



FORWARD

Credit to the Original writer;

Chao Pla Noy

FORWARD

.. ————— ·🌀· ————— ..

“Why did you do this? I treated you well, loved you and never wished you any harm. Why did you betray me?”

The sweet-faced girl looked at her with eyes filled with tears, sadness and disappointment, and it made her smile. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she didn't know what kind of tears they were.

“Because...”

“Why, what?”

“Because...”

“Tell me.”

“Don't know!”

My forehead hit the keyboard after typing 'I don't know!!', causing a letter to stretch across the monitor. That was not the character's feeling; it was mine. Although I was supposed to write the climax of a well-constructed story, I was suffering from writer's block because I couldn't find any reason for the antagonist to hurt FL.

In this story, the antagonist, who had always received love, care and everything good in the world from FL, stabbed her in the back while trying to steal from ML, when she caught him kissing her. Of course, ML had no idea about this. She kissed her to create a misunderstanding because she knew FL was watching them. It was such a basic Thai soap opera thing, something that we, the third-person readers, knew and thought: 'What a stupid girl. How the hell did you let her kiss you?' or something like that. But one thing that everyone, including me, didn't understand was actually the feelings of the antagonist.

How could she hurt FL... someone who was both like a sister and a close friend to her? Bitch, why did you do that...? No, wait, how could I ask that as a writer? How could she create it but couldn't you describe her feelings? No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't find any reason why she had to be so evil. What was that salty taste in my mouth?

I lifted my face from the keyboard, felt something metallic going down my throat, and discovered that there was blood dripping from my nose into my mouth, some of which I had already swallowed. The color made me blink in fear as I wiped it away with my hand. Was I so overworked that I got a nosebleed? Looking at the clock on the wall, I realized that it was after three in the morning. I hadn't eaten anything because I had rushed to finish the manuscript before the deadline, which was the next day at nine in the morning, and now my body was on edge..

I hadn't slept or eaten. My head was empty, but I still couldn't sleep or I wouldn't make the deadline. I had to crawl to get an energy drink out of the refrigerator, but before I could even enter the kitchen, I felt the world rock like I was on the Titanic. My house spun before my body slowly collapsed. And then everything went black.

“Yha... are you okay, Yha?”

Someone was shaking my body vigorously. I heard the faint tinkling of a small bell and felt a tongue on my face. A pet Poodle was licking me as I lay on the floor. I blinked in confusion, staring at the unfamiliar ceiling... It didn't look like a hospital ceiling, but wait... since when did I have a dog?

“She's conscious!”

A surprised voice shouted. I sat up slowly and shook my head to clear the confusion. Someone was holding my cheeks and looking into my eyes. Her light brown eyes and sweet face looked at me with concern. What was this? She was so beautiful. I touched my chest, feeling a sudden emptiness inside. After seeing my strange behavior, the person in front of me hurriedly asked:

“What's happening? Do you have chest pain? Does your heart beat irregularly? Should we go to the hospital?”

“No, I am not ok. I must have fainted. You're exaggerating, Oeng... huh?”

I quickly covered my mouth as I blurted out the name 'Oeng. Who was Oeng? Why did I say that name? However, the more I looked at her face, the more familiar she seemed. A mixed mass of memories began to slowly flow into my mind like a stream of water. The person in front of me was Oeng, the daughter of the family that ran jewelry and real estate businesses. You could say that she was incredibly rich. As for me, I was the daughter of a maid, raised by the family to be close to them. Another way of saying it was that I was Oeng's personal maid.

“They called me Mayha because my parents ran away to Maya Bay. My father is the driver of the family. My mother is a servant. And you are Miss Oeng, the kind sister who never saw me as a servant.”

“What's wrong, Yha? Why do you mention this all of a sudden?”

I slowly got up and looked around the house. No, it would be more accurate to call it a mansion. At that moment I'm in the kitchen. I was helping my mom prepare vegetables for dinner, and then I fainted because I'm on a diet,

thinking my legs are too big. I am a first-year student at a different university than Oeng, the daughter of the owner of the house, because I have no academic talent, but I do have a special ability to survive. I'm also quite attractive and have a seductive beauty but despite that, everyone seems to like Oeng more than me.

"Yha, please, you're worrying me,"

Said the sweet-faced girl. Her face was on the verge of tears.

"Why hasn't anyone else come here yet?"

The rest were sent to another reality or another time period to study history. Why the hell was I included in the isekai in my own novel?

“Yha!”

While I was talking to myself, she took my arm and wrapped me in her small body. The FL in this story was smaller than me and such a sweet person. She was so rich, beautiful, kind-hearted and perfect that you wouldn't believe such a person existed. Well, yes, she was my character and truly a divinity personified.

“Uh...why did you suddenly...”

“Please don't die. I'll take you to the hospital right away.”

“No, no, it's okay, I mean, I'm fine. I'm just...”

God, this wasn't confusing AT ALL. My real name is 'Ord-onn', but now I have to answer to my own character's name.

“I'm just a little confused, trying to understand this reality.”

“What do you mean?”

She let me go but she still gently held my face in her hands.

“You still remember me, right?”

“Yeah. You were born on July 21 and you are studying Arts at the best university in the country.”

“Oh... you really remember it, even in detail.”

“Your height is 160 centimeters and your weight is 44 kilograms.”

“kilograms.”

“Well, I may be a little dizzy, but I think my memory is still intact.”

And I had another set of memories. My name was Ord-onn, a novelist who couldn't find the reason why Yha, the antagonist, would want to hurt Oeng, the FL. Then my nose bled and I fainted. Well, this could be a dream, a realistic one. I'd probably wake up soon. But, if this was my dream, why the hell was I the antagonist? What kind of meaningless dream was this!?

“Yha, don't hurt yourself... Yha!”

I hit myself in the face about three times to wake myself up, but Oeng ran in and grabbed my hands, begging me not to hurt myself.

“I'm not hurting myself.”

"Then why did you slap yourself so hard? What happened... or did someone say something to hurt your feelings again?"

The word-again-meant that someone had done this to Yha before. Although she lived in a rich house, she was just the daughter of her servant. During high school, as she had gone to the same school as Oeng, she was often looked down upon and called a "daughter of a servant," which caused deep wounds in her heart. This had always made Oeng feel guilty about her, so she treated Yha as if she were her real sister, refusing to allow him to call her 'Miss' or 'Miss Oeng' like her parents did.

“No, I just feel like I can't stay asleep any longer. I have a deadline to meet.”

“What are you talking about?”

I had to meet the deadline. I must have passed out at three in the morning. The deadline was nine. If I didn't wake up at that moment, I wouldn't make it in time. So, I was going to completely miss the illustrator's commission schedule. And it was possible that even the editor would scold me. Well...this was the life of a famous writer, but a writer couldn't sleep and dream about her own novel for long.

“Miss, you don't understand... alone, please let me be alone now. You can go wherever you want.”

I hit my face three more times and it hurt so much it stung. God, why was this dream so realistic? I had seen the movie 'Inception' and they said that dreams could seem realistic in every way. To awaken, you needed to use your own Totem. But that was a movie! I had no such totem. I just needed to wake up. I needed to finish my manuscript, even if I had to drag myself to my desk.

“Yha!”

Not knowing what to do, Oeng hugged me again. This time, she squeezed me like a python while she pinned my arms to my body so I couldn't move, and it worked. I froze because I didn't know what to do. No one had ever hugged me except my parents. I got lost in her strong hug and the aroma that emanated from her neck. The sweet perfume that surrounded her made me completely forget about hitting myself. Maybe I didn't need to wake up yet. This...wasn't such a bad dream after all..

“I'll hold you like this until you stop hitting yourself. Tell me please, who hurt you?”

“Nobody did anything. Really, miss. Please, do not worry.”

"How could I not when you talk like that!?"

She half-screamed, and that startled me a little. She let go of me and looked me in the eyes.

“You have changed. You've never called me 'miss' before. I told you we're like sisters. We are equal.”

"Uh... I guess it's just a habit."

“What habit? You've always called me casually. Now, you're saying that you're used to calling me 'Miss!'. Did your mom make you do this again? Or did someone scold you?”

“No, no, nobody did anything, really.”

“I'm not going to allow it.”

She grabbed my hand and dragged me through the house until we found my mom in the backyard, sweeping up the leaves so they wouldn't fall into the pool.

“Aunt Ni.”

“Yes, Miss?”

My mom, who still called Oeng 'miss.' she responded. I examined my mom a little and I almost let out a laugh. Even in the novel, she looked exactly like my real mother

“Mom, you are a servant. Ha!”

I joked with her because she actually owned a store and five apartment buildings, so she was pretty far from poor. Plus, she didn't even know how to turn on the vacuum cleaner.

“What's wrong with you, laughing and making fun of me? And why is your face so red? Do you also do your makeup at home?”

"No, she got hurt,"

Oeng answered for me, pursing her lips tightly as if she were angry. She was probably blaming my mom, thinking that she was the reason she punished me like that.

“Did you scold her or something?”

“Of course not. Why would I scold her? And even if I did...she never listens to me anyway. Yha... did you get hurt? What did you do?”

“It's nothing serious, mom... Miss Oeng, it's nothing...”

“There it is again. How can you say it's nothing? She called me 'Miss'... Aunt Ni, did you scold her for addressing me without a title again?”

“I didn't do it.”

“For me, she is like my sister. There's no need to treat us differently, so stop making her address me with 'miss', please.”

My FL was furious, contrasting with the calm and collected personality I described in my novel. She took me by the hand to her room, walked a few times, then grabbed the car key and quickly called me.

“Come on.”

“Where... sister?”

I added 'sister' to the end of the sentence to match the character's status.

“To hospital.”

“Oh, I'm not going. I'm fine now. Look, I'm as fit and fresh as if I ran a half marathon and won a gold medal every day.”

I flexed my muscles to convince her that I was the picture of health, but she still seemed worried..

“I don't believe you. Your head could have hit the ground or something.”

“My head is fine too. I'm still the good Yha. I'm perfectly ok.”

I walked to the vanity to fix my hair to show that I still cared about my appearance, like described Yha in the novel. But I was surprised to find that

I still looked the same. If everyone here was a part of my imagination, why was I the only one who looked exactly the same? And my mom? Or were all the characters related to me? With that thought, I turned to look at Oeng and asked her. Had I met her somewhere before? How did she become the FL of my dream?

“What? Why are you looking at me like that?”

"Oeng, I'm sorry about this."

Before she could respond, I grabbed both of her cheeks and stretched them like a rubber band until she screamed in pain.

"Oh, that feels like real skin."

“That's all. You're acting very strange today. You have to go see the doctor with me now.”

She dragged me, but I resisted. However, given her smaller size, my resistance caused her to trip over me. The tip of her high-bridged nose collided with mine, making me flinch as if I'd be electrocuted and jumped away from her.

“I'm sorry.”

“Alright. There is no need to be so scared..”

"You're not hurt, are you?"

"You sound worried, but you're very far away."

She smiled and sighed.

"I'm really worried about you, you know?"

“I'm fine, really.”

“Are you really not upset about something?”

“Absolutely not.”

"If you say it, I'll believe you."

She walked directly towards me and gave me a hug. She rubbed my back as if she was trying to comfort me. That touched me a little, as I had never received this kind of attention.

“Good girl. Please don't get hurt or sick, okay?”

She was truly an angel, very loving and kind. I looked at myself in the vanity mirror, secretly berating the character I had written to be the evil antagonist at the end of the story. How could you do that to your kind sister? I would never forgive you. I needed to rewrite it... I had to rewrite the story!

①

NUMTUP

.. ————— .  . ————— ..

“Sleep in my room tonight. In case something happens, I can take care of you.”

In the middle of the night, when I was about to sleep in my small utility room, Oeng knocked on the door, insisting that I take my pillow and go to her room to sleep. I now found myself in her luxurious room, in stark contrast to my own room, which had a bed fitted with a cheap cartoon printed sheet.

The beautiful girl in her pajamas made up her king-sized bed and patted the mattress for me to convinced me. Actually, it wasn't difficult to please her, but if she didn't obey, it probably wouldn't end well. She couldn't blame anyone since I was the one who wrote to Yha to make her be so obedient to Oeng.

I lie down next to her. Although I had already denied her, her insistence as a spoiled rich girl. Or maybe that's why I was jealous of Oeng and did something so terrible to her... but until that moment, if I had a hint of envy towards her in my heart, I had to know it because I was Yha now. I had both her and my feelings and memories.

This was a commissioned novel and part of the B7 or 'seven bad boys' project, which consisted of seven novels written by seven different writers. The other six writers had already submitted their manuscripts. I was the only one who hadn't finished it because I couldn't find the reason for the

antagonist's action. The deadline was nine in the morning and I was still dreaming. I hoped that when I woke up I would still have time to finish my manuscript.

Or maybe I should try jumping off the balcony? The fall might wake me up... but if I didn't wake up in my reality or turn Yha into a sleeping beauty here, my FL here would surely go crazy. All that was left was to wait and see. The main idea of this project was for each of the seven FLs to find an ML with a unique charm. And of course, all the MLs were handsome, rich and charming, like the typical elite Thai guys who were often seen dating celebrities in the tabloids or gossip blogs, only they were not as handsome as these MLs.

As for my plot, it revolved around Oeng, FL, who was beautiful, rich and talented, but after meeting ML, she hated her at first sight. The ML, on the other hand, would feel challenged and want her to fall in love with him, so he bet with his friends that if he could make her his, they would have to pay him a total of seven million baht.

Still, they had to overcome several obstacles before achieving a happy ending. One of them was Maya, or that God-knows-why-I-was-her-girl of hers. He had to betray Oeng by trying to take the ML from him out of jealousy. She thought that if she was also beautiful like an angel, why couldn't she have what everyone else had? Furthermore, she was born into a poor family and her ambition forced her to become a villain.

So she did that? She didn't make any sense! Why would anyone treat someone they loved and respected this way just to get a man and lose a precious friendship forever? But hey, I was also wondering why these MLs were so rich... what kind of real people had millions of baht to gamble with friends before they even had a job? Who the hell put up this kind of topic? And it wasn't like every writer could write this kind of commissioned work for it to be a masterpiece. For my part, I didn't like it. I didn't feel like writing it and ended up being the last to submit the manuscript.

“What are you thinking about? Why don't you come to bed? Does your head hurt?”

“No, I'm just a little lost in my thoughts.”

My FL only had two flaws: she thought too much and she was overprotective of me. She did nothing but take care of me, which led to frequent fights with the ML. This made it easier for Yha to stab her in the back. Ugh...why did she have to play a villainous role? It did not make sense. I couldn't stand it. I needed to rewrite history!

I slipped under the blanket while Oeng reached out to turn off the lamp and got ready for bed, even though it was just after nine. This was not bedtime for a writer. That's why I was wide awake. If I fell asleep and had another dream, God knew if I would ever wake up again. Since I wasn't used to sleeping at that time, I tossed and turned in bed, went to the bathroom and went back to bed. This continued until half past ten. Oeng, who probably hadn't fallen asleep yet, reached out and hugged me around the waist before pressing her forehead against my back.

“What's happening? Why are you so restless?”

That left me dumbfounded. I was not used to skinship. My parents rarely hugged or kissed me. I lived my life in my room, making a living writing novels. I didn't go out, I didn't meet anyone, I didn't have a lover or many friends. That's why that experience was completely unknown to me.

“I can not sleep. Maybe it's because I passed out during the day. And I'm not used to sharing a bed with anyone.”

“What are you talking about? You and I have been sleeping together since we were little. We only started sleeping apart when we were in high school. Come on... Are you saying that just because we sleep in separate rooms, we're not close anymore? Didn't you say we'd be together forever until we were old and grey?”

What a wonderful relationship. They had played together since they were children, saw each other every day and did activities together like real sisters. Damn you... Maya, you ungrateful little shit. I'd make sure she suffered by jumping out the window or getting hit by a damn train. Now, ML and FL would have their happy ending and the novel would not need a

climax or an antagonist. The protagonists would live happily ever after without any obstacles. What a GREAT novel that would be.

“You're talking as if you're not going to get married. How are we going to stay together until we are old?”

“As long as I have you with me, I don't see why I need to get married.”

My heart was beating very fast. She spoke as if she was confessing her love for Yha. Had she ever written to them so that they were so crazy about each other? She needed to get a notebook to record her behaviors.

‘Do you really love me that much?’

“Yes, and I worry a lot about you too.”

“What do you care about?”

"I feel like you have some problems... well, I better not talk about it."

She moved closer, forcing me to turn around and talk to her. Our faces were getting closer. Oh my god...why was she so beautiful up close? She had big eyes, a high-bridged nose, and paper-thin lips. It would be a shame if ML didn't love her.

“What's happening?”

“It's not good to say it out loud.”

“Are you referring to the inferiority complex?”

“I did not mean...”

“Alright. You can be direct with me. Are you afraid that I'll feel inferior because I'm just a servant's daughter and you tried to take care of me so much? I'm really happy about that.”

"So you have something bothering you, right? Otherwise, how would you say that?"

“Nothing bothers me. You have given me so much love and I can feel it. Now I am in the university. No one calls me your servant anymore.”

"This thing too."

She snuggled against me, resting her head on my chest. She took me by surprise and didn't know where to put my arms, so I just wrapped them around her and gently rubbed her back. So then I fell into reason... She wasn't wearing a bra! But that wasn't a big deal, was it? We all slept without bras, including me. But if my nipples rubbed against her, would she have a strange idea?

“Is the reason you didn't apply to the same university as me because you're afraid of being bullied again?_

“You're overthinking it, Oeng.”

"Then why didn't you do it?"

“That's because I'm not as smart as you. My grades weren't that good and I couldn't pass the entrance exam. There is nothing else.”

Good. I needed to write this down and add it to the novel as well. She had only written that they were studying at different universities. Someone as ambitious as Yha would surely want to enter the same university as Oeng in order to improve her status. She didn't know why he had written otherwise. It was like the characters were telling me to do it.

“But you didn't include my university as your first choice. It's been bothering me for a while... Were you afraid my parents would object?”

“They would? What if I entered the same university as you?”

“Wel...”

She seemed worried. Her parents were very proud of her. It was true that they adopted and raised Yha, but only as the daughter of a maid. They did not treat her as an equal to her daughter. This could be the reason why she applied to a lower-ranked university.

“No, I'm really not smart. Still, I got into a public university like you, so you don't need to worry about that.”

“I want us to study in the same place so we can go to school together, eat together, and come home together, like in high school.”

“If you're so clingy to me, you won't get a boyfriend..”

“I told you that I only need you.”

“I just realized that you are quite childish.”

I chuckled and began to adore my FL more. I gently stroked her back.

“How about this? If I don't have class or if we have class around the same time. I will accompany you to your university.”

“But our universities are not close to each other.”

“Whatever university we get to first, that person goes for the other. How about that? Or... if I don't have class, I can pick you up at the university. Sounds good?”

“Oh really? That sounds great. You're always a good girl to me.”

Her voice began to sound tired and sleepy. I could tell she was struggling to keep up with our conversation.

“Yha, do you have class tomorrow?”

“No. Probably not...”

“Then I'll go to university with you tomorrow. I wanted to take a walk around your university. I was only able to explore it during the open house event.”

“Sounds great... That's my good gir...”

She slowly fell asleep as I gently rubbed her back. When I was sure she was asleep, I tried to move away, but suddenly she squeezed me.

“Do not go. I like to hug you. It's so warm.”

“The beats of your heart are a lullaby to my ears... so please don't leave.”

“Okay... I won't do it.”

Was my FL really that adorable? God, I felt like my heart was going to melt with happiness.

“Now... Come on, wake up. Go take a shower. Didn't you promise to go to college with me?”

“Uh...”

I blinked tiredly. I didn't know when I fell asleep because I was too excited to be held last night, and the next thing I knew it was morning.

"Am I still in Oeng's bedroom?"

“Where else do you think you would be?”

In my own room, in front of the refrigerator where I fainted, I suppose that until now I had not woken up and was still immersed in the dream that was the plot of my own novel. How weird. She had just woken up from a dream within a dream. Awesome.

“Is that your uniform?”

“Yeah. What? You forgot it? I use it every day.”

Her school uniform was a red suit with a black skirt, like what you would see in a manga. If you want an outfit with a stylish boy vibe, that was the best fit. But of course, this was a fictional world. You couldn't wear a suit in this always scorching country.

“I thought you were getting dressed to go out somewhere. You look good even in a college uniform.”

“What a sweet conversationalist. Come on, go take a shower.”

Now she playfully pinched my cheeks and she urged me to leave. I went back to my room and got dressed. I didn't even look at my schedule because it didn't mean anything to me. I would eventually wake up. But now I wanted to see my FL's life because the more intimate I was with her, the more I could empathize with Yha and her thought process.

I got into the same car as Oeng, with my father as the family driver. I had to sit in the front with him, not in the back where the family members sat. There was a slight protest from Oeng, who wanted me to sit with her, but some rules had to be maintained to prevent me from becoming too presumptuous.

“Why are you making such a fuss? Why can't you sit with me? We can't chat like that.”

I looked in the rearview mirror and saw her beautiful face staring out the window and pouting. How could you be jealous of someone as adorable as this?

“We can still talk. We are not so far.”

“But I want to sit with you.”

“How about this? I will accompany you to your faculty when we arrive at the university.”

That seemed to satisfy her. She hugged me from behind she rested her chin on the back of me while she whispered in my ear:

"Are you going to pick me up later too?"

“Sure.”

“I'm very happy. It would be nice if we could do this every day...”

“Khun Oeng, if you’re so clingy to her, you’ll never have a boyfriend, you know?”

My dad said jokingly. These had to be my memories. Even my fictional father looked like my real father.

“The apple really doesn't fall far from the tree, eh? They just told me that yesterday. Why do they want me to have a boyfriend so much? If that really happens, we won't have to be alone.”

“If you have one, I'll look for one too, so we both don't feel alone.”

“You can not!”

“How is that? You can have a boyfriend, but I can't?”

I said jokingly as she extended my hand to touch her. I was starting to get used to these skinships. Her slender, soft hand made me think that she had grown up so well. Way to go, my girl!

“You can not. I will not leave you.”

“If you were a man, I would think you were infatuated with her, Khun Oeng.”

“What?”

“What?”

Oeng and I exclaimed in unison and then looked at each other. She quickly removed her hand from the seat and leaned back. As for me, I was still stunned by my father's taunts, which had made the atmosphere turn sour. I protested:

“Why did you say that, dad?”

“I have no problem with her being a girl. I like it that way,”

Said Oeng. Our eyes met through the rearview mirror and we both looked away. My heart was beating faster than ever. Why did we have to look the other way? It wasn't like what she said could happen. Not to mention that it was an HL novel. That would absolutely go against the plot.

When we arrived at the place, I discovered that it was completely unfamiliar to me, even though I was the one describing everything from the buildings and the garden to the front door, because this place didn't really exist in Thailand. They were all fictitious. They all wore the same uniform as Oeng, except for the pin, which indicated which faculty they belonged to. I, who was wearing casual clothes, walked alongside her through the door to explore the place. As she walked, I couldn't help but bring up the topic my dad had brought up.

“Don't take it seriously. He just continued with his usual meaningless chatter.”

“It doesn't bother me at all.”

“What a relief. I thought you would overthink it. Or maybe it's because we're too close. That's why she made fun of us like that. I was afraid that you would avoid me after saying that.”

“Were you? Well I'm glad. Finally, I know that you also want to be close to me like this.”

She clung to my arms and leaned down to hug me like a cat. I had already gotten used to her skinships. If she didn't do it, something bad must have happened that day.

“Well, I'm usually not such a clingy person. You're also spoiling me m.. Jesus!_

A car threw dirty water on us as we walked. Since I was walking on the outside of the sidewalk, I got wetter than Oeng, who was walking on the inside. Seeing me soaked in dirty water, she quickly tried to wipe the stains off as if they were going to disappear before turning to face the driver who had passed us and parked not far away. She ran to the car and said:

“Hey, you!...get out now!”

My calmer, kinder FL was now banging on the window of a supercar, whose driver probably knew he had splashed us with muddy water and had parked to observe the situation. But like jn, 'you'?' sounded so embarrassing. Oh wel... This was a young adult novel after all. I could not do anything.

My characters referred to each other formally. Onlookers began to gather at the scene due to Oeng's increasingly loud voice. Suddenly, the door opened. A man came out wearing sunglasses and the same uniform, except for the black pants. The aura he gave off was so bright, as if the sun intentionally became his personal focus. That made me recognize him immediately.

“I am here now. What do you want?”

“I want to talk about this. Didn't you see that you splashed dirty water on us?”

What a typical Thai school romance story. The bad boy of the story, who had looks, money, bad habits and problems and was about to bet with his friend to win Oeng's heart, had finally appeared: Numtup... the ML of this story!

②

I WILL BE THE ANTAGONIST

.. ————— ·  . ————— ..

'He walked straight towards Oeng and scrutinized her...!'

In this scene, I described that she impressed him at first sight. However, he didn't like her anger and tense expression very much because, since he was born, no one had messed with him or anything like that.

“And what do you want?”

“Can't you imagine what has to be done?”

Oeng, who seemed even more heated than me, was furious. I quickly approached her, grabbed her arm and tried to calm her down. By the way, this jerk was very annoying. Did I really write it? And why did people love these types of characters? When I had to face it in reality, I couldn't describe it in more words than disgusting. He didn't have any charm. Furthermore, he seemed unapproachable, almost threatening.

"Why don't you tell me what you want? How about this?"

He took out his wallet and handed me a thousand baht bill.

“Take this to wash your clothes and let's put an end to this matter.”

“What I want is an apology!”

“Leave it, Oeng. Let's go.”

I couldn't let my dear FL get more involved with this damn ML because, in the end, he would be impressed by her spunk and would relentlessly try to win her heart since she was too interesting to ignore.. This needed to change! I couldn't stand men like that. I solemnly swore by the God of Palo Stew, my favorite dish, that... from now on, my ML would be so kind and gentle that the Nobel Peace Prize would go to him and not the other way around.

“I will not leave.!”

Oeng let go of my hand.

"Apologize to her, now!"

“Okay, okay, I'm sorry, okay?”

"You call that an apology?"

“What do you want now? I did what you told me. You have the money and I have apologized. What more do you want... or do you want me?”

Numtup approached her as she walked away from him and turned to look for something in the trash can. She took out a discarded plastic cup and filled it with dirty water on the roadside.

“Now. move!”

She walked towards Numtup before throwing the murky water at him. Amidst the gazes of the spectators, the ML watched her action in a state of shock. His surprise turned to anger. He probably wanted to strangle her to death at that moment, but I didn't write him to be violent towards women, so he could only think about it.

“Take my money. We're even now... If I'm angry.”

“So I'm sorry, okay?”

“Hey!”

“How does it feel to receive a half-hearted apology? If no one has taught you about this, then you should probably remember this as a life lesson. Come on, now... Your clothes are a mess.”

“Where we go? Isn't this the way to the front door?”

“Let's get you new clothes. You can't use this mess.”

“But you have class?”

“Anyway, it's late. And after that idiot ruined my day, I don't feel like doing anything.”

Stupid.. I rolled my eyes and cringed for typing that word into my FL's dialogue. I didn't feel anything when I saw it in the text, but when I said it out loud, it was so embarrassing that I had to mentally write it down so the real me could rewrite all of this. I could not stand it!

“If we go back home, won't your dad scold you?”

“We're not going home. We're going somewhere else.”

“Where to?”

“The mall!”

She did exactly what she said: she asked my dad to take us to a nearby mall and took me shopping. I wasn't sure if she was buying me these things out of kindness or as a way to vent her anger. As she had already mentioned, she was a very rich young woman. She carried credit cards with no preset spending limit, so she could buy whatever she wanted. And most of the things she bought... usually ended up being for me. She loved me so much.

“I think this one suits you well. It's the latest collection.”

She showed me a piece of clothing.

“You'll look adorable with it.”

“You don't have to spend money on it because..”

“Because?”

“I can do magic.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well...”

Well, because this was a dream. I was going to perform some magic to entertain my own FL a little. I proceeded to extend my hand and pretend to cast some spells.

“Money, come!”

“Money, come... wait, didn't they say we can do anything magical in our sleep!?”

I looked at my hand, which was as empty as Oeng's eyes looking at me. She reached out to touch my forehead and then frowned.

“You have a slight fever. It must be because of your wet shirt.”

“Oh, come on, I'm not that weak of a person. You're thinking too much...”

I sneezed and started to feel feverish. I must have been too soaked, not to mention I was in an air-conditioned mall instead of at home in dry clothes. I normally didn't get sick easily, but I knew this wasn't normal. I was in a novel, a dream... A wet dream.

“You see? You're sneezing. That's why you're talking weird. Let's hurry up and buy something so we can go home. Ugh, I couldn't help but get angry at that idiot.”

I screamed internally at the word 'idiot'. It sounded so embarrassing I had to put on my shirt and beg her.

“Oeng... please don't call him an idiot.”

“Why not?”

"It just... doesn't sound very good."

Her expression changed instantly when I said that.

“Do you like it?”

“Huh?”

“Do you like that idiot?”

For God's sake, she had to stop calling him 'idiot'. I was the writer who couldn't stand these kinds of words. Just the word -you like it- already gave me goosebumps. I knew these words were common terms in Thai novels, but they shouldn't be said out loud. Didn't you understand?

“No, I don't like it, but you are a very kind and polite person. It feels weird to hear you say that.”

Calling him 'that man..he's more bearable.

“No...I'm going to call him an idiot. I'm already too kind not to call him a son of a bitch...”

She paused and took a deep breath.

“Yes, that's true. Why did I have to be so angry?”

“The angrier you get, the more it bothers you, you know? It is better to just ignore these types of people. You deserve to be with someone better than this,”

I concluded my statement clearly, but Oeng, who didn't know that this was the plot of this novel, immediately frowned.

“What are you talking about? Why did you talk like I was going to meet that idiot again?”

"Well...uh...that's my fault. Let's not call him 'idiot' anymore, okay? Let's better talk about ourselves. For example... I want to go home now."

I made a sick face and rested my head on her to lighten her mood. When I did that, she patted my head and sighed.

"Alright, let's go home so you can rest."

Oh... fragile woman, you get sick from a splash of water. What a joke. I hadn't even had a fever when I was splashed during Songkran on Khaosan Road, not to mention that I went to get drunk in a beer garden after that. Oeng came to take care of me and wiped my body with a damp cloth. Sometimes, I didn't think she was a great FL; she was more like an ML, while I was the fragile FL.

"I'm sorry for causing so much trouble, making you miss your class, and taking care of me."

I coughed a little as if my body wanted to say: my dear readers, I am sick.

"It's not your fault at all. If it's anyone's fault, it's that idiot. If I ever see him again, I'll tell him what I think."

"You don't have to do that."

I suddenly sat up, momentarily forgetting about my illness.

"If possible, you should avoid interacting with that man. If you see him, just run away. If he tries to approach you, you should get as far away from him as possible."

"What... are you so afraid that I'll hurt him so much?"

"No, it's not that I'm worried about you hurting him. It's the other way around. That man is a bad guy."

I coughed again, causing her to gently rub my back.

"Take it easy. Are you sick?"

“No, this is important. I don't want you to get involved with someone like him.”

“What's with the worry? Why would he want to have anything else to do with me?”

“He is someone who cannot go back. The more you impress him, the more he will find a way to impress you. Then you will start to fall in love with him. I don't approve of him... He doesn't suit you.”

“Oh, come on, it seems like I'm in love with him? I despise him more than anything. To be honest, I've seen that car of his speeding with people squeezing behind it, but I never thought I'd face him... so rest assured, I'll never be friends with him.”

“You can't be his girlfriend either.”

“If I can't be his friend, how could I be his girlfriend? Stop thinking about something that has already been decided,”

“It is not like this. Someone like him will surely try to get close to you. He'll add you to Line, he'll call you to apologize, and he'll take you out to dinner. But in fact, he is betting with his friends that if he can get you into bed, he will win a million baht from each of his friends.”

We both remained silent. Oeng reached out to touch my forehead again. Her face was full of genuine concern.

“Are you sure it's just a cold? Are you really not going crazy?”

“Pfft, crazy. You read too many novels and let them get into your head. How can something like this happen? You act like you know him well,”

Oeng laughed and pushed me onto the bed.

“Sleep a little. Stop thinking about something impossible. He can never make me fall in love with him. I will never be friendly with someone who made you sick like this, not to mention his habit of throwing money at others. That makes me hate his guts even more.”

“But even Elizabeth eventually falls in love with Mr. Darcy, you know?”

“Sleep now!”

Hearing her abrupt order, I quickly closed my mouth and closed my eyes in slight fear. She gently caressed my face before doing something unexpected: kissing my forehead.

“Sweet dreams.”

She left, turned off the bedroom light and closed the door. However, my eyes were wide open, my heart was racing like I was on a roller coaster, and there was no sign of them returning to their normal state anytime soon. How kind of you... too kind, even. My heart was melting. The more she treated me this well, the less I could forgive myself for making her end up with someone like that. I would do anything to make sure that didn't happen.

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. .
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Well... I'll be the antagonist!

③

IT'S GETTING OUT OF CONTROL

.. ————— . ❧ . ————— ..

Even though I had a cold, I managed to wear a mask and go to university with Oeng. My dad kept scolding me for not resting and potentially making our little miss sick. Oeng, however, smiled satisfied despite her worries.

“Promise me you'll get some rest when you get home. I don't have class tomorrow, so I'll make up for lost time. Speaking of which, you're classy, right?”

Oeng gave me a hug as usual from the back seat, unfazed by my snuffle. I could only blush and squirm at her touch before responding:

“No, I do not have.”

Or maybe I had. I really didn't know. Anyway, this wasn't my real life. If I only focused on studying, how would I snatch the ML from the FL, right?

“That's great. Tomorrow we will spend the whole day together.”

"Of course not, miss,"

My father interjected, apparently more concerned about Oeng than his own daughter. Well, yes, I wrote to her so that she would be the apple of everyone's eye.

“She's sick. What happens if you get infected too, miss?”

“I'll just wear a mask like her. I won't get infected. It is better to have someone to take care of her. Besides, I don't have class tomorrow. Playing with her is more fun than just lying around by myself.”

What did she mean by -play with me-? Or did she mean playing with -my body-? Heh. Well, anyway, if she said she wanted to spend the whole day with me, that meant she wouldn't have time for Numtup. I would save her myself. Although I wrote them to end up together, I would change it as soon as I woke up. I swore to God!

When we arrived at the university, I was about to leave the car and accompany her to the faculty as I had done the day before, but Oeng stopped me.

“You don't have to accompany me there. I can go alone. You just go home and rest so you can get back on your feet.”

"But I want to do it,"

I said, making a puppy face.

“Please, let me walk you there. Yesterday we couldn't go very far.”

“But...”

“Please, please.”

Hearing my plea, my father sighed and spoke to Oeng:

"Please let her accompany you there, miss. Otherwise, she will miss class. You wants her to go too, right?"

"Very good,"

She smiled softly and offered me her hand. We entered as a couple. Everyone there was just an extra in the scene. Nobody cared about anyone else. I couldn't help but look at her with admiration. How did I create such a wonderful character? I felt so in love and attached to her that I didn't want to wake up from her.

“You've been watching me. Is there something on my face?”

“I was thinking that you are so beautiful.”

“You are even more beautiful.”

“That is not true. You are the female protagonist. How could anyone be more beautiful than you?”

“Female protagonist?”

Having made a mistake, I hastily corrected myself.

“As if you were the most beautiful woman in my life.”

“What a sweet conversationalist.”

I accompanied her to her college. She said goodbye, but she seemed worried about me returning alone. She even tried to walk me back to the car, but I stopped her.

“Why are you coming back with me? You're going to miss class again. I can go back alone. I remember the way. We walked here in a straight line.”

“But...”

“I'm fine, really. I can explore the place on my way back. Maybe I can catch someone's interest.”

I joked, but she immediately frowned.

“What did you just say?”

“Huh?”

“Did you accompany me here because you want men to love you?”

Her harsh tone began to turn serious, making me cringe.

“I was joking! It was a joke! Please don't take it seriously. I'm sick, you know?”

I pleaded and she softened her expression and reached out to pinch my cheek, even though I was wearing a mask.

“Walk straight to the car and go home, promise me.”

“Clear. I promise. Bye, bye.”

I said goodbye to her and watched her until she disappeared into the building. I immediately broke my promise because I accompanied her there to catch the interest of a man, and not just any man, but the ML of this story. Numtup.

If I was not mistaken, he was studying at the Faculty of Communication Arts, so I had to find that building within this huge place. However, my illness and the long walk almost made me collapse from exhaustion. But in the end I found the building and began searching for the ML, whose presence stood out more than that of anyone else in this world. And there he was...standing and talking to the MLs from the other six novels. They were probably discussing the bet. I had to stop them immediately. No one could hurt Oeng because I would protect her myself. I swore on my grandfather's grave that I would do it. Oh well... He was dead anyway. He probably wouldn't care..

“What are you doing? Stop right now!”

I interrupted their conversation. They were surprised and turned to look at me. Each and every one of them was attractive. I didn't know how the other authors described his ML. but mine was the most handsome because I couldn't take my eyes off him, the jerk who was going to destroy Oeng's kind heart.

“Did you hear us?”

“Yeah.”

I didn't hear anything, but I knew what they were talking about. I couldn't help but know everything that was happening in this world. I was the writer! Numtup looked at me in surprise and pursed his lips as if he was thinking about something. One of the MLs frowned and asked me with cold and calm skepticism, a stark contrast to my impulsive ML brain.

“You just showed up. How could you hear what we're talking about? Well... if you heard us, tell us then.”

"You..."

I grimaced at the word "you." It didn't seem right to say it. But this was a young adult novel after all. I couldn't force myself to speak formally, could I?

"You guys are talking about making a bet on whether he can get my sister, the queen bee of her college, into bed. She was the one you splashed with your car... arg..._

Ugh, how much more would I have to deal with this?

“What's the matter? Why do you keep sticking your tongue out like that? What are you, a snake?”

Another ML, who was a bit of a rascal, said jokingly. I quickly glared daggers at him and then ignored him completely. Anyway, he was just a supporting character. He could be an ML in another books . But this was my book, so he would have to back off!

“True... She went to splash her with dirty water.”

"So you really heard us,"

Numtup approached me with his arms crossed.

“But what are you going to do about it?”

“I can do something for sure. I'll make sure 'you' don't..."

I grimaced again and shook my head 'you' won't be able to hurt her.

“Do what you want then, but I'm not going to back down.”

“I said no! Do not mess with her. She doesn't deserve a bully like 'you... uhm!”

I started to feel exhausted and dizzy from the fever. The person in front of me frowned and asked me curiously:

“What's the matter? Why are you suddenly complaining about us?”

“I'm not complaining! I don't feel well because 'you' threw dirty water on me yesterday. Just stop playing with her, or else...”

I couldn't even finish my last sentence because I felt like the world was spinning. I didn't know what happened after that because everything went dark...

④

THE ANTAGONIST

.. ————— . ❧ . ————— ..

She walked me to my room. The view from my bed seemed like paradise to me. Exhaustion overwhelmed me, I collapsed face down on the bed and stayed like that. Oeng shook her head slightly, walked over and ordered me to lie on my back to adopt a proper sleeping position. Then she put the blanket on me and asked my mom to bring her a warm, wet cloth to clean my body while I was near her

We didn't talk about it in the infirmary as if it had never happened, but it still bothered me. Everything still remained in my mind: her gaze, her gentle and loving touch and the mysterious attraction that almost led us to do something unexpected. My heart started to race again... Was it the fever or the excitement that made me feel this way?

“Your face is red as a tomato when you're sick. How adorable.”

After receiving the wet cloth from my mom, she took it upon herself to clean my body, even though she was still in her college uniform. My mother, who was standing not far away, interrupted her with a feeling of obligation to her duty.

“Khun Oeng, you should change your clothes first. I can take care of her... And you girl, you knew you were sick, have you ever thought about taking care of her? You see? Now you are being a burden to others!”

“Mom, I'm sick, you know?”

I complained and grabbed Oeng's hand as if I was asking for help.

“Help me.”

“Please don't scold her, aunt. It was my fault for wanting her to go with me, even though she is that sick.”

“Oh, please don't blame yourself, miss... I beg you, go change your clothes. I'll take care of her. Once she's done, she can come down and take over.”

At my mother's stern words, Oeng obeyed.

“It's okay, please take care of her. I'll be down soon.”

I didn't know when I had fallen asleep. When I woke up, I found Oeng sleeping next to me. It was dark outside. The time on the clock read eight o'clock at night. That meant I had been asleep for three hours. I felt much better, probably because the fever was going down. I turned on my side to scrutinize the pretty girl, who was sleeping soundly next to me. In the darkness, I could still make out her features, thanks to the light from outside. Seeing her like this, I couldn't help but playfully touch her between her eyebrows. She frowned slightly but remained asleep. Then I gently caressed her nose and her mouth. When I reached her lips, her teeth caught my finger.

“Oops!”

“Naughty girl.”

She opened her eyes to look at me in the darkness, not forgetting to place her hand on my forehead to check my temperature.

“Your fever has already gone down.”

“I have a good nurse.”

“If you have.”

She accepted the praise, laughed a little, gently caressed my face and then sighed:

“Thank God, you're better now. It hurt me to see you so sick. Please, take care of yourself. I don't like seeing you faint or talk nonsense. I thought you were going crazy.”

"I was just looking for your attention. I wanted you to take care of me,"

I joked, petting her hand like a kitten. Even though I was the one who created her, I was completely in love with her now. So....that's what it was like to be emotionally attached to your own character, but I didn't think any other writer would ever have this kind of attachment that I was having.

“You probably won't have a boyfriend if you continue to love me so much.”

“What if I have a boyfriend? Would you allow it?”

“I do not want you to do it.”

She didn't say she wouldn't allow it, she just said she didn't want me to. I smiled, pleased. I thought she was the only one who was possessive of my FL. It was great to know that even an antagonist like me came to be liked by her too.

“But I know it's impossible to stop something like that.”

“That's true.”

Since I knew very well who she would end up with, all I could do now was do everything in my power to prevent that from happening.

“If you really want to have one, wait a little. I'm not ready to let you leave me yet.”

She changed position to lie on her back, staring at the ceiling, and I did the same. The ceiling wasn't particularly fascinating, but I didn't know where else to look.

“On the other hand, you will get one before me.”

“How would that be possible?”

“Well, there's Numtup.”

“Oh, not that name again. If you keep talking about him, he might start to think that you like him.”

“Let's say...”

“Let's say I like it; what would you do?”

Oeng remained completely silent. I turned to look at her, her face was expressionless.

“Hello?”

“I will snatch you away.”

“Huh?”

Oeng sat up and stretched her body before getting out of bed to turn on the light. She checked my temperature again and playfully ruffled my hair.

“Even if you're better now, you still need to get some rest. Go to sleep. I'm going to take a shower and call it a night too. Good night.”

“Good night.”

We looked at each other for a moment. She leaned in like she had done in the infirmary, but this time she kissed me on the forehead. My face instantly blushed when she did that. She simply walked out and closed the door behind her.

“I will snatch you.”

What was that? Wasn't it me who had to take her away? Or had history changed?

The next morning....

It was Oeng's day off. I woke up happily, feeling completely better. After a shower, I rushed to find her. I found her busy cooking with my mother. I crept up behind her and hugged her.

“Boo!”

"God, you scared me."

She laughed as she stirred the congee in a small pot.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm making rice soup for you, but I asked your mom to help me with the seasoning. You tastes it for me. Do you like it?”

She carefully blew on the congee so that it would not be too hot. Her actions made me smile without realizing it. I opened my mouth and took the spoonful of soup she offered me.

“This is so good.”

“I'm glad to hear that.”

“What a beautiful and excellent cook.”

“I told you, your mom was the one who seasoned it.”

"Girls, you've been laughing together all morning,"

My mother smiled, looking at us not far away.

“Like a couple.”

Oeng stiffened, but I hugged her and said to my mom:

“We are a couple. You did not know?”

I joked. My mom smiled and said:

“Well, keep your love.”

“Of course, we never fight, right Oeng?”

“Yeah.”

Oeng put her arm around me and gently rubbed my back before turning to pour more congee into a bowl for me

“Here, eat. I got up early to prepare this for you.”

“That's nice of you. That's why I love you so much.”

I took the bowl and walked towards the small table. I went ahead and put the soup in my mouth without blowing on it. The steaming soup burned my mouth and made me scream. Oeng ran towards me with a glass of cold water.

“I told you it was hot. Come on, be careful for once. How much do I have to worry about you?”

“Miss Oeng, seeing that you love her so much started to make me jealous... And you, look how much she loves you. Don't you dare do anything that will make her angry or sad. Understood?”

"Understood, mom,"

I said as I stuck out my tongue to cool it. While I was struggling with the hot soup, Oeng's message notification rang. Since the phone was not far away, I saw the name appear on the screen.

*Numtup”

I paused and looked at the owner of the phone. She quickly took it to read it and turned it face down as if she didn't care, but I had already seen it.

“Are you sending him text messages? I thought you said you were going to block him.”

“I still owe him a favor, but it's okay. All he did was text me,”

She said, avoiding my eye contact. She made me feel uncomfortable.

“Let me help you with the dishes aunt.”

“It's okay, miss.”

Still, she insisted on helping. Taking the opportunity as she turned around, I quickly grabbed her phone to copy Numtup's contact to mine. Then I continued eating as if nothing had happened. I was thinking about how to keep her as far away from him as possible. It seemed like my villain instincts were awakening.. When I finished breakfast, I returned to my room, locked the door, and immediately texted

[Yha: Numtup.]

He responded shortly after.

[Numtup: Who is it?]

[Yha: I am Oeng's sister.]

[Numtup: Oh, you're the one who fainted that day. How did you get my LINE?]

[Yha: I told you to stay away from her, right?]

[Numtup: Well, you can't stop me. Besides, if she didn't want anything to do with me, why would she gave me her Line in the first place?]

[Yha: That was because she felt indebted to you for helping me. And how could you accuse her of being that ungrateful?]

[Numtup: She could have ignored my messages, but she still decided to text me.]

[Yha: If you want someone to return the favor, let me do it. Don't involve her, bad boy.]

[Yha: I'll make sure you never touch that seven million baht because she'll never sleep with you.]

[Numtup: Who knows? You may like it. Beneath that innocent girl mask, she could be a real slut.]

What kind of fucking ML was he? Had he just called the FL a whore? I didn't understand it. I needed to do something.

[Yha: If you want to take someone to bed, let it be me.]

[Numtup: You have guts, but I won't get the seven million baht for doing that.]

[Yha: But you will reach the seventh heaven.]

[Numtup: Well, okay.]

This guy was really a playboy. He would literally fuck anyone. I grabbed my wallet and phone and headed out, even though I had promised Oeng that I would spend the whole day with her. My impatience led me to meet Numtup at the place he had sent me. Although I didn't completely trust him, fearing that he would make us meet at a hotel, when I arrived at the place, it turned out to be just a restaurant.

He was sitting by the window, his beautiful face dwarfing all the others. I walked straight towards him and plopped down in front of him.

“Leave Oeng alone.”

I didn't beat around the bush. She turned to me with a cheerful but insincere smile.

“And mess with you instead? Look, I've slept with many women, but I have to say that none of them had the guts that you have... Tell me then, why should I love you more than the queen bee of the Faculty that she is?”

“I am a sex goddess.”

He was stunned, as if he had seen a ghost. What should he have said then? How could the antagonist have anything better than FL? I didn't have the looks, the money, or the family legacy, but I did have one thing: my guts.

“You sure are strange.”

“Those seven million baht really mean nothing to you. You just want to make someone who didn't even bother to care about you fall in love with you, right?”

“You speak as if you know me well.”

“In fact, I know you even better than your mother.”

Of course I did. After all, I wrote it myself. But my words made him angry because he thought I had insulted his mother

“Take care of your mouth. You offered yourself to me, but you continued insulting my mom. Do you think that's how it works? That's all. The deal is over. Actually, I agreed to meet you because I just wanted to know what kind of person you were. Turns out you're just a jealous woman who can't stand to see her sister live a better life.”

“Hey, what do you mean I'm jealous? I'm protecting her from you.”

“Well, I'm handsome and rich, while she has everything that deserves attention. But seriously, what kind of decent woman offers herself to a man and describes herself as a 'Sex Goddess'?”

“A woman like me. Why should I beat around the bush? Let's not fight. Let's just fuck and get this over with, so you can leave Oeng alone.”

I stood up and guided him.

“Lets go to the hotel.”

“Huh?”

“Come on! I have to go home later.”

I left the restaurant and he followed me with a confused look and scratched his head.

“What is all that?”

“What?. I have never slept with any man. You're going to be the first.”

“What? I thought you said you were a Sex Goddess.”

“I saw a little pornography.”

“Gross.”

“What? You men can watch pornography, but women can't? Where do you live? Under a rock?”

"So what can you do in bed?"

“Everything they show in porn: handjob, blowjob, footjob.”

“EW!”

“Do you think I like doing that with you? Let's get this over with. You have to stop messing with Oeng after that. You already promised me.”

“I didn't promise you anything.”

“You kissed me and promised me.”

“When did we do that?”

“Now.”

I pulled down the collar of his shirt and kissed him in front of the restaurant. Like I said, this was a novel; The extras in the scene didn't really care much about what we were doing. But while he was kissing me... I didn't close my eyes, so I saw a figure looking at us in shock from the opposite side of the road. That's Oeng! Oeng, who had appeared out of nowhere, walked away when I noticed that I had seen her. In quickly separated from Numtup and called her:

“Oeng! Wait! Oeng!”

"You have the damn guts.”

“How did she get here!?”

“I sent her a text message. I just wanted her to see that you're a whore, that you wanted to kidnap a guy who was flirting with her for you.”

I had just remembered that this scene was also in the novel. I understand it now. I already simply wanted to protect Oeng, so I arranged a meeting with ML to discuss this matter. Then, as is typical of the novels, a chance meeting occurred that led to a misunderstanding. It really speaks to me about the antagonist!

5

ANOTHER PERSON INSIDE ME

.. ————— ·  · ————— ..

I rushed home by taking a taxi because I didn't catch up with Oeng who had already left by car. When I arrived, she was already upstairs with the door closed. I hesitated for a moment before knocking, wondering what excuse I could give her if she asked me why I did what I did... but hell with that.

It would be better if I talked to her now, so I knocked on her door. At first I thought she wouldn't open the door because she might be angry, but to my surprise, she opened it and looked at me with a clueless expression.

“What's happening?”

“Can we talk?”

“I guess.”

I guess...what did that mean? She opened the door and gestured for me to come in before closing it and walking past me to sit on her bed, crossing her legs.

“What do you want to talk about?”

“About what you saw today... I can explain it to you.”

“Why do you need to explain?”

She tilted her head in confusion.

“Because it wasn't what you think it was.”

“And what do I think it was?”

“That Numtup and I... we were kissing.”

When I said this, I couldn't help but grimace. I thought about when I pulled him in to kiss him and felt a shiver of disgust.

"So, where did I go wrong? You really did that, in public no less."

Her tone was flat now, but she still kept her emotions in check.

"I don't see why you need to explain anything."

“I need it because you might be angry, Oeng.”

“Why should I be angry?”

“Because...”

That was correct. Why should she be angry? And why should I be afraid that she would get angry? Now, I was the one who was confused, but because of her serious look, I had to find a good excuse for it.

“Because you were waiting at home to spend time with me, but I ran away to meet a man.”

“Huh.”

The half-sarcastic scoff made me look at her.

"Do you even realize that what you did was wrong?"

“But I can really explain it!”

“Well, do it then. I let you into my room because you said you had something to discuss, although there was no need for such a discussion.”

She stood up and looked at me with her hands in her pockets.

“The reason you always talked about Numtup is because you were afraid he would hit on me. That's why you tried to get in the way, right?”

“No!”

“W... Well, yes, but it wasn't just that. All I did was make sure he stopped bothering you.”

“What a noble sacrifice.”

“Please do not say that. I didn't want him to win the bet...I told you that man had an ulterior motive. I heard him tell his friends that he was going to put you to bed, Oeng.”

“So, you offered yourself to him?!”

“Uhh...”

Her high-pitched tone made me lick my lips nervously, looking for an explanation.

“What was I supposed to do? I wanted to protect you.”

“Don't use such a flimsy excuse. You can do whatever you want. I won't interfere anymore... and if I want to do something I want, stay away from it.”

“Oeng...”

“Get out... I don't want to see your face anymore!”

The kind-hearted girl from the beginning of the story was now furious. Her stern expression left me speechless, and I had no choice but to leave the room. After reflecting on my excuses, I realized that they were completely unjustifiable. In my heart, I knew that I volunteered to protect Oeng, but to outsiders, it seemed like I was trying to steal her boyfriend.

No, he wasn't even her boyfriend yet. I rushed to do it for fear that they would take her away from me. Now it turned out that my relationship with Oeng was not as good as it used to be. We used to love each other, kiss each other's foreheads and hug each other. Now it was as if we were just strangers. Of course, everyone noticed the tension between us. My dad, who was used to seeing me go to university with Oeng, asked me one day when I stopped doing it:

“Did you have a fight with her?”

"No, not really,"

I replied, eating my tasteless food as I thought about her. It was overwhelming and heartbreaking. I missed her a lot. What an insensitive character she was, making me feel intimate and then just leaving.

“Everything's fine. She's probably studying a lot. I have to go to class too.”

I didn't know what my schedule was. Whether I attended classes or not did not affect the plot of the novel at all. At this point, everyone was focused on FL's perspective.

“Please don't fight with her. If you did something wrong, apologize to her. Even if you didn't do anything wrong, you should still apologize.”

“It seems like you love and care a lot about her.”

“How can I not when she is so kind? She even took care of you when you were sick, so don't be ungrateful to her,”

My mom quickly interjected, as if she were displeased with my petty sarcasm. I frowned and shook my head dismissively in response. But while I was doing that, I saw the clock on the wall and asked my dad curiously.

“Aren't you going to pick her up today?”

“Khun Oeng said that she was meeting a friend today and she will bring her.”

“Does she have friends?”

When did I write that she had friends? Even if she did, they would be friends from high school, not college, because the story only focused on ML, FL, and me, the antagonist.

“Talking about the devil. She's probably here.”

The sounds of a car heard from afar and the front door opening with a remote control made my mom look around before exclaiming:

“Wow, what a nice car!”

Hearing my mom say that, I quickly looked out and immediately recognized that it was Numtup's car. He parked the car in the driveway and walked out with Oeng before taking her to the main house. I could only stand there, enduring it while swallowing, because I didn't know what to do. No matter how much I tried to interfere, they were meant to be together, or would they be, right?

“Khun Oeng brought her boyfriend home!”

My mom quickly turned to tell my dad with emotion.

“This is the first time and what a handsome man he is.”

“Are you that excited, mom?”

“Of course! Khun Oeng had never brought a man home before. I'll look.”

She quickly dried her hands and was about to take a look at the main house before turning to ask me,

"Are you coming?"

“Sure why not?”

We didn't actually need to do that because the people at the main house didn't make it a secret or anything. Still, for reasons of good manners, my

mom and I had to secretly watch Numtup greet the family and introduce himself. It seemed that Oeng's parents liked him so much that they invited him to stay for dinner.

I could only stand there looking at them, feeling a strange lump in my throat and tears welling up in my eyes. For a brief moment, Oeng looked me in the eyes as if she knew I was looking, but she simply turned to continue her conversation without looking back again.

“I'm going back now, mom.”

“What? Is that all you're going to see?”

“I have seen it before.”

“Oh really? Who is he?”

“A person.”

“Ugh, brat.”

I went back to my room and cried my eyes out. I was standing in the middle of the room, not even thinking about sitting down because my mind was completely blank. It had been about two hours since he stayed for dinner and then left. I looked at him from my window and sighed. He really must have won the hearts of Oeng's parents. Well, after all, he was the ML. I gave him the money and the status myself. I, on the other hand, was just the daughter of a maid. Anyone would think I was just a jealous antagonist without knowing how much I cared about the FL. Or maybe this was Yha's true feeling...?

I didn't know she was such a round character. All the things she had done were for Oeng's sake. She even tried to sacrifice herself to keep Numtup away from her. This was something I initially didn't understand about her, even though I was the author. Why did he care so much? Why did she have to be so possessive of Oeng? Wouldn't it be right to support her when she meets someone so perfect and not come between them? At least I, as the

author, knew that Numtup did it for the bet, but Ya, she didn't know such a thing.

EITHER...

My heart raced. Sitting on the bed and analyzing my character, I almost screamed 'Eureka' before running out of the room to find Oeng, but she was not in the main house. I looked around and found her standing by the pool, apparently deep in thought.

“Oeng!”

We hadn't spoken for several days. This was the first time I dared to call her. She turned around and, for a moment, I saw a glimpse of happiness on her face, but then it turned cold again..

“What's happening?”

“Are you not going to talk to me anymore?”

Her and my feelings were now merged into one. I was filled with pain at the coldness of her. She looked at me with brief surprise in her eyes and asked:

“Why are you crying?”

But as she saw tears welling up in my eyes, she turned to ask another question:

“Or are you upset because I introduced my parents to the man you like? Do you love him that much?”

“Why are you doing this, Oeng? I told you he's a bad guy.”

“Well, not really. I've been talking to him for the past few days and it doesn't seem that bad. He took good care of me, so I decided to introduce him to my parents, so he doesn't think about doing something bad when we go out together... just the two of us.”

“Do you like him now?”

“No.”

"Then why are you doing this?"

"I told you,"

She walked towards me and faced me,

"I'm going to take it from you."

“This is not a game. How can you risk hurting your own feelings over something like this?”

“And how about you? You offer yourself to Numtup like that? Isn't it more risky? YOU said you wanted to protect me, but YOUR means made me angry... I will show you that I can protect myself.”

“You can not.”

“Why not?”

“Because the plot is designed so that you and him fall in love. In the end, you will be so heartbroken that it will break your heart. I won't stand to see you like this... Please, I'm begging you, don't do it, don't get involved with him.”

“Stay out of this. This is not your business. If YOU can't take it, then come take it... No, you love me, right?”

She changed the pronoun and addressed me in the usual, casual way.

“If you love me, let me have it.”

“Why have you changed so much?”

“YOU were the one who changed first, Yha. You lied to me and went out to meet a man. If I hadn't seen you kiss him with my own eyes, I wouldn't have known how fake you were.”

“I am no such thing. Why do you have to call me that?”

“If you are not a fake person, what are you then? YOU told me not to get involved with Numtup, but YOU kissed him... What does that make you?”

Her voice was full of anger. It hurt me that she didn't believe that everything I had done was for her.

“Yes, we kissed. And you still don't understand it? He is not sincere with you. He tries to put you in my place. I did it to protect you. I don't want you to be with that kind of man.”

“So YOU are going to take him, huh? How kind of you... so kind of you!”

“You hurt me.”

She growled under her breath. I frowned, my eyes wet with tears, and yelled at her.

“And how does it hurt you that I'm in love? Why did you have to get to such a point?”

“Because I feel like they're abandoning me!”

Her furious scream left me stunned, almost gasping from shock. This time, Oeng's tears fell down her pained face.

“Is that what you're afraid of? That I had a boyfriend and abandoned you?”

“Yes... you are the greatest love of my life. I don't want you to belong to someone else.”

I feel like... If she were being betrayed. If that man is really her soulmate, so be it. If anyone needs to get hurt, let it be me.

“I won't let them hurt you like that. I'll get it back.”

“You...!”

Oeng tugged at my shirt. Her face was pained but also full of fury.

“Why are we fighting?”

“Why do we have to fight for a man who means nothing to us? It's like he came into our lives and turned us against each other and made us feel like we were stabbing each other in the back. How could we allow this to happen?”

She slowly let go of my shirt as if she had realized it, but the trace of anger was still visible on her face.

“That's because you kissed him.”

“I told you I did that so he would stop bothering you.”

“Why did you have to make such a sacrifice if you didn't love that man? You make me feel like I've been betrayed and abandoned. Hurts..”

“What I did was because...”

“Did you want to protect me? Oh, stop saying that already.”

“No.”

"Then why did you do that?"

“Because...”

I wanted to say that word, but I hesitated as if the feelings of another already in me were telling me not to do it, so I continued saying, because...

“Why what?”

“Because... Well, because.”

“Just say it!”

“Because I love you romantically. I want you to be mine and only mine, so I tried to keep others away. This is how I feel! Are you satisfied now?”

I told her and then cried out loud. Although another person inside me wanted to take this secret to the grave, it seemed to be too late. Oeng looked at me in shock. She slowly approached me and asked with a trembling voice:

“What did you just say?”

“I love you.”

I covered my face with my hands and cried.

“Please do not hate me. I didn't want to tell you, but I couldn't... I...”

“I love you too.”

“ ... ”

“I love you like you love me... I love you.”

⑥

THE EDITOR

.. ————— ·  · ————— ..

What was that sound? In a situation full of intense tension, at the climax of the story, where the two main characters were confessing their feelings, a certain sound penetrated my senses. It was in sync with the moment when Oeng approached me and held my face with both hands.

“I have always loved you, Yha.”

As she leaned in and kissed me, I felt dizzy, the beeping got louder, and a severe headache made me pull away from her, clutching my head and screaming in pain.

“What's happening, Yha?_

“I don't know... I... I...”

Suddenly... My body slowly fell into the pool, followed by a splashing sound. My body felt light and weightless. I felt conscious but not fully awake and the beeping continued. The next moment, I woke up in another place, the place... where I first fainted. The alarm clock blaring told me that it was already eight in the morning. I suddenly sat up, looking around for Oeng, but... she wasn't there. She wasn't soaked. There was no swimming pool.

I was lying on the carpet in my own 25 square meter room. The most notable thing in the room was the monitor, which displayed the unfinished

manuscript. This was enough to make me realize that. I was awake! The headache disappeared. The screen still showed the sentence I had written before I passed out in front of the refrigerator.

Although I regretted not being able to continue with the dream, duty called me. I quickly found a blank notebook and a pen and wrote down everything I could remember about the dream. Now I knew how Yha felt and I also knew why my FL loved the antagonist so much. Although this novel was off topic, compared to the other seven novels, who cared now? This was what she would write.

I didn't have much time left before the deadline, but maybe I could stretch it into the afternoon. The editor wouldn't care. I would write my novel with this plot and no one could stop me. Yha and Oeng had to end up together!

My writing flowed naturally. I finished my manuscript in five hours and immediately sent it to the editor via email. The story was not too long. It would probably take them a couple of days to read it, considering I used to work with them and this was an urgent project. The only thing that worried me was...

That they wouldn't accept it. Not because it was boring but because it didn't align with what they wanted. But she had written it and she wouldn't change the plot at all. After submitting the manuscript, I stretched my body and flipped through my novel once again, then stopped on the word 'Oeng'.

So, this was what it felt like when you fell in love with your own character. Getting into the character's mind and diving into it made the story beautiful. Was there anyone who looked like Oeng in real life? It had to be someone I had seen before to be able to create such a solid face in my dream. But sometimes our dreams also featured strangers: some we knew, some we didn't, so I wasn't sure I'd ever met anyone who looked like her.

I looked at my own bed and felt my heart pounding. If I tried to go back to sleep, could I... continue with my dream? That scene still remains in my memory. Oeng's face was still vivid, as if engraved in my heart. I had just woken up that morning, but now I was thinking about someone who didn't

even exist. Just thinking about it made me feel heartbroken because I knew she wasn't real. She... didn't exist.

Falling in love with someone in a dream could really happen. Even if this wasn't the novel I wrote, if I had dreamed and things had happened like this, I still could have fallen in love with it. If I had to blame someone or something, it had to be my brain for creating her and making me suffer like this. Since I couldn't meet her in real life, the only place I could meet her was... In my dream!

Whatever. I will try to sleep. With that thought, I walked to the bed and lay down, trying to force myself to sleep, thinking only about her face, the sensations when our lips touched, the heat that permeated my body. Those feelings had not faded. Even if she didn't exist, just dreaming about her was enough.

A sheep...

Two sheep...

Ten sheep...

Nineteen sheep...

Ninety-nine sheep...

Well... I gave up. I jumped, frustrated. When I wanted to stay awake, I would pass out in front of the refrigerator. Now when I tried to sleep, my eyes were wide open. Maybe it was because I had already rested. Well, since I had finished my work, I would look for something else to do while waiting for the result from the editor.

The first thing I did when I got to the mall was go to the bookstore. I looked for books on dreams but didn't find any that I liked. The closest to that was probably a translated Japanese book on dream manipulation. I quickly grabbed the book and paid for it before returning home to read about each technique. Hmm, it seemed pretty simple when I read it, but whether I could do it was another story.

After reading the key points, I hurriedly took a shower and went to bed at eight because I wanted to continue sleeping. I kept thinking about Oeng's face and the last scene of the dream I wanted to return to. But the next thing I knew, I woke up at eight in the morning, full of disappointment. I didn't dream... at all.

At that moment, all I could do was sit on the bed, consumed by despondency. That was correct. If we could easily control our dreams, everyone would probably just sleep and dream about their crush without worrying about their job. And if I could do that, I wouldn't want to wake up and work either. I couldn't believe disappointment could make me cry. I missed her so much my heart hurt. We had already reconciled. If the alarm hadn't gone off... I couldn't predict what would have happened next, even though I had already written the ending.

And how I missed it, I went to my computer and reread my novel for the fourth time. As I read, I couldn't help but smile. Oeng's affection for Yha was evident from the beginning of the story. Not even I as an author knew that this was how it would turn out. Everything was totally unpredictable.

When I reached page ten, an email notification rang on my phone. It was an email from the editor titled: 'Review the result of Irresistible'. I quickly opened it with my heart racing, only to be met with another disappointment when it said:

[We regret to inform you that your manuscript is not graded due to incompatibility with the main theme of the other six novels.]

Well, that wasn't unexpected. I had already prepared my heart to hear that I wasn't qualified because I wrote a GL novel instead of an HL. I closed the tab and sighed, wondering what to do with this manuscript because I had already written it. I was completed and I didn't want Oeng to exist only in my own memory.

What a disappointing morning. I didn't dream of Oeng and my manuscript was not graded even though I had worked on it for five hours straight. I felt sorry for Oeng and also for myself for facing two disappointments in a row. I got up from my chair and prepared to go back to bed, but another email

arrived. I opened it unenthusiastically, but this email was sent from a personal address, with no organization name.

[Hello. I am the editor who reviewed the novel Irresistible. Although the manuscript was not graded, I have an interesting proposal to offer. Therefore, if you are available, I would like to meet with you to discuss this proposal Saengtawan.]

This email piqued my interest. Although the manuscript was rejected, the editor who read it wanted to meet with me and discuss a proposal. Something made me want to respond despite my anonymity as a writer.

[Of course, we can meet whenever you are available. This is my phone number: 0896459xxx. Ord-Onn]

Less than two minutes after sending the response email, my phone rang. I didn't have to guess who it was. It was definitely the editor who had just received my number. I answered the call and immediately put on my professional tone.

“Hello.”

[Hello, Mrs. Ord-Onn...You have such a cute name.]

The sweet and adorable tone made me smile. It seemed strangely familiar to me, perhaps because we frequently emailed each other about the manuscript.

“Thank you. Your name also sounds charming, as does your voice.”

We compliment each other on making a good impression on the phone.

“Are you calling to arrange a meeting?”

[Yes, are you available tonight, Khun Ord-Onn?]

“I am. Where should we meet?”

[Wherever is convenient for you.]

“Then I'll see you halfway. It is quite a distance from the publishing house to my house. See you at the mall xxx. Whoever arrives first can wait in the restaurant..”

[Of course. It will be a pleasure to meet you.]

“The pleasure is mine.”

I wasn't sure what she wanted to discuss, but since she mentioned wanting to talk about the novel I wrote, I thought I should meet up with her. I generally did not reveal my identity to the public, you could say I was anonymous, because I believed it was better for writers to exist only in the form of their work. We were not actors so there was no need to show our faces. But this time, I made an exception because of Oeng's story. The editor seemed genuinely interested in this novel and I wanted to know about her proposal.

At five in the afternoon I left my house and took the BTS Skytrain to the mall. At first I thought I was early, but as soon as I arrived, my phone rang.

[Khun Ord-Onn, I'm here at the mall. If you have arrived, meet me at XYZ cafeteria.]

“I'm here too, Khun Saengtawan.”

Since she addressed me so formally, I decided to tease her a little by doing the same.. Saengtawan was such a warm and dazzling name. She sounded really nice.

[How formal.]

-I”Someone started this, right?”

We laugh on the phone.

“Then let's chat while I walk to the cafeteria. I'm wearing a mustard yellow cardigan.”

[Okay, I'll raise my hand so you know who I am.]

I walked around looking for the cafeteria on the third floor, trying to locate Khun Saengtawan. As soon as I appeared, a woman raised her hand. I smiled at her and walked over, putting my phone away. As soon as we saw each other, the phone almost slipped out of my hand. My heart was beating like a drum as she slowly stood up and looked at me in mutual surprise.

"Are you Khun Ord-Onn?"

“Oeng!”

7

NAM-NGERN

.. ————— . . .

Her face was a perfect replica of Oeng's. She had the same brown eyes, long wavy hair, and paper-thin lips that kissed me in my dreams. She was incredibly beautiful, to the point that everyone else was a blur. Now they were all extras. Or maybe she was dreaming. I hit my face to recover and see if it hurt. Khun Saengtawan looked at me in surprise before standing up and taking my hand.

“Are you OK? Why did you slap yourself?”

“Uh... oh, it was just a mosquito.”

Surprise lingered on her face before turning into a radiant Duchenne smile that made me want to squeeze her face in cute aggression. She looked to be about my age, maybe a year or two older. She gestured for me to sit down. Usually, I was confident in my appearance, but now I was acting awkward, pulling out a chair but hesitant to sit down. Everything I did seemed to be panicked by the woman in front of me who looked like Oeng.

“I'm glad to meet you. You can call me Nam.”

“Saengtawan and Nam don't really go together.”

"Do you mean that 'Ord-onn' is your real name?"

She joked with a smile.

"Touché,"

I responded with extreme embarrassment.

"Only Onn is fine. Ord-onn is my pseudonym. Please just call me Onn."

I tried to approach her by referring to myself as me. I still didn't know how old she was, but I didn't want her to refer to herself formally because it was too distant. I wanted to be close to her from the moment I saw her.

"Actually, my real nickname is Nam-ngern, but it was a bit long, so I introduced myself as Nam... By the way, how old are you Khun Onn?"

"This year I turn 26 years old."

"Oh, then let's not talk formally... This year I turn 28 years old."

She smiled and looked at me while I lowered my eyes because it was too embarrassing to be looked at like that.

"Okay, then let me call you 'Nam.'"

She smiled warmly at me and nodded approvingly.

"As someone older, let me invite you today. Do you want to order something first? Maybe we'll talk for a while."

"Just an iced coffee would be nice."

"Very well, let me ask you that."

When she got up to make the order, I held her hand. A strange sensation passed from her hand to my body. We both froze as if someone had pressed a 'pause' button. We stared at each other without saying a word.

"On second thought, let's sit here."

"Because? You will be thirsty. Let me buy you something."

“I don't want to be alone.”

I didn't know why, but I suddenly wanted her to adore me. She sat up slowly, looked at me and gave me a shy smile, tucking her hair behind her ear.

“Then let's talk about our history.”

“Our history?”

I blurted out.

“I mean your novel.”

I grimaced as if I had just realized something. “Oh,” I exclaimed. Of course. We just met. How could we have a story together? I must have been thinking of her as Oeng. And because of that, my face blushed. Fearing she would notice, I covered my cheeks with my hands.

“That was very embarrassing.”

“You're so cute.”

She blurted out before making a silly face once she realized what she had said.

“If we continue to embarrass each other, we won't be able to talk about our history... The novel, I mean.”

“Correct... the novel. So why did you suddenly ask to see me in person? I thought my manuscript was not graded.”

She seemed worried but then tried to lighten the mood.

“The thing is... I really like you.”

“What?”

“I really like your novel.”

She quickly changed her words, but I still heard the first sentence clearly.

“So I thought... it would be a shame if it wasn't published. I wanted to ask your opinion about becoming business partners. I will publish this novel for you..”

When she spoke, there was a hint of worry in her voice, unsure of what I would think. I continued to sit in silence, not fully understanding her proposal but not against it either.

“It would be an honor for me, but you shouldn't feel guilty for rejecting my manuscript.”

Honestly, when I submitted it, I knew it probably wouldn't happen because the plot was so different from the other novels.

“I don't feel guilty at all. Like I said... I like this story.”

“A lot.”

Why was my heart racing and beating like that? She praised my novel, but she also felt as if she were confessing her love for me. A wave of happiness washed over me. I couldn't help but smile, pleased that she valued my novel so much.

“I also love this novel. But would it be okay? You work for a publishing house. If they know that you are going to publish a novel for a writer yourself, wouldn't there be a problem?”

"I've thought about that too."

Her face was immediately filled with concern. She took a sip of her coffee. That must be why she seemed worried when we met.

“But I want this novel to be published. It would be a shame if no one could read it.”

“I feel the same. How about this? I'll hire you as an editor and publish it myself. This way it will look like you are taking on freelance work. I don't

think the publisher is against it and they won't ban me because it's a novel they didn't accept.”

When I suggested this, her face visibly lit up.

“That's how it is. We could do that. But I'm not sure if it would be okay for me to take on freelance work.”

“But I want to do it anyway.”

She smiled at me confidently, so I smiled back and held out my hand.

“I hope to work together.”

“Me too.”

Although we had already finished discussing our business in the first ten minutes, we continued talking at length about the novel. Three hours passed as we talked about our feelings during the writing and revision process. We talked as if we had known each other for a long time, which surprised me because I wasn't very good at maintaining a conversation since I spent most of my days in front of my computer, writing novels and talking to my characters.

When it was time to head home, we headed to the Skytrain. Curiously our houses were in the same direction, so we continued our conversation on the train.

“To be honest, I'm tired of reading novels... but let's leave this between us, okay?”

She touched her lips with her finger and smiled. I nodded in understanding.

“Your job requires you to read many novels. Some are fun, some are not. No wonder you're sick of them.”

“And most of them are not fun to read.”

We laughed and then fell silent.

“That's why they say don't make your passion your profession.”

“But if you don't do what you love, you will suffer even more.”

“That's true... and you, Onn? Do you only write novels? Do you do anything else?”

“I can't do anything but write novels. I am grateful that I can write novels that most readers can relate to, which makes me popular.”

“Your novels are fun to read.”

“And you're beautiful.”

“What it does that have to do with anything?”

She tucked her hair behind her ear. I had been observing her behavior for a while and she looked a lot like Oeng. She was kind, had a beautiful smile, and spoke with confidence, but not to the point of being annoying or boring.

“Well, you congratulated me first.”

“You're also beautiful... incredibly beautiful, so much so that I wonder why you were so mysterious at the book signing event.”

“Mystery is part of the job. If we, the writers, do not reveal ourselves, readers can fully immerse themselves in the novels without contaminating them with our identities. Besides, beauty doesn't make better books.”

“Sorry.”

While we were talking, someone hit me from behind. It was a group of male college students who looked like they had been there for a while. She walked over and waved at me awkwardly, spinning me around.

“Yeah?”

“This may sound strange, but I would like to meet you.”

I turned to look at Nam and gave her a sheepish smile before dismissing her with a smile.

“I'm already dating someone.”

“I understand, but I approached you because I read a book that said that if you meet someone you like, you should be brave and introduce yourself, so at least you'll have a chance.”

“That's a good book.”

“Anyway, thanks for talking to me.”

He returned to his friends, looking a little dejected. Nam smiled slightly and looked at me with her arms crossed.

"You're also very cold, rejecting him so gently like that. They must have flirted with you a lot.”

“Very often.”

“But you're still not dating anyone?”

“Did I ever tell you?”

I pretended to look surprised, but she could probably guess from our previous conversation that I wasn't really social.

“Well, you are very reserved.”

“Well, I don't like anyone that way.”

“Be careful not to end up alone. You just write novels and before you know it, they'll be on the shelf.”

“And you, Nam? Are you dating anyone?”

“I... “

Before she could respond, we arrived at her stop. The doors opened. Interrupting our conversation, she looked at me with a regretful expression. We stood there, looking at each other until the doors were about to close.

“I have to go.”

She walked out but looked back with a hint of certain feelings in her eyes. I stood right at the closed doors. As the Skytrain was about to move, I mouthed out the window:

“I can call you?”

I made a phone gesture with my hand. Nam nodded, imitating my gesture, and mouthed okay. I was jumping for joy, saying goodbye to her until the Skytrain continued on its way. Before I knew it, everyone around me was staring at me and then walking away with a smile. Shame made me bury myself in a corner. Ahh... Although it wasn't a dream, I had finally been able to meet Oeng in person! I had never spoken to anyone and I felt so good and intimate in such a short time. The way my heart was racing, the rush of blood, the constant memory of her smiles and our endless conversations made me feel an indescribable joy.

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I needed to get closer to her... I would do anything to make her a part of my life!



I WANT TO SEE YOU EVERYDAY

. . ————— · · ————— . .

About ten minutes after returning home, my phone rang. I was about to take a shower, but I abandoned the idea without much thought when I saw who was calling.

“Hello, Nam?”

[You've already arrived home? I'm just calling to have you register my number.]

My heart pounded again at the sound of her voice. I fell on the bed wrapped in a towel and chatted happily with her.

“I am at home now. You're home too, right?”

[Yeah.]

“How thoughtful of you.”

I congratulated her honestly. Maybe it was because no one had ever taken care of me like this before, not counting the men who had tried to flirt with me. Those guys did that because they secretly wanted something in return. But she was different because she was Oeng and Nam, the most charming in the world.

[I am? How adorable.]

“How long has it been since you got home?”

We then continued our conversation as if we were still on the Skytrain. We didn't talk about anything in particular, but before we realized it, it was after eleven at night. She excused herself to go to bed. I felt a little sorry that I had to hang up, but I understood that she had to get up early to go to work.

[I have to go to bed now. You should go to bed early too. Oh... but writers usually work at night, right?]

“Not at all. If you want me to go to bed early, I will.”

[That's my good girl.]

"Then I'll let you go to bed now. Sweet dreams. Or better yet, dreams of me.”

[What do you want me to dream about?]

“Well...”

I paused before saying:

“You only dream of us having dinner, watching a movie, listening to music.”

[Hmm? Do you want it to be just in a dream?]

“Does that mean we can do those things together in real life?”

I get out of bed. The towel fell away, revealing my naked body, but who cared? There was no one there to see.

[Let's talk about it later. You don't need to rush.]

“I'm very happy to hear it. We get along very quickly.”

[I was just as surprised. This is the first time I've gotten close to someone so quickly... Maybe it was meant to be like this.]

“It's rare to find someone you feel so close to in just one day. I've never been close to anyone. My friends from high school have already had their own lives, so we don't get to see each other much. And I didn't keep in touch with my college friends after I graduated. It's like you came to fill that void in my life.”

[It's your fault for refusing to date someone.]

“Alright. If I have you, I don't need to date anyone.”

She was silent for a moment until I called her again:

“Are you still there?”

[Yes, but I really have to go now. The more I talk to you, the more I get carried away. I'm sure I'll fall asleep tomorrow.]

"Okay, I'll let you go now. Good night.”

[Good night.]

We hung up, but not two seconds later I sent her a goodnight sticker. Of course, she read it and responded:

[Editor: Go to sleep!]

My God! That was so nice. Since I no longer needed to dream anymore, I would only live in the real and present world. But I still had to think of a way to keep in touch with her. So, I frequently sent her stickers and text messages, although some of them were just random messages.

[Ord-onn: What are you doing, darling?]

[Editor: Working, of course.]

[Ord-onn: Did you have a sweet dream last night?]

[Editor: I didn't dream of anything.]

[Ord-onn: Same here. It seems like we have a lot in common, right?]

[Editor: How flirty.]

We chatted like this every day and she always responded without seeming bothered, even during work hours. Sometimes I felt guilty, but I didn't know what to do because I just wanted to talk, hear her voice and see her face all day. It had been four days since we met and started chatting like this, but I hadn't seen her at all and was starting to feel impatient.

[Ord-onn: Someone around here promised to take me to the movies and to dinner. Remember?]

[Editor: Yes.]

[Ord-onn: But you haven't kept your pinky promise, have you?]

I pouted as I typed. The other side was silent for a moment as if she was busy and then responded.

[Editor: When are you free?]

[Ord-onn: Every day.]

[Editor: I am very jealous of writers. That's why you can chat with me all day. I have many manuscripts to read these days. I'll be free again this weekend.]

[Ord-onn: Can we meet then?]

[Ord-onn: I miss you.]

After sending the message, I threw my phone on the bed and hid under the table. What was this feeling? Now I was afraid that she would respond to me immediately. It took a lot of courage to tell someone you missed them, but it seemed like it would take even more courage to respond to that!

My phone rang with an answer. I slowly crawled on all fours like a puppy to the side of the bed and grabbed my phone. As soon as I saw the message,

I screamed like I had seen Lisa from Blackpink.

[Editor: I missed you too.]

My feelings reached her and she even responded without disgust. I tried my best to respond, but my fingers were shaking so much that I made a lot of typos.

[Ord-onn: So how about we meet today?]

[Editor: Sure, see you at that shopping center. I have to do some shopping today. It would be nice to have someone help me carry the bags.]

[Ord-onn: It's okay, I'll do anything just for you, darling.]

[Editor: Coquette.]

That was all we talked about. I prepared to leave the house at five in the afternoon. It took less than twenty minutes to get to the downtown mall by Skytrain. I kept checking the time, but the longer I waited, the slower time seemed to pass. So I left home and waited for her at the mall. I could kill some time while walking around.

While sitting on the Skytrain, I was lost in thought, thinking about the plot of my next novel. What would it be like if love blossomed on a Skytrain ride? I watched the passengers and imagined what they were saying or thinking. Some were in pairs, particularly the couple near the exit, chatting lovingly and discussing what they should eat. But because I looked at them for too long, the man turned to me. He wasn't a movie star handsome, but he was still attractive. Our eyes met. He looked at me as if surprised, so I quickly looked away. I shouldn't have made eye contact with anyone... I almost became a homewrecker.

Although I pretended not to look, he continued to watch me from the corner of my eye until the Skytrain took me to my stop. We made eye contact again and I walked away laughing.

Even with a girlfriend, he still looked at other girls... amazing.

Going to the mall early was a good decision. I managed to kill time shopping. Before I knew it, it was already five o'clock. Excited, I stood in front of the shopping center, where she would leave the station. She was five minutes late, which I didn't blame her for. It was probably because of the Skytrain delay. As soon as she greeted me, I ran up and hugged her like we hadn't seen each other in years.

“Oh, little thing. You're holding me so tight.”

When she called me 'little thing', I hugged her even tighter. The affection I received from her made me feel like a little child.

“I missed you a lot.”

“I missed you too. How weird.”

I let go of her and moved her hands back and forth as I looked her over from head to toe. She was wearing a t-shirt, jeans and white sneakers. Still, she looked amazing.

“How can you not dress up and still look so pretty? It took me a long time before I could leave the house.”

“You are already beautiful. Why would you continue to worry about your appearance?”

"Maybe I was afraid you wouldn't be impressed."

“You are a sweet conversationalist. How long have you been waiting for me? It looks like you've been here for quite a while, judging by the things you're holding in your hand,"

She joked as she looked at my things.

“Have you eaten something? Let's find something to eat first and then we can walk.”

“Alright.”

We held hands and walked through the mall, window shopping. Then we stopped by the supermarket, as she had suggested, to buy some food and household items, such as tissue paper, eggs, vegetables, pork, and some ready-to-eat meals. It was a great haul. I helped her choose items. It seemed like we were a married couple shopping together. The entire time I kept looking at her, observing her thoroughness as she compared products, checking labels, production and expiration dates, and selecting eggs, vegetables, and fish. Then we went to the checkout together.

“How are you going to carry all this alone?”

“I usually take a taxi home if I buy this amount.”

“A taxi...”

Thinking about it made me feel a little sad because I was hoping we could take the Skytrain home together and chat while we were at it. She could probably guess what I was thinking, so she suggested:

“Do you want to come to my house today?”

“Yeah!”

I responded enthusiastically in the blink of an eye. She looked at me and smiled warmly before patting my head.

"You're prettier than I thought,"

She said, playing and stroking my hair. I met her gaze and looked at her lips, thinking about the dream where we kissed. But in that dream, she was Oeng, not Nam. I was seeing these two people from my imagination and my reality as one, and my feelings told me that I felt like she already felt...

“What are you daydreaming about?”

"Or... Oh, when I have an idea for my novel, I tend to daydream like this,"

I replied with a smile and stood up restlessly.

“Do you have another plot? The writers are truly amazing.”

“Have you ever written a novel, Nam?”

"Yeah..But I wasn't good at it."

She laughed and admitted honestly.

“This kind of thing requires a lot of patience. I admire any writer who can finish a novel. I can't imagine how much patience it takes to complete a book. And yes... I admire you too. You are talented.”

"You're giving me too much credit. I couldn't do your job either.”

“Well, then... I guess I have talent too.”

We congratulated each other and laughed heartily before paying for our things. Then we took a taxi to her house like she had said. I was very excited. I even hummed a song making her look at me and smile.

“Does going to my house excite you that much?”

“Yes, I want to see how an editor like you lives.”

“It's quite boring. My life is not that interesting. I prefer to know how a writer lives.”

“It's even more boring. I can't even cook. If there is no delivery service to bring me food, I would starve in my room.”

“Poor thing.”

“True, I'm such a poor little thing,”

I snuggled up to her.

“Especially when I feel alone, it's like I could die.”

"So how did you survive before you met me?"

“Well, I somehow managed until I met you... Now, you have to take care of me.”

I reached out to take her hand and squeezed it tightly. The driver looked at us in the rearview mirror without saying anything, but that made her blush a little and put her hair behind her ear out of embarrassment. This was something I knew she did when she felt embarrassed. She looked a lot like Oeng.

“You're talking nonsense. Anyway, we're here.”

She let me go to pay the fare. I pouted at her quick release of my hand. My bad mood caught her attention as I got out of the taxi and followed her in silence. She couldn't help but ask me:

“You were so happy a moment ago. What happened?”

“Nothing.”

“Are you angry with me?”

“ ... ”

“You should tell me... Come on, I don't like seeing you sulking like that.”

"You were so oblivious to what I said,"

I finally told her when she said that because I didn't like seeing her look that worried either. And it would be too much to sulk when we met not long ago.

"I was serious when I said you had to take care of me."

I was actually upset because she quickly let go of my hand in the taxi. I was too shy to say it then with the driver sitting in front of us, but I couldn't tell her either. It would have seemed so unreasonable.

"Oh, you little grumpy girl."

“There is no objection. I feel very alone. I want to see you almost every day. Why am I the only one who feels this way?”

She looked a little surprised for a moment and pursed her lips as if she wanted to say something.

“I...”

“Our love is so unequal.”

“I also enjoy spending time with you.”

Finally she let go. I looked at her with surprise and delight. My efforts finally paid off. I was very happy to hear that. It meant that I wasn't the only one who felt this way.

“Now, is our love the same?”

I felt a little embarrassed when I finally said that. I realized that the reason she had stayed silent and pursed her lips before her might be because she had been taken by surprise. Sometimes I was too direct.

”Yeah.”

“You're still angry with me?”

“Not anymore, but there is still one thing left.”

“What is it?”

“How can I see you more often?”

“Let's start by getting closer. For example... I'll introduce you to my mom. If she likes you, then we can discuss what to do next.”

Her invitation seemed genuine, but I had a different idea. This was like someone introducing their partner to her parents. I was so excited my hands were sweating. I quickly nodded at her in response.

"Okay, I'll make sure your mom likes me. And if so... you have to like me too."

She fell silent again before giving me a warm smile.

"Alright."

9

I LIKE YOU

.. ————— ·  · ————— ..

At that moment I was having a nice conversation with Nam's mother. Although I was an introvert, when I was with the elders, they used to adore me. Maybe it was because of my typical cute girl appearance. So, it was not in doubt whether I could get along with her.

“Are you really her mom? I thought you were her older sister.”

“What a sweet conversationalist. Where did you find it?”

The older woman pinched my cheek affectionately.

“And such a pretty girl too. You want to be my daughter?”

“Can I?”

I turned to Nam and raised an eyebrow in victory. She smiled when she saw me getting along so well with her mother and shook her head.

“I have to admit it. You are such a cutie.”

“I heard you're a writer. Is it a difficult job?”

Nam's mother asked as we started eating dinner. I sat down first and humbly waited for her to start dinner.

“Depends. The difficult jobs are usually custom projects that I work on with others, like the one I recently submitted my manuscript for, but it wasn't graded.”

I pretended to complain and gestured to Nam.

"Your daughter didn't approve."

"What a gossip,"

Nam said jokingly.

“What was that for? It was boring?”

“On the contrary, it was actually very fun to read.”

“Oh, why wasn't she qualified then?”

“It is a long story. Let's just say it was a lot of fun meeting this beauty here.”

She made a gesture towards me and that made her mother laugh. I nodded before attaching my arms to hers to show how close we were.

“That's true. Even though it wasn't graded, if it got me to meet her, it was worth it.”

"True, it's like having a sister."

She ruffled my hair and leaned down to caress me. Her mother looked at us with a smile and then made a playful face.

“There is too much love in the air around here. Let's go girls. Let's eat. It's getting late. Onn may not make it to her curfew.”

When she said that, Nam was lost in thought for a moment before turning to me and saying:

“Would it be okay if you stayed the night at my house tonight?”

“Huh?”

I was taken aback for a moment and then nodded quickly.

“My parents would not be against it since I live alone..”

“You live alone?”

Nam's mother looked at me worried.

“It must be terribly lonely for a girl like you to live alone. Are your parents okay with that? Nam also used to ask my permission, but I wouldn't allow it.”

“I am a fairly reserved person. When I was home, there were always people walking and doing things around me. I couldn't work like that. But my parents still live nearby, so we can still stay in touch.”

“Then stay here tonight. It's too late. I'm worried.”

They both invited me to spend the night, which I obviously wouldn't refuse. The opportunity to spend time with her was something I had always wanted, so I immediately accepted.

“Alright. So please let me talk about it.”

“Of course. You are always welcome here. I've never seen her bring a friend home. You're the first if we don't count...”

“Mother...”

Nam interrupted before her mother could continue. I wanted to know what she was about to say, but since Nam seemed uncomfortable talking about it, I continued eating dinner and changed the subject. It was good that they invited me to stay because, by the time we finished eating and continued chatting, it was already nine at night. But unfortunately I couldn't share a room with her. They had a guest room here.

Curse! This was not what I expected. I thought I could hold her for a while.

“The room must be clean enough.”

Nam said as I looked at the guest room and frowned. But of course, she didn't see it, so I just responded in a simple tone.

“Yeah.”

“You said you were a fairly reserved person.”

“I didn't know you had a guest bedroom.”

“My mom prepared it in case we have guests staying over.”

“Do you often have guests staying over? I thought I heard you never bring anyone home.”

"Well, I brought you here now, didn't I?"

She responded with a smile, leading me to the room before picking up the clothes she had prepared and placing them on the bed along with a new toothbrush.

“There is soap and shampoo in the bathroom and the towel is clean. Don't worry.”

“I'm not worried about that.”

“Then you can take a shower and get ready for bed.”

She left, leaving me alone in the room. I sat on the bed, moving my legs back and forth as if I were in a pool. Everything in the room was simple and filled with pure white furniture, but it would be better if there was someone to spend the night with. And that should be her.

I obediently went to take a shower and put on my pajamas. When I thought about it, I had never stayed overnight anywhere before, not at my friend's house or anyone else's. This was my first time, although quite disappointing. When you stayed at a friend's house, you usually slept next to each other, chatted, played, and then fell asleep. But what was this? She

left me alone in this room and I didn't even know if it was haunted or not. I was pouting when I heard a knock on the door.

“Can I enter?”

“Sure.”

I drew the word in a pouting tone. Nam came in with a pillow and blanket hugged to her chest. She looked at me with a knowing smile and asked:

“Don't you like this room?”

“Yeah. It's clean, even cleaner than my room.”

“But it seems like you don't want to sleep here. Or was it a mistake that I invited you to stay the night?”

"Not at all,"

I denied quickly and forced a smile. If I acted too childish, I wouldn't have this opportunity again.

“It's the first time I've stayed at someone's house. I'm so excited.”

“Really?”

“I told you, I don't have many friends. I had never stayed in anyone's house before.”

“And when you do, I left you in a guest room, huh?”

“Yes, it's a little surprising.”

“Do you want to sleep in my room then?”

“In case you are afraid of the dark. Or not?”

“Yessss!”

I ran towards her and clung to her arm like I had never done with anyone before.

“It would be great if I could sleep next to you. I feel a little uncomfortable staying at someone else's house.”

“Am I just 'another person' now?”

She joked. I quickly shook my head.

“No, of course not. The thing is... I want to spend the night with you.”

“What!?”

“I said something wrong?”

Her awkwardness made me revise what I had just said and my face turned red. Although it was a common phrase, a slight change of words could immediately alter its meaning.

“As in 'spend the night talking to you', which means I want my girl to talk, not just fall asleep right away.”

“Oh, it's fine. Then let's spend the night together in my room. We can also save electricity costs.”

When she said that, it also made me feel a little uncomfortable. So, that's how she felt when she heard it. God, I wanted to slap myself for saying something so ambiguous. Then I followed her to her bedroom like a duckling following her mother.

Her room was similar to the guest bedroom, only more spacious and furnished. It was full of novels on the shelves and a desk with a laptop. It had a white king size bed with a nice blanket that slightly contrasted the style of the room. They said if you want to know someone, look at their room and you'll get an idea of what kind of person they were.

She was studious. The books on the shelves ranged from textbooks and self-help books to various new and old novels. I grabbed one of the books from

the shelf and flipped through the pages. There were pen marks here and there, highlighting certain phrases that impressed me. Most book lovers wouldn't dare do this, but some believed that the more you wrote down in a book, the more yours it became.

“You have so many books.”

“Well, after all, books are part of my job.”

“Don't you read much during work? Do you still have time to read other novels?”

“Not really, but I still want to accumulate them. Sometimes I just buy them.”

“Hehe... you are a true book lover.”

I closed the book and placed it back on the shelf before exploring the room and finally stopping at the dresser. There weren't many cosmetics there except some powder, foundation, some nude lipsticks and the perfume she usually wore.

“That's your smell.”

“Hmm?”

“Perfume. Every time I see you, you always wear this. May I try it on?”

“Go on.”

I sprayed the perfume on myself and smelled it. Even though she was standing in the room, the smell made me feel like she was hugging me. GIVENCHY'S IRRESISTIBLE suited her very well. It was fragrant, sweet and attractive. It also stayed on it all day since it was an Eau de Perfume.

“You really know how to choose a perfume, don't you? You know this scent will make you more attractive..”

“I just like the aroma. Are you going to waste time for much longer? It's time to go to bed.”

“Alright.”

I walked over, got under the blanket and lay face down next to her. This was exactly what you call a sleepover at a friend's house. Nam turned off the light and turned on the orange light night lamp. The room instantly seemed warmer.

“What kind of person sprays perfume before going to bed?”

“Wow, it's nice to make me feel like you hug me all the time. I'm going to buy this scent too.”

“You like it so much?”

"A lot."

I turned to hug her as she lay on her back. Nam was startled for a moment before slowly relaxing. She then said,

"You're much clingier than I expected."

“What kind of person did you think I was?”

“Well, since you never appear at any public event, I thought you were a quiet, introverted person who doesn't like to socialize and has... quite a bit of pride.”

“And what happens now?”

“Now this.”

When she finished speaking, she turned to hug me. Now we were face to face and that made my heart pound.

“An adorable little cutie.”

“To be honest, I have never felt as close to anyone as I do with you. You're the first person I really want to be close to,”

I told her, snuggling into her embrace. Nam stroked my head and rested her chin on it.

“The same thing happens to me. I never been this close to anyone before, and we've only met twice.”

“Yes... Do you want to be a blood sister with me?”

“Would you get to that point?”

She laughed heartily, thinking that I was joking.

“Do we need to prick our hands and mix our blood?”

“If we do that, I'll faint first of all. I'm afraid of blood.”

“You're acting like a baby and a scared kitten. There is no need to talk about mixing our blood. I already love you very much.”

Love was a very beautiful word. She felt the same as me. She knew that I didn't want to sleep alone and she invited me to sleep in her room. She was actually very thoughtful.

“Can I come to sleep here often?”

“Sure, but don't you have to work?”

“I can work during the day and come to sleep at night. But would you be okay with it? Do you have any work to do?”

“Sometimes I bring some work home.”

“Then, on the days you have to work, I won't bother you. Or maybe there is another way.”

Suddenly, I thought of a brilliant idea and suddenly sat up.

“How about we meet every day?”

“Every day? As?”

“I'll wait for you at the Skytrain station near that shopping center, and then we can ride home together every day. Is it a good idea? We can discuss the plot of the novel along the way. What could be better?”

“But won't you get tired? It's fine for me since I have to take the Skytrain every day, but you would have to leave your house and take the Skytrain there and back.”

“It will not be. I want to see you every day, even if it's just ten minutes. I'll wait for you at the doors and then we can take the same train together to our homes. And if I want to stay the night that day we can take the train to your house. How about?”

“Would that bother you?”

“Not at all. I'm just wondering... do you really like me that much?”

"Yes,"

I answered and looked her directly in the eyes.

“I like you a lot. Me too?”

“ ... ”

“You like me?”

It was a question that didn't seem serious, but I waited for her answer as if my life depended on it. She looked at me and gave me a warm smile before I walked over to her and turned off the light.

“I like you too.”

“ ... ”

“Go to sleep.”

We both stayed hugging, accompanied by the aroma of the perfume I was wearing. My heart was pounding as I held her and then I fell asleep like a little child. I had never felt so good and at ease. It was so nice to be with someone you liked, who liked you back. We liked each other... That was so nice.



THE SKYTRAIN MAN



“I've always loved you, Yha.”

Oeng pulled me in and pressed her lips against mine. Her wet lips felt like rain falling on my face. The gentleness of her tongue intertwined with mine left my mind blank... I didn't want to think about anything else. I hugged her back, fully enjoying the warmth of her. At that moment, She should be able to hear my heartbeat because I could feel hers speed up as we approached. I pulled away from her to catch my breath, holding her face with both hands and looking deeply into her brown eyes.

“If you love me, why did you bring him home?”

“Come on, sleepyhead, rise and shine. What are you dreaming about? You've been smiling nonstop.”

My body, being gently shaken, slowly woke up from sleep. The dream I had longed to have but never had was abruptly interrupted by someone's hands. It's been a long time since anyone woke me up in the morning. The last time I remembered my mother waking me up was ten years ago. But now someone was pushing me and her face looked like Oeng's.

“Oeng.”

“Dreaming about a character from your own novel, eh?”

“Nam.”

I corrected myself and slowly stood up. Nam tapped my forehead as if she was trying to wake me up completely, and it worked incredibly well. I felt like I had been kicked in the face.

“Was it a dream? I thought you hit me, I cursed...”

I stopped before cursing out loud and smiled happily.

“You woke up very early.”

“I have to go to work. Do you want to sleep a little more? I'm leaving then.”

“I will go with you. Give me five minutes to shower.”

I looked at the clock and realized that it was already after seven in the morning.

“Does the publishing house always start work so early?”

“Well, I have to get up to eat, shower and then arrive at nine.”

“I see. Then give me a few minutes. I'll take you to the publisher. I've always been curious about what the place I've been submitting my work to for years is like.”

"Have you never been there before?"

“No, but today is the day.”

After dressing, I left with her. Our trip was longer than usual. I helped her carry her bag and we chatted along the way. The conversation made our trip seem a little shorter. She took my hand and pulled me off the Skytrain. After

walking about two hundred meters we arrived at the building rented by the publishing house.. The place wasn't huge, but it had several apartments.

When I entered, everyone looked at me with curiosity and surprise, but we had agreed that I would come as her sister, not as a writer. Then she introduced me to everyone she knew. There was also a man among the employees. Everyone seemed excited to meet me and offered me snacks, but she blocked them.

“Come on, she's my sister.”

“I didn't know you had such a pretty sister. Hello, by the way, I am single.”

“Thanks for letting me know.”

I wasn't sure if it was instinct, but every time someone tried to hit on me... I would extend my sharp claws and hit back with a disapproving look, so much so that Nam had to warn me.

“Hey, I was just joking.”

“I did not do anything.”

“You did, but you weren't aware of it. You can go back now.”

“Hey!? Are you kicking me out already?”

I pouted. I knew it was her working hours, but I wanted to show a little disappointment.

“Very well, I know you're busy. Let's keep our agreement from last night, okay?”

“What agreement?”

“You already forgot !? We agreed that I would wait for you at the Skytrain station next to the mall, right?”

“Were you serious?”

She laughed and ruffled my hair affectionately.

“Are you really going to waste your money just to see me?”

“Okay, I'm rich. Just wait on the train and I'll meet you there. After you arrive at your stop, I will return to my house.”

“If you say so. You won't get a boyfriend if you're so attached to me, you know?... Oh, right, you said you don't need one anyway because you have me.”

She said as if she knew I would say that. I smiled at her words and hugged her.

“See you tonight, Nam.”

“I'll see you this afternoon.”

“And every day.”

“You can do it.”

“I definitely can.”

I said that with confidence before I hugged her goodbye and happily returned home. If I set out to do something, there was nothing I couldn't do. This was no different. Once I got home, I sat down to think of a new novel plot to kill time. At four in the afternoon I was ready to take the Skytrain and wait at the agreed station. This country's Skytrains were unpredictable, unlike those in other countries. Then I craned my neck and watched Skytrain after Skytrain passed by, but I didn't see her. I was secretly worried that I had arrived but hadn't seen me and left.

But just as I was about to call her, the next train stopped on the platform. People began to come out like a swarm of bees, and among them was Nam, who came out smiling. She stopped right in front of me.

“You were very serious.”

“I missed you a lot.”

I hugged her. Even though we had just met in the morning, I still missed her. She was getting used to me holding her. She gently rubbed my back before pulling my hand to board the Skytrain together.

“It's enough for now. We're about to leave. Hurry up.”

“Alright.”

So, this became a way of meeting each other every day. I set a time at four o'clock and waited at the station regularly.

“Are you really going to come see me every day?”

“You still don't believe me? I really missed you A LOT.”

As for her, she would willingly show up at the door to greet me and then we would run together back to the train. This continued for over a week. My 'I missed you' was becoming my way of saying 'hello'.

“I missed you a lot.”

“Even when we see each other every day?”

One day....

“I missed you a lot.”

“Aha, I know, you say that every day.”

After another...

“I miss you a lot.”

“Come on hurry up. The train is about to leave.”

Some days I stayed at her house because every time I had to do some shopping, I insisted on coming back to her. Her house became a place

where I could come and go as I pleased. On days when I was bored or couldn't write my novel, I called her and told her not to wait for me at the station and that we should meet at her house, to which she never objected. Her mother welcomed me warmly, she treated me like another daughter and she felt comfortable with me staying the night; She even went so far as to buy me bedding just for me to use when I was going to stay. And I even sometimes brought my laptop to work from home.

“Can I stay tonight?”

“Have I ever refused?”

Thinking about it, if I weren't a woman, I wouldn't be much different from her boyfriend. Sometimes, I would pout a little when things didn't go my way, like someone who wants to be pampered. Sometimes I was scolded when I was too selfish, and in the end I was the one who gave in.

In just one month, I became part of their family. We missed each other and often texted each other to ask if we had eaten or if something interesting had happened that day. She complained about work and I consoled her by waiting for her at the station and making her smile. My day became so much more meaningful than I had ever felt before...

I felt a push from behind as I stood and scrolled through my Facebook account on the Skytrain on my way to meet Nam at the station. When I turned around, I saw a man about my age. My defense mechanism kicked in, ready to ward off anyone with my unwelcoming scowl.

"You're Aontakarn, right?"

When he greeted me by name, my defense mechanism diminished. I looked at it and started to remember it. He was a friend from high school whom I hadn't seen in a long time:

“Kongtup!”

I exclaimed in surprise and immediately smiled at him.

"Oh, hello, Tup-pee."

"Only Tup is fine. You surprised me. She was still asking me if it was really you."

As the high school friends grew up, their appearance changed, at least their hairstyles. Kongtup looked decent back then, but with his haircut, he didn't stand out as much as he does now. He had become a light-skinned man with a half bun. He was wearing a t-shirt and jeans and smiled at me as he leaned against a pole.

"How are you? Are you OK? I heard you're a writer now."

"Yeah."

"Now you are even more beautiful too."

"Are you trying to flirt with me?"

"If you want me to do it, I could do it."

We laughed and chatted about our lives. When I was with friends, I switched to friendly mode. Maybe because I hadn't seen my high school friends in a long time, when I saw them we ended up talking about old times and our current lives. He told me that he was now an artist and gave lectures at universities. His hipster look made me look at him in disbelief. He didn't seem like the type who would end up being an artist when we were in school because he was extremely good at math.

"Well, I love this field, so I thought it would be better to excel at what I love."

"But doesn't it say that if you turn your passion into a profession, you would burn it?"

"Actually, that's how it is."

We laughed together and continued our pleasant conversation. Kongtup had to get off at the next station, so he apologized but turned to me again.

“I'll add you on Facebook later, okay? I have not done it yet.”

“Of course.”

“And don't delete my application, best-selling writer lady.”

“Of course, Mr. Solo artist.”

He waved goodbye as the doors closed until the Skytrain began to move. Shortly after, he quickly sent me a friend request on Facebook. His enthusiasm was enough to tell me that he probably wanted to be more than just an old friend, so I decided to delay asking him and let him wait a bit. Because? Well, because I'm a best-selling writer!

When I arrived at my destination, I went out to meet Nam as usual. I planned to tell her about my encounter with my high school friend who seemed to have a crush on me. I rarely had a story to tell her as my life was quite mundane; My day consisted mostly of hours of novel writing. So, she was usually the one telling stories and I was more of a listener. But now...I had a juicy story to tell her and then I would ask her to let me stay the night. What a perfect day!

While looking for her as the train stopped at the platform, she appeared at the doors as usual. I hugged her and said the same thing as always, like a ritual.

“I missed you a lot.”

“Yeah.”

“So you girls are that affectionate.”

A deep voice from a stranger made me stop and let go of Nam to look at him. Before me was a tall, handsome, middle-aged man with fair skin and a familiar face that I couldn't identify. Nam, who had just let go of me, looked a little uncomfortable and she quickly introduced us.

“This is the person I was talking about... This is Onn, a writer and my talented sister.”

I was introduced to the stranger. He gave me a smile along with a certain expression. That made me remember it instantly. I had seen this man on the Skytrain before...

“Onn... I have someone I want you to meet.”

“Yeah?”

“This is Mhor, my boyfriend.”

“What?”

I, not sure I heard him clearly or perhaps wanting to make sure, asked her to repeat her words again.

“This is Mhor... He's my boyfriend.”

“Your... boyfriend...”

I froze. I felt like someone had just shot me in the brain with a shotgun, scattering my thoughts everywhere. It took me a moment to slowly gather those fragments of my memories and regain my composure. I looked at Nam, who had an uncomfortable expression on her face and burning anger in my eyes. I was really angry now, and that made me yell at her:

“You have a boyfriend, but you didn't tell me!”



I MISSED YOU

.. ————— . . .

My scream made passersby turn and look. At that moment, I forgot to hide my emotions and looked at Nam angrily. I had never known about this before. I felt like I was hit in the head with a sledgehammer and stabbed in the back with a knife. This made Nam approach me with a worried expression. She lightly licked her lips and said:

"It's not that I didn't tell you, but I just... I didn't know why I had to do it."

"What do you mean? You could have at least warned me, but you never mentioned it. I thought you were single all the time.."

"Then why are you so angry?"

"I.."

Her question surprised me. I couldn't find a good answer to give her. That's right... I was seething with rage and almost on the verge of going crazy, but when she asked me that, I stayed silent, not knowing what to answer. It was as if my ears had gone deaf. Although the station was full of bustling people, announcements and chatter, everything became eerily quiet for me. My mouth stayed closed because I couldn't find a good answer. Even though I knew it deep down, I couldn't say it out loud.

"Girls, please don't fight. Let's talk... Hello, Onn. Nice to meet you."

The handsome man, pretending to be polite, smiled at me as he reached out to hug Nam affectionately.

"She probably didn't tell you because she didn't have the chance. Please don't take it too personally.."

"She talked about me all the time, didn't you?"

"Well, she did talk about you every time we talked on the phone. She made me feel close to you... How about this? To greet us and meet each other for the first time, I invite you to dinner."

Nam and I continued to look at each other in frustration. No, I should say I was the only one who felt that way. Since I couldn't find a good reason to refuse, I finally agreed to go with them.

"Very well, this time I will finally meet your boyfriend, who you never mentioned before."

I usually put my arm around Nam's, but right now I had to keep my hands still because someone else was holding her hand. They walked together towards the shopping center next to the station. I followed them and watched with a mixture of jealousy and envy. All I could do was look away from them with a frown.

When we reached the place. Mhor spoiled us by taking us to a fancy restaurant. He seemed to have money, which made me curious, so I asked him directly while we were at the table..

"You seem quite rich, Mhor. Why did you take the Skytrain with her?"

"Onn, that's rude."

Her scolding made me frown instantly. Couldn't I even ask him anything now?

"I'm not being rude. I'm just really curious. You look clean and tidy, and you're generous enough to treat us to a fancy meal. I just thought you must have a car."

“Yes, but she wanted to take the Skytrain because she had agreed to meet someone, who turned out to be you. So, I asked to come and left my car at her workplace. I'll pick it up tomorrow.”

“I see... Nam, you've been keeping everything to yourself. Your boyfriend is so awesome. He is both handsome and rich. I don't know why you've been keeping it a top secret..”

She simply remained silent. I couldn't tell if she was angry or not, but if we tried to compare ourselves, my anger and jealousy were probably off the charts.

“Yes, I also felt a little sad. You always talked about Onn, but why didn't you ever mention me to her?”

"Well, like I said, there was never a chance to talk about it, and I didn't know why I had to tell her about you. We mainly talk about work or just chat.”

“You might have mentioned it to me sometimes when you were chatting. You made me feel abandoned. Come on, hurry up and make it up to me.”

He nudged Nam's shoulder and opened his mouth,

"Give me a bite."

She looked worried, but finally picked up a piece of sushi with her chopsticks and gave it to her boyfriend. I could only watch, trying to suppress my anger, and continued eating my own food.

“Mhor, I feel like I've met you somewhere before.”

“Hmm? Oh really? How weird. I also feel like we've seen each other before.”

“Where do you think it could be?”

“I have no idea.”

“Let me think about it. We may have crossed paths, taken the same car, or even made eye contact.”

I smiled at him, but he seemed confused, unlike me who just remembered it after trying to remember it for a long time. He was the man who was flirting with a woman on the Skytrain and then made eye contact with me. I told Nam about this, but I never thought the man would turn out to be someone so close to us.

“I don't think we've seen each other. Thailand is such a big country. If we had met, it would have been fate.”

“That's how it is. It must have been fate. I'll tell you when I remember, but I'm sure we've seen each other.”

I left it like that and continued eating. After that, we chatted about various things until we were full and ready to go. Now, the three of us were on the Skytrain heading home in the same direction, which meant Mhor would leave Nam alone at his house. I remained silent, lost in thought, not wanting to think about what they would do after I left her. Nam noticed my silence and called me softly with her soft voice.

“What's happening? Why are you so quiet? You were still talking so happily in the restaurant.”

Her warm touch felt like sharp thorns piercing my skin, causing me to pull my hand away. Nam looked at me with a worried expression as I looked at her with my sad eyes and shook my head.

“It's no big deal. I was just thinking about the plot.”

“Do you want to stay over tonight?”

“Would that be good?”

I looked at Mhor, who was standing next to a post, looking away and not listening to our conversation.

"I would just get between you."

“Come on, don't say that.”

“If I stay, where will he sleep?”

“In his house?”

“Don't be so cruel to him. I'll let you be with your boyfriend today. I'm being a good sister, you know?”

I said, avoiding eye contact with her until we reached the station where she and Mhor had to get off. However, she didn't leave immediately and she is still trying to persuade me

“Are you really not going to stay the night? My mom will be happy if you do it.”

“I would prefer not to do it. I'll let you have a day off.”

"The doors are closing,"

Mhor warned, forcing her to get off before the Skytrain departed. We made eye contact through the door window. My eyes were warm, like I was about to cry, which she must have noticed. Then the Skytrain moved slowly and I let my tears flow silently by lowering my head. They were a mixture of anguish and disappointment of feeling abandoned. If she had insisted that I stay a little longer, I might have done it. But I only did enough to avoid being rude. She had a boyfriend... that was the surprise of the day.

After returning to my room, I went to bed, turned off all the lights, and cried in the dark. It was not a howling scream but a silent one, as if they were vapor from everything that was boiling inside me. There was no reason to be so heartbroken and I had no right to be jealous. It all started when I wanted to be close to her and I was the one who thought that I was one of the most important people in her life. But no... We all had personal issues that we didn't want to tell anyone. For her, it was that she had a boyfriend. I just wasn't that close to her.

She didn't want to share her personal life because we weren't close enough. That was something that hurt me, but what really hurt me was that this was heartbreak. I had never encountered this feeling before because I had never liked anyone or seriously dated anyone. At most, we would chat for two days and then I would block her number out of annoyance. But she was different...she was the one I wanted to get close to since we met. I was emotionally attached to her because I thought she was the girl of my dreams. That's why it hurt me to be the one who loved her without being reciprocated.

I liked her... I had known it from the beginning, but I never dared to admit it until that day. As I sobbed on my bed like a character in a tragic scene, a message from Nam appeared on my phone screen as if nothing had happened.

[Editor: What are you doing? Are you already asleep?]

[Editor: Mhor just left me. He didn't stay the night. Please don't get the wrong idea..]

Giving me the wrong idea about what... She acted like she wanted to explain to me, but she never thought to tell me anything in advance so that I could prepare my heart. She just dropped the bombshell and I was shocked. I read the message in the notification to avoid marking it as read. My heart hurt and I didn't know what to do. I wanted to talk to her, but I was also angry. I wanted her to adore me, but I knew it was useless.

The light on my phone blinked again. This time Nam was calling me, but I refused to answer. I put my phone on silent mode and snuggled into my blanket. I felt good that she wanted to make peace with me, but I wasn't ready to talk to her yet. If she heard my voice, she would know immediately that I had been crying. So, I ignored the call and stood there in misery until it stopped ringing. She didn't call or send any more messages.

I grabbed my phone and opened Facebook. The round red number above the friend request section was still there. Then I remembered seeing an old friend today who said he would add me, but I hadn't accepted yet. Although I had decided not to contact him at first, I changed my mind and pressed

accept as if I wanted to make Nam, who actually didn't know about this, jealous. Soon, Kongtup sent me a message that reflected his unbearable personality.

[Kongtup: It sure took you a while to accept my friend request, Ms. Best-Selling Writer.]

[Aorrakarn: I just had the opportunity to be on Facebook. That? Are you going to start getting on my nerves right away?]

[Kongtup: Rude. Weren't you more polite when we met?]

[Aorrakarn: This is the real me. Take it or leave it.]

[Kongtup: Well, I don't have much choice, do I?]

That night, instead of responding to Nam's messages, I spent all my time chatting with Kongtup about random things. As for her, seeing that I had not responded, she remained completely silent

It had been four days... since I last responded to or read a message from Nam. She was still sending them, asking about me, and talking about editing my novel. I could tell she was trying to make peace with me or at least waiting for her to read the messages. I read some but didn't send her a single reply because I was still heartbroken and depressed. But the good thing was that now I had someone else to talk to. That person was 'Kongtup', my high school friend who came to me as a friend, but I realized he had something else on his mind.

[Kongtup: Let's go watch a movie together.]

After chatting for a while on Facebook Messenger, we started getting closer and moved on to Line. He often sent me random messages, but often enough that it seemed like he was always there. And now he has invited me to see a movie. I couldn't help but imagine how much courage it took to ask me out.

[Onn: What movie?]

[Kongtup: I'll let you choose.]

I smiled at his message. He must have been excited to see me respond like that. Normally, we would just text each other and never call, because I didn't want to take that step yet. But him inviting me to see a movie was definitely a big step.

[Onn: Sure, we can choose what to watch there. What's up today?]

[Kongtup: Perfect. See you at six o'clock. By then I should be done with my lecture.]

[Onn: Where will we meet?]

[Kongtup: Let's do it at the mall xxx. We can go there by Skytrain.]

When I saw the name of the mall, my heart started beating wildly for no reason. It was the first place where I met Nam. And she chose it because it was convenient for her to get to. I agreed, although she still felt depressed. I opened Nam's latest message..

[Editor: Are you still mad at me?]

I still haven't responded. I took a shower, got dressed, grabbed my bag and headed out to the mall around four. Even though we were supposed to meet at six, my body told me to leave at that time. On the way to the mall, I didn't think about Kongtup at all, just the person who had just sent me the message. I wondered what she's doing now.

Did I really need to be so angry with her? She had a boyfriend... If she could have one, so could I.. What I hoped for would not come true anyway. As I thought that, I felt a pang of sadness. I raised my head to push back the tears that were falling. When I arrived at my destination, it was four fifty-five in the afternoon. When I was about to leave the station, I hesitated as if I was unsure about something before looking towards the station. Would it appear if I stood by the door now?

Before I knew it, I found myself standing at our regular meeting.. I crossed my arms and watched the last Skytrain slowly pull away. She didn't show up, or maybe she was on another train and she didn't think I would be waiting there. I sighed, not knowing if I was disappointed or relieved that I hadn't seen her. After deciding that she probably wouldn't come, I thought about going downstairs to enter the mall, but then I heard someone calling me.

“Onn.”

The sweet but surprised voice made me slowly turn around. Nam was standing there, looking at me in the bustling crowd. My eyes filled with tears when I saw her. My longing for her was torturing me. I stood still, not knowing what to do. Should I run towards her like I always did, just stay here, staring at her? But... the situation had changed.

She came over and hugged me. Although she was smaller, our heights weren't that different. She squeezed me as if she had missed me terribly. Even though I had been avoiding her, I finally relented. I hugged her back and let my tears fall. There was nothing to be sad about...but she was crying like a little child when I was able to hug her.

“I missed you a lot.”

Nam hugged me and responded like she never had before.

“I missed you too, Onn... I missed you a lot.”

①②

MY SAFE PLACE

.. ————— .  . ————— ..

Now, the two of us were walking hand in hand in the mall. We didn't mention our problem, as if we both wanted to avoid it. At first I was still upset, but seeing her made my anger disappear instantly. I was now living in the present, feeling the warmth of her hand. She grabbed my hand like she was afraid that I would float away like a balloon or something.

“Why are you here? Are you free today?”

“Actually, I'm free every day.”

“So, what are you doing here today? Waiting for me?”

She asked with a cheerful smile. I didn't respond right away because I wasn't really planning on seeing her. I just couldn't resist trying to wait for her. I almost even gave up.

“Not precisely.”

“Really? So you didn't come to wait for me?”

She made a cute pouty face but didn't seem really bothered so I responded with a smile..

“I came to see a movie.”

“Alone?”

“With someone, actually.”

“Who is it? I thought you said you didn't have friends.”

“Not in the industry, but I have friends in my daily life. Anyway, do you want to watch a movie with me?”

“Would your friend agree with that?”

“Probably, but if you're not comfortable with that, that's okay. There's no need.”

“I'm fine with that. If you invite me, I will go with you..”

“Brilliant!”

I exclaimed with a bright smile.

“So, we have a deal. After the movie, can I stay at your house?”

“Sure.”

She accepted everything I proposed as if she was trying to make peace with me. We continued to avoid discussing our topic, although It still bothered me. While we were window shopping in the cosmetics section, Kongtup called to say he had arrived. I felt a little uncomfortable but knew I hadn't done anything wrong, so I told him to meet us in the cosmetics section and gave him the name of the counter so he could find us. As soon as he appeared, Nam looked stunned..

“This is my friend from high school, Kongtup.”

“Hello. Nice to meet you,”

Kongtup greeted Nam. He also seemed surprised, probably because he thought coming to see a movie with him was a date, but we hadn't said it openly.

“Today I brought my sister to watch the movie with us. Would it be good?”

“No problem, I'm just glad you came. Have you eaten something?”

“I'll just eat at the movies. Just the popcorn should be enough for me.”

I turned to Nam, who now looked a little uncomfortable. Her unusual behavior made my heart skip a beat because it was filled with surprise and a hint of disappointment.

“Are you OK?”

“Is it okay for me to watch the movie with you like this?”

“Why not?”

“ ... ”

“Oh, because it's a date, right?”

I joked and said it openly, which surprised both of them, especially Kongtup. He laughed awkwardly,

"What do you think, Tup-pee? It seems like someone is interrupting our date. Would that be a problem?"

“No, why would it be a problem? We're just watching a movie.”

“Exactly, we're just watching a movie. We can go together, just the two of us, when we have a serious date later, like at the sea, in the mountains, in the forest or in a hotel,”

I joked in a playful tone which made Nam pinch me. As for Kongtup, he seemed even more surprised than before.

“That hurts. Why did you do that?”

“Perverted.”

“Let's say this isn't a date, just a meeting place. It's good to have you here. Otherwise, it would be a bit awkward. I had never seen a movie alone with

a guy before. It's like you came here to save my life.”

In the end, I took them both to see the movie. I sat in the middle, with Kongtup and Nam to my left and right. While sitting, I occasionally turned to chat with Kongtup and glanced at Nam, who was watching the movie in complete silence. She was so quiet that she bothered me. If she had shown some reactions, I would have felt much better.

“How was it? Do you like the movie?”

I asked Kongtup.

"Yes, it was fun,"

He responded with a smile.

“Then let me choose the movie next time. I like to be pampered,”

I said loud enough for Nam to hear me while I looked at her from the corner of my eye.

“Of course, judging by your tastes, I have the feeling that the next one would be even more fun.”

“I promise that next time we will see it together, just the two of us.”

After saying that, Nam stood up.

“I have to go to the bathroom.”

"Oh, I'll go with you... hold this for me,"

I handed Kongtup my bucket of popcorn and followed Nam to the bathroom in a good mood. When we got to the bathroom, she rushed into a stall to relieve herself. I went into the one next to her just to chat with her.

“What do you think, Nam?”

“The movie is quite funny.”

She responded over the wall. I shook my head and asked again.

“I mean Kongtup. What do you think about him?”

Her silence made me look at the ceiling as if she was going to get out of there. The more silent she was, the more aggressive I was.

“Do you think it would be good for me if I went out with him?”

“That depends on you, right? Why ask me? I don't know anything about him.”

"Oh, I thought you could help me decide."

“How did you see each other again?”

“We met on the Skytrain. He is an old friend. He has changed a lot. Before he wasn't so handsome. In high school, he had short hair and dark skin. Now, he became a handsome hipster artist.”

“You both are perfect for each other. One is a writer, the other is an artist.”

“If you think so, should I go out with him?”

“Up to you.”

She flushed the toilet and went out to wash her hands. Hearing that, I did the same and went out to talk to her in front of her mirror.

"You're not helping me at all,"

I joked and leaned against her shoulder. Her eyes were now red as if she were going to cry. Seeing that... I cornered her.

“If you say you don't like him, I won't go out with him.”

"Would you really do it if I did that?"

“Yes, because I love you so much... See? I also talk to you about everything, even about this boy who seems to want to conquer me. You, on the other hand, never tell me anything, not even about his boyfriend.”

“I don't like this guy.”

She looked at me through the mirror with red eyes. I wasn't sure if she was angry or not.

"Okay, then I won't go out with him."

“Good.”

“I don't like Mhor either.”

“Will you break up with him for me?”

She turned to look at me with a furious expression.

“It's a joke. You don't have to make that kind of face. I can't even talk about him now?”

“When did you meet this guy? While we weren't seeing each other?”

Her voice started to shake, making me feel bad because I felt like I was teasing her too harshly. Still, it also felt good that she actually had feelings for me.

“It was the day I met Mhor. I was about to tell you, but you surprised me first. Since that day, we have been texting each other and decided to watch a movie today.”

“So, you really weren't planning on meeting me. You just stumbled upon Kongtup here.”

She left the bathroom and returned to the cinema. I grabbed her arm to have a serious conversation with her.

“Why are you angry?”

“So, you didn't talk to me for days because you were busy talking to this guy. I thought you were angry with me because I didn't tell you about Mhor. I've been thinking too much non-stop.. It turned out that I was wrong all along.”

She bit her lip and sighed.

“Let's hurry up and watch the movie. We've already missed several scenes..”

She refused to continue our conversation and I didn't know what else to talk about, so we quietly returned to the theater but after a while, she received a call and excused herself to go out. I looked several times at the empty space next to me, but she did not return. So I decided to go out and call her, but she didn't answer. Instead, I had to send a message via Line.

[Ord-onn: Where are you?]

[Editor: I'm already home.]

[Ord-onn: Why didn't you wait for me? I thought you said you'd let me stay.]

[Editor: I don't feel well. Sorry for leaving in the middle of the movie. You can stay another day.]

[Ord-onn: If you leave me like this, I'll stay at Kongtup's house instead of yours, you know?]

She read the message but did not write anything in response. So, I decided to lighten the mood with a fun message.

[Ord-onn: Just kidding. If you don't feel well, rest. See you later.]

[Ord-onn: sent a sticker]

Though I sent her such moody and playful messages, she was on the verge of tears. She felt the same...although we couldn't express it, we knew what kind of feeling it was. We were both jealous, but neither of us said it. I

liked; I knew it very well. That's why the satisfaction I go from hurting her feelings came with pain. I watched the movie again with Kongtup in agony. When we left, he didn't see Nam and asked curiously.

“Where is Nam?”

“She wasn't feeling well, so she left early.”

“Hmm? But she seemed fine before we entered the theater. She must have felt very sick.”

“It's that time of the month.”

“Oh.”

He understood it immediately. We both returned home on the Skytrain, he accompanied me to my stop. While we were sitting together, there were fewer people because it was almost ten a night. I was lost in my thoughts and didn't hear what he was saying. I just knew we were talking about the movie we had just seen.

"Hey, what were you saying?"

“What were you daydreaming about? Do you have a plot for your movie novel? You are an imitator.”

He made fun of me in his usual way. I grimaced and stuck out my tongue.

“What the hell did I do?”

“Or are you worried about Nam? She left suddenly. It must have surprised you.”

“Yes, more or less.”

“Why don't you call and see how she is?”

“I did it. She said she was fine. By the way, Tup-phee... are you flirting with me?”

The sudden change of topic left him stunned. He swallowed hard.

“Hey? Why do you ask that out of the blue?”

“Well, why else wouldn't you invite me to see a movie? If you're flirting with me, just say so. If you invited me as a friend, that's what we will be.”

“Um.”

“And then?”

“I am.”

“That's all you had to say. So I don't have to guess.”

I smiled and looked at him.

“I'm not going to fall in love with someone so easily, just so you know.”

“I will try to give my best.”

“I'll be watching your efforts.”

I laughed heartily and patted him on the shoulder. I felt a little guilty for using him. He scratched his head and asked:

“What do I need to do to make you fall in love with me?”

“Use your guts. Honestly... I've never dated anyone, so if it's not fun, then it means we're not working out.”

“Are all writers like that?”

“I don't know.”

“Have you enjoyed it so far?”

“Yeah.”

Not really, I just needed a safe place, a shield to protect me from my own feelings. Maybe... I might be able to replace the person in my heart. I would give him a chance because being alone was too painful. And most importantly, he was the one who made Nam realize that I was... more than just a sister to her.

①③

I CAN SEE THROUGH YOU

.. ————— . ❧ . ————— ..

[Ord-onn: See you today. I'll wait for you at our usual place.]

I messaged Nam via Line. She read it but didn't respond. I stared at the "read" mark, feeling anxious and irritated by her lack of response, but I ignored her. I was going to wait for her anyway. So when the time came, I stayed in our usual spot, craning my neck to look for her. Nam came out of the train with a somber expression, unlike me, who smiled widely as I ran to hug her like always.

“I missed you a lot.”

She lost her balance a little when I did that. Although she stayed still at first, she slowly hugged me back, hugging me tighter and caressing my back.

“Yes, same.”

I smiled happily and let her go.

“Can I stay tonight?”

“What's going on with your boyfriend?”

“He's not with me today.”

I said without hesitation before we both boarded the Skytrain to go to her house. When her mother saw me, she quickly came over to greet me,

probably because I hadn't visited her house lately and she must have missed me. She smiled and greeted me warmly.

“Why didn't you tell me you were coming? I would have prepared something special for dinner.”

“Oh, it's okay, mom.”

I started calling her 'mom' as we got closer.

“I can eat anything.. Please let me stay over tonight. I missed you. I haven't been here in several days.”

“You're right. Where have you been lately?”

"I got a boyfriend,"

I answered bluntly, smiling happily. She looked surprised and laughed.

“What? Do you already have a boyfriend?”

“Well, now that she has a boyfriend, I have one too. I don't want her to get over me.”

She seemed surprised and looked at Nam as if to say, 'So, you finally told her.' Seeing this, I pouted.

“You hid it very well. You knew it too but you didn't tell me anything, mom.”

“How could I? Nam didn't want to talk about him. When did you find out?”

“Nam brought him to surprise me, so I surprised her by looking for a boyfriend for me. Let me introduce it to you later.”

"Great, I'm curious about the person who dates a girl as pretty as you,"

She said without thinking much. At the same time. Nam quietly entered the kitchen to find what her mother prepared for dinner, seemingly uninterested in the conversation.

“What did you prepare for dinner today?”

“I made rice soup with shrimp and some salted eggs and sautéed bellflower.”

"That sounds wonderful,"

I answered in Nam's place and joined her at the table.

“You always treat me very well here. I couldn't help but come to stay.”

I pretended to smell the food.

“Please allow me to accompany you to dinner.”

“Of course, darling.”

While we were eating together, Nam's mother asked me about my boyfriend with great interest. Nam, however, sat quietly and ate while she listened to our conversation.

“He's an old friend from high school. We met on the Skytrain and have been chatting ever since! We went to see a movie... Nam also went with us yesterday, but she said she wasn't feeling well and left early.”

I looked at her and gently rubbed her arm.

“How do you feel now? What happened yesterday?”

“My head hurts. It was so painful that I couldn't watch the movie, so I thought I'd better go home.”

“Come on, you never told me what was happening. You left so abruptly. My boyfriend was really worried about you.”

I repeatedly used the word 'boyfriend' instead of 'Kongtup' to see her reaction. She remained silent and continued eating until her mother looked at her with concern.

“I see. That's why you seemed depressed and silent when you returned yesterday. How are you now?”

“Better.”

“Make sure you take care of yourself. You always make others worry. Not to mention you never tell anyone when something is wrong.”

“Don't worry, mom. I'll be her personal nurse for today,”

I smiled at Nam, who was still playing along, even though she knew very well that she wasn't really sick.

“I'll hold you all night.”

“One way or the other.”

After that, I continued telling Nam's mom about Kongtup, ignoring Nam, who was still sitting silently. While she was getting me ready for bed, I found her sitting in front of the computer, silently reading a manuscript that she probably brought home. I slowly approached her and hugged her from behind, resting my chin on her shoulder.

“Did you bring your work home? What a hardworking girl.”

The fresh scent of their soap and shampoo reached my nose. It almost made me lose control and kiss her on the back of the neck, but I held back because it seemed inappropriate. But she looked so sexy and irresistible in her nightgown, even though it was just a simple and modest satin dress, which was not at all revealing.

“It's your manuscript. I'm reviewing it to identify any defects or illogical parts.”

“Have you found any yet? Where are they?”

I changed my position from hugging her to sitting with her in the same chair. She moved a little towards me and looked at me from the corner of her eyes.

“There are quite a few, but most of them are about Yha's feelings and thoughts. I think Yha appears very little at the beginning of the story. Then, suddenly, she becomes the protagonist. Readers may be confused about what type of novel this is.”

“Then mark them for me. I'll edit it later.”

I rested my head on her shoulder.

“But if Yha expresses her feelings too much, won't Oeng know what she's thinking?”

“She doesn't necessarily need to know, but it's important for readers to know that this is a GL novel from the beginning, rather than an HL novel that unexpectedly changes to GL later on. Otherwise, readers might feel like the author forced it at the end.”

“You are the editor. I will follow what you say. By the way, do you feel better now?”

I touched her forehead and then mine with my hand.

“You don't have a fever.”

“I feel better now.”

“Still, you need to rest, you know? Plus, I'm staying the night today. Are you going to continue working like this? I will feel terribly alone..”

“Don't you get enough company from your boyfriend?”

“Well, I'm not staying at my boyfriend's house, am I? I'll stay at your house... Give me some attention, please.”

I blinked, trying to look cute. She looked at me and couldn't help but laugh.

“Well, well.”

She closed her laptop and turned to me. Our noses almost touched. A sudden sensation invaded my body, making my heart pound. She also seemed a little surprised, but she didn't back away or show any signs of repulsion.

“Get up now. I'm about to fall off my chain.”

“Then let's get up. Why are we still sitting here? Let's go to bed.”

I extended my hand to her. She looked at it for a moment and then took my hand and we went to bed. We both got under the blanket, but this time she turned her back on me. This was something she had never done before because we usually chat before falling asleep. Seeing this.. I turned to hug her from behind her. Her body odor made me curl irresistibly closer to her, my nose buried in the back of her neck.

“You've been unusually quiet today. Is it because you're sick?”

“Yeah.”

"But you don't have a fever."

I snuggled closer to the point I could smell the back of her neck. -

“Your temperature seemed normal.”

She didn't resist, so I wrapped my arms tighter around her. Our bodies pressed together, warming us under the blanket. Her satin pajamas clung to her skin, stirring something inside me.

“Sick people do not always have fever.”

“You are also terribly quiet.”

“I didn't know what to talk about. Every time you talk, you talk about that guy.”

She paused as if it had escaped her. I smiled in the dark, feeling satisfied.

“You can talk about Mhor.”

“I have nothing to say about him.”

“What kind of couple are you?”

“One of those who were together for so long that each one has nothing special to talk about about the other. I'm already past the honeymoon period, unlike you.”

“It's not that I'm in the honeymoon period. I just wanted to share it with you. I don't want to keep it a secret like you did. You didn't even let your mom talk about him. I don't want you to have an involuntary surprise like I had. That's why I tell you everything.”

"So now you always talk about him instead of us?"

“About us?”

“It doesn't matter. Go to sleep.”

She moved a little to distance herself from me, but my stubbornness and certain attraction brought me closer to her

"Then I won't talk about it if you don't like it. But can I hug you? I missed you.”

“Don't say that if you don't mean it.”

“If I don't, would I do this?”

At first she resisted, but seeing my insistence, she finally let me hug her. I breathed in her scent from the back of her neck and drowned in ecstasy. It was incredible how a simple scent of soap could awaken such inexplicable emotions in me.

“You smell so good.”

“Go to sleep now.”

“Are you really going to turn your back on me like that?”

I teased her by slipping my hand under her clothes, which startled her and she pushed my hand away.

“For.”

“But you won't turn around and hug me...”

My hand continued moving until it reached her chest. At that moment, she sighed and let me touch her breasts.

“Are you satisfied now?”

“I am. Yours are quite big.”

As soon as I finished speaking, she turned to me in annoyance, our noses touching. Even in the dark, I could see her looking at me.

“I turn to you now. What else do you want?”

“If I say it, will you give it to me?”

She hugged me and pulled me closer, pressing my face into her chest. Her heart was beating so hard I could hear and feel it through her chest.

“No.”

“Who knows, maybe one day you'll give in.”

The conversation was full of intense feelings, but no one dared to express them. I rested my face against her chest, my hand slowly sliding under her clothes from behind, caressing her skin. She didn't protest. She turned me on even more.

“I like it when we hug each other.”

She remained silent. Maybe she had fallen asleep. It was like I was talking to the air around me. After about five minutes, she spoke in a low voice. She made my heart pound, but I had to pretend I was asleep so she wouldn't know I heard her.

"I like it too."

After that night, I was even more sure that Nam was quite influenced by me, but we couldn't do much because we both had our own partners. So, I decided to take another step by inviting Kongtup to dinner at her house on the weekend, as I had promised her mother. Of course, she also contacted me inviting Mhor to dinner. At first, I did that to make fun of her, but when I saw him attentively serving Nam's food and chatting cordially with her mother, it bothered and irritated me.

"It seems like you come here quite often. You seem close to Mom too,"

I asked, trying to sound casual and sarcastic at the same time. He smiled at me and admitted:

"Yes, sometimes I even stayed over."

"Really?"

"In the guest room."

Nam intervened quickly, fearing it might cause misunderstandings and not wanting to sound intrusive. For a moment, I noticed her giving Mhor a disapproving look for bringing it up before changing the subject.

"So, where are you going after dinner?"

"We are planning to visit the photography museum. He wants to go,"

I said, although Kongtup didn't know the plan yet. He looked at me but didn't object. He simply agreed.

"It's near Rivertique. I noticed that she rarely leaves her room, so I want to take her somewhere."

I served him food and gave him a sweet smile..

“You really understand me.”

“I know you don't go out much. Today is your day. You can do whatever you want.”

“You can do whatever you want.”

I said it in such a strange tone. I raised my eyebrows slightly and turned to speak to Mhor.

“What about you? What do you plan to do today?”

"I guess it's up to her."

Mhor reached out to put his arm around Nam and chuckled.

“But she is a very homely person. What do you want to do today?”

“It's my day off. I want to stay home and work.”

“Even if it's your day off? Well, then I'll stay with you. Right here, at home.”

His overly possessive display made me grip my utensils tightly. At first, I wanted to hurt Nam's feelings, but it backfired, and now I was the one who felt a sharp pain in my heart. I ate my food in silence, watching the two of them help themselves to food and talking to Nam's mom about things I never knew about, like the time Nam visited his house and met his parents. They seemed so in love that Kongtup and I were strangers in comparison.

“Adult relationships are really different from teenage ones, huh?”

I murmured softly, looking at Kongtup.

“They even met each other's parents. And we? What are we doing?”

“Do you want to visit my parents? What's up today?”

He said jokingly, which made me smile.

“Sure, if you dare to take me, I'll go.”

“But my parents are not at home today. Do you still want to go?”

“I want to see your house. I want to see where you grew up.”

“Then let's go today. Just so you know, by the way, there is no guest room in my house.”

I didn't know why Kongtup could humor me, even though we hadn't talked about this before. I shrugged and responded normally.

“Alright. I can sleep in your room. That's what adult relationships are like, right?”

“Oh, are you full yet?”

Nam's mother, unaware of our relationship, looked at her daughter, who had finished eating. She seemed a little upset and apologized.

“I have to finish a job. Keep chatting. I will be back.”

“Oh, this girl. And what about our guests? Are you going to let me entertain them alone?”

“Okay, Mom. I'm still here, right?”

Mhor said. Nam had already gone to her room. We continued chatting until we finished eating and helped clean the dishes. After that, Kongtup went out to smoke a cigarette. I followed him outside, watching him blow smoke into the air and then asked in surprise:

“Do you smoke? Now you look even more like a hipster.”

“It bothers you?”

“No.”

"I thought you would think I was a bad person."

"Just because you smoke doesn't make you a bad person; Otherwise, why would they sell them, right?... Can I try one?"

"Sure, but be careful not to drown."

I took a cigarette from him and tried to smoke like a pro. And just like he said, I ended up drowning. He laughed and patted me on the back.

"I told you. That's enough for the first time."

"What's good about it? Why do people like to smoke something like this?"

"It's not good, but it's addictive. I'm trying to quit too, but I can't.. It's something like love. Even if you try to move on, you can't."

"Wow... that's deep. Why are you being romantic out of nowhere?"

I asked and smiled.

"To which?"

Suddenly, he asked, making me raise my eyebrows.

"What?"

"Which one were you trying to make jealous? Was it Nam or Mhor?"

I looked a little taken aback before tucking my hair behind my ears and crossing my arms, pretending not to understand his question.

"What are you talking about?"

"You think I didn't realize you were trying to be sarcastic? Suddenly you said we were going to a museum. You wanted to go to my house, even sleep in my room, even though my parents weren't there... Now, which one were you trying to make jealous, the man or the woman?"

He took another breath of smoke into her lungs before exhaling it and turning to me.

“I’m not stupid, you know?”

“Is it so obvious? So guess.”

“Probably the woman... because she couldn't even stand it and had to go to her room.”

“Only me...”

"I only did it for your satisfaction, but it backfired because she was really hurt, and now you're standing here in misery? So you're using me to hurt her, right?"

“It is not like this.”

“So what was that?”

There was no hint of anger in his words, just pure curiosity. He even seemed to be enjoying this situation as well.

“Well... um...”

“Hey?”

“Just like you said. I was trying to make her jealous.”

“So... Making her jealous, huh? Does she even know that you have a special feeling for her? Also...”

He then threw the cigarette butt on the ground and stomped it out.

“Or she wouldn't have acted so it seems I wasn't the only one who noticed that. Mhor did it too.”

He took a big puff of smoke,

“He is so possessive of Nam in front of her mother. Not to mention that he vaguely mentioned the time he was here to make you misunderstand Nam, or rather, to make you understand your state.”

"Then why did you talk to me and go on a date with me?"

He crossed his arms and looked at me sternly. The playful tone disappeared from his voice. I cringed. I had never been so serious before, so I had to answer her honestly.

“I just wanted someone to help me leave her behind.”

“So, are you looking for a replacement for her?”

“Don't say that. Honestly, I don't think you're a bad person. I've never dated anyone before. You're the first person I've talked to seriously.”

“It almost sounds good, but in the end, I'm just a safe place where you can seek refuge until you can safely move forward.”

As he said that, I looked at him in shock because I used to compare it to a safe place. It was like he could read my mind.

“I'm sorry.”

“Alright. You can use me.”

“Hey?”

“It's not that I won't gain anything from this because I like you too. If you think I am useful to you, use me as you wish, but you must also reward me in return. If we agree, I am willing to do anything you need.”

I looked at him in shock. He was not at all greedy and simply wanted to get something in return. That was it.

“And maybe I can help you leave her behind. From now on, feel free to use me however you want.”

He walked over and lifted my chin to make me look at him.

“I will be your safe place.”

①④

THE NIGHT

.. ————— .  . ————— ..

“Are you bringing your work home again?”

“Aha, I have many manuscripts to read. Not to mention I have to rewrite a certain writer's work,”

She joked with a smile. She slowly flipped through the A4 printed papers, circling errors, crossing out and correcting some sentences, and writing comments on them instead of on the computer. I watched her work with fascination. She seemed even more charming when she was serious.

“Are you working? What am I going to do now? I'm so alone.”

I hugged her from behind her. That night was another night I asked to stay at her house. She was already used to my hugs. She continued reading, lightly bumping her head against mine.

“Why would you feel alone? You have a boyfriend now, right?”

At this point, I couldn't resist teasing her and making her jealous.

“You're right. Since I have Tup-phee, I feel a lot less alone.”

And that worked. Nam was silent for a moment. Even though it was only a split second, I noticed it.

“If you no longer feel alone, why do you stay at my house?”

“Because I can't hug him at night, that's why.”

“So now you have become to be his substitute?”

“Maybe.”

I joked with her a little before picking up my phone and calling Kongtup, who probably wasn't asleep yet. I chatted with him while he read.

“What are you doing?”

[Drawing. What about you?]

“I stayed the night at Nam's house.”

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line before he answered knowingly.

[I have to make her jealous, right? You're not going to put me on speakerphone, are you?]

“No.”

It was his own suggestion to let me use it. It sounded a little selfish, but in return he asked me to spend time with him and I didn't mind.

“You miss me?”

[I'm thinking of you. What kind of loving things do you want me to say to you?]

“Something like 'I love you', I guess.”

[I would like to say that, but it might be one-sided.]

I didn't know what emotion he meant by that. All I knew was that he understood his place and accepted it obediently.

[Why do you have to make her jealous all of a sudden? Or was she talking about Mhor and you couldn't help but call me?]

“No. It's fun to do this...I love you too. Good night.”

[It would be better if you meant it.]

We hung up. I felt a little guilty hearing him say that. I knew he really liked me, but from what I could see...he didn't seem to take this relationship too seriously. So I dared to do something like that without feeling too guilty. I even made Nam listen to our conversation and think we were madly in love with each other. Now Nam has stopped doing her job. She put the manuscript on the table, walked over, and slid into the blanket before turning her back on me. He was easy to read when talking about Kongtup or doing anything related to it. The more I saw that, the more satisfied I felt, so much so that I felt a little bad for teasing her so harshly.

“Are you done with your work?”

“Yes I'm sleepy.”

"Then let's go to bed."

I hugged her from behind her and snuggled against her back.

“You have such a lovely, warm body.”

“Compared to Kongtup, who is better?”

I smiled. The lamp was still on, but since her back was turned to me, she couldn't see that I was smiling. I buried my face in the back of her neck and inhaled the scent of the soap without her trying to fight back at all.

“How can I compare it? Hugging my boyfriend and hugging you is something totally different.”

She turned around and looked me in the eyes, looking at me with unfathomable emotions. One of her hands gently caressed my arm and then she asked again.

“Who do you like more, your boyfriend or me?”

“Would you believe me if I told you that I liked you more?”

After saying that, I leaned towards her, but instead of kissing her, I chose to pet her chest like a kitten. Teasing someone like that was a way to stir up her emotions, and I was good at it. Her hand was still slowly caressing my arms as I settled my head into her neck.

“I can not believe it. It seems that now there is only him in your heart. There is no place for me anymore.”

“Well, just like you have Mhor in your heart.”

She paused as if suddenly realizing it and quickly withdrew her hand. She stayed still again and that bothered me.

“Why do you always have to be like this when I talk about him?”

“As?”

“Like this... Are you so in love with him that I can't talk about him now?”

"Why are you bringing him into this?"

Our voices began to rise. I sat up and responded like a child throwing a tantrum.

“Why not? You love him so much I can't even mention him. Because? Is the world going to end if I do that? What's good about it?”

"I still don't see what this has to do with him."

She sat down and looked at me with a stern look.

“I...I think you're too self-centered lately. Why are you always like this when it comes to him?”

“Because you always overprotect him. If you love him so much, why not live with him now?”

“I'm planning it.”

I bit my lip until it bled and looked at her. Jealous, I sat up abruptly and walked to pick up my neatly folded clothes, preparing to get dressed and go home. When she saw this, she asked:

“Where are you going?”

“To home.”

“It's already after ten.”

“That's not a problem. I don't feel like staying here anymore. You've ruined the atmosphere.”

“Say it again. Weren't you the one who caused it and then got angry about it? What is your problem with him?”

“I don't like him!”

“And because? What did he do to you?”

“That Mr. Perfect of yours is no saint. What an idiot. Don't you know he's cheating on you?”

“Hey!”

Her scream made me stop. Tears flowed and my heart ached. I dressed quickly, leaving only my pants as the last piece. When I was about to put them on, she hugged me from behind. Her soft, warm chest pressed against my back and I could hear her heartbeat. I was frozen. My heart melted like wax in a flame.

“It's late. Please do not go.”

Her voice softened. Even though she was trying to make peace and my anger had subsided since she hugged me, my ego made me look at her and say:

“You yelled at me because of him.”

“You started. I didn't want to fight you. Can't we just have a nice conversation for a day? Lately, you've been acting like you're mad at me for something. I can feel that.”

I started to calm down. She was right. Recently, I had been constantly angry with her and she was the one trying to make peace with me. I calmed down when I saw her begging like that. Maybe she was acting like that because I didn't know how to tell her that the man was cheating on her, coupled with my own jealousy. I had made me selfish in her eyes.

When I realized that, I turned to her and hugged her, inhaling the scent of her neck. Then, I used both hands to caress her back passionately. My buried desire for her was about to explode. Still, our current relationship wouldn't allow it, so I couldn't do much, and she left me without feeling like it was wrong.

“Nam, I love you very much.”

“I love you too.”

I pushed her onto the bed. Her satin dress clung to her skin, highlighting her curvature. I got on top of her, wanting to do more, but I couldn't. All I could do was whisper in her ear.

"Can't you just love me?"

Her hand wrapped around me from below, following my back as it had done with her. She turned to me and our noses touched. Her eyes, full of desire, seemed to draw me in, but all I could do was look at her.

“And you? You love someone else too.”

“If I told you something, would you believe me?”

“If it's Mhor, don't do it. You're going to ruin it. We just made peace.”

“But...”

“Shh.”

She touched my lips with her finger and rubbed our noses. Our lips were so close I could have touched.

“Let's hug each other in silence. I like being with you like this.”

“Let's say that when we are together, just the two of us, I love you more.”

I approached her and gently kissed her chin, avoiding her lips.

“Alright. When we are together, just the two of us, I will love you more too.”

“Don't talk about other people anymore.”

“Alright.”

“Not even about Kongtup.”

“Understood. Not even about Kongtup.”

And so we lay in each other's arms until we almost fell asleep even though a moment before I had been ready to go home. But when I was about to fall asleep, I felt that she was moving next to me. I couldn't see it well because I was very sleepy, but I was still aware of it.

When I was about to ask her where she was going, her lips touched mine softly. My sleepiness disappeared in an instant, but I had to pretend to be asleep because she not only kissed my mouth but also my face, my eyes, nose, chin and even my neck. What was she doing?

I stayed still, not to the point of being rigid. Curious, I pretended to move and then lay on my back. She paused as if to make sure I wasn't awake. Then slowly she slid her hand under my shirt and gently cupped my breast.

She continued kissing me on the face. I almost moaned but had to bite my lip hard, afraid she would stop.

But that was it... She quickly got up and went to the bathroom. After a while she returned to bed as if nothing had happened. That wasn't a dream. I was not Yha and she was not Oeng. She was Nam in the bedroom filled with her perfume. What she did was clearer than words. I wasn't the only one who felt this way and I had always been right. She had feelings for me...

I hummed a song while sitting in the new car that Kongtup picked me up in. He looked at me and smiled.

“You are in a very good mood. I should have bought it a long time ago.”

“What a nice car. Why did you buy it suddenly?”

“So I can take you here and there. We won't have to take the Skytrain all the time.”

“But I like the Skytrain.”

“And we both know why.”

As he said that, I remained silent. Actually, I was happy about something else, but since Kongtup was excited about his new car, I didn't want to ruin the mood. Let him think that would be better.

“That's why you hate the Skytrain.”

“I wouldn't say I hate it. I just feel like it makes you think of someone other than me. So let this car be our place, just the two of us. More importantly...”

He stopped on the side of a deserted road, unbuckled his seat belt, and leaned towards me.

“I can do this with you without having to worry about anyone else.”

That was the agreement I made with him. He would agree to let me use him, but sometimes I had to let him touch me too. I kissed him without any emotion, just giving him what he wanted. Kongtup never asked for more than this, or maybe he wanted to but he knew I would never allow it. So, I had to accept whatever he could get. He even bought a car so he could have his own space with me and not have to ride the Skytrain, which would make me think of someone else..

While we were kissing, my phone rang. The screen showed a call from Nam. When I was about to answer, Kongtup grabbed my hand.

“This is our moment. I don't want you to get distracted.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he kissed my neck and did something that made me cry. I pushed him away and rubbed my neck before saying:

“Why did you have to bite me?”

“What are you talking about?”

He laughed, but I didn't care. I rubbed my neck before quickly answering Nam's call before he could snatch the phone from me.

“Hello... Nam.”

Kongtup sighed deeply and sat back in his seat, clearly annoyed. At that point, I was more interested in the person on the other end of the line who had taken advantage of me the night before. The thought made my heart race.

“Hello, can you hear me?”

She stayed quiet, which made me frown. I put the phone away to check the signal before speaking again.

“Nam?”

[Are you free to talk?]

"Yes, I am."

I looked at Kongtup, who smiled and shook his head slightly.

"What's happening? Normally you just text me."

[Would it be okay if I stayed over tonight?]

"Stay over? Do you mean my house?"

[Yes, I don't want to go back home.]

"What happened? You don't sound very good."

[That time when you called me an idiot... I understand now.]

"What do you mean?"

The surprise made Kongtup, who seemed bored at first, curious. He even turned to look at me.

[Mhor is cheating on me.]

①⑤

RELAX



Kongtup dropped me off at the entrance to the Skytrain station. He didn't seem very happy because it was supposed to be his day. But at the time Nam was struggling and she had always been my priority. That's why he didn't argue. We had already talked about that

"I'll make it up to you later,"

I said and got out of the car. Then I went up to the station and waited for her on the platform after buying a ticket. It was already five in the afternoon, which was the usual time she arrived. As expected, she arrived on the next Skytrain with a sad face and tears in her eyes. As soon as she saw me, she let the tears run freely down her cheeks. Without hesitation, I hugged her and rubbed her back, greeting her with a simple:

"I missed you a lot."

She hugged me back, but her hug was tighter than usual. She didn't say anything, probably because it was too much for her.

"You're thirsty? Do you want to eat something before we go?"

"Alright. Just take me to your house. I already told my mom that I'm staying at your house tonight."

We took the next Skytrain back because by the time we finished greeting each other, the previous one had already left. While waiting on the platform, I couldn't help but look at her with concern. Nam she seemed terribly calm, her eyes red from crying, but she didn't seem as devastated as I had imagined. Part of me was angry that she cared so much about Mhor, but another part understood her. They had been together for a long time and a sharp turn in the relationship must have been difficult to handle. Today I would be more mature, I would keep my jealousy to myself and I would be there to comfort her.

On the way to my house, she was silent. I didn't ask her anything because I thought she might want to be alone with her thoughts. When we arrived at my house, Nam looked around her and nodded.

“Why are you nodding? What are you thinking about?”

I tried to avoid asking about what was bothering her. She gave me a slight smile, although her eyes were deeply red, and she said:

“Your room is tidier than I thought.”

“What? Do you think I'm such a messy person?”

“It's what I thought.”

“Silly!”

I laughed heartily and took her to sit on the bed before bringing her a glass of water. She took the glass but she just stared at it, her mind empty.

“Nam, I know you're upset right now, but if you don't let it out, you'll only feel worse.”

She met my gaze, was silent for a moment, and then asked bluntly:

“When did you know he was cheating on me?”

Hearing that, I hesitated, not knowing if I would be scolded if I told the truth.

“From the beginning.”

"Is that why you called me an idiot that night?"

“ ... ”

“Why didn't you tell me when you had so many opportunities?”

“Because I didn't want to be like Yha,”

I referred to a character I wrote in my novel.

“I know that telling the truth when you don't want to believe it can make me the villain in your eyes.”

“Would I do that?”

“Not really, but certain situations can make it seem that way. There were many times I wanted to tell you, but you rejected me. Still, I understand because I've been fighting with you a lot lately.”

“So you knew it from the beginning. I was the one who made everything worse, right?”

She began to blame herself, with tears in her eyes.

“If I had listened to you a little, I could have handled it better than this.”

“Even if I had told you, you wouldn't have believed me. It's more a matter of timing and timing. Please don't blame yourself.”

I sat down next to her, put my arms around her and rested my head on her shoulder. She tilted her head toward me, rocking gently. We sat in silence for a while until her tears began to fall. I couldn't resist reaching out to her to wipe away her tears. It was at that moment when our eyes met.

“Please don't cry for him. He doesn't deserve a single drop of your tears.”

I kissed her cheek, wiping away her tears with my lips. She closed her eyes, neither resisting nor turning around. Seeing that, my deep desire prompted me to caress her cheek with my other hand. I buried my nose in her neck to inhale her scent that was now fused into her body.

Our bodies slowly leaned on the bed. I showered her face with kisses, trying to dry her tears and her misery. She kept her eyes closed, letting me do whatever I wanted. Suddenly, I paused as she ran her hand through my hair and then stared at the back of my neck.

“What is this?”

“Hey?”

While I was dumbfounded by her actions, she abruptly sat up. The pleasant atmosphere of it quickly disappeared, leaving me a little dazed.

“What is what?”

“That mark on your neck.”

I didn't know what she was referring to. I tried to find the origin of the brand because I didn't feel any pain. I decided to get up and look in the mirror and I saw a red mark on the back of my neck. I was surprised and when I realized what it was, I suddenly felt angry at Kongtup. Earlier today when we were kissing he did something that made me scream and scold him. I thought he just bit me playfully, but he must have wanted to leave a mark to create a situation like this.

“It was just a mosquito bite.”

"Do you think I'm that stupid?"

Her voice was full of anger.

“Where were you before you came to see me?”

“I was with Kongtup.”

“Oh, for the love of God!”

She ran her hand through her hair, grabbed her bag and prepared to leave. I quickly wrapped my arms around her waist to hold her down.

“Let me go.”

“What is the problem? It's just a red mark. Nothing happened.”

“A red mark does not appear on its own. I never thought you where like this.”

“As?”

“A whore!”

Her insult made me let go of her waist. I stood up and faced her like someone who would not admit defeat.

“And what's so strange about it? All couples do this. Don't act like you've never done this before.”

“I've never made it so obvious.”

“But you've done a lot more than me, right? Who's the bitch now? You acted formally and appropriately, but behind closed doors, you did all those things with him. You took him home, but in the end, you were the one who ended up abandoned.”

“He didn't leave me. I was the one who left him. That's all! I couldn't take it anymore!”

“What can't you stand?”

“Argue with you like this. I thought coming here would give me peace of mind. Instead, I'm arguing with you over nonsense.”

“You are the one who started this.”

“And who made me so angry?”

“Why are you angry? Because of the fact that you were cheated on or because of the fact that I have a hickey on my neck? Choose one.”

“I...”

She seemed to have difficulty answering such a simple question.

“Or did you realize that...”

“No!”

She quickly interrupted as if she was afraid I would say something that would change our relationship forever. I paused and smiled slowly before walking over to hug her, trying to calm her down. At this moment, she must have been very confused. They tricked her and then she saw a hickey on my neck. All of her emotions must have gotten mixed up and overwhelmed.

“Calm down first, okay? Let's not fight. We promised each other that if we are together, we wouldn't talk about each other. It will be just us and we won't fight.”

“I... I didn't want to argue with you.”

Her voice shook as she began to compose herself. She rested her chin on my shoulder and let me comfort her.

“You're right. My mind is a mess. I forgot why I came here.”

“Well, then... how about you take a bath first to relax? I'll get you some pajamas and a towel. I also have a bathtub here. Take a nice, warm bath for about twenty minutes to clear your mind and then you can come back.”

She nodded and smiled gratefully. The corners of her eyes were still wet with tears. I wiped them with my thumb and led her to sit on the bed.

“I'll prepare a warm bath for you. Just wait a moment.”

“Alright. I can do it myself.”

“Let me do it for you. I'll treat you like a princess for a day.”

I prepared everything for her, from a warm bath and the pajamas I thought would fit her, to a freshly laundered towel. She accepted them gratefully and looked at me in silence before saying:

"What would I do without you?"

“You'd probably cry your eyes out alone at home. But here, we can cry together because while others have fights with their boyfriends, you have fights with me because YOLO, you know what I mean?”

“What a fool.”

She gently caressed my cheek in silence, as if she was reflecting on something, and then she entered the bathroom. I stared at the door, my heart racing at the thought of her spending the night in my room. Although it wasn't the first time we spent the night together, she was now at my house. As I was checking my phone, a message appeared on Nam's phone. The screen showed Mhor's picture and name. I looked at it and tapped to take a look. Fortunately, she hadn't set up a screen lock.

[Mhor: Can we talk, Nam? It is not what you are thinking.]

[Mhor: I've been feeling very alone lately. You're always with that girl and you don't have time for me. That's why I was a little distracted.]

[Mhor: Please give me another chance to make things right. I can't live without you, Nam.]

When he said that 'girl' he must have been referring to me. I smiled and went ahead to delete all the messages she sent and block him. Was he blaming me for making Nam lose interest in him? From what I remembered, it happened before he even met me. Her infidelity was deeply rooted in her DNA. If he really could change, he would have done it a long time ago, not after being caught like this.

Now he couldn't contact Nam anymore. Have a good trip. He didn't deserve to be hurt by someone like her and he didn't deserve her precious tears. About ten minutes later, Nam came out wearing my cute pajamas. To be honest, it was a new outfit that I had never worn before, but I thought it would look better on her. I looked at her delightedly as she dried her hair with a towel. This time she was wearing my soap scent. Probably realizing that I was looking at her, she asked me without turning:

“Are you going to stare at me? Aren't you going to take a bath?”

“It seems strange to me that you are in my room, in your pajamas and standing in front of the same mirror that I use every day.”

“Me too, but it seems familiar even though it's my first time here.”

“Then you should stay over more often.”

She turned to look at me and smiled.

"Then I'll take care of that for you."

“Clear. You let me stay at your house too many times. It's time for me to return the favor.”

I tried to hug her again, but she gently pushed me away from her.

“Go take a bath. You're all sweaty.”

She looked at the marks on my neck and then turned to the mirror.

“Take a good bath and then you can go to bed.”

“Okay, okay. What a cleaning monster.”

I pretended to be in a bad mood and stomped to the bathroom. Once I closed the door, I ran to the mirror to examine the mark more closely, gritting my teeth in frustration. Kongtup, demon incarnate, how could you do something like this to me? Not even teenagers would do this, except those stupid ones. I quickly grabbed my phone to find ways to get rid of the

mark. Some suggested rubbing it hard with a coin, but it seemed like the more I did it, the redder and more irritated it got.

Ugh, whatever.. If it couldn't be fixed, I'd just leave it like that. I took a quick shower because I wanted to talk to Nam. But no matter how rushed I was, I followed all the steps to make sure I was clean, not forgetting to apply my favorite Irresistible perfume, which I usually wore before going to bed. When I came out of the bathroom, she gave me a half smile and frowned a little.

“Did you even put on perfume?”

“I use it every night. Reminds me of you,”

I said, sitting next to her while she quietly read my book to pass the time. She seemed a little less sad now.

“Do you feel better?”

“I'm still a little upset.”

“Would you like to tell me what happened? How did you suddenly find out? But if you're not ready to talk about it, you don't have to. I'm just curious.”

"I guess I can tell you,"

She sighed a little and closed the book.

“She came to see me at work.”

She briefly told me that Mhor's lover had come to see her at work because she had just discovered that he already had a girlfriend. The woman begged her to let him go because she thought she was pregnant. At first, Nam didn't believe it, but after calling and hearing Mhor's evasive answers, she immediately realized it was all true. He tried to find excuses, but they weren't sensible. He even blamed her for not having time for him.

“And he blamed me too, right? Saying something like I took your attention away.”

“How did you know?”

"I read your messages,"

I told her honestly. She frowned and disapproved of what I did, but I shrugged.

“She texted you while you were taking a shower, saying something like I was the culprit... I was so angry that I blocked him. You can be angry with me because I was wrong to invade your privacy but that would mean that you care more about him than me, that I am there for you when you are sad and it will take some effort for you to reconcile with me._

She laughed and playfully pushed my head to the side with her hand. Her anger suddenly disappeared.

"I guess I can't be mad at you now, can I? If I get mad at the host, where would I sleep tonight... Well, it's a good thing you blocked it. I have no reason to talk to him anymore..”

“You must be very upset... to have been stabbed in the back like that.”

"It would be quite cruel if I said I wasn't upset at all."

She bit her lip in anguish. I gently stroked her arm and rested my head against her.

“If there is anything I can help you with, please tell me. I will do anything for you.”

“You already helped me a lot by taking care of me, not to mention letting me stay the night and preparing a bath for me. You are the kindest.”

“Am I right!?”

I screamed and laughed.

"So now, if you're going to argue with someone, you better do it with me. It is a waste to shed tears for such a man.”

“Do you ever take anything seriously? Easier said than done, you know? Mhor and I have been together for so long. I still feel numb after all that.”

“Well, do you want to go back to him?”

I asked her in a sarcastic tone, but she didn't notice me and she just shook her head.

“It's not too late. If she is really pregnant, I won't go back to him.

“Good. Whether she is pregnant or not, the damage has already been done. There's another thing you don't know: He used to look at me on the Skytrain, even though he was with another woman.”

“Huh?”

“But he doesn't remember this, unlike me. I remembered it at first sight. This has been bothering me for a while. I wanted to tell you but I couldn't because you wouldn't believe me. It doesn't matter what he did.”

“It would seem like an antagonist, so I simply chose not to say anything. I'm surprised he showed his true colors so quickly.”

"You should have told me if you really loved me."

Her voice seemed a little angry but also understanding.

“Okay whatever. Good to Know. Go to sleep.”

Suddenly she stopped talking and let her head fall back on the pillow. I did the same and hugged her as usual.

“It feels different to hold you in my own room.”

“Yeah. It feels refreshing.”

I snuggled closer to her until my chest pressed against her back.

“Your back is so warm.”

She remained silent. When I raised my head to look at her, I found that she had fallen asleep. I squinted at her for a moment, wondering if she was pretending to be asleep. I tried tickling her forehead and nose until she wrinkled her nose and spoke with her eyes closed.

“Enough. I'm really going to sleep now.”

“Hehhh? Come on, I thought we'd chat all night since you came to sleep.”

“I cried a lot today. I'm tired.”

I looked at her with empathy and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

“Okay, I won't bother you anymore. Go to sleep. I'll go turn off the light.”

I walked to turn off the light and then returned to the bed, slipping under the blanket. As she lay there, my mind was filled with thoughts of that night when she did all those things to me. Now I was beginning to doubt whether it had been a dream or not. If something like that happened again tonight, what would I do? But a struggling person like her probably wouldn't do something like that.

I hadn't even finished my thought when she turned to me and put her arm over my body. She snuggled against me until our skin touched. Her nose nuzzled into my neck, her breathing steady and warm. The smell of soap lingered around us. These things completely woke me up..

“Nam...”

“Are you asleep?”

Her silence meant that she really must have fallen asleep. I slowly moved my body towards her, moving closer until our faces were touching. If she was fast asleep, this time it was my turn. I hoped she wouldn't mind....

My lips touched her forehead and then her nose. I avoided her lips and instead kissed her neck. She continued sleeping soundly. I took the opportunity to slide my hand under her clothes and feel her bare skin. The upper part of her body, especially her nipples, hardened against my hand. I

couldn't resist such a sensation and had to get up and sit astride her. I looked at her and leaned in to kiss her, only to find that she was looking at me without any hint of sleepiness.

“Nam!”

I was startled and started to walk away from her, but she grabbed my shirt before I could. We stared at each other in the tension-filled dark room because we didn't know what to do next. She knew I was trying to touch her and she wasn't going to let this go.

“I just... I didn't mean to...”

It seemed like my excuses were backfiring at this point. She closed her eyes and said:

“I'm going to bed.”

Although she said that, her hand was still holding the collar of my shirt.

“Well.”

“If you're going to do it... do it quietly. Help me relax.”

①⑥

I WILL TEACH YOU

.. ————— ·  · ————— ..

She let me do whatever I wanted. She had been so bold just now. I was shaking now, unable to believe that she would allow me to do what I had dreamed of while she was conscious. Slowly I approached her, I touched her breasts, feeling the softness of her. She flinched slightly, making me quickly withdraw my hand, but she grabbed my hands and said:

“It's okay, it just surprised me.”

She put my hands back and whispered:

“I'll let you do what you want.”

As she said that, she raised her hand to cover her eyes, leaving everything to me. I reached out again and squeezed her breasts. Seeing that she did not reject my touch, I slowly unbuttoned her shirt and unhooked her bra, revealing her firm breasts. My curiosity and desire made me lean in and try them, savoring them hungrily. The scent of her, the body of her, the femininity of her, everything was on the tip of my tongue. It was so sweet. So soft and dreamy.

Although she lay still, her breathing began to become heavy and rapid. That made me become more aggressive. I began to undress her piece by piece. My lips traveled over her body before meeting hers. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me back. Our languages intertwined as if they had a life of their own. I kept my hands busy squeezing her breasts and slid

down to her bottom to untie her pants, pulling them down to her feet. It was as soft as silk. It was so soaked that I wanted to try it.

I ran my tongue from her mouth to her chin, then to her neck and collarbone, stopping a little on her chest and then to her navel. She began to moan softly. My hand went to her lower body, doing what I felt like doing to myself.

“It feels good?”

She didn't respond, but spread her legs wider, giving me the freedom to do whatever I wanted. My curiosity unleashed my deepest desire. I pressed my tongue against the wet area of hers. Her body twitched slightly. Then she arched her hips to meet my lips. I tasted, licked, sucked until a slurp was heard, causing her to cover her mouth with her hand.

She felt good. She liked it. One of her hands held my head in place as she leaned against me. I sped up, counting in my head preparing for the end.

Five

Four

Three

Two

One

Her body contracted and my mouth was flooded with sweet juice. I sucked it hungrily, but she kept flowing. She stood up abruptly and picked me up. She hugged me, then lay down and wrapped her legs around my waist.

“I can't... stand... more than this.”

She said precisely that and slowly fell asleep. Her heart was still pounding against my chest. I snuggled into her neck, kissed her cheek and then fell asleep with her. What a wonderful night... It felt like a dream.

The next thing I knew, the person lying next to me was gone... I woke up with a start at eight in the morning, only to discover that the person who was supposed to be sleeping next to me was no longer there. My heart pounded with fear, wondering if what happened had upset her enough to leave. While I was lost in these chaotic thoughts, the bathroom door opened. Nam came out dressed in the same clothes she had worn before and greeted me with a normal expression.

“Are you awake yet?”

“You're still here!”

“I was about to go to work, but I saw you sleeping and I didn't want to wake you up.”

She walked over to the mirror and put on my perfume because it was the same scent she wore, but as soon as she did, she paused and quickly turned around to ask,

"Can I use it?"

“If you can.”

“It's okay, I forgot to ask. I'm treating this place like it's my own home.”

Everything seemed so normal after our strange night. I couldn't keep a straight face, but I had to act as if nothing had happened.

“I'm definitely going to be late for work today. I fell asleep and didn't have breakfast.”

“It's my fault.”

Because I was too naughty, she didn't fall asleep until almost one in the morning. The phrase "it's my fault" had many implications, but Nam continued to act as if everything was normal.

“What did you do?”

“Well...”

"I'm going to work now,"

She interrupted me, but I quickly got out of bed and hugged her from behind, inhaling her sweet scent. Okay, if she were to act like nothing happened, I wouldn't mention it. I would be the good girl she wanted me to be.

"You're going to be late anyway. Can I go with you today?"

She paused for a moment, then turned to look at me, who was resting my chin on her shoulder.

“How quickly do you think you can shower?”

“Two minutes maximum!”

“So fast, huh?”

"I promise you'll only be a little late. I'll leave you today. I want to go with you.”

"I guess you wouldn't listen to me if I told you not to go, would you?"

She smiled knowingly. I quickly jumped into the bathroom to take a shower. I quickly washed up, brushed my teeth, and got dressed without thinking much about what I was wearing. What should have taken two minutes ended up taking ten, but she wouldn't be too late.

“Are you ready? Come on.”

“You were very fast.”

We took the Skytrain and throughout the entire trip, I couldn't help but look at her as she read a manuscript on her phone. Her side profile, her sharp nose with a slight curve, and her thin lips that I had kissed her the night before made me fall in love with her even more.

“Help me relax.”

Thinking about that made my face heat up. I was worried about what I might have done wrong, since I had never done anything like this before. It was all instinctive. I only touched her on the outside and tasted the sweetness of her body. Her moans and writhing body made me want to continue what we had been doing. Now, even if I had to become a tool to make her forget about her problems, I would be happy to do so.

“You keep looking at me. What's happening?”

“You look so beautiful.”

“Mmm?”

She looked at me and gave me a slight smile.

“We see each other every day, and you still think I'm beautiful?”

“You look especially beautiful today.”

"Why is that then?"

Was she trying to act like nothing had happened? Was she trying to make it look like we were just sleeping and dreaming? If that were the case, I would accept it.

“Last night I had a good dream about you.”

“That's weird. I dreamed about you too.”

“Will you stay at my house today?”

“Um...I don't think so. I feel much better now,”

She declined gently, but seeing my disappointment, she quickly added,

"But it would be great if you could stay at my house. You make me feel like I'm not alone.”

“Sure, I'll stay at your house tonight. Then I'll pick you up at work at night, okay?”

“Don't you usually wait for me at our usual station?”

“I want to be with you a little more today. I can pick you up?”

“Of course, if you want.”

She was very kind. I rested my head on her shoulder during the train ride and dropped her off at work before we parted ways. She looked at me with a different expression, full of longing, much like I looked at her.

“Are you going directly home?”

“Probably.”

“Send me a message once you get home so I know you're safe, okay?”

“Okay, good luck with your work. See you tonight. I'll go pick you up.”

We held hands, but neither of us wanted to let go of the other. Well, it seemed more like I was the one who didn't want to let her go. Finally, we let go and waved goodbye. I returned home on the Skytrain as usual, daydreaming about what happened. My phone rang and the screen showed Kongtup's number, who I had completely forgotten about.

“Hey, Tup-pee.”

[You sound animated. Are you available tonight?]

“No. I have to pick up Nam from work.”

[She's always the priority, right?]

He didn't sound sarcastic, but I could tell he wasn't very happy. Now, the safe place was about to collapse on me. But how could I blame him? I was the one who was using it.

“If it's during the day, it's fine. But is something so important that we can't talk on the phone?”

[We're dating, right? If we can't even meet, why are we still like this?]

I closed my eyes and sighed. True, it was good that you mentioned this.

“Well, tell me where. I will be there.”

We agreed to meet at a coffee shop in Thonglor, which was convenient because it was just a short walk from the Skytrain station. The store was quite nice, but I wasn't in the mood for such a thing right now. I was more interested in hearing what he wanted to talk about.

“I received a gift voucher for a free two-night stay in Ko Chang.”

“AND?”

“I want you to come with me.”

That was not an invitation but rather an order. We both knew what a two-night vacation just the two of us could lead to. I looked at him with my arms crossed, leaned back in my chair and shook my head.

“I'm not going. I know what you're planning. Didn't you say we were just going to hang out and nothing more?”

“I already want to be your real boyfriend. I no longer want to be just a safe place for you.”

“That is not our agreement.”

“I like you.”

Suddenly he let go and I was taken aback.

“Why do you say that out of nowhere?”

“You should make a decision now. If Nam doesn't have feelings for you, why are we still like this? I think it's time to clear things up. At first, I was fine with being your safe place in exchange for touching you from time to time because I still didn't feel serious about this relationship, but lately...I don't think I can take much more being just that.”

“Being used hurts, you know?”

His words reflected my feelings for Nam, but for now, being used by me didn't hurt that much. He was still satisfied with it.

“If doing this hurts you... we can separate.”

"I knew you would break up with me without much thought,"

Kongtup said painfully. He tapped his finger on the table and looked at me curiously.

“What? Has she started to fall in love with you?”

“Something like that.”

From what happened the night before, I was sure we felt the same way. We just pretended like nothing had happened, but that didn't mean nothing had happened.

“So, how long are you going to be in this complicated relationship?”

“I don't know.”

While I was talking to him, my phone rang with a notification showing Nam's message asking if I was home yet. I hung up the phone because I was not ready to answer her yet, as the situation was still tense.

“Just think about it, Ko Chang, I mean.”

“By then, you might change your mind. This safe place will keep you safe for now... but it will no longer be just a safe place for you. I promise you that if you choose me, I will become your home forever.”

I hadn't agreed to anything about the vacation yet, but I hadn't completely ruled it out either because Kongtup seemed to be asking for a chance. I still had a lot of time to decide whether to go or not. But right now, my heart could confidently say NO to that because she was there... Nam was with me.

I did what I promised. I went to pick up Nam in front of the publishing house. She came out with a friend and smiled at me from afar. The team members, who never knew what I really was to her, still congratulated me.

"This little sister of yours is very pretty,"

They said and turned to me.

"If you don't have a boyfriend, I can introduce you to my friend."

Nam didn't say anything other than turning to me and asking:

"How about that, my pretty little sister?"

The term 'little sister' made me feel strange, but I simply smiled back. Kongtup's words still echoed in my head.

"So how long are you going to be in this complicated relationship?"

"I already have a boyfriend."

I said that because Kongtup was still my 'boyfriend'. Nam raised her eyebrows and turned to her friends with a bright smile.

"Did you hear that? She has a boyfriend."

"No wonder when she's so pretty."

"I'm going home now. Bye bye."

"Bye, bye."

Everyone waved goodbye. Nam walked beside me to the Skytrain and chatted with me along the way.

“When did you get home this morning?”

“Hey?”

I was surprised because I remembered that I had forgotten to respond to her message, even though she had told me.

“Around noon.”

“Where have you been?”

She didn't seem happy, or even stern. Normally it would take me about thirty minutes from her workplace to my house, but I told her I had arrived at noon, so I had to explain myself. I did not do anything wrong. There was nothing to hide.

“I went to see Kongtup.”

“UH Huh.”

She didn't ask anything else after that. She was silent the whole way back to her house, even during dinner... When we got to her room, where we had the chance to be alone, I immediately hugged her from behind as if I was trying to make peace with her.

“What's happening? Why are you so quiet all of a sudden?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing? That's what you always say when something happens. Are you upset because I went to see Kongtup?”

“Why should I get angry about that?”

“Well...”

I wasn't sure if I should say it, but before I could, she turned to me and looked me in the eyes.

“What did you do when you saw him today?”

“What did we do...”

At first, I didn't understand what she meant, but from the way she looked at me, I understood it immediately and let out a small smile.

“Just a little thing, not much.”

“Hmm.”

Then she let go of me and walked to her closet, grabbing a towel and her pajamas as if she were going to take a shower. I looked at the stubborn and jealous woman with a loving smile.

“Why are you smiling?”

“Nothing, it was just a casual smile.”

“But that looks like a 'Ha, I got it' smile.”

“He invited me to spend two nights on vacation in Ko Chang.”

I joked with her. She froze, without even looking at me, and said:

“Well, you were dating after all.”

“I've never been in a relationship before. I don't know what could happen during that stay, so I haven't agreed to anything yet. I wanted to discuss it with you first, as someone who used to be in a relationship.”

“I used to do it?”

“Well, you already broke up with Mhor, right?”

"That's true."

She smiled, looking at me.

“Do you want to know what a couple does on a two night vacation?”

She smile, her gaze and the slow unbuttoning of her shirt attracted me irresistibly. She finally undid the last button, revealing clear skin in lingerie with lace underneath. She stayed still but reached out to turn off the light and then whispered in my ear:

“I will teach you.”

①⑦

DON'T GO

.. ————— .  . ————— ..

She guided my hand under her shirt to her bra strap. I stroked her until she finally said..

“Unbutton it.”

With just one try, I unhooked her bra. I moved closer, burying my face in the nape of her neck and inhaling the faint scent of her perfume that wafted across her skin. I couldn't resist kneading, squeezing and grinding her in my hand before pushing her onto the bed and getting on top of her.

"Impatient girt,"

She said and pushed my head towards her chest, forcing me to open my mouth and suck on the tempting nipple. Her heavy breathing, mixed with her heartbeat, resonated in my mouth. I used my other hand to touch her, alternating between being gentle and rough to match her feelings with my erupting desire.

But it seemed like it wasn't enough. She pushed my head towards her lower belly, making me kiss around her navel. My desire was erupting like lava from a volcano, ready to explode at any moment. I unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down. Although it was a great struggle, my desire surpassed it.

“Do you know what to do next?”

“It feels like I've done this before.”

Now, only her panties and shirt remained. I kissed the inside of her thigh and then used my tongue to lick it gently and slowly until she let out a moan. She sat up as I started to pull down her panties, then she grabbed me by her hair to lift my face.

“I haven't shown you this part yet.”

“There's no need. I have done this before.”

"Then let's try something new."

She gave me a mischievous look.

“Pull it down with your mouth. I like it so.”

It seemed like the person who always said I was too playful was even more naughty than me. She treated me like a toy, pushing buttons to order me to do what she wanted. I did as she told me, using my mouth to remove her panties until I could smell her feminine scent. I still remembered the taste of it and it seemed like I would try it again.

“What should I do next?”

Since the room was dark, I couldn't see her expression. Nam was silent before answering in a breathless voice.

“Listen to your instinct.”

She spread her legs and used one of them to hook me around the neck. She pushed my head towards her until my lips touched her private part. The taste of her was filled with desire that matched my thirst. She leaned her head back and moaned. Her hips pressed against me, engulfing me in her lust. I sucked, licked, and paused to tease her until she grabbed my hair and threatened me lightly.

“Bad girl.”

"Then I'll be your good girl now."

I devoured her with my tongue, following the rhythm of my heartbeat, until she removed her hand from my hair to cover her mouth. Her body contracted and she thrust into me, indicating that she had reached her climax. Still not satisfied, I crawled after her to her bed and lay on top of her, caressing her chest, but she just held me there.

"Let me rest for a moment."

"Okay, stay still. I'll take care of the rest."

My mouth played with her breast while my hand played with her most sensitive area rubbing it in circles until it was soaked with her fluid. At first she resisted, but her desire seemed to flare up again. She moaned and let my fingers do her work while she kissed me.

"Onn... Onn..."

She whimpered as if she was about to cry. However, she seemed satisfied enough to realize that I had never experienced it before.

"It feels good to you, right? So... please do this with me and only me."

She didn't respond but hugged me tight, like the day before when we made love. I hugged her back, but this time I didn't fall asleep. My mind was filled with jealousy and insecurity. I didn't want to just be used by her like I used him... Nam had gone to take a shower, leaving me alone in the dark bed... No, I wasn't sleeping. I was thinking about how she should react when she woke up. I had to wait and see how she would react after we had made love, but she looked like she was taking a long shower. When I got up, I heard someone talking on the phone outside. Looking out the window, I saw Nam in her pajamas, talking on the phone with a serious expression. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but she soon hung up. I got up to take a shower just as she opened the bedroom door.

"Are you awake yet? It seemed like you were having a good dream, so I didn't want to wake you up."

'Dreaming' again, huh?... How long was I going to continue like this?

“I had a really good dream. I did not want to wake up.”

“That's why I didn't wake you up.”

“But I have to take a shower. I can't go to bed like this.”

"Then go take a shower."

“Who were you talking to on the phone?”

She remained silent... as if she was contemplating whether she should respond, but her reaction was enough for me to guess that it must have been Mhor. It looked like they were fighting, so I didn't bother her.

"Then I'll go take a shower."

“Well.”

Even though I said that, my curiosity still persisted. While I was taking a shower, I kept thinking about my relationship with Nam and Kongtup. My relationship with Nam was complicated for now. The longer this went on, the more it tormented me. I couldn't be jealous; The most I could do was get angry and pout, throwing a tantrum. Then she would just cry like always until she couldn't help but comfort her. That's why I chose to remain silent. They wouldn't get back together so easily.

But that didn't mean our relationship would go well... If I continued to be this lazy, I might be the one who left. After my shower, I returned to her room. Nam was reading the manuscript and looking at something on the screen. When she saw me, she quickly waved me over and turned the laptop away from her.

“What do you think of this cover?”

It was a photo of two women lying face to face. The colors weren't overly vibrant, but they were different from the typical cover of the YHA novels I had seen.

“Will the editor agree to this? Don't a man and a woman usually appear on the cover?”

“If you agree with it, then that is not important.”

“Hmm? Don't tell me this is the cover of my novel.”

“Yeah.”

“Wait? Since when do you commission an artist to draw it?”

“From the moment you probably forgot that you are a writer. You've been so caught up in your love life that you've completely forgotten about your job.”

She use of the word “love life” made me wonder if she was referring to herself or Kongtup. I hugged her from behind her with joy. This was the cover of my first self-published novel..

However, I was also a little nervous.

“Do you think people will like it?”

“If I think it's funny, people will surely like it. Do not trust me?”

“Of course.”

“If you agree, I will confirm with the artist that this is the final draft.”

She opened her email and typed a few lines before hitting send, then closed her laptop. I extended my hand for her to hold and led her to the bed. We hugged each other as always, as if what we had just done before showering had never happened. Now we were like friends who loved each other dearly. She asked me how far we could deceive ourselves.

“Nam.”

“Hmm?”

“Who called you? Was it Mhor?”

“Don't start a fight again.”

She looked me straight in the eyes. I shook my head.

“No, I'm not trying to pick a fight. I just want to know why he called. You seemed upset..”

“It's no big deal. He called to talk about the same old things.”

“Was he asking to come back to you?”

“Yeah.”

"It's the same old thing that scares me,"

I said in a bad-tempered tone. She interrupted the conversation by turning her back on me and ordering:

“Go turn off the lights.”

I pouted and did as she asked. Lately I felt completely submissive towards her, unlike in the beginning when I was sarcastic, selfish and sometimes hurt her feelings to the point of crying. Maybe it was because our relationship had become so intimate... I was so in love that I was afraid of making her cry again. I would give in to anything, even though I normally wasn't that submissive. After turning off the lights, I got under her blanket and snuggled against her, resting my face against her back.

“You've been wearing my perfume again.”

“I feel good when I use it. It feels like I'm with you all the time.”

"Aren't you with me now?"

"Well, it's better to be with you in person."

I leaned down, gently kissed her cheek and playfully bit his ear. She was startled and hit me gently.

“You surprised me.”

"I found your weak spot."

Knowing she wouldn't care, I couldn't resist doing it again. But this time, I blew softly in her ear and slid my hand under her shirt, hoping we could do another round. She let me touch her without protest.

“If Kongtup did this to me, how should I respond to him?”

She paused. I couldn't see her face in the dark, but I could tell she was upset. Although she was good at hiding her feelings from me, she was also very jealous. She just didn't show it or couldn't fully express it because of our vague relationship.

“Do what you want. I've already taught you, haven't I?”

“It seems I still have a lot more to learn.”

I kissed her neck as I slid my hand into her pants from the front. My fingers touched between her legs and tried to reach inside her, but she still resisted.

“Please give it to me.”

The word “give it to me” had many meanings, whether it was a lewd lesson or her body. She still resisted and responded bluntly.

“No.”

“Why not?”

I nibbled her ear again and it worked. She slowly opened her legs but still didn't give in completely.

“You are my sweet dream, you know?”

"I don't want you to do this with anyone else."

I smiled in the dark.

“Then I'll only do it with you. Please...”

She opens her legs a little for me.. My pleading whisper in her ear excited her again. She spread her legs and let me touch the part of her that was getting wetter and wetter.

“Come on, I was really trying to sleep.”

"Let me taste you one more time before I go to sleep."

I kissed her entire face. She leaned back and obediently wrapped her arms around my neck.

"If I have you, I don't need anyone else,"

I told her.

“Are you sure?... If I ask you not to go, will you stay with me?”

“Just say it. I will do everything you ask of me... I will even die for you.”

I got under the blanket and tasted her again. She willingly spread her legs for me, grabbing a pillow to cover her face and muffle her own sounds while I teased her with my tongue.

“Do not go...”

“Please, Onn, don't go with him.”

That was her plea before her body climaxed once more.

And again.

And again...

Until I was convinced that this was not a dream, that everything was real in every way. And when she begged in her most vulnerable state, how could she not please me?

"Yes..."

I crawled towards her and leaned in to kiss her in a way we had never done before. She kissed me back, apparently excited. Her eyes were shining, full of charm and tiredness.

"Yes to what?"

"I will not go. I'll stay with you like this."

Everything seemed to be going well if it weren't for the next morning. After showering and dressing, I went downstairs and found the house full of people. I was startled and wasn't sure where to go. Seeing me standing near the stairs, Nam quickly walked over and took me outside.

"What's going on? Who are these people?"

"Don't worry about that, Onn. You should go home first."

The more I told myself not to worry, the more I knew I should. Nam was clearly hiding something from me. Just as I was about to ask, Mhor walked in and gave me a victorious smile.

"Is it really you. I saw you before."

I looked at Nam in confusion. When they dragged me outside, I didn't get a chance to see who all those people were and I didn't know that one of them was Mhor.

"Hello."

I greeted him awkwardly. Mhor reached out to hug Nam, but she rejected him.

"Do not do this."

"Okay... you should go in now. Don't keep our families waiting. It's rude."

"What's going on? Why is he here? I thought you two broke up."

I asked Nam, who looked worried. Mhor, who noticed that she did not respond, took the opportunity to respond. And that almost made me collapse.

“Today I came to ask her parents for her hand.”

①⑧

REWARDS

.. ————— .  . ————— ..

If I had to describe how I felt right now, I would say it was like hundreds of knives were piercing my heart. My mind was blank. My limbs went numb when I realized that the people in the house were here to talk about their marriage. My tears welled up and ran down my cheeks. Nam separated from her boyfriend and ran towards me, drying them off.

“It's not what you think, Onn. Please do not cry. It hurts me.”

“Not as much as it hurts me.”

I screamed, causing the people in the house to come out and see what was happening. Seeing this, Nam tried to take me outside to talk, but Mhor grabbed her arm first.

“You can't go anywhere. My parents are inside.”

“You brought your parents here; you can take them back.”

“Nam, this is important. Don't take it lightly. She's just a sister who doesn't want to share you with anyone. You can make peace with her later.”

“Sister?”

I looked at him and smiled.

“Ask her what we did last night as sisters.”

“Onn! Let's talk somewhere else. Please.”

“You too! You said you would cut ties with him, but today you allowed him to bring his parents here while I was still sleeping upstairs!”

“What's up with the noise?”

Embarrassed, I avoided Nam's mother's gaze but I was too angry to remain silent.

“Onn! Passing dear? Why are you crying?”

“Is Nam getting married?”

“They only came to discuss things. Nothing has been decided yet.”

“If she gets married, where will I go?”

I cried and hit myself.

“How could you do this to me? You have completely crushed my heart!”

“I didn't want it to be like that..”

“It's enough. If you had been more determined, this wouldn't have happened. I won't let you use me anymore. I'm done with that. If you want to marry him, go ahead. I'll find someone else too!”

I walked away. Nam ran over, blocked my path and asked jealously:

"Don't tell me you're going to see Kongtup?"

“Who else would it be? He was the only one who was always there when I got hurt because of you. He said he would wait and be my safe place for when I was ready. But today I'm dying! I have decided that he is my best support. That's how it is. Men should be with women... as for me..”

“I'm going to Ko Chang!”

I pushed her to take a taxi. After getting on, I told the driver to leave without telling him the destination. Looking back in the rearview mirror, I saw her trying to chase me, but Mhor and her mother stopped her. I cried like never before in my life. I had always been strong, but today I admitted defeat. I had no strength left to fight anyone.

Why did this little woman have such an impact on me? She was no longer the spitting image of Oeng in my mind. She was Nam, a woman full of charm, gentleness and sensuality who captured my entire heart. But now she was becoming someone else's and I couldn't take it anymore.

"So what is your destiny, miss?"

"To home."

"And where is your house?"

Fearing that Nam would find me, I changed my destination to my parents' house, a place she had never set foot in before. When I arrived, they were surprised to see someone as lonely as me visiting them. As soon as they saw my face covered in tears, my mother asked me with concern.

"Onn... what's wrong, dear?"

"Mom,"

I screamed like a three-year-old child when the person I loved most hugged me.

"It hurts a lot, mom. Please help."

"It's okay sweetheart. I'm here."

Although my parents wanted to know what I had been through, no one tried to ask me anything. I was not normally a talkative person. I preferred to keep everything to myself. It was probably only Nam who saw my talkative side. Now I was sitting and hugging my mom while watching TV. Although I had already stopped crying because I didn't want to worry her, I had to

admit that I was still very upset. I felt like something was gnawing at me inside.

This was how you felt when your heart had been crushed so hard it left you dead inside. I had written many novels and described the characters' feelings as if I had experienced them myself. Still, when I was the one who really felt it, I couldn't even compose myself. My phone had been vibrating continuously for a while. I put the screen face down on the coffee table because I didn't want to know or see who was calling. If I had to guess, it would probably be Nam. My mom looked at the phone and then at me and finally asked:

“So what happened?”

“They broke my heart.”

I answered honestly. She was shocked to learn that her beautiful daughter, who had never shown interest in anyone, casually said that she was heartbroken.

“Are you kidding? What man dared to break your heart? There is no such man in the world.”

“A woman.”

“What!?”

“A woman broke my heart.”

I didn't see the point in lying, so I just told her the truth. I let go of my mom and grabbed my phone. Nam had called me about fifty times since the afternoon, but I simply swiped it and turned the screen face down again.

“Can I stay tonight?”

“Sure.”

Like I said, my mom didn't try to look into it once I told her. The more she pried, the more I kept my mouth shut. I grabbed my phone and went

upstairs to take a shower and get ready for bed, but an idea occurred to me... As Nam's call continued to ring non-stop, I rejected it and dialed someone who was always ready to answer my calls: my safe place and a reliable tool who was more than eager to stay by my side

“Hello, It's Me..”

[I know. What's happening?]

"Let's go to Ko Chang tomorrow."

“ ... ”

“Take it or leave it.”

[Alright.]

It was a spontaneous decision. I didn't take anything with me, not even my phone, because I wanted to cut off all contact. Kongtup picked me up at my parents' house. I didn't even bother introducing him to them. When the car arrived, I just got in.

“Where is your luggage?”

“I have nothing, just my wallet.”

“And your phone?”

“I won't take it with me. I need a break.”

Kongtup smiled at me without asking anything else and we headed to the province of Trat. It was more than six hours of travel, with a few stops along the way to refuel. When we arrived at our destination, I had to do something I had never done before, like get on a huge ferry and look out at the vast sea from there. The sun was quite hot at that time. He fulfilled his boyfriend duties by shielding my face with his hand, a gesture that made me laugh.

“How thoughtful.”

“I'm your safe place after all, right?”

“Haha. Sarcasm.”

“I'm not being sarcastic. I know you're hurt. I will take care of you.”

Even though I didn't tell him anything, he probably realized I was heartbroken.

“Why didn't you ask me anything?”

“Well. I know that if you want to tell me, you will eventually tell me.”

“You're not annoying. That's good.”

I congratulated him and Kongtup shrugged.

“I'll look stupid if I do. You seem like the type to stay quiet when you doesn't want to talk about it. But honestly, I want to know what happened.”

“Nam is getting married.”

A silence fell between us. As I said that, I felt like there was a lump in my throat, making it difficult for me to continue with my words. Seeing that, he hugged me..

“Alright. We still have three days together. You can tell me when you're ready.”

“What is this?”

I looked at his arms, although I had no intention of pushing him away. He shrugged.

“This is how lovers embrace.”

I remembered the moment when Mhor hugged Nam and nodded.

“Oh, it's true. We are lovers, right?”

About thirty minutes later, the ferry arrived at Ko Chang, which looked like a real elephant. We still had to drive uphill because the hotel we booked was at the top. When we arrived, I was impressed with the decor from the lobby to our room. The room we booked had a king size bed. I looked around and walked to the balcony to enjoy the view. Kongtup, still excited about the hotel, eagerly explored the room.

“Is there a jacuzzi on the balcony?”

“That's great. We don't have to go down to the pool to swim. We can do it here. It's more private.”

I looked at the bathtub and smiled. Kongtup spoke jokingly.

“Do you want to get in the bathtub with me, baby?”

“Alright.”

“Just don't stop at just words.”

I laughed at his joke and returned to the room, sitting on the bed. He followed me and turned on the TV so the room wouldn't be too quiet, but I asked him to turn it off.

“Turn it off, please. It gives me a headache.”

“But won't there be too much silence?”

“Even without it, this room won't be so quiet... our voice is still there.”

I spoke ambiguously. Kongtup paused for a moment and looked at me.

“You are always so simple.”

“Isn't that why we came here?”

I looked him in the eyes and squeezed my hand so hard that my nails dug into my flesh. I was scared, but at this point there was no turning back. This trip would change my life forever. After all the teasing and flirting, our

relationship should have been serious by now. A safe place like him shouldn't have to endure this. I should give him some rewards now.

“Let's get this over with.”

Kongtup looked at me for a moment before taking off his shirt, revealing his six-pack abs and some hair peeking out of his pants. I looked at his body and quickly turned my face away from him. It's not that I didn't like it. It just felt strange. But since I had already made up my mind, I would not run away anymore. He pushed me onto the bed and climbed on top of me. She leaned down and kissed my neck with heavy breaths. I stood there rigidly, not daring to touch his body. I let him kiss and inhale my scent. I closed my eyes tightly, feeling a mixture of fear and disgust.

I pursed my lips tightly and tears welled up in my eyes, but I forced myself to bear it. His hand slipped under my shirt and grabbed my breasts while his other hand held my face, forcing me to turn towards him, and he leaned in to kiss me.

“Don't purse your lips.”

“It just happened.”

“Just relax. You wanted this, didn't you?”

I did what he said. He kissed me and slid his tongue into my mouth. I kissed him back and looked at him. Seeing his face superimposed on Nam's in my mind, I absentmindedly wrapped my arms around his neck. I changed our positions so that Kongtup was now below me. I put my hand on his chest, right above his heart. It was beating so hard I could feel it in the palm of my hand.

His muscular chest felt different from his softness. His aftershave smelled different from Nam's sweet perfume, tempting me to smell and taste it. I looked at his face for a moment before closing my eyes, wanting to resist. Then he sat up and grabbed my waist with both hands, preparing to slide his hands under my shirt. At that moment, I pushed him away in shock and wanted to run away, but running would make me feel like a loser. So, I

decided to take off my shirt, leaving only my lingerie, before continuing with what we had started. I forced myself to touch his chest with my own hand.

Kongtup sighed. What was supposed to be a sex scene turned into a dramatic scene when he wiped away my tears, which I didn't even realize were flowing.

“That's enough.”

“Not me...”

“You can't do this, Onn.”

“If I don't do it, I won't be able to forget her.”

“Even if you do this, you won't be able to forget her, Onn.”

He sat down and hugged me with his bare torso. We hugged each other like friends, not lovers. She comforted me by gently stroking my back.

“If you do this, you won't be the only one who suffers. I'll get hurt too.”

“I'm sorry. I tried, but I can't do it.”

I sobbed.

“Think about it. If we had gone too far and you couldn't move on, I would have suffered... I am a man, and in the end, I might have had to force you to move on.”

“I'm sorry.”

I cried desperately on his shoulder. Kongtup cradled me comfortingly and then gently patted my back

“Sometimes, not even a safe place can help you when the wound is too big.”

We hugged like this. It was all over in the first five minutes. I tormented him and myself, and it all ended in the worst possible way. Going there didn't help; It even made it worse.

“If there is anything I can do to help...”

"Don't force yourself."

He took my hand and gently kissed my palm.

“You won't even touch my chest without feeling disgusted. forget to help me.”

“Thank you for understanding.”

“Think of it as a change of scenery. Sorry I couldn't get you wet anywhere else.”

Then a cry turned into laughter. He was a good friend, but I was a terrible girlfriend. I was lucky to have meet a man like that, but we just weren't meant to be.

①⑨

BRAVE PERSON

.. ————— .  . ————— ..

Kongtup and I stayed in Ko Chang but as friends. He was gentleman enough not to overstep my boundaries. He slept on the couch and left the bed for me without bothering me. We had the opportunity to tour the island and snorkel. Although the water wasn't that clear, it was enough to lift our spirits. The three-day, two-night trip ended incredibly quickly. I was able to forget many of my problems and reflect on many things, especially Kongtup's words that he often used to comfort me or perhaps himself.

“We cannot have what is not ours.”

That meant I wasn't his and I had to accept that Nam wasn't mine either. After the trip, we returned early in the morning to take the ferry. When we arrived in Bangkok, it was almost night time. When we entered the city, I asked him to drop me off at the entrance to the Skytrain station, where I normally met Nam.

“I didn't want to say this, but...”

He spoke as I said goodbye and was about to get out of the car.

“What?”

“This is the last time we will see each other.”

I was stunned and looked at him in disbelief. Kongtup, who normally had a smile on his face, smiled at me with tears in his eyes. He had been cheerful and lively during the days we spent together, but now he seemed sad in a way I had never seen before.

“Because? Everything was fine.”

“Maybe for you, but not for me... I like you.”

“I'm sorry I can't be your safe place anymore. Because now... I'm the one who has a wound.”

Tears welled up in my eyes. My best friend finally admitted defeat to him and I wasn't too selfish to not let him go. From now on, I would have no one to hold on to when I was heartbroken nor any leverage to force Nam to do what I wanted, which honestly, I probably wouldn't have the chance to do now.

“Thank you.”

“Good luck, Onn.”

We said goodbye and then he left. I could only see his car driving away until it was out of sight. She had been crying very easily lately, even over the smallest thing. Now that he was gone, would I let myself die or... just continue living until my wound healed. I still wondered if I would even heal.

I didn't know why I had decided to go to the station entrance. Although my heart ached for her, I had to admit that I missed her... For the past three days, I distracted myself from thoughts of her. However, upon my return, she resurfaced in my mind. I went up the stairs and entered the station. It was almost five in the afternoon. I stayed waiting at the doors where Nam used to come out to see me. I didn't know what I expected, but I hoped she would show up with all my heart. And if she showed up... what would I do...?

Just as I was about to give up and board the arriving Skytrain, she came out of the doors and stood in front of me. I froze, fixing my eyes on her brown eyes, which were now red and watery. She looked at me silently for a moment before saying my name with a trembling voice.

“Onn!”

“Nam!”

As soon as she said that, she launched into a hug like she had never done before, since I was usually the one who did this to her. She squeezed me longingly. Her longing reached out and she entwined with mine, making my tears run down my cheeks like the flood of a collapsed dam.

“I missed you a lot.”

I almost screamed, but I held back. My pain and anger made me stay still before I slowly backed away from her and took a step back to give us some space.

“Please do not do this.”

“Onn.”

“I'm going home.”

I pushed her shoulder and ran towards the train. She didn't hesitate to run after me before the doors closed. The train was full of people, pressing our bodies together. During the entire trip we remained silent. The air was filled with silence, only interrupted by the loud announcements of the stations we were arriving at. When we arrived at her station, she was still there, refusing to leave, before the Skytrain continued on its course.

“How far are you going to follow me?”

“I will follow you wherever you go.”

“What if I go to hell?”

"Then I'll go with you."

She spoke with determination. She meant what she said, which made me press my lips tightly together. I felt a mixture of joy and sadness. She was trying to make peace with me. We arrived at my stop. I got off the train and she was following me closely. She didn't walk next to me but rather she followed me like a duckling following its mother. When I stopped, she stopped; When I walked, she walked. At one point I couldn't take it anymore.

"Stop! Why are you doing this?"

I turned to look at her. We were still at the station. She responded with a trembling voice and eyes full of tears:

"I told you that I will follow you wherever you go."

"But you already have your man. Why are you doing this?"

"I have no one."

"What about the person you are going to marry?"

"I don't want to marry him."

"And you told that to your mother?"

She remained silent. I knew it. She was such an accommodating person that she never dared to bother anyone, just like she didn't dare to bother me no matter what I said. She was so hesitant even for something as important as this.

"If you didn't do even that, don't tell me you don't want to marry him. Anyway, congratulations."

I said with tears streaming down my face. But to hide it from her, I quickly turned my face and returned to my condo. However, she grabbed my arm and stopped me.

"What do you want me to do then?"

"Nothing!"

I screamed, making her tears flow too.

"You never fight about anything. Even when we had fucked, you still said we were like sisters."

My direct comments made her cry even more, and that made me feel even more sorry for her. The only thing more painful than getting married was breaking her heart. I loved her so much that I couldn't bear to see her cry. I liked her a lot.

"But if I don't do anything, you'll leave me."

"And if I don't let you, what would it be for you?"

"Still the same. I'll take care of everything."

"Will you take care of it?"

Even as the tears flowed, I couldn't help but smile.

"How are you going to handle this? Can you even tell your mom what kind of relationship we're in?"

"What if I can?"

"Actions speak louder than words, you know? It doesn't matter how confident they seem."

"I love you."

"Why are you telling me this now that I'm about to give up?"

I pushed her and ran down the stairs of the station because I didn't want to talk to her anymore. She ran after me, blocking my path as if she didn't want our conversation to end.

“I've gotten used to having you in my daily life. You waited for me at the station. You hugged me. You made fun about me. You stayed at my house. I want you in my life. Please don't do this to me. I can't live without you, Onn.”

“You have to, especially if I tell you that I just went to Ko Chang.”

“With Kongtup.”

That almost made her collapse. Her surprise was evident on her face. I smiled, pleased to hurt her feelings again. But it probably wouldn't affect her much. She had already planned to get married anyway. That was all I could do.

“You went to Ko Chang even though I asked you not to?”

“And if I asked you not to marry Mhor, would you do it for me?”

“How could you do this to me?”

She buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

"For the last three days, I've been waiting for you to talk to me. I called, but you didn't answer. I thought there had been a terrible accident or that you were sick, but you just snuck out to have fun with your boyfriend?"

“Don't I have the right to make my own decisions? I'm no longer important in your life. The world doesn't revolve around you, you know? You want to get married but you also want to have me with you. I've had enough! We have nothing more to say. I will no longer be your emotional outlet. If you want me as your sister, that's fine. If you don't want me in your life, I'll leave.”

“If I don't get married, you'll come back to me, right?”

“Stop talking about impossible things. Someone as indecisive as you wouldn't dare.”

Whether out of anger or something else, she grabbed my hand and dragged me back to the station. I tried to resist, but she was determined and I couldn't escape.

“Where are you taking me?”

“To home.”

“Why would I go there?”

“To see my mom.”

“Because?”

“I'm going to tell her that I love you, that I'm not getting married, so you know I'm serious. I'm not going to please people anymore. If I don't do something, I'll lose you now... and that's something I can't accept.”

My anger turned to shock. She dragged me to the arriving Skytrain and we got off at her station. I didn't resist anymore. I was quite curious as to what she would do next. After another ten-minute walk to her house, she took me inside and called her mom, who was probably in the kitchen.

“Mom... Mom, can you come here, please? I have something to discuss with you.”

Her mother appeared and looked at me with surprise. Then she looked at the two of us and noticed something was wrong with the red, puffy eyes and the determined way her daughter was holding my hand.

“What happened? Have you two been crying?”

“Mom... I'm not getting married. I'm already in love with someone.”

She got straight to the point. Before going there, I initially acted harshly, but now I didn't even dare to look her mother in the eyes.

“Is it Onn?”

“ ... ”

“The person you love is Onn, right?”

I raised my face to meet the gaze of the older woman who must have known the world so well. She didn't seem angry; She was just waiting for her daughter's response.

“Yes, I love Onn.”

20

CONFESSION

.. ————— .  . ————— ..

Her simple confession made the atmosphere of the house eerily silent. She had been someone I called a coward, but now I saw her in a different light. She still held my hand tightly as if she was afraid I would run away. I stood stunned, lips trembling, looking at her silently. I never thought she would tell her mother like that.

“Nam...”

I grabbed her arm to tell her to stop. I wasn't sure what her mother was thinking because she hadn't said anything. From the tone of her voice, I could tell that she was braver than I would ever be, but I could also sense that she was scared.

“Do you think I didn't notice? I just didn't say it.”

Nam's mom looked at us and sighed. Then she looked for a seat to sit down.

“Sit down, girls. You don't have to stay like this. Alright. I'm not mad. I was just waiting for Nam to tell me.”

“You are not mad with me?”

“Why I be angry?”

“About that I'm gay.

I usually hear the word 'gay' in a masculine context. I squeezed her hand to encourage her.

“And? Not that I can change you, but why didn't you say that before Mhor's family came here? What are we going to do with this now?”

Nam took me to sit with her. She still held my hand. Maybe she was the one who was scared and was drawing strength from me.

“I will cancel the wedding myself. I regret that I was not determined enough, for being too considerate of Mhor's family.”

"So you've already made a decision."

Her mother turned to look at me and smiled understandingly.

“Someone must have given the ultimatum.”

“Not me...”

“Do you think it's okay for me to go out with her?”

Nam quickly intervened before I could deny anything. Her mother slowly nodded and smiled at us.

“Live your own life, dear. I'm not that cruel.”

“Thank you. Let's go.”

“Where to?”

“We'll talk upstairs.”

Embarrassed, I looked awkwardly at her mother, who was staring at our holding hands. Getting out of there might be the best option. Nam took me to her room, locked the door and stared at me.

“I...”

“I did it.”

"Y...yes,"

I replied, not as firmly as I should have.

“I saw it.”

“Now, let's talk about us.”

“About us...?”

“About the time we fucked. What you asked me before.”

Now that she was more direct, I didn't know how I should react. I knew she had said it out of anger, but now that she had calmed me down, I felt quite embarrassed to talk about it. I swallowed hard and gave her a brief answer.

“Well...”

“The reason I acted like nothing happened is because...”

“Because?”

“I was afraid that if I tied you up, you would leave me.”

“What!?”

I sounded like I saw a ghost. No, if I had done it, I would have run away by now. But she scared me so much that I had to ask her in a strange tone:

"What do you mean?"

"I thought you just wanted to waste time and left me."

She let go of my hand and buried her face in her hands as if she couldn't bear to look me in the eyes, but finally looked up to try to finish her words.

“If we act as if nothing had happened, then our relationship would not change. When you get bored of me and leave, it will be like a dream.”

“I still don't understand how you could act as if nothing had happened when it did. And if I get bored of you and leave, what happens?”

“You already have Kongtup, so you can leave me at any time. And, if you don't want to do such a thing with me by then, we can still maintain our current relationship. I...I don't want to lose you,”

She tried to explain, although she herself seemed confused.

“Do you understand? It's like when you are in love with your friend and you confess your feelings to her. If they don't feel the same way, we can pretend that nothing happened and continue being friends.”

“Friends don't kiss, you know?”

“I don't know what you think. All I know is that I... I was happy when...we did that.”

“What planet do you come from?”

I asked in disbelief. She thought way more than I thought. If I hadn't confronted her, the fact that we were having sex would have vanished. She could pretend that nothing was happening because she was afraid of destroying our relationship, of losing me, of not having me in her life anymore.

"No one thinks about that like you, Nam. You're overthinking it."

“I'm not a child anymore. I have to think about it well. If you ever get bored of me, we can go back to the way we were and pretend it never happened.”

“And you acted like it never happened every time we woke up.”

“If we don't talk about it, it would be as if it never happened.”

“But now we're talking about that. That means it happened.”

“I love you. I can't lose you...and I don't know if I've lost you yet...”

She was on the verge of tears again.

“It's because of my indecision, because I thought too much, because...”

“You haven't lost me.”

I hugged her, resting my chin on her shoulder as I slowly rubbed her back.

“Not even for a second.”

“But you have Kongtup. You went to Ko Chang with him. You and him...”

“I didn't sleep with him.”

“ ... ”

“You do not believe me?”

I turned away from her and looked at her with a long face.

“And because of that, Kongtup decided not to see me again. He said that he no longer wanted to be my safe place for me to stay when you hurt me because that hurt him. He felt that he was just a substitute like when I did it and you had a fight with Mhor.”

“Onn, I never thought of you that way.”

“Then let's start again... You already told your mother what do you think of me. I'll tell you the same thing... I love you.”

“I fell in love with you at first sight. Nam, you are the one I was looking for in my dream. I have never loved anyone or been as in love with anyone as I have been for you. You are the woman of my dream, you know?”

“In your dream?”

She seemed surprised.

“I also wanted to tell you that u are the woman off my dream.”

“I liked you from the first time I saw you, but then I already had a boyfriend. I was confused about whether it was right to have those feelings, but I felt it anyway. After reading your novel, I dreamed about it and you were one of its characters. Then we met in real life.”

We were both stunned. How could we have the same dream?

“I dreamed you were Oeng.”

“I dreamed that you were Yha.”

At this point, although we were still a little confused, we both smiled and hugged each other. Now, there was only understanding between us after we cleared things up and talked.

“From now on, feel free to talk to me about anything. Please don't keep any more things to yourself.”

“You too. Please don't say such cruel things to me again. I can not stand it. It really bothers me.”

“I will not do it anymore.”

“Really?”

“I'll try not to.”

I laughed dryly because I wasn't sure I could easily fix that side of me. As we hugged and swayed back and forth, Nam slowly and gently pushed me onto the bed.

“What are you doing?”

“You were very naughty a while ago, and these last few days, you almost drove me crazy.”

I shot up to sit up as she knelt next to the bed and kissed me, holding my jaw in her hand. Her gaze was filled with an irresistible warmth and sensuality that almost startled me for a moment.

"Then let me do it today."

"W...wait, I never...I mean...never..."

I tried to emphasize that I had never been in that position before, but she just smiled warmly. It seemed like nothing could stop her now..

"Then you will do it today."

We undressed until there was only air surrounding our skin. The cold in the air-conditioned room was replaced by the heat of the body above me. Usually I had been the only one to initiate and satisfy her, but this time we had to do it together. So, as someone who had never been a recipient before, I just lay there, not knowing what to do.

But she did not say anything. She seemed to understand and whispered sweet nothings in my ear as her hands explored my body, even in places I would never let anyone touch. I shuddered as her fingers went deep into me. A sharp pain mixed with a strange sensation permeated my body. I let out a sound I had never made before.

"Nnnghh."

"Just relax. I will be gentle."

She soothed me with kisses, her body slick with sweat. I held her with both hands as she caressed the back of my neck. One of her hands played with my bottom, gently squeezing my breast as if she was trying to make me relax.

"You're doing great."

She praised me. Her lips slid to my nipple and she sucked on it gently. Her tongue played like this until I intuitively raised my chest towards her. Finally, I couldn't resist the urge to take control of her any longer, so I

pushed her to my side and climbed on top of her. I caressed her, hugged her, kissed her, teased her and explored every part of her. I wanted to taste it all.

“Nam, I love you.”

I told her that with my excitement heightened. My lips went down to her navel and then to the center of her body. I breathed in the desire that seeped out of her. Unlike me, she wasn't shy. She was ready to moan loudly because she knew I liked her and that turned me on even more.

She pressed her hands on my head and raised her hips as if she wanted to feed on me. I kissed and sucked until her body shuddered. She sat down and took my hand, then she looked at me sweetly, ready to guide me..

“Let's try something new this time... honey.”

She took my finger and gently put it in. Heat enveloped my finger as she grimaced and let out a moan. The new sensation I felt inside her also excited me. Her body seemed full of desire and I was curious and eager to know how she felt.

“Do you need me to show you anything else?”

“I think I have it.”

I slowly moved my finger. The cunning within her made it easy to get in and out. From a slow pace, I gradually increased the pace as she grabbed my wrist as if she was ordering me to do it faster, faster and faster.

“Hngh!”

Her body shook again. Her insides tightened around my finger, signaling that she had reached the top. My heart was beating wildly and I felt proud that I had taken her further than usual. We usually just did it outside of her. This was the first time I felt like I had conquered Everest. To comfort her, I lean down to taste the sweetness of her and swallowed her lovingly.. she lifted my chin, her eyes filled with desire, before pulling me closer to her.

“Now is your turn.”

She turned me over to lie down and straddled me. Her tongue traced a path from my navel to my most private part. At first, I was startled and tried to move away from her, blushing with embarrassment, but she held my legs and positioned my bottom perfectly against her mouth.

“No, it's... it's dirty..”

But she didn't care anymore. She leaned in to taste while she simultaneously slid her fingers inside me. That made me shudder, wanting to get away, but my body wouldn't cooperate, not even a little. My brain said I shouldn't do it, but my body responded to her rapidly moving tongue and her rhythmic fingering.

“Nam... I... Nhnnggha.”

I Could not talk. The strange new sensation forced me to let her continue. Her finger moved faster, making a squishing sound. Her tongue moved as fast as her finger, making my body shudder. My hands gripped the sheet tightly, feeling like I was climbing higher and higher. And then everything seemed to explode like a giant bomb, scattering my thoughts until my brain turned white. My body felt like it was floating in a formless space. She crawled over to me and kissed my temple before lifting my leg and placing her lower body against mine.

“What are you doing?”

“This.”

Our bodies intertwined. I had just climaxed and was still panting, but it all started again incredibly quickly. Her moans restimulated my desire. We moved in sync. I sat up and watched her body sway rhythmically.

“Aaahhh.”

“Aaahhh.”

We both shuddered, held each other, and moved faster as our desire increased. We wanted to reach climax while our bodies were slippery with

sweat, but that was not an obstacle to making love.

“I’m about to arrive.”

“Me too.”

A split second after we spoke, our bodies shook in unison. We cling to each other as if we were afraid the other would disappear. I pushed her onto the bed and lay on top of her. There was no blanket covering any part of our body. We were too tired to even move..

“As was?”

Nam gently stroked my hair. Her heart was beating as hard as mine..

“It was incredible. It's the first time I feel like this.”

“That's good. Because there is more to come.”

“Further?”

I looked at her surprised and she laughed at my expression.

“Unless you want to stop here.”

“No.”

I can do it all night. If it was her, she seemed...irresistible.

THE END

—————  —————

SPO: ①**NAM-NGERN**

.. ————— ·  · ————— ..

It was already six in the morning... Although it was the weekend, my biological clock still routinely woke me up. I had gotten used to it. After showering, I dressed and went back to the room to find something to do, something like finish rewriting Onn's manuscript. However, when I returned to the room, I found a beautiful girl sitting there, staring at me without blinking.

“You woke up early today.”

“You woke up earlier, Nam.”

“You had a good dream, didn't you?”

As soon as I said that, she seemed upset. I smiled, approached her and kissed her temple and then whispered in her ear:

“It's a joke.”

“How could I dream? I barely slept.”

As she said that, she gave a shy smile, her face was flushed. Although she was embarrassed, I could see that she was also happy because she must have been waiting to see if I would act as if nothing had happened again.

“Admit it now that it really happened, Nam!”

“Last night we made love.”

If she had been drinking water, she would have drowned. Her face paled as if she had seen a ghost when I said that. Not only her; I felt embarrassed for saying it, but if I hadn't said it, it would have ended like last night had never happened. I needed to calm her down a bit.

“Sleep a bit more. You can wake up at nine.”

“But I'm already awake.”

“Because you were anxious about how I would react?”

She nodded and I gently caressed her head, then pushed her onto the bed and covered her with a blanket.

“Go back to sleep. I'm going to read your manuscript. Not getting enough sleep can cause dark circles.”

“Come on, you can't force someone to sleep when they don't want to.”

“Sweet dreams.”

I kissed her forehead again. Although she said she didn't want to go to sleep, she fell asleep almost instantly. I looked at her delighted. I slowly stroked her shoulder as if to make sure she wasn't going anywhere. She was mine now. No, we belonged to each other. That was the truth.

When I thought about it, it seemed strange that someone who once had a boyfriend like me could now fall madly in love with a woman. I once read in an article that women were more sexually fluid than men; this could be the case. And I think there would be no more fluidity. She would be the last one I would choose and we would love each other until she got tired of me because I would never get tired of her. She was the woman of my dreams...she was Maya.

Already, it was a character from a novel manuscript I received. And the same day after I finished reading it, I dreamed about it. It all started from the moment we met. I took on the role of Oeng, the daughter of a wealthy

family. As for Yha, she was the daughter of an employee. We were raised and grew up together. I felt Oeng's feelings... and I kept my original memories in that dream. Throughout the dream, I learned the whole story. Still, I didn't fully immerse myself in it because it was just a dream,

I knew everything from an omniscient perspective, whether it was the ML that looked like it came out of a K-drama or the coincidental event that brought him to me and made him bet with his friends that if he could get me into bed, he would get the seven million baht because there were seven MLs. It had to be six million baht!

In the dream, I wrote down my mental notes and thought I had to rewrite this point when I woke up. The story progressed exactly as it was originally written. She was already pretty and clingy to Oeng, or maybe it was the latter who was clinging to Yha. I was aware of each scene until it reached the climax.

“I love you too.”

It was like a climax that had been prepared to surprise the readers. I kissed Yha. Her touch permeated my body. Then ML became the antagonist, the antagonist became FL, and we had to overcome obstacles before we could have a happy ending. This was mainly due to Oeng's social status. However, in the end we ended up together, and Numtup admitted defeat and left.

That day I woke up with a start. The memories of the dream were still there. I was so moved by it that I didn't want this story to be scrapped, but due to my duty as an editor and the fact that this novel didn't follow the theme where ML and FL ended up together, it was: 'Not qualified.'

When I sent the email, my heart told me it wasn't right, that I couldn't just throw it away. So, I sent a personal email to the author, whom I had never met and whom I had only communicated with via email for years, and asked to meet her. That day I met Onn. She was Yha!

When I saw her for the first time, my heart skipped a beat. I was excited and amazed to discover that she really existed, not just in my imagination. She had big, bright eyes, an oval face with a mole under one side of the

eyes, paper-thin lips, and a high-bridged nose. Everything about her face was worthy of admiration. I was shocked. I hadn't thought that the author would be so beautiful, and I didn't want to believe that someone like that existed only in the shadows, refusing to show herself to the public. It wasn't because she was shy, because, from the conversation, she was cheerful. Her eyes shone. Her small, talkative voice when saying my name suggested that she was a cheerful girl. We got along well from the first time we met. I felt connected to her but I was also confused as to whether it was because of the dream or not.

However... my feelings still lingered. Missed her. I longed for her. I wanted to see her. But I didn't dare show it because I didn't know how she would feel if someone older, even a woman, was so madly in love with her.

“I want to see you everyday. From now on I will wait for you at our station, okay?”

That was her proposal. I smiled and accepted it immediately when I thought that I would be able to see her every day. She was excited like a teenager with puppy love.

[You seem to like this girl a lot. You can't stop talking about her. I really want to meet her now.]

Mhor, my boyfriend at the time, said when I called him to tell him about a writer I had met. She was beautiful and I couldn't stop praising her. I almost didn't realize how often I talked about her until he pointed it out to me.

“There's no need.”

[Why not?]

Because I was jealous... Of course, I didn't say that out loud. It wasn't that I wanted to keep my boyfriend to myself. Rather, I didn't want anyone else to know her. I felt it was enough that I was the only one who knew her.

“There is no reason for you to know her. Onn she is a writer. We're just working together...”

[But you never stop praising her. If you were a man, I would have thought you liked that girl.]

I pressed my lips together tightly, feeling trapped. Although I was happy at the time, I suddenly acted angry and upset.

“If you're going to talk to me like that, don't. I have to go to work now. There are many manuscripts to read.”

[Why do I feel like you are angry with me?]

“I'm not. Don't make things up.”

I hung up and grabbed a manuscript to read before sighing, feeling guilty for treating him like that. He didn't do anything wrong, but I felt like he had made a strangely good comment. I didn't want to talk to him anymore. However, after I hung up with him, Onn sent me long text messages as if she was trying to carry on a conversation. Initially in a bad mood, I found myself smiling again. This girl was truly a smile maker.

“Surprise!”

Mhor and I hadn't had much of a conversation the night before but that day he showed up unannounced, which bothered me a little, but it wasn't anything to get upset about. I just preferred to be notified in advance. Mhor smiled at me and pursed his lips.

“You're still mad? I'm here to make peace with you.”

“I'm not angry, Mhor. But you should have told me you were coming.”

“If I had told you, maybe you wouldn't have wanted to see me. That's why I had to come unannounced,”

He said, showing me his car keys.

“Come on. I will invite you to lunch today.”

“Can't. I have a plan with Onn.”

It wasn't anything special. We had agreed to meet at our usual station every day. Thinking about that made me feel a little worried. It was almost time to take the Skytrain: otherwise, it might keep her waiting.

“That's great, then. I will meet your Onn.”

'Your Onn.' He didn't say it in a confrontational way, but for some reason he made me feel uncomfortable. I gave Mhor a small smile and shook my head.

“No problem if you know her, but we will meet at a Skytrain station. If we drive there, it will be difficult to find parking. It will take even longer to meet her.”

“Then I'll leave my car at your office and we can take the Skytrain together.”

“But...”

“It seems like you don't want me to meet her. Are you hiding something from me?”

“Do you think I'm hiding something from you?”

I started to feel upset again when I heard him insinuating comment. He raised his hands in surrender and gave me a soft smile.

“I didn't mean it that way. I was just joking. There is no need to get so angry. By the way, what's happening to you lately? Why are you in such a bad mood?”

“I'm sorry. I did not realize.”

“Then let's take the Skytrain together. I would like to meet Onn.”

Mhor still insisted on meeting her, so I involuntarily allowed him to come with me. Along the way, I couldn't help but wonder how Onn would react if she found out about him. We had been talking for a long time, but I had never told her that I already had a boyfriend. Even when my mom almost

made a mistake, I stopped her. Why?... I also didn't know why I didn't want her to know about this.

The closer the Skytrain got to our station, the more my heart beat with fear. By now, she must have been waiting at the entrance. She would probably run up to me with a bright smile, hug me and tell me that she missed me like she always had. But after meeting Mhor, would she recognize him, would she get angry or get in a bad mood? I had absolutely no idea.

When we arrived at the station, the doors opened. She was still there waiting with her radiant smile when she saw me. She stood out more than anyone else at the station. With a bright smile, she called out my name and rushed to hug me like always.

“I missed you a lot.”

I hugged her back, feeling anxious, before slowly turning to Mhor, who had followed me. And the moment he greeted her, she seemed surprised. It was time to introduce my 'boyfriend'.

“Onn... This is Mhor, my boyfriend.”

“You have a boyfriend, but you didn't tell me!?”

And just as I feared, she yelled at me angrily, drawing the attention of everyone in the station...

SPO: 2

SPECIAL TWO



I had just finished rewriting Onn's manuscript. There were some points that I needed to edit to make sense and I would have to explain why I made certain decisions. Onn, after waking up and taking a shower, came back and hugged me from behind. Her soapy scent filled my senses as she pressed her cold cheek against mine.

"You've been working since I went back to sleep. Are you still working even after I woke up and showered?"

"I just finished reviewing your manuscript,"

I said with a bright smile.

"There are still some points you need to edit. I will send them to you by email. The sooner you do it, the sooner you can publish your book. I already contacted the editor."

"Wow, you speak very professionally."

"Come here, there's not much to edit. I have written instructions and suggestions for you, but if there is something you don't want to change, leave it."

"Can I?"

"Of course, it's your book."

“When I was writing for the publisher, I had to make so many changes that it almost didn't seem like my story anymore.”

“Actually, you don't have to change anything. Editing is for your own benefit.”

“Then send it to my email. I'll go back to my room and work on it..”

“To your room?”

I was a little disappointed to find out that she was going back to her own room and not staying there.

“Yes, I can't work anywhere other than my room and my own computer. But I'll hurry up and send it back so I can come see you.”

“Alright.”

I walked her to the front of the house. At first I wanted to walk her to the Skytrain station, but she stopped me saying we would end up walking each other back and forth. To be honest, I wanted her to stay a little longer. Maybe it was because we were still in the honeymoon phase or something. When she turned to leave, I adjusted her shirt and looked at her with puppy eyes.

“What's that?”

“Nothing, I just wanted to do it.”

She smiled knowingly before squeezing me tightly, leaving me breathless.

“I'll miss you too, Nam.”

“ ... ”

“I'll hurry up and come see you. Bye bye.”

When did I become like this? Normally I led a life without anything interesting. If I compared it to a color, it would be a boring one. I would

wake up in the morning, work in front of a computer, come home at night, have dinner with my mom, and then go to bed. My life has been like this since I was a child. I was a good girl and always obedient. I had never been rebellious or defiant. You could say I was a pretty boring person. There were some colorful splashes when I started dating Mhor. We do not confess our love through letters, phone calls or marriage proposals. We saw each other often, we ate together and little by little we realized that we were dating. That was our relationship. Pretty boring, right?

But when I met Onn, my boring life somehow became brighter. I was excited to meet her at our regular station and see her bright smile as the doors opened. As someone who wasn't good at keeping a conversation, I had to make up stories from her work to keep her entertained during our trip home. And since she didn't talk about me much, I never mentioned having a boyfriend, because I thought it wasn't necessary. Or maybe... I just didn't dare tell her.

Something inside me insisted that it was not necessary to bring up this topic. Deep down, I felt like I knew what kind of feelings I had towards her and I felt like she felt the same. But we keep them to ourselves, we lock them in our hearts. If we didn't talk about it... it was like it never happened. But it was worse than ever when I told her I had a boyfriend. Since that day, she had been fighting with me and then disappeared for three days. I felt heartbroken that she did that and thought she must have cut contact with me forever. I tried calling her and texting her but she never responded.

“It was your fault!”

When I was alone with Mhor, I immediately started fighting with him. I was particularly in a bad mood during this time. I didn't know why, but I always found a reason to argue with him every time we saw each other, even though I didn't normally do that.

“Why does that girl have to be so angry because we are dating?”

“Because what you did was inappropriate. Do lovers have to hug, hold hands and express their love in public?”

“All couples do that.”

“But not here, not in front of her.”

“I think it's becoming abnormal.”

His words made me look at him intently. The word 'abnormal' made me uncomfortable. I didn't know why it made me feel bad, but it was a rude word to me.

“As in what?”

“You just met Onn, right? Why do you care so much about her? Is there something I don't know?”

"No!"

I almost screamed, but my voice was a little softer than a scream. I turned my face away, not wanting to look him in the eyes.

“No.”

“Should I call her and talk to her?”

“There's no need. She'll probably hit me when she calms down.”

“I still don't understand why she has to be so angry. Do you really think that someone as beautiful as you wouldn't have a boyfriend?”

“Some beautiful people don't have boyfriends. Also, I never told her about this.”

“And why is that?”

I remained silent, swallowing, unable to respond.

“Because I didn't think it was important.”

“I'm not important, huh?”

Mhor looked at me sadly. We took the Skytrain home after dinner together. To be honest, this was our first fight. Like I said, I'd never gotten upset or angry about anything before, but when it came to her, I'd end up overreacting. Not even Mhor could bear my anger.

I wanted to go to her house for days, but I never did. I regret never asking to stay at her house, even though I let her stay at mine. So every day when I took the Skytrain, I would wait at our usual station for about twenty minutes, waiting for her to show up, and then get back on the train when I was sure she didn't show up. I did this every day until the third day. I waited there and saw her. The emotion, the joy,. everything was mixed.

“Onn!”

When I called her, I was nervous that she would get mad at me or run away, but she turned around and squeezed me like she was afraid I would float away.

"I missed you a lot,"

She said. For the first time I responded without feeling embarrassed.

“I missed you too.”

However, shortly after came a surprise. She introduced me to her boyfriend. She had no intention of going to see me, but she passed by and decided to wait there. They had already planned to go to the movies together, but they still kindly invited me to join. At first I wanted to refuse, but... when she begged, I couldn't help but agree. Still, going with them and seeing them together made me feel even more hurt, numb, and on the verge of tears. It was like being burned with boiling water in the middle of my chest. And when I couldn't take it anymore, I finally ran home because I was afraid to cry in front of them.

Now she has a boyfriend. In just four days she managed to find a boyfriend, as if she wanted to compete with me.. Since that day, I have been depressed. I could barely eat but I had to force myself until my mom noticed.

“What's wrong, Nam? You seem stressed lately.”

“It's work.”

“Do not work too much. Oh, how is Onn? I haven't seen her much lately.”

“Now she has a boyfriend. She probably doesn't need me anymore.”

Sensing sarcasm in my response, my mother looked at me suspiciously. I quickly managed a smile and excused myself to go take a shower and called it a night. I wasn't good at hiding my emotions. Even my mom could tell how I felt about her. How is it possible that Onn didn't notice? That's why she decided to hurt me more by talking about how great Kongtup was when we were together. The only thing I could do was sit and listen silently, biting my lips until they bled because there was nothing else I could do.

“You're so boring. I'm talking to you and you keep ignoring me.”

She seemed upset. I looked at her with red eyes and said:

“I'm sorry.”

“Because you feel it? What did you do?”

“Be boring.”

“Oh, come on, when will you understand, Nam?”

“What do you want me to understand?”

She hesitated and changed the subject. She was quite a irascible and sarcastic person. But when I started crying, she was the one who made peace with me

“I'm sorry. Nam, please don't cry. I do not want to see you like this.”

Even though she was like that, I still loved her and cared for her. It was as if deep down she knew why she did all those things, but neither of them said it out loud. I had a boyfriend and so did she. So, it was very difficult to

cross the line into our current relationship. I had to keep it inside me and let her do such cruel things to me.

“Why don't you scold me when I misbehave? You are my sister, right?”

The more she said that, the more it hurt. I sometimes saw her as a younger sister; Sometimes I saw her as more than that. Being in this limbo was like being bedridden. You couldn't do anything except watch how things unfolded. Although she was very clear about her feelings towards me, we couldn't do anything about it.

However, things had changed. Now we belonged to each other and I decided not to hide any feelings because there was no point in doing so.

“Onn... I'm in the lobby. Can you come find me?”

After spending a free day alone at home, I was the one who went to see her around four in the afternoon. She ran to greet me, smiled happily as she hugged me and said in an excited voice:

“Why are you here? I missed you a lot!”

There was nothing to hide anymore. We loved each other now.

“I missed you.”

“We just saw each other this morning, right? I'm working hard to come see you, but I'm not done.”

“First you can take a break.”

“But the more breaks you take, the later the release of the novel will be.”

“Just... Two or three hours won't be a problem.”

“And what are we going to do during these two or three hours?”

“What do you want to do?”

As she said that, she smiled with bright eyes. Clearly, we were on the same page and probably always had been. We just never expressed it out loud.

“I want to do it with you.”

I leaned towards her, crossed my arms behind my back and said with a smile:

“Let's go then.”

SPO: 3**SPECIAL THREE**

My moans were so loud I had to muffle them with a pillow. She imitated everything I did the night before as if she was a fast learner. I could see that she enjoyed making love to me and she liked being the giver instead of the receiver. My body shuddered again and again from her playful actions. Having built up her excitement to a certain point, she leaned over and reluctantly whispered in my ear, asking:

“Can I do what you did to me yesterday?”

"Do you need to ask?"

I responded, exhausted, but I didn't refuse. As she spoke, I gave her a slight smile and used both hands to caress her cheeks.

“From now on you can tell me anything. Do not be afraid.”

She lifted my leg and pressed her body against mine before starting to move. I covered my face with my hand to muffle my moans. We were still in the honeymoon phase where we would get tired of each other. So, we had to communicate clearly with each other. No more beating around the bush. Otherwise, history would repeat itself...

A while ago, before having lunch with my colleagues, a stranger approached me and introduced herself as Fhak-fha. She asked me my name again to make sure I wasn't someone else.

“Are you Nam-ngern?”

“Yeah.”

“Would you mind if we talk for a moment? I have something important to discuss with you.”

I could feel the tension on her face and knew the topic must be serious, so I apologized to my colleagues and went to lunch with her. She introduced herself again with her nickname: Fhong. She was two years younger than me and had a beautiful face. Her eyes were slightly downcast, but they made her look charming. She was quite somber, which made me wonder what she wanted to discuss with me, so I got straight to the point.

“What is that 'important matter' you want to discuss with me?”

“I... I think I might be pregnant.”

It should have been something to be happy about, but why did she say that to a stranger like me? That's what made my heart pound. Honestly, I was afraid that what I was thinking might be true because when a stranger asked me to talk to you about something important, she was definitely related to someone close to you.

“De Mhor.”

As soon as we finished talking, I immediately texted Mhor. I was shocked and surprised. To be honest, there was also another feeling that I didn't want to say out loud because it would be quite selfish, but... I also felt a slight sense of joy.

[Nam: Now I know everything you did. I do not want to talk to you anymore.]

[Nam: Let's finish.]

As soon as he saw the messages, he immediately called me. He sounded frantic, saying that we had to meet and talk face to face, but I firmly refused because at that moment I felt disgusted with him. I didn't want to see him

anymore. We had been together for a long time, so to say it was good would be a lie. Finding out that he was secretly in a relationship with someone else was like getting stabbed in the back. He cheated for a long time and thought that I was an idiot, and now he wanted to apologize to me... It wouldn't be so easy.

[I'm not going to break up with you...I made a mistake. We don't even know if she's really pregnant.]

“You are the one who did it; You must know if you are the father or not.”

[If you could sleep with me so easily, I could have not slept with anyone.]

“If you could sleep with her that easily, you could also sleep with anyone. My confidence is completely gone. You don't need to explain anything because I won't listen to you. Bye bye.”

I was about to hang up the call, but I stopped when he said:

[Isn't that girl, Onn, the reason why you are so eager to break up with me?]

“Why are you involving her in this? This is something you did to yourself.”

[Do you think I don't know what that lesbian thinks about you? If she knows we broke up, she will be on cloud nine, but I won't allow it.]

“Don't call her that. She has nothing to do with this. And if you want to know who's really happy about this, it's probably me. I finally see the real you. Whatever you do, take responsibility for it. Don't be the villain in someone else's life. You used to be someone I respected; Don't let things get worse than this.”

[Respected? You never cared about me to the point that I had to find someone else. Have you ever thought that it could be your fault? Without cause, there would be no effect.]

“That's true. Without a cause, there would be no effect. If you hadn't gotten her pregnant, I wouldn't have had an excuse to break up with you. Thanks for making things easier... Oh, and about being a lesbian... it's not her.”

[....]

“It's me.”

This was the most intense argument we had ever had in our relationship. It was too overwhelming for me. I was so distracted at work that day. Although we weren't as deeply in love, there was still intimacy in our relationship. We saw each other twice a week and we had been doing things together for many years, but now he was just an acquaintance to me. That thought was quite shocking, not to mention that I wasn't a very strong person either. My tears kept flowing. I was so confused about how I really felt about him. Did I really love him that much?

When I saw Onn at night, she hugged me like always. But today I was unusually sad and she noticed it. She seemed too worried and kept asking me what was going on. I took the opportunity to look into her eyes and suddenly asked her:

"Would it be okay if I stayed the night with you?"

I knew I wasn't that upset. I just didn't want to come home and let my mom see me depressed. She would be unnecessarily worried. Plus, it was a good opportunity to see where Onn lived, how she worked, and what her house was like. Her condo was three stations from my house, which was pretty close. Once I reached her room, I looked around curiously. She was a bit of a mess, with her desk being the only organized place.

So, that was where she created her work and transformed her imagination into words. But the night I was at her house, she didn't work at all. She continued to worry and take care of me. That night we crossed our limits. I wouldn't go into details about what we did, but it was the first time I asked someone to do it so I could clear the fog in my heart, and she was brave enough to accept it and did things according to her instinct.

“You feel good...? Did I did it well?”

She kept asking me that. As for the recipient like me, I just stand there feeling content like a selfish person. My mind was clear. All the bad

thoughts I had before disappeared. And I was more certain that I no longer had feelings for Mhor. My confession that I was a lesbian was not a lie. I had feelings for her... I never realized my sexuality could be so fluid.

Or maybe this happened just with her. It wasn't a perfect night, but she made me feel happy. She fell asleep holding me while I was still wide awake, staring at the ceiling, thinking about what we did. And It started to worry me.. What would happen when we woke up? Could we talk to each other like before? And what we did this make us?

I didn't know how serious her feelings towards me were. All I knew was that she liked me. She showed signs of jealousy, but I didn't know if it was just because it was the first time someone older spoiled her. As for what we did, emotions had taken over us, like someone who was drunk and woke up the next morning without remembering anything, became strange and left. We were strangers again and I left... I couldn't stand it. I still wanted her in my life.

“Did you have a good dream last night?”

That was the first thing I said to her when I came out of the bathroom. It took a lot of courage to pretend that nothing had happened, but I felt even more heartbroken when she, who never let anything go by, simply accepted it.

“Yeah.”

If she had been even a little upset, I would have admitted that something had happened. So, I came to the conclusion that she also wanted to preserve our current relationship. The line we crossed was just a slip, and we could pretend it was a dream if we wanted it to be.. But now, I wouldn't let it be like that anymore..

Onn's back, damp with sweat after hours of passionate lovemaking, made me laugh a little. She used a lot of energy to satisfy her curiosity and her mischief. Now, she lay exhausted under the blanket as I gently rubbed her bare back.

“Am I going to finish my work today?”

She asked in a weak voice while lying face down. I smiled and shrugged it off.

“You are working hard on the wrong thing.”

“Look who's talking. Aren't you the one who came to my room to do this?”

“Not at all. I came because I missed you.”

"Then we won't do this anymore."

She pretended to be upset, trying to make me feel sorry, but I simply agreed with her with a mocking smile.

“Oh really? Alright. We can hug each other.”

“No.”

When she pouted, I laughed and gave her a small kiss on the temple.

“Alright. Alright. A 'no' will be, then..”

“I do not want to do it.”

“Come on, make a decision.”

“I don't just want to hug you. I want to fuck you.”

I was surprised by her frankness. She usually used the term 'lovemaking' because the word 'fuck sounded a bit crude and embarrassing to hear. She sat up, exposing her naked, shiny upper body, and gently bit my shoulder.

“Come on, you like role-playing games too, right? Can't you just pretend to be a little disappointed?”

She said.

“Well, you hide your feelings better than me. But... from now on, I'll tell you if I have anything on my mind. I will no longer hide my feelings.”

“Okay, then, do you like it or not when we make love... This is a test. Answer honestly.”

When she asked me that, I nodded and answered timidly.

“I like it a lot.”

She smiled at me before diving under the blanket.

"So, can we do it again? After this, I will definitely get to work.”

“Oh, what a lascivious girl.”

But it wasn't like I was rejecting her... I would let her do whatever she wanted. Because, right now, she was irresistible.

SPO: 4**SPECIAL FOUR**

After more than two months of hard work, the manuscript was ready to be sent to the printer. I had made everything from scratch. I did the editing, contacted a proofreader I knew, contacted the publisher, and checked the colors and font. You could say that the only thing I didn't do was write it. Still, the most important person could not be anyone other than Onn. At that moment, she was excitedly and proudly flipping through the model for the umpteenth time.

“I have published several books with the publisher, but none moved me as much as this one. Do you think it will be popular, Nam?”

“Have some confidence in yourself. If I tell you it will be a success, that's because it will be. And if it weren't for this novel, we wouldn't have met.”

“Oh, that's true. Even if I don't succeed, it will be worth it.”

“Whatever happens, it's enough.”

I was grateful for everything that had happened... otherwise, I wouldn't have her by my side. We made a book together, we got closer, we fell in love and we became a couple in an incredible way. But to get there, we had to overcome many obstacles. As I reached out to brush her hair to her ear, I jumped when I heard my phone vibrate. As soon as I looked at the screen, my stomach dropped.

“I have to take this call.”

“Well.”

Luckily, she didn't care who called. I took the opportunity to take the call elsewhere. As soon as I answered, Mhor's voice was heard, who had not yet given up.

"Didn't I say it clearly enough last time?"

It had been two months since he started calling me to apologize, but I hadn't told Onn because I was afraid she would think about it too much. Every time he called, I quickly ended the conversation. This time it was no different.

[I didn't call you to ask you to come back with me today. I just miss you...I think I have accepted the truth. If someone doesn't love you, they just don't love you.]

How strange... He wasn't as frantic as before. He sounded calm and collected, like the man I used to know, and not the irresponsible cheater he had become.

“Alright.”

What else could I say other than 'good'?

[I'm sorry for what happened. If I could turn back time...]

“It would end the same way. You are not the problem, Mhor.”

[....]

“I am.”

I thought about the day he brought his parents to my house. That day was the climax of my life. When she found out what had happened, Onn could not bear it and walked away without hearing any explanation. I remembered that I almost collapsed to the ground. It was all because I had not decided.

Mhor never listened to my decision. Although I told him that I didn't love him anymore and that I was a lesbian. Even when I cut him off from my life, he stubbornly took his parents to force me to get married.

As we sat in the living room with his parents discussing the proposal, my mind went blank. Everything said entered and left my head. Despite all this, I did not refuse or bother anyone, just out of consideration..

“If that is the case, I will find an auspicious date. You and Nam don't have to do anything.”

Mhor suggested this to my mom and reached out to hold my hand. I removed my hand in front of everyone. Still, I remained calm and collected, showing no signs of happiness or distress and refusing nothing. Why was it like this? This wedding would ruin the rest of my life, but I still let it happen.. After the conversation ended, I apologized and prepared to go after Onn. Mhor, who noticed this, ran to block me and scolded me for being rude.

“Come say goodbye to the guests before you leave.”

I bluntly asked him to leave and then picked up my phone to call Onn. Of course, she didn't respond. My anxiety grew and I started texting her. But she certainly wouldn't respond to my messages if she wasn't answering her phone. However, I still wanted to explain everything to her. In the end, I went to her condo, but the condo staff wouldn't let me in unless she came down to get me.

“Could you call her and tell her that someone is waiting for her?”

Since each room had a direct line to the reception, the condo staff agreed to call her, but she refused to see me, which made me feel completely desperate. I ended up waiting in the lobby and asked the staff to call her again to tell her there was a guest waiting for her. I wouldn't leave until we had a talk. But it was all in vain. She was too stubborn. This time, it wasn't just anger. She could have turned into hate

In the end I had to leave, but I refused to give up. After work I waited for her at the Skytrain station and when I didn't see her, I waited for her at her condo. This had been my routine for the past three days. When I came home, I would sit there stunned until my mom noticed. I would sneak off to cry alone in my room, frustrated that I couldn't do anything. All because I was too people pleasing and afraid to speak....

She appeared at the station on the fourth day. At first, I was going to give up waiting for her, thinking that I wouldn't see her again anyway. But I ran through the closing doors and called out to her as she was about to walk away from me.

“Onn!”

“Nam!”

It was the first time I ran to hug her, inhaling her scent longingly. I didn't know what to do next other than hug her. My silence had almost cost me the loss of her, so I decided to tell her everything that day, including my strange thoughts, after finding out that she had gone to the beach with her boyfriend. My mind was filled with imagination of what they could have done together. The sharp pain in my chest almost made me collapse. It was fine...they just did 'that'. What I was really afraid of was losing her.

“I love you, Onn.”

That was the first time I confessed my love to her and we cleared things up. This taught me the importance of communication. If we kept things to ourselves, we would never know what the other person was thinking.

“Mhor, I have to be frank with you... Don't call me again. I don't want my girlfriend to feel uncomfortable.”

I sighed but felt like a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. He remained silent and then spoke with a trembling voice, as if he was about to cry.

[I can't even call you?]

“Please respect your partner and mine. Right now, your feelings are the most important thing to me. Our relationship ended... Good luck, Mhor.”

I hung up and prepared to return to Onn, but I was surprised when I saw her standing behind me, looking at me.

“Who were you talking to? Why do you have to be so scared?”

“I...”

I licked my dry lips and hesitated whether to tell the truth or not. But in the end I confessed:

“I was talking to Mhor.”

“How long have you been talking?”

“Well... for several days. He called to ask about things, but you don't have to worry. I have cut ties with him...”

She hugged me affectionately and laughed.

“I'm not scolding you. I just wanted to know if you would tell the truth.”

“Hey?”

“Your problem is that you don't tell anyone when something happened. I just wanted to make fun of you. I wouldn't be angry even if you lied because I already heard everything a moment ago...”

She let go of me and she raised an eyebrow.

“You did it for me, didn't you?”

“Well...”

“You've changed a lot. You can reject someone and talk. That is something good.”

I smiled at her, feeling relieved. Onn looked proudly at the book in her hand, completely forgetting about Mhor.

“It's going to be popular.”

I told her again because I knew she was still worried about this, but she shook her head slightly.

“Even if it wasn't, it would be fine. This novel has been a blessing to me. If it hadn't been for her, I wouldn't have met you. Regardless of the reception, I will appreciate it Oh! And thanks for coming up with the title. I really love it.”

She showed me the finished cover. I looked at her and thought the same thing. If it hadn't been for this novel, we wouldn't have met. I wouldn't have dreamed it and I wouldn't have known what the love that permeated my body and soul like this felt like.

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The novel was called... ***Irresistible***...