she chose, ended up hurting at least one person?

Even so, Pure knew she had to choose once more—this time, to finally stop leaving scars on anyone else's heart.

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# CHAPTER : 30

At 10 a.m., the big house was completely silent. It had been this way since morning until now. The two people living there barely spoke to each other.

There were no smiles exchanged, and each was lost in their own thoughts. Their eyes showed no trace of joy.

This mood began the moment they agreed that Pure would not return to Bangkok yet. Instead, she chose to stay and wait to meet Air. That decision had been made the night before.

"I'll wait to see Air first," she had said.

She admitted this without shame. When Loft heard those words, her heart felt relieved, like a burden had been lifted. All the worries and emotional strain she had been carrying suddenly felt lighter.

Loft didn't know what would happen next, but in that moment, Pure showed just how serious she was about their relationship. Her beautiful older lover made it clear that, no matter how hard things got, she was willing to face it all.

"Are you sure, P'Pure?" Loft asked again.

She wanted Pure to think it through carefully and not make a decision she might later regret. She hoped her lover was truly clear-headed about what lay ahead.

"I'm sure," Pure replied.

Though her answer came quickly, her voice was filled with anxiety. Loft understood. It was normal for someone who had been confused and emotionally torn. Still, it was hard for Loft to pretend she wasn't affected. No matter how Pure acted, everything she did left a deep impact.

Everything about Pure's behavior had been easy to read - from that moment until now.

She was troubled.

That was the emotion Pure was dealing with. For someone with such strong emotional ties, it wasn't easy to tell the truth to the person who was now on their way to see her. To speak with calm and confidence felt almost impossible.

The woman who had once stood between two people wasn't sure if she could even get the words out of her mouth - or if they'd come out as nothing more than a faint murmur.

As for the one who had only recently been chosen - Loft - she felt she could no longer look her older sister in the eye. Ever since she realized she'd fallen for her sister's former lover, that respect had been difficult to hold on to.

If making things clear meant finally breaking the bond once and for all, Loft was ready. She wouldn't back away from it. If she and Pure truly wanted to move forward with their relationship, then this situation was inevitable - whether it happened now or later.

Loft, who carried guilt toward Air and was also afraid of the complexity of Pure's emotions, wanted all of this confusion - which she herself had helped create - to come to an end.

Even if someone got hurt, she believed it was better to end things as soon as possible. Not because she thought she'd be the one hurt less, but because even before she knew Pure might choose her, she had already wanted to end it.

It was like waiting for a bomb to go off. Everything felt ready to explode into pieces. Each of them was silently counting down, hearts heavy and uncertain. What Loft and Pure were about to face was the consequence of their own actions - something they could no longer avoid.

"Is that your guest, Miss Loft?"

The housekeeper's question, as she entered, felt like a signal - a sign that this was the end. The influential figure had arrived and was now standing in front of the house.

From this moment on, it wouldn't be long before everything ended: the story of Air, Pure, and her... along with their fragile relationship and oncetight bond. It was time for it all to come to a close.

"Yes, please let her in."

Once the housekeeper walked away, only Loft and the beautiful Pure were left in the room. Pure's face was calm and emotionless. Loft knew the older woman was struggling with many complicated and frightening emotions inside.

But if they didn't end it today, Loft couldn't see how any of their relationships could ever move forward. Things would just stay incomplete stuck in between, floating, weak, and uncertain.

"I'll go welcome P'Air now," Loft said.

"Okay."

"P'Pure?"

"Yes?"

"Do things you won't regret later."

Just not having to feel regret or blame herself afterward - for Loft, that alone is a kind of success in life. It means she's on the right path, walking in the right direction. Even if at some moments the pain feels unbearable, it's still better than living with long-lasting, constant pain.

The choices that won't lead to regret later include telling the truth to Air, and then both she and Pure can move forward. Or, they could choose to forget everything that happened between them and go back to their previous life.

The final option is to choose no one at all, to hold on to what's completely right and pure - though each path leaves its own kind of scar.

This wasn't something natural or normal. It wasn't something that Air could simply ignore or not think deeply about - not when her ex's car was parked at her close younger sister's house like that.

Her eyes, those of someone who had suddenly come to relax, couldn't look away from the familiar belongings of the woman she once knew so well. Her heart pounded with worry and pain that hit even before anything was confirmed.

She tried to think positively - maybe the two were just close and Loft had only come to visit, just like she had. But it was hard to believe that. Those two had never shown any signs of being close.

Not once, even from the very first day she had introduced them. There had been no indication of any connection - except for that strange, questioning look in Loft's eyes when she found out she was getting divorced, and when Pure had told her, she had fallen for someone else.

Looking back now, everything seemed to line up too perfectly - so much so that it made her want to cry.

Just knowing Pure didn't love her anymore was already painful enough. But if the person who had changed everything was her own beloved younger sister, the pain would be unimaginable. Air couldn't even see a way to begin healing herself.

She had once thought her heart had already been shattered completely - but it seemed it could break even more. From a level of pain she thought she couldn't survive, it was now like being punished with even greater suffering.

Did her past mistake really deserve consequences this severe?

And did Loft even know who Pure really was? But one thing was certain Pure knew everything. She knew Loft was her sister in law, and yet still allowed this to happen.

"Hello,"

Came the hoarse voice of the host, along with a forced smile. The moment Air met Loft's eyes, she knew - everything she had feared was true. There was no misunderstanding.

That brief moment when Loft quickly looked away only confirmed it: the tall girl already knew about the kind of relationship Pure had once shared with her.

"Why is my ex-girlfriend here, Loft? Do you have an answer?"

Normally, the petite woman would call her former lover by name, not by title. But right now, instinct pushed Air to claim ownership - even if the relationship was over. Deep down, she hoped that calling her "my exgirlfriend" might stir something, some guilt, in the person who had betrayed her.

Even if it wasn't the most appropriate way to say it, Loft's actions truly felt like a stab in the back.

"Pure is waiting inside," came the reply.

"So this is really what you two are doing?"

That was all Air could ask - a single question packed with pain.

One of them was the woman she had loved so deeply. The other was the younger sister she had always cared for. Air didn't want to see it from anyone else's perspective, didn't want to understand how they felt.

All she knew in this moment was that she was devastated - and that both

Pure and Loft had caused it. No reason, no excuse could make her see this situation in a better light.

"I'm sorry," Loft said quietly.

"It was really you, Loft?"

Air needed to hear it from her.

"Yes,"

The tall girl replied briefly, then looked down, avoiding eye contact again. She truly regretted being the one who hurt this woman.

But her selfishness, her desperation to escape her own pain, had pushed her to do something without caring how others might feel.

Air nodded, and tears started falling right away. She didn't have the strength to keep going. The last bit of light left in her life had completely gone out. She couldn't see any way forward.

It felt like she truly had no one left. Her heart was being eaten up by that feeling. Her family, her lover, her closest sister - all gone. Only Bam, her friend who had never hurt her, was still around. Just one person.

"I understand now,"

She said. She understood everything - every reaction, every expression from this sweet little sister of hers. All the questions she'd always had but never asked were finally answered.

And as she thought back to how the girl had faked her congratulations, she couldn't help but laugh bitterly at how naive she'd been. Her breakup with Lamp had never made Loft happy - not even a little.

Anger, hatred, sadness, disappointment - Air carried all those emotions with her.

"If you're done talking with P'Pure, you can talk to Loft now if you want." "I just have one question," Air said.

"What is it?"

"When did you know what was going on between me and Pure?"

Air had never made it obvious, but maybe the way she and Pure acted around each other gave something away. She wasn't sure if someone like Loft could pick up on it, or if maybe Lamp - her brother - had said something. She just needed to know when Loft had decided to hurt her and whether it was intentional.

"From the start. The first time we met. When you introduced P'Pure as your junior. That night at the club. You were the one who brought us together. You even let us ride home together that night."

What happened along the way? What did they talk about? When did they fall in love? So many questions filled her head, but she was too scared to ask.

"Did it ever cross your mind that I'd be hurt?"

Air asked. The girl she once admired for being so full of life now stared back at her with empty eyes - not avoiding her gaze like before.

"P'Air proChapter : :ly won't believe me, but I really do feel guilty. I do feel sorry,"

Loft replied.

"Then why did you start it?"

"You couldn't stop yourself from falling for someone like P'Pure either, right?"

"....."

"You don't even have a way to ignore someone like her, do you?"

Loft shot back. Air couldn't argue. She couldn't deny what Loft said. She didn't have a way either - not when she still hadn't stopped loving Pure. She had fallen for that calm, kind girl years ago, without even realizing it, and there had been no escape. No resisting someone so charming, so gentle.

But when she fell in love with Pure, no one got hurt.

So was it really wrong - the love between Pure and Loft that ended up hurting her? That was something Air didn't even want to think about. She just wanted to be sad, to be angry, to curse the pain they'd caused her.

Why did someone who got hurt have to analyze all the reasons behind it too? Did she really have to be fair and rational, and decide whether what they did was right or wrong?

Could someone who wasn't chosen even make that kind of judgment?

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# CHAPTER : 31

The small figure of the visitor quietly stepped into the silent house. Air saw Pure sitting upright, her face completely calm, showing no emotion. The moment Pure realized she had arrived, she glanced over and locked eyes with her—no hesitation, no turning away.

That look alone told Air that her ex, who was now possibly starting something new with her closest sister-like friend, had already prepared herself for this conversation.

Some people still have time to prepare themselves mentally and physically, but Air had no chance to prepare anything.

“Are you two… happy together?”

Her voice trembled as she asked, her vision starting to blur with tears. Her small hands, resting by her sides, slowly clenched into fists. Pure saw everything — the subtle movements, the anger simmering just beneath the surface.

She felt it. Strongly. Air almost never let her emotions show. Her older sister figure, always composed and poised, had always kept her feelings in check — until now. Right here, in this moment, she was showing more than she ever had before.

Pure understood the frustration and pain that Air was carrying. If she put herself in Air’s shoes — someone who didn’t always look for reasons to justify everything the way she did — maybe she would’ve reacted even more emotionally.

She remembered the time she had been the one left behind. The time she’d begged Air through tears not to leave her. Pure had lashed out at everything back then — resenting everyone and everything that played a part in ruining their relationship.

She also complained that Air only focused on a distant future, while destroying everything in the present.

So, with everything happening now, it’s not surprising that this older sister couldn’t control her emotions. And no matter what her ex says or does from now on, she’s ready to accept it all — just like how Air once accepted everything without complaint.

“I’m sorry…”

“Do you really love Loft? Then what should I do?”

Air realized she couldn’t bear to see the two of them in love. She wasn’t strong enough to be happy for someone she once knew so well. Just seeing their faces brought pain. The thought of them having a secret, intimate relationship behind her back made tears fall even harder.

“What should I do now?”

“I’m sorry for letting this happen. I’m sorry I got in too deep and now I can’t fix it.”

Pure never meant to fall for Loft. At first, she just wanted comfort — physical and emotional — when she was close to her.

“You don’t love me anymore. You didn’t wait for me. But I never blamed anyone except myself. It was my fault from the beginning for not choosing you. I let our relationship fade, left you with heartbreak and disappointment for years. But your relationship with Loft… is it really something that should happen? Couldn’t it have been someone else?”

Her hoarse voice spilled out with deep emotion. Some sentences were broken, as if she had run out of strength, but she forced herself to continue speaking through the pain.

“Because it’s Loft, it hurts more than if it were someone else. If it wasn’t Loft, you would proChapter : :ly still be waiting right where you were.”

She stopped talking, not knowing how to move forward. Her heart remained stuck in the past, watching the woman she loved stand beside someone else.

She stayed around, always close by, and sometimes she was allowed to be near—when the other person permitted it. But she had no right to touch, or show love the way her heart truly wanted.

That... was the place Pure had always been—on the outside, quietly waiting.

"......"

“The reason I didn’t wait anymore was because of your younger sister. That’s why I feel so guilty and tortured like this. But honestly, I can’t love anyone else now.”

As soon as she said it, the tears she had held back with all her strength finally streamed down her cheeks.

It’s not that she wasn’t sorry for what had happened. If someone wanted to blame them for starting it all, they’d be right—because it was the truth. But the truth Pure had to admit was that she never expected to fall in love with Loft. She had no idea things would end up like this so soon.

"All I can do now is keep asking... why did you do this to me?"

"It’s normal to ask questions," she said quietly.

When someone is hurt, their mind automatically searches for reasons—for something to explain the pain.

What Air went through was terrible… especially for someone who had once been a lover, and more than that, a truly kind a sister.

"Just like you used to ask me over and over—why didn’t I choose you back then."

"I know you had your reasons, P'Air. But it still hurt. As for your questions —why this happened, why it had to be her—I had no good answer. Because from the beginning, there were never any good reasons for me and Loft to get close. Nothing meaningful supported it—not love, not logic. Just... the comfort and temporary happiness that came with being near someone."

"When you were with her… did you ever think of me?"

Air’s voice was so soft it was hard to hear. But because they weren’t sitting far apart, Pure understood what she meant.

“I knew this would hurt you, P’Air… but at that time, I was happy—so happy that I forgot everything, even your feelings,”

Pure said, lowering her head as tears dropped onto her lap. Her small shoulders shook visibly, and the sight was enough to make anyone watching feel pain in their heart.

Air didn’t want to see Pure cry. Just like how this pretty, delicate girl had once said she didn’t like seeing Air’s tears either.

Pure’s words—how she had been so happy that she forgot Air even existed —hit hard. It made Air realize how long she had left Pure to drown in sorrow. When someone new came along and gave her what Air couldn’t, it made sense why Pure’s heart wavered until she was too far gone to come back.

Air wanted to understand the complexity and sensitivity of these emotions, but at that moment, she simply didn’t have the mental strength to think it all through. She couldn’t bring herself to empathize anymore.

Just keeping herself alive and functioning already felt too hard. Right now, the older one couldn’t pretend to be the reasonable person she used to be.

What Loft and Pure did had hurt her too deeply. Just thinking about how she had been the one to introduce them—the one who brought them together in the first place—was painful beyond words.

And when she remembered that Pure’s bedroom, a place she had once stepped into so carefully and respectfully, had become a place of intimacy for those two… she couldn’t hold back her tears any longer.

Air had always respected boundaries between herself and Pure. But Loft had turned that same space into a place of careless pleasure, without regard for anyone’s feelings.

She wanted to scream at both of them—for what they did, for how heartless and cruel it all seemed. But she couldn’t fully bring herself to say it out loud. Deep down, she knew she wasn’t entirely blameless in this, either.

"Then go ahead and be happy. There's no need to worry about anything anymore. Our story ended the moment you said you loved someone else. As for the relationship between me and Loft, it's over starting today. I'm sorry I can't wish your love to last. I'm sorry I can't see you and her as a loving couple. And I'm sorry I can't be happy for the two of you."

“It’s okay if you’re angry, P’Air. I understand,”

Pure replied. Pure no longer expects any congratulations or kindness from her. She doesn’t want anything from the person in front of her anymore, and she would never ask Air to act like the caring big sister she once promised to be.

"The guilt you have to carry—just thinking about it brings pain to your heart. It’s not something you can easily get over. But with time, everything will eventually fade, including my anger and sadness."

Air understood that kind of guilt all too well. Choosing to leave Pure behind, even when she begged and pleaded for her to stay, still had lasting effects to this day.

And in the same way, Pure was likely feeling just as broken. Seeing her behavior now and in the past made it clear how deeply the pretty-faced girl —who once belonged to her—was hurt by everything that had happened.

“I’m sorry,” Pure whispered.

“In truth, neither of you did anything wrong. We were already over. You have the right to love whoever you want. But what hurts now isn’t about right or wrong—it’s about feelings. I just want you to understand that.” “I do,” Pure said, nodding. She understood everything.

“I once said I’d always be your older sister forever… but I can’t do that anymore. Even though everything else has ended, I once promised I’d always love and care for you. And maybe that role suited someone older like me. But right now, just looking at you is already too hard. Keeping that promise… it’s not as easy as I thought. I’m not some superhuman who can stay kind while being torn apart inside.”

Air had to speak up to let the other person know that Air was no longer a part of her world.

“I understand.”

“We’ll part ways here. Tell that kid I have nothing more to say to her.”

If someone had to bear the brunt of the anger, it was definitely going to be Loft. No need to think twice about it. There was no longer any reason for her and that tall kid to talk again.

Their relationship, their sibling bond that had lasted for years, was now completely broken.

"Yes."

“Please don’t cry or feel guilty for too long.”

Even though Air couldn’t stand seeing Pure happy with Loft, she didn’t want her little sister to suffer too much either.

"I'm sorry for making you sad, P'Air... but I'm also sorry if I have to hurt Loft."

"Hurting me might be better than hurting Loft, right?"

"...."

"If you love her that much, then go ahead and love her. I truly hope you’ll be extremely happy very soon."

In a big chair in the lounge, someone sat with their eyes closed, leaning back, completely exhausted.

For the first time, Loft felt that the house she once cherished so much had become unlivable.

Now that Pure and Air were talking together in that space, she finally felt like she didn’t belong. Walking away from them was the only way to ease the heavy feeling in her chest—both because of them, and because of herself.

How this conversation would end, Loft still wasn’t sure. Even someone who had once been chosen—like her—couldn’t be certain. The new status she had just received a few days ago could disappear in an instant. At this point, anything could happen. And if it really did change, all she could do was accept it.

From now on, whatever Pure decided to do—whichever direction she chose to take their relationship—Loft was ready to accept it all. Her sister’s happiness was the most important thing. Even if Pure had ignored Air like she didn’t exist, there was nothing Loft could say against it.

Once, Loft had loved and respected Air as her future sister-in-law—that was true. Once, she had been a sweet little girl in Air’s eyes—that was true too. But that bond, whatever it had been, was gone now. And Loft understood clearly if a complete break between her and Air was inevitable.

After those two finish talking, if someone must be hurt this time, let it be her. If love must lead to pain, may that pain come from Pure alone.

If everything between them truly had to end, Loft only hoped that the final decision came from Pure—after careful thought, consideration, and her own choice alone.

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# CHAPTER : 32

After finishing her sarcastic "goodbye" speech, Air turned her back on everything without even looking back. Not long after that, Pure called Loft to come home. Just by hearing her sister’s voice, Loft could already tell that something was very wrong.

When she walked into the living room and saw Pure sitting quietly on the sofa, Loft didn’t say a word. She just stood there, silently watching her sister cry her heart out, tears falling and sobs shaking her body.

Of course Pure felt guilty about what happened with Air. And naturally, seeing Pure this heartbroken made Loft feel sad too. She had once promised herself not to bring up the idea of ending the relationship unless Pure asked for it first.

But now... she couldn’t help but rethink that decision.

Maybe Pure just didn’t have the strength to keep forcing things anymore.

Loft slowly walked over and sat down beside her. She gently placed a hand on Pure’s shoulder, giving it a soft squeeze to comfort her—while crying too.

Even after everything, Loft was still glad she had met Pure. This girl had never once made her regret falling so deeply in love. But at the same time, the guilt of hurting someone else was too strong. It kept them from truly being happy—especially when just seeing Air’s face could bring so much pain.

“What should we do next?”

That question alone showed how unsure Pure was — and it hurt. It sent a wave of pain through Loft’s chest. She could already sense what was coming. If Pure had been certain they should stay together, she wouldn’t have asked something like that.

The moment she hesitated, Loft knew she had to brace herself for the kind of heartbreak that might be too heavy to handle.

“You once told me to choose the path I wouldn’t regret later,”

Loft said softly, wrapping an arm gently around Pure’s shoulder and stroking it lightly, trying to comfort her, to calm her down.

“Is there even such a path? One where we won’t regret anything?”

“Can you live with the guilt?”

Loft asked quietly. Pure couldn’t answer. After just seeing Air a moment ago, she already knew the truth. Even when her ex wasn’t standing right in front of her, the sadness in her eyes said it all.

It wasn’t something she could ignore. There was no way Air’s presence wouldn’t affect her.

“I’m really suffering,”

Pure finally admitted, head bowed, tears falling again and again.

“I’m suffering too, seeing you like this.” Loft replied.

"....."

Then she stopped talking. The silence hung in the air.

Pure slowly turned to face her. Loft looked back but didn’t say anything for a moment.

“If your heart is hurting too much… maybe it’s better if we end things here.”

She had never wanted it to end like this. But the truth was—Loft couldn’t carry the weight anymore either.

Both she and Pure had once smiled together, full of dreams. They’d laughed, even if some of those laughs were bittersweet.

It had been truly wonderful, being with someone like her. But deep down, there was always a part of it that never felt fully at peace.

“The love I wanted to give you… let me keep it for now,” Loft said gently.

“One day, if you ever feel ready to speak your heart—then I’ll be here to listen.”

Pure closed her eyes—and at that very moment, tears began to fall silently down her cheeks, as if someone had just pressed a button to release them. In her moment of weakness, she leaned into the arms she had always run to when she needed comfort.

And Loft, as always, didn’t turn her away. She wrapped her arms around Pure’s slender body and gently pulled her close. Her hand rested softly on Pure’s back, offering a warm, comforting touch.

Loft’s embrace had once made Pure feel safe and warm.

But today… that same embrace only brought a deep, aching pain that wouldn’t go away.

"I'm sorry, Loft. I'm really sorry."

Pure felt just as guilty toward Loft as she did toward Air. Loft, the tall girl who had brought light into her once-dark heart, didn’t deserve to be treated this way at all. She deserved to be loved by someone else—someone who wasn’t Pure.

Someone who would actually say “I love you,” unlike her, who had never once said those words, even though Loft had always shown her love.

“It’s okay,”

Loft said softly, resting her head, which reached about Pure’s shoulder, as Pure gently stroked her hair. At the same time, Pure, who was holding Loft around the waist, pulled her even closer—while her sobs grew louder too.

The beautiful older woman was completely broken, with no sign of healing. Sometimes, Loft couldn’t help but wonder—when would someone like her ever truly be happy? From the very first time they met, those eyes already showed deep pain.

Her sweet, charming smile often seemed forced. Even in moments when music blasted loudly and colorful lights danced around them, Pure would glance at her ex-lover with a look full of longing and sorrow, silently begging for sympathy.

But that person never gave her what she needed in return.

Pure remained trapped in that cycle until one day she finally chose someone new. But that someone happened to be Air’s younger sister—making it impossible for the talented artist to ever be truly happy.

The ties of closeness, trust, and shared history only added to the burden, turning love into something painful and full of conflict.

It was only because she was Loft—just that simple, just that unfair. If the woman in her arms had fallen for someone who had no connection or ties to Air, she wouldn’t have had to suffer like this. And that reason alone was enough to shake the thoughts of the one who had been chosen.

"You don’t have to apologize anymore, P’Pure,"

Loft said gently. But even so, Pure still felt like she had wronged her. What Loft was saying... it meant they should end the relationship they had just agreed to start not long ago.

Pure remembered clearly how wide that tall girl’s smile had been, how her eyes had shone with overwhelming happiness. And now, to say goodbye— how could Loft possibly handle that?

"I’m sorry for letting you face this alone," Loft whispered.

Because their relationship was still uncertain and unstable—like a stick planted in soft mud—Loft didn’t know what she should have done during the situation just a few hours ago.

Was she supposed to be the one sitting beside Pure? Or should she have stepped back and let the two of them talk freely?

The beautiful older woman never said she wanted Loft to stay. If she had truly wanted that, she would have said so. And that made Loft realize— Pure would face everything on her own, just as she always did.

“P’Air doesn’t want to see the two of us together,”

Pure said softly. She didn’t feel like Loft had left her to face everything alone. That tall girl would’ve done anything—if only Pure had asked. If she had admitted earlier that she couldn’t handle all the pressure by herself, she believed Loft would have stayed, would never have stepped away like she did.

But after thinking it through carefully, Pure realized that Air’s anger would only grow stronger if she saw them standing side by side—the very two people who had, in her eyes, hurt her together. That’s why Pure chose not to let Loft stay with her.

“She’s already hurting enough as it is,” Pure said.

“Like I said, the guilt will proChapter : :ly stay with us for a long time. Maybe… it would be better if P’Pure and I go our separate ways.”

“Our punishment, you mean?”

“Finding happiness while P’Air is still hurting—that’s still a terrible thing, isn’t it?”

Hearing herself say that, Loft almost wanted to laugh bitterly at her own life. She didn’t want to care about how anyone felt. She wanted to be happy —truly happy—without ever looking back to see whose heart she might be breaking.

She wanted to be selfish, to chase a version of happiness where she didn’t have to feel pain. And at one point, she had really intended to do just that.

But in the end, she couldn’t ignore Pure’s suffering.

Loft realized that ending their relationship might be the best thing for both of them. At the very least, the small woman trembling from crying so hard would finally have the time and space to begin healing her broken heart.

“So none of us should be happy then,”

Pure said, trying to make it sound fair—like they were both equally at fault. But deep down, she believed the one who deserved happiness the least was herself. Just her. No one else.

The one who had caused someone else pain shouldn’t be allowed anything other than suffering in return.

It had been a long time since her heart had known peace. It was constantly shaken, constantly hurt by one thing after another. She had watched Air walk away, swallowing her feelings with difficulty. She had waited, clinging to a fading hope.

And yet, she still cherished those rare moments when that person would smile at her—those brief visits of warmth that kept her going. But whenever Air disappeared again, Pure was left in the same emptiness.

She lived with the question: why was she never someone’s first choice?

And all this time… had Loft ever asked herself that same question?

“P’Air is hurt. P’Pure is hurt. Loft is hurt too.”

What they did together was too cruel—especially to Air, who had no idea what was going on. That’s why none of them deserve to enjoy happiness or live peacefully while someone else is still drowning in pain.

Both of them had to shatter themselves into pieces—that was the only way it could be enough. They had to be completely broken, deeply scarred, in order to truly take responsibility for their reckless actions.

“This really feels like a moral test.”

“You can see it that way… but honestly, we just can’t find peace in our hearts right now. And love that doesn’t bring peace… proChapter : :ly won’t last.”

“I’m sorry.”

Loft had once been her comfort. But when things went too deep, other feelings took over, leaving no trace of that comfort behind.

“We’ve already punished ourselves.”

Loft didn’t want to say this, but the girl—whose eyes were red, trying to swallow the lump in her throat, her hands clenched tightly on her lap to hold back the emotions—took a deep breath as if gathering every bit of strength she had left to say,

“It was nice to meet you, P'Pure. I’m truly glad we had time together.”

Her hoarse voice revealed that she never once regretted meeting Pure. Every second with her made Loft happy. Even if the ending wasn’t what they had hoped for, the journey they shared would forever be etched in their heart, never to fade.

"Me too,"

Pure replied softly.

Her gentle hand, trembling just slightly, reached out to touch Loft's cheek. With the tip of her thumb, she tenderly wiped away a falling tear.

The one receiving that kindness closed her eyes, as if trying to absorb every bit of comfort and warmth she could in that fleeting moment—because who knew how long it would be before she might feel it again?

Or perhaps… that chance might never come again at all.

"Don’t suffer for too long, okay?"

A hand, only slightly bigger, rested gently on the back of hers. Loft pressed down softly, hoping to make the message stick in her memory.

"I don’t even know when..."

"Don’t bother telling me not to wait. I’m not going to wait anyway," Loft said.

"You don’t have to wait. If someone comes along and makes you happy, go ahead and be with them. I’ll still be around, nearby—but I won’t interfere."

Because unless they completely cut ties, pretending they no longer exist in each other’s lives, the lingering feelings would never truly fade with time. She knew this from experience: saying "don’t wait" but still staying close never helped anyone.

"Okay. I’ll do whatever you say."

Anything—just say the word.

"Thank you for loving me."

Pure didn’t know if this was the end between her and Loft. But either way, she still wanted to say thank you—to acknowledge the love the tall young woman had given her.

"You’re very welcome."

Once again, Loft felt like she was drifting in a dream. But this time, it was a nightmare.

She had never expected to be chosen—but she was. And from almost being Pure’s lover, she suddenly became just someone else in her life. It happened so fast.

She flew briefly into the cold wind before falling hard to the ground, bruised and battered.

But even then, Loft smiled—showing that she truly meant it when she said she was happy.

It was a farewell, though neither of them knew if they would ever cross paths again.

She soared briefly into the cold wind before falling hard to the ground. The impact was rough—leaving her bruised and battered. But even so, Loft still smiled, showing that she truly meant what she said—she was genuinely happy for her.

It was a goodbye, though neither of them knew if they would ever meet again.

The time had come to take responsibility for the consequences of their past actions. And that moment… had just begun.

They had a chance to choose whether or not to get involved in the chaos, and they hesitated only for a brief moment. But that split-second decision ended up having serious consequences that still affect the present.

Loft and Pure's relationship could no longer continue. Air and Pure couldn't go back to how things used to be, despite what they had once imagined.

Even the goodwill between Air and Loft, as *siblings*, had completely faded.

Living carelessly was starting to take a heavy toll. Jumping into wild, intense relationships—like riding a roller coaster—was now making these thrill-seekers experience emotions far beyond just excitement.

Living with too much caution had begun to take its toll.

Jumping into intense, whirlwind relationships—like riding a roller coaster —was no longer just thrilling.

Those who once loved the rush began to taste something else entirely.

In a fleeting moment, movement ascends to great heights before rapidly plunging down. That swift motion once made hearts pound and race, giving rise to screams that released the overflowing emotions within. The changes that occur within just a split second create excitement and thrill for the rider.

However, in the end, when the ride comes to a stop, the safety belt is unfastened, and one steps off the attraction — some people are left dizzy, nauseous, spinning and in distress. The impact can be so severe that it leaves them with such a strong aversion, they no longer wish to ride it ever again."

Loft was one of them. This lesson made her yearn for simplicity, something not flashy or dramatic. If possible, the tall girl wished to meet and love purely, without other factors forcing her to accept painful compromises like she’s doing now.

She dearly hopes that one day she will have a good love — a love that doesn't leave anyone wounded, unlike this time."

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**--------- THE END -------**

**22 June 2025**

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## just wait for Sparrow update the Special Chapter :s... I won't translate

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