

# **Information**

**Table of Contents URL:** https://www.spiritfanfiction.com/historia/god-when-god-is-in-love-volume-1-25875059

#### **Sinopse:**

I'm 'Got'

But everyone in my family calls me 'God' because my name sounds similar to the word 'God'. My ability can inspire happiness to anyone and it can also create severe suffering for anyone when I curse without anyone knowing...

that every time I speak it will affect me in either directly or indirectly. Iniciado

há 8 dias às 05:08

Atualizada 11 horas atrás

Idioma **Inglês**Visualizações **255**Favoritos **9**Comentários **0**Listas de leitura **2**Palavras **69.926**Concluído **Sim**Categorias **Belle** 

# História God : When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - Author Introduction

# **Capítulo 1 - Author Introduction**

Finally, we have reached the last volume of the special powers series,

#### "God: When God Is In Love".

When I was writing the final volume, I thought about how to conclude it in a spectacular way that would be memorable as the last volume of the special powers series. I even thought about the greatness of being a God.

However, in this world, nothing comes for free. Therefore, if you want something, it means you have to exchange it for something else.

Chao never believed that people can easily get anything without trying. Therefore, this novel comes in the form of "An Imperfect God". But how imperfect will is it? Stay tuned for more in the book.

I sincerely hope that everyone will love and cherish little fish Chao forever.

•

"God can't bear to see her like this anymore."

I step onto the balcony and look at Miriam, who is holding the knife tightly. The little girl's gaze is fills with confusion, as if wondering whether she should run to stop me or whether I should hurry up and jump.

"In this relationship, you have no right to decide. If she wants you to stay, you should stay. If she wants you to die, then you can die!"

"Let her win just this once. Without her, you'll be happier."

"Get down here now! Miriam won't let you win!"

Miriam drop the knife and run towards me in tears. Now, her mind is fills with confusion, with love and hate colliding until she almost want to scream.

"Your last blessing... God will give it to you."

... >

"If forgetting her makes your life better..."

"Shut up!"

"I'm ordering you to forget me."

"No... don't jump!"

"I wish you to find a good love."

Then I let myself fall backwards, not wanting to know when I will die when I hit the ground. However, there is something beyond my expectations

when Miriam	jumped a	after me	like	someone	unafraid	of	death	and	grabb	ed
me in midair.										

"I will not accept your blessing!"



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 00. Introduction

### Capítulo 2 - 00. Introduction

#### Four months ago...

•

It is a very strange condition. It is similar to sleep apnea, but the difference is that in this disorder, the body wakes up on its own if it is left without air for too long. However, in your case, if you stop breathing, you will die immediately if help does not arrive in time, resembling a condition known as sudden unexplained death.

Today, my mother take me for a test to find out the cause of my illness after yet another incident in which my mother came to wake me up and discovered that I was not breathing. She had to do rescue breathing and CPR for quite some time before I finally woke up.

"And does the fact that I sometimes wake up and can't remember anything or anyone have anything to do with this condition?"

"From what I can see from the MRI results, there's nothing abnormal about your brain."

"I understand. Thank you very much, Doctor."

I expressed my gratitude and left the examination room while the doctor still speaking. My mother, who has run after me, grabbing my arm and raises her hand to hit me.

"Why are you doing this? You should listen to the doctor first!"

"I don't need to listen anymore, Mom. I've heard that it's a strange disease... you don't need to worry about it. My life has always been like this. Just accept it, okay? Let's go home and live normally."

I continue to walk away, while my mother, not wanting to give up, run in front of me and speak in a serious tone.

"Tell me the truth."

"About what?"

"You've been arguing with someone again, haven't you?"

Everything fall into a heavy silence. I roll my eyes a little and nod in acknowledgement, but the truth is a little distort.

"Actually, I blessed someone, but... I was arguing too."

"What do you mean?"

"I brought someone back to life, and now I'm trying to balance nature."

"…"

"I'm about to leave."

My mother put her hand to her chest, tears streaming down her face. Every time I see my mother cry, I felt guilty, but the truth is the truth. There's nothing else I could do.

"Why does this have to happen to us? One daughter commits suicide but is lucky enough didn't succeed, while the other... the other is about to leave me."

"Please don't say that, Mom."

I walk towards her, hoping to hug her, but she's too angry about what I had done to have a calm conversation.

"I've already asked you not to bless or curse anyone! Isn't being blind and deaf on one side enough? And the fact that I woke up for just a moment..."

"I remember, but soon I won't be able to remember..."

"Good..."

"Good, what!"

"The more you talk, the more upset I'll get. Just let it be."

"...."

"God! Right now, your body can't take it. You have this strange disease where you stop breathing while you sleep. What will I do if you die?"

"I don't want to live anymore, Mom."

I speak my mind and looked my mother straight in the eyes.

"Being me is heavy and so boring. In fact, it would be better if I became like that."

"What did you say?"

"I'm tired of this life, a life without color. Just let me die and be reborn as a normal person."

"God... what about me? How will I go on?"

"Before I leave, I will bless you."

"No!"

My mother raises her hand to cover her ears. I look at her with understanding and smile.

"It's okay if I don't bless you now. Just tell me when you're ready... Goodbye for now."

I prepared to leave to call a taxi in front of the hospital, but then my mother grabs my arm.

"Where are you going?"

"I have plans with a friend. There's a party tonight. At least I can still remember my own plans. I haven't forget"

"No, you can't go. I don't want you to socializing. It makes God get involves in different situations and might accidentally curse someone again. I can't stand that, God. No way."

"Mom... since I was born, I've had very little social life because you've never let me go anywhere."

"Because if I let you go, God would get hurt. Every thought, every curse, and every blessing makes God's life abnormal!"

"You're the one who made my life abnormal, and that should end now. I won't let myself die without having lived fully. I don't have much time..."

I ripped my mother's hand off my wrist. This time, I am determined.

"From now on, I'm going to live the way I want."

"But..."

"If you keep forbidding me, I'll argue!"

My mother let her arms fall to her sides, exhausts. I figured she's worries that if I argued, I would end up in worse trouble than she is. I left the hospital to call a taxi and asks the driver to take me to my destination. The doctor's results didn't surprise me much. Ever since I blessed a stranger

back to life after arguing with her, I knew I would have to face a consequence in return.

One person comes back, and one must leave, and the one who has to leave is me.

As for the times I can remember and the times I don't know who the people around me are, it probably stems from my strange arguments when I realized Get was trying to commit suicide. My anger made me blurt out crazy things like,

"May your past disappear, whether good or bad."

I don't know the details of what happened to the person I argued with; all I know is... it made me sometimes look in the mirror and not recognize the person staring back at me.

#### My special powers are pretty weird.

Any blessings I give will return in some form, and any curses I cast will also return in some form.

In the same way,

If we really compare it, asking for a blessing is like using a credit card. You have an upfront limit and must pay interest when the billing cycle ends, which is similar to how when I argue with someone, I receive a higher return, along with the unpredictability of whether it will be good or bad, even if it is a blessing versus something positive.

This is the balance of this world. Being a God who can conjure anything at will is not at all glamorous. Do you still envy what I am?

As I sit in traffic on my way to the restaurant where I had plans with friends around seven o'clock, I pick up my phone and scrolled aimlessly through

the pages. The media had stopped covering news about **Maya** or "**Get**," my twin sister, after initially overwhelming her with criticism for her actions.

The gossip page revealed past events about Get that few people knew about, which nearly destroyed her life.

But I had already taught her a lesson she deserved, and that was the reason I ended up deaf in one ear, blind in one eye, and developed a condition similar to sleep apnea.

.

**Mimee:** Where are you now?

I was surfing the internet to kill time in traffic when I see a message from "Miriam" or "Mi," a high school friend from a different class who I had recently become close with.

We had reconnected over some business we had to take care of together. I smile at my phone screen before replying good-naturedly.

**GOT7**: I'm almost there. Traffic is backed up near the entrance to the alley.

**Mimee:** I'll wait in front of the restaurant so we can go in together.

**GOT7**: Why don't you go in first?

**Mimee**: I'm afraid God will get lonely if you go in alone. Can't I go in as a friend?

•

The thought of meeting her make my heart race because I was talking to Miriam again without having prayed or wished. It made me believe in fate... the fact that someone I never thought I would see again suddenly came back into my life was surprising.

I had a crush on her since elementary school...

But since we were in different classes, we had very few opportunities to talk. At most, we exchanged glances when we passed each other, and I only spoke to her once when I borrowed a pair of gym shorts because I forgot to bring mine from home. No, I pretended not to have any in order to find an opportunity to talk to her. That was the extent of our relationship.

My feelings for Miriam led me to learn how to draw and become interested in art, simply because I heard her complimenting a drawing on the board when I turned in an assignment in my Thai teacher's classroom.

"Artists are so cool."

I practiced drawing until it became an important skill for me. To this day, my hobbies include painting shoes, bags, and watercolors, which generate a small income that I can be proud of, even if it's not much compared to the real income I earn from various partnerships. The art I learned also led Miriam to contact me and offer me a job: painting bags for the brand Dream.

If that's not called destiny, then what is, right?

•

"God, here!"

Miriam, in a white shirt and wear jeans, waves her hands to signal where she is. After getting out of the taxi, I walk over to the shorter girl and smile happily when I see her.

I feel happy every time I see Miriam. This time, next time, or whenever; I will continue to get happier with each encounter and I hope I don't show it too much.

"Did you wait too long?"

"Nothing. Hey... I told you, right? You don't have to dress up and look too pretty; it will outshine everyone else at the event."

"This is just a basic t-shirt and jeans. Is there really anyone who looks so good wearing something from the store that it looks like a designer brand?"

She shrugged her shoulders a little.

"Why do you have to be so pretty?"

Hearing that make me nervous. I raise my hand to scratch my neck and head, unsure whether to accept the compliment or deny it.

"You're beautiful too."

"We can't keep praising each other like this. Let's go to the event."

Miriam tugged at the sleeve of my shirt, pinching it with both fingers. I had noticed several times that she wasn't very bold in touching me, which left me a little disappointed.

The moment I entered the event, everyone who are having fun went silent as if someone had pressed the pause button. I scann the room and give an awkward smile until Miriam introduce me.

"This is God Mahya, not Maya."

"Oh, it's God!"

After my friends stopped being shocked when they were sure I wasn't the younger twin, they wave to greet me. It seemed like some people still remembered me, even though I had dropped out in the middle of my fourth year due to illness after losing a kidney due to my desire for wealth.

I wish to be extremely rich... so I could learn to draw. Sounds great, doesn't it? Losing a kidney just to have money.

"Wow, it's been so long! You kids said she was pretty, but now she's even prettier than before!"

The guys, who were all working right now, complimented me. Some even bring their kids, but they still give me glowing looks.

"You're exaggerating."

"I think you're even more beautiful than your sister!"

Jujang, a friend from Miriam's group whom I had already met, said seriously.

"Do you think God has a glow coming from her skin? It's radiant, with an indescribable aura."

"What body lotion do you use?"

Oh-Ae, another friend, chimed in with interest.

"I'm serious; I want to go meet her too."

"Well, I'm just stay indoors and don't go out, so not seeing the sun probably made me feel lighter."

Come to think of it... I've been complimented like this since I was born. I have to say "since birth" because everyone in my family unanimously agrees that I seem to have a glow about me that can't be explained logically. My parents can easily tell who I am from who Get, my twin sister, is just by my fair skin.

"Honestly, God should be the one to become an actress instead of Maya,"

Someone teased.

"Oh, are you mad about being compared to your sister?"

"No, not at all."

I smile because another truth is that I was the one they contacted to audition for an on-camera role, but my mother disagreed. She was afraid that the acting profession, which relies heavily on emotional expression, would make me too sensitive and would lead me to argue with others to the point of "dying" for the role, which could have adverse effects. So Get auditioned.

That's how it happened...

"Are you going to keep praising her for a long? God is starting to feel weird... Here, have some water."

Miriam poured me water like someone who likes to take care of others, then waved her hand to disperse the crowd of friends that had gathered around.

"Step back a little. Give God some space to breath."

"By the way, when did you get close to God? You two are in different classes."

One of the guys at the meeting asks, surprise.

"Well, we had to work together, so I guess we became close... maybe?"

She looked at me a little awkwardly, probably afraid that I would think she wanted to get closer. So, I reached out to pat Miriam on the shoulder to reassure her and answered these guys.

"We are close."

"That is so enviable!"

Everyone was moaning and groaning, and I felt a little embarrassed. Miriam turned to me and whispered softly enough for only the two of us to hear.

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"For saying we're close."

"Aren't we close?"

I raise an eyebrow slightly. The shy girl put her hand in her hair, tucking it behind her ear with a hint of embarrassment.

"That's cool... getting close to God."

I was happy too... but I didn't say it out loud; I just smile at her and listen to our friends chatting happily. Most of the topics didn't involve me, whether it's sports day, student council elections, or ethics camp. Just mentioning having to sleep in a temple made me cringe.

I once had to argue with a nun during a training session, and since then, my mother has never taken me to practice meditation anywhere.

"Speaking of keeping vows and celibacy... Hey Mi, have you ever had a boyfriend?"

One of the guys with a mustache asks Miriam, as if he isn't talking to a girl. At first, I felt a little awkward, but it seems like everyone at the table indifferent and enjoying the question.

"Never." Miriam replied.

"Man, what a waste of a life! Or are you secretly a tomboy?"

"You idiot!"

Miriam glare at me and shifted uncomfortably.

"What nonsense! Just because I've never had a boyfriend doesn't mean I'm a tomboy."

"What guy would want someone like you, all awkward and clumsy? Whenever someone tries to flirt with you, you just push them away."

Jubjang, who knew her well, chimed in while munching on a snack.

They continued to tease her while I just smile, not commenting on the situation. Miriam hid her face in her hands, embarrass by her friends' teasing.

"Seriously, how did this conversation end up focusing on me? Change the subject right now!"

"Why did you have to react so violently just because he held your hand?"

One of the friends continued, enjoying the awkwardness.

Miriam sigh, seeing my curious look, and reluctantly began to explain.

"I just don't like it when anyone touches me, especially guys."

She bit her lip lightly and continues in a deep breath.

"It's not that I'm prejudiced or anything, but guys tend to think that if they're dating someone, they can do whatever they want. It's creepy."

"It's natural, Mi. It's how couples express their love."

Another friend interrupts.

"Can't you just talk and consult each other like partners? Because it always has to lead to kissing or taking off clothes... sorry, I mean, that's just how it is."

She said, looking at me.

"Why does it have to involve this?"

Miriam's expression changed, almost on the verge of tears as she asked, searching for a more serious answer.

"Well, it's part of being a family, right?"

She replied, a little oblivious.

"Being in a relationship doesn't mean you have to be ready to have kids, right? But yeah, that's why I just broke up. If being a couple means doing all that, then I'd rather not be one. It feels too exposed. It's just... wet and messy.

"It's supposed to be wet, otherwise how can it be fun? Hehe!"

The guys started making provocative noises, imitating wild animals, which only made Miriam blush even more after sharing this story. I just sit there, smiling and holding back my laughter, knowing how uncomfortable she feels.

After being teased enough, she couldn't take it anymore and stand up to cover my ears. I could hear the sound of the person slightly, she said:

"Don't listen to that nonsense, God. They're just wild people, talking rudely. A fairy like you should only hear good things."

"What about you, God? Do you have a boyfriend yet?"

Jujang felt sorry for Miriam, who was acting strangely, so she changed her target to me. That girl, with her hand still covering my ears, finally uncovered them and sit down again.

"Not yet."

"Have you ever had one?"

"Never. I just stayed home. My health isn't that good."

"Oh, now we have two virgins at our table! Haha!"

The guys continued to have fun, teasing here and there.

"Why not try, God? Life is short; you have to make the most of it."

"Too hasty! You're still so young!"

Miriam quickly retorted before turning to me and shaking her head.

"Don't pay attention to them, that's nonsense."

"No, they're right."

"Huh?"

I didn't say anything else and just sit there listening to my friends chat for a while, until the party finally ended.

•

•

After more than three hours of socializing and group photos, everyone had already dispersed. I really enjoyed the three hours of listening to people tell their life stories. Some had traveled abroad, had adventures, and shared experiences like visiting a brothel in the most dangerous area, which I thought was an experience not everyone could have.

Some shared stories about their fights with a coworker, another told of being cheated on by his wife. Oh! Does anyone cheat on their wife too? Today's topic had both sadness and joy, which is something I have never experienced because my mother kept me confined to the house, not allowing me to get involved with anyone. She was afraid that I might accidentally bless or curse someone again.

"How do you get home?"

"By taxi."

I had been looking at Miriam curiously for a while. Although she came from a wealthy family with her own handbag company, which made her somewhat high society, she acted very down to earth, working in a private company instead of her family's business. She took taxis and her clothes were nothing fancy. This surprised me.

"You're really down to earth."

"And you? How are you going home?"

"Someone from my family is coming to pick me up. You should come back with us," I suggested to Miriam.

At first, she seems hesitant until I emphasizes again:

"You'd like to have a friend to come back with."

"Okay."

While waiting for the car, I take the opportunity to talk to her about something that is on my mind, which a way to kill time or rather, being with this sweet-faced person make me interest in everything, especially the topic of relationships... no, I mean boyfriends.

"Life is short, you know?"

"Huh?"

"You really don't want a boyfriend?"

As soon as I mentioned it, Miriam laughing.

"Well, I've had one before, and it didn't work out. It just appeared out of nowhere, and now I'm confused, Why? Do you want a boyfriend?"

"Hmm, I do." I answer honestly.

"I want the feeling of sharing personal experiences, like calling to tell where I went today, bringing something delicious because I thought of him, and calling each other before going to sleep."

""

"Or even living together, sharing a bed, being able to watch the other person fall asleep, waking up before them and watching them sleep. That must be a good feeling."

"You've been watching too many movies. That kind of romance only lasts the first three months. Once you're together, everything disappears."

Miriam said, making a shaky gesture.

"Especially when it comes to love. Do you know how scary it is?"

"How scary is it?"

"Now, it's okay. If you're happy alone, then keep it that way. Don't go looking for trouble by having a boyfriend or someone else who might cause you pain. Remember the story I told you about how my sister's girlfriend disappeared?"

"Renu, right?"

"Yes, you remember."

I remember how much it affected Miriam; she would be so distressed during work, even with bags under her eyes from lack of sleep because she was worried about her sister. After she poured out everything, the little girl burst into tears.

Miriam's tears were the ugliest sight, completely unbecoming of someone with her sweet face. Just because she wanted that cheerful glow back, I couldn't help but comfort her.

I wish your sister finds the love she lost.

And the fact that her sister found her love was a result of my blessing.

As soon as my blessing came true, my left eye went completely dark, and my right ear seemed to be mute. Nowadays, I can only see with one eye and hear with one ear, and I have never told anyone about it except my family.

But no one at home really knows what caused this happen to me because I never talked about it, even though my mom tried to beat it out of me anyway.

'Renu went from being a complete businesswoman to a complete mess. She couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, and wasn't even a person. Love is so scary... And Miriam is so afraid that if I ever loves someone very much and then loses them, Miriam will end up like that."

"You're also very sensitive, aren't you?"

"That's why Miriam doesn't have a boyfriend. Because love and mess go hand in hand, and Mirian is scared."

When she mentioned the mess, I couldn't help but laugh fondly.

"If we could take that part out, you'd be fine, right?"

"Which part?"

"The love and the mess."

"I think so, especially the mess."

"Why do you seem to dislike it so much?"

"Have you ever watched porn?"

"Yes."

"You're quick to admit it! Someone like God watches porn too, huh?"

Miriam laughing happily, putting her hands in her pants pocket and continuing.

"Miriam Imagine being in a situation where a man is taking off their clothes and looking at you naked. You... ugh, it's hard to accept. Being naked is already scary enough, and then they're looking at you! And it's all so messy, full of slime, and the stuff gets hard. Wow... just a lot of good things happening."

"If it's such a good thing, why are you scared?"

"Just being sarcastic!"

"Oh, really?"

"You're such a lovely little one."

Miriam said with a smile, which make me smile back and make her turn around, as if she is too shy to

meet my gaze.

"What's wrong with you?"

"You smiles and you look beautiful make me shy."

"I'm shy too. You're so direct with the compliments... What were we talking about?"

"Slime and stuff."

I snapped my fingers and brought the conversation back on track.

"It's about reproduction! Without slime, doing that would be hard. Haha!"

I laughed when I see Miriam still shaking.

"What kind of porn have you been watching that makes you think it's so bad?

"All kinds are bad. I don't like... this stuff. It scares me. It feels painful when it goes in. Have you ever seen it hard? It's like a horse's! Ugh, let's not describe it."

I found myself getting more interested in the porn Miriam was talking about, especially if it was as big as a horse!

"If it's not a man, would you be okay with it?"

"I'm not sure."

"Dating a girl doesn't require anything to be inserted into your body, right?"

"Shy! When you say things like that, it sounds weird coming from you."

Miriam raises her hands to cover her face and shake them, trying to shake off the embarrassment.

"But then again, maybe it doesn't matter if it's a woman or a man. Miriam might be afraid of relationships, afraid of getting hurt."

"Afraid of getting hurt by having something inserted into her body?"

"Yes, physically and emotionally."

Sigh...

I looked at her, and she let out a sigh, feeling affection. Ever since I sat down at the table, I had this strange thought, but I hesitated about whether I should voice it.

I didn't have much time left. It might even be just today, and tomorrow I might not wake up again if I suddenly stop breathing...

It's better to do it than not to do it.

"So, what if nothing has to be inserted?"

"Huh?"

Miriam laughs, covering her face again.

"No, no, I don't want to talk to you about that. I'm shy."

"What if you're dating a girl who has nothing to insert, and there's no mess? What do you think?"

"Huh?"

Miriam seems a little surprises.

"I think it would be nice. It seems like it wouldn't hurt physically. But is that possible? Dating without any mess?"

"It's possible if you want."

"What do you mean?"

"The conditions for being in a relationship can be whatever you want."

Suddenly, I blurted out faster than I thought. It was too late to go back, so I just went for it.

""

"Do you want to be God's girlfriend?"

As soon as I asked, my family's car pulled into the restaurant parking lot. Miriam, still stunned, just stared at me with her mouth slightly open. My heart races, and I quickly offered what I thought she wanted.

"If you go out with God, there won't be any trouble because she doesn't have a... you know."

"W-what?"

She stammered, her surprise evident.

"You don't need to have love."

I held my breath as I said this because someone as shy as Miriam wouldn't like this kind of talk. Unlike her, I had feelings for her for a long time. My proposal to be in a relationship was only to satisfy my own desire. However, it seemed that my request left her in shock, causing her to compose herself.

"You don't have to answer now. Think about it, but don't take too long."

"Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Because there isn't much time left."

I said just that and open the car door, inviting her to get in with me. Miriam get into the car as if she is a robot following instructions. As soon as we sit down together, the atmosphere became heavy with silence, and I started to feel uncomfortable. Just as I was about to speak, she took out her phone and started fiddling with it, as if she was trying to avoid the conversation. Now I was really anxious, just staring out the car window.

Maybe it was too early. I shouldn't have rushed things. I wondered if she would want to see me again. I thought maybe it would be better to make it a joke.

"Earlier, I..."

I hesitated, trying to find the right words.

Beep

I looked at my phone screen and realized that the person who had texted me is the one sitting next to me. I picked up the phone to read it, my heart racing.

**Mimee**: Are you serious?

I paused for a moment before deciding to type a confirmation of what I had said.

Got7: Yes.

I looked between the screen and the person who fidgeting and typing something, not knowing if answering like that was the right answer.

The price of friendship is always high. Whenever you do something like that and the other party doesn't feel the same way, you risk losing a good relationship forever.

**Mimee**: How is it different from our friendship now?

That was a good question.

**Got7**: When we were friends, we didn't sleep together, right?

Miriam turned away from the phone screen and looked at me for a moment before continuing to type.

**Mimee**: Shall we sleep together?

**Got7**: Let's live like a couple, sleep in the same bed, watch TV. Oh... and no messing around.

"Heh."

A soft laugh escaped Mi, which made me laugh too. It's weird... even though we were sitting so close that our shoulders were touching, we were communicating through text. Maybe speaking out loud made us too shy, so we chose to talk through messages like this.

**Mimee**: What about love?

**Got7**: Well, you don't like it.

Miriam paused for a moment, glancing at me from the corner of her eye, but she kept her eyes on the phone screen and continued typing.

**Mimee**: Miriam's sister has a vacant apartment. If you don't mind that it's too small, should we move in as a couple?

**Got7**: Before I ask if she minds, what's the conclusion?

**Got7**: Are we dating or not?

The sweet-faced person was silent for a moment, then pressed the call button on the phone, leaning back on the cushion and taking a deep breath.

As for me, I also hung up the phone and looked at the person next to me, feeling anxious. It was probably one of the most emotional moments of my life.

"If Miriam is offering an apartment, then there's no need to answer, right?"

"Just answer. I don't want to misunderstand things on my own."

It seems like the little one was the one who couldn't stand being shy anymore. She quickly picked up the phone and typed, then hung up the phone and pretending to close her eyes in a dramatic faint.

Mimee: We're together now.



# História God : When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 01.Home

# Capítulo 3 - 01.Home

It all happened so fast. After deciding to change our status from friends to a couple, we both got ready to leave our homes and go to sister Miriam's apartment. While we were packing clothes and some essentials, my mother, who was completely against it, kept insisting on coming along because she was worried that I might be in danger.

"How can moving house be as comfortable as living in our own home? What are you thinking? I can't support that."

"I didn't ask for your permission, Mom. I'm just letting you know that I'm going to live outside. Whether you approve or not, I'm going anyway."

"And who are you going to live with?"

### "With my girlfriend."

My mother's expression was one of disbelief, as if she couldn't believe what she was hearing. I smile slightly at her reaction... well, who could blame her? It's hard to believe that your daughter, who spent all her time at home and rarely met anyone, would suddenly fall in love with someone. It was completely unexpected.

"Who is this girlfriend you're talking about?"

"Miriam."

"Huh? Miriam, the one who hired Got to paint her bag? That woman?"

"Yes, that woman."

I closed my bag full of designer clothes that I almost never wore and prepared to take out.

"So Got is dating a woman?

"Why is that surprising, Mom? After all, Get is pregnant with her boyfriend's child... Can I take this car to drive, please?"

I waved toward my sister's red convertible, which she hadn't driven in a long time.

"Are you going to drive? Wouldn't it be better to let Ongsa drive for you like before?"

"I want to look capable in my girlfriend's eyes. I drive myself; if something happens, I'll call."

"Got!"

I think this is probably the most rebellious phase of my life. In the past, I never argued or disagreed because I thought what the adults said was the best. But after realizing that I might not have much time left and that I might not even be breathing tomorrow, I came to the conclusion that life is short.

I should do everything I want to do before I leave this world. Do you know why people who commit crimes should be arrested instead of executed?

Because dying is easy and convenient; it's living day to day without purpose that is the real struggle.

Nature didn't allow us to be immortal, otherwise everyone would end up depressed and bored with life. Bored, but unable to die, being immortal would be utterly torturous. For me, being confined to a house is no different from being a prisoner in a jail.

Even though I was in an air-conditioned room with all the conveniences, I was still unhappy. Miriam's presence felt like a small light that made the world seem more livable, and from now on, I would probably enjoy living with her until my last breath.

"Got!"

As soon as I entered the lobby of the condominium, Miriam, who was waiting for me with her backpack, smiled shyly at me.

"Did you wait long?"

"No...I only got here five minutes ago."

"Don't you think you're packing too few clothes?"

"I'm easy to please. Besides, I can always buy more; I don't have to carry everything."

"That's true."

"Are you ready to go up?"

The little girl waves the key card in her hand playfully. I smile back and nodded.

"There you go! Show me our honeymoon suite!"

The little girl give me a light, playful punch on the arm and turned around.

"Crazy! What are you talking about?"

•

•

Our room was on the tenth floor, which was quite high. As soon as we opened the door, I smelled the fresh scent of fabric softener, indicating that the previous owner was well-kept and kept things clean.

Even though they weren't living there anymore, everything still looked brand new, like we had just moved in.

We were moving into a hotel or something. It's very clean.

"My sister is a neat freak, unlike me."

"Are you a messy person?"

"Not really!"

Miriam replied, before lowering her voice and speaking shyly, almost absently.

"But not that clean."

"It's okay. I take care of the cleaning myself; you can be messy in your own way."

I put my things down on the floor and began exploring the forty-squaremeter room with interest. As I looked around, I noticed Miriam's curious gaze focused on me.

"Why are you looking at me? Do you have something to ask me?"

I said without turning to meet her eyes because I was afraid she would respond with "Nothing." Even though we had started to get closer, I knew she still felt a little shy around me. The longer she stared, the less likely she was to say anything.

"Why Miriam?"

Okay... this time I had to turn around and look her in the eyes... I didn't understand what she meant.

"What do you mean?"

"Why did you choose me as your girlfriend?"

Because I like you, of course...

"If it's not you, then I don't know who else I'd date. I don't have any friends, you know."

I dodged the question and went to open my bag of clothes. Miriam still wanted to argue about this, but she opened her own bag too.

"So, if you feel close to someone, would you consider dating them? Really? That's weird."

"Right? It's weird."

I didn't know how to explain it. If I said, "I like you," someone as afraid of love as Miriam would probably back away and hit the wall in a panic. So I just kept it vague. One of my frds characteristics is that I am a person of few words; when I say something, it usually comes out ambiguous, leaving others to interpret it for themselves. This is no different.

But besides the reason I liked this little girl, I just wanted to live with someone who had positive energy. Miriam had always been interesting since our school days, she had a lot of friends, was outgoing and brought good vibes. If I could be with someone like her, life would be so much more fun and I would feel fulfilled before I left this world.

"So why did you agree to go out with Got?"

"Huh?"

This time, it's my turn to ask, but I don't dare look Miriam in the eyes because I am too excited, so I pretending to pick up some clothes to fold. It seem like we are discussing something trivial, like "The food at Aunt Ju's

restaurant was just okay, not as delicious as the reviews said," or something like that.

```
"Good..."
"Good...?"
"Well, you're beautiful."
"Huh?"
```

I looked at the respondent, who is scratching her cheek.

"The reason you agreed to be my girlfriend is just because I'm pretty?"

"Isn't it surprising that someone you feel close to would still date you just because you're pretty?"

How cunning...

"I thought there would be something more interesting than that."

I feel a hint of disappointment hearing this, I could only lower my head and continue taking clothes out of the bag and putting them back. I don't know what to do until Miriam speak.

"To me, you seem like someone out of reach."

"…"

"Just being your friend is already amazing. Then, all of a sudden, you come and say let's be girlfriends. Who am I, and what do I have, that I would even think about rejecting you? It's not bad at all to have you as my girlfriend."

I smile shyly hearing this.

"You don't have a 'pride'!"

I started laughing, making Miriam smile a little shyly.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing at your fixation on pride. Does that mean you're willing to date me partly because you are proud?"

"That's true, but like I said, you're someone everyone likes. Just seeing you from afar makes my heart race. Not everyone in the world can date you."

"Have you ever felt your heart race for someone else too?"

At the table, when this came up, Miriam fell silent and changed the subject by pointing.

"You like to draw, right? This corner is for you to work on... Uh, my sister asked why you don't paint bags anymore."

She changed the subject gently, but that was okay; we still had plenty of time to talk. If I want to ask anything, we can do it later.

"My eyesight isn't that good anymore, and my hands aren't steady, so I don't do that, this is better."

"It's a shame. You're really talented, but what can you do, right? Health comes first. I'll let you know later."

So we both started to organize our things. The shy moments came when we put our toothbrushes in the cup on the bathroom counter and discussed the brands of tampons we each used. Do couples normally do that? But I don't think they would talk about tampons like we do.

Well, other couples are usually just a regular guy and girl.

"Is there anything else I need to know?"

Miriam asks as we looked at each other in the bathroom mirror. I raise an eyebrow slightly and smile.

"What do you mean by things to know? Like what?"

"Well, there might be some things we need to avoid. Like personal things. For example, I don't like being disturbed when I'm sleeping because I'll wake up in a bad mood."

"Oh, I see! I'll remember that when you're sleeping; I shouldn't bother you."

"What about you? Is there anything I need to know or do?"

"I don't have anything..."

I stretched my voice a little and then realized something when I looked into Miriam's eyes.

"Actually, there is."

"What is it? Hurry up and tell me so I can remember."

"Every time you wake up before me, can you wake me up?"

"Huh? You're the opposite of me! When I'm sleeping, you're not allowed to wake me up, but you want me to wake you up? Hehe."

Miriam laughed adorably.

"So, every day?"

"Yes, every day! Wake me up strong, shake me if you have to!"

"Are you sleeping soundly?"

"I've been sleeping soundly lately. I'm afraid that if I sleep for too long, I won't wake up."

I smile a little sadly.

"I want to wake up and see your face."

The sweet-faced person standing next to me, looking horrified and raising her hand to cover her face.

```
"What are you saying?"

"What?"

"You're acting like you're trying to flirt with me."

"Is that flirting?"

"Don't do that again, okay?"

"..."
```

"If I really like it, it'll be a disaster."

I didn't even realize it; I just saying what I thought, but it made the little girl feel awkward. She quickly left the bathroom and run to hide in the corner of the room, not wanting to make eye contact. I wasn't sure if Miriam was just embarrassed or if she was angry. The little girl was very afraid of relationships, she was afraid they would cause her pain.

```
"Are you mad?"
```

"No."

The sweet-faced girl shaking her head like a doll.

"I'm sorry. I forgot that you don't like me doing things like that. I didn't mean it was flirting. I just... I'm just scared that I won't wake up again. It would be nice if the first thing I see when I open my eyes is your face."

"I'm not that mad; it's just... with things like that, if there are no real feelings involved and it's just a joke, it can be awkward if the other person doesn't feel the same way."

"It's true that I'm open, but I can also be hard to reach."

I nodded in understanding before sitting up in bed and looking at the person sitting in the rented cubicle below, smiling.

"We're pretty weird, aren't we? We skipped the dating stage, even though we haven't flirted."

"Who suggested something this weird?"

"So what's the problem?"

"Well, it's an offer that can't be refused. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't accept it."

"That's true. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't accept it either."

Now the two of us are seriously sharing each other's worlds.

But it feels a bit strange because other couples fall in love first and then live together. However, for us, starting off in such a peculiar way makes it all weird.

This square room, which seems spacious when alone, becomes cramped when two people are together. No matter where you look, you see each other's faces, which makes things a bit awkward.

In the end, we decided to go to the mall to buy things for the house, no, for the room, which made it easier to breathe. Honestly, I was a bit disappointed, thinking that we would be closer than this. Even I could feel that it's uncomfortable, indicating that what we thought was closeness was actually not.

"I want to get to know you better,"

Miriam said as I walked around choosing items in the stationery section.

"Huh?"

"I've wanted to meet you and get closer to you for a long time."

"Really?" I asked, intrigued.

"How long?"

"Since our school days. We would just walk past each other, and the most we would do was look at each other. I remember the moment we actually talked, when you came to borrow my sweatpants."

I almost said "Wow!" because that was something I could never forget, and I just didn't think this little girl would remember that day either.

"I've wanted to meet you for a long time."

"Don't just say that to flatter me. I can tell you want to make me feel good, right?"

"No, I've really wanted to meet you for a long time."

"Come on! What did I do to make you want to meet me so much?"

"You're a beautiful woman with a lovely smile. You laugh so beautifully."

I walked with my hands in my pockets and stuck my tongue out to lick my lips before speaking, trying to think.

"You're open, you're yourself and you say what's on your mind. You have a lot of friends, while I don't have any."

"None?"

'None."

"Why not?"

"I think I'm not good at talking."

Or to be more precise, I shouldn't say anything because every word I say tends to impact many people's lives. My mother trained me to think a lot, and by the time I have enough thoughts to say something, it's usually too late, so I end up not saying much.

I'm the perfect example of the saying, "Words are powerful."

"Oh, so from now on, you'll probably find me really annoying because I just keep talking. Sometimes I even talk to the mirror in the bathroom."

"So that means asking you to be my girlfriend was the right thing to do. I like listening to you talk; it's fun. Since we met as adults, you've let me do so many things I've never done before."

"Like what?"

"Like painting bags, reconnecting with friends from school, and having a girlfriend."

I looked down shyly.

### "You're my first girlfriend."

"You said you're not good at talking. Why do you like making others feel awkward?"

Miriam nudged my arm playfully with her elbow, looking a little shy, then struck a thoughtful pose.

"You said you're not good at talking, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"But you're good at drawing."

I try to draw well because of you...

"I draw well."

"Modest. The deal is this: to get to know each other better, we will each have a notebook. Every day, we will draw whatever we want to draw, and every weekend, we will swap and look at each other's drawings."

"And what happens after we swap?"

"Saturday is your day. You can do whatever you want, and I will do it with you. Then Sunday is my day, and whatever I draw, you have to do

whatever I want. Okay?"

"That's a great idea! I was already thinking that being your girlfriend was the right decision."

"Me too,"

Miriam nodded. I notice that her cheeks are red. How many times have we been shy together today? Do her friends get shy that often?

No, wait, we are already in a relationship. Being in a relationship means we have to feel shy like this!

''...''

"Being your girlfriend is a good thing."

.

The awkward moments aren't about helping each other fold clothes or agreeing on which TV channel to watch; they're about sleeping.

We both looked at each other, unsure of how to act around each other. I never get used to sharing a room with anyone, not even my twin sister, Get. So this moment is pretty awkward, but that's what living together is all about. I needed to get used to it.

"Which side do you want to sleep on?"

"You choose first."

Miriam pushed the decision onto me. I looked at her sweet face and nodded.

"Then I'll sleep on the window side; the sunlight comes this way. I don't want you, who loves sleep, to wake up in a bad mood if the sunlight wakes you up too early."

"Such a thoughtful person. So that's settled."

Miriam climbed into the bed on the left side and pulled the blanket over herself. We turned our backs to each other, but we didn't turn off the light yet. Why am I so excited? It's like having a friend to sleep over.

I forgot I never had friends, which means friends never visited my house.

"Do you move around in your sleep?"

I asked to ease the awkwardness of the situation. Miriam nodded vigorously. Even though I wasn't looking at her, I could feel her nodding.

"I don't move around and I don't snore. I sleep well."

"How do you know you sleep well if you're sleeping?"

"I once used an app to track my sleep patterns. I sleep soundly; it says so. So you don't have to worry; I won't bother you."

"Okay."

"God, serious question."

"Huh?"

I turned my back to make it easier for Miriam to talk. Her serious tone make me look her in the eyes, it must be something important.

"What is it?"

"When you sleep, do you wear underwear?"

Trump, trump...

We both fell silent. I hesitated for a moment before deciding to be honest.

"Actually, I'm someone who sleeps without clothes."

"Really?"

This time, Miriam seemed more alert.

"But your clothes..."

"What can I do? You're here sleeping with me. If I suddenly sleep naked, you'd probably be shocked."

"I would really be shocked."

"So, I wear pajamas for you."

"That sounds nice, wearing them for me."

"But I'll be a little selfish and not wear underwear. It's too tight; I can't sleep well."

I pouted, and Miriam laughed, nodding as if she isn't excited anymore.

"I don't wear underwear either, so we agreed on that."

"Okay."

"Then let's go to sleep. Sweet dreams, good night."

"Sweet dreams, good night."

We both smiled at each other and reached out to turn off the lamps on our respective sides. At first, I thought I'd be more excited and might not be able to sleep until morning, but I fell asleep easily. I did wake up suddenly

in the middle of the night when I felt something heavy resting on me, accompanied by a soft sound in my throat.

What was that...?

Miriam's murmurs left me half asleep, half awake, and I blinked slowly, still not fully conscious. It took me about two minutes to realize that I was being hugged by the person who had said earlier that she was a good sleeper.

What app did she use? I want to burn! A deep sleeper, sure, but being quiet is far from what's going on here!

I lifted my head to look at myself in her embrace and let out a quiet laugh. Her squirming had moved the blanket that covered us so well to the foot of the bed. The air conditioning, set to 23 degrees Celsius, cooled my skin pleasantly, and I suddenly worried that this little girl might catch a cold, so I adjusted her position by lifting her arm and pulling the blanket back over us before looking at her peaceful, sleeping face with affection.

"You look so cute when you sleep."

I rested my arms on her, admiring her, feeling happy that I had decided to ask Miriam to be my girlfriend, even though I had never thought of doing something like this before. Maybe this little time we had left could become a beautiful story. It allowed me to be with her in a way I never thought possible.

After looking at Miriam for a while, I laid my head back on the pillow and resumed my position. Miriam moved closer to seek warmth, and I let her do so before going back to sleep.

It seemed like our first night in the bridal chamber went well, and I hoped our relationship would continue like this every day until I no longer woke up...



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 02. Married Life

## Capítulo 4 - 02. Married Life

"You... you..."

A gentle push and Miriam's soft voice woke me up. Her light brown eyes looked at me shyly, as if she's afraid I might be upset about something.

"Hi, good morning."

"Are you mad because I woke you up so early?"

"I was the one who asked you to wake me up, remember?"

I smile and looked at her happily, happy that she's the first person I see when I wake up.

"Did you sleep well last night?"

The way she asked seems a little nervous, which I could tell. It's like she's surprised to wake up hugging me, since we had fallen asleep like that in the middle of the night.

"Yes, I slept well."

"You didn't wake up in the middle of the night, did you?"

"No way. I slept straight through until now. Did something happen?"

"No!"

Her voice get louder.

"Seriously, nothing!"

Miriam jumping out of bed and stretches. I watch her natural movements and smile amusedly.

"Okay then, I'm going to take a shower. I don't want to be late for work."

"Smile. I'll make you something simple to eat."

The little girl freeze and turned to me, looking a little surprise.

"Make me something to eat?"

"Yes, why? What's the surprise?"

"I usually don't eat breakfast."

"That's not good. Breakfast is important. I want you to have energy for work."

I smile and go to the kitchen. Yesterday, when we went to the mall, I bought sausages and eggs and put them in the fridge, along with a gallon of milk. But when I noticed that Miriam isn't moving, I turned and raise my eyebrow in suspicion.

"Aren't you going to take a shower?"

"I... I will."

"Hurry up, so you can go out and eat."

Miriam look a little shock.

"Hmm?"

"I didn't think you would cook for me."

"Don't couples do things like this?"

"Couples?"

"Yeah, we're dating and living together now. We should do this kind of thing."

I pouted a little.

"Aren't you serious about this relationship?"

"It's not that, it's just... awkward."

Miriam raises her hand.

She scratches her cheek, genuinely embarrassed.

"I just thought living together would be enough, but now you're cooking for me too. It all feels so real."

"Because it is real."

" "

"I'm your girlfriend."

"What are you saying?"

And then the shy girl run to the bathroom, probably to curl up in the bathtub and let the awkwardness wash away with the water. As for me, who had never cooked for anyone before, I'm excitedly making breakfast, armed with all the knowledge I'd learned from watching YouTube.

I'm really such a cute girlfriend.

•

•

Breakfast went well. Frying sausages wasn't hard, but getting someone who had never had breakfast in their life to eat them was quite a challenge. Miriam ate the last piece of sausage, followed by some milk, and then made a face like she's about to choke, clearly uncomfortable.

"I'm going to throw up."

"It isn't tasty, huh..."

I turned my face away, trying to hide my sadness. When she sees me like that, the little girl quickly pulled my sleeve to comfort me.

"No, no! It's delicious! This is the best sausage in the world!"

"So why are you going to throw up?"

I sulked, tapping my fingers, waiting for her explanation.

"I've never had breakfast before, so I'm not used to it. And... I'm allergic to milk."

"What..."

"If I drink milk, I'll feel sick all day."

"Why didn't you tell me that from the beginning?"

"I was afraid you'd feel bad."

"What now? You have to go to work, but you're not feeling well."

"It's probably nothing, just in my head. Maybe a little dizziness and a slight stomachache."

"Should you take the day off?"

"No way, that's too much just for drinking milk. It won't be that bad."

Miriam stabd up and flexed her arm.

"I'm strong! Let's hurry up and get to work before I'm late. I have to go inspect the filming location today."

"And how are you going to get there? You don't have a car."

"I have a motorcycle."

"What?"

My face contorted in surprise at hearing this. I asked cautiously,

"A motorcycle taxi?"

"No, my own motorcycle."

That is news to me. Ever since I met Miriam, I never knew she had a motorcycle. I always complained about the motorcycles in Bangkok, how they weave dangerously through traffic. In fact, I once tried to race a motorcycle off the road, and the next day I fell down the stairs and hit my head, needing five stitches, pure karma for trying to fight with others.

I seem to hate what I've become!

"Why are you trying to act tough?"

I looked at her vehicle with some disdain. It's a vintage motorcycle, the kind men usually ride, which make me put my hand to my forehead in exasperation.

"It's very convenient, you know, especially with Bangkok traffic."

"Your family is very rich, but you ride a motorcycle?"

"Rich, but not rich enough to buy a plane."

"You want me to buy you one?"

"Buy what? A plane? Haha, that's funny."

"What's funny? I'll actually buy it for you."

"Are you that rich?"

"..."

"Can you really afford an airplane?"

Someone like me can do anything in this world. The blessing that allows me to live comfortably until I die came at the cost of one of my kidneys, which is why my health isn't the best.

But if it means you won't get to ride a motorcycle, I could ask my dad to buy you an airplane today.

"Why don't you just drive my car to work?"

I handed over my car keys, which I had put in my bag with the intention of letting Miriam drive to work. But the little girl shake her head vigorously and looks alarm.

"No way! Your car is too expensive. If I scratch it or hit it with something, I won't have the money to fix it. What would I do if it get wrecked?"

"Just buy a new one. I believe you're rich now, haha."

Miriam laughed, still not entirely convinced of my wealth.

"I'm not going to argue anymore. I better get to work before I'm late. And stop trying to get me to drive your car. Even if it's a 250 horsepower sports car, it won't make it through Bangkok traffic at 9 in the morning."

Miriam put on her helmet and started the bike with a loud roar. The little girl straddled the bike, her feet barely touching the ground. I watching her with concern and sigh.

```
"I can't stop you, can I? Well, then ride carefully." She smiles.
```

```
"Did you forget something?"
```

"…"

Miriam looked like she'd just seen a ghost. I stayed silent for over thirty seconds, teasing her, just to see what she would do next. When she started to take off her helmet, looking like she is about to get off the bike and come towards me, I couldn't resist revealing the joke.

```
"Just kidding!"
```

#### Thump thump...

My heart raced as I joked that maybe Miriam was coming to kiss me. But then, the little girl turned around, got back on her bike and lowered her head before leaving the parking lot. I shouldn't have revealed the joke so soon, I wanted to know what she was planning. Was she going to kiss me?

<sup>&</sup>quot;What?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;You still haven't kissed me goodbye."

<sup>&</sup>quot;You idiot!" She yelled at me.

<sup>&</sup>quot;What exactly were you coming here to do?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;W-what?"

I scratch my cheek and walk back to my room, smiling shyly, too embarrassed to even think about it, I imagined too much and I feared I just flattering myself. After all, we had agreed to have a relationship without romantic complications. Miriam probably wouldn't do something like that.

But when I return to the room, I realized how lonely it's. Without Miriam, the room is so quiet...

Since the room was just a plain square with nothing much to do, I started cleaning to kill time. Everything was done quickly because there wasn't much to clean. How strange. When I lived at home, I never felt like time dragged on so much. How could I be so bored after Miriam had only been gone for a short while?

•

.

As I sit, lost in thought, staring at the distant sky from the window, my phone ring. At first, I was excited, thinking it might be Miriam, maybe even feeling the same way I did. But when I see it's my mother's number, my face immediately fell, as if I being forced to eat spoiled food.

"Yes, mother."

[How are things? You didn't call to tell me about the new place.]

"It's just an apartment, I told you that."

[That's not enough! I want to know more about how you're doing.]

"I just moved in, what's there to tell? If you really want details, it's on the 17th floor. Looking down, there's a nice open view, with a pool below. It makes my stomach feel a little queasy when I look down. The only thing I don't like is that there are so many

cars. Everywhere you look, there's traffic."

[Then go home! There's no traffic near our house.]

"But there's no girlfriend at home, so it's not that attractive."

[When did you get like this?]

"It's probably been a while, but I just realized... I guess I'm pretty bold."

[What?!]

I laughed, amused that I managed to piss off my mother.

[But from the sound of your voice, you sound happy. That's a relief, at least a little. But it would be better if you called and updated me more often.]

"Yeah, yeah. Even if I don't call, you'll call me anyway."

[If you need anything, just let me know.]

"Actually, there's one thing..."

I thought about Miriam riding her motorcycle to work this morning, and it made me a little angry.

[What is it? Tell me, and I'll take care of it.]

"I'd like a plane. Can you find me one?"

I consider myself decently wealthy, enough that if I wanted anything in the world, I could get it. Nothing is out of reach, except maybe the stars and the sun. But when I asked for a plane, my mother yelled at me over the phone and hung up.

My kidney means nothing! Ugh!

I spent the whole day drawing to pass the time, browsing monthly movie sites, and waiting for Miriam to come back. Although she told me she

would leave work at 5:00 p.m., she didn't get home until after 7:00 p.m., which irritated me so much that I couldn't help but ask,

"Do you always get home this late?"

"Actually, no. When I lived in my old house, I would get home a little after 6:00 p.m. Since I moved here, it's a little further away. The traffic is bad, as you know how it is on the roads in Bangkok."

The little girl walked into the kitchen and dumped the food she had brought into a container.

"But the reason I was late today is because I stopped to buy you some delicious noodles. If you're mad, blame the long line at the store."

"I always thought that everyone in the world finishes work at 3:00 p.m."

"You're ridiculous!"

Miriam laughed at my thought.

"3:00 p.m. is when high school students finish school."

"People with salary jobs finish work around 5 or 6. If business owners stopped working at 3, they would go bankrupt."

"Does your job really require you to follow such a rigid schedule? And your boss, when do they finish?"

"What kind of boss are you talking about? If they are the boss, they can leave whenever they want. In fact, my job doesn't have a fixed finish time either. And if I need to scout filming locations outside the city, I might have to spend the night there."

"Overnight? Ridiculous."

"Hmm?"

"Nothing,"

I said, but the idea didn't appeal to me. As someone who has so little time, I can't afford to waste it like that. If Miriam had to spend the night there, who would wake me up in the morning?

What if I stopped breathing one night? No one would know. I could end up rotting in this room. I am a GOD; if I'm going to heaven, I should have wings. Dying in my sleep like this would be shameful. I can't stand it.

And if Miriam saw me dead like that... I wouldn't be able to handle it.

"Can't you just quit your job? Your family is rich, you don't have to suffer through long days and fight through traffic to get home like that."

"My family may be rich, but I'm not. Besides, I like to work hard and fight for things on my own, doing it alone seems worthwhile."

"What salary are we talking about that seems worthwhile?"

"It's not really about the salary."

The little one started to sound firm when she sees me starting to criticize the value of money. I knew that

Miriam was quite independent and had some peculiar beliefs, like her fear of love and getting wet. If she thought that working for a salary was better than living off the family's wealth, it wouldn't be surprising.

"Okay, I'll try to understand you."

Then we both fell into a deep silence. Seeing me sitting eating in silence, Miriam lifted her leg and lightly kicked mine under the table, as if she's trying to make up for something.

"What's wrong? Why do you seem upset all of a sudden? Are you mad because I came home late?"

```
"Yes."
```

" "

"I wanted to spend more time with you."

I answered honestly, but that's make the confident girl suddenly look down, sulking, and she covers her face with her hair as if she doesn't dare make eye contact.

"What's this? Just now, you're acting confrontational, and now you're saying this?"

"I really meant what I said. Just thinking about having only the weekend to go out and spend some free time with you makes me feel like it's too little. I've been home with everything I need my whole life, so I don't understand people who struggle to go out and work, especially someone like you who comes from a good background but still struggles to make money."

"Don't you get bored just staying home?"

"Huh?"

I looked into Miriam's brown eyes before nodding.

"Yes."

"I have money, but life is boring; that's all. That's why I go out to find things to do outside, struggle to do this and that, sometimes argue with coworkers, it's tasty."

"I can understand that."

"I understand you too. Since we're together, we should share our feelings with each other. From now on, I'll make sure to come home quickly to have dinner with you, watch TV with you, and spend time with you like a real girlfriend. What do you think?"

Hearing Miriam say that, I nodded with a smile, satisfy.

"Done! Great."

But I have an even better idea...

•

•

"Dad, I have something I need your help with."

It had been a while since I last called my dad, so the person on the other end of the line sounded quite anxious when he heard my voice on the phone.

[I'm surprised to hear from you, God.]

Dad hadn't been home for several months because he was busy with work, traveling around for business, and preparing to enter politics. He didn't even know I had moved.

"Are you busy? I heard Mom say you were going into politics, but she didn't tell me much because she was afraid I'd get too involved... Just don't tell Mom I called."

[I know I shouldn't tell her... So, how are you, God?]

"I'm fine! I just moved in with my lover."

[What?]

Dad was about to yell into the phone, but it seems like the old-fashioned man is busy with something important, so he quickly lowered his voice.

[With a lover? Seriously? How did Mom raise you like this? Are you a grown woman now?]

"I'm going to be thirty, Dad. You don't have to worry so much about me."

[How can I not worry? You're my dearest daughter. And what's going on? Are you pregnant? Who is this guy? I should get my gun.]

"It's a girl."

[Huh? You have a daughter?]

"My girlfriend is a woman."

[What!!!]

"If I explain, it will take too long, so listen to what I'm asking first."

[Do people like God need to ask anyone for anything? I know you will, but I also know that if you don't, you will get hurt for nothing.]

At least I know. At least I can feel that Daddy loves me...

"This shouldn't be a big deal. You don't need to pray or anything. Think of it as giving back one of my kidneys that I sacrificed so that our family could have a good life."

When I started to reminisce, Daddy quickly changed his tone, sounding regretful and anxious.

[Go ahead, what do you want Daddy to help you with?]

I smile because I know Daddy could definitely do it...

"Please buy me a TV channel, Channel S."



# História God : When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 03. Demon

## Capítulo 5 - 03. Demon

"Got... Got."

"Hmm?"

"Are you awake? I'm already awake."

I smile at Miriam on a weekend morning. We've been together for a week, and every day she still does her duty perfectly: waking me up every morning. Not in the shy way she did in the early days anymore.

"I'm awake."

How good... it's another day where I can still breathe and wake up to see her.

After I told my dad that day, everything went silent. I'm not sure how long this will take, or if my dad might pretend he forgot and act like my request wasn't important. Why does everyone like to go against me? When Don asks me to do something, I do it. So frustrating.

"Let's see what Got wants to do with me this weekend."

Miriam held out her hand, asking to see the watercolor sketchbook we had agreed on. I shyly handed it to my first girlfriend. What I wanted to do was sit on the back of her motorcycle and go somewhere, something like that.

I had just watched a music video on YouTube and saw the romantic scenes between the couple, so I wanted to give it a try, even though I've always been prejudiced against two-wheeled vehicles.

"Didn't you say you don't like motorcycles? And now you want to ride on the back of my bike?"

"I have to adapt, right? You like riding motorcycles, after all."

It was shaping up to be a good first weekend. My request wasn't difficult. Actually, I just wanted to spend some time with the curious little girl, wondering what Miriam does all day besides going to work. I should apply for a job and work alongside her, seriously. Staying in the room is boring, but it seems like it would be a bit of a challenge for me.

•

.

In that music video, it was from another country. Riding motorcycles in the sun wearing cool leather jackets is a great story, but not here. This is Thailand. If I could curse the sun to cool down, I don't think I'd ever be reincarnated again.

"Your face is very red."

Miriam looked at me with concern as I took off my helmet.

"It must be really hot."

"Yes, it's really hot, but it's okay, it was fun... By the way, where are we?"

"My university."

"University?"

"You just said you wanted to ride on the back of the motorcycle, but you didn't say where to go, so I took the liberty of bringing you here. Come on... You only know me from high school, right? Now, get to know me from my university days, see how I live. Maybe you want to draw something too. The atmosphere here is nice, you'll probably like it."

I smiled at her thoughtful suggestion and nodded.

"Lead the way, guide."

We strolled leisurely through the university where Miriam graduated. Since it was the weekend, there weren't many people around, which good because whenever I go out, people always stare at me uncomfortably, focusing on me like I'm a freak.

My twin sister is a celebrity, so these people think I'm Maya—or Get, for that matter.

The university is located near the river and had been built over a hundred years ago. Everywhere you looked, there was a sense of old-fashioned charm and magic. Miriam explained what she did every day, allowing me to picture it in my mind.

"Did you go through freshman initiation like everyone else?"

"Of course. It's a tradition."

"And did you have to crawl on the ground or do that silly roast chicken dance?"

"Yes."

"Weren't you mad at the seniors who yelled at you?"

"Yes, I did. The SOTUS system has its good and bad sides. I've experienced both. I agreed with the good parts, and the bad parts, I just ignored. Those seniors couldn't do anything to me if I didn't agree."

"And didn't your friends say anything? I heard that if you don't follow through, you'll be banned."

"At first, there was a bit of that. But when we had to do group work and realized that the seniors weren't helping at all, we managed to get through it... woohoo, I swore."

Miriam raises her hand to cover her mouth and make a surprises face.

"You're not mad, right?

"Why would I be mad?"

"I swore, and you're so polite and refined."

I made a horrified face when I heard that and ended up laughing.

"Ridiculous. Me, refined?"

"Yes! I've never seen you get mad or say anything rude. Compared to me, it's like we're from different classes."

"Just because someone swears doesn't mean they're a bad person. And when you swear, it's cute. It feels natural. I wish I could do that too, but..."

But for me, words are my master. I can't speak harshly or think negatively. I have to control my emotions to avoid accidentally blessing or cursing someone. I once slipped into a fit of rage when Get was in the news for an abortion rumor, and someone almost died because of it. Now, that's why I became like this.

"But what? I'm waiting. I'm so excited I could stop breathing!"

"Is it really that serious? You're so cute."

I laughing and put my arm around her shoulder, nudging her to keep walking with me.

"Why doesn't someone as cute as you have a girlfriend?"

"Someone as pretty as you also doesn't have a boyfriend! But you must have people flirting with you."

"No, none."

"I don't believe that."

"How do you flirt with someone?"

"Well, you come over often, call late at night, send flowers..."

"You did all of that before we started dating, except send flowers."

Miriam's mouth open and close in shock. I looked at her surprises expression and laughed.

"So, does that mean you were flirting with me back then?"

"N-No, I didn't! I was just contacting you about work."

She didn't even play along. I felt a little put off.

"I'm just joking."

The phrase "just joking" is often used to cut off a conversation that has become too awkward or uncomfortable. So, I quickly changed the subject back to myself.

"Besides you calling me late at night, there were many others."

"Many? But didn't you say you don't leave the house much?"

"Most of them were Get's guests, and somehow, those men started sending me flowers and calling me late at night too. There was even one guy who had his people wait outside my house, trying to drag me out to dinner."

"And you went?"

"Of course not."

"How could you refuse him?"

My father ordered his men to draw weapons and drive those people away. My family is not only rich; my existence also brought a lot of power to my father. Being like a god has its advantages.

"I just told him I wouldn't go,"

I replied simply and quickly changed the subject again.

"There's a pier here too."

"Yes, when I was a student, I would take the boat every day. Have you ever been on a boat?"

"No, not yet."

"So today, I'll take you on a new experience."

Our date today was simple. Miriam took me on a public boat, and this time, I became the center of attention for everyone on board.

'Isn't that Maya, the one who's in the news for having an abortion? I heard she died.'

'She's very pretty in person.'

'She looks like Maya, but something feels different.'

'They say celebrities are prettier in real life than on TV. It seems that it's true.'

'It's like her skin was glowing.'

.

•

Miriam, sitting next to me, shifted uncomfortably before reaching out to touch my thigh, as if to reassure me to relax. After all, she's right there with me, which helped me give a small smile.

"It's okay. I'm used to this kind of thing by now."

"Next time, we should go somewhere quieter."

"Is there a place like that? Where?"

"You'll find out tomorrow."

The temple...

What Miriam wanted to do with me this weekend go to make merit at the temple. I could only stand at the entrance of the chapel because it's hot, or to be honest, I had never really been impressed by holy places like this since I was young.

It left a mark on me when my mother believed I was cursed, she took me to a temple for a blessing of holy water, and I was even forced to meditate with a nun who wouldn't stop talking.

"It's peaceful here. No one can gossip about you, I promise,"

Miriam said proudly. I could only manage a weak smile.

"Why are you standing there? Come, pay your respects and make a wish. This place is incredibly sacred; you can ask for anything you wish. I've proven that myself."

"Really? That much?"

"Yes."

"Like what?"

"Like when my sister's girlfriend disappeared. You remember how stressed I was, right?"

"Yes."

Of course, I do. Her smile disappeared, and it made me uncomfortable. In the end, I couldn't help but wish that what Miriam had hoped for would come true. And it did, although I lost one of my eyes in the process.

"After I prayed, a few days later, my sister found her girlfriend. Since then, I've often come here to pray when I'm in trouble. You should try it; the place is truly blessed."

I put some money in the donation box and clasped my hands in prayer, but I didn't dare make any wishes. I knew very well that they would come true, so I just stared at the Buddha statue, mentally telling myself not to think about anything.

But Miriam, on the other hand, closed her eyes and prayed for a long time, as if putting money in the donation box guaranteed that her wish would come true. How lovely.

"All done."

"Why did it take you so long to wish?"

"Work stuff."

"Why?"

"I'm having a bit of trouble at work right now."

Miriam looked worried. I knew she was a producer for a cooking show, which required her to travel around the country to find ingredients for filming. Even though she's still young, she has responsible for managing everything, which probably irritated some people and made them jealous.

"What kind of problem?"

She hesitated, unsure whether to tell me, before shaking her head and changing the subject.

"It's not important. Just work stuff. So what did you wish for?"

"I didn't wish for anything."

"Why not? This place is truly sacred."

"There's nothing I want."

"That's not true. How can anyone not want anything?"

"I want you."

""

"Well, I've already won you over."

"You're such a tease! Why do you always speak in riddles? You're so smooth with your words. If you were a man, you'd definitely have many wives."

"If I had you, I wouldn't need any other wives."

I paused for a moment, then shake my head.

"No... you look more like a husband than a wife."

"Got!"

Miriam covers her face with her hands and adorably ran to hide behind the temple wall. I watch her, looking like a three-year-old child, and couldn't help but laugh before calling her back.

"Why are you hiding there? How long do you think you can stay hidden?"

"I'm camouflaged, so you have to pretend not to see me."

"Really?"

I walked over and gently removes her hands from her face, looking at her fondly. Miriam was bold and loud, but there was a shy side to her that almost childish. The contrast startling and quite adorable.

"Are you going to hide like this until nightfall?"

"I don't know, maybe."

"Stop being so cute."

I laughed, clearly amused. Miriam, still covering her face, slowly opened her fingers to peek at me.

"What?"

"You're laughing."

"So what?"

"I don't see you showing much emotion. Lately, you've been smiling easily, and you laugh."

"Because of you."

I admitted honestly, pulling her hands down to look into her eyes.

I can laugh because you're here. Having you around makes this world seem more bearable. It would be worth dying for."

"You talk so sweet."

"Can't I be sweet for once?"

"Yes, you can! Hehe... You're even following my jokes."

We laughed together, not caring if we were bothering anyone, until a sudden clearing of someone's throat made me stop and turn around. A nun, whose face looked vaguely familiar, stand with her hands clasped in front of her, looking stern.

But as soon as she sees my face, that stern expression instantly disappeared.

"You!"

Oh...

If this were a cartoon, there would definitely be a cloud of dust flying at that moment. The nun's figure, The nun disappeared as if by magic, leaving Miriam standing there, scratching her head in confusion.

"What's going on? I'm lost here."

"Wait here a moment."

I run after the nun, curious about her life since the last time we met and what had happened to her. When I caught up with her, she is holding several amulets, waving them at me as if they could ward off any evil.

"Don't come any closer!"

"Hello, sister."

It was strange that in a country with 76 provinces and thousands of temples, we would meet here again.

"Devil!"

"You're still talking the same way you did years ago,"

I said with a laugh. Memories of her scolding me came flooding back, especially the time she made me sit down to meditate and purify my mind. I was so restless, swatting mosquitoes, unable to concentrate. The nun then hit me on the head with her prayer book, causing me to stumble and attract the attention of everyone around.

As a child, I couldn't control my emotions, and at that moment, I lashed out at her, cursing that if shaving one's head could make one a nun, then she should let my hair grow back! I cursed her, wishing she had to trim her long hair every day, three times a day after meals. Since that day, I never saw her again, but I heard rumors that she had become very beautiful with long hair, and eventually left to start a family.

I often wondered where my own sins lay, whether it was in making her shave her head every day or in being the reason she chose to abandon her vows for a life with a family. Is it a sin? Probably not. I have already suppressed my anger... I am sure.

"Why are you coming to haunt me? Let's stay away from each other."

I sighed at her fearful expression. It's true; we don't even know each other, but it seems like we hold a grudge. If she hadn't hit me back then, I might not have fought.

But it's strange. This competition has caused my hair, nails, and body hair to not grow. I don't know if that's good or bad. Sometimes I get confused about the result I've gotten; it's not that bad, really.

"I just wanted to come and ask how you are. I'm not trying to do anything. How are you? I heard you got married."

"Because of you!"

Her angry tone made me stiffen.

"I only argued to make your hair grow. I didn't tell you to get married."

"If my hair didn't grow, it wouldn't have gotten out of control."

"If your hair is long, then cut it. That doesn't mean you have to get married."

"After my hair grew long, I became more beautiful."

"Don't you think a shampoo model with hundreds of husbands is enough?"

"You're a demon! A demon!"

Her furious voice caught the attention of the temple children and others who came to pray. Miriam, who was secretly following, pulled my arm and nodded.

"Let's get out of here."

"Be careful! This girl is a demon! Be careful of her curses!"

My God, how many times has this nun been unable to control her emotions? What's the point of wearing white robes if you act like this?

I was silent the whole way as I rode on the back of Miriam's motorcycle until we reached the condominium. The little girl, noticing my silence, reached out and tugged at the hem of my shirt with concern.

"What's wrong? Why do you and that nun seem to have a grudge?"

"Well, it's just a little."

"She said you're a demon too."

"And you believe that?"

"I believe it."

I looked at her in mild surprise until Miriam explained,

"They say Lucifer was handsome, so Miriam believes it!"

Her wide smile, which stretched from ear to ear, made me laugh nonstop. I realized that whenever I was in a bad mood, I could just look at her face and I would be in a good mood all day.

"I had a fight with that nun a long time ago. We met today, so we had a little argument."

"You? Arguing with a nun? You seem so emotionless."

"You don't know how aggressive she is. When I was a kid, I argued with her so much that she ran away from the temple."

"Wow! What did you say to her?"

"I asked her to grow her hair."

"How does that hurt?"

"Well, it probably hurt enough. The nun shaved her head, but asking her to have hair doesn't hurt, does it?"

"It only hurts when the hair actually grows back."

"Her hair reaches her chest, as they say. It's like she said, so you better watch out. If you betray me, I'll curse you..."

"Surprise! I found you, sis!"

I hadn't finished speaking when a girl, a little taller than Miriam, jumped up to hug the little one and gave her big, loud kisses on the cheek.

"Kim... how did you get here?"

"I secretly followed you."

"Followed me from where?"

"From the temple. I just went to the temple and saw you, so I wanted to know where you were staying and who..."

The girl, dressed in a T-shirt and shorts that made it hard to believe she came from a temple, made me stare at her for a moment.

"Ah, this is..."

Miriam, who seems ready to introduce me, was interrupted by the girl.

"This is the real Maya! Is it really her?"

The excitement of meeting a star made the strange, murderous aura that emanated from this girl disappear.

"You even prettier than on TV!"

"No, no, that's my twin sister, my name is God!"

"What? Maya has a twin sister? Don't make anything up. You're pretending to have a twin sister to divert attention, right? I know... By the way, can I see which wrist you slit? How did you try to commit suicide without dying?"

Not only she is a punk, but she also hadn't learned any manners.

"So how do you know Miriam?"

"We're school friends."

After being introduced like that, I gritted my teeth, getting a little irritated. Miriam introduced our relationship as if I just an old school friend. I laughed.

"Just friends, right? Kim saw on the news that Maya is dating a boy and they're having a baby together. You're not dating Miriam, are you? You're not planning to have kids with her, are you? No way... I've got your back. You're so beautiful; you can date anyone, just don't mess with Miriam!"

"Shut up, Kim! Is that something you should be saying...? I feel sorry about your sister, God."

I looked at the loudmouth with a smile, realizing that I wasn't mistaken. This little punk-ass clearly in love with Miriam. Of course, riding a five-speed motorcycle, being a TV show producer, and acting cool enough to be the ideal partner for any woman in the world, even if she's as small as a puppy, was irritating to witness.

"I think I know..."

"Huh?"

Miriam seems uncomfortable with the inconsiderate guest who had shown up uninvited. I glared at the new guest.

"What do you know?"

"I know what I'm going to discuss!"



#### **FOOTNOTE**

1-The SOTUS system (Student Orientation and Tutoring System) is a model for monitoring and guiding students in higher education institutions. This system is designed to promote student integration by offering academic and personal support.

2-อุฮุย" (uhuy) is an interjection in Thai that expresses surprise,

astonishment or a slight laugh. It can be used in a similar way to "oh" or "wow" in English.

# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 04. Her Face

## Capítulo 6 - 04. Her Face

I looked at the sassy girl in the short skirt who provocatively close to Miriam. In the past few years, I hadn't gotten mad at anyone because I tried to keep my cool. Even though I knew I was going to die, I didn't feel much about it. But this girl, she's really something. It hadn't even been ten minutes since we met, but her gestures and some words broke the rule I had set for myself, and I immediately wanted to curse her.

"Calm down."

Miriam give me a weak smiles, trying to calm me down, but the girl name Kim grabbed her arm.

"She seems kind of weird, doesn't she? If you're going to insult someone, do it. What's this about arguing? I don't get it."

"Well, you're about to get it."

I'm about to open my mouth to curse her so much that she wouldn't dare reincarnate in her next life when I feel like someone had cover my mouth and shout loudly.

"GOT!"

The person I never expected to see looked at me with fierce eyes. My mother, arriving just in time as if she knew what was happening, bared her teeth in anger.

"Mom."

As soon as she released my mouth, I whimpered like a child who knew she was about to be punished. Miriam greets my mother politely and nudged Kim, who is standing next to her, to do the same.

"Hello, ma'am."

"What madness is this, Got? Didn't I tell you to watch your words? If I hadn't arrived in time, what would have happened?

And then, we all scattered like ants staring at water. My mother dragged me upstairs for a chat while Miriam, trying to be hospitable, bring us water. The elderly woman looked at Miriam with clear disapproval after realizing that the little girl is my girlfriend and was part of the reason I had lost my temper.

"Can I speak to Got alone?."

My mother asked in a not very friendly tone. Miriam nod and shuffles out of the room, even though she is the owner.

Click...

As soon as the door closed, I turned to confront my mother immediately.

"Why do you have to treat Mi like that? You show no respect for my girlfriend."

I sit cross-legged and crossed my arms, still upset about what had happened downstairs. Since I couldn't vent my anger at Kim, I started arguing with my mother.

"Should I respect someone who almost killed you?"

"Almost killed me? If I died, it wouldn't be because of Mi."

"And what was that about you opening your mouth to curse someone before? What if I hadn't arrived in time, what would have happened?"

"That girl would probably turn into a monster, maybe grow extra arms or legs for people to rub together and use for lottery numbers."

"And after that girl grows extra limbs, what would you become?"

""

"We both know, my dear. Any curse you send will come back to you. That's why I don't trust her and I don't want Got to be alone in the world. I've made up my mind. You're going home. Pack your things now."

My mother said decisively as she stand up, looking around.

"Your bag is in the closet, right?"

"If you're here just to force me to do things, then go back. I'm not going home with you"

I replied.

"Got, why are you so stubborn? Are you upset that I'm being difficult?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm upset that you won't listen. If I don't go back, it's because..."

I glared defiantly at my mother for over a minute as we stared at each other.

"I'm not going back."

She finally gave in.

"It's okay! I know I can't force you."

"I know you love me more than anything. Everything you do is for me."

I said, noticing that she's now looking at the door, as if Miriam are there.

"The more you love, the more worried you become."

"Don't worry so much, Mom. Let me live my own life."

I moved to sit on the same couch as my mother, leaning in affectionately.

"You don't understand, you don't know how happy I feel when I can do what I want sometimes. Being me isn't as easy as it was for Get. Whatever she wanted, she got. She wanted to be an actress, and she became one. She could have as many partners as she wanted, feel love, make mistakes, or whatever, without any problems. Meanwhile, I had to go to the temple and sing..."

"And you cursed until the nun left the temple."

My mother interrupts.

"She came back."

I said, crossing my arms and leaning back.

"What do you mean?"

"Today, I saw the same nun I cursed before. She's back at the temple."

"Oh, did she break up with that deacon?"

"I don't know, but it seems like she blames me for everything. I cursed her hair to grow, and when she became pretty, she fell in love and left the temple. Great! So now if she has a family, it's my fault. All I did was make her hair grow. What's wrong with that?"

"The problem is that you shouldn't start cursing people in the first place. It's like the butterfly effect, one thing leads to another. Just cursing someone for having long hair may seem like a small thing, but who knows how it

affects others? If you had cursed that girl today, it could have caused unintended harm in her life, just like it did with the nun. Who knows?"

I silently agreed with my mother, but my stubbornness make me cross my arms, not wanting to acknowledge her reasoning. Seeing my silence, she felt that I had stopped arguing and I started to agree, even though she know I'm still stubborn.

"Does that girl know about your ability?"

My mother asked.

"Which girl?"

"Your girlfriend."

My mother gestured towards the door where Miriam probably standing on the other side.

"Does she know about your ability?"

""

"Like a God."

She replied, looking at the door and shaking her head.

"No, she doesn't know. I didn't tell her, and besides, who would believe that abilities like that exist in the world? Like you said, the fewer people who know, the better. Most people would try to take advantage. If I can keep it a secret, I will."

It's not that I was hiding it from Miriam because I thought she would try to exploit me, but I was afraid she would be shocked and start asking where I came from and what the consequences would be, how I would eventually leave this world because of my ability. It's better that she doesn't know.

"Well, at least you're aware of that."

"But how did you find me here? I never told you where I'm staying."

"What kind of mother would I be if I didn't know where my daughter is and who she's with? I've known since the first day you stayed here, but I didn't want to intrude, because I figured you wanted your space."

"So why are you intruding today?."

I asked, meeting her eyes directly.

"Didn't you try to buy a TV station after you failed to get that private jet?" she snapped.

"Dad told you, didn't he?"

I muttered softly, sighing.

"You're here to stop me from buying, aren't you?"

"It's too late to stop you. Your dad has already bought enough shares to be on the board of directors."

"Dad didn't tell me anything about this. Is it really that easy to buy shares? I thought it would take longer."

"All the major shareholders want to sell. The digital channels are losing money, especially Channel S, but they're tied to government contracts, so they have to keep going. Even though they know it's a loss, your dad bought it just because you asked him to. How foolish does someone have to be, to buy a business that clearly won't make a profit?"

I wasn't paying attention to my mother's complaints. Becoming a board member of the channel meant I had accomplished my mission.

"I should call Dad to thank him. He's so sweet and kind. I can even ask him to do something else for me."

"No need to call. If you want something, ask for it. Your father is involved in politics; he can't own a business, especially a TV station. People would

accuse him of using the media to campaign."

"Oh, if Dad can't do it, then who can?"

"I can,"

My mother said, standing up.

"I'm on the board of directors of Channel S. I have a voice and a vote based on the shares we own. You really know how to spend money. Can't you afford a plane? So you bought a TV station."

"Well, since I lost a kidney, I haven't asked for much. A plane or a TV station, it's just a small thing, but you're still complaining."

My parents always had the same reaction when I mentioned my kidney. My mother, who's trying to hold me back the whole time, shrugged her shoulders and let out a dry laugh.

"I'm not saying anything. If you want something, buy it. We're filthy rich."

"So does that mean you're officially on the board now?"

"It seems so. There are so many businesses to run that I can't keep up. But why did you ask your father to buy it in the first place?"

"There's something I'd like you to help me with."

"What is it?"

"I want you to change the employees' work hours a bit."

"Change the working hours?"

"Yes, they usually finish at five. Could you change it so they finish at noon?"

"What kind of workplace finishes at noon?"

"This one."

"Why do you want this change?"

"Miriam comes home late. I'm alone."

I said, avoiding eye contact with my mother.

"Finishing at five makes the time I spend with her shorter."

"Got... You made your father buy stocks for something like this?"

My mother looked at the door again.

"This love of yours really worries me. In just one week, you spent hundreds of millions and almost lost your life because you wanted to curse someone out of jealousy over a woman."

"Jealousy?"

I pointed at myself in surprise.

"Me? Jealousy?"

"Don't you realize what's motivating you? What do you think is pushing you, someone I raised to be emotionally distant, to do all these things?"

"Oh... I've never had the word "jealousy" in my mind before. So that's how it feels."

It's not that I didn't accept it, but I wasn't familiar with the feeling of jealousy. I never understood it when I saw my younger sister go through it during her teenage years. I used to wonder why people would fight and record videos of themselves fighting over a guy, just to share them with others.

"Yes, that's jealousy."

"It's quite annoying, actually."

I laughed and looked at my mother.

"But it's another emotion that I've learned to deal with. It's not so bad, after all. Even gods get jealous."

"Love is the emotion I fear the most because it brings so many feelings that we can't control."

"But it's more good than bad. Right now, I'm very happy, Mom. Don't hold me back so much. Let me be happy in the time I have left."

I said in a somewhat pleading tone, and my mother sigh, raising her hands in surrender.

"Okay, okay. With you looking so sad, what can I do? Whatever makes you happy, I'll try to understand."

She picked up her bag, getting ready to leave.

"Just remember, Got, always control your emotions. The more feelings you have..."

" "

"The faster you'll die."

.

After my mother left, Miriam come into the room, looking at me as if she felt guilty. As for me, after talking to my mother, I started to understand my emotions better and realized it's time to calm down.

Anger doesn't improve anything, and what I was feeling was jealousy, which was useless. It's an emotion like garbage, not worth thinking about too much.

"You're so quiet."

The little girl said softly as I arranged the food on a plate. I glance at her briefly, pretending I didn't feel anything.

"Do you expect me to say something?"

"Usually, you're the one who starts a conversation. Are you upset about what happened tonight?"

"Upset?"

I tilted my head, a little confused. Is this different from jealousy?

"What would I be upset about?"

"About Kim approach ing me."

"That girl is annoying, sure, but she can't make me mad at you. Besides, we're just old school friends. Why would I be mad or upset at you?"

"Friends don't get upset because friends don't apologize."

"..."

Hearing this, I gripped the plastic bag in my hand tightly. Even though I know my feelings, I still can't talk about them freely.

"I figured you would feel some kind of way about this. It's just that I didn't know how to explain our situation to Kim... A relationship between two women may be normal in the world, but where I come from, it's still hard for people to understand."

"That girl isn't confused at all. She's all over you, flirting. Or haven't you realized that Kim likes you?"

"I know."

"But you still introduced me as just an old school friend."

"Are you mad?"

"I'm not mad!"

My voice rise a little, and the sudden silence between us grew heavy. Realizing this, I quickly forced a smile, even though inside l am not okay.

"I'm not mad. We agreed from the beginning that this relationship depends on you. No matter how you want it to go, I'm going with it."

""

"School friends, new classmates, your father's lover, your sister's new girlfriend... Got could be all of these things to you!"

I angrily throw the plastic bag into the nearby trash can, ready to leave. But Miriam quickly hugged me from behind, not knowing how to communicate with me at that moment.

Damn... I'm upset, and she hugs me like that, making it hard to continue.

"Sorry... I'm so new to all this."

"…"

"I don't know how to deal with this. When I think about introducing you to other people as my girlfriend, I hesitate. We're not really a couple; it feels like we just found an excuse to live together."

"Why do we need an excuse to live together?"

I asked, my irritation still boiling.

"For you, maybe it's different. But for me... I use the word 'girlfriend' as an excuse to live with you."

Miriam admitted, her voice softer now.

"I just want to be with you. It doesn't matter what label we have. That's all."

She tightened her grip around me.

"I know I'm hard to understand, but what's clear in my mind right now is that I'm happy being with you. We're not just friends, even though we didn't talk much during school. We're classmates, now I easily agreed to live with you just because you asked. We've never kissed or even said 'I love you'. And yet..."

" "

"And yet you think you're not worthy of calling me your girlfriend?"

It seems like Miriam and I are on very bad terms.

While I was feeling a little grumpy because Miriam didn't dare introduce me to anyone, as if she's embarrassed or wanted to maintain her single status, I found out that she thought she wasn't worthy of me.

"It's okay, so do what makes you comfortable. If you don't want to tell anyone that we're a couple, you don't have to."

I said it in a normal tone, no longer grumpy or jealous. But it seems that Miriam even more surprises.

"Are you still mad?"

"No..."

"I'm about to cry now. I don't know how to apologize. Boo."

Miriam's voice started to tremble before she changed to pouting and crying. At first, I thought she's just pretending, but when I turned to look back, I see her small figure burying her face in my back and sobbing. Out of anger, I suddenly felt flustered and quickly turned to her, gently holding her cheeks with both hands.

"Miriam...are you really crying?"

"Of course! I feel uncomfortable; I don't want to argue with you. We have to be together like this day and night, and you're not talking to me. What should I do?"

"Why wouldn't I talk to you?"

"Because you're mad at me! Even when you're in a bad mood, you're still cute..."

I could only watch as this little girl cried, not knowing what to do. I've never had to comfort anyone before because I've lived my life without much emotion. But now, one of us is crying, and the other is frozen, not knowing what to do.

"Stop crying, okay?"

Miriam's crying tormented me in a way I couldn't describe. All I could think that if we are together, it would only bring her smiles, because her smile always brighten my mood. But I never imagine that today I would be the one to make her cry.

"Bu-hoo."

"Please."

"Wah."

"Stop right now!"

"You yelled at me!"

Chuu...

I didn't know what to do, so I pulled the little girl to hold her cheeks. Its like a TV remote control, once pressed to turn off the screen, the TV went dark. When I kissed her, Miriam froze, tears streaming down her face, while I stepped back, stunned, with my hand covering my mouth.

"Got..."

Miriam called my name in surprise, and I had no idea how to fix this situation. I have quickly think of a way to escape. During this tense moment, I needed to make a joke. To make her laugh, I have to try to control my emotions by not showing any facial expressions or gestures.

I needed to make her laugh and see that kissing her cheeks just a playful gesture.

So the little one not to misunderstand, our relationship could not become too serious.

We wouldn't kiss!
"There is..."
"..."
"Your face..."

Miriam raises her hand to touch her cheeks, looking nervous, her expression reminiscent of someone about to faint, which make me realize that I need to find a way out before our relationship ended. I have to make a joke fast! She has to burst out laughing right now!

"It smells so bad!"

"Ahhh!"

"What?"

Then the little one run to the bathroom and locked herself in, leaving me alone in bed all night.

I made a joke, didn't I...?



## História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 05. It's a joke

## Capítulo 7 - 05. It's a joke

"You... wake up."

The gentle nudge I'm starting to get used to every morning make me open my eyes. I looked at the person who wake me up and smile, but the one who wake me up didn't even look at me and run to grab her bag like someone ready to go to work.

"Good morning... Are you leaving already?"

"Yes."

"You can't! You have to eat breakfast first. I haven't made it yet."

"It's okay... I won't eat today. I'm going."

I grabbed the small girl's wrist, unwilling to let her go. Miriam seems to have been in a bad mood with me for too long, and this is wasting the remaining time of my life. It needed to be clear up quickly.

"I have something important to discuss with you."

The sweet-faced girl's eyes widened in shock before she quickly nodded.

```
"I'm going!"
"This is very important." I said.
"Last night was a..."
"I don't want to talk about it"
"You have to listen. It's just... It's really a joke... please don't cut ties just
because I kissed your cheek."
"Let's talk later. I'm going."
Click...
Then the door closed, along with Miriam's figure disappearing...
Since last night, I hadn't felt or noticed if Miriam went back to sleep in bed
or if she was still locked in the bathroom until morning.
But from what I just see, she must have slept in the bathroom, otherwise she
wouldn't be dressed so quickly and hiding her face. I figured she's still mad
about me kissing her cheek yesterday.
I crossed the line too much...
The way I joked...
Now, I'm sitting in front of my laptop, which I hadn't used much because
```

my mother forbade me from accessing technology too much. But since my

mother isn't here to stop me anymore, I could use it. The first thing I googled how to tell jokes.

I watching funny clips and study the timing and delivery of various comedians to see what kind of facial expressions and gestures they used. I found that they all did it with a straight face, but the listener laughed.

I did it right, so why didn't she laugh?

'If the joke doesn't work, there are two ways to do it. The first is to quickly add a sound effect like "phew", and the last method is to "grind" the joke even further.'

I never thought I would have to sit around and find ways to tell jokes to make up for what I did. Miriam is taking things too seriously; she should let it go for a bit. I just kissed her on the cheek!

She turned around and hugged me all night, and I never complained about it once.

#### Hmph!

As I sit there thinking about how to make the kiss on the cheek joke work, my phone ring, snapping me out of my thoughts. When I see that it's Miriam calling, I jumped as if she has appears right in front of me.

```
"Hello?"

[Am I bothering you?]

"Yes, you are."

[I-I'm sorry.]

"Phew, I was just kidding!"

[...]
```

See? Making the "phew" sound didn't help at all. Since the sound effect didn't work, I had to repeat the joke over and over and over again. But I'll leave that aside for now because I want to know why the little one is calling me.

"What's up? Why are you calling me?"

[Well, it's just a little thing. Let's just say I'm not bothering you right now?]

"Bothering me..."

[...]

"Phew! Just kidding! This time you have to laugh!"

Why is it that no matter what I do, I never get any laughs in return? Miriam is silent for a while before deciding.

[Then I better hang up. You must be busy, but you're too polite to refuse to answer.]

"It's not quite right... Ah!"

Then the caller hung up, leaving me speechless. I'm about to explain, but my voice probably wouldn't reach her anymore. After that, she changed her plans and sent me a message.

Mimee:

I'll let you know this, and when you have time, you can read it.

Mimee:

I won't going back to the room today. I have to go out of town with the team and spend the night here.

As soon as I read that, I quickly pressed the call button to talk to that little girl who is being too polite. It took her a while to answer the phone, and I

am not sure if after sending me the message she throw the phone to Mars or something.

"Where are you going?"

[Ayutthaya.]

"Why is it so sudden? Don't they usually tell you in advance when you're going somewhere?"

[That's how it is with this job. A client has arrived, and I have to rush to check the location of this tape for the client urgently.]

"Then why do you have to spend the night in Ayutthaya when it's so close to Bangkok?"

[...]

"Are you avoiding me?"

[I don't understand what you're saying. Why would I avoid you?]

"About me kissing your cheek..."

[Ah! The signal isn't very good... it's dropping.]

"Why don't you just shout 'patongka' and hang up then... Hey, don't hang up, Miriam!"

What an awkward hang-up! Why is she so sensitive about a kiss on the cheek? I've been trying to apologize and get in touch, but she's not giving me a chance, not even a little bit. She even hung up on me when I tried to reach her. It's so frustrating!

No way! She promised to wake me up every morning. What if I don't wake up tonight, why is she staying somewhere else?

After I thought of this, I quickly called my mother and used my important position on the executive council to do so.

"Mom... I have a job for you now."

[Besides being a member of the executive council and the mother of a god, what else can I do?]

"Can you find out where the 'Celebrity Cooking Showdown' film crew is scouting locations in Ayutthaya today?"

[Isn't that the job of the executive board?]

"Mom! I'd sell my kidney for that..."

[Okay, I'll give you a look. Just when you didn't get what you wanted, you had to mention the kidney to remind me of your sacrifice, and it always works!]

After my mom hung up a short time later, my mom called me back to tell me where Miriam's crew was. Once I got the information, I packed two sets of clothes for myself and the little one, who probably didn't bring anything with her, and drive my 250-horsepower sports car out of Bangkok, something I'd never done before.

I want to thank modern technology for having apps that give you directions to places you've never been. Otherwise, I'd be like a blind person.

I'm actually somewhat blind... I have to admit that since I can only see with one eye, my ability to see this and that while driving is quite challenging. There was a moment when I didn't see a motorcycle coming from the left, and I almost ran into it and almost caused the small vehicle to fall off the shoulder.

But I still managed to drive safely until I reached the city of Phra Nakhon Si Ayutthaya. I left the city for the first time in my life! It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the sky just starting to turn from clear to cloudy, but not yet dark.

The sun overhead cast its light at a 45-degree angle toward the west, illuminating the ancient ruins, making them look like a painting. During the

few moments when I'm stuck at a red light, I quickly take out my sketchbook and sketched, intending to add details later.

This is so much fun... Since becoming Miriam's girlfriend, I have done many things that I have never done before, including drawing while in a car.

GOT7:

I'm in Ayutthaya right now.

I sent her a playful message to let her know as I approached the restaurant where Miriam and the crew are supposed to be. Not even ten seconds later, the little girl hurriedly replied and the message immediately come back.

Mimee:

Don't joke.

Mimee:

How would you know where I am?

GOT7:

I always know where you are, as long as we're under the same sky and sun.

Mimee:

Do I have to wait for you in the Milky Way?

Damn, bragging!

GOT7:

Count to 10 and I'll appear before you.

I am not so sure if she could count to ten there, because after I finished typing, I maneuvered the car into the parking lot of the vegetable farm

where the restaurant was located, which Miriam had come to scout locations for.

I parked next to an old van that had a sticker saying "Team S," and the crew members were staring at the sports car curiously until I get out of the vehicle.

"Is that Maya? How did she get here?"

A male voice shouted from inside. Miriam run in front of me and looked at me in disbelief.

"You really come!"

"Have you ever counted to ten?"

"How did you get here?"

"I drive."

"Not like that! I mean, how did you know..."

"Why are there only men here?."

I didn't answer the little girl's question because I was too interested in the male crew members who came with Miriam.

"Well, this crew has more men than women."

"Or is your crew just you as the only girl?."

I looked at Miriam with wide eyes, feeling an indescribable worry growing in my chest.

"You're going to spend the night with this crew of men?"

"Well, yes... but these guys don't see me as a woman."

"P'Tee! Yuck!"

It seems like someone about to prove Miriam right, as soon as Miriam finished speaking, one of the male crew members run over and burped into the girl's ear like he had eight speakers in his lungs.

"Dude! Did you eat poop? Your burp smells awful!"

"It probably smells the same as your face."

I replied with another joke, but that only make Miriam freeze, looking at me like she's forget how to breathe.

Isn't my joke funny anymore? I thought trying to find the right moment for a good joke.

"I just ate some fermented pork, bro... Oh, wait, this is..."

The guy named Tee pause for a moment, as if he'd just realized there is a new guest.

"Isn't that the celebrity? Or is she our special guest for this episode? But from what I heard from that bald guy, he said the guest was a country singer named Bua Phuen or something?"

"No, no! This isn't a celebrity guest for this episode, and she's not an actress either. Besides, why would an actress come check out the venue with us?"

Miriam looked at me and the other staff members, who were starting to gather with interest.

"This is Got, she is..."

At this point, I'm worry that the little girl will feel awkward again, so I decided to introduce myself.

"I'm a friend of hers from high school. Nice to meet you! Oh... and the reason I look alike is that we're twin sisters."

"Really?"

There's a sound of understanding as he murmured. Miriam just stared at me silently, not saying anything else until I noticed that she seems to have a different reaction compared to everyone else.

"Are you okay?"

"Do you want something to drink?"

The guy who had burped loudly, almost ready to compete for a Guinness World Record, come to greet me in a friendly manner.

"I'll get you something to drink."

"Oh, thank you."

"Are you tired? Let's go sit in the restaurant."

Besides the guy named Tee, the other staff members who are excited about the new guest rushes to serve me. They probably thought it would be easier to approach me since I'm Miriam's friend, so I smile gratefully.

"Please do."

"Back off, all of you!"

Then Miriam's slightly nasal voice interrupts everyone's actions as she approaches, wrapping her arm around mine and pulling me away.

"I'll take care of Got myself."

"Wow, what's up, sis? You're being overly protective of your friend!"

Everyone groaned, but it seems more like a tease to add some color to the situation. Then everyone spread out to sit and discuss work inside the restaurant, leaving Miriam to greet me, which make me feel a little guilty.

"You can go talk about work. Don't worry about me; I don't want to be a bother."

"If you didn't want to be a bother, then why did you come here?"

Her tone is a little irritate, making my shoulders tense. I'm just trying to be polite; does she really have to be so rude?

"I came because I was worried about you. You didn't bring anything with you this morning."

"Really? You bring me clothes?"

"Yeah."

"Did you really go too far? Did you come all the way here just to bring me clothes?"

It's true; my reasoning seem a little weak. The real reason that I wanted to spend as much time with Miriam as possible. But if I said that, it might seem weird, since our relationship still new.

Miriam didn't even fully understand what we were to each other yet, and I didn't want to make things awkward by seeming too affectionate too soon.

"Actually, I wanted to talk to you about something too. I was going to tell you this morning, but you kept saying you were busy."

"I don't want to talk."

As soon as that topic came up, Miriam immediately tried to escape, prompting me to grab her wrist. What was with her getting so upset over a kiss on the cheek? She was acting like she was offended, making me feel guilty.

"There's something about that kiss..."

"I said I don't want to hear it!"

Miriam raises her voice, making me flinch. We had now become the center of attention of the entire team, as the growing tension in our argument drew everyone's eyes to us. What had started as an attempt to apologize was turning into a standoff of pride. I had never seen anyone react like this to me before.

"Do you really despise me that much?"

I said, feeling a pang of hurt as I clenched my fists, remembering how displeased she was with my kiss on the cheek.

"Who exactly despises who?"

"Well, it has to be you! I know I crossed the line. We agreed that our relationship depends on you, you are the one who sets the rules! But what happened yesterday was a mistake!"

"Yes! You crossed the line. It was a mistake."

This time Miriam who had tears welling up in her eyes, quickly wiping them away with her arm in an attempt to show strength.

"We agreed that there would be no wetness."

"..."

"Even though this isn't directly about getting wet, Miriam didn't expect this. You never said we could kiss on the cheeks. If only I had known..."

If she had known that when we started dating we would have to face this, she probably wouldn't have accepted it, right? I could only look at Miriam in pain. Honestly, I was expecting too much. At first, I just intended for us to be close without having to deal with things like this... but I crossed the line.

"I'm really sorry..."

"If Miriam knew you were going to kiss my cheek, I would wash my face!"

"What?"

"Really, Miriam isn't usually a smelly person or anything. It might just because I've been out all day and I've sweated a bit. But still..."

Miriam looked at me with a mix of sadness and shame.

"You shouldn't say something like that to someone whose face smells bad... ever again..."

"..."

"There's a way to say it..."

"

"You have no manners. If it smells bad, can't you keep it to yourself? Why do you have to say it out loud and even tell everyone that we're friends from high school? Just hearing that makes you see how much you've changed. It hurts, you know!"

The exclamation "really?" make me laugh more than it hurt. But the mood didn't let me laugh because we're serious. I needed to make Miriam understand that kissing on the cheek is normal. Friends do it too. I wasn't trying to do anything wet or cross the line.

I can't let this end!

"Miriam... listen, this is very important."

"Miriam knows that you're going to break up."

"Break up with you? Why would I break up?"

"Because Miriam smells."

Is that really a reason to break up? I rolled my eyes in confusion, trying to understand the little girl, so I let her talk for now.

"Miriam only smells bad on her face, not on her body. It's not serious enough to break up with, right? What the hell?"

At first I was upset... now I'm confuse, like I'd fallen down a rabbit hole of the universe with no idea where it came from.

Are we speaking Harry Potter parseltongue or something? I was completely lost. Help!

"Miriam..."

"Ugh, I don't want to hear it."

Ugh! Am I going to get anything to say today or are we just playing around? She interrupts every sentence I try to explain. But still, in the end, I lost and had to listen to the whiny girl in front of me complaining nonstop.

"I'm scared. You made an effort to ask me out, but I ruined it just because of the smell. If anyone knows why, where should I put my face? Why did I break up with my ex? Oh... she said I smell bad. How should I feel knowing that I had become a legend? The origin of the term 'face smell'? My pride was gone; there was nothing left."

I suppressed a smile that's almost about to turn into laughter, but when I see that she's serious, I couldn't help but keep a straight face, I reached out my hand, hoping to grab hers.

"Just put your face in your neck."

"Are you making fun of me? Ugh!"

"I came here to tell you that..."

"That I smell. Ugh!"

"That I was joking. Your face doesn't smell bad, I saw you crying, and I didn't know what to say, so I just blurted it out. But the truth is, I like your cheeks."

"..."

"They're soft."

Instead of making an excuse, I switched to complimenting her. I reached out to touch the sweet-faced girl's cheek and gently caressed it with the back of my hand, enjoying the feeling. To be honest, I really liked the feeling of my lips pressing against that soft cheek, and it felt good when she came back.

"The feeling of kissing a cheek is like..."

"What..."

"Like a butt."

"Ahhh!"

And then Miriam run off without hearing the rest of what I had to say... Are we going to get to talk today or not?!

### **Footnote**

1-Patongka (or patongko) is a type of Asian delicacy, especially popular in Thailand and China. It is a fried dumpling, usually made with a dough made from wheat flour, water, and yeast. The dough is stretched and fried in hot oil, resulting in a product that is crispy on the outside and soft on the inside.

# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 06. I know...

### Capítulo 8 - 06. I know...

"From now on... you are not allowed making jokes. That's the new rule."

Miriam said as we talked alone in the car, after I spent a long time explaining things to her. It took almost two hours to clear things up. Luckily, the little one had already finished her work before I arrived, so we had time together like a couple.

"I want to add another rule... from now on, no matter what we are discussing, wait until the sentence is finish before getting upset."

I added. Miriam pouted in annoyance, but didn't argue. I see her shake her head slightly in frustration.

Before, I liked her superficially. I only knew that she had a beautiful smile, laughed easily, had lots of friends and seemed charming. I had no idea that deep down, Miriam was sensitive, easily scared, insecure and quick to anger.

Everything that could define a woman, wrapped up in this little ball that's Miriam, completely opposite to her bold and carefree appearance.

"Where are you staying?"

"Huh?"

Miriam looked confused.

"Here, of course."

"Here?"

I looked around the organic vegetable farm, focusing on the wide open area under the large trees next to the farm restaurant, where a group of men from the crew are now setting up tables and drinking, while a DJ played music from a van to set the mood.

"I was in a hurry this time. We have to film early tomorrow morning, so we're going to spend the night here. Luckily, the farm has rooms for people taking vegetable growing workshops, since it's also an organic farming learning center."

"What?!"

I turned to face the bold and brave little girl, feeling my blood boil.

"You're going to sleep with these men?"

She smiles.

"You're ridiculous!"

"Geez, you're being rude."

Miriam raises her hand to her cheek.

"But you're kind of cute when you're angry."

"Don't try to change the subject. I'm serious, Mi. You need to be careful. You're a woman, and if those guys get drunk and try something with you, what will you do?"

"I'll have my own room. I won't share it with them, and they wouldn't dare try anything. Believe it or not, I learned judo."

"Yeah, it's clear."

"I'm serious! Don't worry, no guy would dare mess with me."

"Why did you learn judo?"

"So I could beat up my little brother at home."

She laughed, her sweet face lighting up.

"Then you know, if anyone dares mess with you, I'll protect you with all my might. How about that? Am I manly enough?"

"You're too manly... to the point where I wish you'd calm down a bit. Honestly, I'm worried about you,"

I confess sincerely, so much so that the little girl reaches out and shake my arm as if to tell me to stop worrying.

"Come on, for the past few years, I've handled everything on my own and taken good care of myself without getting hurt. Doesn't that prove that I can take care of myself?"

"But you're not alone anymore. You have me."

"…"

"Can't I worry about you?"

And then we both fell silent. I looked at her, the one who had been chatty a moment ago, and noticed that her face now turning red.

"Don't be so nice to me. I'm getting too attached already."

Even now, Miriam isn't entirely sure about the relationship we have. It's as if there's a thin wall between us, preventing her from fully committing, as if

she's bracing herself for the possibility that our love might end someday.

But what she didn't know that while she's holding back, I was totally involved, so much so that if the day came when we had to part ways, I wouldn't regret a thing.

"You don't have to do anything, Mi."

"Huh?"

"All you have to do is stand on and receiving end. Your only job is to wake me up every morning. The rest... I'll take care of it for you."

"I really don't get it. I wanted to ask, why do you always want me to wake you up every morning? Some days I have to rush to work and wake up early, and I feel bad about having to wake you up too."

"So I can get up and make breakfast for you."

"Oh, you don't have to do that. I don't even eat breakfast."

"Your daily routine isn't great. I'm planning to adjust it for you. But that's not why I want you to wake me up."

"Then why?"

"Because..."

Knock, knock.

The sound of someone knocking on the window interrupt us as we reached a crucial moment in our conversation. Miriam make an irritates clicking sound as her subordinate come to call, which make me smile in amusement.

I scream.

"What's wrong?."

Miriam rolled down the window and asked the man named Tee, who looked nervous and far from okay.

"Did you get spooked by a ghost or something?"

"Your close friend is drunk and causing trouble again."

Close friend? I raise an eyebrow and looked at Miriam, who nod, clearly familiar with the situation.

"Oh..Ok!"

Miriam jumped out of the car and run towards the group of men drinking in the distance. I follow her, curious, my heart racing as I see the group of men about to fight. The oldest man in the group shouting vulgar insults.

"You guys don't respect me at all! Yeah, I've worked here for years, but I never go through with it. You know why? Because I don't have boobs!"

The insult was obviously gender base, and it's clear he intended it as a dig at the petite woman in charge.

"Miriam."

"P'Toi, if you're drunk, go to sleep and stop causing trouble for the team."

"Ah, here she is, the troublemaker! Because of you, none of the juniors respect me anymore! Why, huh? You're not even that good at your job, so how did you become a producer?"

"It's because of her skills, P'Toi! P'Miriam has never done any of those things you accuse her of. If you opened your eyes and heart, you'd see... P'Miriam doesn't even have breasts!"

"You little."

Miriam almost exploded, but when she sees me there, she lower her voice and shake her head.

"Tee, if you can't say anything useful, then keep quiet. Someone please take P'Toi away from here."

"I'm not going anywhere! Let's settle this tonight!"

The situation is getting worse, and the voices getting louder. While Miriam still focused on the scene in front of her, she didn't notice that I walking away to talk to Tee.

"What's going on? Why does this guy seem to dislike Miriam so much?"

"They've had issues for a long time. He's one of the senior creatives on the team, old-fashioned, and doesn't like taking orders from a woman. Plus, P'Miriam is younger than him. But what can he do? She's the one in charge. If she doesn't give orders, who will? And that's not even the worst part. Then there's Kim, the intern P'Toi has his eye on, but she's been flirting with P'Miriam, so P'Toi feels humiliated. Today, they were drinking, and someone made a nasty comment about how useless Miriam is, despite her looks."

Kim must be the girl I've seen before. I started putting it all together and nod in understanding. No wonder my mother never wanted me to go out and find a job. She was probably afraid I'd run into toxic, irrational environments like this.

#### "Damn!"

While I was lost in thought, Tee suddenly cried out in alarm and run toward Miriam, who being attacked by P'Toi. The smaller girl grabbed by the collar, and the much larger P'Toi raised his hand to attack. But it all happened faster than I could process. Miriam, using the judo she had boasted about in the car, made her skill clear for all to see.

#### Thud!

The big man who had started the trouble thrown into the air and landed hard on the ground. Everyone stand there, stunned. Even I, watching from afar, shocked by Miriam's impressive, masculine demeanor as she shake herself.

"Someone get a rope to tie him up! And throw some water on him to sober him up. What a mess."

Was that it? In movies, there's always a second round where the villain jumps back up, swinging a bat, followed by some flying kicks or something. That's over too quickly. No way... it can't be!

"Oh no, you see all of that!"

Miriam, who had been so nice a few moments ago, suddenly looked shy when she realized that I had seen everything. The little girl raises her hand to her cheek, blushing.

"I must seem so unladylike to you now, huh?"

"I'm still in shock."

I admitted, not knowing whether to be mad that she had ended up in such a dangerous situation or laugh at how shy she's acting like a little girl now.

"You actually learned judo!"

"See? I wasn't lying!"

"But you still made me worried."

"P'Miriam, watch out!"

A voice shout behind us. By the time we realized what's happening, it's too late as P'Toi run straight to Miriam and punched her in the face, catching her off guard, there's a loud thud! Her small body fell to the ground, motionless. I stand there, having witnesses everything, shaking all over as I looked at Miriam.

"Mi..."

"Serves you right, spit it out!"

The big man, reeking of alcohol, spat on Miriam's unconscious body, laughing in satisfaction.

"You're just a woman, don't act so tough, you slut!"

"You..."

I glared at the man, seething with rage, before fixing my gaze on the hand that had struck Miriam. Overcome with fury, I begin to curse without hesitation.

"I hope the hand you used to punch her falls off."

"What did you say? You want to get hit too, you...!"

The drunk man, now looking for trouble, grabbed my collar and raises his hand, ready to slap me with the same hand he had punched Miriam with. But then...

#### Crash!

The sound of breaking glass echoed through the air. His hand released my collar, and I fell to the ground. What I see that P'Toi lying on the ground, writhing in pain, holding his head. Someone on the team, unable to bear the violence any longer, grabbed a nearby bottle and hit him on the head with it to help me.

"Who hit me... Ahh!" He shouted.

"You're lucky we didn't kill you!"

One of the teammates shouted before signaling for the others to help carry Miriam to the car.

"Let's get her to the hospital first."

"Better than nothing. You really do look like hell."

Everyone rushes to help carry Miriam, who still unconscious, and put her in the van to take her to the nearest hospital.

•

•

After more than two hours, Miriam finally regained consciousness in the emergency room, laughing lightly.

"You just arrived and you've already witnessed all that chaos... You weren't caught in the crossfire, were you?"

I looked at her, smiling despite her swollen cheeks, while my heart ached at the sight of her bruised purple skin. It looked like someone had taken a knife and cut my heart out.

"That hurts."

"Wait a minute!"

Miriam laughed, though it turned into a grimace of pain.

"Ouch! Don't joke like that! Why make jokes when I can't even laugh?"

"I'm not joking; I'm in pain..."

"...."

"I only understood my mother now. Seeing someone you love in pain and suffering is truly heartbreaking. I used to think my mother was being too dramatic, overprotective of me to the point of angering me. But now that I've been through it myself, I realize that wanting to keep someone safe from harm is just like that. If I can protect them, I'll do it, even if it means being hated for it."

My heart felt like someone crushing it on the cement floor, and it hurt so much.

```
"I'm fine now; it's just my face that's swollen."
```

"Are you really fine?"

... >

"You were hit really hard. What if your head gets hurt? Damn it, it's real! How could a man do that to a woman smaller than him? What kind of parents raised him to act like that? He's going to have to pay for what he did to you."

""

"He's going to have to pay more than you suffered!....."

Miriam reaches out to cover my mouth and shake her head.

"Your pretty face doesn't suit anger. I'd rather see you laugh."

"And how can I laugh when you're in this pain? Huh?"

Finally, I couldn't hold back my tears any longer.

"When you fell and lost consciousness, I was so afraid that you wouldn't wake up. The sound of bones hitting each other still echoes in my head! Damn it! It happened right in front of me, and I couldn't do anything to help you."

Even though one of my ears practically useless, the sound of the punch was still so clear that I couldn't just ignore it. I knew that this sound would haunt me for a long time.

"How could you help? You didn't learn judo."

"But I'm a God!"

""

"I mean..."

"Are you the crazy one or me? Haha, no, no, I'm awake now, so don't cry. My heart is already breaking at the sight of your tears,"

Miriam said, ignoring my strange comments, which was a relief, I struggled to find an explanation for the words that escaped.

"Huh... What should I do? I can't stop crying. You must be in so much pain."

"Please don't cry."

"You're so small; how could he do this to you?"

"God... don't cry."

"I can't help it! I'm so sorry for you... Oh..."

A wet touch from the lips of the most pitiful person, Miriam, gently kissed my cheek, and it seems to work. From sobbing uncontrollably, I freeze as if someone had pressed the pause button. Everything fell into a muffled silence. My sobs turned into soft sobs.

"I... I think I know why you kissed my cheek."

"..."

"Seeing you cry, it's that kind of heartbreaking pain."



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 07. Coincidence?

# Capítulo 9 - 07. Coincidence?

"Hmm.."

I groaned softly in irritation rather than pain. It feel like something tickling my nose, making it itch all over my body. Half asleep, I slowly open my eyes to see Miriam lying next to me, resting her chin on her hand, playfully poking my nose with her finger.

"You're awake."

"Hey... that's new. Teasing me instead of just calling out to me."

"It seems like fun to tease you while you're sleeping. But if I don't bother you and let you continue sleeping, you'd be mad at me for not waking you up."

I smile at her answer, understanding her playful logic, then I reach out to gently touch the little girl's bruises cheek.

"Your face isn't as swollen anymore. Does it still hurt?"

"Not as much as it did the first few days, but it's much better now."

"I kind of wanted your condition would get worse."

"Hey, why do you say that?"

"You wouldn't have to go to work and you could stay with me all day,"

I replied, making the sweet-faced girl burst out laughing.

"I'll make us breakfast in a bit. Just let me roll around a bit first."

•

•

It feels like our life together starting to fall into place. Miriam no longer felt awkward waking me up in the morning like she used to, and I no longer felt the need to maintain my appearance or act appropriately like I did during those early days when I had to wake up early and be active.

Our daily routines begin to blend smoothly, though I'm not sure if she notices the change. Lately, Miriam, who never touched breakfast, had gotten used to eating it every day since I started making it for her.

However, she still refuses to drink milk, saying it made her sick, so I switch to orange juice or other fruit juices that I thought would be healthier.

"Oh no! We're out of oranges. Looks like you'll have to drink water today."

"Water is fine. I'm not too picky."

"I should probably go to the grocery store later."

"I'm going too!"

Miriam raises her hands above her head and blink at me with puppy dog eyes.

"I'm so bored of staying in the room. I feel like I'm going to wilt.

"Are you already bored after just three days?"

"Yeah."

"Guess I wasn't enough to keep you entertained, huh?"

I teased, pretending to feel hurt, but the sweet-faced girl shake her head vigorously.

"You're the only good thing that makes staying in the room bearable all day and night, but it would be even better if I could go to the grocery store with you."

Miriam jump out of bed, grabbing my shoulder and hopping like a bunny.

"Pleeeease let me go with you."

I smile to myself and said nothing until the shy girl started rubbing her head against my back like a small child afraid her parents won't let her go. Oh my God... my heart melted. I could suddenly understand why mothers with small children are so easily persuaded to buy toys after being begged, when their child is so cute, how can anyone say no?

"You can come, but your face is still swollen. Wouldn't you be embarrassed if people see your greenish cheeks?"

"What should I do? I really want to go! Would foundation help? But I don't know how to do makeup; I only know how to apply baby powder."

"You must have forget that there's someone who's good at drawing here."

"Do you know how to do makeup?"

"It's probably not that different from mixing watercolors."

In the end, Miriam managed to leave the room with her face camouflaged, thanks to my handiwork. While it didn't make the swelling go away, it

covered the greenish bruises well enough that the little one showered me with compliments from the moment I finished her makeup until we got to the lobby.

"It's so soft! You can't even tell I got punched in the face by a guy."

Every time she mentioned this incident, it brought back the image of that big guy, and I felt a surge of anger like a tiny flame ready to ignite.

"I want to kill him."

I clenched my fists and speak in a low voice. When Miriam notices the change in my tone, she quickly grabbed my wrist and smiles.

"Never mind, okay? It's all in the past."

"Why didn't you press charges?"

"Why make a big deal about it? We still have to work together anyway. Never mind; I'm fine, aren't I? All thirty-two parts still intact, I'm not dead yet."

"Do you have to die for this to count as something?"

"I told you before, your face doesn't suit anger. Frowning makes you look less pretty. If you look ugly, I'll break up with you, just saying."

"Well, I will not break up with you when you're ugly."

"I'm much more superficial than you. Don't even think about getting ugly, okay? I'll break up with you..."

"I finally found you!"

Our banter abruptly interrupted by a familiar voice. I turned to look, surprise to see Chian, one of the guys who was supposedly dating Get, my actress sister.

"What are you doing here? Did my mother tell you?"

My tone immediately turned cold. There's no reason to be friendly with my sister's suitor, especially since after meeting me once, he sent flowers to my house the next day. It's like he didn't care that I was the older sister of the girl he was courting. Even though it had been a while, the memory still irritated me.

"Your mother didn't tell me anything. I had someone track down that address."

"Are you crazy? Why would you do that?"

"Because I miss you."

I scoffed at his words. Miriam, who had been playful before, cringed, unsure of how to act now. Seeing her mood drop only make me angrier. How dare he ruin the good vibes between us! He'll just wither away...

My mother will scold me!

"How many times do I have to tell you? You shouldn't be flirting with me like that. Have some respect for Get."

I said, referring to myself as "I"—a formal, distant pronoun typically seen in romance novels or dramas. I felt a little awkward using it, but it served to create distance, and it's reserved for someone who deserved it.

"We weren't close, and I had no intention of pretending otherwise, especially with someone as ridiculous as him."

"Get and I are no longer in contact. I'm keeping my distance."

"You should do the same with me."

"But I like you."

"And I hate you. Go find other actresses. There are plenty of people who like you."

"But I like you, not them."

"Well, I like her, not you. So get out of here before I have to tell my father."

I pointed at Miriam, who is standing next to me. Chian looked confuses, clearly not understanding what I'm trying to say.

"I don't want to give up without a fight."

"You lost before you even started, because the winner is here. Don't make me repeat myself; it's getting annoying."

I put my arm around Miriam's back, nudging her to walk with me. Chian, like a dog chasing a bone, tried to follow us.

But the moment I turned to face him, he stopped in his tracks, looking at me with pleading eyes. If this is a cartoon, I'm sure I would hear him whimper "woof."

"He looks pitiful. You rejected him so harshly."

"Why would I have compassion for someone I can't stand?"

"But he really likes you. Isn't it better to be loved than hated?"

"Like what happened with that guy, who likes Kim, that led to jealousy and got you punched for it?"

As soon as I mentioned it, Miriam's face fell, and she started poking my arm in a playful, apologetic way.

"You're good at this, talking about one thing and then going back to another. I just thought you seem so cold. You're so different when you're with me."

She lowers her head, shyly playing with her fingers.

"I've never seen you talk so much or show so much concern. You seem so kind and thoughtful."

"That's because you're my girlfriend."

"..."

"You asshole!"

She looked at me with puffed-up cheeks, pretending to be angry, and playfully smacked my shoulder.

"You're calling me that again!"

"Yeah, I'll keep calling you that. It's cute. Asshole."

•

•

I've never believed in coincidences... maybe because I've experienced firsthand how things seem to fall into place as if I have some god-like power. Whenever I want something, all I have to do is think it or say it, and it just happens. Like now, for example, while we were shopping at the supermarket, I run into Pop, Get's ex-boyfriend from a year before Chian. He come up to greet me, visibly excited.

"It's been so long since we've seen each other, Got! I missed you..."

Unbelievable. In one day, I managed to run into both of my sister's exboyfriends. Both of them telling me they miss me? Is the world really that small or am I cursed?

"Did we meet by chance?"

I speak a little more politely to this one, since he is five years older than me. Pop is the son of a former influential politician and had once flown Get around on his private plane, proudly showing off the photos.

So why is it that when I asked my mom for a plane, she didn't buy me one? It's not like we don't have money! Ugh, just thinking about it makes me angry, especially with how bad the traffic is in Bangkok.

"Yes, we met by chance."

"I'm a little surprise. I don't expect to see you at the supermarket. Well, enjoy your shopping. I'm going now."

"Got, are you still using the same number?"

It seems like my attempt to end the conversation isn't working. My sister's ex still eager to chat and extend the non-existent connection between us.

"That's none of your business."

And so, I dismissed him, leaving no room for further conversation. Miriam witnesses everything, from walking around the mall, to choosing groceries, to walking back home. But the little girl remained silent the entire time. The silence started to make me uncomfortable, so I finally ask in confusion.

"Is something wrong?"

"No."

"That's something."

I chuckled softly and teased her with the same phrase as before.

"What's wrong, you asshole?"

"Again?!"

Miriam's reaction make me laugh out loud. She really know how to cheer me up.

"Come on, tell me what's wrong. I want to know."

"I was thinking... you have so many people who like you." She mumbled.

"Well, a little... I'm pretty."

I said with a playful shrug, teasing her just enough to get a reaction.

It worked, Miriam grabbed a pillow from the couch and throw it at me, pouting.

"Isn't that a good thing? You have a gorgeous girlfriend."

"Yeah, but you're too pretty, and it makes me feel insecure."

"Insecure about what?"

"Have you ever seen a gorgeous lead actress date a random supporting character?"

"I can't remember, but I'm sure it's happened. Why?"

"Do you know what people usually say about this actress? They criticize her, calling her a fool for not dating a rich guy or a leading actor of her level."

Miriam begin to fidget as she explained her thoughts. I'm intrigued, so I sit closer to her, watching her face intently as we talk.

"Now, you're like that actress, you're dating a supporting character..."

"A cute supporting character,"

I smile, reaching out to gently tap her nose.

"Maybe you should consider that the supporting character might actually be the main hero in your real life."

"…"

"There are things that the supporting character can offer that no rich guy or leading actor could. It's about the connection between two people that outsiders can never fully understand."

"But that diminishes that actress's popularity. And it's the same with you... people won't look at you kindly for being with me, a supporting character who isn't exceptional in any way. I'm short, I'm not rich, I'm not from a high society family like the others."

"Your family owns a leather bag factory,"

I teased, smiling softly.

"And you secretly look like you have a black card,"

I commented when I saw Miriam open her wallet while we were at the supermarket. The sleek black credit card stood out against the cheap wallet she was carrying, and I recognized it immediately. If she didn't have real wealth, she wouldn't have the privilege of having this card. My parents, along with Get, each had one, so I somewhat aware of what it meant.

It was strange, though. Here I was, someone who had sacrificed an organ, and I didn't have this card.

"My mother gave it to me. She said I don't buy anything fancy, so if I want something, I can just pass it on..."

Miriam mused.

"You have a keen eye. But other than being rich, there's not much else to me. My education is mediocre, and my job is nothing special. I have nothing, really.

"You have a pretty nose."

"It's just a nose. You have brown eyes that I like."

I insisted.

"I look awful."

She replied, pouting.

```
"But I love your smell."
```

I added, trying to cheer her up.

```
" "
```

"For me, you're the heroine."

I said, softening my tone.

"I'm grateful..."

I almost let my feelings out at that moment, but I caught myself just in time. I didn't want to scare this little girl in front of me, especially since her confidence had just taken a hit after meeting two of my old crushes on the same day. They both had impressive profiles, and it was a blow to her self-esteem.

Miriam speak in a stern tone that make me fall silent, feeling grateful that I hadn't said anything foolish that would only make her feel worse.

```
"I've liked you for a long time."
```

```
"I'm sorry..."
```

"I can only be the protagonist, are you crazy? I'm so pretty!"

The girl posed like an actress in a commercial before raising her eyebrows and saying:

```
"I can't help it, really."
```

"Is that a good idea?"

"What?"

"Got is prettier than you."

"Ahhh! Can't you let me win once?"

Then the little girl threw herself at me, tickling me playfully. We laughed together.

I do judo, you know? I'll take you down!

"If you can, try!"

I wrapped my arms around Miriam in a hug, raising an eyebrow. The little girl squirmed a little before looking into my eyes and smiling shyly.

Oh... we're so close to each other.

"Aren't you going to throw me?"

"I'm afraid you'll get hurt."

"And yet you're bragging about learning judo."

I learned judo to protect myself from bad guys.

" "

"Not for a girlfriend."

Thump, thump...

thud, thud...

My heart raced when I heard that, and I felt shy. And I thought I might faint and fall to the floor, like a bell ringing.

Ding-dong!

Someone's cell phone vibrated, making the coffee table shake. Miriam and I, who had been staring at each other, jumped back and quickly pretended to admire the birds and trees.

"Your phone is vibrating."

"It's a phone that vibrates to the beat."

"It's really durable."

"I'll buy one too."

"Great! Then we can use them together."

"..."

"I have to answer the call now."

"That's right."

It took a while for her to answer the call, and we talked for so long that the person on the other end almost hung up. Miriam answered without even looking to see who was calling.

"Hello... yes? now? Are you downstairs? Yes, yes, I'm coming down now."

Miriam looked at me disdainfully, a very different look from the one she had given me a few moments ago.

"There are two men waiting for you downstairs. The front desk called to ask you to come and interrupt, it looks like the two of them are about to fight."

Two men? — I immediately thought of the people I met today. — Are Chai and Pop downstairs in the lobby?

Yes — And she pointed to the door with an exaggerated gesture. — Go on. Come down quickly to sort it out, choose one of the two.

I smiled at her sarcastic comment. 'Can I choose you?'

But I was afraid that if I said it out loud, I might end up with a pillow or a flowerpot thrown at my head.

So I just smiled and opened the door, not forgetting to ask her.

"Aren't you going with me?"

"No, I'm not. It's none of my business."

"Actually, it's your business."

"In what way?"

"Because you're the husband, after all."

"Hey...

"Oh, you said yourself that you'd be the leading lady. The male lead role is yours, so if you're not the husband, you'll be... Ouch!"

And the pillow I was afraid she'd throw hit my face squarely, just as I'd imagined.

My head tilted a little, and I rubbed my nose.

"Did my nose get broken?"

I hope so, that way you'll look ugly, and I won't have to be jealous.

"Are you jealous?"

This time, Miriam took the flower vase, which made me quickly press the elevator button and go down as fast as possible!

"Hurry!"

I smile all the way to the ground floor. When I get there, I see Chai and Pop standing there as if they're arguing about something, and my mood changed from good to cold and bored, especially with the bouquets in their hands.

Is this another coincidence...?

But there are no coincidences in this world. Everything is perfectly predetermined. I believe this because, since I was born, I am the one who

defines the stories of my life, right down to the final moments.

These two are the same. Today, coincidentally, they found me together, buying flowers to wait in the lobby. So, what happens next...?

What else could happen?

"What are you two doing here? You are causing trouble for everyone."

I interrupted as the two men continued to argue about who would give me the flowers first, even fighting over who would get the flowers first.

Who would come first, as if I had a boyfriend and was cheating on him.

This is crazy!

"I brought you flowers, but this guy said I don't have the right, that you're his."

Chai rushed to complain first. I looked at Pop, who was acting like he owned it, clearly irritated, which made the other quickly defend himself.

"Don't believe him. I would never say something like that... He was the one who said you were upset and needed attention. He even bought this condo for you!"

"Hey, how can you make up such a lie right in front of me?"

"Even you do that!"

"You're calling me "you" and "me" now, are you?"

"Yeah, and what are you going to do?"

I looked at the two of them, starting to feel irritated. They were both incredibly annoying, and I didn't see the point in their argument about who would win me over. Finally, I waved my hands to stop them both.

"How about you two go home? I'm tired of..."

"I feel sorry for your parents, who raised you until you were an adult, only for you to die here."

Pop, whose temper was getting more aggressive and seemed ready to act up, pulled out a gun and pointed it at Chai. At that moment, everyone in the lobby was scared, running to hide behind cabinets and sofas. Even the receptionists crouched behind the counter, fearing they would be hit.

"Do you think I'm scared? If you're so brave, just shoot me!"

"Do you think I don't have courage?"

Normally, the two men were calm. They came from good families, and every word they said was well thought out. I was no stranger to either of them, but today they seemed like completely different people. Their tempers were so intense that I didn't even recognize them anymore, fighting over something as trivial as who would give me flowers first.

"Pop, why do you have a gun? That's such a trivial matter!"

"Your matters are never trivial. I've loved you all along; you know that!"

"And how is using a gun going to make me love you?"

"Well, if I don't..."

" "

"Then no one will! Ugh!"

Pop fell to the ground, unable to finish his sentence, having been kicked in the leg by Chai. The two began to fight, throwing punches, making it hard to tell who is winning. Meanwhile, the gun still remained in Pop's hand, posing a danger to Chai, who is fighting barehanded.

"Chai, get out of here! You might get shot!"

"If I have to die, let it be for you; I don't care."

This was getting out of hand. They had only just met today, but here we were, involved in something so serious. Just as Chai about to throw a punch, Pop pointed his gun at him, preparing to shoot.

"Chai."

I lunged to push Chai aside, hoping to get him out of the way, but that's the exact moment the person below me pulled the trigger.

### Bang!

The sound of the gunshot echoed through the lobby. The bullet, which was meant for Chai, hit my left arm, and I felt a deep crack in my bone. I felt a wave of dizziness and fell to the ground, like a dying leaf.

"GOT!"

The two men shouted my name in shock. I opened my eyes to the ceiling, beginning to understand what had just happened, and laughed softly. I had said it before: this was not a coincidence. There is no perfect timing in this world. Everything is predetermined; it just depends on how the situation unfolds...

And that is how it unfolded: the coincidences that led to me losing my left arm were a curse of my own making...



# História God : When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 08. Back

## Capítulo 10 - 08. Back

I'm not really sure when I lost consciousness, I just know that now I hear someone calling my name with a trembling voice, full of fear and despair, so much so that it makes me smile.

Without even needing to look, I know immediately that it's Miriam.

"That's great... when I open my eyes, I can see your face."

Now I'm in a place that's unfamiliar to me. The smell of alcohol and disinfectant tells me that I'm in the hospital. Oh... I remember now. Before I passed out, I was shot. No wonder Miriam is crying so much.

"Please leave for now."

Said a firm voice of a nurse, asking Miriam to wait outside.

I look around at the people around the bed and speak weakly, as if I'm pleading:

"Please don't amputate my arm. Even if it doesn't work anymore, leave it like this."

But it seems like no one listening. Everyone still busy taking care of me, fulfilling their duties. I remember begging and pleading, and then... everything went dark again, as if someone had turned off the lights.

"Got... can you hear me? Got."

As I was gently shaken, I slowly opened my eyes. Although my vision was initially blurry, I could recognize that the voice calling me was my mother, the one who had been with me my entire life.

"Mom."

"Thank God you woke up... sobs."

Then she begin to cry like someone who was holding everything in. I could imagine that my mother was in immense pain. I had only begun to understand her feelings recently, when Miriam was knocked out. The fear that the person you love will never wake up is worse than watching them suffer.

"My arm?"

As I begin to regain consciousness, I remembered my arm. I quickly used my uninjured right hand to feel around it and sighed in relief.

"It's still here. The doctor didn't cut it."

"The doctor said your arm is fine. Just a small fracture, but it will heal and work like before."

"Oh, okay."

I wasn't very excited because I knew deep down that it wouldn't work the same way it used to. Physically, I might look normal like everyone else, but because of the curse, I would just be an extra limb, there with no real purpose. At least it wasn't amputated. I just wanted to be whole, to have all thirty-two parts of my body intact, even if only for appearances.

"What happened?"

"I thought you already knew, Mom."

I smile lightly, trying to ease

her worry. If I showed how hurt I really was, she would only suffer more.

"I got shot."

"Did you argue with someone or curse someone?"

Even though I knew it was a question, I dodged it by talking about the gun. Anyone else would have asked how I ended up getting shot, but since it was my mother, who knew I wasn't like everyone else, she didn't ask the usual questions.

She understood that something abnormal must have happened for me to get shot.

"No, I didn't. I stay in my room all day; who could I possibly blame?"

I lifted my head slightly from the pillow and looked around the room.

"By the way, where's Mi?"

"She went home."

"Why did she leave?"

"I looked at my mother suspiciously. She, knowing that I'm about to lose my temper and blame her, quickly shake her head in denial.

"I didn't do anything! As soon as Mi saw that I was here, she apologized and left."

"Mi wouldn't leave without a reason. She's always worried about me."

I stared at her, not believing what she said. My mother, feeling exasperated, could only sigh.

"Please believe me. Seeing you get shot almost knocked me out, I didn't have the energy to argue with anyone. Besides, why would I fight with your girlfriend when the ones who shot you have already been caught?"

"Chai and Phop? What did they tell the police?"

"Jealousy."

"Serves them right."

A third voice speak from the nearby couch. The living room curtains blocked my view, so I don't realize there's someone else sitting and listening nearby. I rolled my eyes and sighed in frustration, pursing my lips.

"So, you finally left the house, huh? And the first thing you did was come here with that attitude?"

Get, my sister who had been isolating herself and refusing to come out, now standing next to my bed with her arms crossed. She had a lifeless expression, exuding negative energy.

"Well, serves you right. If you had behaved yourself and stayed out of trouble, you wouldn't have gotten caught in the crossfire. You were probably flirting, weren't you? That's why those guys were fighting over you."

"It's funny, really. You try so hard to flirt, but everyone ends up abandoning you."

"Got!"

"Enough, you two! Get! Why do you always have to fight with your

sister?"

Mom turned to scold Get, clearly irritates. Get, who looked almost exactly like me, stomped her foot in frustration.

"Why are you siding with Got again, Mom? She was the one who badmouthed me in the first place!"

"And you, Got, can't you two get along? It's just the two of you. Can't you love each other and live in harmony?"

"Mom, have you ever heard the things that come out of her mouth? What part of this is harmonious?"

Get and I were twins, but we were polar opposites. Although we were born less than two minutes apart, our personalities could not be more different. The fight you are seeing now is just part of the sibling rivalry. One moment we love each other, and the next we are fighting, but mostly we argue.

Get was always jealous of me... because of the abilities I was born with, which she did not have.

Everyone at home focused more on me than on her, mainly because they were worried about the risks that came with the power of my words.

Get, seeing this, always found ways to criticize me and pick on me. Not a single day goes by without many people approaching Get first, but I hardly have contact with those who find her later.

I understand my little sister, but I can't help but argue with her.

"A person like you, if you really didn't want things to happen, you could have prevented it. But you didn't. I've never seen you do anything but let things go."

"And what could I have done? Curse it?"

"Yes! If Get had abilities, the world would be mine, not lying here shot like this."

"Don't be so arrogant. Who do you think is responsible for me ending up like this?"

"I certainly wasn't the one who got shot."

"I mean, lying down and possibly never waking up again!"

Get looked at me, not quite understanding what I meant. Even Mom, who heard what I said, frowned and asked,

"What do you mean by that, Got?"

I bit my lip and pretending to look out the window.

"I was just talking."

"No, if you said that, there's a reason behind it. How does falling asleep and forgetting to breathe have anything to do with Get?"

I keep quiet because I know there's no point in talking. Besides, Get had just taken her first steps out of the house. If I told my little sister was part of the curse, it might make her feel bad.

"Mom, don't take my words too seriously. I was just joking with her, trying to scare her into shutting up."

"Got..."

"And how are you? Have you been able to see the world outside? Are you okay?"

Get, who had come over and sat cross-legged on the sofa, looked at me for a while and then nodded.

"It's getting better, but when I'm stared at too much, I can't help but get stressed. I wonder what these people are thinking."

"Stop worrying about other people's feelings."

"You can say that, but I still have to be in the entertainment industry and face a lot of fierce competition. Every journalist is like a flock of vultures waiting to tear me apart."

"Vultures only peck at a corpse when it's rotten and decomposing."

"I'm no different from a corpse. My past has made my present a complete mess."

Get looked at me for a moment, then ran to cling to the edge of the bed, acting like a little sister wanting something.

"Got, can you grant me a wish? Can you make everyone in the country forget about me? I want to start over "

"Shut up."

When my mother heard this, she glares at my younger twin sister, ready to intervene. Everyone in our family knows very well that every wish can have severe consequences for me or those around me. So there is a rule:

### "No wishes allowed, period."

"Mom, but I'm fighting now! Ugh! Everyone keeps protecting Got. What about me?"

"Didn't you bring this upon yourself? You're only twenty years old and you're acting like an adult, wanting to have a baby. You went abroad

for IVF and in the end, you got rid of it, treating the baby in your womb like a puppy."

"But I need to get into the entertainment industry. I can't have a baby!"

"Then why didn't you think of it in the first place? I told you not to get into this thing of being famous, there's a lot of money in our house."

"But the opportunity has come; can't I take advantage of it?"

"The opportunity belongs to Got. They asked Got to audition in front of the cameras, not you!"

"I hate you, Mom!"

Get turned to glare at me like a brat.

"I hate you too! Ugh, why can't there be just one of me in this world? Why do I have to be sent here with you?"

"Don't worry; soon, you'll only have yourself in this world."

When Get heard this, she looked surprises. It seems like my younger sister still cared a little about me, so she chose to remain silent and stomped out of the room.

"I won't talk to you anymore!"

Mom hesitates between staying with me or following my temperamental younger sister. I looked at her sympathetically and nodded towards the door.

"I'll stay right here. You should go; otherwise, Get might come and cause trouble for me again."

"Okay, I'll be right back."

Finally, I'm alone...

The first thing I did after seeing my mother leave was to grab my phone, which prominently displayed on the nightstand, and immediately dial Miriam. I was a little disappointed to wake up and not find her there first; I might get a little grumpy.

After all, I'm her girlfriend... I can do this.

After dialing, it only ring twice before the person on the other end picked up, but don't say anything other than her breathing make me realize I have to speak first because I know she's listening.

"Do you feel guilty...? Why did I wake up and not see you first, you asshole?"

But the line remained silent, making me frown.

"Is... is anyone there?"

[It's me... You're awake.]

"Yes, I'm awake, but you're not here. I'm feeling a little neglected; I thought you'd be here waiting for me to wake up."

[...]

Miriam's silence make me uncomfortable. Is she crying? She's always been sensitive, so I have to change my approach.

"But it's okay; I woke up and saw Mom, so I guess it's a benefit to the defendant. By the way, what are you doing now? Are you in your room?"

[Hmm, I'm in my room, thinking about this and that.]

"What are you thinking? Have you been thinking about me in there?"

[Mostly about you... By the way, how are you? Are you in pain?]

The tremor in her voice make me smile. She must be so worried about me that she doesn't know what to do now.

"I'm not in any pain. Waking up feels like nothing happened. You must be very surprised."

[You... I've been thinking about it.]

"Thinking about what? You're making such a serious tone, and it scares me."

I meant what I said. Right now, I can feel it. I can't trust anything from the person on the other end of the line. Miriam isn't even joking or laughing, which is not her usual personality.

[Miriam is someone who has always been afraid of relationships. Do you remember my sister? Someone who had everything: looks, knowledge, wealth. With her qualities, she could marry a prince from any country, but she was heartbroken by love. She devoted herself to someone to the point of

suffering. My sister was no different from a dead person now, and it's really pathetic.]

" ....

[But she ended up heartbroken by love, pouring her heart and soul into someone until she was consumed by her own misery. My sister's condition is no different from someone who has already died, and it's really pitiful.]

''...''

[I always afraid of ending up like this, so I chose to be alone. I refused to give my feelings to anyone because I was afraid of getting hurt. Just knowing that an idol I liked, someone I had never met, had died, I could barely handle it. You know, I even lost weight from the shock.]

"What are you trying to tell me?"

[You're my first love.]

"...."

[Even though we could have done this as some kind of experiment or something, to me, it felt so real that I started to lose the ability to distinguish between what was real and what wasn't.]

I smile, feeling good.

She isn't the only one who thinks so, but the difference for me, it's always been real. I never see it as an act or an experiment.

"You're my first love too."

[I'm trying to say... it feels very real, and it started to scare me when I saw you get hit, your body covered in blood. Miriam felt a deep pain in my heart and began to understand why my sister looked so broken back then]

"You..."

## [I'm not okay.]

Miriam's tone indicated seriousness and determination, making me think that I needed to do something to stop her before she started saying what I feared the most. But it seems like it's too late.

"I'm... tired..."

[While we're still aware and a little involved, if we can get back, we should act fast. I think...]

"The signal isn't good!"

[Let's finish.]

Everything fell into a deafening silence, and it seems like I couldn't avoid this conversation any longer. The person who breaking up with me seems more upset than the person who being dumped.

At that moment, all I could do is hold the phone and listen in silence. No matter how much it hurt, I couldn't show it because I'm afraid that I would get emotional and end up saying something hurtful by accident.

[Miriam deserves to be alone, Got. Thanks for showing me what it's like to have a girlfriend. It was really cool...]

"Yeah, I appreciate it too."

[So let's go back to where we started, okay? We can still be good friends.]

"Don't be so sad"

I tried to tell the person on the other end who was about to cry, hoping to make her feel better.

"It was an experiment, after all. I told you. Everything depends on you in this relationship. If you're not okay, then we're done. That's all. But wow... getting dumped by your first girlfriend is kind of embarrassing, isn't it?"

[You are a beautiful person; everyone likes you. If you want a boyfriend, you can have one. I'm going to step away for now... I'm a little heartbroken, and from now on, I won't enjoy your cooking anymore.]

"I'm heartbroken too. I won't be woke up to see you as the first person again."

•

We didn't say goodbye; we just hung up silently. Tears welled up in my eyes and streamed down my face as I

began to sob. If I had believed what my mother had said from the beginning, it would have been better.

Not getting emotionally involved in anything is the safest way to be.

I shouldn't have looked for trouble that would break my heart.



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 09.I'm talking about two pairs

## Capítulo 11 - 09.I'm talking about two pairs

"Got... I bought the items you asked for and put them here."

I didn't turn to look at the speaker, I' focuse on quickly applying watercolor to use the wet-on-wet technique.

However, it seems that the quality of the paper I using isn't to my liking. In the end, I just sigh and give up on continuing because I lost my spirit.

"Thank you."

I said without even turning to look at Ongsa, my former neighbor who had become one of my father's subordinates and now responsible for taking care of me depending on what I asked.

"Aren't you painting anymore?"

"I'm feeling down. Things aren't going my way today."

"You're getting more impatient."

I throw the paintbrush away in frustration and looked out the window. I'd been locked inside for two weeks, just sitting and painting. Art was the only thing I invested my time in, that brought me happiness and helped me pass the time.

Each day would pass quickly without having to worry about the outside world, but now that doesn't work anymore.

Lately, I've become restless and distracted, my mind not focused on the work in front of me, but on someone else, wondering what she might be doing right now.

"Got!"

Get's loud voice echoed just before she walked in. The closed door was slammed open, as if it had been kicked. I looked at my younger sister, whose constant mood swings were starting to get on my nerves.

"What?"

"I heard you made Daddy buy a TV station?"

"Not exactly. It's just shares... enough to run the station."

I crossed my arms, looking at my sister irritate.

"Why are you asking?"

"Well, can you tell the people at the station to give good news about me? Only the positive things. What's the point of having our own channel if we don't use it?"

"You mean spreading fake news? Don't forget that journalists have ethics too. Turning a bad person into a good one is lying."

"Hey, stop being such an idiot!"

At least today, I managed to smile teasing my own twin. That's true, if Get hadn't reminded me, I would have forgot that our family had enough shares

in that digital channel to interfere in its affairs. Ever since my heartbreak, I forgot everything.

"You know, instead of focusing on this kind of news, why don't you build a new reputation? Doing good work would be easier."

"Don't be so idealistic! What I went through is not just ordinary news. Now, everywhere I go, I'm embarrassed because of that stupid page."

"Don't blame that page. If there was no dirt, there wouldn't be a scandal. You created the situation, so they were able to dig it up and use it against you later. If you want to blame someone, blame yourself."

"Are you trying to start a fight with me? I came to ask for help... Fine! If you're not going to help, then don't. I'll figure it out myself. Idiot twin!"

"Bleh!"

I stuck my tongue out at Get as she stomped off, and then sighed. Ongsa, who hadn't moved the whole time, watched our sisterly argument and shook his head, as if he get used to it.

"You two, sometimes you love each other, and sometimes you hate each other. I can't keep up with your moods."

"Siblings must fight like this. If we loved each other too much, it would be disgusting. Otherwise, Thor, the God of Thunder, wouldn't have made billions. Do you think people watch him just to see him create electricity?"

"So what are they going to see?"

"They're going to see Loki."

"And are you Thor or Loki?"

I smile at the question and shrugged.

"I'm probably the director of that movie, considering how rich I am....Today is boring. Actually, every day is boring."

"I have something to cure your boredom."

"What is it?"

Ongsa walks over and take something out of the outer pocket of his suit. He handed me a small brown envelope. I opened it and found 7 or 8 photos, most of them showing scenes from Miriam's daily life.

Trump...

Trump...

My heart race with excitement. I looked at Ongsa, who still maintained a neutral expression, showing no emotion.

"Did you secretly take pictures of Miriam?"

"I thought you might want to know what's going on with her, so I asked some friends to keep an eye on what she's up to."

"She seems to be doing well... but she doesn't smile much."

I flipped through the pictures, feeling unexpectedly entertained, and begin to feel that today has some meaning.

"There's an interesting event at the art gallery today. Want to go?"

"I don't want to go."

"..."

"I like to paint with watercolors, but I don't really like other people's weird art."

I've never seen beauty in works where wires are bent or plastic is molded into shapes. I'm a bit superficial in that sense. To me, a beautiful picture is one that clearly shows a person, an animal, or an object.

"Really? But Miriam is there now."

I stand up and walk toward the door. Ongsa stand still, then asks a question to which he already know the answer.

```
"Where are you going?"
```

"To that art gallery, of course!"

"I thought you didn't like other people's work?"

"I like it now!"

I had seen in news reports that whenever there was an art exhibit somewhere, people would always take a picture to post on social media, looking at the artwork. Meanwhile, I'm one of those those who painted with watercolors but have trouble understanding complex artworks, like abstract paintings that needed interpretation, or sculptures make of real naked people for people to touch and feel, without knowing why they do it.

For me... everything has to be easily accessible, communicate with the general public, and be universally understood. That's art.

Just now, I'm walking into a museum displaying these works, barely looking at the exhibits, which quite impolite. What could I do with someone who could only see with one eye? My eyes were only good for observing one person.

"Are you sure Miriam is here?"

"Of course! Look!"

Ongsa handed me his phone, showing a picture of Miriam admiring a piece of art. The spot in the picture was exactly where I'm, confirming that she's really here.

"Are we too late? Miriam might..."

Before I could finish, my peripheral vision caught sight of that little girl talking to someone and admiring the piece of art as if she was drunk. I opened my mouth, preparing to greet her, but when I see that there's a

guy next to her, I quickly ducked into a corner to hide.

"What are you doing?"

Ongsa, standing in the open field with his hands in his pockets, raises an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Hiding."

"Hiding from what? It's Miriam, isn't it? You came here for her, so why are you hiding?"

"I don't know, but I feel like it's not the right time to go out there."

Ongsa glances at Miriam and me before narrowing his eyes as if he's being cold but wanted to tease me.

"God, look at that model's breasts! They look so tempting!"

Ongsa's half-scream caused everyone admiring the artwork to turn their heads toward us at the same time.

Yes... even Miriam turned to look.

Now, all eyes were on us with disdain. Fine art had been reduced to nothing more than a joke because of his inappropriate comment!

"God!"

Miriam walks over to confirm if the person hiding in the corner is really me. When she realized that I couldn't hide as effectively as I wanted, I slowly come out of my hiding place, standing up and smiling at her as if this's just a coincidence. Like I said, coincidences do exist, right?

"So, you're here too? What a coincidence."

I said, looking at Ongsa, who seems to be smiling.

"Have you been here for a long time?"

"I've been here for a while. What about you?"

"I just got out of the car."

Miriam looked at my left arm, which still in a sling.

"How are you? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

I thought about her...

Every day, I could barely sleep because I was afraid of falling asleep and never waking up again. There was a time when I wanted to die because life seemed meaningless. Until I started living with Miriam, I felt like I wanted to extend my time a little longer just to be able to see her face again but still... what could I say? It seems impossible now.

"I'm glad to see you're okay... How's your arm? Is it feeling better? What did the doctor say?"

"It's better, but I still have to keep it in a sling for a while."

I was telling the truth when I said it didn't hurt anymore because I couldn't feel anything. I would never feel anything again, not even pain. It was like blindness in my eyes and deafness in my ears.

We were silent again, just looking at each other. In my head, I had a million questions I wanted to ask, but my gaze drifted over her shoulder to the guy Miriam was with. Frustration replaced my desire because I wanted to know who this person that she's smiling and talking to.

"Who are you with?"

Miriam raises an eyebrow slightly and turned to look where I was looking before introducing the well-dressed man who had just come to invite her to see the artwork on the other side.

"Oh, this is Vichian, my older sister's friend."

"Ah." I replied, looking at him.

"My older sister's friend."

I thought as I begin to assess the situation. He was wearing a minimalist white shirt that clearly indicated that he was expensive. Not to mention, he looked clean and well-groomed, probably a few years older than this little girl, which meant he was older than me too.

"Hello."

I said, bowing slightly since I couldn't use my other arm. Vichian, the sister's friend, quickly raised his hand in greeting before looking at me, seemingly dazed, probably confused about whether I was Maya, the actress who had appeared on the news.

"Hello."

"You're here with your sister's friend."

I said, giving a small smile, although inside I starting to boil with anger.

"Did you come to see the art you like?"

"Um... well..."

"I won't bother you. Don't worry about me."

I interrupted her and gestured for Ongsa to move away from that place. Usually, I could control my anger well, but today seemed different. Even Ongsa couldn't resist chiming in.

"You seem a little sensitive today. If your mother know Miriam making you so angry, she would probably send someone to beat that little girl up for sure."

"Stop talking."

"Your face doesn't look like someone who could be jealous."

"I'm not jealous."

"Oh, the mirror!"

Ongsa pointed to a mirror that as tall as a person. I frowned at his excited expression.

"Have you never seen a mirror before? What's so exciting about that?"

"Why don't you stand in front of it?"

"And then?"

"Try telling the person in the mirror that... she's a liar!"

"You... if you keep talking, I might actually kick you out. Don't think I'm not brave enough."

I bared my teeth. If I could bite his head off right now, I would. People with a bad temper always like to cause trouble.

"If you are going to kick me out, you would have done it a long time ago. As everyone knows, no one can stand someone like you."

"What do you mean by someone like me?"

"..."

"Are you crazy?"

"Got !"

Miriam rushes to block my path, looking flustered. I'm about to turn around and walk the other way, but I have to stop and give her a smile, a little awkwardly.

"What's it?"

"Are you mad at Miriam or something?"

"No, I'm about to go back."

"Have you seen all the works?"

"I saw them all."

"But you said you had just arrived..."

It seems like my previous words were coming back to haunt me. So, I shrugged coldly.

"I just feel like there's nothing interesting here, so I'm leaving. Why appreciate other people's artwork when I can create my own? I'm afraid that if I look too much and absorb too much of other people's work, my inspiration will turn into imitation."

"We weren't together, you know. We just happened to meet here."

I looked at Ongsa who is standing still and listening, wanting to tell him to get lost because I wanted to talk in private. Luckily, my friend, in the position of assistant, understand my body language and stepped back to give Miriam more space to speak freely.

"There are no coincidences in this world."

"We didn't happen to bump into each other."

However...

I was taken aback for a moment before quickly changing the subject. Seriously, everything I said today seemed to come back to haunt me.

How frustrating!

"You can think whatever you want. Why did you come here to tell me this?"

"I'm just worried that you might misunderstood."

"What if I get it wrong?"

"I don't know."

"We're nothing."

"At least we're friends."

"If we're friends, do you really need to rush to explain all this to me? But anyway, you started dating Got because you wanted to experience what it would be like to have a girlfriend, just to see what it's like. Maybe one day..."

I glance discreetly at Miriam's friend in the distance.

"The day you find the right person. And wow, that was quick. You already found him."

"It's not like that. You're misunderstanding."

"No, I don't think so. It seems pretty accurate."

"..."

"It's just that you broke up with Got because you were afraid of getting hurt by a love that was too deep, so it's a little confusing that you're no longer heartbroken and have already brought someone new to admire the art you like. You must be afraid of loving only certain people... and that person is Got, the one you're afraid of."

The little girl stand on her tiptoes, gesturing as if explaining an infographic, while I remain silent, eager to see what Miriam would say next.

"Since you've already drawn your conclusions, it doesn't matter. There's nothing more to explain. Silence is... Saying more would be useless."

Just that?

"Wait a minute..."

Miriam stopped when I called her. The little girl turned to look at me, her eyes filled with some kind of expectation.

"What is it?"

"Silence is golden... You didn't finish your proverb, and that frustrates me."

Miriam shows her teeth in a smile before walking away to the boy, leaving me there.

I could only watch as her back disappeared. Normally, if we were angry or had an argument, there should be a longer process of reconciliation, right? Here she was explaining, and when I didn't understand, she just let it go.

Is it really okay to do this?

"Why are you so down? Did you go to the art gallery or watch videos of dog fights?"

My mother, seeing me curled up on my side, with my back to the world, speak with concern. Ongsa wasn't a talkative person, so he didn't report what was happening.

He knew I wanted to explain what was happening to myself. I didn't like it when people meddled in my affairs.

Besides, if my mother found out that I was like this because of a love that causing jealousy, it would only make things worse. The worst part is... by

now, Miriam probably hated me. I miss her. I shouldn't have said something so stupid. Ugh.

"I just want to sleep. Can't you let me sleep?"

"You can't sleep for two days straight like this. You've barely eaten. Your health is going to get worse; I'm worried."

"But at least I'm still breathing. Please let me sleep."

I pulled the blanket over my head, wanting to cut the conversation short, but the voice from the depths of hell, the kind that drives me crazy, interrupted, making me furious.

"With symptoms like these, you must be heartbroken."

Get couldn't help but interject sarcastically. I growled at the wall in annoyance because I didn't want to face my younger sister.

"Heartbroken? Someone like Got?"

"Of course! The woman who moved in with you! What's her name again? With the angels?"

"Miriam!"

I stand up quickly, turning to yell at my sister.

"Her name is beautiful!"

"Sounds like a sensitive subject, huh? Otherwise, you wouldn't be jumping to fight like that. It's hard to believe someone like you would be abandoned. God really has changed."

"Shut up! You're being so annoying!"

"Come on!"

"I don't think it's heartbroken, though. I think it's more about feeling embarrassed. Why would she be sad over just one girl? Someone like Got isn't worthy of anyone. No matter how good she is, she must be upset that she was hurt by a dull girl to the point where she had to pack up and go back... Mommy understands you, right?"

Mommy said this with a hint of irritation. Honestly, while she liked I had returned to her protection like before, she didn't like how Miriam seemed to belittle her perfectly good daughter.

"Miriam is adorable! Where is she dull?"

"You're still making excuses for her even after you were abandoned?"

"Mommy! It's not being abandoned!"

I tried to find other words to defend that brat.

"We just couldn't work things out, so we broke up. When people break up, it's bound to hurt a little. It's perfectly normal!"

"What about that girl? Is she in as much pain as you are?"

Get continued to pick at the flesh, hitting a nerve. From what I saw, Miriam seemed to be living her life normally, even taking that handsome guy out to admire works of art.

"She may be hurting but not showing it. How can we know?"

"What a naive worldview! People break up because one of them has someone new. You must have been dumped because she's seeing someone else. Ha! God really has changed. This is so satisfying!"

"Shut up!"

I grabbed a pillow and throw it at Get, but the brat stuck her tongue out at me triumphantly. Mom, seeing us arguing, made an irritated sound.

"Enough, Get."

Then Mom turned to me after scolding my sister.

"Let's just say I'm not going to let Got suffer alone. I'm going to take care of this for her."

"What do you mean? Explain more!"

Mom give me a sweet smile and then replied like a ruthless mother.

"I canceled the celebrity cooking show and dispersed that girl's team to other programs."

"What ...?"

"Whoever makes my daughter suffer deserves to suffer even more."

"You've been watching too many Chinese movies. This is ridiculous. I'm going to bed."

Get, feeling irritates that Mom spoiling me too much, decided to go to bed. I throw myself under the covers as usual before vaguely telling Mom to go away.

"You can go, Mom. I'm fine. I just want to be sad for a few more days."

"A few days? This is a waste of life."

"..."

"Okay, fine. Sleep well, my daughter."

Mom leaned down and kissed the top of my head, like she used to do when I was a child.

"Seeing you like this makes me not want you to grow up... Sigh..."

•

Mom finally left, turning off the lights in the room until it's completely dark. When I'm sure no one around, I slowly peeked out from under the blanket and grabbed my phone to check the chat with Miriam that I left unfinished a few days ago.

I miss her so much... I want to talk to her. But there I was, having acted so sarcastically that I ended up being hated. We probably wouldn't talk anymore. A world without her seems so lonely...

I wanted to type something like that, but all I could do turn off my phone and force myself to sleep. In fact, I'm more afraid of falling asleep, afraid I wouldn't wake up again. But this time is different. When I woke up, I wouldn't be the first one to see her anymore.

### Sigh!

I wake up suddenly, my body twitching. My heavy eyelids slowly opened. As I looked around, I could only wonder who I could ask.

Where am I?

The chill of the air conditioning made my arms stand up in goosebumps. This looked like a place to stay, but whose house is this?

Creak...

After I started to shake off the drowsiness, I got up and went to open the door to explore. It's completely dark outside, and the house is earily quiet, although I could still see a little bit of the hallway because of the dim lights scattered around. Just as I was about to go downstairs, I heard someone say.

"Where are you going?"

I looked at the person who asked, who seemed to have just woken up. The strange girl, seeing that I didn't answer, lazily decided not to press the issue and walked in front of me, bumping into me lightly as if she was going to start a fight.

"Get out, you're in the way."

"How rude."

"I don't remember being polite to you."

It seems like we know each other because of her indifferent attitude; she probably acted like this regularly. I followed the girl, who is about my height, since I am not familiar with the house. The pretty girl turned left towards the kitchen.

"What's wrong? Just standing there staring?"

"What place is this?"

"The land of plenty, maybe."

"Huh?"

"What's up? Don't you remember our favorite cartoon? It was about dinosaurs... we had to go find the land of plenty."

Then she started chatting excitedly, altering her voice to sound like she was narrating a cartoon.

" "

"When you make that silly face, it's kind of cute. Are you dreaming?"

The one who kept rambling come up to me and wave her hand in front of my face as if she's testing to see if my consciousness is intact or if I'm just dreaming.

"Anyway, whatever it is, I'm going to sleep."

Then that talkative girl walked back to the second floor, followed by the sound of a door closing in the distance. Her nonchalant demeanor make me tilt my head in curiosity about who she really is.

She looked familiar, but not that familiar.

But I didn't follow her back to the room. I chose to walk to the other side, where there's a large door in the house. As soon as I opened it, I found a large lawn with enough space to run and play with a dog or kick a soccer ball. I stepped out in front of the house, looking around curiously. Before long, the house lights flickered and then someone shouted from inside.

"Got!"

A loud voice from an older woman startled me, making me jump and prepare to flee, but I was grabbed by someone whose presence I hadn't noticed until now.

"Lucky you haven't run away yet."

"What? Let me go!"

I squirmed in a man's embrace. The smell of his aftershave was quite strong.

"Why are you holding me? Let go!"

"If I don't hold you, you'll run away."

This isn't a normal situation. The key words "hold" and "run away" suggested that I might have been kidnapped and hidden in this house. Ugh, I was putting the pieces together. How did I end up here? If I went in, they might tie me up.

"Tie me up!"

I almost screamed when I thought that.

"Are you going to tie me up?"

"Why, dear...?

Dear?

As I exclaimed like that, I paused for a moment. What was supposed to be a scream turned into a faint sound. Before long, memories began to flood my head, and I began to realize where I was and who I was.

"Mom."

"Oh, Got!"

As soon as I called out to my mom, everyone relaxed. Ongsa, who had been holding me tightly at first, gradually loosened his grip and let me walk over to the old lady I didn't even remember.

"I don't remember."

"Wahh...I was so scared!"

My mother hugged me tightly and cried loudly, while I, whose memories were starting to return, comforted her by gently rubbing her back in understanding.

"Don't cry, Mom. I'm back."



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 10. Reconcile

## Capítulo 12 - 10. Reconcile

I almost forgot I have this weird condition... temporary amnesia. You've probably never seen this disease in any movie. It's not Alzheimer's or anything like that; it comes from a curse I brought upon myself.

•

It's already five in the morning and even though it's still bedtime, everyone has gathered in the living room. Everyone woke up because Get felt uncomfortable when I couldn't remember my favorite cartoon or key words like "land of plenty", so she woke up Mom.

"I've heard about it, but I've never seen it firsthand... Does this happenvoften?"

Dad asked Mom in a defeated tone. Even he held his head in his hands after seeing me like this because he's rarely home and has never seen me in such a state of amnesia.

"It doesn't happen often. It's been two or three weeks since the last time. But this time, it seems to be lasting longer than before. The last time it only lasted about two or three minutes. But this time, based on what Get said, it started when we met in the hallway, continued as we talked until we got to

the kitchen, and then even outside the house... It's probably been about ten minutes."

"So it's taking longer," I said casually.

"But it's not that long. No need for everyone to get stressed out. I may not remember, but I'm still home. It's not that serious."

"Isn't it that serious? What if you suddenly leave the house and disappear?"

"My memory will return."

"Should we take her to the doctor again?"

Dad suggested as he stood up and began pacing anxiously.

"There must be a way to cure this."

"There's no cure,"

I said with a smile and a shrug.

"Who would know better than God, right? Anyway... I'm sleepy. Let's all go to bed. We can talk about it tomorrow."

I stand up, ending the conversation, and go upstairs, leaving the rest of the family to talk. But my twin sister, who had been silent for so long downstairs, suddenly run after me and grabbed my arm, pulling me to speak immediately.

"Hey, twin."

"Are you a ghost? Appearing so silently... What's happened?"

"You're not the least bit worried because this strange illness came from that discussion, right?"

" "

"I saw that that celebrity gossip page was taken down. The timing fits with when you got sick, according to the timeline. Did you do something on that website?"

My sister and I looked at each other as if trying to see who would win. In the end, I turned away, pretending not to know what she was talking about.

"Are you thinking too much? Why would I do something to a website like that? For you? Since when are we so close?"

"Of course..."

Get licked her lips thoughtfully.

"You don't love me that much. There's no way you'd argue with anyone for me. I was secretly touched for about three seconds thinking about that."

"Now that you've said what you had to say, go to sleep. Just looking at your face irritates me."

I turned my face away from my twin, but she called me back.

"Hey."

"What now?"

"Are you going to forget me too?"

I looked at her, a little dazed. Get crossed her arms, looking a little embarrassed to bring up the subject.

"I don't know."

"..."

"Because you don't even remember who you are or where you came from.

So, even God can be forgotten, huh?"

" ...

"Why do you always become a burden for others to worry about? Are you God or just crazy?"

"Why are you so nervous? You're not worried about anyone, are you?"

"True, but it's annoying."

Get muttered under her breath and went back to her room. My sister is harsh with her words, but she has a kind heart. In fact, we are pretty much the same. We don't show affection because it's too weird, but if one of us is hurting, the other feels the pain too. I'm saying this because after I woke up in the morning, my phone screen changed. What used to be a factory graphic image had turned into a typed message.

'Your name is Mahya. You have a twin sister named Maya. If you forget anything, just be quiet and call this number: 062-144xxxx. I will come and get you immediately... You crazy ghost! Why do you always make things difficult for others?'

.

I wanted to smile, but little irritate by the way the message ended. It wasn't nice at all. I handed my phone to Ongsa, who had offered to drive me today, and as we sit at a red light I asked,

"Shouldn't this phone have facial recognition? How can anyone use it?"

"Sometimes technology is dumb. It can't tell you from your twin sister."

"A flaw that Steve Jobs ignore."

"Steve Jobs is dead."

"Get is smart. If I can't remember anything and call her, she'll probably leave me in the middle of the woods... a subtle way of getting rid of the competition."

I put my phone back in my bag and looked out the car window with a slight smile. She must have snuck into my room while I was fast asleep. It's funny how in normal times, we're always arguing and fighting like it's a nuisance.

"You two are weird. You love each other but you never say it. Why make it so hard?"

"Ugh, just thinking about her and I saying 'I love you' to each other makes me feel sick."

"It's better to say it while there's still time."

"While there's still time..."

I repeated, as if trying to engrave the words in my mind. Come to think of it, my time is also running out. Even though I don't know when I'll leave this world, my body is visibly getting weaker by the day. There are still many things I want to do in this world, and one of them is to see Miriam's face once more.

"I changed my mind. Drive to Sukhumvit."

"What are you going to do in Sukhumvit?"

"Go to a friend's house."

The friend I'm referring to is Miriam. I asked Ongsa to drive according to the address on the business card she gave me when we met for work. I always kept that piece of paper with her name on it in my wallet, feeling like it was a gift. I remember the first time I met her, my heart was racing with excitement, but I had to act calmly, for fear that she would be frightened.

Calling her a friend is necessary... underline that. When we arrived, it took me more than ten minutes to gather the courage to get out of the car and

ring the doorbell. Only the gardener came out to talk to me, and he simply said:

"Miss Miriam moved out a while ago."

"Where did she move to?"

"I heard she went to live with her lover."

So Miriam hadn't come home from the condominium. After realizing who I had come to see, Ongsa, as soon as we got back in the car, spoke quickly as if he knew everything.

"If you wanted to see Miriam, why didn't you ask me? I could have told you from the beginning that she's still in the condominium."

"If you knew, why didn't you say something earlier? We came all the way here, and now you're telling me. What's the point?"

"The point is that you'll see how stupid you are."

I bared my teeth and clenched my fist as if I was going to hit him on the head, but I didn't plan on doing that. In the end, all I could do cross my arms and lean back in my seat, feeling frustrated.

"So, what now? Are you going to see Miriam or not? I can take you there."

"Should I go?"

"Are you still overthinking? What if one day you forget Miriam's name? You might never get the chance to see her again."

""

"She'll become a stranger, just like when you can't remember anyone in your own family."

I looked into his eyes after hearing that. Although Ongsa's words are sharp and provocative, deep down, he is reminding me of something important. I don't have much time left.

"Enough talking. Let's go."

"Okay."

•

.

Since what happened this morning, I've realized that holding a grudge doesn't do any good in life. It's true, if you can't get along with someone, you just go your separate ways. But still, it's sad. Loving each other is better than hating, right?

So I decided to start from scratch. No jealousy, no anger, and I'm going to talk things through without letting my emotions take over. At the very least, if I leave this world, Miriam will remember, I tried to imagine things in a better way, without feeling like the world would be better without me.

To be honest, I'm here to make amends and reconcile.

But when the van pulled up in front of the condo, I couldn't even muster the courage to get out. I'd never had to apologize or beg for forgiveness before, and I didn't know if I would be forgiven.

"You can't park here. Either get out or I'm leaving."

"Are you really my assistant? Your job is to take care of me, isn't it?"

"I'm your assistant, but I'm also your friend... I'm telling you this because I care."

"..."

"Now get out and go."

"Wow..."

I bared my teeth, but followed his instructions without protest. Ongsa, afraid that I would change my mind and return to the van, quickly left. I had no choice but to enter the lobby to ask Miriam to get out.

Damn... this was the hardest part. As I stand there, hesitating about what to do next, someone tapped me on the shoulder and leaned over to look at me.

"Got, is that really you?"

"Jubjang?"

I looked at Miriam's friend, who carrying a bunch of bags, in surprise.

"Are you here to see Miriam?"

"Of course, this is her apartment... Her girlfriend come to see her too."

Jubjang's teasing comment made me shiver. When I turned around, I see Miriam and Oa, each holding 7-Eleven bags, walking in as well.

"Got."

"Mi."

I give a weak smile. The two friends looked at the two of us, puzzled by the awkward atmosphere.

"What's going on? You two seem to have had a fight that hasn't been resolved."

Oa blurted out directly, causing Miriam and I to laugh awkwardly, which only made everything more obvious.

"Ridiculous! What fight? Nothing happened."

The smaller girl laugh with her mouth open, while I nod.

"Exactly, why would we fight? That's impossible!"

"They definitely fought."

Jubjang whispers, but loudly

enough for both of us to hear.

"It's like Taeyeon is drama SNSD level, are they really that close?."

"Mi, who do you think you are, daring to fight with the Venus of the school?"

Oa kicked her friend's leg lightly before quickly linking arms with me as if we had been close for years.

"Don't pay attention to her. Even if Mi doesn't go out with you, we still want to be friends with Got. She's top class!"

"Guys, stop this."

"She's just a dwarf, daring to fight with our Snow White... Got, don't worry about it. Have you eaten anything yet?"

"..."

"It doesn't matter, even if you haven't, we'll make sure you eat. Let's go upstairs."

I was pushed inside by the two friends. Miriam looked at me, scratching her head awkwardly, not knowing what to do, then she finally spoke.

"Are you not even going to ask me?"

"Are you saying Got can't go upstairs?"

Jubjang asked back, leaving Miriam speechless, her mouth open in surprise before she shyly shake her head.

"Nothing..."

"Then why talk so much? Hurry up, Got will get hot."

Oa waved her hand as if that would cool me down.

"If you need anything, just let us know, Got. From now on, we're best friends, and as for Mi, she's been demoted to just a servant."

```
"You..."
```

I smile gratefully at everyone before looking at Miriam with a small, awkward smile.

"Thank you."

•

•

I wasn't sure if having Miriam's friends as intermediaries was a good thing or a bad thing. The apology I had planned to say was swallowed back because I was too embarrassed to say it in front of others.

Today, Miriam's friends gathered to cheer her up after her TV show "Celebrities in the Kitchen" was canceled, and she was temporarily transferred to a show about selling civet coffee. What they didn't know that I was the main reason for it.

"Civet coffee is still a job. There's no need to be upset. If this is such a blow to your pride, just stop. You're rich enough to live off your family's fortune. We all know you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth."

"You know I hate it when people think like that. Living off your family's fortune is not something to be proud of."

Miriam popped a chewy peanut butter dessert she bought at 7-Eleven into her mouth. When she noticed me staring at her, she quickly covered her mouth with her hand, as if she's worried that chewing too loudly.

She looked so shy and cute...

"Ugh, and can pride fuel you? Why do rich people like to think like that, huh? I would give anything to be born rich, but I guess I didn't have the fortune... Damn... God is so unfair."

Oa complained, pouting as she took a sip of her beer. When she turned to see me sitting silently, not saying anything or share my thoughts, she asked,

"Got, what have you been up to lately?"

"Hmm... I haven't been doing much. Selling my watercolor paintings here and there."

"So that means you haven't been working."

"It seems so."

"So there's no sense of pride. How do you feel about being indirectly insulted by Mi, saying you're worthless?"

Miriam jumped up and down as if she's sitting on a pile of fire. Jubjang laughed out loud and high-fived Oa, who managed to poke the little girl.

"I didn't mean it that way."

"You meant it that way."

"Actually, I like stocks. I wouldn't say I'm not working... You could say I'm letting my money work for me."

"That's smart! Why put in the time and effort when you can let your money do the work? Ugh... How can someone be so perfect? Good-looking, born rich, and still have money to play in the stock market. Seriously... what kind of person would marry you, Got?."

Jubjang rested her chin on her hand and looked at me curiously.

"Have you ever had a crush on someone?"

.

### Thump...

•

My heart raced as I smile slightly and looked at Miriam, who is sitting next to me.

"Yes, I have."

"If you like someone, just tell them. I guarantee they won't dare reject you, Got."

"Well, maybe not."

I stared at Miriam for a moment, and she quickly turned her face away, apparently embarrassed about something.

"Really, who is it?"

Jubjang rolled up her sleeves and looked at me intently.

"Please tell us! I really want to know."

""

"Please."

"Got won't tell. We're not that close."

Oa chimed in, either genuinely hurt or just trying to make me feel guilty.

"It's not like that."

"Mi, don't you want to comment? Don't you want to know who Got likes?"

Miriam, who had been sitting silently for a while, seems unsure of what to do when her friend nudged her with her elbow. Finally, Jubjang seems to have an idea.

"It doesn't matter. Friendships can be built."

"Huh? How?"

"Remember that game in fourth grade? When I was the new girl who had just transferred and wanted to be close to everyone... We played a secret-sharing game."

Oa looked at her friend with wide-eyed admiration and snapped her fingers.

"Yeah, I remember! Wow... who invented that game?."

They both turned to look at Miriam, who still sitting there with her mouth full of snacks.

"It was you, Mi! You invented it!"

"I'm not playing."

The little girl said flatly, but...

"Come on, let's play! And we have to vote... Got, do you want to play this game or not?"

They all turned to look at me, creating pressure. I felt awkward because it seems like everything depended on me. Miriam didn't want to play, but I was curious about what this game was...

"It sounds fun, but if Miriam doesn't want to..."

"Mi lost the vote. Let's play!"

Jubjang clapped her hands excitedly and motioned for Miriam to open a beer.

"Mi, get the glasses ready. By the way, does this room have playing cards?"

"No."

"Then let's buy some... I'm willing to take out money to buy cards."

Jubjang declared, pulling out a five hundred baht note and handing it to Oa, fully aware that Miriam wouldn't.

"You're going to buy them. Today, we're all going to play that game again, the one that brings everyone closer together. Exciting!

"I'm feeling lazy."

"Don't worry; I'll buy it for you."

I take the money from my friend and stand up. They all looked worried, but they stand up to follow me.

"Don't worry, Got. Pretty girls shouldn't have to make an effort. This doesn't make sense..."

"It's okay. Don't we want to get closer? Let's start right now. I'll buy the cards, and the others can prepare the equipment we need to play."

"Apart from cards and beer, there's nothing else."

"I don't think beer is enough to get you drunk. Let's switch from beer to hard liquor. Got, you can choose the brand."

"Then wait a moment. I'll hurry up and come back."

I offered to buy supplies for my friends, since I know the way to the convenience store well. When I first moved here, I was the one who bought everything for the room, from food to sanitary pads. Ah... I miss it. It's been less than two weeks and I've already formed a bond with this place.

But just as I'm about to cross the street to go to the mini-mart, I felt a light touch on my arm from someone who seemed hesitant.

"Excuse me,"

Miriam said softly, surprising me. The sweet-faced girl called out to me without daring to look me in the eye.

"Oh, why are you here?"

"I come to be your friend. After all, this is my room. It wouldn't do to let a guest buy things."

The word "guest" made me feel a little choked up. It reflected the

distance in our relationship, even though I used to be someone who belonged in this house.

"You said you came to be my friend."

"Uh-huh."

"So that means I'm your friend, not a guest."

When the crosswalk light turned green, Miriam and I crossed the crosswalk to head toward the convenience store. We remained silent, which created an uncomfortable tension. I glance at the sweet-faced girl, who keep her head down and avoided eye contact, and decided to speak.

"You're not happy at all."

"Huh?"

Miriam looked up to meet my gaze, but quickly looked away again. I reached out and gently forced her to look at me.

"Uh... what's wrong?

"Are you still mad at me?"

"No, why would I be mad at you?"

The little girl pursed her lips for a moment before letting out a sigh.

```
"You're the one who's mad at me."

"I'm not mad."

"But that day..."

"I was just a little grumpy, but you didn't even try to make it up to me,"
I said, smiling apologetically.

"Not only did you not make it up, you walked away without even looking back."

"I didn't dare look at you."

"Why not?"

"I was crying..."

"..."

"I felt sad that you didn't believe what I was saying."
```

Miriam's voice begin to shake as she choked back a sob.

"We come to buy a deck of cards, right? Our friends are waiting.

Let's go to the mini-mart instead."

The little girl changed the subject and run into the store. I could only stare at her, unsure of what to do next. I told the cashier that I wanted to buy a deck of cards. It seems like our conversation today would only worsen the atmosphere, especially since we would be alone in the elevator.

As the elevator slowly ascended, we stand on opposite ends. Miriam is right by the door, while I leaned against the wall at the back.

```
"Mi."
```

""

I hold the little girl in front of me and hugged her tightly. Miriam tensed up a little, unsure of how to respond.

"Are you really mad at me?"

""

"Think of it as me being the villain. You can throw me away."

"Huh...?"

"Just to match how much I hurt your feelings... I'm sorry."

The elevator continued to climb steadily, with no one pressing the buttons, which meant it's just the two of us inside. The little girl reaches out and touched my arm lightly, as if she's trying to get free, but ended up rubbing my forearm instead. I take the opportunity to express my feelings about that day.

"That day, I was mad when I saw you with that guy. He was a handsome guy, and seeing you talking and laughing with him made me jealous."

"Got..."

"Actually, I had drawn in my notebook what I wanted to do, places that would make you smile. But it seemed like the guy had already done it. I couldn't help but tease you, just to let you know I was hurting."

٠٠ ):

"But seeing you leave made me suffer even more. I couldn't sleep a single night, afraid that you wouldn't want to see me again. If throwing me to the ground would make you feel better, then go ahead. Right now, I'm going to be the villain in your eyes."

"I'm not going to knock you down; you're not the villain."

"So what am I to you?"

"You're..."

Miriam's response is the most climactic moment I'd ever experienced. However, before the sentence I expecting could escape her lips, the elevator doors opened on the seventeenth floor. Oa and Jubjang, who were standing in front of the elevator, looked at our strange behavior and asked in confusion.

"What are you two doing?"

"Yah!"

#### Thud!

Then Miriam did something no one expected: she grabbed me and throw me with all her strength. My body jumped out and landed on my back outside the elevator. It felt like I see three or four little chicks flying in circles around my head.

"Hey! What are you doing, Mi?"

"My Snow White!"

Both of her friends screamed in shock, while Miriam could only stand there with her mouth open at her own shy reaction. But I smile at her in understanding.

"You can stop being angry now."

"Got!"

Miriam's scream sounded like the final voice, and it's a remarkable sound... full of worry. It's as if all my worries had disappeared after being thrown to the ground like that.

"It was all worth it..."

And t	then	my	world	went	dark.
-------	------	----	-------	------	-------

.

## Footnote:

1-Civet coffee, also known as kopi luwak, is a highly prized and rare type of coffee that is produced from coffee beans that have passed through the digestive system of the civet, a small mammal found in Asia.

# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 11. Her Secret

## Capítulo 13 - 11. Her Secret

"Can you... can you hear me?"

I could feel the wetness... of the towel my friends had soaked to wipe my face and eyes. Miriam's voice, which kept calling, made me smile, even though I hadn't fully opened my eyes yet. The familiar feeling of waking up and hearing her voice for the first time was so wonderful.

"I can hear you."

"I was so shocked!"

When everyone realized that I'm alive, everyone sigh in relief.

"So, you really didn't have time to put on makeup? I've been wiping your face with this wet towel for so long, and there's not even a trace of makeup on you!"

"I've never used any. It feels heavy on my face, so I don't like it."

"Is it really possible for someone to look so good without makeup? What did nature base its decision on to create someone who looks so different from everyone else? Did I do something to make nature angry?"

Oa continued to stare at the wet towel in her hands, wrapping it around her shoulder in frustration, unlike Miriam, who moved to sit in a corner of the room, kneeling down and poking the floor with her finger. I only noticed her, so I called out to her.

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm punishing myself by staring at the wall. I hurt you."

"When did Mi become a liar?"

Jubjang whisper to another friend. I stand up to sit, laughed a little, and shake my head in disagreement.

"No, she's cute."

"So, you're not mad anymore, huh?"

Oa said, chuckling softly.

"I can feel the annoying bright aura radiating from you. Mi, you should stand up! You may look cute in front of Got, but this makes us want to vomit!"

"If you can't handle it, go back."

"I'm not going back. I want to play! I bought cards and I'm not going to waste them! Got... tell that short girl to come sit here. It's getting dark and I'll be home late."

When my friends insisted like that, I waved Miriam over affectionately to stop her from feeling guilty.

"Come sit here with me."

"No! I hurt you."

"You sitting there won't make my pain go away. Come help me. Just in case I need help, it'll be easier if you're around."

The sweet-faced girl make a face of agreement before standing up and walking obediently. My friends helped move the coffee table so we could sit in a circle and invited me to sit on the floor with them.

"Okay, finally a good moment. Mi really messed up... Got, are you okay? You don't feel dizzy or hurt anywhere, right? How's your arm? Does it still hurt?"

Since I still had a cloth hanging from my arm, everyone looked worried, no one knew that I couldn't feel my arm anymore.

"My arm is fine."

"How can you say it's fine? You were thrown to the ground! You even fainted!"

Miriam, who is sitting to my right, turned to pat my injured arm.

"Should we check it out at the hospital? It might be broken or fractured. Ugh, I shouldn't have thrown you like that."

"I'm actually fine. You're worrying too much."

"But you look so fragile."

"Mi, you're really overreacting with your concern for Got! Listening to you two talking is so embarrassing. What kind of friends call each other like they're a couple?"

Oa, who had been watching us talk for a while, raises her hand to scratch her head.

"Why do you guys have to talk so sweetly to each other? When are you going to get closer?"

"People can be close without using harsh words."

Miriam argued in defense, which made Jubjang immediately try to do the same.

"Hey... don't get mad. Oa just doesn't understand, but I understand you!"

"Stop it, Jub."

"Huh? Why do you make that face like you have a mouth full of dog shit?"

"Because you're so low-class!"

Then my friends burst into a wave of playful insults.

I looked at Miriam, who had relaxed and being herself, and I thought she looked really cute. Only Oa seems to be watching me closely, as if she was checking me out. When I looked over, I felt a little shy.

"Speaking of which, Got never used swear words, did she?"

"Huh? Well... now the topic has changed for me. Saying something like that would sound inappropriate."

"Let's try this... call Mi names."

I smiled shyly. Just turning around to face that girl's cute face, I couldn't help but say anything. She was too adorable to use derogatory terms with her.

"Hmm..."

"Just say it! We'll get closer this way. ... Watch my lips, okay? Mi."

Oa demonstrated before motioning for Jubjang to join in.

"Mi slut."

"Mi whore."

"Mi slut."

"Okay, stop! Let's try this."

"Okay, stop this. Let's try this."

I waved my hand in a stop gesture as Miriam's nickname started to get more intense according to the closeness scale.

They were both so soft with their words that I started to feel pressured. Well, since I couldn't help myself, I had to say it as requested, and here's today's swear word:

"You asshole!"

""

Miriam put her hand to her face in embarrassment because she knew it was a term I used when I was feeling affectionate. But for the friends who didn't know that, they all laughed with joy.

"Why are you so cute, Got? Even saying the word 'ass' feels like it comes from heaven, calling a friend like you're calling a boyfriend. It makes me shy."

"My ex used to call me 'fat', and it didn't even sound that cute! It's like he actually believed I was fat."

Oa said with a teasing tone, shaking her head.

"Got is so sweet in everything, the way she moves, the way she talks, the way she walks. Just hearing her voice makes me want to be her girlfriend."

I fixed my eyes on Miriam and pursed my lips, smiling. I didn't even know how shy I was feeling right now, but all I could do was hide it and clear my throat.

"Let's play a game. I don't know how to act anymore."

"Okay, okay!"

They all laughed and excitedly unpacked the new deck of cards with gold borders. The novelty of the cards made everything seem easy, from shuffling to dealing and cutting the cards. After we helped make sure the numbers weren't stuck together, Miriam explained the rules to me, since everyone already knew them.

The way to play is to each draw a card and compare the values, with the highest being a King and the lowest being an Ace. If there's a tie, we separate them by suit in the order of Spades, Hearts, Diamonds, and Clubs.

The player with the highest card gets the chance to read a secret from the player with the lowest card.

So everyone wants to be the King, right? But it's not that easy. The important rule is that the player with the highest score who isn't a King, if they wants to read a secret, must write their own secret in a box too. If they don't, they can't read anyone else's secret and also have to drink a glass. The player with the lowest score still has to put a secret in the box too.

The secrets will stay in that box and accumulate until there are more and more. The special part is that these secrets won't have names attached, so everyone has to guess who they belong to. I see this as not violating anyone's privacy, but also bringing us closer together since we know things that no one else knows besides those who play this game.

"Everyone should start by writing on the paper, 'I...' along with the secrets so we don't get confused. Otherwise, the person drawing will know who wrote it. Oh, and try changing your handwriting too."

Miriam emphasized again to make sure everyone understood. I looked at her, chatting animatedly, with genuine admiration.

"Did you invented this game? That's really clever."

"Thank you!"

The sweet-faced girl tucked her hair behind her ear and nodded, accepting the compliment with a shy smile.

"And you're cute too."

"Thank you."

"Not only do you look pretty, but your smile is beautiful too."

"I can't compare myself to you. Anyone who saw you would be completely in love."

"Really? Are you in love with me?"

"Why don't you try smiling to find out?"

"Oh, can I compete with you? Your smile could kill someone..."

"Hello, we're fine here! Are you going to keep complimenting each other for long?"

Miriam and I froze, realizing we are no longer alone, when Jubjang's third voice interrupted us. The two friends exchanged glances, looking at us suspiciously.

"You two are acting strange. Just now in the elevator, you were..."

"Let's play! Who wants to go first?"

The little girl, afraid of the word "elevator", quickly chimed in to change the subject.

"Do you want beer or liquor?"

"It has to be hard liquor! Beer takes a long time to get drunk."

It seems like the alcohol helped everyone forget about the topic of their conversation a short while ago. Miriam took charge, shuffling the cards for her friends to decide who would go first. I am the one who deals the cards, but it turns out that I am the one who gets the most points, so I have to deal a card to everyone.

In the first round, the person with the most points is Miriam, and the one with the least is Oa.

"Your secret is not interesting at all. I will not get involved in this."

Miriam refused to exchange secrets and preferred to drink her drink, half of what her friends poured for her. I am starting to understand how to play. Whoever has the highest card in the first round does not want to exchange secrets, because both sides will immediately know what everyone is hiding. This game becomes fun when everyone's secrets start to pile up in the box. The more there are, the more we know, and it looks like this can go on for a while.

Now the game is getting fun. Everyone is starting to drink, even I can feel the adrenaline rising. To be honest, I've never touched alcohol before because my mother was overprotective, afraid that if I got drunk, I might spill something embarrassing. So today feels like a day of liberation. I'm laughing easier, talking a lot more than ever, and it seems that my friends like me in this version.

"Wow, Got has the lowest points!"

Everyone looks at me excitedly before passing me a pen and paper to write down my secret and put it in the shoebox."

"As for me, I have the most points!"

"Hooray!"

Oa claps her hands to herself, but this time, it seems that whoever has the right to see other people's secrets won't be drinking anymore.

"I want to know what secrets Got has... This time, I'll put my own secret in exchange!"

'I feel like I'm going to die.'

This must be the first piece of paper I put in that box of secrets. From what I see at a glance, it seems like there's already a lot of stuff in there, to the point where it's hard to tell whose is whose. Even if Oa says she wants to know, it doesn't mean she's going to take my stuff away.

"After Got writes one, I get curious, huh... Next time, if I get a lot of points, I won't drink alcohol because I'm picky,"

Jubjang said, waiting for something.

"You don't have to announce it; everyone knows you're just nosy."

Miriam laughed, pleased, before pulling the shoebox into her hands and shaking it.

"Here, take it!"

"Do you have to shake it so hard? Now I won't know which one is Got's."

"No one knows which piece belongs to whom anyway. Just take one."

She take a piece of paper and unfolded it to read. The rule is not to read it out loud and to destroy it immediately.

"Boring."

"Whose secret is it? Is it really that boring?"

"It's mine. Why should I take my own paper when there are so many inside? Damn it!"

And yes... if you choose yours, you will get a reaction like this. The power of this intrusion depends on luck as well.

"Deal the cards! This time, I want to take a secret."

Jubjang rubbed her hands together determinedly. However, this time, the person with the highest points is me, and the person with the lowest points is Miriam. That sweet-faced girl, even when drunk, still felt shy when writing down her secret, as if she's afraid that I would find out.

"I want to know what you wrote! This time, I want to take it! I want to know your secret."

That means I have to write my own secret in return after taking out a piece of paper from the box. Miriam shake the box hard and handed it to me, and I stuck my nose in a bit before closing my eyes to feel a piece of paper.

"You can't just read the secret easily."

"Inside there are secrets of yourself and others."

"Even if you choose, you still won't know if it's her piece or not."

I looked at the little girl, who raised an eyebrow as if she's superior, and felt a little irritated. She didn't realize that I was someone who, if I wanted something, would get it. What's so hard about being curious about her? I would pray for that!

Hmm... but is it worth it? Even though I want to know, I'm still a little hesitant. What if I make a wish, what will I get in return for that prayer? Because nothing in this world comes for free, not even from God.

*I* want to know, but *I*'m scared...

But my life is short anyway! Just playing a game shouldn't be a problem! Maybe it's because I'm a little drunk that I'm not thinking much. If my mother were around, she probably would have dragged me home right away so I couldn't see the moon or the sun.

So I just shouldn't let my mother know, heh. Right now, I'm having fun and I really want to know the secret of that sweet little face! Alright... I decided. I'll pray to find out Miriam's secret every time I play this game.

She's going to get in trouble, that little girl!

"I get it... let me see!"

I unfolded the paper in my hand and smile at everyone. This time, I'm playing a little unfairly. Using special abilities to do things no one else can do, like making a wish. This piece of paper must belong to Miriam, and I'll finally know what her secret is in this box.

.

## Trump, Trump...

## Trump, Trump...

•

Everyone is looking at me as if they're waiting for me to read it out loud. I can only smile mischievously and look at Miriam with a victorious look. If you can't handle it, go be a god, okay? Hehe!

Alright, I'll open it now...

## 'I had a wet dream.'

After reading it, I turned to meet the gaze of the person holding the shoebox, who raised an eyebrow, unaware that his secret being discovered. I bit my lip lightly, not knowing how to feel. My palms were sweating, feeling both shocked and excited.

What kind of secret is this? It's so revealing, and there's this side...

"Why are you shocked? Destroy the colored paper and let's play again. Come on, shuffle the cards and deal them again."

I tore that little piece of paper into pieces and put it in the trash bag before playing the next round. The game continued. Everyone was starting to get drunk, but still enjoying the game. This round, I got a high score again.

'I didn't want to stop.'

I turned to look at Miriam, who is laughing loudly with her group of friends without knowing anything, why do you look so embarrassed? You don't seem excited when I read it. Isn't it Miriam? Or maybe the wish I made didn't come true. Maybe it's not even that girl's role.

But I really don't want to give up on anything.

The game continues with ups and downs. Now, everyone wants to know my secret, so I have a lot of points and I'm willing to trade my own secret. I don't even know if anyone has gotten mine yet, but even if they did, they probably wouldn't know whose it is. I'm the only one here who's cheating... I'm only going to pick up the cards from the person I want to meet.

And that person is Miriam.

## 'I like someone close to me.'

I straightened up enough to pick up the card before I scanned through everyone here, trying to see who might be close to Miriam. Now, they're all drunk, so it's best to ask casually.

"Do you have any close male friends?"

Miriam, who was playing rock-paper-scissors with Oe, turned to look at me and raised an eyebrow.

"Well, I do. I'm close to everyone, actually. I have a lot of male friends."

Great! The answer is even broader. I forgot that Miriam has always been sociable. Wherever she goes, she has tons of friends and acquaintances. So, who are the people close to her?

"And who is the closest friend?"

"Well, it's the people here. We're the closest to her."

I patted my chest proudly.

"But soon, one more person will be added."

"Who is it?"

"Wow, you seem so excited!"

Oe laughed and nudged me lightly with her shoulder.

"Do you really want to get that close to Mi?"

"Are you talking about me?"

I pointed at myself, but my friends laughed like I was being silly. Miriam, on the other hand, smiles shyly and put her hand on her cheek.

"Of course, it must be you! We are very close now."

"Uh-huh..."

"Everyone wants to be around Got. Hanging out with her is like having positive energy, like you are something special and the center of attention. It's cool! I can't even believe that one day I would be drinking and playing a game of exchanging secrets like this. But speaking of which, I still don't know if I have figured out Got's secret."

I just smile without saying anything else, then invited everyone to focus on dealing cards for the next round. By now, the drinks had started to take effect for all of us, and we were starting to lose our sense of self. Jubjang, who was drunk, started crying and shared her bittersweet past about unrequited love.

"Wow, he said he would only love me! He touched my breasts in the science room! Then the next day... he broke up with me."

"Wait, you said it was a secret! If you're talking about everything like that, how is that exciting?"

Oe scratched her head and focused on the cards, not really caring about her friend's sadness.

"Playing cards with you is no fun at all."

"Well, you all already know about this... He broke up with me because my breasts are small!"

"It's not small!"

I looked at Jubjang's chest in disbelief.

"If that's called small, then what do the others have?"

"It's a secret."

"If you say that, everyone already knows. Open the cards! I'm pissed!"

And this round, I won again, as always. No matter who had a low score, I was ready to put my own secret on the line to see what else Miriam had written there.

## 'I like Got.'

This is the letter that could almost be called the climax of the night. Miriam must have been too drunk to write something like that and probably didn't think I would find out. As I read, I raised my hand to my chest, feeling my face heat up as if it were being fried in hot oil.

Okay... too hot. I just wanted to say that my face is burning. The game continued until midnight, and the two bottles of alcohol completely disappeared, along with everyone's consciousness. Miriam was lying on the floor, mumbling to herself, while Oe and Jubjang were cuddled on the couch as if they were dead.

At that moment, while everyone was lost in a drunken stupor, I take the opportunity to open the box of secrets and stuck my hand in, I knew it had to be from Miriam according to the wish I had made. The previous letter that was the climax was nothing compared to the last one, which made me fall back and lie on the floor because my heart felt like it was going to explode.

'I want to have sex with Got.'

Oh God, please help me...



# História God : When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 12. What Girlfriends Do

## Capítulo 14 - 12. What Girlfriends Do

The game we played came to an end, and I knew it was over when I saw Jupjang, the last one left, lay down on the floor and hugged Oa, completely drunk. At this point, I was no different from everyone else. I couldn't stand or walk, unable to do anything upright in this world anymore.

"Is it over?... I still want to play."

"Today, I learned everyone's secrets!"

Oa, who was drunk, screamed and then continued to chew on her own cheek without any sense. I scanned the room, looking for Miriam, who had been missing for a while, and finally see the little girl lying in front of the bathroom. The last thing I heard that she was going to vomit, and after that, there were no signs of life.

"Miriam."

I crawled towards the nearby bathroom and shake Miriam, who is lying face down. The little girl turned around and burst out laughing.

"Kao¹ I will find out your secret no matter what."

Even drunk, I know exactly who Miriam is referring to.

Using "kao" to refer to someone could only mean me. I smiled softly, looking at her lisping, drawling voice with affection.

"So, have you found out anything yet?"

"How could I? I didn't even have your name on a single piece of paper... ugh..."

"Do you want to go to bed? I'll take you."

"Sleep, sleep... I want to sleep with you."

Thump, thump...

•

I lightly placed a hand over my heart, feeling a little embarrassed. After reading so many secrets, especially that final note, I felt like my life bar was completely filled with excitement.

"I really like it when you're drunk."

With only one arm working, I tried hard to help Miriam get up, but it didn't seem to be working. In the end, I gave up, lay down next to her, and chatted casually about this and that.

"You're too heavy for me to carry. Let's sleep here, okay?"

"Still trying to act tough with that arm of yours... you one-armed wonder!"

"Pretty bold of you, huh, shorty?"

Miriam and I burst out laughing at the way we called each other. Normally, she's shy around me, cautious to the point of being annoying, but now, she

was bold, teasing me about having only one arm without fear of making me mad.

"I love hearing you laugh."

I said, looking at her as she

continued to laugh, clearly amused.

"If you laugh so much when you're drunk, I'll have to find an excuse to drink with you next time."

"Are you trying to get me drunk?"

"Yes."

"Get me drunk just to make me laugh?"

"You use to smile."

"You're impossible. If you're going to get me drunk, you should want to do something more than that."

Miriam turned and wrapped her arms around me, throwing a leg over me.

"Anything else to do?"

"A lot, like... hugging like this."

She leaned in closer and sniffed my shoulder like a cat.

"You smell so good. Are you wearing perfume?"

I tensed a little, feeling a little shy. Is this how bold she gets when she's drunk? Not that I minded, I just wasn't used to it, but... I didn't dislike it either.

"I'm not wearing any."

"Natural scent, huh? I heard that people who naturally smell good were probably offering garlands to monks in their past lives. So, were you Thai in your past life?"

I laughed at her innocent question, amused by how carefree she's when drunk. I started to relax a little, enjoying the way her nose playfully brushed against mine.

"You look so cute when you're drunk. It's like a golden opportunity."

"What do you mean?"

"Like this,"

I said as I turned around, pinning Miriam beneath me. Her eyes widened in surprise for a moment, but then she started laughing.

"You're pretty heavy yourself, you know."

"Do you want me to get out?"

"No, don't move. I like looking at you like this. We can't usually do things like this."

Miriam, lying beneath me, wrapped her arms around me.

Her arms wrapped around my neck and pulled me closer until our noses were almost touching.

"And I've never been this close to you before."

As we stared into each other's eyes, Jupjang suddenly stand up and started laughing hysterically.

"Hahaha!"

Then she throw herself back down as if nothing had happened. Miriam and I, now quiet, exchanged glances. My heart is pounding. At first, I had straddled her playfully, but Jupjang's crazed laughter brought me back to

reality. I felt awkward, unsure of what to do. I wondered if Miriam felt the same way, especially since she was usually so shy.

Just then, thud!

I froze in shock as Miriam hugged me tighter, pulling me closer to her body. My face ended up near the crook of her neck, my forehead resting on the floor.

"Stay like this for a while. Don't get up."

"O...Okay."

Miriam had sobered up? If even I, who was drunk, beginning to regain my senses, surely she's too. But... would she really be so bold if she wasn't drunk? Normally, she's so shy that she avoids my gaze, practically ready to run away whenever we make eye contact.

"*I miss you*." She whispered.

The soft words from the sweet-faced girl, meant only for us to hear, make my heart beat faster in a strange way. I slowly tilted my head to look at her, but all I could see the cheek of the person holding me.

#### 'I like someone close to me.'

Thinking about the secret game ticket, my heart started racing, and I couldn't help but smile.

"I don't know who's drunker, me or you."

I said softly. Miriam laughed and looked up at the plaster ceiling.

## "I miss you too."

"Then we're probably equally drunk."

"It seems that way."

I run my right hand, the only one that worked, playfully across her cheek as she lay there, avoiding eye contact.

"How are you? Are you okay?"

"Not really... I haven't been sleeping well."

"Are you suffering somewhere?

"In my heart, maybe."

Miriam murmured dreamily, pressing her cheek against my hand as if seeking comfort.

"Ever since you left, I've been missing you. I used to be fine alone, but now I hate it. Waking up without you, not being able to wake you up, not having breakfast together... it's been hard."

"So, you're used to having breakfast now."

I whispered, my face close enough for my nose to brush against her cheek.

"I haven't been able to sleep either... because all I do is think about you."

"My secret is... I had a breast surgery!"

Oa suddenly blurted out, startling us both. We jerked upright, but when we looked over at her, we found the person sleeping and mumbling.

"Is it true?"

I make a slightly surprised face, and Miriam nodded in confirmation.

"Serious."

"Oh, if you know, it's not a secret."

"Actually, everyone knows, but no one says anything. When we were kids, it was so obvious, but now, it seems like a conspiracy to deceive the

public."

The sweet-faced person laughed softly and looked at me.

"You are really surprised, aren't you? Suddenly shouting like that."

"Yeah, I'm really surprised. By the way, why do we have to whisper? Are we talking about a secret?"

"I don't know why we have to whisper either. I just know... I don't want anyone else here."

"..."

## "It would be nice if it's just us."

'I like Got.'

As soon as Miriam finished speaking, I couldn't hold it in anymore. I leaned in closer and gently touched her lips before quickly pulling away and biting my lips hard. I didn't know if it's because I was drunk or if I just captivated by her.

She was already intriguing to me, and reading that secret paper seemed to unlock something inside me. I could feel what the other person is thinking, so I dared to act like this. Now, all I could do was wait for the answer, wondering what the little girl would say next.

"What are you doing?"

"I..."

Miriam slowly pushed me until I slid to the side. The sweet-faced person stand up and staggered to the bed without saying anything, still in a daze. I could only lie there in shock at what I had just done. Damn it! I forgot that those papers were a secret. A secret means that no one should know.

Even if I know that it's a real feeling, I shouldn't have done something so ridiculous. Miriam wasn't prepared for something like this!

I collapsed on the bed, feeling completely exhausted, with a lump in my throat. I was angry at myself for being so rash and impulsive. Normally, I'm someone who thinks a lot. I ponder things over and over until I'm sure that what I'm about to do is good before I act. What happened just now was probably a mix of alcohol and atmosphere that made me forget reality.

But then... Not long after, a thick blanket was placed over Miriam, who lay down next to me and snuggled into the blanket.

"You need a blanket for what you just did, our friends will see."

"You..."

"It's a secret!"

Miriam leaned in and kissed me on the lips, then smiles before snuggling closer and murmuring softly.

"I miss you so much. I miss your smell. It feels like a dream."

At first, I wanted to cry, but gradually I started to smile. So, using my functional right arm, I wrapped it around the cute kitten and pulled her into my embrace.

"Can I come back to be with you?"

"..."

"It would be nice if you woke me up every morning and I cooked for you before you went to work."

My tone now pleading and longing. I missed Miriam so much that not being with her for over two weeks felt like an eternity.

"Come back."

My heart was pounding like a drum. I smiled and used my hand to cup one of Miriam's cheeks, forcing her to meet my gaze.

"So that means I can come back to be with you, right?"

"And how are you going to come back? Have you thought about that?"

The little girl made a teasing sound, as if she's shy. I had to summon the courage I used last time for this moment again, but it was a little easier since I was drunk. You could say that was the advantage of alcohol.

"Can I come back as your girlfriend like before?"

"It's not quite the same, right?."

Miriam lightly tapped her forehead on my chin, blushing a little.

"I'm starting to wonder what a girlfriend can do besides waking up together."

'I want to have sex with Got.'

I smiled, understanding the implication, while the little girl had no idea how I knew.

"Of course! What activities do girlfriends do together?"

" "

"I'll do it with you."

## Footnote:

1-"Kao" in Thailand is a term that means "rice" in the Thai language.

# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 13. Please Stay With Me

## Capítulo 15 - 13. Please Stay With Me

I don't know where our conversation ended last night, but I only know that when I woke up, I was lying alone in front of the bathroom, still covered with a blanket that reached up to my neck. I looked around and see the shadow of someone sitting next to the bed in the bedroom area, doing something suspicious. So, I quietly get up to take a look.

"What are you doing?"

Sigh!

Miriam, upon hearing my voice, quickly hid the box of secrets behind her, like a child caught by her mother stealing a Chanel lipstick to play with.

"N... Nothing."

Her sweet eyes looked at me in shock before she quickly turned her face away, as if she's embarrassed. Her behavior different from last night, so I could imagine that she had sobered up. But I wasn't sure if she remembered what we talked about last night.

"Nothing? I can clearly see you rummaging through someone else's secret box."

"I wasn't looking at someone else's secrets! I'm looking at mine!"

I almost burst out laughing when the little girl replied. She must have been shocked, realizing what she had written there.

"But that also means you peeked into someone else's secrets."

"Even if it was written by someone else's, you wouldn't know who wrote it."

"So, how was it?"

"What do you mean by how was it?"

"Did you find your paper?"

Miriam looked like she's about to cry, and I had to turn away, afraid she would find out that I was the one who took all those secrets. The fact that Miriam couldn't find her paper meant that someone had already taken it and destroyed it. Now it's just a matter of guessing who among the three of them had taken their own paper.

"Well... I found some."

"That means no one else knows your secret. Congratulations."

"What are you guys talking about so early... Oh! Mi! You sneaky cheat! You peeked into someone else's secrets!"

Jupjang, who had just wake up, run over when she sees the box of secrets in Miriam's hands and snatched it from her in shock.

"You witch! According to the rules, we have to destroy the secrets when the game ends! Whose secrets did you read... Oh my God, you opened almost every page!" "I wasn't looking at anyone else's secrets! I was looking at my own!"

"That's still looking at someone else's secrets, you demon! Alright, then I'll read them too, to be fair."

.

## Thud!

Before Jupjang could do anything, the box is snatches away by Oa, who has wake up just in time to hear everything. She grabbed the papers from the box and stuffed them into her mouth.

"What are you doing?"

Miriam looked horrified when she sees her friend doing this, before receiving a muffled reply from a mouthful of paper.

"Destroying secrets."

"Wouldn't it be easier to flush them down the toilet?"

"Yeah, you're right."

"You guys are hilarious,"

I said, hugging myself as I couldn't hold back my laughter. The scene in front of me like three wild-haired people from a jungle tribe, half asleep, arguing and chewing on paper instead of breakfast.

"You all have such fun lives! Haha."

Everyone looked at each other, raising their eyebrows and smiling at me. Oa, who had swallowed the paper, scratched her head awkwardly before speaking.

"I'm glad we made you laugh, Got. You look like an angel when you laugh; it makes the world seem so bright."

"I'm glad to be alive."

Jupjang nodded before nudging Miriam, who is smiling at me.

"Right, Miriam?"

"I want to be with you for the rest of my life."

"Hmm? / Hmm?"

Everyone's eyes turned to Miriam, who had said this almost in a whisper. I bit my lip a little, feeling genuinely shy, and waved my hands.

"What are you guys saying? It's just a laugh. I had a lot of fun playing the game last night. You're all so much fun. I wouldn't regret it even if I died."

"Why are you talking about death? It's far away!"

Oa waved her hands dismissively, but Miriam, who was smiling, suddenly she straightened her back, as if remembering something. Her gaze changed from gentle to suspicious in an instant.

"I just remembered something."

"What the hell? The mood was nice, and now you're using a tone as if you're angrily declaring that you're dating someone else's husband."

Jupjang scoffed, placing her hands on her hips.

"If you remembered something, just say it."

Miriam hesitated for a moment before nodding, as if she had made a decision with herself.

"I know this is a secret, and whoever received the role shouldn't reveal it, but I really can't hold it in."

"What is it?"

Oa picked her nose and asked irritably.

"You're dragging this out like you're announcing the Oscars. The suspense is tightening my chest."

"Someone here is going to die."

The moment the question was answered, the previously lively atmosphere instantly turned scary. Everyone looked at each other in disbelief. As for me, the person who had written this, I remained silent, crossing my arms behind my back and clenching my fists tightly, hoping no one would notice.

#### Damn it.

It was supposed to be a secret! I shouldn't have said that. Besides, I was new to the game last night. We didn't need to write the absolute truth here. I could have made up a story like kissing a celebrity once or poking dog poop with my finger to smell it, it wouldn't have ruined my life. What do I do now?

"Who? Tell us."

Miriam turned to look at me, her face paling. I could feel the fear radiating from the little girl as she approached me. Her pupils had visibly shrunk, the light brown of her eyes reflecting the terror within.

"Is that you?"

The frightened girl take a step toward me, her dark pupils shrinking even further against her light brown eyes. The light outside the window was perfect as the small figure knelt down next to the bed to meet my eyes.

"Did you write this secret?"

"I…"

Miriam grabbed my leg tightly. Just as I'm about to open my mouth to confess, Jupjang interrupted.

"It was me."

"Huh? / Huh? / Huh?"

Miriam, Oa, and I turned to the person standing there, raising her hand slightly with a dry smile. If anyone more surprised here, it's me, because I was the one who wrote it, so why was someone else taking the blame?

"If Jupjang wrote it, it's probably a lie."

Oa shrugged in disappointment.

"Damn, you made me all nervous. I thought Got was in trouble. I'm going back to sleep... Mi, don't be so dramatic next time." My adrenaline rose to my throat."

Miriam also sighed, thinking it was a joke, and stand up, scratching her head.

"You scared the hell out of us! How could you write something like that?"

"I'm not kidding. I have cancer."

""

"I coughed up blood."

This time, the shock was real. Miriam and Oa rushed towards their friend, asking so many questions it was hard to keep up. Meanwhile, I, having evaded the question, walked over to Jupjang, who was standing there, looking helpless, as if she needed support.

"You'll definitely get better, I'm sure. Hell is in no hurry to take you. You're too much to handle."

Oa hugged her shaking friend, offering comfort, though it was clear she was struggling to stay strong. She's panicking, afraid she would lose her friend soon.

"Yeah, you're still young. How can you die so soon? Didn't we say we'd grow old together, wearing matching outfits on trips abroad?"

Miriam encouraged Jupjang, while I was still in shock. Oa looked at me, as if asking me to say something. Unable to help myself, I smile and said something neutral.

"Are you okay? Always remember that everyone loves you."

"That's such a warm hug."

Then, the rest of the friends gathered around to hug Jupjang, offering our support. If I'm a normal person, I would have said something like, 'You'll be fine' or 'You'll get better soon'. But unfortunately, I'm not. I have the ability to make things happen with my words, and saying something without thinking can have serious consequences.

Asking someone who is destined to die not to die... going against nature could result in my own departure.

And it had already happened. Soon, I would have to leave too.

After spending some more time together, Jupjang and Oa excused themselves because they had other things to do. That left only Miriam and I, aimlessly watching Netflix together.

"You're so quiet."

I speak up when I noticed that Miriam hadn't said much since the others left. The sweet-faced girl raised her hand, biting her nail, clearly anxious.

"I don't know what to say. My heart is so heavy right now."

"Just now, you believed that our friend would recover."

"We both know that cancer is a disease that may not have a cure... or may return again. I'm sorry about Jup."

Miriam's voice shake at the end, and I couldn't help but reach out to comfort her.

"You can't get too caught up in everything. Birth, aging, illness, and death are natural."

"I can't accept it."

""

"Loss is scary. I hate it."

Seeing how sad Miriam looked, I couldn't resist pulling her head onto my shoulder, offering her a temporary place of comfort. At first, she seems a little tense, but once she realized I am not overthinking it, she begin to relax, resting her head comfortably and settling herself against me.

"I liked your smell"

She said the same thing last night... I smile to myself, but didn't say anything.

"It's a scent that makes me feel at peace. It absorbs a lot of my pain."

"If it helps you, then I'm happy."

"But why are you still here? Aren't you going home?"

"Are you kicking me out?"

I laughed, pretending to be offended. But Miriam quickly shake her head in denial, as if she's preparing to walk away, although I hold her in place, making her lean on my shoulder.

"You don't like having me around?

"It's nice... I wasn't kicking you out, just asking."

"So, you mean having me here is nice, right?"

''...''

"Or does it mean it's not nice?"

"It's nice!"

When cornered, Miriam blurted out, but immediately closed her mouth. I sighed softly, looking at the little girl with a gentle expression.

"Can't you stop being so reserved around me? You don't have to be shy or guarded every time we talk. Or do you have to drink? Because you're more open when you're drunk."

"Drunk? When I was drunk?"

"Last night. You were completely drunk. Do you remember anything?"

"I don't remember..."

She froze before sitting up quickly, no longer leaning on me. Her expression looked shocked, and she looked at the bed, where a blanket was lying.

"How did that blanket get off the bed last night?"

"You really don't remember anything?"

"Everything is hazy...I feel like I'm drifting in and out, almost like a dream."

She placed a hand on her chest and backed up to the other side of the couch.

"Last night wasn't a dream?"

Her shocked reaction almost make me burst out laughing, but I hold myself back.

As I approached, Miriam looked ready to bolt, although if she moved any further, she might fall off the couch. So I keep a safe distance.

Just an arm's length away, close enough to talk, not too far away to lose eye contact.

"What did you dream about?"

"I dreamed..."

Miriam bit her lip tightly, so I gently pressed her, giving her an easy way out.

"Was it a good dream?"

"Well... last night, I dreamed something really good. I dreamed that I was back here with you again."

I looked around and make a thoughtful expression.

"Waking up next to you, making breakfast for you, picking out your clothes too."

"Ah, it seems like you really enjoyed that dream."

"But what I like even more is..."

"What?"

I approached Miriam, holding her body so I wouldn't let it slip.

The small girl couldn't go anywhere, and her sweet face begin to show signs of nervousness. She raises her hand to cover her mouth, as if she's afraid to cry out,

"You... don't you think this is a little too soon?"

"I'm afraid you'll run away again, so it's better this way."

"No need, I think it's too soon."

"Isn't it good? You said you like my scent."

"That's true, but..."

"Then I'll use the scent to trap you and we'll be close to each other. That way, you'll have a hard time saying no."

"You scared me. What do you really mean? We were talking about dreams, weren't we?"

When I played along, getting so close that our noses are almost touching, Miriam closed her eyes, looking like a shy girl. That's even more adorable.

"Last night, I dreamed that... I asked you for reconciliation."

"..."

"And we became girlfriends again."

Miriam opened her eyes, looking at me in surprise. Her light brown eyes are nervous, starting to doubt whether what happened last night was a dream or if it was real. That night, we talked about starting our relationship over again.

"What would you say if I asked us to get back together?"

"…"

"Got will cook for you before you go to work."

""

"Got will sleep in the same bed as you."

""

"You will smell Got when you are asleep and awake. You like that, don't you?"

The more I leaned into Miriam, the more she leaned back in surprise. Now, we are fighting gravity, stuck in a rather funny position. But I don't have time to care about any position because I'm gaining the upper hand.

"Nothing weird happened last night, right?"

"What do you mean by weird? Try telling me."

"I don't know. I just feel like you've changed lately."

I smile at Miriam, feeling curious but not intending to reveal anything because I wanted it to seem meaningful.

"So, can I come back to be with you?"

"And what will you come back as...?"

"Your girlfriend."

""

"I will do everything other girlfriends do."

Miriam still hesitating. I smile slightly, slowly pulling away from her, and then make a ticking sound like the second hand of a clock.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock. I'm giving you time to think. If I stand up and you still haven't responded, it means... you don't want me back in your life."

"..."

"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock..."

I slowly pulled away and propped myself up on my knees as it ticked. Miriam looked left and right in confusion, but her peripheral vision never left me until I lifted one leg, ready to stand. The small girl quickly jumped up and grabbed my waist while her knees are still on the couch.

```
"Okay!"
"Huh? Okay with what?"
"I'll let you back in."
"Come back as what?"
"Well, why do you want to go back?"
"You tell me! That way, I'll be sure I'm not just misunderstanding things."
"Just like you said before."
"And what did I say?"
"I can't remember; I was drunk."
"You said... you missed me."
" "
"So now how do you want me to go back? Just say it."
This time, we both fell silent for a long time. The sweet-faced girl slowly
looked up and met my gaze, biting her lip hard.
"Ugh, I'm going to cry now. You're forcing me to talk."
"You need to stop doing this."
"Do what?"
"Stop being so cute!"
I wrapped my only available arm around the small girl playfully.
```

"I'm going crazy thinking about you."

"I'm the one going crazy! I can't even think of what face to make right now. Ugh!"

"Then let's go back like before. This time, you have to promise not to break up with me again."

"Ah! I can't hear you! What are you talking about? I don't understand!"

We hugged and laughed out loud. The creamy morning atmosphere, despite the sad news about a close friend who was seriously ill, took a turn for the better... because of love.

We were both falling in love with each other.



# História God : When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 14. Her request

### Capítulo 16 - 14. Her request

[What's this? You decide to go and you go, you decide to move and you move. At least you should have gone back to talk to your mother beforehand. How did you go there without taking anything?]

I, who already knew that my mother wouldn't take it well, just shrugged my shoulders gently, like someone who was already prepared to face the situation. Miriam looked at me, who is standing on the porch, curiously. When I turned to look back at her, she quickly lowered her head, embarrassed as always.

#### How cute...

"Last time, I didn't take my clothes back, so I still have some of my things here. You don't need to worry."

[How can I not worry? What if something happens... Ouch! What is this, Get!]

My mother's voice scolding my twin sister on the phone, soon replaced by that of my temperamental twin.

[Hey! Are you moving with your girl?]

#### [Yes.]

[And will you be able to take care of yourself? And if you suddenly forget everything again, what will you do? Put your girlfriend on the phone so I can talk to her.]

I looked at Miriam and frowned. I just remembered that sometimes I forget who I am and where I came from, which made me a little worried when I was questioned like that.

"Why talk to her?"

[To tell her to leave you. Taking you will only be a burden. You should stay home. Blind, deaf, with a useless arm, and sometimes without remembering anything. Do you really think you should leave the house?]

"She can take care of me."

[Take care of yourself? What if you suddenly can't even remember your own girlfriend and think she's a stranger? What are you going to do? She should at least know that you have a strange disease. If she can't handle it, she should call your family.]

Get's warnings made sense, but it still bothered me to tell something so delicate to someone so scared. No... I'm not ready yet.

"That can wait, it won't happen anytime soon."

[God, don't take this so lightly...]

I didn't want to talk anymore, so I let Get talk to herself and hung up the phone. Then I went back to the room and smile at Miriam.

"And what did your family say? Is everyone okay?"

"They're fine."

"And didn't they ask why you keep coming back and forth? If your mother was like mine, she would be pissed."

"They did."

"And what did you say?"

"I said you got on your knees and apologized, so I decided to go back."

"What?"

Miriam make a face as if she has seen a ghost.

"You were the one who asked to move back in together."

"If I tell your family that you were the one who begged to move back in, your mother will hate me... How could I have abandoned her daughter?"

"But..."

"And in the end, her daughter begged to come back because she couldn't stand sleeping alone."

Miriam's sweet face is speechless, as if she wanted to say something, but decided to remain silent. She rubbed her hands on her pants, as if they were sweaty.

"Okay, tell my family whatever you want."

"So, this means we're living together again, right?"

I picked up my phone to check the date.

"Today is January 12th. Okay... If we're still together next year, this will be our first anniversary."

"What are you talking about?"

Miriam puffed out her cheeks and pretended to leave, but since the room is small, she could only look around nervously. I, trying to contain my laughter, asked in a calm voice, tilting my head.

"Are you going to run away again?

"No! I just... I just thought about sitting down and watching TV."

She throw herself on the small sofa, picked up the remote control and started changing channels. I think it will be fun to tease her, so I sit next to her. Miriam looked at me out of the corner of her eye, about to walk away, but I hooked my arm through hers and make her lean back on the couch with me.

"Let's watch it together."

"Hm."

'I like Got.'

I smiled as I remembered that secret paper. Ever since I found out how she really feels about me, I've felt much more confident about showing my feelings. Before, I was afraid that if I got too close, Miriam might get scared. After all, when she realized she liked me too much, she was the one who broke up with me first.

I need to approach her slowly, gently, until she gets used to it and sees physical touch as something natural. After that, maybe we can do what couples do.

'I want to have sex with Got.'

Hmm... It's going to be a slow process until we get to that point.

"What did you do during the time we were apart?"

I asked first. Miriam bit her lip, thinking, before answering shyly, as always.

"I worked normally."

"And did you ever come home?"

"No, I was here the whole time."

"Why didn't you come back?

'' ''

"You're saying so little. I'm trying to talk to you. We made up, so we should talk to each other more. Or do we need alcohol for that?"

"No... I didn't answer because I'm embarrassed."

The sweet-faced girl grabbed a cushion from the couch and covered her face, avoiding looking at me.

"Why are you embarrassed?"

"I'm embarrassed to tell you that... I hoped that one day, you would appear at the door and say: 'I'm back.'"

#### Thump-thump..

#### Thump-thump...

I looked at her, who is still covering her face with the cushion, and smile, a little impatiently. Miriam is someone who does everything in an indirect and complicated way. I really need to break this behavior of hers. If I want her to treat me a certain way, then I have to treat her that way too. If I want her to stop being shy, I have to act confident and brazen so that she sees it as something normal.

With that thought, I removed the pillow from her face and faced Miriam directly.

"I came back.

"I know."

"I missed you."

11 11

"When I say that, you have to answer that you missed me too, understand?"

I lightly touched her forehead with my finger, teasing. Miriam, her face tilted back from the impact, raises her hand to rub her forehead, and make an irritated sound, seeming to really begin to get angry.

"That hurt!"

"It was supposed to hurt."

"Why do you have to be so aggressive?"

"Because if you get hurt, I can take care of you like this."

I placed my hand gently on her cheek, pulling her close and pressing a kiss to her forehead. Miriam froze, surprised. Even though I was very embarrassed, I hid it as much as possible, as a practice for the future, when maybe we would do more intimate things. I can't keep acting so shy.

*If you have a shy girlfriend, you can't be shy too. So, is it better?* 

"You've changed."

Miriam rubbed her forehead, her cheeks flushing like an adorable child's.

"Why are you so excited this time?"

"Maybe I've always been like this, I was just keeping up appearances."

"And now you're not keeping up appearances anymore?

"No, because now I think we're close enough.

I winked cheekily. Miriam pursed her lips and lightly punched me in the shoulder.

"You're terrible. Okay, then I'm not going to keep up appearances with you either."

She turned her face away with an air of irritation, hugging the pillow to her chest, and then placed her legs on my lap.

"I want a foot massage."

""

"Didn't you say we're close?"

Miriam started to move her legs, perhaps thinking she is being too informal. But I grabbed her ankle and winked at her.

"I was just wondering if I should give you a massage, sweety."

"What... what did you call me?"

"Sweety. Cute, huh? I've wanted to say that for a long time."

I laughed, a little embarrassed by my own words. Being with her make me try so many new things.

"I think we should have cute nicknames, like other couples."

"Why do people with their lovers do so many things together?

"If it weren't like that, they wouldn't be called lovers, right? Since we're free all day today, how about we make a list of what we'd like the other person to do for us?"

"Is that something couples do too?"

"Not exactly, but I want to do it with you. By the way, do you still have the sketchbook? The one we agreed to use together every weekend?"

"Yes, it's stored in the closet, under the TV. Yours is there with mine."

Great. Today we're not going to draw, we're going to write. Write down what your dream girlfriend would be like, and I'll try to be that for you. And I'll do the same, write down the kind of girlfriend I want."

"What if I can't give you what you want?

"If you can't, that's okay. Not everyone gets to have everything they want."

"You always think of activities for us to do together."

"It's so we can make lots of memories together."

I've never really known what I was supposed to do in a relationship. But since I started dating Miriam, I want to do so many things with her that I'm starting to find an answer for myself...

'It doesn't matter what we do, as long as it's with you.'

That's it.

I want to wake up and see your face first.

I want you make me breakfast.

I want to ride your motorcycle with you, exploring new places.

I want you to draw me...

But these are the things I want to do. When I think about what I would like her to do for me, I can't think of much, so I wrote down what I wanted and just changed the subject to "Miriam."

"I want her to make me breakfast... You? But I can't cook."

Miriam looked like she's about to cry as she read what I had written in the notebook.

"My mother spoiled me rotten. We've had babysitters since we were little, and cooking has always been a difficult thing for me. I could burn down the apartment!

"I told you, it's okay if you can't."

"Do you want to ride my motorcycle with me? Do you know how to ride a motorcycle?"

"No, I don't know. It's just something I wanted to do, so I wrote it down."

"You want me to wake up and see your face the first thing in the morning..."

Miriam squirmed, embarrassed.

"Oh my God, but if we're sleeping together, of course I'm going to see your face first."

"So that means you can do it."

"At least I can do one thing. From what you wrote, I sound useless... Oh, I can do that! I can draw. Not as well as you, but I can do some sketches. I'll draw you!"

"Great... Now, let me see what you want me to do."

I opened Miriam's notebook and started reading, one line at a time.

"I want to eat breakfast made by you... But I'll make it for you."

"I wrote it again so you know that I'm really looking forward to it... Oh, don't think too much, just read it, okay?"

She make a cute face and leaned over the coffee table, embarrassed, as if I had read her most intimate diary.

"I want to hear Got comment on art."

"That's really important! I really want to know your opinion. When we met at the gallery, we ended up fighting instead of admiring the works together. Hmph!"

Next time, I'll invite Miriam to discuss art there again. She knows I have no interest in art whatsoever, and my tastes need to be completely left aside. Miriam is obsessed with such things.

"I want Got to make me a bento... Huh?"

At this point, I raised my eyebrows in surprise. Miriam quickly begn waving her hands, looking nervous.

"It's just that I didn't know what to write. As I was writing, I realized that you only make breakfast. It would be nice if you tried making a bento to take to work."

"Of course, I'll do it!"

I responded enthusiastically before reading the last item and laughing:

"I want Got to call me 'big ass' instead of 'sweetie'. That's so cute!"

"Eh... that's..."

Miriam took a deep breath and tried to hide the embarrassment she was feeling.

"Sweetie is kind of sickening. Calling me big ass seems more intimate."

"Sweetie is too sweet."

Imagining the scene of us being together and her moaning "sweetie"... if I said that out loud, I would certainly be pushed off the balcony. So, better to keep quiet. I had struggled to find good words to use at appropriate times and everything.

"It's too sickening."

"Whatever you want, you can call me 'idiot' too. For you, everything is adorable."

I said, trying to please her. Miriam tried to contain a smile, but I could see it.

"So, I want to add one more item to make it balanced. If you call me 'Yahyi'², you also have to call me..."

"What?"

I write hurriedly and passed the notebook to the small person in front of me. Miriam raises her hand and placed it on her cheek, looking at the message and then at my face, and then stood up quickly.

"Just a moment, I'm going out."

"Where are you going?"

"To do some business."

After saying that, Miriam run to the kitchen, which is separate at the back of the room. I looked at the message on the notebook and wondered if I had written something that surprised her.

It was just the word "love"...

Worried, I stand up and went to peek at what Miriam was doing in the kitchen. When I looked, I see Miriam jumping and screaming in a low voice, leaning against the wall of the room, covering her face and eyes, banging her head on the wall, and then slamming her hand on the wall in embarrassment.

"What's wrong with you?"

"I said I was doing some business, why did you show up?"

Miriam raises her hand to cover her face.

"You're not giving me any privacy."

"I see you hitting the wall. You don't get hurt... right?"

In the end, I laughed. Miriam hit her head on the wall and speak in a voice that sounded like she's going to cry.

"Oh, I'm not here, you have to act like you don't see me... If you don't leave, I won't love you anymore!"

"Oh, so that means you love me now, right... Mi! That's a knife!"

Miriam, too embarrassed, turned to pick up the nearest knife and make a gesture as if she's going to throw it, like a person without judgment. I quickly walked away and went back to the living room, laughing softly.

Actually, I wanted to scream with joy too, but I had to keep my composure. My heart is so happy that I fe like I might suffocate with happiness. So, I decided that I should give Miriam some time to deal with her shyness and think about what I could do for my girlfriend. Starting today, I really needed to start learning how to prepare beautiful lunches!

•

"Are you... awake yet? I'm already awake."

I, who woke up to her soft voice, slowly smile before I even opened my eyes.

"I'm already awake."

When I finally opened my eyes, I see Miriam lying with her chin resting on her hand, looking at me and smiling shyly.

"It's so good to wake up and see your face."

Finally, I was back to the happiest cycle I've ever known, after a two-week period of sadness. Hearing what I said, Miriam's sweet face make a shy smile, but she seems much less nervous than the day before.

"You're already awake and already saying sweet things."

"Have you tried it?"

"Idiot!"

Miriam sit up quickly and walked away, but she doesn't go very far, since the room isn't very big. The small person take out her cell phone, started pressing the buttons and randomly reading something on the couch in front of the television, before making a surprised expression.

"Wow...

"What's up?"

"A guy from the channel said he has an urgent meeting this morning. They want me to come in. The higher-ups at the channel are looking for a new show."

"Wow, that's great! Then you can stop complaining about the civet coffee."

Last night, after we made up, I heard Miriam complaining about work incessantly. Since her celebrity show was canceled, she had to take care of a direct sales show, which was extremely boring. Miriam wanted to make new shows and already had a lot of ideas. One of them was to follow the lives of celebrities in a more in-depth format, especially those with scandals, to show another side of them. So I took this idea to my mother, almost forcing her to talk to the board, and it seems to have worked out well.

"It's strange, isn't it? Last night, it seems like we had just talked about how I wanted to do something new and now they're already calling me. You really are a lucky charm."

"And so is your girlfriend. By the way, what time did they arrange for you?"

"Eleven o'clock.

"But it's already nine o'clock! Go wash up and get ready."

I reached out to pull Miriam out of bed.

"I'll make breakfast, but I haven't practiced making lunch yet."

"..."

What's wrong?"

I asked again when I noticed Miriam had gone silent.

"What happened?"

"Nothing...my heart is racing just hearing that you're going to make breakfast for me. I feel like we're going back to the way things were before."

"My heart has been racing for you since I woke up."

When I said this directly, Miriam quickly get up and covered her face, running to the bathroom.

"How crazy!"

She is really adorable.

After Miriam left for work, I called Ongsa to pick me up at the condominium, as I wanted to go home and talk to my mother. Of course, the reason Miriam was called to discuss the new program came from my mother.

"Having money is really good. After I reconciled with my girlfriend, I have been spending it nonstop."

"It can't be helped that you are born as a goddess."

Get came home and started teasing me as usual. When I reacted, she bared her teeth in response. I continued to remain confident, without a care in the world. After all, if we have the power to do whatever we want, why should we be ashamed? If I asked my parents to buy a plane just to keep Miriam from getting mad in traffic, it wouldn't be a big deal for me to ask them to produce a new show.

"It's not like you can do anything. We have several partners and we need to go through several opinions."

"I know you can do it, Mom."

I said to my mother, smiling cutely. My mother always melted when I gave her that look of someone asking for something. Once, my parents even told me not to smile like that at anyone.

"You always end up pleasing Got, you never say yes when I ask for something."

"You've always asked throughout your life, but she's never asked for anything."

"Asking Mom to buy shares in the digital channel for billions, and that's not asking for anything?"

"Actually Got never asked for anything serious. What we have today is because I gave a kidney in exchange."

"Mom, don't forget that I had a part in this too."

Get couldn't help but reciprocate a little, since the request I made had to be paid with a body organ. But it wasn't like the kidney would suddenly disappear from my body. At that time, Get suddenly fell ill with kidney failure and needed immediate treatment.

So, my kidney had to go into my sister's body... hmmm, we have kidneys on opposite sides. And our family has been rich until now. Actually, we owe the credit to us twins.

"But Get has already spent the kidney's value very well."

My mother still didn't give up and sighed.

"Okay, if you want credit, take it. I don't know what for."

"To collect the debt, of course. I asked mother to make a plan, to correct the story. Do it anyway so that I can return to the glamorous world. I'm not stealing anyone's boyfriend. This was something that happened when I was in my early twenties. I don't know why people get so angry. I was still a child."

We all looked at the my sister and shake our heads. Why am I talking about Miriam's life while I'm here dealing with my mother's business?

"Like I said, if you want to get back into the industry, you need to create new works. Going back to fix an old one will only make things worse and make people dig even deeper into who that ghost boyfriend is, where he came from, how they met, and what happened to make her pregnant."

"I hate this! Why are Thais so picky? They can have a boyfriend, have kids, do whatever they want!"

"Then die and be reborn in another country."

"Phew!"

"Stupid!"

"Oh, can those two stop? Get... if you really want to get back into the industry, then start with the digital channel. That old story, you probably won't be able to fix. Thais seem to forget easily, but if something sparks a spark, they'll dig it up and talk about it like it happened yesterday."

My mother sighed, exhausted, while my sister just shake her head in denial.

"Mom! I'm one of the main actresses on the main channel. Suddenly sending me to a digital channel is too humiliating!"

"And do you have any choice?"

"No, but you can give me one!"

"I won't do it because I'm lazy."

"I'm your daughter!"

I already told you that you should start on the digital channel. It's the only option."

"I don't want to, I won't choose!"

"So don't choose!"

"I also lost a kidney, hey! What you threw was a donation, you see."

I had no idea what I had picked up when I threw it towards my sister, who was arguing with her mother, and Get, who managed to dodge it in time, responded angrily.

"You are too demanding. You don't want this, you don't want that. So don't be an actress! Our family is rich enough..."

I almost let out an offensive word, but my mother looked at me with wide eyes, because such words were absolutely forbidden, especially for me.

"Keep calm, rolling on the money. You could become the director of the channel in the future. Isn't having power behind the scenes a good thing?"

"Because I want to be an actress! And I still have fun doing it. You, a nobody³, don't know anything!"

"So you don't need to act for this channel. Come be a host of a show. Watch Kante on The Masked Singer. He earns more as a host than as a lead."

It seems that my persuasion is starting to make the other twin interested, although not much yet, she is starting to pay more attention.

"Presenter, is it?"

"Yes! Now let's see what kind of show Miriam will suggest and then we'll talk about what you can do on that show."

"Why does everything have to depend on that Miriam?"

I picked up my bag and get ready to leave, like someone who doesn't care and knows she can do anything in this world.

"Because Miriam is Got's girlfriend, of course!"

In addition to making breakfast, I also had the responsibility of arranging dinner for the little one. As soon as I got back to the apartment, I went to the market, which wasn't too far away. From the first day I started living with Miriam, I learned how to choose vegetables and fish, cook, and make simple things that my mother used to prepare for the family. The vendors here are very friendly. Whenever I go to buy something, I usually come back with a gift, but there's one condition...

"Smile more, dear."

"I like to see you choosing the vegetables with such dedication. It's a funny thing..."

Besides being the vendors' favorite at the market, it seems like I'm going to impress a lot of other people. Like now, the child from the flower shop came up to me and handed me a rose, smiling broadly.

"Someone bought this for you, Phi. He told you to accept it."

"Oh... thank you!"

"And this one is mine!"

To be honest, I feel weird and a little embarrassed.

"What are you carrying so much of?"

I was about to enter the apartment when I stopped and looked to see that it's Miriam, who had just come back from work. Now, she's holding a small bag and a compact helmet, unlike me, who was full of things to eat.

"These are the things I'm going to prepare for you for dinner tonight. You're back early! I haven't even started making anything for you yet."

"I'll help you carry... did you bring flowers? Did you buy them for me?"

Hearing this, I hesitated a little before handing the rose to her pretty face.

"I got it as a gift."

"Thank you! You're such a romantic!"

"Actually, I didn't buy them for you. Someone left them at the flower shop for me. I don't know why I should be jealous of the flowers if you like them. I can buy more for you later."

"Who gave you these?"

The little girl's voice changed a little, making me look at her curiously.

"I don't know. The boy from the flower shop just brought it. Thai people are so kind, aren't they? You buy a fish and get another one for free. You

buy vegetables and get more vegetables. Every time I go to the market, I come back with a free gift."

"Thai people aren't kind to everyone."

"Oh, really?"

"They're only kind to you."

"So that means Got is a good person, there are just people who like me."

I raised an eyebrow and winked at Miriam, not caring. The sweet-faced person take the things from my hand and started walking ahead, without even smiling, until I started to get a little confused.

"Are you okay? You look angry."

"No."

"It doesn't mean you have a problem at the company, did someone do something to you?"

I asked anxiously. We haven't even started the new program and she was already angry. Do you know how precious her smile is? I'm going to make my mother fire someone!

"No one did anything."

"Why do you look so grumpy?

"Why do you have to accept such things from other people? In this world, no one gives anything for free, everyone expects to get something back."

"But he gave it to me. If I don't accept it, I'll be afraid he'll get mad."

''...''

"But if you don't like it, next time I won't accept it anymore. Wow... I can't believe you're so proud. Your girlfriend is really cool."

I give her a light push as we are about to get into the elevator, but Miriam isn't in a joking mood. Usually, when I said something like that, she would already be all embarrassed.

What's going on? I can't guess what she's thinking.

"From now on, you don't have to buy anything at the market."

Oh, and what are you going to eat?"

"I'm not going to eat. Let's go find something to eat outside."

"You must be mad at me."

Then, the elevator doors opened. We both walked out to the apartment floor and stopped in front of the door. We are both silent, waiting for someone to use the card to open it.

"I don't have any hands. Can you open it for me?"

The sweet-faced person handed over the responsibility of opening the door to me in a closed tone of voice, causing me to let out a sigh.

"Are you okay?"

"No."

"You're in a bad mood. I'm trying to figure out what happened, and I don't know how to get an answer. You don't like me accepting things from other people, and I said I won't do that anymore, and now you don't want to eat the food I made."

"I didn't say I don't want to eat the food you made."

"So what is it?"

"I don't want anyone to like you!"

The small person suddenly closed her mouth and bit her lips tightly. I finally understood everything clearly and looked at the person who speak, my heart beating a little faster.

"You're pretty... that's dangerous."

"Oh, really?"

"Why are you smiling?"

"Am I smiling?"

"Yes, you are smiling. Don't try to act like a winner. I'm just worried about you. Your arm is still hurt and you don't even know how to defend yourself."

"Oh, really?"

"Have you seen the news about crimes? Our country is very dangerous now. Just by looking at your face, they can drag you away and hurt you."

"Oh, really?"

"Do you just keep repeating that?"

"What else do you want me to say?"

"Say something. Open the door now! It's heavy."

The little person seems even more irritated, since nothing was going as she wanted. I smiled a little and decided to open the door to enter the room, as she asked. As soon as we entered, Miriam throw the things in the kitchen abruptly, while I just leaned against the door, watching her adorable scene and smiling.

"You look so cute when you're jealous."

"What did you say?!"

I didn't want to beat around the bush any longer. Miriam isn't a person who likes to admit the truth. If I wanted to make her feel more comfortable, I needed to be direct and show her that.

"I like it when you're jealous. I've never felt like I was being cared for and protected like that."

"No way! Why would I be jealous of you?"

"Yeah. Why be jealous and protect each other if..."

"If what?"

"If we don't feel anything for each other."

Miriam lowered her head, ready to find a way out, but I blocked every path, wanting to provoke her. However, while we're playing, the phone ring, like a bell signaling the end of the round.

"It's my phone!"

The little person, seeing an opportunity to escape, run to get the cell phone from her bag and answered it.

"Hello... Huh? Is it Vic? What's up?"

As soon as I heard that name, I immediately became alert, because I remembered that it was the same man Miriam had gone to an art exhibition with. The small person continued talking while picking up some things, but then stopped for a moment.

"What did you say...? Why do you want to know?"

Miriam's tone of voice changed as she looked at me.

"There's nothing... Sorry, I won't be of any help... Okay, bye."

Miriam throw the phone on the sofa, looked at me, and then throw herself on the bed, covering herself with the duvet. I was about to ask what had happened, but I quickly shut my mouth, because it seems like she already angry before I could say anything.

"Is something wrong?"

" "

"This..."

"Today I'm not going to have dinner. I'm going to sleep."

"And you're not going to take a shower?"

"No, I'm going to sleep like this, smelling. If you're bothered, sleep on the floor."

This time, I didn't really understand the situation. In the kitchen, everything seemed fine, but as soon as that guy called, everything got even worse.

"I'm not going to let this go."

"What are you doing?!"

I get under the duvet and lay on my side, hugging Miriam, who thought that if she hid there she would be safe. The person in my embrace struggled, between embarrassed and irritated. When she started to move, I had to put on an act and pretend to be hurt.

"Oh, my arm hurts."

"Is it"

Her concern for me is greater than her irritation. As soon as I groaned, Miriam immediately turned her face to me and asked with concern.

"Does it hurt a lot? Did I press you with my arm?"

"It hurts a lot."

"I'm sorry, I apologize... But why did you climb into bed? Uhm!."

I used my right arm to pull the stubborn woman's waist closer to me and smile at her.

"It got better then. Your concern makes me feel no pain."

"Are you doing this on purpose?"

"Yes.

"Naughty!"

"It's because you're not being very adorable. What happened to you today? Are you PMSing?"

"No!"

Thank goodness... I smile a little before leaning towards her until our noses lightly touched.

Who called? What happened?"

Since we're so close, Miriam take a small step back, as if remembering that she should feel embarrassed.

"That's why you smile like that, isn't it? That's why you get vegetables, fish, and flowers. Everyone is delighted."

"And does that make you delighted too?"

"Is your arm better now?"

"Don't change the subject."

I laughed and rubbed my nose against the tip of the person's nose in front of me.

"What do you want me to talk about?"

"I'll let you choose between... you're delighted when you see me smile or when someone calls and what happened."

Miriam silent for a moment and decided to talk more about the person who called... Ah, it's hard to corner her like this.

"Vichian called."

I started to feel a little jealous of Miriam. I still remembered my own silly reaction the first time I met the two of them, but I tried to hide it because I was more interested in knowing why he called.

"What did he say?"

"He..."

The small girl looked away and started poking my collarbone, not knowing what to do.

"He called to ask for your phone number."

"Huh?"

This was completely unexpected for me, and while Miriam poked here and there, she switched to pinching.

"Ouch, that hurts!"

"You have a powerful charm, huh!"

"I didn't do anything!"

"That day you smiled at Vichian, didn't you?"

"Smile? No way! I was jealous of you and couldn't even walk in the gallery!"

"Oops."

"Oops."

It seems I ended up revealing an embarrassing secret. Miriam made a surprised expression before forcing a smile, although she's clearly putting on an angry face.

"So you were jealous that day... No wonder you were so sarcastic. Why were you acting so strange? We were fighting over something meaningless, and no matter what I said, you wouldn't listen.

"It must be like you today, where you're not being adorable. It's like you're kicking a wall. Whatever I say, it always reflects back."

"Am I like that?"

"I'm jealous of you." I admitted openly.

"I just feel like that smile should be mine alone. But you went and smiled at Vichian, so I got irritated and we ended up fighting."

"Hmm."

"I already admitted that I'm jealous, you should do the same."

"What can I do..."

Miriam shrugged her shoulders a little, even though she knew it, but she pretended to be clueless because she was embarrassed.

"Simple, admit it like I did. That way, I can understand what you feel... If you're jealous, say you're jealous; if you don't like something, say you don't like it. That way, we can understand each other better."

"..."

"Come on, talk."

I pulled Miriam closer, almost fusing us into one body, and placed one of my legs between hers to prevent her from escaping. Miriam closed her eyes for a moment and nodded shyly.

"Hmm."

"Hmm what?"

"I'm jealous of you!"

Hearing that, I smile widely at the small girl. Miriam slowly opened her eyes and reached out to touch my face, running her thumb over my cheek.

"What do I do now?"

"Huh?"

I groaned in surprise, not understanding why she's suddenly speaking as if she's wondering.

"If that's the case, you must be really mad at me. This time it seems to be more intense than last time."

"What kind of intensity?"

"My feelings.

Then, until those lips gently touched mine, as if she had forgot herself. When I hesitated, Miriam, who seems to have regained her focus, freeze.

"Sorry."

But I knew that after that, the little one would definitely avoid looking at me. If I let this atmosphere disappear, I decided to use my functional right arm to hold Miriam's chin, pushing her head towards me, and kissed her myself so that she wouldn't be embarrassed.

"No need to apologize. We are really dating, and everyone does that."

"If that's the case..."

"..."
"We can kiss..."
"..."

I don't even wait for Miriam to ask and pressed my lips against hers immediately. At that moment, we're under the blanket and begin to seriously learn how to touch each other...

Which we needed to do.



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 15. Who are you?

## Capítulo 17 - 15. Who are you?

"Are you... awake? I'm already wake up."

Today is another day where I wake up to see Miriam first thing in the morning, but this morning is a little special it's the morning after our last activity together.

Let's not think too much! We just kissed...

I smile at the person who wake me up and try to see if the little girl's feeling as shy as usual. Unsurprisingly, as soon as our eyes meet, Miriam quickly looked away as if she's thinking the same thing.

"It's nice. I can see you first thing in the morning."

"You say that almost every morning."

"Are you bored of this?"

"No... I'm just saying it because I don't know what else to say."

"Let's go brush our teeth."

"Huh?"

I get up from the bed and grabbed Miriam's wrist, guiding her to the small bathroom, which is the only one we had. I put toothpaste on both of their toothbrushes. Miriam looked a little dazed, but she followed my lead willingly. We spent about two or three minutes cleaning our teeth before smiling at each other in the mirror.

"Your mouth is clean now."

"It feels weird... brushing my teeth with you... mmm."

As Miriam speak, I pressed my lips against hers unexpectedly. The little girl's eyes widened in shock, but she soon realized why I had brought her to brush our teeth together.

"Wait... let me breathe for a second."

She raises her hands to gently push me away and take a deep breath, probably feeling a mix of excitement and surprise during the kiss, which make her forget to breathe for a few seconds. I looked down at the girl in my arms and smiled at her affectionately.

"Are you that surprised? We kissed last night, remember?"

"Well, that's true, but I didn't expect you to kiss me first thing in the morning... again."

"I want you to get used to it. Let's add this to the activities we have to do every morning in your notebook... that we should kiss after brushing our teeth."

"Are you taking this seriously."

"Is our relationship serious, or do you think I'm just messing with you?"

I asked, pretending to look shocked. Miriam pursed her lips slightly and reaches out to pinch my arm.

```
"So this is the real you, huh?"
"Do you like it?"
"No."
"..."
```

"There's nothing I don't like about you... but you're kissing me again!"

The kitten complained, but still indulged me. We spent quite a while in the bathroom, and when I started to feel hot due to the lack of ventilation, I realized that we should end this exciting activity and do something else.

"You need to eat something."

"Right, I thought you'd forget about your duty."

Miriam said with a smile as she watches me walk into the kitchen.

Today, I fried an egg, perfectly half-cooked, along with some sausages for the little girl. As I cooked, Miriam pursed her lips as if she's thinking about something before finally deciding to ask.

"Did the doctor say when your arm would return to normal?"

I paused for a moment as I flipped the egg in the pan with my right hand, searching for a good answer.

"The doctor couldn't give me a definitive answer, but he said it would be soon. The human body recovers at different rates, you know? The doctor is not a god."

Even I couldn't get my left arm back to normal.

"Well, I think that while your arm is still hurting, you shouldn't be making breakfast. And if you're really going to cook, it shouldn't involve using both hands. I'm worried that you might hurt yourself."

"But I can still make you eat. Look, it's ready!"

I used the spatula to lift the egg and place it beautifully on a plate, but Miriam still disagreed.

"No way. If you don't listen, I won't eat anything from now on."

""

"Then I won't agree to kiss you."

"Okay, I won't do that anymore."

"Oh... you're quick to respond."

The sweet-faced girl smiles and wrinkled her nose a little. It seems like her shyness had diminished a lot, which indicated that our relationship progressing. Although it's slow, it's gentle and beautiful.

"Let's eat. I always feel happy when I see you eating."

"You look like a mother."

"Huh?"

"When my mother cooks and watches us eat, she says the same thing... 'I love watching you eat.' But you're prettier than my mother, which makes it all the sweeter."

As she speaks, Miriam take a bite of her food and smiles shyly. I rested my chin on my hand, watching the girl chew, then asked teasingly,

"Do you want me to be your mother?"

"If you're my mother, you can't kiss me."

"But you can suck my milk."

Pffft!

Miriam spat out her egg in a stream and coughed a little, angrily throwing a piece of tissue paper at me.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm trying to make a joke about dear mother, but you took it for the kiss! Now I have to agree, so I said you can suck my milk... it's not so bad, really."

"Stop talking about it!"

"Hmm... do couples suck each other's milk?"

"Ugh, I'm about to cry!"

"You're so cute,"

I said, reaching out to play with her adorable nose. Miriam's cheeks turned pink, like a shy person's, before she pushed my hand away.

"You're being inappropriate."

"You don't like it, do you?"

"To be honest, I don't."

"There must be a 'but'..."

I smiled knowingly, which made Miriam frown.

"You have to pretend you don't know, so I can continue my part."

"Okay, I don't know. So... what do you want to say next? I'm waiting to hear it."

"You're paying too much attention."

"I can stop listening."

I pretended to ignore her, and Miriam laughed lightly.

"You're so annoying."

I gasped and smiled mischievously, feeling equally playful and more amused than angry. However, Miriam had changed the dynamic, making me feel shy.

"But no matter what you do, I like everything... If I had known this before, I would have approached you a long time ago. Having you in my life makes me feel honored."

"Crazy... what are you saying?"

"You're blushing! Great, from now on, if you flirt with me, I'll flirt back. No cheating."

"What if I kiss you? Will you kiss me back?"

"How did we get to this topic?"

Miriam bit her lower lip, smiling.

"When have I not kissed you back?"

"Okay, it's a tooth for a tooth, which means if I suck your milk...Then I'll suck it back. Yuck!"

Miriam reached over to cover my mouth, giving me a stern look.

"If you don't stop talking about this, I'm going to get mad."

"Okay, okay!"

When I raised my hand in surrender, the sweet-faced girl retreated to her seat and finished eating the remaining food, afraid that I would be sad. As I watched absently, I thought about the new show she had to host.

"How far along are you with the idea for the show?"

"Oh, just a little... At first I thought about doing something about traveling to different places, but when I thought that we would have to leave the city, I was afraid that you would get lonely if you had to sleep alone."

"Yeah, I would be lonely."

So I thought about proposing the idea I had, but I still don't know if the network will like it."

"What's it about?"

"Following the lives of celebrities."

"I saw that a channel has already done this."

"They only show the good sides, you know? That's why I thought of something different... show angles that we've never seen, angles that show that celebrities are just like ordinary people, that they don't always need to look pretty and speak politely, or that they also make mistakes."

"And which celebrity will want to be on your show?"

"Oh, that's a good question... in the end, there's still going to have to be a script, right?"

Miriam rested her hand on her chin.

"I was able to think of this show because of your sister."

"Get?"

"I know Maya is facing a lot of rumors and won't have an easy opportunity to come back. If we can get your sister to participate in this show, people will be able to get to know the real Maya, and it will help make her more accessible to the public. Plus, it will be a platform for her to redeem herself, or rather, justify herself."

Miriam quickly waved her hands, trying to justify herself, which make me smile, because the little girl afraid that I wouldn't like her talking about Get.

"Thank you for caring about the people around you. You are really lovely."

"You are overdoing it with the compliments. I am no longer impacted by what you say."

"Great! That way you will stop being embarrassed. This is a way to relax... I think the idea of the program you mentioned is very interesting."

"But it won't be easy to get through, the channel is strict."

"I think it will get through. Trust me."

"How can you be sure?"

Because I am the person who bought shares in this digital channel, of course.

"I think it will work, Mom. Get will have a space in the media. She is screaming that she wants to get back into the media, so this is a good opportunity. Let's do it like this: you need to make this program happen."

I called my mother, almost forcing her. On the other end of the line, I heard a sigh, as if she was tired of me.

[I bought the shares, I am not a goddess who can make everything happen.]

"Oh, I forgot I can do that."

(If God does this, I will immediately seek it and sell all the shares.)

"If you don't want me to do it, then help make this program a reality. I'll wait for Mi to finish planning."

[So... don't you think you're asking too much just because of a woman? ...Oh, what was that, Get!]

On the other end of the line, my mother's voice is loud, followed by one of the twins who picked up the phone to speak.

[This creative girlfriend is also good, huh? Great! I like it. Let's invite me to be the first guest, please!]

"Why are you telling me this? Go tell Mom. And how did you hear that? Did you turn on the speaker again?"

[ I know Mommy can't hear well, but it's good that way. Otherwise, how would I know what program you're thinking of doing? Now that we've come to this point, you could bless me. May people love me again... Oh, Mommy, why do you hit me?]

I laughed as I imagined how my mother is dealing with the younger twin.

It's a noise that sounded so good... What am I doing here? What am I doing standing in this place...?

[And when will Miriam present the plan? Ask your girlfriend.]

"Miriam who?"

[Hey, your girlfriend's name is Miriam, right? Or is it Tamarindo?]

As I'm confused trying to figure out who I was talking to, I realized that I didn't even know where I'm and started looking around, worried.

This isn't my house.

"I don't know. Do I have a girlfriend?"

I answered the person on the other end of the line and looked for a way out. I walked to the door where there's a built-in shoe rack nearby and opened it. This isn't a house, but a building...

There were doors all along the hallway. I kept walking aimlessly while still on the phone.

[Why are you saying weird things... Wait, God, do you know who you're talking to?]

"I don't know. Who are you? And why am I talking to you on the phone? Where am I? I don't recognize this place."

[God! Stay there, don't go anywhere. Stay still!]

I stopped, following what the person on the other end of the line said. The panicked tone in her voice make me nervous too.

"Why?"

[I don't want you to get lost! It's dangerous! Mom! This is serious, let's go to God's condominium now!]

The noise on the other end of the line, along with the word "dangerous," started to make me uneasy. It meant the place wasn't safe. I had been kidnapped for ransom or something suspicious was going on.

But who would kidnap me? For what? And who was the person I was talking to?

I realized the person on the line wasn't interested in me anymore, as they were just yelling and talking to someone else. I decided to hang up and headed towards the elevator. As I reached out to press the down button, a voice sounded like it was calling me.

"God, where are you going?"

"God? It was the same voice as the person on the phone..."

When I turned around, I see a small woman wearing a gray t-shirt and sweatpants. Her hair was wet and disheveled, and she had a towel thrown over her shoulder, which indicated she was probably in the condo.

Or maybe she was in the room I had just left.

"You're acting strange."

The sweet-faced girl looked down at my feet and said in a confused tone.

"You're not wearing shoes."

When I was approached like that, I looked down too. Actually, I intended to put on a pair, but since I didn't know whose room it was, I was afraid that I would take the shoes and be seen as a thief. I straightened my back and looked at the person who addressing me before smirking.

"You're not wearing shoes either."

"I ran after you because you looked strange. But by the way, where are you going?"

"I won't tell you."

I answered in a firm voice, as if I had made up my mind. If I was with this woman, it meant that she had some part in my kidnapping. The sweet-faced girl frowned and approached me as I took a step back, as if she was plotting something evil, thinking of taking me back. But she was as small as a dog... She couldn't do anything to me.

"Are you mad at me?"

"No."

"Then why are you talking strangely and moving away from me?"

"Of course I have to step away."

"""

The small girl hesitated, stopping her feet when I realized she's leaning against the wall.

"Who are you? I still don't know."



# História God : When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 16. Crazy

### Capítulo 18 - 16. Crazy

And then, everything around us fell silent. I wasn't sure how many seconds we stared into each other's eyes, but it felt like time had stretched into eternity. As the silence enveloped us, the sound of the elevator door opening echoed like the bell at the end of the round. A neighbor from the same floor stepped out of the elevator and looked at the two of us in the corner with a curious expression before leaving.

"You said you don't know who I am?"

"Yes."

The moment I finished speaking, all the memories came rushing back, piercing my mind as if they had fallen from the sky.

"Are you okay?"

Oh no... How did I get myself into this situation! I need to fix this quickly before Miriam gets more suspicious.

"And you... who are you?"

"I'm Miriam."

"Ack... wrong!"

"..."

"You're Got's girlfriend!"

I exclaimed and immediately throw my arms around the wet-haired girl, laughing heartily.

"You should have seen your funny expression!"

Even though I tried to lighten the mood, the little girl froze, as if she couldn't believe it. So I stepped back, giving a slight smile.

"What's the matter? Aren't you convinced?"

"What are you playing at?"

Miriam's voice filled with anger and uncertainty, not knowing what I was doing. I raised an eyebrow and tried to explain softly.

"I wasn't joking with you. My phone lost signal in the room, so I left. And then, when I saw your puzzled face, I couldn't help but tease her. Just looking at your face, it's like you've seen a ghost.

"Really? But a moment ago, it didn't seem like you were just joking."

"If it wasn't a joke, then what else could it be? No normal person would leave their room barefoot."

"Exactly! Because it's not normal!"

"So what do you think it was?"

"I don't know!"

Miriam replied in frustration.

"But you scared me. For a second there, I thought you had Alzheimer's."

"You're ridiculous! I'm too young for Alzheimer's...I really only went out to get a signal."

Just as I was trying to explain, my phone ring, interrupting me. When I looked at the screen and see it's my mother calling, I quickly showed it to Miriam.

"See? The signal disappeared, and now Mom is calling back. You're overthinking things."

""

""

"Aren't you going to answer your mother's call?"

Miriam continued to watch suspiciously, so I pretended to be uninterested and shrugged.

"No, I'm too lazy to talk."

"But you left the room to look for a signal, and when your mother calls back, you don't answer. Isn't that a bit contradictory?"

Damn, this girl is so nosy.

"I'm talking to you, so I don't want to answer my mother's call, but for your peace of mind, I will answer... Hello, Mom."

I answered the phone, and my mother on the other end quickly realized that I remembered everything.

[God, where are you now?]

"Where else could I be, Mom? I'm in my apartment.

[Mom is also in the apartment.]

"Huh? Which apartment?"

[In your apartment, right in the lobby.]

"Why did you come?"

I glance at Miriam and smile evasively.

"It's late already."

[I'm here to pick you up! I'm almost dying of worry!]

"It's nothing, Mom, you're exaggerating."

"What happened?"

Miriam trying to understand the context of my conversation with my mother on the other end of the line, so I left my mother aside and answered the little girl's question.

"Mom called to say she's waiting in the lobby downstairs."

"Then you should let your mother go up."

"No, I don't want anyone else to come into our room... So, you go back to your room first, and I'll go down to see my mother."

Miriam don't say anything else and walked away silently. As soon as I'm alone, I take the elevator down and scratched my head irritably.

"Mom, don't make this seem like a big deal. I told you it's okay. Miriam is taking care of me."

[Mom doesn't trust anyone but myself.]

#### Ding!

The elevator door reaches my floor, just as Miriam come back with a pair of sandals in her hand.

"You should wear the sandals. It's not good to go down to meet your mother without them."

"Thank you."

I put on the sandals Miriam brought and went to get in the elevator, but the little girl followed me, so I stopped her.

"Where are you going?"

"I'll say hello to your mother, of course."

"No need. She'll only be here for a short while and then she'll leave."

"What will your mother think if I don't come down to see her?"

"She won't think anything, you don't need to go."

"But..."

I quickly pressed the button to close the elevator door and go down to talk to my mother. When I get there, besides my mother and Get, my father also with them.

Damn, I definitely shouldn't have let Miriam go down. If she sees the whole family together, it would end up revealing itself.

"I'm not going back."

I opened the conversation before anyone could interrupt, I don't want to leave room for interventions. My father and mother, who are about to speak, left with their mouths open because I gestured with my hand to stop them.

"Don't try. I want to use my remaining time, I don't know how much more time I'll have, to be with Miriam. That's all."

"You only think about being with Miriam. And your mother?"

"I've spent my whole life with you Mom... Please, just give me a moment to be happy in my own way."

I knew how much my mother was suffering, but I still chose to do this.

"Since I was born, the moment I've been happiest was waking up every morning and seeing you."

"..."

"I don't want to be stuck in a room, I don't want to be afraid to open my mouth, I don't want to just draw and watch series all day. I'm living a love life."

"..."

"Dad and Mom, when you have love, it's such a good feeling, isn't it? And now I'm like this. Please, stop trying to separate me from Miriam."

"You can't talk like that. We love you too."

Get, who isn't really in the family mood, intervened, unable to contain herself.

"You only think about your own happiness, and us? We also want to spend time with you, because we know you won't be here for long... Mom accept reality!"

Get shake off my mother's hand after being interrupted. My twin had a similar way of thinking, so she understood how I felt. But if she thought I was going too far, she would quickly speak rationally.

Even though this girl has been acting irresponsibly most of her life!

"I know what the twin means, but right now I am really happy. If I had known that dying close to death would be this good, I would have wished for being close to death a long time ago."

"God!"

My mother exclaimed, and that made me throw up my hands in surrender.

"Sorry, I won't say anything like that anymore. Here's what we'll do: if Mom and Dad care so much about me, once a week I'll come home to sleep for a day. But for now, please let me live my own life. Mom can call me every day and check on me, I'm fine with that."

"But Mom still doesn't feel safe. How long has Miriam known God? How can she take better care of you than your family?"

"I don't want a good caregiver. I want someone who can make me smile and make my heart beat faster. In this world, no one else can do that besides Miriam."

"..."

"She is the only happiness I have now. Please don't take her away from me."

My serious tone left everyone silent. My mother seem about to argue, but interrupted by Get, who pulled her arm and shake her head, as if to stop her from saying anything else.

"Not even an elephant could make her come back. Since we can't do anything, let's go. I'm tired."

The younger twin gestured for Mom and Dad to come back, as if she understood the situation.

"From now on, Mom can't call me stubborn anymore. Mommy's favorite daughter now needs a new title: broken heart, shattered, lost."

"Hey! This daughter may seem good, but she ends up ruining herself in the end!"

My mother complained, pointing at the younger twin, and then ended up agreeing to go back easily, while Get turned to me and raised an eyebrow. I could tell she was thinking...

'This time, the twin owes me'

So, I could only nod and smile, waving for them to come back quickly.

If I have the chance, I will reward her... that pest!

•

.

After resolving the situation with my family, I returned to face the gloomy atmosphere of my room. When I opened the door, I found Miriam lying on her back, covered with the duvet, clearly not in the mood to talk.

What's this... she's been angry for so long.

"Are you sleeping?"

I asked as I get under the covers, speaking casually.

"Hmm, yes I am."

At hearing this, I couldn't help but smile, almost laughing.

"Sleeping and still able to talk?"

"Yes. I can. I'm sleepwalking."

"Okay, then I'll find you in your dreams."

I reached out to hug her and looked for some warmth, but Miriam pulled away, pouting.

"Are you mad at me?"

''...''

"I already told you I was just joking. You have no sense of humor at all."

"You're not really sick, are you?"

Miriam's question made me jump a little, I almost answered her, but since I'm afraid of drawing attention, I continued to hug her and answered in a calm voice.

"I'm not sick, I'm super fine. Wow, do you still think I have Alzheimer's?"

```
"And you do?"
```

"I don't."

"That's great."

''...''

"Ouch!"

I screamed, and Miriam jumped a little and stand up to look at me.

"What happened to you?"

"My arm... my arm!"

I make a voice of pain, as if I'm almost dying. The little girl looked at my arm and started to caress it, not knowing what to do.

"What's wrong with your arm? Does it hurt a lot? What kind of pain is this?"

"A pain that feels like it's going to break..."

"You..."

"It's going to break like my heart right now."

I dragged my right arm towards Miriam's neck and leaned over to lie on top of her, smiling mischievously.

"Because you're just throwing a tantrum, my heart is hurting."

"You're kidding, right?!"

"You yelled at me. Oh, my heart hurts so much!"

I started to hold the little girl tighter and used my legs to hold her, preventing her from going anywhere.

"How can I be okay if you only hurt my heart?"

"You're unbearable!"

Miriam writhed, trying to escape, but without success.

"Watch out, I'm going to knock you down! I'm a black belt in judo!"

"Are you my enemy?"

"I'm not..."

"Then what am I?"

I laughed, enjoying teasing her, but Miriam responded by simply lying on top of me, stopping her squirming, and said in a tone of surrender:

"You are my love."

Her voice is no longer like the previous times, when she would just be embarrassed and hide. So I stopped laughing and looked at the person who had their face buried in the pillow next to my neck, feeling that the atmosphere is strange, different from what it used to be.

"Wow, this time you answered without being embarrassed!"

"Because you are my love. I don't want to see you suffering."

Miriam propped her elbows up, getting on top of me, almost forcing me to talk.

"I will never hurt you, because that would hurt me more."

"But..."

"When you didn't remember, do you know how scared I was?"

"I was just joking, you don't have to take it seriously."

"You were just joking, right?"

Miriam asked me again, and it make me hesitant. Should I confess that I'm sick? Maybe if this little girl know early, she could take care of me until the end.

'I'm not okay... let's break up.'

Then, the memory of the moment Miriam broke up with me came flooding back as I thought about confessing. At that time, I was injured by a gunshot, and the little one couldn't handle the pain I felt.

No, I don't want to be abandoned, and I don't want to wake up without looking at her again.

"I was just joking."

"Hmm, I see."

Miriam nodded and plopped down next to me. The atmosphere that I thought sgetting better seemed to dissipate quickly, but I wouldn't let it go so easily.

#### Caught!

I turned around and hugged the little one, putting aside my embarrassment, because I thought that the two of us had already made some progress. Miriam allowed me to hug her without resisting, so I took the opportunity to bury my nose in the back of her neck, like a cat sniffing a fish.

I want this... but slowly.

"Why did your mother come here, aren't you going to tell me?"

The little girl started talking while I hugged her and answered.

"We were on the phone when the call dropped..."

I slid my fingers into her ear, losing myself in the scent of her skin.

"You washed your hair today, right?"

"Mmmm..."

Miriam murmured, and I reached out to caress her waist.

"I used your shampoo. Are you jealous?"

"You can take whatever you want."

My good hand slowly slid inside Miriam's blouse, as if seeking warmth. The air was cold.

"You haven't finished telling me yet. What happened after the call dropped?"

The little girl tilted her head, as if she was opening a path for me to continue.

"She was worried, thinking I was in trouble, so she decided to come here."

"Did she come from home? Your mother is quite the worrier, isn't she?"

Okay... that seemed like an exaggeration. I need to adjust the story a bit.

"She was in the car on her way back and decided to stop to see. My mother is like a scared rabbit, you know Got has been stuck at home all this time."

My hand went up and I noticed that Miriam isn't wearing a bra. Now, we're both tangled up in each other, our legs intertwining in search of a way to get free.

"Your mother worries a lot about you, uhm..."

"Don't worry anymore..."

I kissed Miriam's jawline, letting myself go. The little girl is lying on her back, as if she's allowing me to get closer, and it's an opportunity for me to touch those breasts with desire.

"Your skin feels so good, it slides under my hands."

```
"Got... but... what now?"
"Huh?"
"What's next?"
"What?"
"..."
```

Then, everything seems to stop at that moment, as I couldn't figure out what to do next. Miriam and I stared at each other in the darkness, with the dim light from outside illuminating us a little. My hand still tightly gripping her chest, and I'm freeze like an idiot, while Miriam started to get nervous, looking around.

Yes... what's next? I need to do something.

```
"And now?"
"..."
"I don't know how to do that"
```

My question and my words make Miriam's eyes widen in surprise. The situation is strange and uncomfortable. She slowly reaches out, grabbed the pillow and slapped me hard, clearly irritated.

"Get out!"

"And... wait!"

The little girl turned around, turning her back to me. No matter how much I called her or shake her, nothing seem to work, as if I'm talking to a wall.

There are some things I really couldn't do... and this's one of them. I don't know how to deal with it!



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 17. I Wish You Sweet Dreams

## Capítulo 19 - 17. I Wish You Sweet Dreams

"Whether you wake up or not is up to you."

Miriam's voice, sounding unenthusiastic, woke me up on her day off. I slowly opened my eyes, looked at her grumpy face, and give a faint smile. Even when she's angry, she looks adorable... How much have I fallen for this little person?

"Hey..."

Today, I didn't say anything sweet as usual, since she didn't seem interested in listening. The moment I sit up, Miriam quickly get up from the bed and disappeared into the bathroom. The atmosphere is bad today.

I walked over to the bathroom where she was. The door isn't closed, but it seems like there's something between us, so I stand there hesitantly.

"Hey... you seem to be in a bad mood today."

"I'm not."

"In that case, I'll brush my teeth too, okay?"

As soon as I entered the bathroom, Miriam, who is brushing her teeth, rinsed her mouth, poured the water from the cup, and run out of the bathroom.

I finished brushing my teeth.

I stand there, perplexed, not knowing what to do next. I guess when you're with someone, there are bound to be moments like this. I need to learn to understand and adapt to them. People can't be happy all the time when they're together, right?

After I finished brushing my teeth, I walked out and see Miriam flipping through the TV channels.

"Hey, we need to talk."

I finally blurted out after standing there watching her for a while. Miriam glanced at me briefly and straightened her back. Even though she didn't respond, I could tell she is bracing herself for whatever I'm about to say.

"About last night."

"Ahhh!"

"What ...?"

"Ahhhh!"

Miriam buried her face in the pillow and started screaming. I, about to speak, could only stand there, dumbfounded, not knowing how to deal with this.

"Hey..."

"We're not talking about this! Nothing happened last night, and you have to stop!"

Miriam pointed at me, her face flushed. I wasn't sure if it was from using so much energy to scream or something else.

"We have to act like it didn't happen."

"But it did. We can't just pretend it didn't happen."

"You're not listening."

I sit down next to her and tried to explain, looking her in the eyes.

"You're still mad. Last night, I must have let you."

Miriam reaches over to cover my mouth, baring her teeth in frustration.

"There was nothing left hanging. I was sleepwalking."

"Stop avoiding the truth. Last night was my fault. I'm trying to apologize to you."

"It won't happen again."

Miriam take a deep breath, closed her eyes, and tried to calm herself.

"I don't know what's wrong with me. Maybe I'm stressed about whether the new program will be approved, so I got a little sensitive and let things go too far..."

"Hey..."

"Let's forget it ever happened."

"But..."

"Please..."

I didn't say anything, just stayed silent. Miriam slowly moved away from me and pretended to focus on an uninteresting TV show before switching to Netflix, which was full of movies and series.

"I'm hungry. Aren't you going to make breakfast today?"

"I was planning to, but I wanted to talk to you first... Well, wait here, I'll make us something."

"Okay."

We were both still feeling awkward around each other, both unsure of how to act. Even though we were in the same room, there was an invisible wall between us. I wasn't sure if it was because Miriam was too shy or upset that I hadn't been considerate. All I knew was that I had to fix things.

And I had to find the right time to do that.

The phrase "the right time" here means that I need to recreate that atmosphere again. But this time, it's tricky because Miriam is very cautious and keeping her distance, even wearing panties to bed, as if she were setting up a barrier and signaling:

'You don't have the right to do this anymore.'

But I believe that if we dedicate ourselves to something, we will succeed!

If Miriam knew what I was doing in the bathroom, she would probably pack her bags and go home.

"Mmm... mmm..."

The actress's moans in the clip were loud in my headphones. I mean, I watch adult movies and I know a lot about that world. But back then, I had only seen clips of men and women, so I couldn't imagine what two women could do together.

We don't have that thing to put in, and there's nothing to take out... Let's just say that the situation doesn't really make sense in a straightforward way.

Anyway, these online clips opened my eyes a bit, and it turns out that humans have been engaging in this since ancient times. I was honestly

curious about what it must be like, but judging by the moans, it must be pretty good.

Oh... wow.

Suddenly, my face felt hot as I imagined doing something like that to Miriam. I admit I'm still a little naive about it. With men, I can at least imagine what they do, since there's an "inside" and an "outside." But for us, it's just the "inside," so I don't really know what to do. Still, watching clips and reading the chick-flick novels I bought have sparked my imagination. It gets a little hot, even if it's just two women. I wonder how Miriam would feel. But if there's no choice, then I guess things are going to get, well, wet.

I licked my lips and smiled mischievously. Imagination really is more important than knowledge.

#### Knock, knock, knock!

Hey... what are you doing? Why have you been in the bathroom for so long? Miriam's voice make me jump, and I quickly turned off the clip before answering in a cheerful tone.

"I just finished!"

I hadn't done anything in there, but I flushed the toilet to make it look like I had. When I opened the door, I see Miriam dressed and ready to go out.

"Where are you going?"

Jubjang called and invited me to a little party at her house. She said she's feeling lonely.

"Oh... Well, have fun then."

She looked at me and hesitated for a moment, with a bit of concern on her face, so much so that I couldn't help but ask:

"Is something wrong?"

"Aren't you upset?"

"About what?"

"About me going to the party and not inviting you."

Huh... I guess I should feel hurt, since it's a party, and everyone is going except me. Miriam didn't invite me at all. I had really forgotten to be upset. Maybe it's because we've been distant lately, and I've been too absorbed in, well, certain... racy music videos to think about small things.

"Should I be mad?"

"If I were you, I would be mad... Why don't you?"

"I don't like fighting with you. You were just acting distant with me a while back. If I got upset again, it would only make things more tense."

It took days Miriam to stop being cold to me, although she still keeps her distance, only letting me get close within reason. At most, she feels comfortable with quick kisses, probably because she's slowly gotten used to them.

"Do you want me to be mad at you?"

I give her a warm smile, understanding her guilt.

"I'm not mad. I know you didn't invite me because you didn't want our friends to suspect our relationship. If I went everywhere with you, they would find out for sure.

"Why do you have to be so understanding? If you argued with me a little, I would feel less guilty."

"Oh, really?"

I teased. She give a small, shy smile.

"Well, then I'll go."

"How are you going to get there?"

"I'll take a taxi. I don't want to risk not being able to drive back."

"Does that mean you're staying the night?"

"Good point... I'll make sure not to drink too much so I can come back and be with you."

"What a dedicated. I can't sleep if you're not by my side."

I reached out and gently caressed her cheek.

"Okay, go ahead. Text me when you get there so I don't worry, and send me the taxi's license plate."

"Okay, I'm going!"

"Wait, there's one more thing you need to do."

I leaned forward and kissed her gently. Miriam wasn't shy anymore; she got used to it after a while. Now, kisses are just a natural part of our relationship.

"Okay, I'm going now."

"Bye."

Still, I'm a little worried when I see her leave. And when she's gone, an unexpected loneliness set in. What should I do now?

"It must be an earthquake if you're video calling me,"

Get teased, making me grimace. To be honest, even I'm surprised that I called my twin sister, considering we're not exactly the chatty type.

"I pressed the wrong button. That's all."

"Uh oh! Why did you hang up so quickly after calling?"

"Are you free or something?"

"There's not much going on here. I'm just waiting for the show your girlfriend hosted to be approved by the network. Don't forget, I have to be the first guest!"

"I shouldn't have called... this is so annoying."

"Admit it, you called me! So, isn't that little triangle friend of yours here today?"

"Miriam!"

"Who came up with that name? Does it mean anything? What does it mean?"

"Now that I think about it, I've never asked her. I should bring it up sometime."

"You really seem interested in my girlfriend."

"Bold words. So... what's it like dating a girl? Is it fun?"

My twin smiled. I bared my teeth a little and pretended not to understand.

"What exactly do you mean by 'fun'?"

"Oh, come on. Dating a girl has all sorts of perks! One minute you're getting your nails done together, then you're arguing about lip gloss colors. And hey, maybe you'll even 'borrow' each other's tampons. If you're the same size, you can even swap bras!"

"Is that what you meant?"

"What did you think I meant? Oh, you pervert."

The teasing made me fall silent. Lately, I'd been so caught up in those 18 clips that my mind seemed to wander like this for no reason. Ugh!

"Pervert? I don't know what you're talking about."

"So, what's it like? You know, when you... have sex."

"What kind of question is that?!"

I looked horrified at her bluntness. When she's being forward, she's never this open, but when I'm not paying attention, she goes there? Unreal!

"I've been with girls too, you know? I even lived with one when I was abroad! You can talk to me about these things. I mean, we're only two minutes away, and it's not like you have any other close friends. You called me, didn't you? I guess you needed someone to talk to."

"Are we really that close?"

"We're twins! I'm the closest you have in this world."

"I don't get close to people for no reason."

"It's because you don't have any friends. Stop being so indifferent and let's have a frank talk for once!"

"Straight talk!"

"Oh, did I say that wrong? Haha!"

My twin laughed playfully, almost making me want to hang up.

"Alright, alright, I'll stop teasing. So, how's it going? Are you enjoying the experience of dating a girl? Have you gotten to the... 'physical' part yet?'

"Nothing happened."

"Sure, sure."

"I'm serious! Nothing."

I looked at her through the screen, almost asking for help. She made a surprised face, as if she could read my mind.

"What should I do?"

"You two have been together this whole time and... nothing? Neither of your bodies feels, you know, any... romantic desire?"

"Well... um..."

I hesitated and sighed, trying to find the right words.

"There were chances, but... I, uh, kind of... messed up. How do I put this...?"

"..."

"I don't know what I'm doing."

Get is silent for a long moment before holding up her hand to stop me.

"Give me a minute."

Then my sassy twin burst out laughing, as if she's genuinely delighted. If she weren't my sister, and if I hadn'tvpfear of curses backfiring, she would definitely regret this! The embarrassment I felt was unreal.

"Okay... okay, I'm back,"

She said, catching her breath.

"This is hilarious! But, I get it... I mean, you were practically locked up in the house by mom. You spent your days drawing and watching TV. You never had any close relationships outside of the family... you weren't even that close to me, your own twin. It makes sense that you'd be lost now. So, you've never watched any... adult music videos? Read any... romance comics?"

"I've seen a few, but when it came to the real thing, I just couldn't imagine what we'd actually do."

"Have you never tried to pleasure yourself?"

"Huh..."

"Pleasure yourself. Climax. I'm being so blunt because we're twins, you know?"

"I covered my face with my hands, unable to handle this level of bluntness, while Get chuckled mischievously."

"Never."

No wonder you don't know what to do or how to do it. When you watch a clip, you probably don't understand how much pleasure it brings unless you've tried it yourself."

"I'm not going to talk to you anymore. You're disgusting!"

"It's natural, you know. Go check out some forums. Nowadays, teenagers ask about these things openly. You have to be curious to want to learn. And even though you don't know what to do, your partner didn't do anything either?"

"Since that day... there's been no other chance."

"Hmm?"

"Wel]..."

Okay, I'll just say it. That was the first time I've opened up like this to my twin. All our lives, we've only argued and competed with each other, and I never thought we'd end up discussing something so deep and primal.

"From what I've heard... you two seem clueless. Like, your partner seems curious, but when you didn't know what to do, you were too embarrassed to

let anything happen again, so now you're pretending to be angry to cover it up. You need to do something."

"If she's closed to this, what can I do?"

"There's a lot. The first time I was with my partner, I was drunk."

"Are you suggesting that I take advantage of her without her knowing? What do you think I am? I'm not that kind of person, I'm practically a saint!"

"So, saints don't want to? Right... you didn't even try it yourself."

"Why am I talking to my twin sister about this? We're not close; there's no reason for me to call you about it. Disgusting. Totally unlike me!"

"Cute. What kind of insult is that? Where should I feel hurt? Hahaha."

"This is the first and last time I'll video call you. There won't be a second time!"

"Sure, whatever you say. Just don't let me find out that you took my advice."

"I won't!"

"Okay, but don't blame me if you lose. Haha."

Get's mocking laugh echoed in my mind, making me even angrier. What was I thinking, calling someone I'd barely spoken to in the first place? Maybe I was just obsessing over this and just needed someone to vent to. I looked around, but she was the only one I could turn to. Honestly, I shouldn't have called her, it didn't help at all.

I put my phone away, sit down, and turned on the TV to pass the time with a movie. I glanced at the clock on the wall, it was barely 7:00 PM. The person who had gone to a friend's meeting would probably be back late, which meant I would be alone for a few more hours.

8:00 PM...

10:00 PM...

11:30 PM...

The sound of the clock's second hand filling the room. I had promised myself not to check my phone, but I couldn't help it since Miriam hadn't texted me or updated me. Finally, I couldn't resist any longer and decided to call her.

"Hello... do you miss me already?"

"Hey... you seem excited."

From her relaxed demeanor, I figured the alcohol must have kicked in. It was the same when she celebrated with her friends last time.

"I can't believe it's already past 11. I thought it was only 9!"

"You must be pretty drunk, huh?"

"If I told you I wasn't drunk, you wouldn't believe me. But I'm still aware of what's going on... just a little tipsy. I should probably get ready to go back. I wonder if there are any taxis around at this hour?"

"I'll pick you up; it's late and dangerous."

"How can you come pick me up so late?"

"I'll drive."

"You only have one arm! That's more dangerous than taking a taxi."

True; realizing that made me rethink my plan.

"Okay, I'll have someone drive home to pick you up.

"No way, I don't want to disturb your family."

"Don't worry about it; they're rich. Just send me your location."

After hanging up, Miriam shared her address for Jujang's house. I called Ongsa to come pick me up first, and then we'd go pick Miriam up. It was a hassle, but I wanted to take care of the little one. I'd just forgotten that we didn't want anyone to know that we were dating. That's why I hadn't gone with her in the first place.

When I got to Jujang's house and ring the doorbell, Jujang and Oa were surprised to see me.

Okay... now it's the climax. How am I going to get out of this? Friends don't usually come pick you up at this hour. It was too much.

"You two seem a little weird..."

Jujang is the first to speak, making a casual comment to test the waters. Miriam looked between me and her friends, then covered her face with her hands.

"Oh no, I completely forgot! Ugh!"

"With you hiding your face like that, I think I might be on to something..."

Oa looked at me.

"So what's the problem? Give me a quick explanation because I'm too lazy to deal with a long story."

"Um, we're dating."

"Shut up!"

Jujang clutched her chest dramatically, then playfully pointed at Miriam.

"What the hell are you doing?

"That hurts! Why are you hitting me?"

"I like boys, but hearing that makes me jealous of you, Emi."

"I'm not talking to you anymore!"

Miriam pouted, stomping her feet like a child.

"Why did you have to say that?""

"No excuses now. I'm leaving then; we can talk more tomorrow if something happens."

I cut her off and followed Miriam to the van to sit next to her before we drove away. The little girl looked at me with a frown, and the faint smell of alcohol on her breath made me smile fondly.

"How much did you drink, you little drunk?"

"Actually, I didn't drink that much. I can walk home alone, really."

"I'm just worried. Friends don't always know if today is a different day. We're not dating; we'll break up in a day or two."

"So that means we're going to date for a long time, right?"

The word "right" made me laugh. It seems like the drunk girl had already accepted that she couldn't do anything. She shifted her position and rested her head on my shoulder.

"Anyway, I don't want to think about anything else."

"So that means we're going to date for a long time, huh?"

The way she said "huh" made me laugh. It seems like this little drunk girl starting to accept that she had made a mistake. She shifted her position and rested her head on my shoulder.

"Let's just go with the flow; I don't want to think about anything right now."

"You can sleep, and I'll wake you up when we get to the condo."

"I'm glad you're here; it makes me feel safe."

I smiled and let Miriam lean on me the whole way. It was almost a thirty-minute drive from Jujang's house to the condo. At first, Ongsa was going to help carry the little one down, but I stopped him because she could still walk; she was just a little tipsy, not completely out of it.

"Thank you for coming."

"When have I ever said no to you? Just call me when you need anything; I'm always ready."

"That's worth my money!"

I waved to my close friend before leading Miriam into the building and up to the floor where our unit was. It seemed like the alcohol had made her lose her shyness. In the elevator, she continued to lean on me.

"Who was that guy before? He seemed close to you."

"He's a childhood friend."

"Did you cheat?"

"No, he's just a friend."

"A man can't be friends with a woman. And there's no one in this world who doesn't like you... I'm jealous, you know? From now on, you can't meet that guy again."

I laughed a little, but Miriam stomped her foot in frustration, making the elevator shake.

"What's so funny? I'm pouting here."

"You can't be cute in everything you do; it's exhausting to smile."

"You keep saying I'm cute."

"You really are cute... We've reached our floor. Let's sleep in the room."

Miriam nodded and walked straight out of the elevator to our room. As soon as she opened the door, the little girl immediately threw herself on the couch, acting all grumpy.

"I'm sleeping here tonight."

"Why would you sleep on the couch when there's a nice bed?"

"I stink; I don't want to bother you."

"If you stink, take a shower."

"I'm lazy. I don't want to do anything but sleep. Don't worry about me; go ahead. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night."

"No way, I want to sleep with you."

I tried to get the little girl to sit up, but with one arm, I couldn't do much.

"Fine, I'll clean you up. You have to sleep in the bed tonight."

"You're so bossy."

Miriam continued to sulk and lay there as I went into the bathroom, filled a basin with water, and took a small towel out of the cabinet. I wet it and tried to wring it out with one hand, which was honestly a struggle. I came out with the wet cloth in my hand, and it was all in full view of the sweet-faced girl who was laughing at me.

"You can't, can you? Serves you right, you one-armed idiot!"

"Drunk like that day, huh? You're brave enough to call me that." I teased.

"Well, what can I do? You're not going to take a shower!"

"Since you're so eager to clean me, I'm going to have to do something about it."

"But at least help me a little, okay? Just take off your clothes a little."

"No way!"

The little girl laughed, covering her chest with her hands.

"Wait, no."

"If you're naked, I will be able to clean you properly."

"I'm shy... I'm not taking them off."

"Would it be better if I had a cloth to cover you with?"

I suggested, going to grab a blanket from the bed and putting it over her.

"You're so stubborn!"

"But you're going to clean me anyway, right?"

"Yes, and you need to take off your clothes so I can clean you too. It won't be inappropriate because I have the blanket. Come on, I only have one hand!"

Miriam wrinkled her nose, pulled the blanket around her and reluctantly begin to take off her clothes. Each piece of clothing fell to the floor slowly, creating a sexy vibe, although nothing revealed. Now she's only in her underwear, which is a big help.

"Being so calm is cute. I'm going to clean you now."

I begin wiping the wet cloth across her makeup-free face before moving down to her neck. The little girl giggled as the coolness of the cloth against the air conditioning make her arms stand up.

"Look at my arms! I'm getting goosebumps."

"That's true."

Miriam giggled and stand still, allowing me to continue. I moved my hands under the blanket, wiping her arms until I reached her chest, feeling the steady beat of her heart against my palm.

"Don't you think it's a little too long to stop here?"

"Sorry."

I feel shy when she pointed and slowly moved my hands down. There is no more laughter between us, just silence. The little girl, whether out of embarrassment or drunkenness, chose to close her eyes, which is probably a good decision since I'm feeling a little lost.

My hand continued to slide down, moving from her abdomen to her most sensitive area. Miriam remained quiet, and I jokingly thought that the little girl might be pretending to be asleep out of shyness. The naughty thought of teasing her keep me from pulling away. I even let my bare fingers trace around her belly button, playfully tickling her.

Is she really asleep?

Pretending to be asleep won't help you escape the embarrassment, you little one!

However, Miriam stand there, unresponsive like a lifeless body. I decided to playfully drag my finger along her inner thigh, teasingly trailing my fingers upwards.

"Mmm..."

Thud, thud...

Thud, thud...

Thud, thud, thud...

Thud, thud, thud, thud...

Right now, my heart is racing like I'm climbing a steep hill, struggling to breathe. Miriam's moans remind me of the women in the music videos I often sneak peeks at in the bathroom, and it immediately brings up some inappropriate thoughts.

Get was drunk when she was with her boyfriend for the first time.

The younger twin's voice echoes in my head, repeating endlessly like a scratched CD. I look at Miriam, who still has her eyes closed, hesitant. No... we shouldn't do this. It's unfair if the other person isn't aware.

I pull my hand out from under the blanket as if it's been burned and stand up, looking at Miriam again. She's still fast asleep, which relieves me.

Okay, I'll let you sleep here.

After saying that, I walk over to turn off the lights in the room. Now everything is dark, with only the dim light from outside shining through, allowing me to see just a little. And just as I'm about to decide to walk to the bed, my legs suddenly stop, my fists clenching tightly.

The evil in my heart screams that if I don't let this opportunity pass, I won't get another chance.

"Miriam, are you sleeping? Make a sound if you're awake."

```
"..."

"Are you sleeping?"

"..."

"Miriam."
```

I change direction from the bed and turn to the couch where Miriam is lying. The dim light allows me to see her small figure clearly in the dim darkness.

Lying under the blanket that covers her entire body in the same position, without moving or changing anything.

You're sleeping...

I hope you sleep soundly like you said.

I said to myself before kneeling down and lifting the blanket, crawling under it. Then, with the only hand I have, I bravely lift one of Miriam's legs.

"May you have sweet dreams."

Since I'm using one hand, the only part of my body left at that moment is my mouth. I used my teeth to bite the corner of the small cloth and slowly pulled it down. At first, it felt difficult, but it seems that Miriam adjusted her sleeping position, and those small pants slid down easily as if I had help.

"You are really asleep, aren't you?"

"…"

"Please don't wake up yet."

Everything is really in darkness, but I can feel that the part I want to reach is not far away. To make it easier, I try to use my arm to gently separate the girl's legs before trying the practical application of the theory I have studied for several days, like a child eager to learn, excited to finally try it for real.

"I would like to have a taste of you."

Besides the smell... she really tastes good.



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 18. What her girlfriend did

# Capítulo 20 - 18. What her girlfriend did

"You... what are you doing?"

"Be quiet, you've already done it for me... now it's my turn to do something for you."

My pants are pulled down to my ankles, and between my legs, the thin lips of a small person make me shiver. I raised my head and looked shyly, I wasn't very used to this, but I didn't feel bad about it.

"Is it going to be good? This... ahh."

And as soon as Miriam begin, the tingling sensation deep in my belly rose. One of the small person's hands went up to my chest and squeezed, as if to increase my desire even more.

"Hmm.."

"You must be feeling really good... for sure."

Said the person who is doing something audacious, alternating with kisses that make me anxious. And while everything about to reach its climax, suddenly the small person stand up and said: -

# "That's enough." "Wh... what?" "You must be really anxious now." "Yes." "Good." "Good?" "Well done." "What did you say?!" "Are you awake? It's already nine o'clock." Sigh! I wake up suddenly, surprised, sitting up and looking angrily at the person who wake me up. "You!" "What?" "I..."

I bit my lip hard, slowly realizing that what happened just now was a dream. But I still felt irritated enough to be mad at the person in the real

```
world.
"No."
"Are you okay?"
```

"Just a nightmare."

"Really? Unlike me, I had a really good dream."

Miriam's nasal voice eased my irritation a little. The little girl rubbed her head on my neck affectionately, which confused me a little.

"Are you awake yet?"

"I'm awake."

"Don't get up yet."

Miriam pushed me back down and lay on top of me."

"Let me roll around on you for a bit."

"Are you going to bother me today?"

"I just noticed that you have very long eyelashes."

As soon as Miriam finished speaking, I smiled. The annoying dream slowly faded, replaced by a good feeling. Maybe last night I had subconsciously wished Miriam would have good dreams, and that's why I had a nightmare this morning. If I had to blame anyone, it would be myself.

"Are you hungry yet?"

"Not yet."

The little girl still refused to get up, even though she was the one who woke me up. She resting her head on my chest.

"I have a hangover and my head hurts."

"If your head hurts, you need to eat."

"But I still want to lie down on you."

She's so clingy today. Usually, this shy girl would wake me up a bit and then get up. So I let myself lie down for a while longer, allowing the little girl to rest her head on me as we chatted aimlessly.

"Do you remember how we got back last night?"

"I remember. Someone from your house drove the van to pick me up."

"What else do you remember?"

"I remember you taking me to the bedroom."

"And... what else do you remember?"

### Thump...

As I continued to ask, I begin to feel uneasy. But if Miriam remembered anything, she wouldn't be talking to me so casually. She's very shy. If she even knew that I had snuggled up to her last night, she would not only avoid looking at me, but might even throw me out of the apartment through the window.

Doing something without consent is never a good thing...

"I remember you took a cloth and cleaned my body."

"And what else?"

"And..."

••••

"And then I woke up at 3 in the morning and saw you sneaking into bed to sleep."

Miriam rolled her eyes as if in thought, then poked and patted my shoulder playfully.

"You said that after you cleaned me, you would take me to bed with you."

"Well, I saw you sleeping soundly."

"Really soundly, it seems, since I didn't even notice until 3 in the morning."

"So when you woke up, you just lay there?"

"No, I got up, put on my clothes, and went back to sleep next to you."

"I didn't even notice."

"You were probably sleeping just as soundly as I was."

Even so, I still felt guilty. When Miriam looked into my eyes, I turned my face away, then sit up, finding things to do so as not to appear too nervous.

"I'll wash your face, brush your teeth, and make you breakfast. You drank a lot last night; eating something warm will help you feel better."

"Actually, i feel much better today. Strange... maybe because I had a good dream."

"What was it about?"

"I won't tell! It's a secret!"

Miriam pretending to shiver, joking.

Thinking about it still give me the creeps.

Goosebumps? Now she's making me think too much.

I went to the bathroom, put my toothbrush on the sink, and put toothpaste on it. Miriam, who had followed me, watched my actions and tilted her head curiously.

"Using one hand for everything like that must be hard. How do you wash your hair? Do you pick up everything one by one?"

"I don't have many options..."

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"It's frustrating to see you struggling. I'll squeeze the toothpaste for you from now on."

"Huh?"

"That means we'll wake up together every day, brush our teeth together, and have breakfast together every day. Write this down in your diary."

Miriam squeezed toothpaste onto my toothbrush, then onto hers, and we brushed our teeth side by side. Even though it wasn't the first time, it was strange because she had never done it before; usually, she's the one who gets my help.

"You're in a really good mood today."

"I told you, I had a nice dream. But I have such a bad headache."

"So let me go brush my teeth so I can make you breakfast."

I grabbed a glass of water nearby, rinsed my mouth quickly, and I'm about to leave the bathroom when Miriam tugged on the hem of my shirt to stop me before rinsing her mouth too.

"Hmm?"

"Did you forget something?"

"What?"

I looked at her, confused, and she wrapped her arms around my neck, pulled me close, and give me a firm, playful kiss before pulling away.

"A kiss, silly. Your mouth smells so fresh."

What the hell...

My heart was pounding as I looked at that sweet-faced girl who is smiling broadly. Like I said, Miriam has such a bright smile; seeing her sad once made me wish I was half-blind and half-deaf just to avoid that.

If I could see her smile like that every day, I would be willing to die. It's worth it...

"I'm really curious now what you dreamed about."

"If I tell you, will it come true?"

"Just try telling me. Right now, you can ask for whatever you want."

"..."

"My last wish is to give it to you."

"Wish? What do you mean?"

That captivating smile make me blurt out something silly. I quickly waved my hands, pretending it's nothing.

"Ah, I was just saying..."

"You might mean that whatever I ask for, you will give it to me, right? Then I'll take that as a promise from you."

"What do you mean?"

"In the future, if I ask for something, you have to give it to me. That's a promise!"

Miriam twirled playfully like a ballerina, singing a little off-key but in a lovely way.

"For you, everything is possible."

I muttered to myself, smiling, as I go to make breakfast. Today, I prepared something simple, a clear soup with just a bouillon cube in hot water, sliced tofu, ground pork, and a little green onion to help a hungover person feel better.

"Just a moment, okay?"

"Uh-huh."

Miriam spooned the soup carefully, like a child, while keeping her eyes fixed on me. She even nudged my leg under the table and lightly pressed her foot against mine.

"What's this?"

"I just want to tease you."

"You're being too playful today."

"Hehe."

As we look at each other happily, Miriam's phone ring, interrupting our sweet moment. Then, suddenly, she become excited.

"Look!"

Miriam shake my arm, pointing to a message on her phone.

"My boss just texted me to say that the project I proposed was approved! On Monday, I need to go to the office to discuss the details and prepare for filming! Oh my God!"

Her joyful squeal showed how excited she's, and make me laugh along with her.

"You are so happy today."

"It's such a good day, work is going well, I had a nice dream, and my girlfriend is a good person."

Miriam cupped my face with both hands, squeezing my cheeks.

"What did I do to deserve all this luck?"

"It's because you are a good person, so good things happen to you. It's not about luck."

"So does that mean I'm dating you because I'm a good person?"

"Exactly."

"So does that mean you would date all the good people in Thailand?"

"No, of course not."

"So you're saying it has to be me, right?"

"Correct."

"Aah... I'm fainting."

Miriam rested her head on my shoulder, pretending to faint.

"Why am I so lucky? I can be immortal and stay with you forever?"

"You're funny."

"You said I could ask for anything. Can't I at least ask for this... not to die and to be together until the end of the world?"

While Miriam lost in her own happy world, her phone ring again, interrupting her dream state. This time, it was a message from Jupjang. I looked at her phone and see the message saying that Jupjang and Oa are waiting downstairs.

"Happiness disappears so quickly. I was planning to watch movies with you alone all day.

Miriam sit up straight, a little irritated, and called Jupjang instead of texting.

"Why are you here so early? We met yesterday... and you're interrupting my cartoon watching time!"

"Do they still have cartoon channels these days?"

"I don't know, but I hate them now. Let them listen too, so they know they're being rude. I'll be right there!"

Miriam practically yelled into her phone before turning to me with a frown, like a sullen child.

"Should we put poison in their food? Who needs friends, anyway?"

"A minute ago, you were still a good person."

"If I ever become a bad person, will you still date me?"

"This is hard..."

"You wouldn't?"

"I still want to be with you, even if you're bad."

"Stop it!"

Miriam playfully slapped my hand away, embarrassed, before leaving to greet her friends downstairs. I watched her, feeling genuinely surprised by her overflowing happiness. The other day, she'd been sad; now it's like a completely different story.

A short while later, Jupjang and Oa walked into the room. They both have mischievous smiles, like adults who already know everything. Miriam couldn't help herself and threw a roll of tissues at them.

"Stop acting like this! You've known since last night that we're together."

The little girl's shy side returned, noticeable by her rosy cheeks, as if she's blushing from the cold.

"Yes, but I just can't help but smile."

Oa looked around the room and stopped at the bed.

"Unbelievable. How did I not realize that you two were already dating? There's no way Got, who has never been close to Mi, would just show up here all of a sudden."

"It's my fault for not investigating thoroughly that day. If I had checked the closet, I would have known that Mi wasn't alone."

"I told you to stop talking about it. If that's all you came to say, then go away."

"It's okay,"

I said, reaching out to gently pat Miriam's leg with my active arm, smiling reassuringly.

Seeing that I wasn't upset, the little girl smiled shyly back at me.

"If you say so, what can I say?"

"Your cheeks are all rosy; you look so cute."

"So, should I start wearing blush now?"

Miriam raises her hand to her cheek, embarrassed, so I take one of her hands away and shake my head.

"It has to be naturally red to look pretty. Besides, you're the kind of person who looks pretty without makeup."

"But I can't be as pretty as you."

"Do you want to be prettier than me?"

"No."

"Good, because I like you just the way you are."

"Hello, we're still here!"

Oa waved her hands, feigning boredom.

"Don't you two feel like throwing up, talking like that? Now that everything is clear, I think you feel free to say anything."

"None of your business!"

Miriam bared her teeth at her friend, then turned to smile broadly at me.

"How long have you two been together, anyway?"

Jupjang looked at me, clearly wanting me to answer. The way she used the pronoun made it clear that I was also included in her group.

"A while."

"And how long have you two been living together?"

"About the same time as when we started dating".

I said, smiling at Miriam, who still blushing and shyly twiddling her fingers. She doesn't know what to do, so she picked up her glass of water and take a sip.

"So, you... you know... last night? The atmosphere is all fresh and romantic this morning."

Splash!

Water gushed out of Miriam's mouth, some of it even splashing onto my face. She immediately panicked, reaching out for a tissue, but ended up

knocking it off the table.

"Was it that shocking? I was just joking"

Jupjang made a slightly disgusted face and bent down to pick up the tissue, handing it to Miriam, who then eagerly began wiping my face.

"Don't say things like that! How do you think Got would feel?"

"How would she feel? It's natural; everyone does it."

"Do you want me to yell in your face? Don't be so rude!"

"What lovely language you're using."

Oa rolled her eyes and then turned to me, genuinely curious.

"Got, why are you dating her? She's so low-class! Someone like you should be on cloud nine, dancing gracefully like an angel.

"Someone like Got should marry Prince William, not that devil."

"Why are you saying that about her? She's adorable and even has a black credit card in her wallet!"

I pointed out Miriam's good qualities to defend her.

"And she knows how to defend herself; she can protect me too."

"Is someone as low as a puppy going to protect you?"

"Whatever she is, she's cute in my eyes."

I laughed, thinking back.

"I still remember the time she argued with a Thai teacher in elementary school. It was something like someone's grandmother was seriously ill, and they had to rush to the hospital."

"I think it was my grandmother."

Oa, recalling the event, looked surprised.

"How did you know that, Got?"

"I was just passing by. I saw her standing there, arguing intensely because... what did the teacher say? 'Why do you need to go? Going there won't help her feel better anyway.'"

"Geez... just mentioning that makes me furious, Miss Sompong!"

Jupjang, also remembering, gritted her teeth with a bitter expression.

"But it was like karma right after that. Right after Miss Sompong said that, she got a call from the staff room saying that her mother had broken her leg and was in the hospital. Serves her right."

"I remember Mi grabbed the teacher's shirt and kept saying, 'No, you can't go, teacher. You have to teach our class first. Going won't make your mother walk any faster.' And then we were all sent to the principal's office, hahaha."

I smiled, remembering that time with everyone. Back then, I was too young to control my emotions. Afterwards, I half-jokingly said,

"I hope everything comes back to you, Miss Sompong."

Not long after, everything I said really happened. Miss Sompong's mother was rushed to the hospital and called her daughter right away.

And that same day, my own grandmother fell down the stairs, hitting her head and knocking herself unconscious. My mother never knew about it because I never told her...

"Were you there at the time? I never noticed."

Miriam asked shyly, scratching her cheek with her finger.

"I was really rebellious back then, wasn't I?"

"I saw it, but I didn't think you were being rebellious. You were really brave. I remember thinking, 'How can someone so small be so bold?' You were like a little warrior."

"You called me 'little warrior'!"

"Well, you have fair skin and looked so cute."

"And you are so much more than just pretty. My heart is melting."

"Okay, okay! We're fine here, hello!"

Oa interrupted with a wave and a playful exasperation.

After being teased like that, I laughed to get rid of the embarrassment and continued the story.

"Since then, I haven't been able to get you out of my head, small, brave and bold. I wanted to get to know you better, so I pretended to pass by your classroom often. With our small height difference, I even pretended to borrow your gym shorts. That was the first time we talked."

"And then we didn't talk again until we got older... because you dropped out of school first."

"Hmm."

"Hearing all this, it sounds kind of romantic. Got, have you liked girls since you were young?"

Oa asked curiously.

"No."

My answer made Miriam, who was smiling brightly, suddenly look disappointed.

"Oh no, Mi is disappointed."

Not wanting Miriam to be disappointed for too long, I quickly continued the unfinished sentence.

"It's not that I liked girls. I just liked Mi."

Now, everyone has left...

Our friends probably couldn't stand the atmosphere we created, so they left after only thirty minutes. Now, Miriam and I are washing the dishes together. Normally, all the kitchen chores fall to me, but today the little one decided to be nice and help out.

"I never realized until today how much this place needs a dishwasher."

She said, looking at me with a smile.

"It would make things easier for you when you're in the kitchen."

"It's okay. It's nothing I can't handle."

And with that, the last dish was washed. Miriam went to dry her hands, while I stayed behind, unable to bear leaving the dishes wet. As I was busy drying, I tensed a little when the little one wrapped her arms around me from behind.

"What's wrong? You're being really clingy today."

I said, turning a little to see Miriam resting her face on my shoulder, a little shy.

"Today has been such a good day."

"I know. You've been saying that since we woke up. So... we're really dating now, right?"

"Yes."

"Oh... I have a girlfriend now."

Miriam tightened her grip, as if she needed reassurance. I reached out with my free hand, gently stroking hers, feeling the same excitement.

"Now all our friends know. We don't have to hide from anyone anymore. The next time they ask us out, we can finally go out together."

"Don't you have any friends you want me to meet?"

"No, just you. You're my best friend and my girlfriend."

"So... what's the difference between a friend and a girlfriend?"

"Hmm... let's see."

I laughed, searching for the answer.

"For starters, friends don't kiss, and they don't call each other darling either."

"I want to do everything with you. You said we would do all the things real couples do, right? Besides kissing, have you thought about what else you want to do?"

# Thump thump...

## thump thump...

My heart raced with excitement. Last night, I must have crossed some boundaries with Miriam, even though she didn't realize it. Is this my chance? Should I take advantage of it?

"You're terrible quiet."

"I... I can't think of anything."

The truth is, I could think of something, but I wasn't sure if I should say it, afraid she might take it the wrong way and think I was too focused on certain things. Miriam isn't really into that kind of stuff, as I discovered when we first talked.

It's wet, it's messy, but it's the only thing I could think of that I wanted to do while she was awake.

"Well, then... let me tell you what I want to do to you."

"What do you want to do?"

I was grateful she'd brought it up first. Otherwise, I'd probably have stayed silent, and my boldness might have ruined the moment.

When she finished speaking, Miriam pressed her face against my back again, shy as always, fitting for her character, although she had become more open.

"I... I..."

"Hmm? What is it? I can't hear you when you mumble like that."

"It's... a little weird, though."

"Oh, I understand."

"I want to do something wet with you."



# História God: When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 19. Confession

# Capítulo 21 - 19. Confession

It seems that Miriam and I had slightly different expectations about this "wet" activity. In my mind, it involved cuddling and taking off my clothes, but now I'm just sitting with my head tilted over the edge of the tub while Miriam sits on the edge washing my hair.

"I really can't imagine how you can wash your own hair with only one arm. From now on, I'll wash it for you," she said.

I pouted, though of course Miriam couldn't see that I was annoyed, so I replied with a hint of sarcasm.

"Are you going to wash my hair every time?"

"Yes!"

She said playfully, drawing out the word as she rubbed my head playfully.

"Whenever you want to wash your hair, just tell me."

"What if I wash it every day?"

Then tell me every day.

"You'll probably get tired of me."

"I won't get tired; I want to do this for you,"

She said sweetly, reaching for the shower head to gently rinse my hair.

"You have fine hair, you know, and such a nice, round head."

"Like a buffalo?"

"Silly! A round head just means it's nicely shaped, nothing like a buffalo!"

Miriam laughed happily, and hearing her laugh, I couldn't help but smile, though I still a little irritated.

Then I leaned back to wet her all over with my own dripping hair.

"Hey, now I'm soaking wet!" she protested.

"Of course you're wet! You're the one who suggested we do this."

I tilted my head back to look at her mischievously. Miriam wrinkled her nose a little, then pinched my cheeks playfully and leaned in close.

"Look at you, getting me all wet, even though I'm washing your hair out of kindness!"

"There is a way to keep your clothes from getting wet, you know?"

"What is it?"

I quickly sit up, glaring at her with a mischievous smile, and before she could react, I used my arm to pull her into the bathtub with me. She lost her balance and ended up holding on to me as the showerhead spun, soaking us both even more.

"We could take a bath together."

"Hmm?"

"People don't wear clothes when they take a bath, right? So if you don't wear clothes, you won't get wet! Besides, you can wash my hair every day."

I smiled at her, my eyes twinkling mischievously, hoping to tease her. But when I noticed Miriam going silent, I started to feel a little uncomfortable. What is this? She had been in such a good mood all day... why would she suddenly be quiet?

### Thump thump...

### Thump thump...

The atmosphere between us was perfect. If we end up getting mad at each other again... no, I can't let that happen. I have to quickly explain that this was just a joke.

"Well..."

"I don't mind. Taking a shower together is something couples do, right?"

Wait, what...?"

"In that case, we're going to take a shower together every day from now on."

How did we get to this? I'm completely stunned, not knowing the appropriate reaction. If I acted too enthusiastically, it would seem like I really wanted to take a shower with her, and I could barely contain my excitement to see her naked and maybe get a look at...

Stop! It's not like I really want to see her chest. No one taught me to think like that!

From now on, I'm not even going to think about it. No way!

"But you don't like other people seeing you naked."

For the first time, I wished I could point a gun at my head and shoot. This wasn't the time to joke around. If she was okay with it, there was no need to

push, but what I said probably only embarrassed her more.

"You're not just anyone; you're my partner. And besides... you're not the only one who's going to see someone naked."

Miriam reached out and unbuttoned the top button of my shirt. Although she tried to look calm, I could see her hands shaking.

"Okay then, if we take a shower together, I might even ask you to scrub my back."

I used my arm to pull her slim waist closer, so our faces were almost touching. Today, nothing seemed ordinary. Miriam so strangely open that it made me wonder.

"What did you dream about last night?"

"Why would you want to know?"

"I'm your partner... isn't it normal for me to know what makes you so happy?"

""

"Were you really asleep last night?"

A silence fell between us. Honestly, I suspected Miriam had been acting different all along. Normally shy, she was suddenly opening up in a way that seemed unlike her. If she hadn't been asleep last night, she would have known everything that had happened, but she wasn't mad.

So does that mean... she's okay with what I did?

# Tick, tick, tick...

The phone, always interrupting at the worst possible moments, made me purse my lips in irritation. If it had been Miriam's phone, I wouldn't have minded so much, but since it was mine, I suddenly felt the urge to curse whoever is calling...

I wanted to, but I remembered that I couldn't even do that properly.

"My phone is ringing. I'll answer it..."

"No, you stay here. I'll answer it."

Miriam get up from the tub, apparently using the opportunity to escape the conversation. About thirty seconds later, she come back, holding my phone, which had stopped ringing. I missed the call, but it was a missed call from your mother.

Good thing I didn't run away, or I'd be in trouble right now. At this point, not even getting mad will save me.

"I'll call Mom later. So, are we still going to take a bath together or not?"

I asked jokingly. Miriam shrugged coldly

"I'm not in the mood anymore. Let's watch a movie in bed."

"Do you have to be in the mood to take a bath?"

''...''

"Just kidding."

I pretended to laugh when I see Miriam go quiet, but as I started to get up from the tub, she reaches over and continued unbuttoning my shirt, taking it off for me.

"I'm embarrassed, you know..."

"Well, you're already wet. I don't want you to catch a cold. If you're embarrassed, I'll take mine off too."

Miriam did as she was told, pulling her shirt over her head, leaving only her panties. It was the first time I saw her skin like that, and I was mesmerized by her pale skin, unable to look away.

Her chest...

Forget it! I said I wouldn't think about that word anymore.

Seeing Miriam take off her shirt made me feel like I had to participate, so I ended up exposing myself more than I ever had since we met. Now, we could see each other's bodies, even though we were still in our underwear. We both felt shy, but we tried to act casual.

"You..."

I'm about to continue the conversation from before, but Miriam speak first, making me stop.

"Why does your phone screen have your sister's contact number written on it?"

" . . . "

"I just saw it... It seemed like it was written there for you to read in case you forgot."

Miriam looked at me more closely.

"Why did you write it like that?"

"It's nothing, don't worry about it."

I quickly dismissed it with a laugh.

"Get likes to play around like that. I just forgot to change the wallpaper."

"I'll call your sister. I wrote down the number."

Miriam said with such determination that I started to get anxious. She seems to realize that I am not going to tell the truth, so she turned around, opened the closet, and handed me the clothes without looking at me.

"What are you going to talk to Get about?"

"I don't know, but I think she might have something she wants to tell me."

"You don't have to call her..."

"If I hear that from you, no matter what it is, I'll be mad. But if I find out something I should know from someone else, I might hate you."

"..."

"I don't like people who lie."

"..."

"If you have something you want to say, confess it now."

Miriam was sweet, shy, and her smile could melt the world, making her seem so gentle. Being with her was like sitting by a waterfall, always feeling a refreshing breeze. But whenever she got serious, that breeze would turn into an icy cold that froze my blood. The gentle person in front of me could become sharp and decisive, and Miriam was able to break things off with me without a second thought, like when she called that day, afraid of falling too deep and getting hurt.

Today would probably be the same, if I lied and got caught, she would be furious, and we would break up.

It ended without a chance for a third reconciliation...

She turned her back and put on a t-shirt, as if to give me time to think. Holding the t-shirt in my hands, I looked at her back, making up my mind.

Everything will be ok.

"I love you."

"You..."

Miriam turned to me, shocked, at the same time angry and surprised that I had said that out of the blue.

"Don't try to change the subject. I don't believe this."

"I just wanted to tell you before I talk about what you asked, hoping it might ease my guilt a little."

"You're sick, aren't you?"

Miriam speak first. I pressed my lips together and nod.

"Yes."

Miriam looked like she's about to cry, looking for the nearest place to sit, running her hands through her hair worriedly.

"What illness?"

"The doctor said it's a rare condition."

I tried to make it sound smaller and sit back on my heels in front of Miriam, who visibly worried.

"Sometimes I lose my memory in short bursts, for about 2 to 3 minutes at a time, and they can't find the cause."

"Is it Alzheimer's?"

"No... I don't really know how to explain it. It's not that bad. The doctor said it can be fixed with plenty of rest.",

"You're being vague, like it's something small."

"It is something small. That's why I didn't want you to worry. Remember that day when you followed me into the elevator?"

"Yes, and that message on your phone connected everything. That's why I'm bringing it up now."

"At that time, I was on the phone with my sister, and then I blacked out for a moment... not long, maybe 3-5 minutes, and then I was back to normal."

"Alzheimer's is like that; at first, it's not serious, but over time, you forget everything."

"I won't forget you,"

I said firmly, as if I was making a promise.

"I didn't want you to worry, so I didn't tell you. If it was serious, I would have lied... I was afraid you would break up with me. You really scared me last time when you called and suggested getting back together."

"Don't use that as an excuse; you're still wrong!"

Miriam bit her lip, genuinely upset.

"We're so close, so why lie? If you don't tell me anything, how am I going to take care of you?"

"I didn't want you to feel overwhelmed. Besides, this doesn't happen often."

"And is there any guarantee that it won't get worse? You might just be saying that to make me feel better."

Miriam frowned and grabbed my cheeks with both hands, squeezing them tightly.

"I knew it! Love is like that. You make me suffer."

"..."

"I think I love you too... damn, my anger towards you is diminishing, just like you wanted."

Miriam pulled me into a tight hug, full of concern.

"Is there anything else I need to worry about? Are you hiding anything else from me?"

As she hugged me, I looked around nervously. This was already too much; Miriam wasn't ready to know everything about me. But since I had the chance, I might as well confess a little more.

```
"Well... there's one more thing."
```

"What else?"

Miriam pulled away, looking deeply worried. I bit my lip and give her a desperate look.

"Promise me you won't break up with me."

```
"Tell me first."
```

"I can't... I'm scared."

"What is it?!"

"..."

"What?"

I looked into the eyes of my beautiful girlfriend, who seem on the verge of tears. Finally, I told her the hardest thing and waited for her reaction.

"I don't understand art."

"What the..."

Miriam's mouth opened as if she's gasping.

"What do you mean?"

"I know how to draw, but I don't understand art. All the pieces you mention are beautiful..."

""

"I think it's trash."

•

•

Ever since I confessed my feelings, Miriam hasn't spoken to me. Although we had agreed to take a bath together, she went back and ran to the bathroom first, then ran to lie down on the bed, pulling the blanket over her head and not saying a word. All I could do was give a dry smile because I couldn't do anything but look like a sad dog.

"Are you... that mad at me?"

""

It seems that art has seeped into that little girl's veins. So when she expected me to be a like-minded companion, appreciating those works and having fun, I discovered that I was the one who failed to meet her expectations, seeing those beautiful pieces as trash.

I can understand... If someone told me that Miriam looked like a dog, I would probably be mad too.

But dogs are cute; I like dogs.

Feeling that I wasn't getting an answer from the number on the other end of the line, I walked over to the TV to turn it on, not knowing what else to do, while my eyes still stared at the person in the bed who was probably already asleep.

It's too early to sleep; it's only nine o'clock.

"It's no fun watching TV without you."

I muttered as I turned off the TV and sit down next to the bed. I wanted to reach out and poke the grumpy person to wake her up, but then I remembered that Miriam would be really upset if I disturbed her while she's

sleeping. Thank goodness I remembered her details well; otherwise, she would be even more grumpy.

Since I didn't know what else to do, I decided to go to bed. I get up to turn off all the lights in the room, and as I walked back to bed, a vivid memory awakened as I remembered what I had done on that couch vesterday.

She was already asleep...

```
"Hey..."
```

I playfully called out to Miriam again, curious to know if that little girl was really asleep. Miriam didn't respond; only the sound of her steady breathing confirmed it.

```
"You..."
```

I slid under the blanket and called Miriam softly by the ear. The scent of her freshly bathed skin lingered in the warm air beneath the blanket. My nose begin to sniff around, starting at her ear, then down her neck and gradually moving down until I'm nestled under the blanket.

How did I become like this...

I became someone who is consumed by desire and acts boldly, like groping someone who is sleeping. If she wakes up and finds out what I'm doing, how angry would she be?

The fact that I see art as trash might just become a minor problem.

Even though I know everything, I can even think about what will happen if she wakes up. But I can't seem to control myself. The smell of her body, entering my nose, pulls me deeper, making me think only of how I would deal with someone touching her body one day.

Can I just swallow her whole...? But that might wake her up.

I'll do what I did last night...

Just tasting is good enough.

So, when I reach between Miriam's legs, I slowly used my hands. Just like I did yesterday. Miriam's body as docile as before, showing no resistance and easily removing the clothes from her body. That it had already been revealed what I'm doing.

"Are you still awake?"

"How can I sleep? You're bothering me!"

"I... I'm sorry. I forgot that you don't like to be disturbed when you're sleeping; it makes you angry."

Startled, I tried to get up quickly, but Miriam locked her legs around my neck tightly.

"I don't mind being disturbed while I sleep. You can't go.."

Miriam covered her face with both hands shyly before reaching down to grab my hair and press it into place again, letting out a demanding sound, like someone out of breath.

"I'm not finished yet."



## História God : When God Is In Love (Volume 1) - 20. Easy

## Capítulo 22 - 20. Easy

Although I was a little surprised that Miriam was aware, when I was forced down like that, everything had to continue...

Miriam's body writhed as she arched her belly upwards, as if she couldn't hold herself back, trying to bring her closer. With one free hand, I steadied her small body, spreading her legs wider, slowly marking things to guide her emotions, before gradually increasing the intensity.

Her voice, with a slightly nasal tone, sounded different and turned into a moan.

The scent of her body, full of love, spread everywhere, and even I begin to feel affected.

Miriam switched from holding my head to reaching my hand, guiding it to her chest. The soft curves of her small body responded, and I couldn't resist applying more pressure, alternating between soft and firm touches, drawing out sounds from her louder than I had ever heard before.

No... she never made a sound, like I normally would when she wasn't aware.

"Got... Got... ah..."

Her voice cried out, prompting me to slowly slide my tongue up and down, as if her body couldn't take it anymore.

"Do something, please..."

I moved my fingers from her chest back to her core, mixing tongue and finger movements. Miriam's body tensed, and she let out a cry, covering her face with her hands.

"Ahhh..."

And then, it's all over. However, I keep my mouth on her, kissing softly, like a cat cleaning itself. Slowly, I moved to hug her, holding her small body tightly in encouragement.

Now, she is there, only able to hug me back with her eyes closed. To reassure her that this wasn't a dream, I whispered gently in her ear.

"I love you."

I honestly don't know how we both ended up in this situation. It was already past eleven, and after I had gotten Miriam to the point where things needed to be wrapped up, an awkwardness set in as everything went back to normal.

The scene now was me kneeling on the bed while Miriam clutched the blanket tightly around her lower body. We both stayed silent for over five minutes, though it felt like an eternity.

"Do we have a gun in this room...?"

I finally broke the silence, not knowing what else to say. Miriam, who had been quiet for a long time, looked at me and asked.

"Why do you ask that?"

"To let you shoot me, of course. The punishment I deserve is equivalent to death.

I said, steepling my fingers together hopefully, desperately wishing for forgiveness. Miriam still wouldn't look me in the eyes, making me uncomfortable.

"I... I'm so sorry."

"If you knew it was wrong, why did you do it in the first place? You should have thought about whether it was right or wrong before you did it."

" "

"You took advantage of me while I was sleeping."

Hearing that make me close my eyes tightly, I had no excuse. It was the most embarrassed I've ever felt in my life, wishing I could just bury my head in the ground. If possible, I would crawl on my arms instead of my legs from this point on. Forget that I only have one arm. I had no other choice.

"You must be really frustrated."

"It's cute that you call it 'frustrated'."

"Ah! I'm about to cry! Ugh... you're going to criticize every word I say."

Well, you don't like being disturbed while you sleep. You've said that before. Got it!

Well, you don't like being disturbed while you sleep. You've said that before."

"Got!"

Miriam's voice rise, making me flinch. Usually, people are afraid of me, either because of my personality or for various reasons that they think make me unworthy of being looked at. But now, Miriam was raising her voice at

me, and I knew I had completely messed up. My mother had never yelled at me like that, and I had never been so afraid of anyone before.

She was the first in so many ways, that little one!

"I'm in love with you."

I decided to confess, knowing that I had nothing left to lose. If today was going to end, I wanted to say everything.

"I've been captivated by you since elementary school."

Miriam is silent, her expression shocked by my sudden confession.

"When I became your girlfriend, I wanted to do so many things with you, even though I'm not even that bold. Just being next to you and smelling you made me want to touch you... When I had the chance that day, I didn't know what to do after touching your chest."

"Crazy..."

Miriam grabbed a pillow and covered her face in shame, but she didn't tell me to stop.

"I regret that opportunity so much, I couldn't do anything. You kept backing away and looked angry. You don't know what I did while in the bathroom."

"What did you do?"

She still have the pillow over her face, so I feel like I have to confess everything.

"I watched a porn video."

" ,,,

"I wanted to know how women do it."

"You're a pervert."

"Yes."

"Obsessive."

"And a psychopath too."

"No, I'm not calling you a psychopath."

She lowered the pillow, her face now red, bright pink, as if she could faint at any moment.

"At our age, being in a relationship, it's natural want to do these things."

"You don't have to hold back. It's okay if I'm a psychopath... I took advantage of you while you were sleeping."

"""

"But I didn't put anything in. Even though the video showed that they used other things..."

I raised my finger and quickly lowered it, embarrassed.

\_Because you said you don't like toys."

"Do you even have one?"

"No, I don't. That's why I just wanted to try it, thinking that if I got it slowly, I wouldn't wake you up. I even watched how to lick a cat's fur, to see how soft it should be... Oh."

Then the pillow in Miriam's hand flow into my face with enough force to almost knock me off the bed. As I leaned back to regain my balance, Miriam jumped forward and grabbed my collar in surprise.

"If I throw a pillow at you, you have to dodge it! What if you hit your head on the floor?"

"Well, I would just die, and then you would feel better."

"How would your death make me feel better?"

"Because I took advantage of you while you were sleeping, you must be so angry that you want me dead."

"On the contrary, I feel good that you... did that."

"Huh?"

"Really, do I have to spell it out?!"

Miriam returned to her previous position and covered herself with the blanket again.

"Do you really think I was sleeping?"

I nodded vigorously.

"Really."

"...."

"You really weren't asleep?"

After I started to regain my senses, I asked again, a little uncertain.

"If you weren't asleep, then why didn't you say anything?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"Well, you could have said you were awake..."

I raised my hand to cover my mouth, feeling increasingly excited, my heart racing.

"That means you weren't asleep, right?"

"..."

"You knew everything I was doing. So why didn't you...?"

I started to stumble over my words.

"You didn't even push me away."

"Why would I push you away?"

"Because you don't like wet things."

"And if I didn't push you away, what does that mean?"

"It means you wanted to..."

I raised both hands to my cheeks and almost smiled.

"Come on, you liked it!"

"Yes."

"You liked it!"

I shuffled closer to her, but Miriam give me a fierce look that make me stop and kneel there awkwardly.

"It wasn't bad, but it was a little uncomfortable. I didn't know if pretending to be awake would scare you or embarrass you, so I just went with it."

"But today, you're not just accepting it like before."

"Because you kept me waiting..."

Miriam closed her mouth and hugged the pillow to her chest without saying anything else. It seemed like she was the one who was afraid that I would feel bad if she pretended to be awake. We both sit in silence, trying to find the right words to say in this awkward conversation, and I decided to speak first.

"Are you not mad at me anymore?"

"I don't know, because I have too many emotions now."

"So let's get this straight one by one... Are you really mad because I'm not the kind of person you like?"

I sit with my shoulders hunched, remembering when I confessed my lack of appreciation for art.

"What kind of person do I dislike?"

"Well, the kind you expect. I don't really like art that much," I said, slowly approaching.

Although Miriam keep her distance, she's close enough for me to slip her leg through the quilt that separated us.

"I thought you liked art all the time. In high school, I saw you drawing..."

I tried to remember that time and shake my head.

"No, I didn't like drawing."

"But I saw your drawing on the Thai language board. My friend said she saw you drawing."

"Your friend must have misremembered. The one who likes drawing is Get."

"Huh..."

Miriam looked shocked again.

"But you can draw now!"

"Well, I heard you say that you liked people who could draw, so I started learning and eventually got better."

"What you said made me think that the artist was you! Because that drawing got me interested in paintings, so that one day, if I had the chance,

I could talk to you about it. Damn... you really don't like art!"

"Yeah."

"If you don't like art, then what do you like?"

"Well, thanks for asking!"

I blurted that out, making Miriam fall silent. I could tell she's trying hard not to smile. It seems like things getting better, but I had to take it slow because Miriam tended to run away when she get too embarrassed.

"I practiced drawing so that one day I could get some compliments from you,"

I said, walking over and gently moving the pillow away from her face.

"And it worked! One thing led to another. I knew how to draw, and your sister needed someone to paint bags, and then you came to me."

"I did it..."

"We started dating and spent some time together. There were a lot of firsts for me, like cooking, cleaning, and trying to make someone happy because I was afraid you wouldn't love me back."

""

"But my flaw is... I can't appreciate art. I'm someone who likes superficial things. I'll only say a painting is beautiful if I can tell what it is when I look at it. Even now, I still don't understand what's so beautiful about Mona Lisa. Her forehead is wide, her hair is straight as if she hadn't washed it, but she keeps appearing in so many movies, and all the main characters just rave about how beautiful she is... What a lie! She barely has eyebrows!"

At first, Miriam was serious, but slowly she started to smile and laugh.

"I don't think you can appreciate art. You even used a bad word!"

"Anything that's beautiful, I'll say it's beautiful, like you... I think you're pretty and cute."

I smiled widely.

"And you seem easygoing."

"Wait, what?"

"What do you mean?"

"Did you just say I'm easygoing?"

Uh-oh... I seemed to have said too much. Miriam, who was smiling at first, now turning cold, sending a chill down my spine.

"I mean, easygoing, like... simple and relaxed."

I meant it in a way that she's natural and doesn't overthink things. But it seems Miriam interpreted it differently.

"I'm not an easy person. Just because I let you get between my legs doesn't mean I was 'easy'! I was taken advantage of!"

"N-no, that's not what I meant..."

"I want to be more valuable than that! From now on, you won't even see my thighs again!"

Miriam throw herself on the bed, turning her back to me with disdain.

When I reached out to poke her, she pushed my hand away, and for the first time, that little girl kicking me out without a hint of heat.

"Tonight, you can sleep in the bathroom. I don't want to see your face!"

"Ah! How did it end like this?"



## CONTINUED IN VOLUME 2