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ดอกไม้

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เพราะอยากมีตัวตน...
จึงต้องยอมปลอมเป็นอีกคนเพื่อที่จะถูกรัก

INTRODUCTION

I don't like weddings... For me, a wedding ceremony is like an announcement to the world that 'we will have sex tonight. Please congratulate us. Ah... I guess I'm pessimistic.

At a wedding reception where I should celebrate, I don't feel the need to fake it. Why do you need to announce to the world that you will live with someone by getting married? That's nonsense.

Oh... I'm at the wedding reception of my younger twin, "Aobe-Aum," who the master of ceremonies keeps praising. She's so capable. She's so good. I listen to the master of ceremonies praise the bride nonstop and have to twist my mouth. She's so insincere. But....it's her job to praise the bride and groom because it's an important day.

My younger twin is overwhelmed by the images on the slide show. It shows the story of how she first met the groom and how they fell in love with each other. The images on the screen don't sit well with me. Everything seems artificial. It's Like a play with a one-dimensional plot. It must be fabricated...I know. I've seen it before

"Why are you looking like that, Ai? It's your younger twin's wedding."

"I want to go home."

"How can you? Your twin would not be happy."

"She won't be that unhappy."

"Your twin loves you a lot, Ai. It's Only you who has something against her. Stop behaving like an envious older twin..."

I stare at my mother sternly. My parents always think that I'm envious of Aobe-Aum because my younger twin always stands out and is always praised unlike me, who hasn't made anything of myself.

"I will leave so that you feel better. Because if I stay. I'll just continue to twist my mouth."

My mother immediately grabs my wrist and closes her eyes, trying to compose herself.

"Okay. I apologize. I shouldn't have said that... But can you please cooperate today, Ai? It's an important day for your twin."

Though I'm still a bit frustrated, when I see that my mother has let go of her ego, I calm down too.

"I didn't do anything, mom. I'm just not smiling."

"If you don't smile, people may wonder why."

"I already told you that I didn't want to come."

"How can you not come? It's your twin's wedding."

"We don't even like each other."

"It's only you who doesn't like your twin. Aum loves you a lot. She really wants you to come today. You're important to your twin, don't you know that?"

"She wants me to come so people can compare us and praise her while they look down on me. Can't you see that?"

My mother sighs wearily. Aobe-Aum and I are twins that are different from other twins. We're like the leads in 'Shadow' a Thai series about twins who dislike each other and are always envious of each other. The only difference is that I'm the only one who's envious. I'm 'Ai-Aun,' the older twin who hasn't made anything of myself. I graduated many years later than others and couldn't find work, so I've been laying around at home for the past two years while Aobe-Aum is doing so well in every way. She graduated at the top of her class and is outstandingly beautiful, even though we look exactly the same.

Can you see the difference between my younger twin and me now? Okay. I may be the devil, true to what my parents think of me. I have nothing good in me after all. Though we look exactly the same, Aobe-Aum got her bachelor's degree in 3.5 years and got a good job. Her salary is 50,000 Baht, and she's building a family with the owner of the airline she's working for.

The life of a princess!

As for me, I received my bachelor's degree at the age of nearly 30 from a public university that anyone, including senior citizens, can attend. My degree is common, and my score is not outstanding. When I was younger, I wasn't a good kid. I tend to bring problems home. By the time I knew better, it was too late. That's my story. So I'm unavoidably compared to my twin.

The wedding ceremony goes on. There's an afterparty at night. Friends of Aobe-Aum and the groom are dancing to celebrate merrily. I, who want to go home so bad, can't leave because of my parents. They say that it would look strange if the twin sister left before the ceremony was over.

"Aren't they doing the bedding ceremony? Dancing like this, when will they make babies? And the groom is drinking like he's drinking water. He will puke in the middle of doing it. We won't be able to tell who is pregnant, the bride or the groom."

"Ai!"

"Ouch!"

My mother hits my arm because she can't take it anymore. This is how I am. I say what I think, so don't give me a reason to say something bad.

"It will be over soon."

So I have to continue to act like a good older twin until the end of the ceremony. Right now, the bride and groom look very fatigued. I can smell alcohol reeking from their breaths.

"I can finally go home."

Even though I say it quietly, everyone who is talking turns to look at me with a tired expression.

"Ai... I have something to ask of you."

The bride, my younger twin, says this to me after everyone has gone quiet. When my twin speaks in that tone of voice, I wriggle, feeling uneasy.

"What?"

"I'll tell you in a bit."

"Can't you tell me now?"

"I want to talk to you in private."

After my parents gave their blessings to the bride and groom, we split up. Yet Aobe-Aum, who was looking for an opening, calls out to me and drags me to the bathroom to talk because, according to tradition, the bride and groom can't leave the room.

"Do we have to talk about this late at night?"

"I want to talk to you as soon as possible. I'm afraid it would be too late."

"What's too late?"

"I don't know... I just feel that it's urgent."

"You're acting like this is a goodbye."

I look at my younger twin, who puts her hand on her chest and laughs. We Are not one of those lovey-dovey twins who are always together or always chatting. It's me who tries to keep the distance because I don't want to be compared to her too much, both in terms of our looks and our capabilities.

"Say what you have to say. I'm Sleepy."

I say this as I lift my wrist to look at the time. It's already 1 a.m.

"Paul and I will go for our honeymoon in Switzerland."

"Geez... what a good life!"

I say that sarcastically. I don't know if she said that to bluff me or not.

"So?"

"I'm begging you, Ai... This is our secret, okay?"

"Our secret? Are we close enough to have one?"

Aobe-Aum looks dejected, like she wants to die, and starts to bite her nails. My younger twin is normally full of confidence. When she's stressed, she will hide it because she doesn't want anyone to see her weakness. But it's different this time. It's getting interesting.

"Will you help me, Ai?"

"Tell me first. I will if I can."

"Well..."

Aobe-Aum opens the bathroom door and pokes her head out nervously because she's afraid that someone outside will hear us. And those people are our parents and her husband.

"It's like this."

"You've been dragging on for too long. Get to it already."

"I want you to break up with my ex for me."

"Huh?"

My eyes become wide open as I exclaim shockingly.

"What do you mean, your ex?"

My younger twin, who has always been confident, starts to panic. Her lips are becoming so dry that she has to lick them.

"I married without breaking up with my ex. Can you help me, Ai?"

We go silent. The only sound is our own breathing. I slowly smile and feel that this is so funny. Aobe-Aum, the perfect twin in our family, who just married the owner of an airline and had many stories to show in the wedding presentation, has an ex she didn't break up with?

"You were two-timing?"

"Well..."

I cross my arms over my chest and lean on the sink, making myself comfortable.

"If this story was on Pantip, people would dish you so bad."

I look at my nails and lick my teeth, having quite a goodtime.

"And you don't even dare to go break up with your ex yourself."

The bride hunches her shoulders. Looking defeated. She raises her hands to show that she gives in.

"Say what you want. But I beg you. Can you do this for me? Go break up with my ex for me, please."

"Why does it have to be me?"

I ask frankly, though I think I know the answer deep down inside. My younger twin looks uncomfortable but is willing to tell the truth.

"Because you're exactly like me."

"So you want me to assume your identity and break up with your ex... Is that it?"

"Ah-huh."

"Why didn't you think about it before you did all of this? You're afraid your ex will be hurt now?"

"I...can't bear to see my ex get hurt. My ex has been through a lot already."

"And you ask me to go do it? How will that make it hurt less?"

My twin's silence made me feel bad for a brief moment. Where is her usual annoying liveliness? Look at what she's doing. She's asking her loving older sister to go clean up her shit. How dare she? Ah... I'm being sarcastic when I say 'loving'.

"Who is it? If you want me to do it, you have to tell me."

Aobe-Aum looks better instantly. Asking for information means that I will help her. I'm not kind. Just... curious.

"May."

"Huh?"

"My ex's name is May."

My younger twin's beautiful wedding night ends with my exhaustion, from which I gain nothing. The one positive is that my home is finally quiet again without Aobe-Aum's constant pleading for affection. It was so annoying. I even asked myself, 'Isn't she tired from walking around the house sounding cute all the time?'

Okay... I will have a good dream tonight. There's nothing better on a winter night than to snuggle myself under the blanket and sleep without the sound of my twin to annoy me. Despite being physically exhausted, I can't sleep once my head hits the pillow. Maybe it's because I can't get what my twin sister said out of my head. May... What kind of guy is named May? This name lingers in my head. As I imagine what Aobe-Aum ex looks like. What if... I walk in to break up like my twin asked me to? How would that person react?

I'm about to fall asleep while thinking about this and that when I hear a loud shout from outside.

"Ai, get up."

In frustration, I am awakened by my mother's anxious voice.

"What, mom? I just fell asleep a short while ago."

I glance at my digital clock on the head board.

"It's only 2 a.m."

"Hurry, get up. We need to go see Aum."

"Why? This is her wedding night, mom. It's a sin to interrupt them."

I lay back on my bed but slowly got up when I heard a sobbing sound next to my bed. My mother is crying her eyes out and looking like she's about to faint. I feel like something is off, so I hurriedly rush over because I'm afraid that she will fall down.

"What happened? What's the matter with Aum?"

"Aum... Aum was in a car accident."

"W... what?"

"She's at the hospital. Let's go... Your dad and I can't drive right now."

My mother looks at her shaking hands.

"Please take us to the hospital, Ai. Please."

I feel sorry looking at my mother. I would drive her even if she didn't ask me to.

"O... Okay. I'll drive."

There's nothing certain in life. We were all happy the night before, and now we're at the hospital because my younger twin was in a car accident. And they were spending the night at the hotel where the wedding reception was held, too. But the groom was hungry, so they drove to 711. Maybe they were careless, or maybe they were drunk, and that was why they drove down the side of the road and the car flipped over....So now we're here at the hospital. My parents just hug and cry while I stand still because I don't know what to do. My head is completely blank... Am I shocked?... Yes, I am. Am I sad?... I'm not sure. I haven't been told that there's anything wrong with my twin.

As I wait, a number of thoughts cross my mind. Because we met every day, I never thought about the day we would apart. We never think that today is the last day, so we never worry or care about those close to us, like Aobe-Aum, for example. Today is the first day I started to think about how close I am to my twin. We have met since we were in our mother's womb... We have been raised together. When I look into the mirror, I always see Aobe-Aum beside me. I don't know why we drifted apart when we grew up until we were not close anymore. Maybe it started

out of jealousy. Yes... I'm jealous of my younger twin. Though we look exactly the same, inside we are totally different. Aobe-Aum is optimistic, while I'm a pessimistic. Aobe-Aum is loved by everyone, while no one even adores me. If my twin regains consciousness, will I still think that way?

We're waiting for the doctor who took my twin into the operating room. I, who keep my eyes on the clock at all times, see that it's already 6 a.m. For those who are waiting, this is a very long time. But it's probably more torturous for those inside that room. Finally, the wait is over when the doctor walks out of the operating room. We, who waited for someone to come tell us something, dashed towards him. The doctor looks uncomfortable but is willing to tell us what happened inside the operating room.

"How's my son, doctor?"

"How was it, doctor? How's our daughter?"

Though two people were taken inside that room, the relatives only asked about their family member. Our family does that too.

"Both were brought here in severe conditions..."

The doctor looks all serious before he continues, like he's made up his mind to do so.

"The male patient was pronounced dead at 5:12 a.m."

I look down at my watch, which says that it's 5:14 a.m. So, the doctor comes out to tell us this immediately after his death. The groom's relatives fall to the ground, out of strength. Now it's our family's turn.

"For the female patient, we were able to help her, but she's still in a coma. The deceased family members, please..."

The doctor now turns his attention to the groom's family because they have to talk about how to handle the body. As for our family, none of us can think straight after hearing the word 'coma.' It's a very hard-hitting word. My mother falls to the ground and cries while I just stand still, as I don't know how to express how I felt. Should I cry?... But Aobe-Aum is alive...Should I be sad?... Would it look fake if I, who never showed any affection for my younger twin, showed such a feeling? All I can do now is walk out of that area and be alone. There are a lot of things I must do now.

CHAPTER 01

MAY

Before the accident, Aobe-Aum and I secretly talked in the bathroom about Aobe-Aum's ex, named "May." Aobe-Aum wanted me to break up with her ex in her place. I didn't get much detail because my younger twin didn't have time to give me any, as she had to go to her wedding ceremony according to the auspicious time. So, the only thing I got was the name, without any other information.

Right now, I have Aobe-Aum's mobile phone in my hand. The screen has a picture of my twin, who looks exactly like me but has a different hairstyle. I've had the phone in my possession for an hour, but because I'm on the fence about whether or not I should help my twin, I Haven't looked up any information... What should I do?

I've never been good to my younger twin because our parents always compare us, and it's like how others see us: Aobe-Aum is better than me in every way. If you've watched the series 'Shadow,' the mother and father have different favorites because each stands out in a different way. But for me, aside from a beautiful face, I have nothing. I'm like the black hole in this family

Yes... even if we are visually identical, there are startlingly large gaps in our beauty.

Maybe it's because when we were younger, Aobe-Aum studied hard while I, who is not good at school, learned how to take good care of myself and have only my looks as my strength. Everyone at school would call us the 'opposite polar twins.' I have more aura, while Aobe-Aum was quite tan and wore eyeglasses. But when we grew up, my younger twin realized that... if we look alike, why can't she be beautiful too? So Aobe-Aum started to take care of herself. And when she became beautiful, in addition to having a big brain, she easily became an air hostess.

Furthermore, when she got a good job, she had money to buy good clothes. She looked better and got a new haircut. Her lead eventually widened because she is now both attractive and capable. As for me... I'm in the same place. I'm just beautiful, but I haven't made anything by myself. In the end, I decided to open Aobe-Aum's phone. Because we look exactly the same, the face recognition allowed me to open it easily. It's such an expensive yet dumb phone.

The first thing I look for is my younger twin's best friend's number. It's typical to have a best friend with whom you can share your dirty laundry. And 'Jan', who's been Aobe-Aum's friend since junior high school, is my first target.

[How's it, Aum? Why are you calling me so early in the morning after your wedding night? Aren't you tired?]

"This is Ai, not Aum.

[Oh? But this is Aum's number.]

"She's not free, so she asked me to make the call for her."

The other end of the line goes quiet, not quite believing what she was told. Well... Aum's best friend obviously knows the relationship between the owner of this phone and me. So there's no way she believes what I just told her.

"Fine... Aum did not tell me to call you. I decided to call you myself. I have something to ask you."

[Why do you have to talk to me in Aum's place? It's really weird.]

"Aum was in a car accident.'

[Don't...]

"Don't be annoying! I'll make it short. Aum asked me to break up with her ex named May, for her. Tell me where I can find May."

When I get to this topic, Jan pauses to think and starts to believe that Aum was really in a car accident. The voice on the other end of the line sounds anxious. She starts to get hysterical. I bite back the urge to yell at her as I ask her to answer my question and stop rambling.

"Get a hold of yourself and tell me how I can get hold of May, so I can do what I have to and get it over with. Talk!"

[Jan went to her house once. It's Around Sathorn area...]

"Then, let's do this. I'll go pick you up, and we can go break up with Aum's ex"

[But I have to go to work today...Ah... Okay. I'll ask for a day off.]

Jan gives an excuse and then finds a way to work around it herself, which is good for me because I like it when things are easy.

"Okay. We'll go to Aum's ex's house and get it over with then."

But is this really important? Must it be done during this sorrowful and painful period? Yet because not doing anything doesn't make things better, I decided to do as Aobe-Aum wished by breaking up with her ex, tagging along with her best friend.

Eventually, Jan and I arrive at a house in the Sathorn area. I sweep my eyes admirably at the house, which has high walls and strict security.

"Aum's ex is loaded."

"Of course. Only challenging cases are taken. All the clients are well-off. Probably over 100 million baht worth."

Jan mentions it casually. I turn to look at my twin's best friend, shocked.

"If Aum's ex is that rich, why does she want to break up with her?... Ah, the groom is probably wealthier. He's the owner of an airline, after all. Ah."

I laugh, mocking my twin a bit, forgetting that she's in a coma. And as soon as I roll down my window, the security guard must think that I'm Aobe-Aum, so he opens the gate for me easily. Okay... this family is wealthier than those in fairy tales. When I see the wet grass field for the dogs to run on the left and the swimming pool on the right, I can guess the wealth of the owner of this house. But I don't want to waste time admiring the wealth because I only have one purpose here.

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Break up...

Having a grass field and swimming pool means nothing because my twin already has a husband.

"I'll wait here."

Jan says this as we reach the front door. She doesn't dare go in.

"I can't bear to face anyone.

"If you don't go with me, how can I know who's May?"

I grimace at Jan's fear. How scary is Aobe-Aum's ex?

"Aside from the housekeeper, there's only one person who exudes the aura of the owner of the house. You can go in, Ai"

"But..."

Jan's refusal, looking so guilty, pushes me to sign and walk into the house. Not long after I enter, the housekeeper Jan talked about walks towards me with a smile.

"Miss Aum. You haven't been here for a while. Mx. May is in the study room. I'll lead you there. "

I barely have to say anything before I'm led to see 'May', like Jan said. This house is neither too large nor too small, but it does have some area to stroll around for a bit.

"Make yourself comfortable. I'll bring you something to drink."

"It's okay. Ai..., ah. Aum will only be here for a little while."

"Why not stay for a bit? Mx. May is lonely."

Mx.? Why did she call her Mx. twice now? Or do rich people prefer to use Mx. for their privacy? Things are so complicated these days. For a guy to be named May is already strange, and to also use Mx.? Oh well... never mind. Whatever he's called, it doesn't matter. I Came here to break up with him, not to confess my love.

"I have to be somewhere. Thank you, Can I just go in?"

"Yes."

I knock on the door a few times and open it. Cool air drifts onto my skin, making me feel cold. A light jasmine scent has also drifted out. That made me pause to indulge and relax.

"Aum."

A sweet voice calls out. That startles me, so I turn to look. There's a petite woman sitting at the window. A soft light filters through the curtain and shines on her. That makes her shine so brightly that it astounds me. She's wearing a loose white shirt and a pair of black shorts. Though it's very plain, when it's in that frame, it can make my heart race.

"Is that Aum?"

huh?"

I'm about to say no, but I shut my mouth when the petite gets up and walks straight to me and touches me all over.

"W... what."

I panic and back away. The petite woman pauses. The eyes that are looking in another direction make me notice that something is off.

"You..."

"It's Aum's voice."

I want to be sure, so I wave my hand in front of her sweet face. Then, I immediately knew that this woman.... cannot see.

Snatch!

My hand is grabbed tightly. I almost changed my mind about her being blind, yet...

"I can't see, but I haven't lost my senses."

So, she really can't see.

"I'm s... sorry."

"So is this Aum?"

The repeated questioning makes me stutter for a while. The sweet-looking woman appears unwilling to wait for an answer. Because of our height difference, she pulls me down to her by putting her arms around my neck. And I received something unexpected....

A kiss....

Although it is only a "peck kiss," I am rendered immobile by shock. We go silent for a long... long time. Then the petite woman started to talk.

"It's really Aum... Where have you been? I miss you."

"May... May?"

Okay. Aside from being kissed, there's another shock when I realize that the person who pulled me into a hug is....

"May."

"You seem different today. Aum. Is everything okay?"

"Ah..."

I look at the person who's still smiling, shocked... If I squished everything and every emotion together, I'd have a round object that I could throw and break someone's head with.

Okay... May is a woman.... And I'm about to break up with a woman so I can marry a man. I now understand why Aobe-Aum asked me to do this and also why Jam doesn't dare come into the house. Even I, who knows nothing, dropped my jaw and am at a loss now that I know.

"May... I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

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"May... I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

Like a tree that has received rain, the sweet face is beaming with smiles. It makes my heart sway, and I have to back away. I put my left hand on my left breast because I am overjoyed.

"I....."

"I miss May too."

SunYanz

CHAPTER 02

KISS ME

My younger twin girlfriend and I are hugging tightly, like we've loved each other forever. I don't know how the person in front of me feels. But I feel flimsy and melted like a candle on a frame. I don't know what to do. It Took me several minutes to gather myself and back away.

"Hang on, May... I left something in my car. I'll be back."

"What did you forget?"

"My mobile phone."

Because I didn't know what excuse to use, I blurted that out and then rushed myself out of the study room. I quickly went downstairs to see Jan. My younger twin best friend knew everything but told me nothing about my twin's ex.

"Jan... come with me."

I drag Jan to the car, where we can be alone. We sit quietly for a little while because I need to focus to grasp all that is going on. I then immediately asked my twain's best friend.

"Aum's ex is a woman."

"Ah-huh."

"You didn't think to tell me that?"

"Why should I? You didn't know? Why are you yelling?"

"I'm yelling because I didn't know. I'm At a loss. Aum doesn't look like someone who would be in a relationship with a woman. And May doesn't look like a tomboy at all."

I close my mouth with my hand and look at Jan, surprised.

"Is Aum a tomboy?"

"Are you crazy? If she was, why would she marry a man?"

"So how do the two of them do it? Who takes which position and how?"

It's like there's a slideshow in my head. My imagination runs wild. There are four dimensions... visual, smell, sound, and taste.

"Is this the time to be thinking that!"

Jan puts her hands on her cheeks and starts to yell too when she sees that my focus is not on the right topic.

"Did you break up with May?"

"Ah..."

I drag my voice because I Don't know what to say. Jan looks at me and smiles from the corner of her mouth. She then slaps my shoulder lightly to comfort me, like we've been buddies since our previous lives.

"You can't say it, right? I understand... Aum couldn't do it either. That's why it dragged on for so long."

"She's blind... But that makes sense. Who would pick my twin if they had clear vision?"

I cross my arms over my chest and smile mockingly. Jan squints at me and bares her teeth.

"The one who married her."

True...I scratch my head and look at the big house in front of me, not knowing what to do next. I think I understand why Aum didn't break up with May earlier. It's not that she's selfish or anything. But she probably couldn't get herself to do it. I couldn't even do it when that woman was in front of me... And the way I felt when I was kissed...I uncontrollably touch my lips when I think about that.

"So, what's next?" Jan asks when she sees that I'm quiet. I wriggle uncomfortably as I lower my hand.

"I can break up with her, but there needs to be gentler words to break it to her. I thought it was a guy, so I was just going to say it and get it over with. But it's a woman who can't see... It's too pitiful."

"You seem to really care about her."

"How can you not?"

"What or who do you typically care about?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why did you think Aum asked you to do it?"

"Because I look like her."

"That's true. But another reason is because you can say 'no' without caring about others' feelings. How many guys have you broken up with?"

I glance at my twin's friend and mutter, as if I'm cursing at her.

"What has Aum been telling you? You know too much."

"No one is more fitting for the job than you. That's all I want to say."

Jan Crosses her arms across her chest and smiles slightly, like she's happy that she can talk about me sarcastically.

"Can I Ask you something?"

"Huh?"

"When you first saw May, how did you feel?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? What about... fear or respect?"

"She's as tiny as a puppy. What's Scary about that? You're overreacting."

I let out a small sigh.

"I feel sorry for her. She's a lively person who's in the dark."

"Lively? Is that the same as May?"

We both go quiet before the car leaves my twin's ex's house without me breaking up with her...So, Jan and I step back to plan our next step. I forgot that I told the owner of the house that I left my phone in the car, but never mind... I can't think straight right now.

I returned to the hospital to gather myself. I just stand there staring at my twin, who has been transferred to the ICU. She has a lot of lines, leads, tubes, and drains attached to her. The person who looks exactly like me is lying there, unconscious. It makes me realize that when I sleep without my makeup on, I look scary, like a ghost that didn't die pretty.

"You're so mean. You dumped a cute girlfriend to get married and left me to clean up your shitty mess as your last request."

I mutter, wanting to pull out the oxygen nasal cannula out of cute aggression. Yet... I pause my hand that wants to tease my twin when I look at her heart-shaped lips that look like mine. How many times has she kissed that woman?

suddenly became surprisingly frustrated, looking at my twin's lips. I want to smack it. And as I raise my hand, about to tease my twin, I hear a cough from behind me. A nurse is looking at me coldly when I turn to look.

"What are you about to do?"

"Ah..."

I slowly lower my hand and give her a sweet smile.

"I'm starting a conversation with my younger twin. Incase it can help her regain consciousness."

"So you're teasing her?"

"Ye's."

I have no intention of killing anyone in an ICU, of course! But because I didn't want to continue to argue with the nurse. I left after visiting my younger twin. I Need time to think by myself, so I decided to stare blankly at a river near my old house. Ah... when I say old, I mean my family used to live in this area. Our family was middle-class, but after Adobe-Aum secured a stable job, we upgraded to a nicer house and social circle. We got out of this area. But I kinda miss this old atmosphere.

"Are you shooting a music video?"

Kosol, one of my old friends, who's also an ex-boyfriend, I broke up with two years ago, greets me. His tone of voice is a mix between teasing and mocking. I turn to give him a bored expression.

"I have a lot of friends here, but why is it you I meet?"

"Fate, I guess. How's it going? You Haven't visited since you've become rich."

"It's my twin who's rich. I'm the same... stupid twin."

"Why are you here?"

"I need to think about something."

"About?"

"I'm thinking of breaking up with someone..."

I look at the river, where the water hyacinth is floating by quickly due to the strong current.

"But I can't do it."

"You're so attractive, huh?"

I shrug like I don't care.

"A bit."

"Why can't you do it this time? When You broke up with me, it was as simple as removing dust from your shirt. You Didn't give it any thought."

"Yeah... Though we went through a lot together, I did it easily. Or is it a because it's..."

"It's?"

"Nothing."

I shake my head to reject the idea before I hit Kosol's arm with my elbow. He's standing next to me now.

"So, how's it going? Give me an update on your life."

"Bow has a child. Tong has taken over the fish business that his family has been running at the fresh market."

"Come on. I'm not asking about others. I'm asking about you. How are you doing?"

"I'm driving a motorcycle taxi at the corner of the street"

"Everyone is taking a different path, huh?"

"Yes. Since that incident... after you went your separate ways, our gang splits up and each live their own lives."

The word 'that incident' makes me pause because I don't want to talk about it. So, I quickly changed the topic.

"I got my bachelor's degree, you know? I'm looking for a job."

Kosol looks at me like he knows that I don't want to talk about the past. So he gives me a broad smile.

"Congratulations. You'll probably make the most of your life compared to all of us."

"That's too much... Though I think I'm Doing well, it's not enough for my parents...Geez"

"It's because of your twin. By the way, how's Aum? Is she doing well?"

"Ah... I guess."

I don't want to go into details.

"Has she ever been sick?"

"Don't compete with your twin. You're Good in your own way."

I look at the person who's both my ex and friend, feeling grateful somehow. It's like he's sitting inside my heart. I just want to be as good as Aobe-Aum. I Pushed myself until I got my degree. But Even though I did, it's still not enough to impress my family because my younger twin always does better.

"Thank you."

"Back to what we were talking about. You're about to break up with your current lover?"

"Something like that."

"Why do you hesitate this time?"

"I don't know."

"Is it because you felt good when you two kisses?"

"Huh?"

I glance at Kosol, shocked. My handsome friend, in his motorcycle taxi uniform, laughs, seeing that I look like someone who has just seen a ghost.

"Why are you shocked?"

"Why do you suddenly talk about kissing?"

"You don't remember the reason you gave me when you broke up with me?"

"It's not that I don't remember. I just didn't think that you would."

I look Kosol in the eye and try to think back to my university days when we were together. I was the one who broke up with him, like I did with all my other lovers. It's not that I don't remember, because it's the same reason I broke up with everyone else. He just caught me by surprise.

'What did I do wrong? Why are you breaking up with me?'

And I gave the same reason I did to every other guy I broke up with....

'I don't feel anything when we kiss.'

And when I think about that, I startle a bit. I think back to when that blind woman kissed me the first time we met because she thought I was Aobe-Aum. My heart races when I think of that first kiss and how I felt. Why... We haven't spent any time together. We barely knew each other. But why did I feel excited? Why was she special and different from others?., Why?

"I have to go."

I tell Kosol that and am about to leave, but he grabs my arm.

"Who is he?"

"What?"

"The person you kissed and felt something... What's his name?"

Because I don't dare answer that question, I pretend to get mad and twist my arm out of his grasp. I stomp away and Kosol doesn't think of trying to force an answer from me. I see him go quiet and look at me from the corner of his eyes. What does he want me to say? The person with whom I am breaking up isn't even my lover. Moreover, she's a woman. Damned!

I ended up standing in front of May's house once again... the woman I intend to break up with for the second time in one day. And the gate is still open to welcome me in. Everyone treats me like they are familiar with me, though I don't know anyone. But then again, I'm here as Aobe-Aum. No one knows that I'm Ai-Aun. Even the expensive phone can't detect the difference from my face.

"You're here twice today. Will you spend the night?"

"Spend the night?... Ah, I'm not sure... Where is May?"

"In the study room, I'll..."

"That's okay. I'll go see her there."

If she can't see, why does she like to spend time in the study room? But that's good because I wouldn't know where to go if she was in another room. As soon as I get there, I knock on the door to give a signal that I'm here and slowly open the door.

"May."

I call out to the stranger like we've known each other forever. May is sitting on a La-Z-Boy. She turns towards my voice, and her beautiful lips smile at me slightly.

"You took a long time to get your phone."

I'm ashamed when she teases me like that. So I laugh dryly

"I'm really sorry. Actually, I... Ah, I left my phone at home. When I realized that, I drove back home to get it without telling you first. Did you wait long?"

"If I were a tree, the roots would have gone really deep."

The sweet-faced woman says it casually.

"It's not important how long the wait is. Time stopped for me a long time ago."

"Why do you say that?"

I walk close to the expensive chair and kneel down so our eyes are at the same level. It's not so that May can see me, but so that I can see her sweet face clearly. So beautiful... This is me complimenting a woman for the first time.

"I can't see whether the sky is bright or dark."

Her somewhat sad voice makes me unconsciously place my hand on the cheek of the sweet-faced woman adoringly.

"It's winter, so the sky gets dark earlier than usual... Right now, the sky is turning dark blue like the skirt of a high school student. It's getting darker and is becoming the color of a crow's wing."

May goes quiet before giving me a wide smile.

"Wow... Though I can't see, I can imagine based on what you just described."

"Do you like that?"

"Of course. It's like I'm reading a book when you describe it like that."

"If you like it... can I get a reward?"

"Huh?"

"Kiss me?"

The sweet-faced woman is stunned. Though I'm not looking into her eyes, I can tell that she's embarrassed because I can feel that her cheek is becoming warm through my hand that's still on it.

"Why are you embarrassed? You just kissed me this morning."

"We don't normally ask for a kiss like this. So, when you say it, it's embarrassing."

May moves around a little before sweeping her hands to find me. She eventually successfully touched my face.

"Here you are."

"Ah-huh."

"Come take your reward."

The sweet-faced woman moves her face towards mine and immediately presses her lips against mine. Our kiss was just a soft touch, but it makes my heart tremble like a marching band is beating the drums in there. My blood is pumping without me having to exercise one bit.

"Though I can't see, I know that you're excited... Why are you excited? We kiss so often."

"A... Ah..."

I swallow hard before trying to sound normal.

"You asked me so directly. How can I not be embarrassed?"

"Then we're even."

Though we can't look each other in the eye because May is blind, I try really hard to look into those mysterious eyes like it's a twilight zone with interest. It seems like the plan to break up with her has to be put on hold because my heart trembles when this woman kisses me. Even though I never feel anything when I kiss anyone. I'm complicating the situation.

Sunnyanz

CHAPTER 03

LIKE WOMAN

I stare at my younger twin from the bedside with mixed feelings. I don't understand why Aobe-Aum was with that woman, though she shows no signs of liking women. However, I can't say I don't understand anything because of that kiss that had such an impact on me that I disregarded my twin's request to end the relationship. Why did I do that?

Honestly, I know very little about May, or Metavee', my twin's 'ex-' lover. I just learned her real name a few days ago after I interrogated Jan. And when she asked if I had already broken up with May, I lied straight to her face.

'I already did.'

'What did May say?

'She was devastated. She asked why I did that to her.'

'That doesn't sound like May. But... I guess anyone who's dumped would be sad.'

I used all the guys that I broke up with as references. Most of them responded that way. Why would Metavee Be different or an exception? Never mind, because actually, I'm not planning to break up with her any time soon. I want to be sure about my feelings. Although I've had numerous boyfriends, I've never felt anything when I kissed them. Is it because, maybe... I'm not straight? Do I like women? I want to know my real preferences.

As I let my mind wander, my phone rings. Because I'm in the ICU, all the nurses turn to give me a hard gaze. So, I bend my head to apologize and hurriedly run out of the ICU to pick the phone, feeling frustrated. But I quickly smile when I see that the call is from my best friend from high school.

"Pang, how's it going? You've disappeared."

"I just got back. I bought you a lot of stuff. Let's meet."

"I want to see you too. I have something I want to consult with you about."

"What's the matter? Why are you sounding like that? Is everything okay?"

"A lot has happened while you were gone. I'll tell you all about it when we meet."

"I really want to know now. When shall we meet? This evening?"

"I can't."

"Don't play hard to get. You don't even have a job. How can you be busy...Or do you have a new boyfriend already? Can't you stay single for a bit?"

The playful, sarcastic voice makes me laugh.

"I'll tell you about it. I'll go see you at your condo,"

"Okay. I'll tell my lover to leave if you're coming."

"Oh. Your lover is at your condo? Then, it's okay..."

"No... You're more important. We Have to meet tonight. I want to butt into your business."

I laugh a bit and hang up before I Leave the hospital to go to Metavee's House.

This is the fourth or fifth time I have visited my twin's ex without a reason. I'm not sure why I want to see her, even though I don't even know her. I want to meet her so much that I'm annoyed at myself. Someone once told me that 'smell creates memories', and it certainly does for me. The light jasmine scent followed me home and haunted my dreams...Jasmin's scent had no impact on me until I met the sweet-faced woman who has darkness as her best friend... Is it pity? But I'm not that sensitive. So, what the hell is it... Geez...

"May."

The study room is Metavee's favorite spot. It's her base, which comes with cool conditioning and a jasmine scent. A breeze sweeps all of those into my face as soon as I step into the room, making me feel good.

"I was wondering whether you would come today... Our hearts must be connected."

The petite woman says this as she looks the other way because she doesn't know where I'm standing. But because Metavee knows the position of all the furniture, she can move around them like she can see. The beautiful woman, who has darkness as her friend, reaches out her

arms to sweep around the area, wanting to touch me. Seeing that, I feel bad and reach out my hands for her to grab.

"Your hands are so cold."

I mention that and gently rub her hands with my thumbs.

"The air conditioning is too cold."

"I like cool places. But why are you here?"

"I come to see you all the time."

"Not really. You are so busy with your work that it's not easy for you to get away. Tell me frankly... What's going on?"

I tighten my lips a bit, trying to come up with a lie... Aobe-Aum is a workaholic. She didn't even go home that often because she was busy looking for a way to advance in her career. So me, being here so often is unlike Aum's behavior.

"I... ah..."

"Is there a problem at work?"

"Something like that."

"What is it?"

"I..."

I scratch my head. Why do I have to lie? My job was only to break up with her, but now I'm pretending to be my twin.

"Were you fired?"

"What?..."

"If not, you wouldn't be this nervous. Are you embarrassed?"

Metavee reaches her hands out to cradle my face and stroke my cheeks with her thumbs.

"You Have high self-esteem. I understand... It's not like I haven't been there."

"Something like that."

The person in a coma probably can't go to work, so getting fired is not a far stretch.

"But don't worry. You're capable. You will get a new job... Actually, this is good. So we can have more time together. I'm Out of a job too."

The sweet-faced person smiles at me with her eyes, though she can't see. I feel a bit strange. My heart is pounding. I Don't know what this feeling is.

"You have nothing to worry about. You're so rich."

"In the end, being wealthy doesn't help."

The beautiful woman lowers her hands and walks the other way. She can walk with ease, as though she can see. She can amazingly walk around the table and all the obstacles.

"Health is what's most important. And my health is not good now. Look at me... I have a lot of money, but I'm blind. What's the point of having all this money?"

"May..."

"But come to think of it, I rarely got to go anywhere when I was healthy. I was a workaholic. I don't even watch TV. I only read about the law and try to find a way to ensure that my client gets the least punishment. That was complete nonsense, wouldn't you agree? I was living for other people."

Metavee stands with her arms across her chest at the window, like she's looking far away. I walk towards her, feeling sorry for her. I'm about to touch her shoulder, but I pull my hand back as if she's a hot iron. What am I doing?... She's not even a friend.

"If you can see, what is the first thing that you want to do?"

"Huh?"

The sweet-faced woman can feel my presence behind her. She turns around, looking surprised.

"I've never thought about that."

"Think about it."

"Probably read. I like to read."

I nod to agree because every time I Visit, she's in this room. It's as if she can read.

"Then let's start with reading."

I reach for her wrist and pull her to sit on the sofa.

"What do you want to read?"

"A lot."

Metavee pauses for a bit before she seems to think of something.

"Honestly? I want to try reading a novel."

"You've never read one?"

"I did, but it was a long time ago. I thought it was a waste of time, so I sold them all. In the end, I only have boring text books left. Can you believe that there's not even one novel in here?"

I look around, stunned. Because there are a lot of books in this room. There's not even one novel?

"Let's do this. I'll buy you a novel."

"But I can't read it."

"I can."

"Huh?"

"I'll read it to you. It would be like you could read yourself."

The petite woman is frozen, like she's really stunned. She let out a smile. It's a grateful smile because I can see that her eyes are becoming teary, as if she's about to cry. And because I've never experienced something like this, I'm a bit embarrassed.

"Don't be like this. You're freaking me out"

"Work probably ate up all our love. We used to be such workaholics that we didn't have time for each other."

"Really... I didn't know that."

"We were very distant. We met like it was our job to do so. We didn't even remember how we fell in love with each other... Those feelings were gone."

"It was that bad?"

"Ah-huh."

The sweet-faced woman nods.

"And look at now. You're out of a job, so you have time for me. You volunteer to read to me. I'm very grateful."

I reach out my hand to wipe her tears away and smile at her with adoration.

"You're overthinking. How about from now on, I'll visit every day? And I'll read to you every day too. Okay?"

"Good."

The petite woman raises her arms to wait for me to dash into them. I feel a bit awkward, but I also feel like if I don't do it, it would make Metavee feel awkward.

Thud...

Our bodies fit like a jigsaw. Metavee Wraps me in her arms while I hug her back. When I smell a soft jasmine scent for her, I unconsciously sniff her neck, want those scents to seep into my body.

Thump Thump...

Thump Thump....

We hug for a long time until we hear a knock on the door from the housekeeper. We immediately parted awkwardly. I get up and excuse myself, my face all red.

"I'll go back first, so I can go buy a novel for you."

"When will you come again?"

"Tomorrow."

"I'll be waiting."

I tighten my lips to stop myself from smiling and answer without being able to not smile.

"Ah-huh. Wait for me. I'll hurry over."

I feel more elated than usual. Instead of going to my friend's condo, I dragged her out to the mall shop for a novel with me. Pang, who's tired from her overseas trip, walks with a hunched back, looking like a walking dead.

"Do you know that I'm tired?"

"That's why I invited you to come shop in this air-conditioned mall."

"Wouldn't someone tired prefer to sleep? And what mood are you in to be shopping for a book? The letters are normally your enemy."

"Can't I become an intellectual person?"

"No. It's not your concept. It's wrong and scary."

I glance at my friend and shake my head a bit at her sarcastic words before I continue to concentrate on choosing a novel from different sections.

"What mood are you in to want to read a novel? You don't even read your LINE messages."

"I want to entertain someone."

"Who's that someone?" Pang immediately leans toward me with a curious look. So I smacked her forehead.

"Ouch! That hurts."

"Why did you lean in?"

"Which boyfriend is this?"

"Someone else's lover."

"Huh?"

I pause for a bit and sigh.

"Aum's lover."

Because Pang knows about my twin and me as well as Jan does, she immediately grabs my arm to call for my attention.

"Since when did you become close to your twin?"

"I haven't told you the details..."

I stop paying attention to the books, cross my arms over my chest, and look at my best friend as if I'm asking for help.

"But Before I do that, I think I have a problem.

"What problem?"

"Do you remember the problem I have with all the guys I've dated?"

"The one about you not feeling anything when you're with them?"

I always tell Pang what's going on with me. Everyone needs a friend they can talk to about their concerns, right? Pang is that friend.

"Ah-huh."

"And?"

Because I don't know how to reply to that, I go quiet, like I'm trying to find that my friend can help best answer my question. But... Why should I beat around the bush? This is Pang.

"I kissed Aum's lover."

"What..."

"And I felt something."

"You must be crazy."

"There's more to that."

I start to bite my nails. You can say that I'm Embarrassed as well as ashamed. But Since I've come this far....

"There's more to that? Or... did you have sex with your twin's lover too?"

"Idiot. Listen. Don't assume. You're Interrupting the climax of my story."

"What is it?"

I'm having ants in my pants. And my reply stuns Pang...

"Aum's lover is a woman."

"I think I like women."

SunYanz

CHAPTER 04

OUR NEW PROJECT

After I told Pang all that had happened while she was away, Pang dropped her jaw. It took her a while to compose herself after the emotional rollercoaster. She then swallows hard before giving me advice.

"I was away for only two weeks, and all that happened... Aum asked you to go break up with her girlfriend, but you're pretending to be her? Do you know that you're complicating things?"

"I know."

"If you know, why are you doing this?"

"I don't know."

I'm not mocking my friend at all. I Really don't know why I'm doing all this. There's no reason. There's no answer, I only know that my feelings drive my actions. I can't even answer myself why the kiss makes me feel so good..... We're back at Pang's residence in the city now. Because she's an air hostess, she makes more money than anyone else in this whole wide world. So, residing in a 3-million-baht residence is not out of reach. Pang is another friend with a good job among all the friends in my class year, though she was a bad ass just like me in school.

"Here are your novels."

Pang hands me a few novels she bought because once we really want to buy them, I didn't have enough money to do so. Books are so expensive these days. Someone who just graduated like me obviously does not have enough money to buy them.

"Thank you. If it were Aum, she could have easily bought them."

"Why don't you use her credit card since she's unconscious? You look exactly the same. You can do it with ease."

"Evil."

I scolded her casually.

"But That's an interesting idea. I'll go search for the cards in her wallet today.'

"The only person more evil than me is you.... But are you sure you want to do this? You're pretending to be Aum... but in the end, you two are not the same person."

"Don't worry. I'm not doing anything bad. And Aum's girlfriend is so pitiful. She can't see. And she seems so lonely..."

I Think of my twin's ex's face, and my heart starts to race.

"I just want to read to her."

"You'll only get deeper and deeper into it. Right now, you feel sorry for her. But I'm afraid that one day you will really like her. Like... You like her now because she makes you feel something your previous boyfriends did not. But maybe you're just excited because she's a woman. You may feel nothing over time just as you did with all your past lovers."

"If it gets to that, I'll move on. For now, I can't break up with her like Aum asked me to do. If you see her face.... you'd understand."

I feel that the small one is too lonely. It's like she has friends.

"Aren't you caring about her too much?"

Pang's voice makes me look at her curiously.

"Shouldn't we care about other human beings? Especially someone like May?"

"May, your twin's ex? Is that really appropriate?"

"Let's just say that if I feel that it's getting too far, I'll back away. Let me be sure whether I feel it because she's a woman or because she's a woman first."

My beautiful friend looks at me and goes quiet, like she's thinking about something. Her eyes are filled with thoughts that I can't read.

"I would like to know that too."

It's strange... I've never felt like this with anyone before.... Well... Okay. If you don't count when I had a crush on a senior at school, that is. I Woke up early to wait and see what time he walked into school. But because I get bored easily, when I was in a serious relationship with him, I dumped him like a tissue in less than two weeks for the same old reason. I didn't feel anything when I kissed him. And that feeling is back. I wake up early, dress nicely, and hurry to see Metavee at her house. I forgot that she can't see how I look anyway... Yeah... why did I dress up? Crazy...

"You're here so early, Miss Aum."

"Is May in the same room?"

"Mx. May is in her bedroom."

"Ah."

The housekeeper smiles at me slightly and prepares to walk away. Yet !! run to block her way and make a face to show her that I'm heavy-hearted.

"Auntie."

"Yes?"

"Which way is the bedroom?"

"Huh?"

Because this house is too big, I have to ask how to get to the master bedroom. Metavee is burying herself in. After I got the directions from the housekeeper, I found the master bedroom and knocked lightly on the door.

"You can come in."

I can hear Metavee's voice from inside. It makes my heart tremble. I slowly turn the gold door knob and open the door slightly. I see the sweet-faced woman, the owner of that nasal-tone voice, sitting on the bed, listening to classical music. The room is filled with a jasmine scent that makes me feel good. She has such good taste...

"May."

"Aum, you're here."

The sweetest smile that can always melt my heart causes me to smile broadly before I sit at the bedside.

"It's still early morning. Why are you here so early?"

"I'm afraid that you'd be lonely. Did I Wake you up?"

"No. I've been awake for a while now... You're reading a novel to me today?"

"Yes."

"That's great. You can lay down on the bed and read it. That's more comfortable."

The petite woman taps on the bed next to where she's lying to invite me to lay down with her. At first, I feel a bit awkward, but I get up to lay next to her so we don't seem too distant. Why does the mood suddenly become heavy? We were just talking merrily.

"Aum."

"Yes?"

"Did you change your perfume?"

Metavee sniffs with her nose and buries into my shoulder.

"I'm not familiar with this one."

"A... ah..."

What perfume does Aobe-Aum use? I didn't think about it, so I used mine.

"If you don't like it, I'll change back to my previous one."

"It's not that I don't like it. I just feel that it's not like you to use a candy scent like this. Normally, you use a sweet vanilla scent. But it's okay..."

The person who has darkness as her friend wraps her arms around me and smiles.

"I like every scent as long as you're the one using it."

"Ah."

I can feel my face turning red when she asks for tenderness like this. The touch of her arm on my skin strangely gives me goosebumps and butterflies in my stomach. And it seems like she can sense my embarrassment.

"Your heart is racing."

"Ah... you can hear that?"

"When I can't see, my other senses become clearer. Are you excited by my touch?"

"Well... ah-huh."

"It's like when we started flirting, yeah? The heart is racing, and the face is brushing. I'm excited too."

I glance at the person talking as her eyes drift because she can't see. Though I can't clearly see that she's blushing, I can sense that she's happy from her smile.

"I'll read to you... Let's start with this one, Boundary Love."

"Is it about soldiers?"

"Probably."

"Why did you buy this one?"

"It fits this generation."

We laugh, and I start to read with a calming voice. Because I don't like to read, when I have to read, I lack emotion, and I stutter from time to time. But Metavee doesn't complain. She concentrates on listening to me, as if she's giving encouragement to a rookie in novel reading...But... there are so many flaws in this novel.

"How can the lead female not know that the person who sent her the letters was not her ex? The handwriting of the lead male is not similar to her ex's at all."

"Yeah. The content and writing style of two people can't be the same. Is she stupid, or is she stupid?"

Metavee agrees with me. That makes me more involved in analyzing the characters.

"The lead male has no conscience at all. This is his friend's lover. Though his friend was not nice and was cheating on

her, he shouldn't have done that anyway."

"Maybe the lead female even knew that the letters were not from her ex. She's also cunning."

I glance at Metavee and smile slightly. Surprisingly, I feel like I've met my best friend, whom I can get along with on every matter.

Thump...

Thump....

"Why are you quiet?"

"Ah... huh? Nothing."

"There must be something."

"I just feel that... we have a lot in common."

This time it's Metavee who smiles and nods agreeably

"Yeah. We've been together for so long, but I've never felt that we get along this well. Why is that?"

"Ah... yeah, why?"

My heart is racing when I'm up."

Thump....

Thump....

Suddenly, everything goes silent. So I broke it.

"Let's change the topic."

"I think we need to stop digging into the plot's flaws, or it won't be fun anymore."

But instead of continuing to read the novel, we dissect the plot into pieces. If The author were to hear it, the authors would be crying nonstop for three days and three nights. So, in the end, we only read half of it because we couldn't stand all the nonsense.

"Let's read something we don't need to analyze. Here... Satan's slave."

"It must be a romance novel."

I looked at the back cover and saw a remark, 'Adult content.'

Metavee says that immediately, so I turn away.

"Probably full of love scenes."

"Let's see if the love scenes will get us emotionally involved."

I laugh a bit and open the book. Butal just the first chapter makes my jaw drop. I almost threw the 199-baht novel away.

"I can't take it anymore. After having sex with you, I want you all the time. Remember this: Your **** is mine from now on."

Gasp...

When I get to this part, I go quiet....

"Wait. Is this the same goes for a novel or porn? What kind of writing is this?"

"Let's keep going for a bit more..."

Since I received your love sperm, I Know that I can never spread my legs for anyone else. My ** is yours. I waited...

" Shit!!! "

Yes... The novel flew to the floor and the room suddenly immediately became silent. I glance at my twin's ex, who's just lying there blinking, though she can't see.

"Ah... the novel is..."

"What made you buy this novel, Aum?"

When I'm asked that, I smile dryly.

"To be honest, I didn't buy it. I borrowed it from a friend. I

didn't know her taste was this terrible. What's with talking about **** and love sperm since the first chapter?"

We go quiet again. Then, suddenly, Metavee giggles. So the quietness is dispersed, and I start to smile.

"Anyone can write a novel these days, I guess. The editor has no standard nowadays?"

Metavee goes on to start a conversation.

"Maybe other readers don't think much about it. If the author heard us, the author would probably say, 'If you think you can do better, write your own novel.'"

"Is it necessary that the person who criticizes a novel has to be able to write one? But... I stopped reading novels because I like to analyze the plot like this. That's why I never finish one. It's Probably my habit. No, it's probably my character..."

"You don't have to be that harsh on yourself, May."

"I mean it... It's my character. It's wise, I can't be a lawyer. I'm good at noticing gaps in a story or flaws in a person. I used that trait to fill the gaps for my clients, and that's how I helped them get away."

The person next to me says that with such a serious tone of voice. I have to reach my hand out to pat the back of her hand.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes!"

Metavee replies brightly and acts like she just thought of something.

"From what I observed, I think you can write a novel."

"Huh?"

"Really. When you described the sky to me, your words made me imagine vividly. You should try writing a novel "

"Oh... No. I can read, but to write..."

"Try it. It should be fun. If you buy a new one, it will be the same. We will find inconsistencies in the plot and throw it away. It's a waste of money. Write your own. Write it the way you want it to be. I'll Fill the gaps for you. This sounds like fun."

The petite woman looks like she's having fun. She's rubbing her hands, like she's eager to test herself. That gets me excited as well, though I'm not quite sure about it yet.

"Write our own novel? What should we write about?"

"Anything... horror, suspense, murder, romance, anything."

"Yeah?"

"Ah-huh. You're free now, right?"

Once you finish it, let's send it to a publisher. If it gets published, it will be our work. Sounds good?"

Though it sounds like a dream, if it makes her this happy...

"Okay. I'll give it a try."

"Okay. Why don't you write me a chapter each day? I'll wait and listen to your novel."

"I probably can't do a good job."

"Why do you think that?"

"I never accomplished anything."

"Huh?"

"Ah... I mean finish a series, a song, or a novel. You saw me throw the novel away just now. I'm afraid that I'd disappoint you."

"It's probably because you don't have any motivation... If you don't have it, you have to build it yourself."

Metavee strokes her chin like she's thinking hard. I watch attentively as she uses her concentration quietly. She's charming with every move.

"There must be a reward."

"Huh?"

I'm surprised to hear that.

"What reward?"

"To give you motivation, there must be a reward for each chapter that you write for me."

"Interesting. What is my reward?"

I Look at the sweet-faced woman smiling. Metavee cradles my face in her hands while her eyes are looking in another direction.

"A kiss."

"Huh?"

"With every chapter that you write, if it's fun, you'll get a kiss from me as a reward."

SunYanz

CHAPTER 05

CRITIQUE

As soon as I get home, I search Aobe-Aum's room to look for her laptop. My mother scolds me when she sees that I am searching my twin's room.

"This is not good, Ai. Why are you going through your sister's stuff like this?"

"I just want to borrow her laptop, mom."

"But she hasn't given you permission. How can you just walk in to get it like this?"

"You go wake her up then, mom. So, I can get her permission."

My mother is stunned when I argue back like that. As for me, I didn't think much when I said that. So, I feel guilty when I see her reaction.

"I'm sorry, mom. I really need to use it"

"What for?"

"Job applications."

My mom looks like she doesn't believe me. But if I don't find the laptop soon. Aobe-Aum's room will turn into a trash recycling factory soon because I'm Making a mess with my search. So, my mother points to the desk.

"It's in the drawer. I put it there for her."

"Okay. Thanks, mom."

I smile at my mom a bit, pick up the laptop, and hug it to my chest. I noticed that my twin's wallet was also there, so I nicked it un without my mother seeing it before hurriedly leaving that room. Okay... it's time for the birth of a new author in Thailand as well as a credit card theft that just

got hold of two credit cards. If you want to find someone to blame for this, go blame Pang. She suggested I Do this.

"No moral standard at all."

"Hey. I'm your friend, remember?"

I twist my mouth at my friend and turn my attention to the laptop in front of me. There's a blank page on it, waiting for me to start my novel,

"Why do you want the laptop?"

"To write a novel."

"Huh? I'm shocked... Who are you? You're not my friend."

Pang puts her hand on her chest and shakes her head slowly, like she can't believe her eyes.

"Someone who can't tell the difference between ship and chip like you will write a novel? You're bringing down the literary community. Your work will be trash. The Critics will not only criticize you but also your family. They will ask, 'Why did your parents give birth to you?'"

"Hey. I'm writing a novel, not burning down the town. You don't have to go that far, idiot."

"Why are you writing a novel? I was already shocked that you wanted to read one the other day."

I sit up, feeling a bit embarrassed, before I reluctantly tell my friend.

"Well... It's a project between me and May, because of the novel I borrowed from you! What kind of novels were those... Your **** is mine. Geez....How can you buy those?"

"I forgot what was in it."

"But because of how bad those novels were, this co-project was initiated."

I place my hand on my chest and smile merrily. But then I quickly hunched my back.

"But when I'm actually doing it, it's not easy at all. My head is blank. I don't know what to write, not even which style. How do authors do it?"

"They read a lot."

"A doctor doesn't have to get sick often. A police officer doesn't have to be a criminal first."

"Geez! How can you compare those professions? Write whatever you want to write. Start with something simple like your real-life experience."

"Like what?"

"Umm... When did you start to have breasts? What's the name of your first dog?"

"I'm writing a novel, not my autobiography. Give me something sensible."

I'm frustrated that my friend is being silly.

"If you can't help, keep quiet."

"What can I say? Your life is uninteresting. Aside from having a twin who looks exactly like you and who asked you to break up with her ex, who's a woman for her, there's nothing interesting."

When Pang says that, we turn to look at each other. like we are on the same wavelength.

"How about writing about twins!"

We Shout that out at the same time, like we're monks reciting our prayers on an important Buddhist day. Or, in other words, we said that at the same time without planning to do SO.

"I said that first."

I wave my hand to stop Pang from saying anything and quickly interrupt.

"I will write about twins. I Will write about myself."

"I don't know why I would try to steal the idea from you, but yeah... That's it. Write about twins, but don't make it too real, or she'll find out."

"Find out what?"

"Find out that you're not Aum!"

Today, I bring the novel that I wrote myself. I printed it out on five pages of A4 paper. I sit in front of Metavee, whose eyes wander around. Though she's talking to me, she's not looking at me. That's too bad. Her eyes are so beautiful that I know it would feel so good if she stared me in the eye.

"The plot is about twins?"

"Ah-huh... I'll read it to you."

I clear my throat a bit and sit up straight to get ready to read.

"My name is Saen Soen. I'm a woman and am standing in front of someone, feeling excited..."

I started to read what I wrote shyly. Metavee listens carefully without interrupting me, and that encourages me to go on. My plot is about a girl who has no dreams. Ah... that's from me. The family has a dad, a mom, and an older twin sister... Yes... I need to not make it too real, so instead of having a younger twin, the plot is to have an older twin. There's not much in the first chapter. It's more like introducing the characters, who's who and where they're from. Metavee remains quiet even after I finish reading.

"How's the first chapter?"

"Horrible."

The frankness of the sweet-faced woman is like a slap in the face. I carefully wrote these five pages for more than four hours after midnight. I proofread it to make sure that there were no typos mistakes. But she said that it's horrible?

"Really..."

"I'm sorry to criticize frankly. But... a novel should have a mini-climax in each chapter. And the end of the chapter should be somewhat of a cliff hanger. But you just describe who the woman is and where she's from. There's nothing to keep people interested."

"Ah-huh."

"But I can see the effort. I won't judge you. Can you tell me the rough plot? What are the interesting subplots in the plot?"

"Ah... they are twins."

"Ah-huh. And? Who's the lead male? What makes the twins' lives interesting?"

"They don't get along. One is good in everything, while the only one is just beautiful..."

"And?"

"Well..."

"You don't have an ending yet, right?"

The blind one with a sweet face sits still with her arms across her chest. I'm Nervous and afraid of her. Once she becomes serious, she's very authoritative. So this is her lawyer's side... This is very different from the woman with a beautiful smile.

"I haven't thought about the ending."

"There's no plot. This is like a diary. It's boring."

The sweet-faced woman shrugs and touches the furniture familiarly to walk to the window.

"So, there's nothing fun in this world, even your novel."

Suddenly, I'm feeling a cute aggression towards the little woman who says things without considering how they might make me feel. I want to run to her and hit her head on the wall. Damn! I wanted to do something well, but she put me down. How can I have the encouragement to create something good when she's like this!

I clench my hand tightly into a fist because I don't want to lose. I then spit out words in frustration.

"Everyone is bad when they do something for the first time."

"True. Someone who can critique may not be able to do it themselves. Not everyone can be an author... You used to be capable, but now I don't know who you are."

I feel like I'm being harshly insulted. She compared me to Aobe-Aum? Of course, I'm not capable. But I'm also not one to give up easily.

"If a twin plot is too boring, then I'll change it."

"Change it to what?"

"A story about a woman whose best friend asks her to break up with a person she has never met."

"Then?"

"She immediately fell in love with the male lead at first sight."

"What a cliché? Boring."

"No, it's not!"

I argue like a little kid who is insulted by an adult.

"T... There will be Satan in it."

"Now it's a fantasy? Will someone burn in hell too?"

"The lead female will get a blessing from Satan for ten years."

I mix this and that into the plot. Metavee smiles from the corner of her mouth.

"You're copying a western series? You can't think for yourself?"

"The leads will fall in love, and in the tenth year, Satan will come back according to the deal they made."

"Come to take her life... boring."

"Come back to take what the female lead can't give, and it's a choice!"

"In the end, the lead male will choose the lead female. Nothing new."

"The lead female chooses to walk away and let the lead male get together with her friend in the end."

"Still boring."

"The lead male is actually a female!"

I stare at the person who likes to catch inconsistencies in the plot, not giving up. The sweet-faced woman raises her eyebrow a bit and slowly lets out a smile. She then snaps her fingers.

"This should be fun. "

"Huh?"

"Most novels have male and female leads. Writing about two female leads should be interesting. You're back to being a capable person again."

Metavee smiles broadly at me, showing admiration.

"You came up with a lot of plots once you were pressured. But you still need to adapt your writing style to be more fluid."

"You intend to pressure me?"

"Yes... Otherwise, you won't come up with this cool plot. This novel is becoming interesting now."

The sweet-faced woman puts her chin on her hand and looks another way. If she could see, she'd probably look me in the eye to encourage me.

"Let's see how their love will end. And whether there will be any changes to the ending?"

"Let's see."

SunYanzhi

CHAPTER 06

REALLY, REALLY LIKE

In front of Metavee, I spoke like a rational person, but when I'm alone, I transform into this crazy woman. I'm just like one of those stupid idiots who can't come up with their own ideas. Writing a novel is not easy. How can authors write 10-20 sentences? I don't even know where to start... Okay... To continue the previous chapter, "Saen-Soen the lead female, no, let me change that. What a lame name! It's like a character from Chao Pla Noy's novel...Ah... What name should I use? 'Marisa'... That's a good name. I'll Use that. Okay... Masira meets her twin's ex, 'Nub-Dao.' Wow... writer's block... Arrrggggg. If it's this hard, I shouldn't have bragged. I created high expectations...

"So, you're continuing your nonsense?"

Pang walks out of the restroom and twists her mouth at me. I scrunch my face immediately when I smell something from the toilet.

"Did you poop or die? The smell is excruciating. You need to do something with your intestines."

"I ate too much beef. I can't help it. I Make a lot of money, so I only eat good food, and my poop smells. I'm not one of those jobless and penniless people who do nonsense stuff all day, like writing a novel. You can eat green vegetables. It has a lot of fiber and is not expensive. It Suits you,"

"What a long sarcastic phase? If I become famous author and am rich one day, you will choke on your guilt and die"

"Annoying... So, what are you writing? I'll help you."

"Write what? I haven't even started."

I scratch my head, feeling annoyed.

"If I go back to see her with this, that mean woman will say something to bury me alive again.

"The way you call her changed quickly. You were praising her the other day; now she's the 'mean girl'?"

"That's really how she is. What kind of person critiques so harshly? She said my story lacks a consistent plot and reads like a boring diary with nothing interesting. Do people have to be that mean?"

"She's an interesting woman... And this is just knowing her from your words."

"How so?"

"You described her as someone fragile and delicate. As if she were made of glass and would shatter if someone walked past her. But she criticized you openly without caring if you'd get hurt..."

She probably wanted to pressure me so that I could write a good novel. It's her lawyer traits."

"Can someone who is blind be a lawyer?"

"She became blind after she was a lawyer."

"I thought she was blind from birth. How did she become blind? Have you asked?"

"No."

Come to think of it... I have never thought about that. I just know that if you can make that much money, have a house that big, and have been a lawyer before, she must have just become blind. Now, I'm curious.

"Then... Write about her."

"Huh?"

As soon as I hear that. I turn to look at my friend, showing my interest.

"An author needs raw material to work on. Some use people or a situation close to them. Some use their past experiences. You can just write about Metavee..."

"Write about what, how, and who you want her to be in the novel. That's Interesting... The author will find out along with the readers who that woman..."

"Who she is"

I don't need to put in a lot of effort or do anything complicated. I can just ask Aobe-Aum's best friend, Jan, if I want to know. Actually, Pang can be stupid sometimes.

[I don't know anything. Aum rarely talked about this ex. I only know that she's a good-looking lawyer and that they met at the airport while Aum was working.]

"You're her best friend: how can you not know?"

[Even her own twin doesn't know what she was thinking or doing. Moreover... Why do I need to know? I don't like butting into someone else's business.]

Okay... I'm butting into someone else's business.

"Do you know how she became blind?"

[I heard that she was attacked.]

"Huh?"

[I heard she won a case and was attacked after that. That's all I know. I have to hang up now. I have to get back to work because I have a job. Bye.]

Jan hung up without care. Why does everyone keep stressing about my unemployment? It's not that I haven't tried to find work, but so far nobody has hired me. And what's with saying that I'm butting into someone else's business? How is curiosity harmful? I just want some raw material for the novel I'm Writing. Geez! Since I can't ask anyone, I'll ask her!

I headed over to see Metavee at her big house as usual today, though I didn't write anything. When I get there, I hear shouting and screaming from the front yard.

"I came to visit you nicely, why did you have to pick a fight?"

"This is what you call a nice visit, dad? Have you ever been satisfied with what I've done, even once? I'm in this condition, and you still don't care one bit about me! "

I can detect resentment in Metavee Nasal tone, which I recall well. I hide and observe from a distance because I want them to clear things up within the family.

"You did all this to yourself."

The old guy, who's a little plump around the middle, stomps to his car, which is parked not too far from where I Am. He glances at me for a second and chuckles from the corner of his mouth.

"We haven't met for a while, Aum? "

"Huh?"

I'm a bit stunned because I Don't know him. So, I guess the person is Metavee's father knows Aobe-Aum.

"Hello."

"They say you know who's a real friend in times of trouble... I thought my daughter was smart, but it's the same old poop. She is gay, stupid, and completely out of her mind.'

"That's enough."

This comes from a woman who's probably a few years younger than the man. She's probably the mother. So, I raise my hand to pay respect out of good manners.

"I'm leaving. Please take care of May, Aum."

Though she says that, she doesn't seem to care about my existence. As Soon as the car drives away, I rush to the sweet-faced woman, who's standing where she was... without any shoes.

"Are you okay... May?"

The person who looks as if she is about to cry slowly smiles. She seems to be trying very hard to contain her anger from the earlier event.

"Have you been here long, Aum?"

"A while."

"A familiar atmosphere, huh?"

"A... Ah-huh."

I answer that while thinking, 'What's familiar?' This is the first time I've met her family.

"Why are you outside?"

"To fight with my dad."

"Did your father bring you out here?"

I don't get any answers, so I change the topic because it is not that important.

"You're not wearing your shoes. Your feet may get itchy from germs. You can wear my sneakers."

I take off my sneakers and bend down to lift the pitiful one's

feet to help put my sneakers on them. Metavee Appears hesitant, so I look up at her,

"What's the matter? Why aren't you putting on the sneakers?"

"I thought you were mad at me for my harsh criticism."

Her mentioning it reminded me that I'm still a bit frustrated. However, after witnessing the petite woman fight with her family, it would likely not be a good thing if she had to fight with me now.

"An author will be criticized, that's normal. I have to accept that,"

"You're so open-minded."

"Put the sneakers on already, or your feet will become itchy."

I eagerly insist, but Metavee shakes her head.

"No. I can wash my feet when I go inside. Walking on the grass is nice. It's So soft "

"I tend to imagine that there are dog poops on a lawn."

"We don't have a dog here."

Metavee laughs a little before taking off the sneakers and standing on her bare feet again.

"Since we're here, let's take a walk together. I haven't been out of the house for a while now."

"Okay."

"Walk barefoot with me. It's really nice."

We stroll side by side. The sweet-faced woman has her arm around mine. Her nervousness is adorable, so I tap the back of her hand to calm her down.

"You can walk straight ahead. There's nothing in front of us. If there is, I Will tell you."

"I'm still nervous. Let's go inside."

"What's this? You invited me for a walk, but you're running away? No... It's Nice out here, so why not take in some sights?"

"How can I do that when I can't see?"

I tightened my lips in panic because I let that slip. I'm not sure if I hurt her feelings or not. So to comfort her, I reply like we're in a TV series....

"It's okay. I'll be your eyes."

And I quickly shut my eyes because I wanted to puke on myself for saying that. I hate these kinds of forced lines when I watch TV series. I'd rather watch the Prime Minister lash out at people. And, yes. Today I said that out of my own mouth.

"That's so soap opera."

"That's how I feel too."

"But I like it."

"You like what I just said? The line from a soap opera?"

"I like you."

Thump ...

Thump...

I glanced at the person who said that. She's staring out blankly because she can't see. My heart is trembling a bit. But I'm also a bit disappointed because the person she likes is probably Aum. Not me...

"Why are you so quiet?"

"I don't know what to say."

"I just said I like you. You have to say you like me back."

"What? I have to say it back?"

"Yes. Hurry."

"I like you."

This time, we both really went silent. I notice that the person next to me is stunned. So I gently tugged her with my elbow to disperse the tightness in the air.

"What? You told me to say it."

"Yeah... Why am I stunned?"

And we both laugh at each other. When I see that the sweet-faced woman is feeling better, I start a conversation as we stroll in the front yard.

"What did you fight with your father about? It was so loud "

"The same old topic."

What is that? How would I know?

"Ah."

"I haven't told you about it yet."

Oh. I didn't have to pretend.

"Gotcha."

"It's the same old thing."

"I understand."

"Not yet."

If she goes on like this, I will bite her head off. I mean it. I don't care anymore!

"You're speechless? You're funny...LOL."

Metavee laughs out loud, like she's really enjoying this. I twist my face. It's Lucky that the one laughing with her mouth wide open can't see how I look right now.

"Okay. I won't laugh anymore."

"Will you tell me yet?"

"My father was visiting me, but as usual... we fought after two sentences. My father hates everything about me."

"Why would your father hate you? You're so capable... Your house is huge. You're a lawyer. You have a life that everyone envies."

"My father has never been satisfied with me since I was born. He always seems to ignore my efforts. He always finds something to criticize, no matter how well I do... I'm worthless. I'm Meaningless."

I listen to Metavee, understanding well how a daughter who never does anything good enough in her parents'... So I'm not the only bad egg in this world. This sweet-faced woman is one too...

When I hear that, I have a stronger bond with Metavee. If she's looking for someone who understands this well, she can look my way. We're not any different,

"It's all because I wasn't born a man. Well... my father has always wanted a son. But he couldn't have one."

I nodded understandingly. And I tell her the reason for that.

"His package is small?"

"What?"

"Nothing."

I hurriedly hit my own mouth for carelessly saying that, but it appears that it's too late.

"I'm sorry."

Yet Metavee smiles merrily at me as she shakes my arm excitedly.

"What does it have to do with his package?"

"I read it somewhere... that if a man has a small package, he tends to have daughters. And if it's big, he tends to have sons."

"Being born a woman is not our fault. Our mother has chromosome X. Our father needs to send chromosome Y into our mothers' ovaries. They were the ones who sent chromosome X, what can we do? Geez."

I complain like a kid who understands science well, though I only got C in that class. Why do I remember these things? Damned.

"Good."

"What's good?"

"The next time I fight with my father, I Will say this. He will be stunned and never fight with me again. It will be the first time I use my lawyering skills to conduct a case against my father concerning his package."

I nod and try not to smile. I feel good that it seems like I can make the petite woman next to me smile.

"Aum."

"Huh? Oh?"

Metavee reaches her hands out to cradle my face. She seems to be gauging the distance. So I can tell what she's about to do immediately.

"Here? This is in front of the house. What if someone sees us and... I haven't read you my novel yet, why are you kissing me? "

It's a thank-you kiss. And today, I want to thank you for two things."

"What are they?"

"First... you gave your sneakers to me. It was very touching."

"What? It was nothing."

"Secondly... my father's package."

"Ah... Oops."

Metavee immediately gets on her tiptoes and kisses me, so I can't argue anymore. Though the reason for this kiss is... Is about the package of the person who created her.... We back away from each other. I Notice that the petite one is blushing. And I think that I'm no different. Honestly, I think Metavee is embarrassed to be doing things like this too. She's just trying to act tough.

"You're so cute when you're embarrassed, May.'

"Who's embarrassed? I'm not."

The petite woman puts her hands on her cheeks, like she wants to hide her embarrassment, but it's too late. So, I Smile at her adoringly.

"When you know that I like to kiss, you're using it as a reward to get me to do things like write a novel and also as a thank-you for what I said about the fight with your father? You're using it to manipulate me?"

"Using the word 'manipulate' is a bit strong."

"It works though. It's a good motivation."

"Huh?"

"When I know that if I do good, you will reward me with a kiss, I want to do it. "

This time. I'm the one who cradles Metavee's face in my hands. She stands still with her eyes on my chest because she can't see anything. That's charming and cute, and pitiful at the same time. My Insatiable curiosity about Metavee is shocking even to me. What made her blind? What made her become the person she is today? No... What is she like? Why was Aobe-Aum with her? She's so mysterious... You can fall in love with a person of the same sex... That's not strange at all. But to fall in love because you're curious is...

"You said that if I write my novel well. I'll get a kiss for each chapter...Remember that you're my motivation, moreover..."

This time, I'm the one who bends down to bravely kiss the person in front of me.

"Aum..."

"I really, really like you... Metavee."

It's so unreasonable.

CHAPTER 07

YOUR SONG

What did I do?

I went as far as pulling the petite woman in and kissing her as I unconsciously confessed my love? I start tearing out my hair in embarrassment just thinking about it. I can't stand myself. That's so cliché.... But it was the most honest I've ever been about how I feel. I've never loved or liked anyone as intensely as I do now. Though I've had many lovers, I've never been like this. This woman appears to be claiming her place in the center of my heart, as if she isn't going anywhere.

"Hey. I like this song."

I tell Pang, who's about to change the song on her phone. The beautiful woman is in her air hostess uniform, preparing for her flight. She gives me a little glare.

"If you like it, open it yourself. I'm leaving."

"What's the name of the song?"

Your song... It's a soundtrack."

"Who's the singer?"

"It says Sadub-Pin. That's a beautiful name."

"Who goes by the name Sanub-Prao?"

"Sadub-Pin! You're ruining her a beautiful name. Are you working on your novel? You're taking it so seriously."

"Of course. I'm very determined. I've written five pages in an hour... I followed your advice, I'm the female lead and am flirting with the other female lead."

"Good... So, you'll be emotionally involved."

"Listening to the song you just played also makes me more involved. I'm in love."

I exaggerate the display of my shyness, thinking that I'm flirting with a character in the novel, whom I imagine is Metavee.

"My heart is pounding."

"You look like you're really in love."

"Are you in a hurry to get to work?"

"Very."

"I just confessed my love to May yesterday."

"What..."

The shock on my friend's face makes me grin.

"Hurry back so I can tell you all about it. When are you coming back?"

"The day after tomorrow."

"Okay. Hurry back so we can talk. Come listen to what I've done."

I can feel that my face is all red, but my friend just looks at me quietly. She doesn't tease or criticize. She just speaks to me flatly.

"Lock the door before you leave."

"I know."

The aspiring writer sends her manuscript to the gorgeous editor, who is patiently waiting in her air-conditioned study room. When I arrive Metavee greets me with a big grin and excitedly waits the next chapter of my novel.

"Let's see how the story progresses from the previous chapter. If it's not fun, you won't get a kiss."

I immediately scrunched my face upon hearing that. Does that petite woman think that I yearn for her kisses, love, and affection? But then again... those lips are so alluring. And I wrote novels all day without doing anything productive, all because of her kiss. Crazy.

"This is a new one, not the next chapter. Listen."

My voice fills with emotion as I begin reading my novel loud, as if I were doing a radio reading. I listened to a few audiobooks on YouTube the other night. I learned many interesting techniques, so I applied them to today's reading.

Marisa made a deal with Satan that she would give anything to be successful in life, including having everything a human being doesn't even dream of having. Satan immediately agrees to the deal and gives Marisa ten years to live. After that, Satan will return to ask for something important that she cannot give.... Marisa became the most beautiful and wealthy woman in the world as a result of the deal. No one can compete with her. She got everything she wished for. After receiving the perfect wish, she begins to live her life in boredom. She doesn't want anything else in life because she already has everything and has the perfect life. Sometimes, Marisa just wants to kill herself because life is no longer interesting. Until one day, eight years after the deal, Marisa was asked by her best friend, 'Parn-Net', to break up with an ex she'd never met and had only talked to on the phone. Her friend is asking Marisa to break up with her ex via phone because they sound alike. Because her life is empty and she has nothing to do, she casually agrees and forgets all about it.

Yet... that same evening, her friend got into a serious accident. Consequently, Marisa realizes she needs to fulfill her friend's request.

Marisa sent a message through her friend's phone to break up with the ex. The other person on the line, however, was having none of it and insisted that they have a face-to-face confrontation if she truly wanted to end things. Marisa goes to meet that person as requested. There, she met 'Nub-Dao', a beautiful woman that she never imagined to be her friend's ex because they both are women. The meeting allowed the two of them to get to know each other. It's the first time that Marisa's heart pounds as if she's running on a wide soccer field. She feels so good that she can almost say that it's love. You can say that she's fallen for her look. But there were more handsome guys that flirted with her, yet she felt nothing. Maybe it was because they are men and not a woman like Nub-Dao, who's sitting in front of her....

For Marisa, Nub-Dao is unique. She makes her heart pound and makes her want to get to know her more. So, again, she forgets all about her friend's request. In the end... Marisa pretends to be her friend.

"She probably just feels sorry for her."

Metavee says this softly at the end. I pause a bit, then shake my head.

"I'm not sure. I just know that she can't bear to hurt Nub-Dao. Moreover, the plot says clearly says that it's love at first sight. So how can it be pity?"

"She pities her because she's being dumped. Maybe Marisa is just confused. She can't tell what it's like to fall in love or, to put it another way... Has she ever loved someone in her life?"

Metavee's serious tone of voice made me nervous I immediately go sit next to the petite woman and am about to give her an explanation. But the beautiful lawyer immediately gets up as I sit down.

"She's never loved anyone. That's why, when she met Nub-Dao, she knew that it was different."

I hurriedly explained, almost biting my own tongue. It's like I'm explaining to her that my feeling for Metavee is not pity but love.

Though it's a bit too fast.

"What does Nub-Dao have to make such an impression to make Marisa fall inlove with her?"

"Because there's only one Nub-Dao in this world. That's what's impressive."

Like you... there's only one of you in this world.

"You seem stressed... May?"

"So, you feel sorry for me too?"

Metavee stands quietly by the window with her arms crossed across her chest. I shout out my refusal, not wanting her to misunderstand me.

"No. I don't pity you."

"Isn't Nub-Dao me?"

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't know. I can sense that Nub-Dao is me. If not me, who? The first novel from an author is always written with real-life experience."

I look at the person who can see through me so easily, stunned. Her blindness has no effect on her ability to spot plot gaps at all.

"That's true... But I borrowed your character because it's interesting and mysterious. I'm not saying that you're pitiful or anything. Why would I pity you? You're rich and beautiful. You don't

have to work but can spend freely. The person I should pity is myself. I'm now unemployed and trying to keep myself motivated by writing a novel for my girlfriend. I hunch my shoulders, and that makes Metavee turn to me. Though we're not looking each other in the eye, I can sense a gentle smile.

"You make yourself sound so pitiful."

"See? I'm more pitiful than you."

"But Marisa is very beautiful and rich in the novel. Isn't Marisa you?"

"It's what the author wants to be but is not. So, I made it up. Please refrain from becoming overly involved."

When I interrupt her, Metavee changes from being serious to laughing.

"I'm sorry. I'm probably too involved. You read your novel better today."

The sweet-faced woman compliments me. That makes me a bit embarrassed.

"Do you have siblings?"

"Huh?"

My heart dropped to my feet when she asked that.

"W... Why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious. Maybe you have siblings with a similar look or voice. Maybe you're here for something."

"How involved am I?"

The small woman lets out a smile so wide that her face is all crinkled. She also gives me a thumbs up.

"Your novel makes me think far. You can call it a success. It's much better than the last time. You started out Well"

I smiled dryly. What Metavee suspects today makes me so nervous that I can't breathe freely. I approached her to break up with her in place of my twin. But now a days, I'm writing her novels and pretending to be Aobe-Aum. What would she think if she found this out later?

"It's because I have good support...And maybe it's because of a song I listened to as I was writing this. I poured all the emotions into the novel."

"A song... Which song helped you write this novel?"

"Your song."

I plug the headphones into my phone and share one ear with Metavee. We are sitting by the window and listening to the music together.

The piano, guitar, bass, and drum blend perfectly. The singer's sweet and soaring voice is the most remarkable combination. Metavee drums her fingers on her thigh in the same rhythm as the song. She then smiles at me at the end of the song.

"It's beautiful. A love song without the word 'love'."

"Right?"

"You have good taste in music and story-telling. As I listened to the song, I replayed scenes from your novel in my head."

"Is there anything you think I need to change?"

I eagerly ask the lawyer, who's very candid with her critique and good at finding flaws.

"It would be more fun if Marisa's friend's accident had not been an accident."

"Huh?"

"Yeah. Imagine if... Marisa's friend's accident wasn't because of negligence but because something caused it to happen. How much more interesting would that be?"

"Like trying to avoid hitting a rabbit that cut in front of the bicycle? Or like cycling away from a dog chasing the bicycle?"

"Too naive... again."

Metavee shakes her head and asks me to think harder.

"I can't think of anything else."

"As someone who likes thrillers, I suggest..."

"Ah-huh..."

"The person who caused the bicycle to go off the hill is the ex that was about to be dumped... Do you think that would be more exciting?"

I look at the person who made the suggestion and snap my fingers with delight. That adds spice to the story.

"Wow... That is so much better. The plot is very interesting. Then let's do that. I'll go work on the plot outline. Thank you."

Metavee presses my thigh to stop me, who's very excited, from packing up and leaving.

"Did you forget something?"

"What?"

"Your reward."

As soon as she finishes saying that, she pulls my collar in to give me a soft kiss. She presses her lips on mine for about one second longer than usual today. I always blush when I'm kissed. I must admit that... I like it a lot. The longer, the better. Does this mean that if the next chapter is fun, the kiss will be longer?...

"I almost forgot."

"Hurry up and write the next chapter. I'll be waiting."

"Ah-huh."

I stayed a little longer to have a little more chat with Metavee before rushing home to get started on the next chapter. I want it to be fun so that my reward will be two seconds longer. Yet as I'm telling the taxi the way home, I change my mind and tell the driver to go to a new destination because Kosol called to bring me some news regarding 'Ben.'

"Go to this temple."

When I arrive, about ten of my friends from when I was a naive teenager are there. All are adults now. Some come with their kids. Some come in their work uniforms.

"Ko."

I call my ex, who's serving water to the guests. Kosol hands the tray to another friend and walks over to talk to me.

"We meet again so soon."

"Yeah. I didn't think that I'd meet you at a funeral... Ben is in a good place now, I guess."

"Yes. After a long struggle."

Grievingly, I stare at Ben's picture in front of the casket. My friend amazingly survived a car accident that was caused out of sheer annoyance. But his life has never been the same since.

"What does Ben's family have to say?"

"What can they say? His parents seem happier than when he was alive, they no longer have a burden."

"Maybe it's because they've been preparing for this. He couldn't walk. He couldn't work. Dying may be better."

Two years ago, when I still didn't have any sense in me, I liked to come out and ride motorcycles with my friends around my house. We were a big group that had a lot of fun all the time. It was as if there was no sorrow in the world. But our happiness was troublesome for others. Yet no matter how much they condemned us, we continued to do what we wanted to do. We thought that because we are a big group, we could go and curse them back at their houses if they continued to bug us.

We were too immature to know better, though we were no longer children. And an unexpected event happened one day when we closed down the street for a race, not caring how it affected others. A black car without a plate sped towards us intentionally without hitting the brakes. It intended to kill one of us. And that unlucky person was Ben. Ben's motorcycle flew, and my friend's body hit a lamp post right in front of me. The driver of the black car parked to admire his work and stuck out his middle finger at us challengingly.

I remember that we were very angry. One group ran over to check on Ben while another, including Kosol and me rode after that black car without a plate. We were angry, and we wanted revenge. We found the driver easily. He didn't think twice about killing someone, but he couldn't dare run a red light.

"I'm sorry. I happen to respect the traffic law. I have to park on a red light."

Those were his words. He challenged us like he didn't care. Kosol had a pipe in his hand and was ready to hit him with it. But he had to stop when a gun barrel was right in front of his face.

"If you hit my car one time, one bullet will go into you. Your choice."

"Who are you? Why are you picking a fight with us?"

"Batman."

"What? What f***ing Batman?"

"I'm the night time hero. I get rid of criminals who destroy the resident's peace and quiet. And most importantly..."

The owner of the black car threw a card in Kosol's face.

"I'm very rich. This is Batman."

And soon after that, we see how much power his wealth gives him. We weren't in the right in the first place because there were no reasons for us to go out that late at night. There were no excuses for what we did. We were wrong. And the one with wealth had very good lawyers on his side... The wrong was made right, and heavy punishment was made light. Worst of all, no one felt sorry for us and our crippled friend.

Ben got very little compensation compared to how he had to live for their member that we were rest of his life. We're very mad and wanted to do something. But because we know that we will lose to the one with more wealth, if we wanted a revenge, we had to get back at the person who allowed Batman to get away with what he did. Someone must be responsible for what happened, and yes... aside from the actual criminal, the lawyer was our next target. I said something without thinking.

"That lawyer should pay for what she did."

Not long after that... my friends did as I said. I wasn't with them because my father confined my area and ordered me to stop hanging out with my friends. The next thing I knew, Kosol told me what they did.

"We took care of the lawyer. Even if she survives, she won't be able to continue her old way of life."

I felt really guilty and decided to leave the group. I cut off all communications and broke up with Kosol. I thought about whether what I did, did any good to anyone and decided to put my focus on my studv. I changed my life though it's nothing comparable to Aobe Aum's.

"You get what you deserve, that's the rule of gravity. Or you

can say it's the laws of karma. This is why we're like this today, and why that lawyer had to pay for what she did."

I say this as I look at my friend's coffin, which is decorated with flowers and lights.

"If you could turn back time... would you hang out with us?"

"What's the point of asking that now?"

"I just wonder."

I glance at Kosol and smile slightly.

"Then I won't tell you."

I walk over to pay respect to my friend's body without caring to have any conversation with any of my old friends.

Sunnyanz

CHAPTER 08

PLUTO

The mood in the study room is different today. When I get to the front of the room, I hear the sound of a TV from the inside. I look at the housekeeper, who's holding a beverage tray, looking surprised as I ask.

"May is watching TV?"

"She does when she feels like it. She said that the sound makes her less lonely."

"Are these for May?"

"Yes."

I take the tray from the housekeeper and volunteer to do it for her.

"I'll bring her this. Thank you."

I then opened the door and entered the room filled with books. Everything's the same. That is, the air conditioning is very cool, and there's a jasmine scent in the air. Metavee is sitting by the window without fear of getting tanned. And there's a sound from a documentary show on TV.

"May."

"Aum?"

Metavee lets out a wide, lively smile when she hears my voice. And that smile, as always, makes my heart race.

"Why do you have the TV on today? The housekeeper said that you're lonely?"

"You're late, so I'm lonely."

"There you go."

I place the tray down and hand the sweet-faced woman a glass of water. She still lets the sun bathe her skin, not afraid that it will harm it.

"Why don't you open a soap opera? How is a travel show fun?"

"When I want to go somewhere, I open these channels. Though I can't see. I can imagine. The narrative helps a lot."

"Do You want to travel?"

"Sometimes. Staying inside the house all day is suffocating."

I look around and agree with Metavee. Though this room is spacious, it's just a square room. Though you can't see, you can feel that it's suffocating.

"Today's travel show takes me to the mountains. When they describe the big trees and grass fields, I can picture it."

"It's not the same as being there."

"Even if I were there. I couldn't see it. I can listen like this. It's like reading a book."

I shake my head in disagreement as I look at the lonely person comforting herself.

"Let's go out."

"Huh?"

"I'll take you out. Can I borrow your car?"

Metavee hugs herself tightly in fear.

"No. I won't go outside."

"Let's go. Being in here all the time is suffocating."

"I don't want to go outside. It's not familiar, like home. What about how others would look at me?"

"Why are you afraid... You have me."

"Have you, and then what?"

"I already told you that I would be your eyes... It may sound like a line from a soap opera, but there's no other way to say it."

I reach out to pull the arms that are tightly hugging herself with adoration. Metavee is not complying, but because I'm stronger than her, she had to eventually release the hug.

"You can think of it as going out to help me gather writing materials. An author cannot totally make things up."

"Go if you want to go. I'll lend you, my car. But I'm not going with you."

"How can I go without you?"

"Why not?"

"You're my inspiration."

I shut my mouth immediately after saying that. I feel like burying my head in the sand to escape those overused expressions and my own shame. But I see a smile on Metavee's sweet face, like her front has been torn apart. And that makes me smile too.

"Why are you smiling?"

"You must be so embarrassed saying that. I can sense it."

The petite woman smiles broadly. She's embarrassed too.

"Seeing that you're so determined and I'm so important to the novel,"

"I'll go with you."

Eventually, Metavee dares to go out of her safe zone. It's a bit difficult at first, especially when she's about to take her first step out of the house. She just stands there, hugging herself tightly, not daring to move. There are sunglasses on her sweet face because she's afraid that people will know that she's blind. All the confidence she has when she's inside the house is gone.

"May... We agreed to go out."

"I'm outside... outside the house."

I look at the petite woman who tries to make an excuse so lame that she's probably embarrassed herself and laughs without making a sound. She's so cute and annoying at the same time.

"How about this... We won't walk today. We'll just stay inside the car. So you don't have to worry that you will stumble and fall into a manhole or step on dog poop. Okay?"

"Meaning we will only stay on the car?"

"Yes."

"No one will see me?"

I smile when I see her asking questions like a little kid who wants reassurance.

"No one will see you except for me."

I reach out my hand to grab her hand which is still hugging herself tightly. I give her directions on how to walk forward.

"Slowly step forward. There are two steps on the stairs... Okay. Just like that. See? It's easy."

Metavee does as I say perfectly. Our first step out of the house has started.

"You are good at giving directions."

"Though it's such a cliché, I'll say it again... I will be your eyes, okay?"

The petite one smiles broadly when she hears that.

"It's really such a cliché, but it's okay."

Now for the next problem... How should we travel? I didn't think much when I invited her out because I just wanted to take her out.

"I just bought a car. Can you drive?"

"Ah. I can."

"Great. Let's give it a test drive. I haven't used it since I bought it."

The car she just bought is revealed when the hired help lifts up the cover. I've been here many times but never noticed it until the owner of the house told me about it.

"Brand new?"

"Ah-huh."

"You can't see, why did you buy a new car?"

I glance at the sweet-faced woman who stands so expressionless. Or if you look closely, she's kind of annoyingly showing off?

"Do you know what the car looks like? How did you choose it?"

"I don't"

"Then why did you buy it? It's so expensive."

"I didn't buy it because it's expensive."

"Or is it because it's built stronger than Japanese cars?"

Metavee gives one of those annoying shrugs. That nearly caused me to rip out her hair and slam her head on the floor.

"Because I'm rich."

Geez... Darling!

This is the first time that I've been behind the wheel of a European car. I've Only seen one in a TV series and think it's excessive. Why would someone buy something so expensive when something that costs less can perform the same functions? But that's only an excuse for those who can't afford one to judge those who can. Now that I'm sitting in one, it gives me a very different feeling. The feel, mood, tone, and level of involvement are completely different.

"Where shall we go today?"

Metavee asks flatly, but I can sense the excitement from someone who doesn't go out much.

"Let's go to a nearby province. Ah....with mountains."

"Where?"

"Mr. Chong."

Though I say that it's nearby, others who really don't want to drive far would go to Pattaya or Chonburi for a short road trip because Korat is over 200 kilometers away. Metavee and I don't have any problem going that far because we're both unemployed. The distance doesn't matter.

It's currently winter in Thailand. It can be said that the cold weather is just stopping by to say hi, but it's still cold, especially when we drive to the mountains. It's exciting for those who normally just stay in air-conditioned rooms all day.

"Are you cold, May?"

"Yes, but I like it."

Metavee pats her hand on the console like she's looking for something but can't find it.

"What are you looking for?"

"I want to open the roof."

"You want to do that?"

"Yes. I want the wind to blow in my face, I want to smell the trees... I heard that sometimes the cloud would float so low that I could feel the droplets on my face."

"The droplets from the cloud?"

"You didn't concentrate in class, huh?"

I twist my mouth in frustration before I look for the button to open the roof. It's On the roof of the car itself. Not long after that, the roof was opened. The wind blows our hair all over the place, yet we're not irritated in the least. It's a new experience when driving. It feels good when the wind blows against our faces and the sunlight licks our skin.

"Let's play some music. Yippee."

Metavee is starting to have fun, so she stands up and holds on to the front window for support. I'm afraid that she will fall, so I hold on to her shirt and shake my head.

"You're having too much fun."

"I want to dance. Play some music."

"Dance?"

"Do I look normal? Could people tell that I'm blind?"

"No. You look very normal."

"That's great. I'm finally a normal person."

Metavee lifts her arms into the air happily, takes off her sunglasses, and closes her eyes to enjoy the breeze. When I see how happy the petite one is, I smile too. And to uplift her mood even more, I play the music so that the person feels like she's in a music video.

"This song again?"

"Your song."

"It's like you're telling me that it's my song."

"You can say that. I dedicate it to you... your song."

I won't tell you how I feel in words. I've sent it to you in a song. When it gets to the important part, please know that this song, ... is your song. Many will be singing the key verse in an upbeat chorus in perfect unison. If the word 'love' comes out of anyone's mouth, please remember that I'm confessing my love to you.

When it gets to the key verse, please know that this song. ... is your song.

Just like me, who am... yours.

We left home quite late in the afternoon, so it was late evening by the time we reached Pak Chong. We looked for a place to eat, but Metavee won't leave the car, so in the end I got takeout for us to lean back and eat in the car with the roof open. We look at the sky, which is becoming dark. The moon is shining brightly, and the stars are clearly visible, unlike in Bangkok.

"How's the ambient around us?" Metavee asks as she eats.

"The sky is becoming dark. There's a moon, a full moon."

"Are there stars here?"

"Yes. The sky is filled with stars."

I point my finger to try to count them.

"One, two, three, four, five... Gosh, so many. I can't count them all."

"It's too bad I can't see them."

"You can imagine."

"You're not as good at describing them as the narrator in the documentary... rookie."

Metavee pretends to knock me down, which irritates me on the inside. I can't help but twist my mouth and stick my tongue out at the blind person...Geez...

"Ah... if I were to describe them? They are sparkling like diamonds under a spotlight."

"I kind of understand that."

"They are scattered without a pattern and are competing to be the most outstanding star. Yet they all lose to the moon."

"Is there still a rabbit on the moon?"

"Yes. Nothing has changed. Everything is the same. The moon still has a soft yellow glow and is still the most outstanding object in the night sky."

"Ah."

I continue to look at the sky, letting my mind wander, until I notice that the person next to me has gone quiet.

"Are you okay?"

"Do you think that Pluto is there among those stars?"

"Huh? I guess."

I scratch my cheek.

"Actually, I have no idea. Why?"

"There are many planets in the solar system. Every one of them can be near Earth, except... Pluto. It was taken out of the list of planets in our solar system."

"Ah-huh."

I'm not that surprised because I don't have any relatives there, but Metavee Seems to think differently.

"I read about Pluto on a web board. Well... the writer has very advanced thinking, so it got me interested in Pluto..."

Metavee continues to tell me about that post. The writer compares himself to Pluto. The writer has a childhood friend who orbited close by but didn't pay any attention to that friend until one day, when that friend slowly distanced herself and disappeared. The writer then thinks of that friend when putting away old stuff. In our lives, there's always someone who comes into our lives for us to forget as time goes by. When we think back, we miss that person, but by the time we do... that person is no longer in our lives.

It's like Pluto being taken off the list of planets in our solar system. People knew that it was there but didn't pay any attention to it until it was no longer there. And people still didn't care until one day, someone said... It used to be a planet in our solar system.

"It's sad that there was a time when someone was in our lives and there were some connections, then the world suddenly threw us apart and we don't remember each other anymore... Or maybe we still do, but we're not as close as we were before. We've become Pluto in each other's lives."

We went quiet after that. What Metavee said makes me determined to count the stars again. And I will also look for this post as soon as I get home.

"Have you ever been a Pluto in someone's life?"

I blink blankly when suddenly the topic is on me. I shake my head slightly.

"I don't think so. I won't let anyone forget me that easily."

"Yeah. That means there are only Plutos in your life, and you're their galaxy."

"No... I don't think so."

I scratch my head and laugh.

"I remember everyone in my life."

"No, there must be someone... that you forgot."

"There isn't."

I continued to deny it. Then I asked Metavee back.

"What about you? Do you have a Pluto in your life?"

"Maybe, but I don't know who."

"And have you ever been Pluto in someone's life?"

The question causes Metavee to go quiet before she nods to admit it.

"Yes."

"Oh?" Who... Metavee is forgotten by someone? "And do you remember that person?"

"I can never forget."

"Who is that? Can you tell me?"

The petite woman goes quiet for a bit, like she's making her decision. Then she tells me about that person, and it makes me regret wanting to know in the first place.

"My first love"

CHAPTER 09

WANT

Things didn't go exactly as planned...We gaze at the stars, forgetting the time until it's past 9:30 p.m. I was going to drive back to Bangkok, but it's too late. Since we left Bangkok in the afternoon, driving back tonight would make me too much of a raging bull.

"You don't have to get up early to go to work, right, Aum? Let's spend the night."

The person who didn't even want to leave her house at first suggests that we spend the night away from home casually. I agree with her because I'm in no hurry to go back. My parents don't care that much about me. So, I agree to stay for the petite one's request.

The resort where we stay is very cute. We picked this place because Metavee said that she likes the smell of frangipani. It was late by the time we got to the resort. When we had to choose a room, Metavee picked one like those rich people in a TV series.

"I want the most expensive room."

So, we get to stay in the farthest room, with our own lake. We intend to go for a stroll in the morning to enjoy the view. By the way, how is there a lake in these mountains? It seems impossible geographically. The best room is full of windows. It Gives the impression of a clean, open space. Metavee crosses her arms across her chest and stands still while I'm very excited. I keep saying "Oh, Ah," like a young child whose mother has locked her in a room and who has never been outside the house before. It's like it's the first time I get to explore the world, so I'm excited to the point of embarrassing myself.

"Is the room spacious?"

"Very spacious. It has a wide-open space like in those furniture commercials."

"Modern style?"

"Is that what it's called? I guess it's modern. It looks really nice... Most are built-in furniture. The bed base is made of wood in Japanese style. And the roof is a clear window, so we can see the stars."

I continue to describe, like I'm writing a novel. Metavee just smiles slightly without saying anything. The fact that she doesn't say anything makes me look at her curiously.

"Why are you smiling?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing means there's something. Tell me why you're smiling."

"Is this your plan?"

"Huh?"

"You intend to go back late, so I will spend the night with you."

The petite woman tries to keep her face straight, but I can see that she's smiling merrily. It's The opposite of me, who didn't plan this. I'm stunned as I hurriedly wave my hand and deny the accusation so fast that I almost bite my tongue.

"No. I didn't even think of that."

"Ah-huh. I'll believe you."

"I mean it."

I firmly insist, but Metavee still looks like she doesn't believe me.

"It's okay. We rarely get to travel together. If you want to date outside of the house, it's normal... It's just too bad that I won't get to see you naked."

"What?"

I blink blankly, stunned and I immediately hug myself, like I'm Protecting myself.

"What's with seeing me naked?"

"Don't act so naive."

Metavee drops her hands and reaches out for me.

"Please guide me around. I'm not familiar with the area... I'm afraid."

Her insecure voice makes me forget about my shock and rush over to the being petite one because I feel guilty for being so excited about the room that I left her standing there for so long. And as soon as I reach Metavee, she stumbles on the threshold and falls into my arms.

Thud!

Now, it seems like we're in a daze. I hug Metavee, who has her face buried in my chest because she's shorter than me. I'm at a loss as to what to do. And not long after, the lawyer hugs me back, so we're now closer to each other.

"It's so warm."

"M... May."

"I miss you so much."

The petite one says this so dreamily that I can't help but hug her back. The Alluring jasmine scent is still on Metavee. It also makes me feel dreamy. But I was startled out of it.

"Your heart is racing."

"Huh? Ah... I was startled."

I Immediately moved back from Metavee And made excuses.

"I was afraid that you would get hurt. It's a reaction when someone is excited."

"So were you startled or excited?"

Metavee is staring blankly, like someone who can't see. But it makes me stutter somehow.

"I said I was startled."

"You said you were excited."

"Let's take a bath. It's already late."

When I change the topic, the sweet-faced woman slowly rebalances herself and nods. She then grabs my wrist and speaks without feeling awkward at all.

"Good. Let's take a bath. We haven't bathed together for a long time now."

"Huh? I don't mean together."

I can feel myself blushing so hard, and both my mouth and hands are shaking.

"But you invited me for a bath."

"I meant for us both to do it."

"Yes. Do it as we bathe."

"Do what!?"

I raised my voice uncontrollably.

"I... I was inviting you to do the same activity, not doing it together."

"You seem excited today... I don't care; let's bathe together to save time."

"No!"

I firmly refuse and shake my wrist off of her grip nervously.

"We can't bathe together."

"A... Ah."

"I can't bathe myself."

"H... Huh?"

"I'm not familiar with this bathroom. It's not like at home, where I know where everything is. So if you don't help me bathe, I can't do it."

"A... Ah..."

Though I understand that, the fact that I have no idea how to address this issue has left me dumbfounded.

"I can help you bathe. You don't have to sound that sad."

Metavee smiles happily when she hears that.

"Thank you, Aum."

The petite woman dashes in to hug me tightly.

"I love you the most."

Her confession makes me go soft. But I'm still not comfortable with her having to be naked... Is there another way to do this?

"Actually, the weather is kind of cold tonight... Taking a bath may give us a cold."

I try to work around it.

"How about just a rubdown? I can help you with it."

Metavee goes quiet for a bit before she nods.

"That's true. It's very cold here. We may get sick... Then please help rub me down, Aum."

I sigh with relief and reply merrily.

"Of course."

The weather is really cold today, so the excuse to change from a bath to a rubdown is reasonable. The resort prepared two towels for us. I take one, soak it in water, and twist it to dry before heading over to where Metavee is waiting on the bed.

"Come on. I'll rub you down... Hey! What are you doing?"

The petite one is about to unbutton her shirt, making me scream. Metavee looks surprised as she squints.

"You're rubbing me down, no? If I don't take off my shirt, how can you do that?"

"How?"

"Just wait and see."

"How can I do that when I'm blind?"

Arguing with a lawyer is such a headache. I can't say anything wrong or try to avoid saying something. Either it makes me look bad or I always get caught. Okay. I'll do as I intend and get it over with so we can get some sleep. Metavee reaches out her arms to accommodate me.

"The weather is very cold today. It's good that we're just rubbing you down. Look... you already have goosebumps all over your arms."

I tease the owner of the arms that have goosebumps due to the cold weather.

"But it doesn't feel as good as a bath, I will at least get to clean myself with soap if I bathe... I like to feel clean all the time."

"Then I will rub every corner of you. I Guarantee that you will be very clean."

"Really?" Metavee smiles a little.

"Will you do as you say?"

"Of course."

I continue to rub down the petite one's arms casually. I soak the towel and twist it to dry again to rub down her neck done outside in areas that can easily be done outside her shirt.

"Okay. Done."

"You said you would rub down every corner of me. "

"Huh?"

"You haven't rubbed down inside my shirt."

Metavee unbuttons her shirt again but doesn't take it off. She points towards the front.

"Inside too. I feel sticky from sweat."

"Are you going back on your word?"

I started to sweat. Since I already said it, I can't not do it. But to avoid looking at her directly, I choose to sit behind her and reach my hand out to rub her front side to make things more difficult.

"Ah..."

A sound similar to a moan that comes out of her throat makes me pause. Metavee can sense that I'm acting strangely, so she grabs and squeezes my hand tightly.

"What's the matter?".

"It's not convenient."

"Why are you sitting behind me?"

"It's more convenient."

"So, is it convenient or not? Choose one."

This time the petite one turns towards me. The white bra is right in front of my viewpoint, so I can't avoid looking at it.

"You're not as petite as I thought."

"Huh?"

"Nothing."

I hurriedly end the conversation and finish rubbing down Metavee from the shoulders to the armpits and belly, and then there's one area I can't go on....

"Hang on."

It's like the petite woman knows what I'm thinking, so she reaches to the back and unhooks her bra to reveal what's hidden in there to my eyes without any embarrassment. Because I'm so stunned, I look another way and don't dare move. Metavee has to call me.

"Aum... continue to rub me down."

"A... Ah."

I turn to look the other way but try to rub her down until she grabs my wrist.

"I asked you to rub down my body. Why are you rubbing my face?"

"Oops!"

Metavee seems really annoyed at this point. So, she grabs my hand and puts it on her breast, then squeezes my hand tightly.

"Rub here."

"M... May."

"Rub me squeaky clean like you claimed you would do."

Even though the petite woman can't see, her body language conveys authority. She probably has a hot temperament and does not like to leave things unfinished, so when she felt that I hesitated to finish the job, she got really annoyed. She grabs my hand and puts it on each spot she wants cleaned to get it over with.

"I know. I know. Don't get all worked up."

"You're so annoying. You won't rub me down properly. What's it with you?"

When she said that I was annoying. I Bared my teeth at her like she was just a wax sculpture without flesh or blood. It's. Okay, I have what she has too. I touch my breasts every day. Nothing new here... But it's orange... that part...I look at her nipples in a daze. I Know that she has fair skin, but I didn't think it'd be this fair inside. Orange is not a common color among Thais... I'm confident in my body, but mine is not even this bright. So, I'm now describing her nipples?

I continue to rub her breasts as I look at them. The soft and bouncy texture makes me want to suck.... What? What do I want to do?

"If you continue on like this, I'm becoming aroused."

"H... Huh?"

Metavee is breathing heavily, like someone who's trying to control herself. When I hear that, I immediately pull my hand off like I just touched a hot iron.

"I'm sorry. I'll rub some other parts."

"Good. Change the spot."

The lawyer says that before she gets up. She unhooks her pants and pulls them down. Right now, there's only white underwear of the same color as the bra left. Metavee looks exactly like those models in magazines for men who only wear a white shirt that barely covers their breasts.

"Please rub my legs."

I sit on my knees and soak the towel before I rub her slender legs. Her legs are smooth and without a single mark. The smooth touch against my hand when I unintentionally touch her skin from time to time causes sparks that make my heart tremble. I have to try very hard to contain myself. When I get to the groin near the area that the underwear is covering, Metavee Pulls my hair gently and tightens her lips.

"Aum."

"Huh?"

"I..."

"Want."

SunYanz

CHAPTER 10

ANNOYING

The word "want" from Metavee Makes everything go quiet. There is tension in the air. I don't know what to do aside from looking up at the person who's standing over my head because I don't know how to interpret that word.... Want... what? Is it the same strange sensation I'm having?

"What do you want?"

"Guess."

A seductive smile on that beautiful face is alluring me. A certain desire is rising inside of me like a volcano waiting to explode. As I'm about to lose control and do something without thinking, Metavee moves back.

"I want to sleep."

"What?"

I ask, confused.

"You meant you wanted to sleep?"

"What did you think I wanted?"

My jaw dropped. I clear my throat as I compose myself and hurriedly gather my thoughts.

"I thought you wanted to chat before you went to sleep. I'll take you to bed now and go take a bath then."

The petite woman doesn't respond. She lets me take her to lay on one side of the bed willingly. I then hurry to the bathroom to wash off my dirty body and mind. I take my time doing so because I don't dare face her so soon. Damned... What was I about to do earlier? And it's not like I know how to do it too.

I stood still to think about it under the rain shower for about 20 minutes before realizing that we hadn't prepared any clothes to change into. It's lucky that the resort provides us with bathrobes in the closet, so I use one as my pajamas. To keep warm, I tuck myself under the blanket... Okay... I close my eyes and start to pray

Namo Tassa... Gasp!

Metavee sweeps her arm around my waist and hugs me tight. A strange touch on my back makes me stiff. Because the bathrobe is not that thick, I can clearly feel something touching my back...Breasts... The petite woman snuggles her face into the nape of my neck and mutters to me.

"You bathe for so long."

"The water was warm and comfortable. But... Why do I feel like you're not wearing anything?"

"I'm naked."

"What?"

"I've been wearing those clothes all day. It's full of sweat and dirt."

"There's another bathrobe in the closet. I'll grab it for you ."

"No need. Sleeping together like this is comfortable... And if I'm cold, you can just turn around and hug me.

"Ah-huh."

"I said all that, and you still have your back to me? I'm very cold."

"I prefer to sleep like this."

I shut my eyes tight because, tonight, I'm more scared of Metavee, who's sleeping behind me, than the ghosts at the resort. Ghosts are afraid of prayers, unlike the person behind me.

"Namotassa Pakavato..."

"Are you praying?"

"Ah-huh. I don't feel safe when I don't sleep at home. My parents told me to pray."

"Ah. It's very scary. I'm so scared."

Metavee moves closer to me. Now she's breathing down my neck. It's like she's caressing my skin with her breath until I have goosebumps.

"I'm more afraid because I can't see."

"If you can't see, why are you afraid? The person who can see ghosts is the one who should be afraid."

I argue to try to start a conversation so I can think about something else. But I'm still praying silently in my head.

Namotassa Pakavato Ara...

Oh, No... what's the prayer? I always wake up late when I was in school, so I never made it to school's morning prayer. That is why I don't know the prayer now.

"Like I told you before, when you can't see, your other senses become sharper. I can smell and hear better than others. Ah... I'm so scared. What should I do?"

The voice, asking for tenderness makes me shut my eyes tight. What's With the 'ah' she just let out? Damned. Namotassa, Namotassa.

"Do you think... the ghost will swallow my head tonight, Aum?"

"The ghost must have a very wide mouth to do so."

"What if it licks my head?"

"Your head will be wet. But it won't lick your head..."

"Will it stroke my head?"

"It can if it's not holding anything in its hands."

"Do you have anything in your hands, Aum?"

"What would I be holding? I'm about to sleep."

"That's good..."

"How so?"

"You can stroke."

"What?"

"I'm so scared, Aum. Hug me... I'm scared."

The voice of the person behind me is muffled as she moves closer and closer. I'm losing control. The prayer I'm trying to pray has turned into a song named 'Faen(Darling),' sung by the singer Bird...Geez. I'm going crazy.

"Please sleep, May."

"Hug me, please. I'm cold."

"I can't sleep. Turn toward me at least. You don't have to hug..."

I eventually lose control and turn towards Metavee. I hug the petite woman tightly before pressing her head against my breasts to prevent her from babbling nonstop like an annoying crying monkey.

"I'm hugging you, Stop chatting. I want to sleep now."

Metavee still shuffles around, not wanting to lose. One of her hands crawled up inside my bathrobe. That Startled me so much that I let the cunning lawyer loose. She then wraps her arms around my neck and pulls me close until our faces are almost pressed against one another.

"Why are you playing hard to get tonight? I've been seducing you and asking for tenderness. How can you be praying like that?"

The seductive voice that is totally different from the words "I'm scared" is making me lose my mind. The breath that touches my skin makes my heart tremble. The lips of the petite one, which are only a palm width away, are making me lose control.

"If you don't want to, I won't force you. The petite woman caresses my cheek with her lips seductively...Sweet dreams."

"Huh..."

"Zzz..."

"You're sleeping just like that?"

"Zzz..."

"You fell asleep a bit fast."

"Zzz..."

Great. Terrific. She pretends to be sleeping and leaves me hanging while she snores at me. I bite my lips tightly, trying to calm down. The face that is so close makes me close my eyes in frustration. I try to unwrap her arms around my waist, but Metavee is stronger, so I have to sleep like this all night...Damned... This is crazy!

On the way back, I drive quietly, as I'm still frustrated about last night. I didn't expect us to be intimate, but Metavee Shouldn't seduce me until I want something. And left me hanging as she slept...Damned!

"Why are you so quiet today?"

"Are you sulking?"

"No."

"When someone says no, it means yes."

And we both become quiet. I was expecting her to try to make up with me, but I was left disappointed. When I turn to look at her, she's already fallen asleep.

"You slept last night, and now you get in the car and sleep again?"

I complain to myself. But Metavee smiles and replies, really sleeping, with her eyes still shut.

"What do you want me to do if not asleep? You wouldn't talk to me."

"You should try to make up with me."

"Why are you angry at me?"

I look away from the road and turn to look at the person who's closing her eyes like she doesn't care, and I'm feeling frustrated. To tell her how I felt would be strange because I couldn't explain it myself.

"Never mind. I'm probably moody because I didn't get enough sleep."

"Get a lot of sleep when you're back in Bangkok."

"Gosh."

We arrived in Bangkok three hours later. Metavee is more comfortable when she's at home and knows where everything is located. She can move around without me having to tell her directions or support her. I, who have been moody all day, I plan to leave immediately, but she stops me.

"Aren't you staying to chat with me first?"

"We've been together for two whole days. I'm bored."

I say that because I'm still sulking.

"I'm also sleepy."

"Ah... Up to you then."

That's it? I drop my jaw and complain in silence. Only a breath of air left my mouth because I'm sure that Metavee can't see. Yet the petite woman tilts her head, turns to me, and squints curiously.

"I feel like you're trying to say something without a sound."

I'm stunned. I put my hand on my chest.

"You can tell that much?"

"You're really doing that? What are you saying?"

"Nothing."

"Tell me. What did you say?"

"I'm complaining."

I confess frankly.

"You're annoying."

"You're asking for it."

I say this to her honestly, without any censorship. But instead of being angry, the petite woman laughs out loud, like she's really enjoying herself.

"Why do I feel like you're so cute even when you're complaining?"

"I just complained to you, please show some remorse."

"How did I annoy you?"

"What you did last night... You made me stay up all night."

I say that softly and sigh.

"It's like you were teasing me. You Seduced me, then you left me hanging."

"Yes. I did seduce you. A lot too."

"But you were the one who wouldn't do anything. You kept praying, so my lust was dispersed by your prayer."

The petite woman raises her hands to her chest to show respect.

"I see the light. Amittaput."

"You're blind. How can you see the light?"

"You're mean. Aren't you afraid that I'd be hurt by that?"

"You don't look at all hurt."

"Bleh. Good for you."

"Annoying. I'm going home."

I turn to stomp a way to show that I'm Sulking, but Metavee grabs my shirt from behind. She then hugs me and puts her chin on my shoulder.

"Thank you. I'm really happy."

And just like that, I magically stopped sulking. Her sincere voice and actions that ask for tenderness make my heart race.

"What's this? Your mood changes so fast."

"I mean it. I'm very happy. It's the best time I've had since I became blind... We never get to spend time together like this: lying down and looking at the stars, driving with the wind on our faces snuggling in bed happily."

"Those things are very meaningful to me"

I gently pat the back of her hand that is hugging me to show that I understand how she feels. I feel good that I can make her happy.

"It's also a happy time for me, though I was a bit frustrated... some of the time."

Metavee leans forward. Though we're not looking each other in the eye, I can tell that she's trying to be cute so that I smile.

"Next time..."

"There's a next time?"

"Are you not coming to see me anymore?"

"Geez... Next time, what? Finish your sentence."

My words seemed to have turned on the seductive switch in the cute one. Her smile becomes cunning and charming at the same time, making me want to kiss her lips. And her words make me think far.

"Next time, I'll make sure you feel good."

CHAPTER 11

THE JEALOUS TYPE

A novel would be too flat and uninteresting without any drama. It's similar to love, if there was never any conflict, it would be unusual. Come to think of it... Metavee and I haven't fought yet.

"Hello, Auntie."

"Hello, Miss Aum."

The housekeeper greets me, then puts her arms up to block my way.

"Mx. May has a guest right now."

"Oh... Ah, okay then. I'll wait here. Who's the guest?"

"Mx. May's friend, the doctor."

"Doctor? Okay. I can wait."

As I wait for Metavee to finish up with her guest, I move to the sofa in the middle of the living room and take a seat. I kill time by thinking of the plot for my novel. It seems like the housekeeper wants to say something to me, so I look up and smile at her.

"Is there something you want to say to me?"

The old housekeeper smiles timidly before deciding to speak.

"I feel that you've changed."

"Oh?"

I get a bit nervous because I'm afraid that I'll get caught.

"How so?"

"You seem more lively, unlike before... Which also improves the atmosphere around you. Especially when you're with Mx. May. She smiles a lot more and is a lot happier when she's with you, Miss Aum."

Hearing that, my heart begins to race. I feel like I've done something useful, though it's not that big of a deed.

"I didn't do much."

I try to give myself a pat on the back in silence because I feel that pretending to be Aum makes me invisible.

"May also makes me happy."

"That's good. It's good that both of you are happy."

"You say it like May doesn't smile much."

"Yes. Mx. May also doesn't chitchat much. She's quite authoritative."

"She was probably a handful before."

It's easy to imagine that but I can't quite picture it because the petite woman is not that imposing when she's with me.

"She's very difficult to be around."

The housekeeper whispers to me like she's gossiping.

"But she's very kind now. She's very different from before, it's like she switched characters. She even smiled at me. It's because of Miss Aum... Please visit often; it makes everyone here happy."

"Okay."

I respond shyly and watch her walk away. I'm quite proud of myself. I feel bigger and elated. It feels wonderful to be the source of someone else's joy. Metavee's friend appears from upstairs not long after. The handsome doctor gives me a brief glance and acts as if he recognizes me.

"Miss Aum."

"Hi."

I have to pretend to know everyone, though I know nothing.

"How's May?"

"Alive."

"Ah..."

"I'm joking. I haven't met you for so long. Where's your sense of humor? Where have you been for months? I thought you already broke up with May."

I still have my dumb founded face on as I think of an excuse. Aum has been away for months? She left her blind ex alone so she could be with her new husband, the owner of an airline...I start to feel that she deserves to be laying in the hospital bed like she is now.

"I was busy with work."

"You're still as beautiful as ever. Maybe even more so.... Something is different."

The doctor gives me a scan, like he's trying to find faults. I don't know what to do, so I just laugh dryly.

"What can be different?"

"Your clothes."

The handsome doctor says as he snaps his fingers.

"You used to dress more formally. The cutting, fabric, color, and brand were impeccable. But now you look like you're from the street."

What a mouth...

"I want to try dressing casually. Being too perfect is tiring."

"I was just kidding. You look good in everything. I like... I've always liked."

His flirty eyes make me smile from the corner of my mouth. Like I said, I've had many boyfriends. I've seen it all. And he's one of those I'm very familiar with.

"Are you single?"

"Yes."

"I'm not surprised."

I smiled slightly. As I am about to walk away, he grabs my arm.

"Why are you not surprised?"

"You have a big mouth."

That's not me... Metavee said that authoritatively. I don't hear this tone of voice often because her voice is normally very sweet and gentle when she talks to me. Or, when she was fighting with her father, her voice was more like a child's. She's almost at the top step and is slowly walking down.

"Oops. How long have you been here, Mx. May?"

"A while now. You're flirting with my girlfriend."

Metavee declaring our status firmly and without any hesitation makes me feel a bit strange. It's a mix of happiness and embarrassment. I'm not used to being declared the girlfriend of a woman....

"I was just kidding."

"I don't think I'm comfortable continuing treatment with you."

"Huh? You're funny."

"Am I laughing?"

And because Metavee's tone of voice is too serious to be laughing it off, the flirty doctor goes quiet and swallows hard.

"I was just kidding, Mx. May."

"I don't like someone who's unprofessional. And this is not the first time you do this... I will change my doctor. Thank you for all your hard work."

"Mx. May..."

"I understand."

The authoritative side of Metavee is something I've never seen before. As soon as that doctor leaves, the petite one turns to walk back up the stairs quietly. I have to rush over to support her

because I'm afraid that she will fall. But she dismisses my assistance by brushing my hands away.

"It's okay. I want to do it on my own."

Strange... Normally, she likes to ask for tenderness from me. She even wrapped her arm around mine when we were walking on the lawn.

"You seem moody today."

"I'm not crazy. I can't be happy everyday."

"I'll read you my novel then. I wrote more."

"I don't want to listen to it."

"Such a waste of time. I will sleep."

I stood still when I was turned down in that manner. And it seems like the petite woman can sense that I've stopped moving. Metavee stops her steps and holds onto the rail tightly before she speaks to me flatly.

"Why are you quiet?"

"You don't want to listen to me."

"You should try to make up with me."

"Huh?"

I shrink my neck a bit, not understanding what's going on.

"Why must I? What did I do wrong?"

"Even if you didn't do anything wrong. It's your job to try to make up with me."

The authoritative and dictating tone of voice makes me stare

at the petite one, who's showing her strong will to me. And

yes... I can't stand it. If I don't know what I did wrong, I will not try to make up with anyone. No one.

"The earth doesn't orbit around you..May. You're not cute at all today."

"Then go. Don't ever come back."

Metavee steps up the stairs swiftly. Almost think that she's pretending to be blind. Yet I worry about her too much. I'm afraid she will fall, so I follow her to her room. I'm not trying to make up with her. I'm just being decent.

"Why are you following me?"

"I just want to make sure that you reach your room without injuring yourself. Then I'll leave."

"You will go flirt with the doctor, huh?"

"What?"

Metavee turns to me. For a split second, I felt like she was staring at me. But then those eyes shifted in another direction.

"You were flirting, Aum."

That insulting voice makes my emotions rise. I'm hot-tempered by nature. And she stressed it by using my name.

"What the hell are you saying? When did I flirt?"

"You were chit chatting with a man you're unfamiliar with. You're not normally like this, Aum. You're normally so arrogant. You never give a damn about anyone. You're not friendly to everyone, like those women."

"Who?"

"Think for yourself."

Okay... I turned into a slut just because I'm friendly. I may break up with my ex-lovers easily, but I never think of hurting anyone just because they want to talk to me.

"This is what you're frustrated about?"

"You're not the same person I know, Aum."

"It's because I'm not that person anymore!"

This time I'm the one who's gone crazy because I'm sick of being compared to my twin. It's happening now too. For me, this is a fight between lovers that comes very quickly. No. Actually,

I only fight with my ex when I'm about to break up with them. Because all the guys I was with were quite complying, and wasn't with them that long. This woman is one diva to make me this upset...

"Are you yelling at me, Aum? Whon do you think you are?"

The insulting tone showing she's not backing down makes me close my eyes to try to stay calm.

"I'm me."

"Stay right here. Don't go anywhere."

Metavee walks into the study room. I wait, as she requested, because I want to know what she will do next. And I'm surprised that the petite woman comes back with a glass of water.

"What are you doing? Are you thirs..."

Splash...

I'm stiff and stunned. That was unexpected, and it makes my entire body tremble with anger. That's so insulting, No one has ever done this to me! When she sees that I've gone quiet, she smiles merrily, knowing that she can put someone down and step on them... If this continues, she will always have this obnoxious habit. I have to fix this.

"What are you doing? Let me go."

I dash in to grab the petite one, who doesn't weigh much, and lift her until her feet are off the ground. I hurriedly took her into the large bathroom.

"Do you think that you're the only one who can go crazy?"

"What are you going to do? Ouch..."

I turn the shower on at full blast to let the water splash into the blind one's face at full force until she chokes. Though she tries to get away, I, who am stronger, force her to stay at that same spot.

"Do you think that you're the only one who can do something like this!"

"No one has ever done this to me before!"

"Then I'll be the one. So, you know what it's like when you insult other people."

"You're just a jobless person, how dare you teach others?"

"And you're just a blind woman, how dare you insult others?"

We both dig up each other's weak points and insult each other without care. When Metavee hears what I just said, she clenches her hands into fists and hits me like a little kid that can't fight back but will fight until the end.

"So what if I'm blind and I can't see! Though I'm impaired, I can still do many things. I have enough money to live my life without relying on anyone!"

"So what if I'm unemployed! I'm just temporarily out of a job. It doesn't mean that I won't have work for the rest of my life. At least I have time to be with my girlfriend. I want to take care of her everyday, but she chases me away like I'm some animal. Have you ever thought about what it feels like to be chased away!"

When I get to this part, Metavee starts to calm down. She sits down from sheer exhaustion.

"Why won't you let me win? You weren't like this before."

"Is it because I let you have your way too much in the past that you've turned out this way?"

"Is it because you're no longer afraid that I'll dump you anymore because I can't find a new lover or fight other people?"

"I was scared shitless when you chased me away at the

bottom of the staircase. Why did you think I followed you up here? Did you really think that was just accompanying you to your room?"

Both of us are starting to calm down. We're as soaked as a puppy thrown into a pond.

"Why did you follow me up here?"

"To make up with you."

"This is how you make up with me?"

Metavee looks confused, but there's also a smile on her face.

"You said that I'm blind and splashed water into my face."

"I just want to do it in an unconventional way. You seem to understand how painful it is to be insulted now."

"Well..."

"Yes. I understand."

Metavee nods to show that she really does. Her voice is not as stern and strong-willed as before. So I say it again to emphasize it.

"Don't do that again."

"I won't."

"Good. Let's say this is our deal."

I sigh wearily. It was a fight that started and ended quickly.

"But I still don't understand why you were frustrated with me"

"I..."

"What?"

"I don't like that you were talking to Doctor Ton."

"I was just asking about your condition and chatting about general topics. Why did you have to get so angry?"

"You can ask me. Why would you ask him... He's handsome."

"Geez... Oh?"

I glance at the petite woman who's awkwardly drawing something on the bathroom floor with her finger. I let out a slight smile.

"That was why you were frustrated?"

"Yes."

"You were jealous?"

When I ask frankly, the petite one stops drawing with her finger. She seems as surprised at herself as I am..

"Don't smile."

I, who am really smiling, have to quickly stop doing that. I can't resist waving my hand in front of the petite woman to prove that she's really blind.

"Stop waving your hand. I can sense it "

"How did you know that I was smiling?"

"You went quiet. It means that you're smiling... Stop being full of yourself. I'm not jealous. I'm just frustrated."

"Okay. Of course."

"Aum!"

The playful yelling makes me glance at her and reply with a serious tone of voice.

"Don't yell at me. You're not cute at all today, May. You have to be punished."

"What punishment? I never let anyone else..."

In the midst of her complaint, I pull the petite one in for a kiss. She is shocked when she is attacked while complaining. I moved back.

"That's your punishment."

"Cheater. That's your reward."

"From now on, if your actions are not cute, I will kiss you. And I will increase the severity of your punishment each time by increasing the duration of the kiss according to how many times you behave erratically."

"You're copying me. You're doing it the same way I gave you your reward. It's a win-win for you."

"Don't give me an opportunity, then."

"You've up-skilled. You are negotiating with me now. You're bad. I don't like this."

"Oops. You're not being cute again."

"Ummm."

And I steal another kiss as a punishment. So Metavee stops acting crazy all day..

.

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. .
. .
. .

The punishment is effective...

SunYanzhi

CHAPTER 12

PANDORA

Metavee suggests I put on her clothes for the time being because I am drenched as a puppy that was thrown into the pond. This is another occasion that I get to be in the white bedroom of the strong-willed one, who's clearly gotten a lot softer. The soft jasmine scent that lingers on her body relaxes me. But I suddenly become stiff when Metavee takes off her shirt and leaves only her bras on... W... wait.

"What are you doing?"

"Changing."

"Here?"

"Where do you want me to do it? My closet is here."

Right... What she's doing is her normal routine. What's not normal is me being here.

"I'll go wait outside while you take care of your personal business."

"Why do you have to? It's not like you've never seen it before."

It's because I've never seen it before, that's why... At least not everything.

"It wouldn't be private."

"We've seen every part of each other. Maybe it has been so long that you've forgotten... Should we jog your memory?"

Metavee smiles from the corner of her mouth and strips herself down until she's naked, like she just said. Due to my shock, I quickly turned around. I'm starting to have difficulty breathing from

my excitement. The last time I saw her half-naked was when we went to Pak Chong. But she was not completely naked like this. How can someone take everything off her and stand naked without shame like this!

While I turn my back to her to compose myself, the petite woman who can barely see anything, walks over and hugs me from the back. She then sniffs the nape of my neck. Due to my shock, become weak and needed to hold on to something to keep my balance.

"What are you doing, May?"

"I'm jogging your memory."

"What memory?"

"All our memories... Why are you shaking? Are you okay?"

"I... I'm cold. The air conditioning is very cool."

Metavee's hand reaches for the hem of my shirt. She lifts my shirt off my head from the back. She does it so smoothly and swiftly that I am startled and at a loss for what to do.

"Let's go soak in warm water."

Then the petite woman runs her lips from the nape of my neck to my spine. I then hear the sound 'swoosh', and the tightness around my breasts is gone. She unhooked my bras with her mouth....I bit my lips tightly, trying to keep calm, as I've never been in this situation before. But when Metavee's hand moves down to my pants, seeming like she's about to unhook it too, I grab it.

"It's okay. I'll do it myself. You go bathe first."

"You're really different."

"You've become a lot more reserved. What happened?"

When I realize from the tone of her voice that the petite woman is suspicious. I panic and turn around to try to calm her down by complying with her.

"I just wanted to play hard to get. I'll take it off if you want me to, okay?"

"Why are you standing still?"

"I'm not sensing that you're taking off your clothes." The naked one crosses her arms across her chest and continues to stand still.

"Take it off."

"Why do you have to force me?"

"Do you have sisters?"

"W... why are you asking?"

"Sometimes I really wonder if you're not Aum. Maybe you're just someone who has the same build and voice..That sudden line of questioning makes me hurriedly take off my clothes, sweating. Yet, I'm still embarrassed to be naked in front of someone who's not myself. And to prove that Metavee really can't see, I wave my hand in front of her face again. This time, the petite woman grabs my hand.

"You seem to really like to prove that I'm blind."

"Sometimes you make me feel like, in reality... you can see but pretend to be blind."

"Like I said, me not being able to see doesn't mean that I also lose all other senses. My senses of hearing, smell, and touch are all still very sharp."

Metavee reaches her hand out and grabs my bare breast.

"May!!"

"So you're really naked. The longer we stand here, the colder it gets. Let's go take a bath. You can tell me about your novel as we bathe."

"Bathe in the tub..."

I'm blushing so hard, it's like my face is on fire. To be naked together is already shocking now, and now we need to bathe together in a tub...

"Yes. Let's go bathe. So we can jog our memories."

What are our memories? I can only keep my curiosity inside as I follow the petite woman. Though she can't see, she walks around easily, like she can. The 20-square-meter bathroom has dry and wet zones. There is a jacuzzi tub and rain shower. The owner can pick which to use freely. She's so rich...

"Let's shower. It will take a long time to wait for the tub to fill up."

I try to find a way out. Though I like the petite one a lot, I'm not prepared to do something like this. I may be greedy when it comes to kisses, but I'm afraid of touches....I have so much conflict in me.

"True. It's slow. I like to do things quickly and not waste any time."

Metavee reaches for me and finds my wrist. She then pulls me to the rain shower area, which is the size of Superman's phone booth.

"You go in first. I can wait."

"We will shower together."

"Huh?"

"Why are you acting like it's the first time?"

It is the first time!!!

"Well... it's quite small. You go first. I don't want to crowd you."

"You've changed..."

"Okay. I'll shower with you!"

I sneaked a peek at the smile on her face. But it disappears in a split second. Right now, I get nervous whenever she says anything that could be interpreted as "You've changed." I will always cave in to her demands like a guilty person trying to cover their tracks....We stand close to each other inside the small shower area. It's not so tight that we can't move. But I've never done something like this, so it's all new to me.

"Please rub my back for me."

Metavee squeezes the shower gel and the bath sponge and hands it to me so I can rub her back for her. Though it's a bit strange, I'm starting to familiarize myself with what we're doing.

"Now, let's try telling me about your novel as we bathe."

"I forgot about it."

My concentration is gone and can't be found. I can't possibly talk about my novel and rub her back at the same time

"Try to slowly think about it."

"Chapter 3... Impressed."

"That's the name of the chapter?"

"Yes."

"So tell me, what's impressive?"

"Well..."

Every day, Marisa will go on a date with Nub-Dao. She tries to get to know the person-who she is, where she's from, and what her education is-because she never knew her before this. From the outside, Nub-Dao is beautiful, sweet, and mysterious. Because Marisa has never felt this way with anyone before, it's like Nub-Dao has unlocked something inside of her. A strange feeling is unexplainably forming. Someone once said,

"There's no reason when it comes to love. If there were, it wouldn't be love."

Because Nub-Dao is like a mystery novel, the more you read, the more you want to know. Marisa wants to know more and more about her. And, also, because mystery novels will make you dive deep, Nub-Dao's mysteries are becoming more and more interesting. Some, you should know. Or, for some of them, you shouldn't....but you still want to know. Nub-Dao is like a Pandora's box that you shouldn't open because you have no idea what you will find inside.

"Was it opened... The Pandora's box?"

Metavee asks as I get to this part. I shrug a bit and smile merrily when I see that I have caught her interest.

"Please wait for the next chapter. If I tell you now, it won't be fun."

"A smart ending to the chapter... A mystery that makes you want to investigate? Can that make someone so charming that another person falls in love with her?"

The lawyer's question makes me, who's still rubbing her back, nod. But...the person in front of me couldn't see that.

"It's the same as gradually getting to know each other. Like when we read a novel, we want to know more and fall in love with the characters more. Who knows, we may even fall in love with the author."

"We've known each other for so long."

Metavee smiles from the corner of her mouth and turns toward me.

"Have we ever fallen in love with each other?"

"How could we be together this long if we haven't?"

"Some people are together for mutual benefits."

"If there are benefits, it's not love."

"What about us now?"

"Huh?"

"Why are we together?"

I'm stunned to hear that. We don't have any mutual benefits whatsoever. I just want to come see Metavee. And the blind lady in front of me has never asked anything of me. This means that we don't expect anything from each other. No mutual benefits...

"If there's no reason when it comes to love, I have no answer for that."

I continue to rub her with the bath sponge because I don't know what else to do. If I reach out to her front part, I will be hugging her. If I only rubbed her back, I'm afraid that she would get hurt.

"I don't know why you're with me, but I'm with you because I care about you."

The only sound around us is the sound of the water from the rain shower. Metavee goes quiet before she slowly turns to face me and presses me onto the glass wall.

"What you just said is very sexy."

"Nah. I was just babbling..."

"It aroused me."

"Huh?"

My eyes become wide open as I shrink my neck nervously.

"Aroused, as in...?"

I'm not so stupid as to not know what she meant. But I had to ask to give myself a bit more time because it was so sudden. Just bathing together naked like this is already too much for me.

"We haven't had sex for a long time..."

Metavee puts my hand on her breast and smiles. It's only a slight smile. but it's so charming that I can't resist her. She then moves my hand down her body.

"Let's open Pandora's box today. Let's see what's inside."

Sunnyanz

CHAPTER 13

BOTTOM UP

I don't know what to do. My hand is now in her private parts. I can feel the warmth and the hotness, and that takes away all my consciousness. Metavee's face is moving slowly toward me. She expertly runs her tongue along my neck.

Gasp...

It's like I've been shocked by electricity. I can barely move when I am touched like this. I have to admit that, though I've had many boyfriends, I've never gone this far because they didn't pass my kissing test. Yet with Metavee, it's different. The person in front of me has a hold on my heart...She has too much hold on my body too...

I know what I'm feeling. I understand the nature of things and the deep desires of humans. There were many times that I wanted it and wanted to help myself, but I distracted myself, so I never went that far. But now I have someone to help me. This is my opportunity... It's a greater reward than kissing. I move my hand naturally. I don't even know if it's right or wrong, but Metavee is trembling. The petite one can barely balance herself. She puts her hands on the glass wall and splits her legs further apart. Do it... Metavee's body is letting me explore more deeply. But as I was about to proceed and open Pandora's box, my conscience caught up with me... This is lust.... This is sexual drive...This is not right... I'm not even Aobe Aum!

Once I'm certain that if I go on, I will do something I later regret, I take my hand off Metavee and swiftly go out of the shower area. Metavee pauses and stands still before she asks me, confused.

"Why?"

The question was short, but it strangely and deeply hurt me. I don't know what reason to give that would make it all make sense. Stopping mid way can cause the petite one to feel bad.

"It's too fast."

"What's too fast?" Metavee asks, not understanding what I mean.

"We haven't met for many months. This is too slow for a couple, even. Weren't you frustrated that I pretended to sleep the last time?"

"That... Yes."

I think back to Pak Chong and feel angry at myself for being so obvious. But honestly, I still feel that it's not right.

"But when I think about it, I think that it's too fast. Moreover... what just happened in the shower stall just now, I can sense that... it's too raw."

"What?"

I shut my eyes tight and felt stupid for saying what I just said.

"I mean... I can sense that you felt it, but it was too raw. It was not delicate. It was filled with lust. It was physical, like, to just get it over with. It makes me feel...worthless."

Are those words too strong? But I really felt that way. Though Metavee was jealous and smiled gently at me, everything was as dry as the river during a drought.

"For you, I'm like a toy you own. Everything was rushed. I didn't feel loved. Or if I did, it was very little."

"We're too old to be talking about love, Aum."

"See? That's how I felt. I've been feeling this for a while now... You do things quickly. Sometimes you even do it without feeling it. There's no bond or intimacy. Is it only sex for you, May?"

"What it is to express love... And I was about to express it to you like I always do, Aum."

"Sex and making love are very different, May."

"Why are you suddenly so sensitive, Aum? You're acting like you're a virgin."

"What does it have to do with being a virgin or not?"

I try to deny it so quickly that I stutter. I don't want the petite woman in front of me to know that I'm not Aum.

"I just want to take it slow. I want us to go back in time..."

"How far back?"

"Far back to when we started flirting with each other. Slowly get to know each other. And when we create a bond...these kinds of things will come naturally."

"So annoying."

The petite woman turns to continue to shower without saying more, and my heart ached when I heard that. But I can understand... I'm the only one here who knows that I'm not who I'm Pretending to be. I walk out of the bathroom first and hesitate about whether I should wear my old clothes back home or borrow one from Metavee. I'm not sure if the sweet-faced woman and I are fighting. But from the words 'so annoying.' I probably frustrated her a lot. How was the relationship between Adobe-Aum and Metavee...

"Pick something for me to wear."

The nasal tone of the voice comes from the bathroom. I glance at the person whose eyes are wandering, feeling a bit surprised because I thought she'd still be mad at me.

"Ah-huh. I'll prepare your clothes for you. Is it okay if I borrow something to wear too?"

"You can. If you wear your old, wet clothes, you will catch a cold. If you're sick, I won't have anyone to read me novels. And when I give you the reward. I'll catch a cold too. Do you know that viruses can spread through the air and saliva..."

The petite woman is talking nonstop. She seems to talk more than usual. That Makes me smile. If I were to guess, she's trying to talk about this and that so that we forget about what just happened in the bathroom.

"I know. That's why I'm borrowing your clothes."

"You can borrow my underwear and bras too. We're of the same size."

"Ah... huh."

I drag my voice a bit because I'm a bit embarrassed.

"If you don't mind, I will borrow yours."

"But from what I touched a moment ago, I'm not sure if our sizes are still the same. I think... you've gained some meat."

"H... huh?"

"You used to be slimmer than this. But it's okay. The hugs are warmer like this."

The sweet-faced woman walks over to sit on the bed with just a towel wrapped around her. The light from outside the window makes her fair skin radiate an aura. I feel that the air conditioning in this room is too cool, so I grab a neatly folded towel to wrap another layer over her before I go to search for clothes in the closet for us.

"I'm still waiting to hear about it."

"Huh?"

"Why don't you want to do it with me?"

I turn to look at the person who asked me that. She's looking awkwardly embarrassed.

"I lost a lot of confidence. You never rejected me when I asked for it"

"I didn't reject you."

"But you just..."

"Okay. Put something on first. And let's talk about this."

I grabbed a loose t-shirt and a pair of shorts for the petite one and picked something similar for myself. I wave my hand in front of Metavee again to make sure she can't see anything.

"You're doing this again."

"And you always catch me doing it."

After I finish putting on my clothes, I help the petite one do the same. Though I'm a bit shy, I'm afraid she will put it on inside out if I don't help her.

"I didn't reject you. I just want us to go slow, like when we started out."

"Why did you say that you feel like I don't love you?"

"I feel that you're in such a hurry to move forward. It's like it's your habit. Time is important to you, but when you're in a hurry, you will overlook what's important... It will turn making love into just having sex to satisfy both parties physically."

"What about not loving you, or do I see you as just a toy to satisfy my need? What was that?"

"You don't value me or see me as someone important. I'm like a dry leaf. Look at when you chased me away a few hours ago when you were angry. You didn't care about me at all."

"It's not like that..."

"I just think that we should take it slow. I don't know what we were like before this, but we should start over. Go back to when we started flirting. Like when we read a novel and slowly get to know the characters. When we know about them better, we will become more involved. Something like that."

"Is this what you learn from being unemployed?"

"You keep stressing on that... And yes, I'm unemployed. But I thought of that as I was writing the novel."

I reach out my hand and gently pat the petite woman's face.

"Writing a novel makes me realize that being in too much of a rush will make you look over the important details. But if you're too slow, it would be boring. I want our relationship to be at the right pace."

"What is the right pace?"

"Instead of sleeping together... Okay we've done that. But we will start again. We will save the best for last."

"How much patience must we have?"

Metavee smiles a little to tease me, but it seems like she understands what I'm saying somewhat.

"So tell me, how shall we start?"

"We'll gradually get to know each other. I want to know more about you. Like, we can start flirting all over again."

"Huh?"

"Well... I don't remember why we got together. Or, to be honest, I know nothing. But I will start a new memory."

Metavee and I should have memories together. Or the gap between us would be too wide.

"And I don't think someone like you would hit on me."

I mean my younger twin. Looking at Metavee's arrogance, I don't think she would be the one to approach someone I think...

"I don't hit on anyone. It makes me seem worthless and not of any value."

"But I can't think of how I approached you..."

I'm asking myself this because I really can't imagine it. I don't know how my younger twin hit on another woman when she's so sweet herself.

"I threw myself at you."

"Huh?"

"I kind of gave you hints. And when you knew you could make advances on me, we got together. I was in control."

I look at the person who says that as she smiles, full of herself, and shakes my head. Her true self is showing little by little. She's not as sweet as she seemed to be when we first met. I'm guessing my younger twin was fooled by her innocent look when they first met too. She's good...

"So we'll get to know each other again from the start. Let's start from zero. Let's proceed like how someone would approach and gradually get to know someone."

"We will do activities together. We Will go out. We will go to dinner, date, and read my novel. Sounds good?"

"And we will also have sex."

"Crazy. You keep coming back to this."

"I mean after we've gradually gotten to know each other."

Metavee laughed merrily and shrugged.

"Whatever you say, then. It sounds like fun. Wait and see my charm. I will get you to fall madly in love with me."

I put the hair that falls down to cover Metavee's face behind her ear lovingly.

"I'm doing this because I've fallen in love with you. That's why I want you to fall in love with me and see my sincerity to. It would be nice if we fell in love with each other again."

"Yeah. It would be nice."

"Since you hang around with that woman, your daily routine has completely changed."

I dragged Pang to the fitness center close to her condo after she had flown back. She looked shocked when she heard that I'd applied for a monthly membership.

"I was told that I was fat."

"You? Fat?"

"Not fat exactly. Meatier... When May hugged me, she said my figure has changed. Aum is firmer than me, skinnier than me, or something."

"Hug?"

Pang leans in on me, showing interest.

"What have you two been doing?"

My face becomes hot, but I try to keep a straight face. It was really nothing. Though my hand went inside, I took it out in time.

"Not much... We just bathe together."

"Huh..."

"Metavee is blind. She didn't see anything."

"But your eyes are good, and you saw every part of her?"

"Well... yeah."

"And she hugged you when you took a bath together?"

"Well... yeah."

"And nothing happened?"

"How can it happen?"

"It's good that at least you can think that for yourself."

My friend's frustration makes me look at her with interest. Pang has her arms crossed across her chest and doesn't look so good as she glances at me. She then asks me like she's picking a fight.

"What are you looking at?"

"You don't seem to like me being around Metavee."

"It's not right... She's your twin's lover."

"Ex-lover."

"Does Metavee know that your twin wants to break up with her?"

"No."

"Then how can she be an ex-lover?"

"But Aum is married."

"And her husband is dead."

"Still, they've broken up. Doesn't a marriage certificate mean anything?"

I argue without backing down, though a part of me agrees with my friend.

"So no one else has a right to May?"

"Everyone in this world has, but not you, who's older twin that is pretending to be Aobe-Aum. She trusts you now because she thinks that you're her girlfriend, not her girlfriend's twin."

"I can't sense that May doesn't loves Aum at all."

"And can you sense that she loves you?"

Gulp...

I can't make any arguments, but I still don't want to accept it. And I'm starting to become frustrated with my friend, who's always looking for faults and trying to back me into a corner. Pang sees that I'm becoming moody and doesn't want to fight with me concerning others, so she gently pats me on the shoulder to indicate that she will back off.

"Listen when a trusted friend gives you an honest warning. I can't tell you what to do, but I still want to warn you."

"I know."

I continue to speak with sternness because I'm still moody.

"I'm just doing my best in my own way. I've never been in love, yet Metavee makes me feel that way. It's just... a bit out of place, but I'm trying to fix that."

My beautiful friend looks at me like she's thinking about something before she asks me, looking like she really wants to know this.

"Why does it have to be May?"

"What?"

My friend's sudden question caught me off guard.

"What do you mean?"

"Why does it have to be this woman? How is she more special than others....Ah. You felt something when she kissed you. What else?"

I try to think about what got me so interested in Metavee.

"I don't know... We're alike, maybe."

"How so?"

"I can't explain it. She doesn't get much attention from her family, just like me, I guess. I see myself in her. So I feel her."

"So it's not love. Maybe it's a pity."

"No."

"It's love."

I nod to myself and confirm that to my friend.

"I think it's love..Metavee makes me want to make something of myself. The fact that someone makes you want to improve yourself for the better is that not love?"

"But your love is walking a very fine line. You started with a lie. So your relationship can be void at any point."

I follow my friend's train of thought and become more stressed. All the time I spent with Metavee was real, but our relationship is not.

"What should I do?"

"Tell her the truth! That's the only way to fix it now. Don't cross the line more than you have. Because if she finds out that you lied to her, you won't have any place in her life."

"If you button up something wrongly from the start, the rest will also be wrong. You know that well. This is a warning."

"Ah-huh..."

"And this membership. You use your twin's credit card. So aside from buttoning something up wrongly, you're also a thief."

I thought no one would ever know...

CHAPTER 14

MAY'S FRIEND

As I'm typing my novel, I think about whether I have someone like that in my life-someone who orbits around me and disappears without me even knowing it. I feel bad for the person I did that to... Like this character in my novel...Marisa continues to lie and be in love with Nub-Dao without having the courage -to tell her that she's actually not her real lover. Their relationship is based on a very fragile foundation... When the day comes that Marisa is caught, the sand castle she's built will be swept away by the waves as if it were never there. Will I end up like that? Just thinking about it makes my heart ache.

"I probably won't go... I'm still not feeling well."

Metavee's voice, talking on the phone, causes me to stop typing. I try to listen because I'm curious as to who she's talking to. The conversation revolves around her trying to turn the other party down. So when she hung up. I couldn't help but ask her.

"Who was that?"

"My high school friend."

"Did she invite you to go on a trip?"

"It's a reunion. Well, only with friends in my class. But I'm not going. I don't want to meet anyone in this condition."

"You simply cannot see. It's not like you can't walk or don't have a head."

I interrupt, disagreeing with her.

"Moreover, you look very normal. Your friend should have no problems."

No one knows that I'm blind."

"You haven't told anyone?"

"It's best that I don't go. I don't want to answer any questions. It's an occasion to brag about how everyone is doing, how rich you are, and to see who has accomplished the most."

"Are you being too pessimistic? When I meet up with my old friends, we don't brag like that."

"You have no idea what my social circle is like, Aum."

"Then can you show me what it's like?"

I walk over to hold the petite one's hand to give her some encouragement. She's still standing where she was.

"I want to know every aspect of you."

"But..."

"Please... Don't you want to show me, your lover, off to your friends?"

"A girlfriend?"

Metavee laughs a little not believing what she just heard.

"You've changed a lot, Aum. You didn't even hold my hand when we were outside before. You were terrified of how others would look at us "

Was Aobe-Aum like that... No wonder her airline-owner husband never knew that she had a girlfriend. Even her family didn't know. Ah... But I wasn't close to her, so it's not a surprise.

"I will let you announce it to us this time..Tell them I'm your girlfriend... And as usual, I'll be your ears and eyes."

"Aren't you afraid that you'd be laughed at for having a blind and jobless girlfriend? I'm no longer a lawyer."

"I don't see how you're not normal. You can't see, but your other senses are better than others. How about this... If you feel uncomfortable once we're there, we can leave at any time. Okay?"

"Still.."

"I know you want to go."

"Who told you that?"

"I can sense that you want to show off how rich and successful you are. You're just not confident about your eyes."

"Don't act like you know me well. Who says I want to show off?"

"You're the mother of showing off. You can't drive, but you bought a brand new, red, convertible Mercedes-Benz. Geeeeeez. I want to shout to Mars."

"I hate you!"

Metavee scrunches her face, looking irritated that I know her thoughts. She gives me a thumbs down but turns in the wrong direction because she doesn't know where I am exactly.

"Boo,"

I give the petite woman a quick peck on the cheek and say to her casually.

"I'm making up with you."

The reunion is around two weeks after that, and I'm eventually successful in dragging Metavee to the party. The event takes place at a recently opened restaurant that her friend owns. Many came to congratulate this friend, so there was almost no parking left. Yet Metavee's convertible motivates the guard to find us parking, hoping for a heavy tip. And he got it...

Today, the sweet-faced woman is wearing a tight-fitting sacque that is probably bloody expensive. The cutting is very delicate from head to toe. She also didn't hold back on the watch, purse, Jimmy Choo shoes, and sunglasses...She said she couldn't come without them. She doesn't want others to see that her eyes wander all over the place and realize that she's not normal....My job today is to guide her around and describe what's going on for her. But someone who can't see can't act totally normal. Metavee may stumble a little or act a bit awkward. But I'll support her until she reaches her goal.

"May."

A sweet, clear voice comes from inside. Everyone turns to Metavee and goes quiet, like they are stunned. Of course... the lawyer is very beautiful today. Though she can't see, she ordered for me to pick out the clothes of this and that color in the closet for her effectively. She's very savvy at mixing and matching them for this final look.

"Congratulations on the new restaurant, Ploy."

"Your friend is coming in to hug you."

As soon as I whisper that, Metavee gets ready for the hug. though she sways a bit. This friend is probably quite close to her.

"We haven't met for so many years. You're even more beautiful than before. You no longer wear eyeglasses too."

The restaurant owner says that sincerely and looks at Metavee from head to toe like she's scanning her soul.

"You were already so cute when we were in school. I heard that you're a lawyer... Wow, you must be so rich."

And as expected, what Metavee wants to happen does. I try to hide my smile and sneak a peek at Metavee to see if she slips and gives anything away. But no, she keeps her composure well.

"Where should I sit?"

"Our friends are over there. Follow me."

Metavee quickly lets go of Ploy's hand, who's leading the way. She grabs my hand instead, which surprises her friend a lot.

"I'm sorry, Miss Ploy. May's leg is hurt, she can't walk too fast... I'll support her in."

"Ah. Okay."

I lie to May's friend instantly, so she doesn't suspect anything before I take Metavee to sit with her friends. I sit nearby so I can help make sure she doesn't spill the food and beverages throughout her time with her friends. Her friends seem especially interested in Metavee and keep asking about...

"How much is the watch?"

"Do you have any clients who are relatives of politicians? Can you hook me up?"

As I sit here, I know more about Metavee's education and career. The petite woman became a lawyer at 23, took the test to become an assistant prosecutor at 25, and resigned to work as a lawyer again at 27. Now she's 30, and she will be 31 in 3 months. She's so capable... I'm the same age but haven't made anything of myself, except for pretending to be my younger twin so I can be with her. Aside from learning about her life, I also learned about her friends' lives. Metavee was nervous about meeting them because they keep competing based on their status, education, and blood line. It's a such a nonsensical thing to do. I start to understand why the

person next to me wants to come show off her wealth. They all compete like they aren't even friends.

"Why should a woman work? It's better to just marry a rich guy. It's tiring to be like May. You have to fight with strangers all the time."

Metavee doesn't respond. She just pretends to sip some water and smiles from the corner of her mouth.

"I heard that a lawyer must take all kinds of cases. If your client is a criminal or someone who's really guilty, you'd have to take the case... Being rich but evil doesn't work for me."

"What are you doing. Ple?"

Metavee asks her friend. And it seems like Ple was waiting for that.

"I'm married."

"Your husband must be really rich since you say that working is tiring."

Everyone at the table has gone quiet, as they can sense that the mood has turned sour because Metavee is not having it. Yet Ple doesn't care and continues to brag.

"I used to be his secretary. We get along well, so he hit on me. Now I'm married and just stay home, not having to work."

"Aren't you afraid of becoming disabled?"

"What?"

"If you do nothing, you'll become disabled. Also, be wary that your husband will get a mistress because you've become worthless."

"Why are you saying this?"

Ple raises her voice when Metavee sarcastically attacks her. Metavee just crosses her arms and leans back like she doesn't care.

"I'm just concerned about you. Housewives who just live on their husbands income tend to become poor when they divorce. I've handled many divorce cases. You get a lot in the end, but there are a lot of hardships along the way. Not to mention the kids... so pitiful. Worthless."

As a means of interrupting her, I reach out and touch Metavee on the arm but the little woman seems unconcerned. She continues to smile merrily from the corner of her mouth. I can sense her mean side, which no one could ever like.

"That's enough. Let's eat. And...there is good music here too."

Ploy hurriedly plays some music. And my heart immediately trembles because it's the song that Metavee and I have agreed that we love because it's very nice. It's also the song that's the inspiration for my novel.

"Your song."

Metavee says that with a smile. They say that music can change your mood, and it seems to be working now.

"I'll go to the restroom. I'm moody."

Ple, who was arguing with Metavee, seems very frustrated, but she doesn't want to lose and go home, so she goes to the restroom to calm down instead. As soon as she leaves, everyone claps their hands.

"You were great, May. Someone needs to give it to her for bragging on about her wealth nonstop. What's with her keeping saying that her husband is supporting her financially? Someone who doesn't work is really worthless, like you said "

"If you all are this unhappy, why didn't you talk back at her? Why do you wait for others to do it and act all happy behind her back like this? How is this sincere?"

Metavee snaps back, almost breaking up the crowd. I have to give this lawyer the nickname... "break up the crowd." Excellent

"Why do you have to wear sunglasses all the time?"

Ploy walks over to sit beside Metavee and starts a conversation, like she wants to change the mood. I can sense that the petite woman somewhat respects her.

"My eyes can't deal with lights well."

"Did you inject too much glutathion into yourself? No wonder your skin is so radiant."

"Crazy. I don't dare inject chemicals into my body."

"You're saying all this is natural, huh?"

"Nothing is fake, except the Pateka Philippe watch on my wrist."

Metavee pretends to whisper that to Ploy to make her laugh. I can't hold my laughter in either. I know it's just a joke. A person who likes to show off as much as she does will not wear a fake, for sure because if she gets caught, it would be too embarrassing.

"I believe that everything on your body is natural. I'm very familiar with your body."

The friend with a beautiful smile puts her hand on Metavee's thigh and strokes it meaningfully.

"I miss you, May."

I look at that act with interest... a lot of interest.

"Ah... I forgot to introduce you two. This is my girlfriend, Aobe-Aum."

Metavee suddenly introduces me to everyone at the table, making them all look at me with interest. Some look surprised, while others seem to have regret. I can't tell who is the cause of those regrets-the lawyer who likes to show off her wealth or me.

"Have you two been together for a long time?"

Ploy turns to give me a cold smile. Yet her hand is still on her friend's thigh. And I'm starting to become frustrated.

"Around four years."

Even I didn't know that. Also, I forgot to ask about it....

"Have you changed at all since you graduated, May?"

"A lot. A lot of what I've gone through has turned me into this person. I've become someone who's hungry for money and has become older."

Everyone listens with interest. And suddenly, Metavee takes off her sunglasses to reveal the truth for everyone to see, though she seems so afraid of everyone knowing before this.

"And I'm also blind."

Ple, who went to the restroom to calm herself down, comes back to hear this. She sits down, out of strength, and asks, forgetting that they just fought.

"How did that happen?"

"There was an incident... As a lawyer, aside from fighting in the courtroom, you may get into a fight outside of it."

Once Ploy hears that, she cradles Metavee's face in her palms and turns it so Metavee can look her in the eye.

"You can't see me at all, May?"

"Ah-huh."

"Who did this to you?"

"Someone who was defeated."

"One of those that can't take defeat graciously."

One of her friends interrupts angrily.

"If the court already ruled on the casé, they should accept it, not come at the lawyer. If they weren't happy with the result, they should have lashed out at their lawyer."

"It's complicated..."

It seems like Metavee doesn't want to say more, but Ploy continues to ask because she wants to know what caused the sweet-faced woman to be in this condition.

"What did you do?"

"I helped the criminal get the least punishment he could get. I destroyed someone's life and also his family's well being, unforgivably... Ah, or to make it completely accurate.

"It's like I killed him myself."

CHAPTER 15

PROVE

Eventually, the party dies down. My job of taking care of Metavee has been taken away from me somehow because her friends seem to love and care about her as soon as they know what's what, especially Ploy, who is supporting the petite woman in her beautiful car.

"Don't worry, May. I believe that your eyes will heal,"

"Thank you. I really want to see your restaurant. But from what I can hear and smell, it's a wonderful and clean place. You will have a lot of customers."

"Come visit more often."

"I rarely leave home. This is the first time... Aum insisted that I come today."

Ploy looks at me a bit and smiles to show her gratitude.

"Thank you so much for allowing me to meet May today, Aum. Else, I'd never know how she's doing."

"I... Ah. I want her to see her friends. Staying at home all the time can be suffocating. Also, this is our date. I want to meet May's friends."

I say that without thinking much, but Metavee smiles from the corner of her mouth, like she likes what I just said.

"I'll go home first."

"I'll call you, May. Are you at the same place?"

"No. I bought a new house. Call me first if you plan to visit. I'll tell you the way."

Metavee gets ready to get into the car, but Ploy grabs her arm and hugs her tightly before she can do that. That causes my frustration to rise, yet I hold it in. Friends hugging like this is normal....

"I will definitely visit. Let's jog our memories."

"Sure."

"By the way..."

Ploy backs away from Metavee and asks something, like she wants me to hear it too.

"Have you found it?"

"What?"

"Your Pluto."

I look at the two women talking as if I'm not here. They talk like they are using Morse code in silence, using their brainwaves. Miss Ploy can be quite annoying.

"I don't have a Pluto. It's me... who's Pluto."

"You two seem very close."

I, who is taking the driver's role, scrunch my lips a bit when I talk about Ploy. Metavee leans her ear closer to me, like she wants to hear it clearly, and smiles merrily.

"Though I can't see how you look right now, from your voice, I can tell that you're jealous."

"Who's jealous? Not me. I'm just curious as to what type of friend is so touchy. What about talking in codes only the two of you can understand... Have you met Pluto? I want to go Geeeeeeeeez as far as Mars."

"You know what Pluto is. So it wasn't just me and her that understood."

"I still want to go, Geeeeeeeeez."

I twist my mouth to show my dissatisfaction. I've never been jealous in my life. This is the first time, and it's frustrating.

"We were together."

Metavee admits it easily, without thinking of hiding it from me to make me more frustrated.

"So we may seem closer than others."

"They say that there are two types of lovers who have broken up but can still be friends. There are those who still love each other. And another are those who never loved each other."

"And third, they want to keep the good relationship they have with each other. Ex-lovers can be friends. Don't be so close-minded."

"Don't speak. The person who's the most close-minded is you. You fired a doctor just for talking to me."

"You don't have an ex that you are still friends with?"

"Ah..."

I start to stutter when I think of my past. I'm not bad looking, so I have a lot of ex-lovers. And I was the one who broke up with them all.

"I do."

"So what are you between, still loving them or having never loved them?"

"None of those."

When Metavee realizes that she won this argument, she smiles merrily. Because she cannot see it, I twist my mouth and extend my tongue toward her

Bleeeh!.

"Who's your Pluto?"

I changed the topic. Metavee leans back in her seat and turns her head toward me. Through our eyes are not meeting, she's showing that she wants to talk to me.

"You're interested because Ploy talks about it?"

"I hear about it so often lately. You just mentioned it the other day, so I think I should be interested."

The petite woman goes quiet for a bit, as if she's thinking about it...

"It was a long time ago. It was during high school... I had a crush on a girl from another school."

The sweet-faced woman smiles as she thinks about her past in the dark.

"I was a nerd. Though I excelled in the classroom, I was a total wimp in the real world. I got bullied for money."

"Huh?"

"Yeah. I went to tutoring school in Siam, and a senior from my school always bullied me for money. I didn't dare to fight anyone, so I gave it to her. Then, one day, the girl I had a crush on showed up."

"She helped me and fought with the senior right in front of me. It's not what a good student should do, but I thought she was so cool. Though she didn't know me she extended her hand to help me. That senior backed away, but... she took my money."

"Wow. It's the suspension bridge theory. Maybe you didn't like her. Maybe it was just the rush of adrenalin. Your heart was racing because of the excitement, and you happened to be looking at her, so you thought it was love."

"What's the suspension bridge theory?"

"How to explain it... It's like when we're in shock, our hearts will race like we're standing on a suspension bridge. And if someone happens to help us, then that person would seem like a knight in shining armor. We fall in love with that person immediately because we think that our hearts raced because of that person."

I think I remember this theory from some cartoon... Never mind.

"I don't know... I knew which school she was from the initial on her shirt. I went to wait for her at school every day, No... I mean, some days because I had tutoring too. I didn't even know if I'd meet her again. I asked someone to give her snacks too. It was the most stupid thing I've ever done."

"You have a romantic side in you. Have you spoken to her directly?"

"I sent her a letter, but I never got any response. So I gave up and disappeared... the end."

I glance at Metavee, who ends her story quickly and laughs.

"You cut to the ending quickly. So you were her Pluto?"

"To be accurate, she's the galaxy I wanted to be in."

"What if you were to meet your galaxy now?"

"I will approach her. I will try to be on the planet list that doesn't get cut out."

"What about Aum?"

"I'll dump you, haha."

"So mean."

I bare my teeth at her when I hear her laugh out loud. I step on the brake at a red light and raise my hands up to make a wish, loud and clear.

"God, please help me. Please do not let Metavee meet her galaxy."

"Do you really think God will help you on this? That's ridiculous. You're so silly. LOL."

I glance at Metavee's laughter makes me melt as I scrunch my face.

"That's not funny."

"Why not?"

"Because if you find your galaxy and dump me, I will be your Pluto... Ah. When I think this way, it's really sad."

I realize that one day, when the truth is revealed that I'm not Aobe-Aum, Metavee will dump me too. We will be just people who knew each other. Or, the petite one may be so mad that she never forgives me for tricking her, like in a TV series... But this is real life, and it's more dramatic than any TV series. I tricked a blind person. I fell in love with my younger twin's lover. No matter how you look at it, what I did can't be forgiven.

I will become Metavee's Pluto. The beautiful woman in front of me would not want to remember me. Or if she does, it would be only for a split second before she pretends to forget me due to hatred.

"Why are you suddenly sad?"

"Me? Sad?"

"I can sense it, though I can't see, I sense the mood around me. I told you that my senses are very good."

Metavee reaches out her hand to stroke my hand. She then clasps all five fingers with mine, as if she's consoling me.

"You're the most important thing for me. It's always been this way, Aum."

"What about your galaxy?"

"She's not important anymore."

We sit quietly the rest of the way home... letting the conversation end at that implausible line. Not important? But from your voice, it's not like that at all.

I go to see Pang at her condo, feeling a bit down. It's lucky that Pang left none of her keycards with me for when I want to come while she travels, Otherwise, I would have to go home looking like a sad dog, and my mom would say something sarcastic at me. I'm still down... I can't get Metavee's galaxy out of my head. Though Metavee kissed me one second longer as a reward before I left the story about Pluto is stuck in my head.

Unthinkingly... I knock on the door to let my friend know I'm coming in, and as I enter the room, I see a stranger embracing my friend. I have to hurriedly look away.

"Shit! I'm sorry. I didn't think anyone was here. I'm leaving."

"Wait. Ai."

Pang rushes over to me, looking shocked. But I'm too embarrassed to look at her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know you had a guest. I'll come back later."

"It's okay. You're not interrupting anything. Pim is about to leave."

"Pim?"

I frown a bit as I turn to get a good look at the stranger. I became curious,

"She's a woman."

"Ah-huh."

"You were hugging a woman."

"Ah-huh."

"Is she your colleague?"

"My husband."

"Huh!?"

"Pim is my husband."

My jaw dropped at the end of that statement. My beautiful friend sighs and closes my mouth with her hand.

"A fly will fly into your mouth... Okay, you don't need to ask; I'll tell you myself. I have a girlfriend."

The other beautiful woman in the room smiles at me shyly. Her casual look and long hair make me think of someone. Ah... myself.

"I'll come back later."

"It's okay. Pim is heading back."

Pim looks awkward, so Pang gives her a hand signal to leave. Not long after that, her husband left without saying anything. I look at the door and my friend repeatedly because I'm still confused and don't understand what's going on.

"I've been your friend for over ten years, but I've never known that you like women."

"Because you never care about me. You only care about yourself."

When I hear that, I look like I have dog poop in my mouth.

"Crazy. I care about you. But you never told me that you're bisexual."

"I'm not bisexual. I only like women."

"Huh?"

"I'm a lesbian."

I put my hand on my chest. Pang walks to the refrigerator and pours water for herself. She drinks it and burps, not caring how it makes her look. I continue to look at her and roll my eyes.

"Does your husband know that you burp this loud?"

"I only show her my good sides."

"You've kept this a secret from me for so long. I've never suspected that you like women."

"You've never asked."

"I tell you about all my ex-lovers. You should tell me about who you're seeing too."

"I told you I have a lover. I just didn't give you the details."

I look at Pang, knowing that she didn't dare tell me because she was afraid that I would look at her differently.

"Were you afraid that I would look at you differently because you like women?"

"It's not something to tell the world."

"I told you that I like Metavee."

"Are you sure you really like her?"

"I've never felt like this with anyone....I was jealous of her today when she was hugging her ex. They had memories together. They talked about Pluto, which I don't know about. Arrgghhh."

"You were jealous?"

"Ah-huh... Aside from envying her ex I also envy the person in her heart. By the way... do you know Pluto?"

"Yes. It's a planet that was taken off the list of planets in our galaxy."

I look at my friend, stunned. Pang just shrugs.

"It may not look like it, but I'm knowledgeable... And Pluto was someone in Metavee's life in the past?"

She not only knows that Pluto was taken off the list of planets in our galaxy but she also knows what it means.

"No... She was Pluto in someone's life."

I hunch my back, feeling down and out.

"The relationship between May and I is still good. But what if one day she meets that person... I will be dumped."

"You won't be dumped."

"Huh?"

"You were never there in the first place. And when Metavee finds this out, you will be Pluto in her life. I warned you to stay away from her."

Every time we talk about Metavee. Pang will look frustrated. Sometimes I suspect that she fears that I would love someone else more than her.

"I like May... I can't stay away from her. Things are getting better."

"You feel good just from kissing her?"

"Yes. Like I said, I've never felt like this with anyone before."

"Except this woman."

"Yes."

"How many women have you kissed?"

"One."

"That doesn't prove anything."

"Just one is enough. Why do I have to prove it by kissing so many women? Moreover, no woman would let me kiss her easily."

"Who says so?"

Pang grabs my collar and quickly pulls me in for a kiss.

"I'm the second woman that you kissed."

"Did you like it?"

"H... Huh?"

Pang looks me in the eye and asks seriously. I'm blushing like I've never blushed before, especially with a friend,

"Do you like me?"

CHAPTER 16

IMAGINATION

There's tension in the air between Pang and me. This pressure is making me feel nauseous, and I literally can't breathe. As I look for a way out, my friend, who's been observing my reaction closely, flicks her fingers on my forehead.

"Ouch."

"Why do you look like you have dog poop in your mouth? It was just a test to see your reaction because I, too, am a woman."

"I... It's..."

I'm still not sure if my friend really wanted to test my reaction or whether it was something else. But because the look in Pang's eyes is different from before, I'm nervous and don't dare look at her in the eye.

"If you don't feel anything when you kiss me, who is also a woman, you probably really like Metavee... Why don't you introduce me to her? I want to get to know her."

"Okay. I will if I have a chance."

I shift uneasily and get up from my friend's bed.

"Better leave."

"What? You just came. You're leaving already?"

"Yeah. I'm a bit tired today. I've been to many places. And I interrupted your time with your girlfriend too."

"Never mind."

"Okay. See you later."

I swing my huge purse over my arms and get ready to leave. As I open the door, Pang's voice stops me.

"Don't overthink."

It's a plain phrase, but I am startled. I stand still and do not dare turn to face my friend. In the many years that we've known each other, I've never felt uncomfortable around her like this. This is the first time....

"Ah-huh. I won't. See you later."

Can I let it go?

I spend more time with Metavee Because I don't want to stay home. My mom keeps whining about me not landing a job and just hanging out all day. And, of course, I am compared to my younger twin again. Though I'm strong-willed and act like I don't care, because I always think that my mom cursing me is like she's giving me a blessing, comparing me to Aobe-Aum over and over again is too much to bear.

Why isn't there only me in this world...?

"What are you thinking, Aum?"

Metavee's voice startles me out of my daze. We are making out... Ah, let's say we are sniffing each other. Since what happened in the bathroom, we've become closer to each other.

"What is it, May?"

"What are you thinking?"

"You know that my mind is wandering?"

"Of course. You don't seem to be focusing on me. Normally, you love to do these things."

I'm a bit embarrassed when she says that. But actually, I have so many things in my head right now, including my kiss with Pang the other day.

"Sometimes I really think that you can see but pretend to be blind."

"Why would I do that?"

"Maybe... you want me to continue to take care of you. You love me a lot."

"Eww. You're so full of yourself."

I feel that we are closer lately. When we first met, I was a bit stiff, and Metavee was very authoritative. She wanted to seem better than me. But now we act and treat each other as equals, so no one dares put the other person down. It's strange... What happened when she was with Aum? Why did she have to act all authoritative like that?

"I'm thinking about... what it would be like if I couldn't see too."

"There's nothing good about that."

"How so?"

"You would be both ugly and blind."

I raise my hand and act as if I'm about to poke the sweet-faced woman who's annoying me in the eyes. If I'm not beautiful, who is? She's going too far.

"You have no idea how popular I am, among guys. I've had 18 boyfriends, you know?"

"Are you Wanthong, Mora, or Gagif.?"

Why do I feel as if I'm being attacked after every action? I'm trying to brag here.

"No matter how many boyfriends I've had, I'm still a virgin."

"What virgin? You've been mine since the first day we got together. You were so easy."

"Huh?"

"Why are you shocked? Don't you remember? It was in a car."

I drop my jaw. My imagination about how hot the love scene was is running wild in my head. Is Aum like that? Who does something like that the first day they meet? Ew.

"A woman doesn't count."

I try to get away with it.

"Virgin means a person of a different gender hasn't smashed his private part into mine, and it breaks."

"What break?"

"Tears, maybe. Geez..."

And we've become more raw toward each other too. They say the more we talk about these things, the closer we become. It's like an open-heart conversation, allowing us to accept each other's sexual desires on a certain level. But we've never gone this far. What's going on today?

"Then I'm a virgin too, because I've never been with a man."

"How many women?"

"That's a secret."

"Annoying."

I twist my mouth a little. You can't tell a book from its cover. Despite her sweet and reserved appearance, she is a seductive Casanova. I sometimes want to kick her out the window.

"Let's go back to our topic. You said that you want to know how I feel not being able to see?"

"Ah-huh."

"That's easy. Try walking with yours eyes closed."

"I will unconsciously open my eyes."

"Then... use a blind fold. Try it."

"Why do I hear excitement in your voice?"

"I feel like there's someone going through what I'm going through too, I guess,"

When I hear that, I feel guilty. It's a good idea. If I try blind folding myself, I will feel what Metavee feels and understand how difficult it is to live life when you can't see. So I grab a scarf from Metavee's closet and blindfold myself. The petite woman, who's having fun with this experiment, touches my face to make sure that I can't see.

"How many fingers?"

"Two."

"Hey. You can see?"

"I guessed right?"

"Let's try again. How many fingers?"

"Four."

"Okay. You can't see... Come on. Get up and walk."

This time, Metavee leads the way. Though she can't see the way as well, Metavee let go of my hand, yet the freedom I just received brings me fear. I'm afraid that I would walk into stuff. I keep imagining that there are obstacles in front of me. I'm scared... I don't dare take a step.

"Walk."

"I'm scared."

So this is how it feels. After being able to see your entire life, suddenly all you see is darkness. It's lonely, isolated, empty, and scary. That's why Metavee doesn't like leaving the house. It's because she doesn't know what's ahead of her. I try to sweep my hands around, expecting to find the petite woman, but all I can feel is emptiness. I can hear her, but I can't pinpoint where she's standing.

"May... Where are you?"

"Near you."

"I'm not playing anymore."

"No. It's not even five minutes yet. You're giving up already? I've been living with it for almost two years. Try to feel what I feel."

"It's..."

Thud.

I walk into the closet so hard that I fall back. It's lucky that I fell onto the bed, not too far away. Still, I almost had a heart attack.

"I can't do it. It's suffocating."

I'm running out of patience and am about to take off the blindfold. But the petite one grabs my shoulder before I can.

"It's okay. I'm right here."

"May..."

The soft jasmine fragrance in the air makes me feel safe. Metavee's slender hands cradle my face and stroke it consolingly.

"This is one of the excitements when you can't see."

"What?"

"Touches..."

Metavee's voice is getting closer and closer, until I can sense that she's only a palm-length away from me.

"Your touch sense will be sharper. You will be excited with every touch because you don't know what the other person will do next."

"You can never tell what the other person's facial expression is like. How they look at you when they talk to you. You can only try to sense it from their tone of voice."

"May..."

"That's why I don't want to meet anyone. I don't want to guess whether they like or dislike talking to me."

I reach my hand out to hold the slender hands that are cradling my cheeks and rub the back of her hands softly, though I can't see.

"I like talking to you."

"I know. That's why I choose to have you near me and do things with me. It's because I trust you... You have my trust. So, please trust me while you're blindfolded like this."

As soon as she finishes saying that, she presses her lips against mine. Because I can't see and wasn't expecting this, the excitement is exponentially higher than usual. Metavee presses my shoulder so that I lay down on the bed and licks my lower lip gently, like a cat licking its fur. It's true... My touch sense is a lot sharper. It's exciting from not knowing what will happen next, so you can't prepare or be on guard.

"Oh..."

The petite one's hand sweeps under my shirt and makes its way up. It touches my breast without me expecting it. I startle and am reaching for my blind fold, but am ordered not to by the authoritative lawyer.

"Don't take it off."

"But..."

"You should experiment until the end"

How far is the end? The moist lips make their way from my chin to my ear, this is her house, so she's more familiar and can move around with ease.

"You can still guess which direction to go... Let's do this."

And the sly lawyer, who's having a lot of fun with this, spins me around like I'm a top. I can't tell the direction and am so dizzy that I almost fall down. But the slender hand supports me before I do.

"Okay... This is the real test. Try walking around."

"Huh..."

My emotions are rising, and I'm starting to breathe heavily. I don't know what's happening to my body. I can only control my hands at the moment, so I wrap them around Metavee's neck and hug it tightly before I ask her to stop.

"Please, stop. I... I don't know what to do."

"One more thing, then."

"What?"

"A kiss."

"Just a kiss, okay?"

"Ah-huh... just a kiss."

Metavee presses her lips against mine again. This time, however, is not like the others. This time, the soft tongue enters my mouth. I'm startled and ready to flee, but my body is pressed down, as if she's not letting me get away.

"A bit more..."

"May."

"Just a bit more."

After trying to get away, I started to what to respond. Though I'm at a loss for what to do, it's better than not doing anything at all. After rejecting it, I'm complying. After trying to run away, I'm teasing her and playing with her in a slow melody.

"Okay. I'll stop."

Metavee moves back and gets up. I'm completely exhausted and can only lie in bed panting, as if I'm dying from a lack of oxygen. I didn't do much, so why am so tired?

"So, what was it like to not see anything?"

I hurriedly get up and take off my blindfold. I leave the blindfold hanging on my neck as I answer the petite woman.

"It's... different."

"When we were kissing, you must sexy."

I have thought that I so was.

"Huh?"

"The person in your imagination is always better than the real person. When you had your eyes blindfolded, you must have imagined how I look and how I look at you..."

Metavee reaches out her hand to pat my face and lock target as she peck kisses me on the corner of my mouth. It feels

completely different from earlier.

"That's why they say that imagination is more important than knowledge."

"You're bad."

"And you will imagine more and more... about me."

I don't want to admit it, but what happened today has made me unable to sleep all night. Normally, I go to bed at 11 p.m. or at most 1 a.m. But... I'm still awake. It's because of that kiss... that kiss, which is not like any other. Metavee Twisted everything by just changing the touch from using only the lips to adding in the tongue. It's like every sense of mine was stimulated. And yes... the images of the petite woman are flooding my mind. I imagined her facial expression when my eyes were blind folded, though couldn't see her.

When we kissed... was she smiling? When we kissed... was she frowning because I didn't know what to do? When we kissed... did she look curious as to why it didn't feel like it used to when she kissed Aobe-Aum, my younger twin? Geez! They are all my imaginations, just images in my head. There is no truth in them.

Gulp... Gulp...

I come downstairs to drink water because I'm thirsty. I don't know what to do, so I'm looking at my Facebook feed on my phone, in case it will make me sleepy. But everyone is already asleep at this time, so there are not many updates... So boring. Come to think of it... If there's nothing interesting on my timeline, I can checkout Aobe-Aum's timeline.

When I get this idea, I run upstairs and grab my younger twin's phone, which I had no interest in prying into before. The phone can be unlocked easily because I look like my twin. A conscience suddenly rises in me, causing me to pause a bit. Actually... I shouldn't do something like this. But I'm pretending to be my younger twin. If I know more about her life. I can do it better.

I guess... as long as Aobe-Aum doesn't know about it, I'm not guilty of anything. Cool....

Ring!!

As soon as I make the decision to do something bad, the phone in my hand rings. Panic causes me to startle and jump up, hugging my knees on the bed. When I first heard the ring. I felt like I'd been caught doing something wrong. Yet, when I get a hold of myself, I slowly take a peek at who's calling... into Aobe-Aum's phone.....Metavee.

When I see who's on the line, I rushed over to pick up the phone with my heart racing.

"Hello."

[You're not asleep yet? It's already very late.]

The petite one's nasal tone is surprisingly lively, like a bright sky, which is the polar opposite of the dark sky outside right now. I'm so curious that I have to ask her back.

"And why aren't you asleep yet this late at night?"

[It's the same for me, no matter what time it is. I'm always surrounded by darkness.]

"I'm having trouble sleeping tonight."

I answer Metavee's initial question because I don't want her to dwell on her blindness.

"I'm surprised you called."

[Are you unable to sleep because you're thinking of me?]

"So full of yourself. Why would I be thinking of you?"

I smile at the phone.

"You can't sleep because you think of me?"

[So full of yourself.]

We both go quiet. What happened today replays in my head again and again. It makes my heart pound at the wrong time. It's a lonely time. Ah... it's very lonely.

"May."

[Huh?]

"I really do miss you."

I confess frankly and rub my face. I thought that Metavee would tease me, but she replies with the same tone of voice.

[I miss you too.]

"So, we're missing each other."

I put my hand on my left chest. My heartaches. Missing someone is so painful. I've never been like this before.

"We see each other every day. Why do we still miss each other?"

[I think it's physical.]

"How so?"

[We have sexual desire.]

I am astounded by Metavee's candor. But I'm not overreacting or telling her not to talk like this. I just go quiet as I think about how I should respond.

"You always turn the conversation to this topic."

[I miss you. It would be nice if... If you could come to spend the night with me tonight. Can you come?]

The voice asking for tenderness makes me go soft. I'm like a teenager with raging hormones whose boyfriend, whom she's madly in love with, told her that he wants to meet her now.

"It's really late. I can't go."

My heart is racing. I felt like I was panting when I said that. In my head, I imagine Metavee in her sleeping clothes... a loose, white shirt with nothing underneath it, Yes... nothing else to cover her body.

[Then..]

"Then..."

I repeat after her without thinking of teasing her. It's only because I can't think of anything to say right now. I'm in a daze, listening to the voice at the other end of the line.

[Let's do something to lower our tensions.]

"Like what?"

Metavee pauses, like she's thinking. I anxiously want to hear what she will suggest.

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. .
. .
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. .

[Sex phone.]

CHAPTER 17

SEX PHONE

Suddenly, there is silence between us. Metavee seems to be waiting to see how I would react to her suggestion, while I still couldn't decide. If I hang up... it would be like losing. But if I don't, I have to play her game. No. It's an excuse. I'm still that teenager with raging hormones whose heart trembles when she hears the voice of her teenage boyfriend, whose hormones are also raging... I mean, that's how I feel. And I also want to know what a sex phone would be like. There's nothing to it. It's just our voices...

"Why not... What do I need to do?"

[Describe what you're wearing.]

The person on the other end of the line initiates. I look down at my clothes and describe them as they are without much elaboration.

"Huh? It's just a long-sleeve pajama and pants in yellow with a Pokemon design."

[That doesn't sound like something an author would describe. Short, Colorless, and No emotions.]

"If you're so good, describe yours to show me how a good author should describe it. What are you wearing? Elaborate. If you can't do it well, I'll say that back to you and more.

[I'm not wearing anything.]

"Huh?"

[My body is as cold as ice. It results from the air conditioning's cooling effect. Some parts of my body are hard as the cool air touches...]

"May."

I'm starting to imagine, according to the words from the other end of the line. My imagination in the afternoon replays in my head again as I remain quiet and concentrate on listening to Metavee. My body is becoming warm, and then hot.

[I only have a thin blanket over my body. As I lay in bed, I imagined that the blanket over my body was the body of my girlfriend named... Aobe-Aum.]

[Your hand is slowly brushing my skin from my hip to my breast. You are lying lower than me and hugging me from the back. Your fingers are caressing my nipples... Ah...]

I'm trembling as I hear the moans from the other side of the line. I'm imagining what she describes scene by scene, and I can't help but....

"I repeatedly kiss the nape of your neck nonstop..."

I start to describe it as I close my eyes.

"Your body is trembling and sweat is seeping out of your skin. I can hear your heavy breathing..."

The other side of the line goes quiet. I can only hear heavy breathing. My hand is slowly brushing all over my body without me knowing it.

[Hug me...]

"I'm hugging you... I like your smell."

[What do I smell like?]

"You have an alluring jasmine scent on you from your hair... shoulders... My lips are moving down to your hourglass waist. I'm all tense because you wouldn't let me taste..."

[You're doing well.]

"I lift your legs with my arms, but it's not very convenient. It'd be good if you..."

[If I what?...]

"If you spread your legs for me,"

[What will you do to me...]

"I want to taste you."

[No.]

"Why not?"

[If you can... you will not come to see me again.]

Suddenly, the person on the other end of the line cut the conversation short, though we were in the zone.

[Miss me in misery.]

"You have a way to lower your tension; what about me... What am I to do now?"

[Continue to suffer... If you can't stand it, come see me early in the morning.]

And the line is cut just like that. My heart is racing as I continue to stare at the phone. She knows how to lower her tension. But I can't do anything.... Foul play!!!

I woke up at 6 a.m.... Wrong. Let's try again... I haven't slept all night. I intend to leave my house at 8 a.m. to go see Metavee, and if she asks why I'm there, I will say that I don't know. It's like I crave her physically. Crave... But I don't know how to consume it. Do you know what that's like? It's so frustrating. After I get ready, I look at the clock every twenty minutes. When the short hand of the clock touches 8 and the long one touches 12, I jump up from the sofa to leave home. Yet... an unexpected guest arrives.

"Pang."

"How's it going?"

It's an awkward moment for two best friends who've kissed. I look away because I don't know what to do.

"You come see me at 8 a.m.?"

"I just flew back at 5 a.m., and I can't sleep... So, I thought I should come see you. What's surprising is that you're up this early. Is the world coming to an end?"

"Is there anything urgent?"

"I can't come if there isn't?"

We stare at each other as I scratch my head so hard that my scalp is coming off.

"Arrgggh. Why is it so awkward between us?"

"Why don't you act normal? Let's talk."

Pang signals for us to go talk in front of the house by pointing her mouth in that direction.

"It seems like I haven't met you for a while."

"Yeah."

How could we have met? I don't dare face my friend since she kissed me that day. I can sense deep inside that Pang expected me to really like her after that kiss. I know how Pang feels. To hurt her by saying, 'I can't love you', is nothing less than to cut off a friend. So I tried to avoid her. If I disappear for a while, it will seem like nothing has happened when we meet again.

"You disappeared. How are you doing?"

Pang initiates the conversation so that it's not too quiet between us. I glance at her and nod.

"As usual. Heart pounding."

"Please give me an update."

The beautiful friend crosses her arms as she listens, but I don't say anything because I don't know how to say it.

"Pang... Shall we talk about our kiss?"

"I thought you didn't want to talk about it."

"I don't, but I think it's useless to avoid it. It may be more uncomfortable if we do."

I tell her honestly.

"How long have you felt this way... about me?"

"Long."

"Since?"

"From the start."

"You liked me from the start?"

"Ah-huh."

My friend's honest confession makes me shy but also more awkward.

"Why do you like me?"

"Must there be a reason? I just love and like you... If there's a reason, then it isn't love."

Love is founded on emotions... I agree with her. I also can't say why I feel more for Metavee than anyone else, even though we don't have any shared experience. I know she's special just from one kiss.

"You still love me?"

"Yes."

"But you have a girlfriend."

"No one can replace you yet."

Pang admits that frankly, without trying to deny it one bit. It makes me embarrassed. I have turned down many guys, and I don't care how hurt they must have been. But with Pang, it's different. She's a friend whom I've known all my life. She knows all my crimes. We laughed together. We grew up together. I can't pretend to not feel anything...

"I don't want to lose you."

I share my thoughts. Pang eagerly nods understandingly.

"You won't lose me."

"Even if I can't feel the same way about you?"

"Loving you doesn't mean that I have to have sex with you."

When I heard that, I put my hand on my chest and rolled my eyes as if a truck had run me over.

"What did you just say?"

"I'm saying that I love you, but I don't expect to do those things with you. I can love you and be your friend like this until we're old."

"If that's what you really think, then why did you kiss me?"

"In case I have some hope. But if not, it's okay... I can take whatever outcome, as long as you don't disappear from my life."

Pang sighs like someone who's already accepted her fate.

"I don't want to be your Pluto."

"Pang."

"I know that it hurts. I hesitated a lot about whether I should have done it. But when I found out that you felt something for a woman, for a split second, I thought I had a chance. I'm not ugly. If you like women, you should have considered me first... not Metavee."

"But that's that. You only like Metavee. It's like I can only like you. No one can replace you... You're my world. Let me be your moon at least, not your Pluto."

"Being there but being forgotten."

When Pang finishes saying that, I dash in to hug her tightly and pat her back understandingly. I will never let my best friend, who's standing in front of me be forgotten because I know how much courage it took for her to confess her love to me. And I know... how scary it is to fear that you will be someone's Pluto.

"I acknowledge how you feel. But... I can only be your friend. Are you okay with that?"

"Okay."

"I can't imagine what it would be like to have sex with you."

I look so awkward that Pang laughs and hits my forehead.

"Crazy. I like you, but I've never thought about having sex with you. Frankly, it's really scary."

(Sob)

(Sob)

And the ambient changes back to one of two best friends who can talk about everything. I glance at my friend and tug her gently with my elbow.

"Are you sure you can be my friend?"

"I am right now."

"Then can I ask you something?"

"What?"

"What do you do when you're aroused?"

"That's too deep. You just broke my heart, and you're asking how I normally help myself?"

Pang hugs herself, looking scared."

I thought you just said you don't have those feelings when you're with me.

"I don't feel it with you... I'm so frustrated. Metavee played with me."

"How?"

"We played sex phone."

"What the ****. You're going to hell."

"Turn left at the junction."

I replied to her sentence because I'm also shocked at what I did.

"It's great that you showed up; please tell me..."

"What?"

"How do I help myself?"

"I'm going to faint."

The topic is probably... um, a bit too private for Pang. Though we talk about everything, for someone who just got her heart broken, she's not ready to talk about this. I understand that well. Though I didn't get my answer, I got a bit of advice from my best friend.

"How can you let her play you one sided? You have to play her too."

Come to think of it... I agree. Last night, the petite woman probably called me in the middle of the night because she couldn't sleep either. Well... we're both living flesh and blood, not robots who don't feel anything. If I feel it, she can feel it too. So why must I be the only one who suffers?

Eventually, I arrived at Metavee's place at almost noon. As soon as I arrive, I rush to the study room. I intend to make out with her to fulfill my hunger, but I have to kill that plan when I see someone else in there... someone who visits at the wrong time.

"Miss Ploy."

"Miss Aum."

Miss Ploy, the restaurant owner and Metavee's familiar past, is chit chatting merrily with the petite woman on the sofa. They are almost on top of each other. When the lawyer knows that I'm here, she smiles slightly and greets me like this is something normal.

"You're here, Aum."

"I didn't know that you had a guest."

"I've got to have some, or you would think that I have no friends at all."

I don't know what to do, so I sit on the opposite sofa and watch them talk merrily about their past that I wasn't part of.

"I remember that you rushed home right after the school bell rang."

"I didn't rush home. I rushed to the other school because I was afraid that, that person would go home before I got there."

"Why didn't May go see her? Why hide?"

"I thought that she didn't want to see me. She seemed easily irritated...Someone like that wouldn't like seeing me there."

"So you bought snacks to try to get on her good side?"

"She still paid no attention to me."

"What are you talking about?"

I, who had been sitting there for a while, interrupted because I felt like a third wheel. Ploy turns to me and answers for May.

"May's first love when she was in high school. What about you, Aum? Have you ever had a crush on someone?"

When I'm asked about how I exercise my charm, I sit up proudly.

"No. But a lot of people flirted with me."

"You're beautiful. That's not a surprise."

"You're beautiful too, Miss Ploy."

I compliment her back to be polite, but I'm sure I'm a lot better looking than her.

"Let's stop complimenting each other. Beauty doesn't mean anything if it doesn't make May interested in you."

Is she flirting with my girlfriend while I'm sitting right here? Geez. This doubles my frustration.

"But I've heard that you and May were together."

"Well... yes. I have to thank May's first love for ignoring her. So I got a chance to slip myself in perfectly."

Slip in perfectly! I'm now sitting with a stiff neck as I imagine what can be slipped into Metavee's body. And my eyes stop at her fingers....

"Who's on top?"

"What?"

My mindless question causes Miss Ploy to ask me to repeat my question and try to smile it off, though I'm sure they both heard my question. My frustration is making me lose my cool. And I'm never one to have much patience. Maybe... If I can't stand it any longer, I will reach my hand out to grab the petite woman by the head and slap her.

"I think... Ploy should go back now. Aum probably has something she has to talk to me about. It seems important."

"Huh?"

Ploy turns to look at me, who's looking very moody. Metavee tries to be polite and reaches her hand out to gently pat the person next to her on the cheek.

"I think we're about to have a fight."

"Oh..."

When Ploy hears that, she immediately pretends to look guilty.

"Then I'll excuse myself. Don't fight too much because of me. I'm just visiting."

"Please go first, Ploy."

Ploy smiles again as she grabs her purse and gets up. As soon as the door closes, the room goes quiet.

"Are you ready?"

Metavee says this as I look at the petite woman with sparkling eyes because I've been keeping it in since last night.

"Ready for what?"

"Ready to make out?"

At the end of that question, I jumped at Metavee, as if I were breaking into pieces from the inside. All the emotions I have held in since last night are being poured onto the person in front of me. I press my lips aggressively against hers to release my tension.

Metavee wraps her arms around my neck and jumps onto me, using her legs to wrap around my waist. I don't know where my strengths are from, but I manage to take Metavee to the sofa and kiss all over her face before I go back to her lips, taking in all the sweetness like I'm low on sugar.

"I miss you all night, Aum."

"I couldn't sleep at all. I didn't know what to do."

I nibble her shoulder as I unbutton her white shirt.

"You have to tell me... please."

"Okay... I will tell you every step of the way. I don't want to have any more patience."

The petite one grabs my wrist and forces me to slowly make my way to her breast. I massage the bouncy lump with cute aggression. I'm ready to pounce on her like an animal driven by its natural instinct to breed. As I'm massaging her breasts greedily, the phone rings. That causes me to stop midway.

"Don't pick it up."

Metavee is begging me. I bite my lips tight, hesitating whether I should press on or retreat. What about the pitiful look of the person underneath me?

"I can't... It may be important."

Ring...

The phone continues to ring nonstop. Pang and I had planned to do this. But when it comes to it... I'm very frustrated. We are about to reach the climax.

"Ko... We haven't talked for a while."

[Wild.]

"Yeah. We haven't met since then funeral."

[You went to the funeral? Why didn't you invite me... Ben's funeral? Gosh...]

"Yeah. Sure... I'm still unemployed. I'm always free for you."

[Such a drifter. You should get a job already. What do you live on these days... Your younger twin's credit card?]

"Do you want to meet other friends as well... Oh? Just the two of us? Is that a good idea? What if our old flame sparks again?"

I move back from Metavee and get up to talk on the phone in small voices. My emotions are being tamed, and I'm having fun observing Metavee's reaction. You're not the only one who can do this...

[Your small voice is hurting my ear. Do you have to make this voice when you talk to a man?]

"How many times have you insulted me?"

[What?]

"H... Huh..."

I unconsciously talk back to my friend, forgetting that I'm pretending to talk to my ex. So I hurriedly cover up by putting my hair behind my ear and continue.

"You still have such a big mouth, Ko. Okay, let's say... we got something to drink the day after tomorrow? You pay because I don't have a job."

[Poor you.]

"Ah-huh... I'm poor. Okay. See you. Bye."

At the end of that line, I immediately hung up because I was embarrassed. Metavee goes quiet and slowly sweeps her hair to the back. She unhurriedly buttons up her shirt as she bites her lip in an attempt to calm her frustration that I decided to pick up the phone. No. Maybe she's frustrated that I'm talking in small voices to my ex.

"Who was that on the line?"

"A friend."

"From?"

"My childhood friend."

"A man or a woman?"

"A man."

"Why do you have to use that voice? You never use it with me."

The petite woman keeps a straight face and starts to show her jealousy, as always.

"Not just a friend, huh?"

"Well... probably the same as Miss Ploy and you. But don't think too much about it. It was a long time ago. We're all friends now."

"I'm not thinking about anything."

"Good."

I sit down next to Metavee and put my head on her shoulder as I tease her with my hand to see what mood she's in, I put my hand on her. And the petite one brushes my hands off in frustration. It's the total opposite of her trying to calm herself down a moment ago.

"The day after tomorrow?"

"Huh?"

I look dumbfounded because I forgot what I was saying.

"The appointment with your friend is the day after tomorrow?"

When she reminds me, I go, 'Ah.' So this is what it's like... If we speak the truth, it will always be the truth. But if we lie, we never remember it exactly as we said it.

"Ah-huh."

"I'll go with you."

"Huh?"

I shrink my neck and ask again.

"What?"

"I'll go with you."

"I want to meet your friends too."

SunnyVanz

CHAPTER 18

ANOTHER WORLD

I was just trying to get her to yearn for me, but when Metavee said she wanted to meet my friends, I am now sitting here with my head in my palms, stressed out. Honestly, my friends and I have nothing in common with Metavee's social circle. We were rascals who raced motorcycles at night and skipped school. And we are now paying for it with a rather low quality of life. We're not like Metavee's circle of friends, where everyone has a good job in a company or is a lawyer, doctor, owner of a restaurant... Gosh.

"Don't forget that I'm an air hostess. I get paid many tenths of thousands of baht. You can show me off."

"Out of over ten friends. I can only show you off. Even I myself am unemployed and graduated with a grade average so low that I almost had to crawl to the professors and beg them to let me graduate."

As I talk to Pang on the phone, I open my desk drawer to go through my past. Books I never even thought of putting in my school bag because it would make the bag lose its shape; pins from many schools gathered in a plastic jar like some kind of reward when they are just pins. I bullied others to show my power. How could I have been a kid that was so stupid... I was such a rascal.

"I don't think your Metavee would give it much thought. She just wants to get to know you. You're unemployed now, but she's not putting you down or anything."

"I feel like I'm not worthy to be with her."

I let out a huge sigh because I'm still stressed.

"And if I introduce her to our friends, we have to tell them to pretend that I'm Aobe-Aum... I don't want to answer any questions."

"Our friends won't ask much. It's not like you've never pretended to be Aobe-Aum. We're used to it."

I laugh when my friend talks about the past. When I think back, I realized what a badass I was. Whenever I got into a fight, I would challenge them to come look for me if they wanted to get back at me and introduce myself as...

"If you have a problem with me, come to me anytime you want. My name is Aobe-Aum."

"True. I always went as Aobe-Aum. But that was when we were kids. We're adults now. They would be curious."

"You don't need to answer even if they ask. They won't nag you. They would be happy just to meet up with you... Since that incident, you have kept your distance. Think of it as a reunion."

"Are you sure there won't be any problems?"

"It's nothing... Just don't let them know that Metavee is a lawyer."

"Why?"

"They think all lawyers are evil. We didn't only lose Ben, but we also lost you."

In the end, I decided to invite Metavee to meet my old friends. The only difficult part is talking about her job. But it seems like the petite woman understands what I'm trying to explain to her, so she doesn't mind it and also laughs.

"I understand. The latest TV series turns lawyers into the bad guys for those who don't get it. I won't introduce myself as a lawyer. Um... what should I introduce myself as?"

"Yeah. What job suits you? How about a celebrity... because you're beautiful?"

I said that from the bottom of my heart, but the petite woman scrunched her nose. I'm not sure if it's just because she's shy.

"Such a sweet talker... Come to think of it, how long haven't I seen your face?"

Metavee reaches her hand out to touch my face and moves it all over the place.

"This high-bridge nose, these eyes, these lips."

The petite one's fingers are caressing my lower lip as she's thinking about something.

"Ah... I miss them so much. How much have you changed?"

"I'm still the same. Maybe a bit older."

"If you're still the same, then not much has changed. You're still beautiful, you just like to play hard to get a lot more. It frustrates me so much. I haven't tasted you for so long. If you did not pick up the phone, then you wanted to take your time. If you were a fruit, you'd rot before I got to eat you."

"You're back to this topic again. Such a sly lawyer."

I laugh at her adoringly rather than getting really angry.

"Do you think that you're the only one who could make me yearn for you? Learn to wait too. So you know how valuable I am."

I nibble the petite one's finger that is still caressing my lower lip out of cute aggression. I didn't think anything of it, but it startles Metavee, and she quickly removes her finger like it's burned. I can see that she's blushing a bit too.

"Are you okay?"

"Y...yes."

"Why are you shy? I just nibbled your finger."

"Do you want to try and see for yourself?"

"Why not? What's with it?"

I reach my finger out to her mouth, challenging her to nibble it. The petite woman opens her mouth and uses her tongue to lick it, like it was an ice cream.

Gasp....

I startle and pull my finger back while tightening my lips. A slight smile is on Metavee's face, like she knew what my reaction would be.

"See? Do you understand now?"

"I nibbled. I didn't use any tongue...."

"If you feel this much when it's just your finger tip, imagine how much you'd feel it when it's..."

Suddenly, the tiny woman puts on the sexy woman act, licking her lips with her tongue. When I see that, I can't help but smack her in the face.

"You're this naughty, though you can't see; I don't want to imagine when you can...."

"You won't get any sleep."

"It was not a question."

"I just wanted to let you know."

Talking to this woman gives me such a headache. Gosh....

It takes over a week for me to gather my old friends. We're meeting at a restaurant near my home. When they heard that I wanted to meet, they eagerly found a time that was convenient for everyone because they miss me. They also want to talk about our good old days.

At first, I was a bit heavy-hearted about how much it would cost to arrange a gathering like this. But when I realize that I have my younger twin's credit card, I become worry-free. If it's urgent, I can just swipe it away.

"You picked this place? I ride my motorcycle past it every day, but I never imagined that I would get to eat here. Wow... Have you become rich, Aum? You won a lottery?"

Chokchai, one of my old friends, cries out in excitement when he gets to eat at an expensive place. It makes me feel a bit embarrassed in front of Metavee, but the sweet-faced woman didn't say anything. She just pats me on the thigh.

"I understand. It's good that your friends are happy."

"But he's too happy."

Part of the reason I picked this place is because, not only do they accept credit cards, but I also think that the food should appeal to the petite woman next to me more than a place on the street. To be honest, I'm a bit tense. My friends are very different from hers. If the food is bad too. I'm afraid that Metavee would be with me, have to adjust too much to be with you.

"Can we order anything? It's very expensive, Aum."

Bow, another female friend who brought her young child and her husband with her, asks me.

"It's my half-day wage."

"Eat whatever you want. We don't get to meet often."

I smile at her, wanting to ask everyone to act normal because I'm so embarrassed I don't know where to put my face.

"If so, then I'll order."

"Go ahead."

"Let me excuse myself to the restroom."

I turn to Pang.

"Please take care of May while I'm away."

"Okay. I'll take care of her."

I excused myself because I felt uncomfortable. I'm not sure if today's gathering is a good idea. Metavee's feelings for me may change. She viewed Aobe-Aum as someone precious, but my friends are all low-class. They are excited about food that costs 200 baht and an air-conditioned restaurant.

"How's it? Why are you standing here alone? What are you thinking?"

Kosol walked after me. He starts a conversation and smiles at me. It seems like he can tell that I'm not feeling so great today.

"Just thinking about this and that."

"Are you embarrassed by your friends?"

"No."

I hurriedly replied, like someone caught red handed, though in reality, I am.

"Well... I think our friends are a bit too excited. Even the owner of this place looked over at us."

"Then why are we eating here in this pricey restaurant?"

"Well..."

I stutter. I want to say that it's because of Metavee, but I don't want Kosol to think that I prioritize her over my old friends.

"I wanted everyone to be impressed and eat good food. We haven't met for so long."

"We're not impressed by eating in this expensive restaurant. Though you see that we are excited, actually, we're very uncomfortable... You make everything difficult, Ai."

"I took you all out, and you're complaining?"

I mutter, but I admit to it.

"What should I do? Should we change the place?"

"That would be good. Let's go to a place with karaoke and sing our lungs out. That's our way of life."

"But..."

"That's not the way of life for the woman you brought along."

When he preempts me like this, I can only sigh.

"I'm sorry. I really don't know what to do."

"You think in others' places too much. So, you asked to meet us today, have you talked to any of your friends yet? Will you just sit here like you have dog poop in your mouth?"

"You describe it so well."

I cover my mouth with my hand and scrunch my face.

"Do I look like that?"

"Yes... This is not the Ai-Aun that I know. She is very down-to-earth and does things without care. She eats wherever it is convenient. She's a bully, but she loves her friend. She lives a fun life. She doesn't live life under the rules or think for others. How can your lover love you if you keep on lying like this?"

"Lie about what?"

"Lie about who you are. You lied even about your name. You're not yourself at all right now."

Gasp...

I feel like he caught me red handed and I'm stunned when I hear that. I want to be mad at the person in front of me for being too direct, but I have to admit that what he just said is true. I've lived with a lie for too long. I'm lying even to myself now and can't accept who I really am. My old friends have always been like this. But I'm trying to be like Aobe-Aum.

"Thank you."

"What for?"

"For this."

I decide to return to the table and slam on it to get the attention of my friends, who are sitting timidly, waiting for food. Everyone turns to me.

"Everyone, listen."

I sweep my eyes at everyone and snap my fingers.

"Let's change the place."

Everyone looks surprised, but less tense. They can't help but ask,

"Where to?"

I smile and raise my eyebrow, trying to look cool, Ai-Aun style.

"Isan's Daughter."

As expected, when we get to the place that serves Isan's food that everyone likes, everyone is no longer tense and is acting like themselves. They talk nonstop, like the mouth is only for talking. From being embarrassed about their loudness, I've become relaxed and clap when my friends say they will sing karaoke.

"Go for it."

"Let's sing, May."

Bow walks toward us with her kid and helps Metavee up.

"Which song do you want to sing, tell me? I'll play it for you. Your job is only to hold the microphone and sing."

I sneak a peek at the petite woman, who's looking a bit shy. She looks like she's about to cry, so I reach out and hold her hand to comfort her.

"It's okay. Just sing."

"I'm a bad singer."

"It's not a competition. Just sing."

"But... are you sure it's a good idea?"

"Of course it is. None of us can sing."

We all cheer for Metavee to sing. Though it's a bit of pressure, I want to see if the petite one can get along well with my friends.

"Okay..."

Metavee lists the songs she wants to sing, with Bow assisting her in playing the songs, just as she said that all, Metavee has to do is hold the microphone and sing. As soon as the intro is over Metavee starts to sing.

"Say something... Don't leave me hanging..."

Everyone goes quiet. Even people at other tables dropped their jaws and looked at each other in panic. Metavee's voice is so...

"It's worse than the howling of a dog."

Not only is the voice horrible, she's out of tune and sings with her own horrific melody. Even Bow's young child cried like she was really sad. But because Metavee is one with high confidence, she continues to sing without care, not of other people or the melody of the song. It's as if the song is hers, and she will sing it until the end.

Don't anyone dare take the microphone away from her.

"She's beautiful, but her voice is ugly."

"Should we take the microphone away from her?"

Though we were shocked at first, we now started to smile a little and eventually burst out laughing in the end. The Atmosphere is more funny than heavy. I don't care about how badly Metavee sings. I'm just happy that the lawyer can get along well with my friends without having to force herself. She seems happy, too.

"She's cute."

Kosol moves to sit next to me. He talks about the girlfriend that I brought along.

"Is this the one you felt something when you kissed?"

I'm a bit shy when we're on this topic. And I also feel a bit guilty. I smile at him dryly.

"Ah-huh."

"It's like a slap in the face somehow. I think I'm a good kisser, but I couldn't make you feel anything, unlike a blind woman who doesn't have to do anything but get your heart."

"She did something... She kissed me."

"I only got to kiss you once. After That, you broke up with me."

My ex says that and laughs casually. I don't know how to react, so I put the hair that was covering my face behind my ear and wriggled a little to get rid of the awkwardness.

"She's very beautiful. What does she do?"

"She's blind. What can she do? She just stays home... She used to work in the government sector."

"Will her eyes get better?"

"I hope so... I want to look her in the eye. It would be so nice."

I look at the person, who's still singing merrily with Bow, and smile.

"She looks kind of familiar. I can't remember where I've seen her before."

"It's probably not her. She wouldn't stoop down to our social circle."

"Stoop down? Are we that bad... She can be with you, no? So, how did you meet?"

"It's fate."

I try to avoid the question because I don't know how to explain all that has happened. It's like a TV series. Twins who take each other's places and fall in love...Abracadabra.

"What have you been doing aside from kissing?"

"Naughty."

I hug myself tightly and rub my arms because I don't know where to put them.

"How could I do something like that?"

"She doesn't even know how to help herself."

Pang, who's moved to my other side, joins the conversation, leaning over me to talk to Kosol. It seems like she's been listening in for a while now.

"She's so stupid."

"Is this what you should be saying to my ex, who's a guy?"

I bare my teeth at Pang, but Kosol just laughs like this is a general topic.

"Hey. If you're together, take it all the way. It's natural. If you don't want to do it with a man, do it with a woman."

"You're on Pang's side? No... we are not talking about this."

I wriggle again to lower my tension as I look at the petite woman, who's dancing cutely as she's singing.

"Change the topic."

"Okay. Let's change the topic. Let's talk about Metavee."

Pang says this seriously, breaking the lively mood. She's got my interest.

"Is she really blind?"

"Of course she is. Is it something you can fake?"

"It is."

"What are you talking about?"

"Ai."

My best friend stares at me, all serious.

"I'm not imagining it."

"About?"

"She can see, but she may just be pretending to be blind."

"Nonsense. I've been with her for a while now. I couldn't notice anything like that. Where did you get it from?"

"When you went to the restroom and left her alone with me."

"Ah-huh."

"I talked about this and that, and I teased her that... I like you. As soon as I said that,"

Pang looks me in the eye to show me that she's not kidding at all.

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"Metavee stared at me."

SunYanz

CHAPTER 19

BOTH LYING

The party is over. Everyone waves goodbye and smiles at us as we get in the car. I haven't met up with my friends for years since the incident. Meeting them again allows me to recharge. It's as if I've reawakened my true self.

"I'm so full. The food here is great."

The petite woman gives me a thumbs up and shakes as if she has goosebumps.

"It's so delicious, I couldn't stop eating. I must have gained weight."

"You don't have to worry about your weight because you already have a girlfriend."

"Ah. True. I have a girlfriend."

"Are you pretending to be having a good time?"

The petite woman, who's laughing merrily, pauses and scrunches her face.

"What do you mean pretending?"

"Like, maybe you don't want me to worry that you can't get along with my friends. It's okay, you know? You can be yourself. I would understand. My friends are from a completely different world from yours."

"How is that?"

"Well..."

I shrug.

"Our way of life, the language we use, the food we eat... You only have rich friends, most of whom have social status. But my friends..."

"Crazy. Don't think too much. For me, we are all human beings. Your friends are cute and relatable. I like them, though they seemed tense at first. Maybe it's because the first restaurant was... You've made the right decision to change it. Else, your friends and I wouldn't be this close this soon.

"Close?"

I laugh. But when I think about it, she's right. My friends, except for Pang, approached Metavee and talked to her like they'd known her for ages. Especially Bow, who sang a duet with her nonstop, though she complained that the lawyer sang out of tune and rhythm.

"Please invite me to meet your friends again. It was so much fun. No one bragged about their wealth."

"What's there to brag about? We are all poor. I paid for today's meal."

I sit with a hunched back.

"I used the credit card to withdraw cash to pay for it."

When my younger twin wakes up, she will kill me. But I will kill myself before she can do that, I swear.

"You're so poor. How did I get myself such a poor girlfriend?"

"You've been fooled."

I turn the car into Metavee's residence. As soon as the car is parked, the petite woman starts sulking because she doesn't want to go inside.

"I don't want to go back into my square room."

"So what do you want to do?"

"You're not afraid anymore?"

"If you're with me, I'm not afraid."

The petite woman smiles until her face is all crinkled. I look at her looking at me, asking for my tenderness, and feel acute aggression towards her. Yet all I can do is bite my lips and support her out of the car.

"You will get bitten by mosquitoes taking a walk this late at night."

"It's okay, I have you."

"There are also ghosts at night."

"It's okay, I have you."

"Maybe thieves too."

"It's okay, I have you."

"I love you."

"It's okay, I have... huh?"

Metavee raises her eyebrow a bit in surprise and laughs it off.

"What's this? Your confession doesn't go with my reply. I was caught off guard."

"Don't you like it when I say I love you?"

"It's nice..."

I can sense that the petite one is so shy that she looks down on the ground, though she can't see.

"Very nice."

"I really feel like that today. I really like you. And when I see that you don't mind how I grew up, I really feel that we are the jigsaw pieces that fit perfectly together."

I hug Metavee from behind and slide my feet under hers so that my feet are her shoes.

"What is this?"

"I just want to show you that I will be with you... like a shadow."

I embrace the petite woman from behind and slowly step forward with Metavee on my feet.

"I will be your shelter. Mosquitoes won't be able to bite you... they will bite me first."

"See? I told you. There's nothing for me to fear when you're with me."

"Let's take a walk."

"If there are ghosts, I will swoosh you away."

"That's great. I won't be tired because you are my feet."

"If there are thieves, I will cover you so you won't encounter any danger. They will have to get through me."

"And if we do catch those thieves, I will handle the lawsuit myself to make sure they get a lifetime sentence."

"You're very tough."

"I love you the most."

I smile broadly. I feel bigger and bigger. So, this is how it feels to be in love? I've never felt like this with anyone before.

"The most?"

I tease her and talk about her galaxy, which she likes to talk about.

"What about your first love? The hero on the suspension bridge."

"My first love?"

"Ah-huh..."

I reply with a softer voice because I'm starting to sulk. This is what it's like to be a fool who's madly in love? I brought up this topic, yet I sulked irrationally.

"That one."

How can you be jealous of yourself?"

"Huh? Myself?"

"You're my first love, Aum."

"How?"

I backed off a bit because I'm surprised. Metavee smiles shyly and slowly explains.

"You're the one I waited for in front of school but hid myself from. You're the one I sent snacks and the love letter to but didn't get any response... Of course, they weren't anything of any importance to you. I was just your Pluto. I'm nothing worth remembering for you."

I'm still stunned as I listen to the sulky person in front of me tell her story. The person Metavee fell in love with from the start was Aobe-Aum... And that won't change any time soon.

"What is it? Why are you quiet?"

"Huh? Ah... I was thinking as you were talking. I'm glad I'm your first love."

"Are you really happy? Why does it sound like you're sad... Don't forget that I can sense how you feel very well."

"You're overthinking. Why would I be sad? You said that I was your first love... It's late. You better go inside and get some sleep. If dew falls on you, you could become ill."

"Ah-huh."

I helped the petite woman into the house. As I take her to her bedroom. Metavee pauses and squeezes my arm like she wants me to stop walking. She seems to realize something.

"Aum."

"Huh?"

"Why didn't Jan come today?"

Gulp...

Aobe-Aum's best friend is Jan. I forgot all about it...

"Jan is from another group."

"But I remember that you told me that Jan has been your best friend since junior high school. Aren't your friends today from your high school?"

"Some were from school, and some were from the neighborhood. If you want, I'll invite Jan over to see you."

"Ah-huh."

"I love you. Aum."

"Ah-huh. I know."

I reply with a smile, though I'm aching inside.

"Do you want to kill me by overwhelming me with your love?"

"I love you the way you are now... Do you know what I mean?"

"I understand... You love Aum. You say that very clearly."

Not me...I pity myself when I realize that because I was carried away thinking that Metavee loves me, who's just using my twin's name. But once I hear about her past, I'm sure... that no one can take Aobe-Aum's, her first love's, place. If she knew that Aobe-Aum had dumped her to marry someone else, would she still be in love with her? Will there be even a split second that she can love... someone else? Someone who looks the same as Aobe-Aum.

"It's late. I'll go back first, so you can sleep."

"We didn't do one activity."

"What... novel?"

I pretend to remember and smile.

"It's already late. What about tomorrow..."

Metavee pulls me by the collar and quickly kisses me. It's not that I didn't know what she would do, but I pretended not to know because I still feel sorry for myself. Our kiss is not intimate passionately today. It's more of an expression of our love through our lips. Slow... and with intent.

The tongue that sweeps into my mouth causes me to respond. I forgot all about the heavy feeling I had. The petite woman slowly pushes me towards the bed. I'm still trying to focus and make sure that we don't crash into the cabinet or anything sharp until we get to our destination. Yet I was unsuccessful. My arm hits a steel box at the study table near the wall. It became open, and everything fell off it.

"Be careful, May!"

I pull the petite one in panic when the needles, scissors, and sharp objects scatter onto the floor.

"It's okay. I don't want to stop now."

As soon as Metavee finishes saying that, she walks around all the sharp objects on the carpet and pushes me onto the bed as intended. Yet... my mood is gone. There are only surprises and curiosity. Metavee walked around those things...I saw the petite one lift her foot to avoid stepping on a needle without any hesitation.

"May."

I push Metavee off me and stare at her in silence. Her eyes are still wandering, which surprises me. We are together all the time. There wasn't anytime that I doubted whether she could see or not until a second ago.

"Huh?"

"I better leave now. It's late. I don't want to listen to my mom nag. See you tomorrow."

I cut the conversation short and said goodbye before I immediately walked out of the room in a daze. Pang's words come floating into my head. It's like a broken record to emphatically state what I just experienced, which confuses me even more.

"I talked about this and that. I told her how many lovers you've had and how beautiful you are. And I teased her that. liked you. Believe me, as soon as I said that, Metavee stared at me."

Can see... Metavee can see. Though I'm not sure, the way she avoids stepping on that needle is too much of a coincidence. Maybe... I'm not the only one who lies Metavee is lying to me too!

CHAPTER 20

MAKING UP

"I told you that she can see."

Pang insists on what she saw that day. I'm sitting on her balcony, hugging my knees, and looking out at all the houses with lights on. I don't want to go home yet because I'll have to sit there by myself if I do.

"I'm still not sure. Maybe it was a coincidence. Maybe her eyes were incidentally directed at you when she turned her head. It doesn't mean she can See."

"What about her being able to avoid stepping on the needle?"

"Maybe that was a coincidence too."

"Your hips are all scratched. Anyway, whatever makes you feel better, but... what if Metavee is pretending to be blind? Would you act like one of those leads in a Thai series... Like, you tricked me, I can't accept that; I'm leaving you; your lies hurt me..."

"Stop."

I wave my hand because can't I stand her acting skills.

"I would feel bad that she lied to me, but I wouldn't run away because I'm hurt, like in a movie."

"So, it's not a problem."

"But I still can't get it out of my head. Why would she lie to me?"

"You're not Aobe-Aum. Why did you lie to her?"

It seems like Pang can argue with every doubt I have. In the end, I can only sit here with a scrunched face because I don't want to lose. My very reasonable friend puts her chin on her hand and kicks me a little to get my attention.

"We all have reasons of our own... Why did you lie to her?"

"Because I love her and want to be near her."

"Maybe she lied to you for the same reason. She loves you and wants to be near you."

"She could do that even if she's not blind."

"Meaning Aobe-Aum wouldn't be near her when she could see, so she had to pretend to be blind."

I pause and think about that. I think I heard Metavee say that when she wasn't blind, her love life was very dull. She only felt better when I came along."

"Ah. Maybe, but..."

"If you're so curious..."

Pang looks at me and rolls her eyes before she makes a suggestion so we can get past this.

"Prove whether she's blind or not. If she's not blind, just get a bit angry and don't play hard to get too much. This is not a TV series. And if she's really blind, apologize and love her more."

"I don't know if I can love her more."

"What do you mean?"

"I already love her the most."

I mutter. When I see that Pang is quiet, I hurriedly sit up straight and change the topic. I forgot that she confessed to me.

"Let me think on it a bit more."

"It'd be good if she's not really blind."

"How so?"

I ask, and my beautiful friend winks at me knowingly.

"Not being disabled is better, of course, but moreover..."

"You can look each other in the eye when you make love."

"Crazy!"

Like I said, it's still stuck in my head. I wouldn't be mad if I found out that Metavee was pretending to be blind. But I still want to know the truth. Humans are curious and want to seek the truth. Why else would there be news reporters?

"You're inviting me to go out?"

The petite woman sounds excited. When I see her this happy, I soften and contemplate the evil plan I'm about to carry out to prove whether she's blind.

"Yes. Do you trust me?"

"Of course. I love you."

"Why are you quiet? When I say I love you, you have to say you love me back. It's tradition."

The sweet-faced woman smiles so wide that her face is all crinkled. Though, her eyes are looking in another direction, I know that the smile is mine and mine alone.

"I love you, May."

"That's all there is to it."

I'm taking her to the fresh market near my home today. I saw that she likes local food, so I intend to take her to try the southern-style soup that I like. I can tell that the petite woman is a bit nervous because she clings tightly to my arm. That makes me hesitate about whether she's pretending to be blind or not.

"It smells like a fresh market."

"Yes, it is. Your smelling sense is so good."

"Because I can't see with my eyes, my nose is good. Where are we exactly in the market?"

"We're at the underground parking. We're about to walk to the eating zone upstairs. There are tables where we can eat."

My mind is in a state of constant conflict. One feels very guilty for testing Metavee, like I don't trust her. The other says that it's okay because seeking the truth is the right thing to do... Okay... If it's the truth, it must be right.

"I want you to try the southern-style soup that I've liked since I was a kid. When school was over, I'd drop by here."

"Really... This is exciting. So this place has been open since you were a kid?"

"Ah-huh."

"So, the shop owner saw you when you were a kid?"

"Yes."

"How young?"

"Very young."

"Wow... Aobe-Aum with short arms and legs and chubby fingers."

"My fingers are not chubby. They are long."

I replied without thinking much. But the petite woman seems very elated to hear that

"Wow... great. Long fingers."

"How is that good?"

"I'll tell you later."

I'm a bit curious, but I didn't give it much thought. I tell her to wait where she is..

"Hang on. I left something in the car, Please wait here."

"Aum..."

I act like I'm going to the car and just leave her there in the middle of the driveway. A bit after that, I hear the sound of a Tuk Tuk from not so far away. It's a small car, so people tend to drive fast and make quick turns, even if it's at a fresh market. Is this a good idea... leaving her standing there? I can see that Metavee is nervous and is starting to reach her arms out like she's looking for something. She then shuts out.

"Aum... Aum, where are you?"

"Aum!"

Her voice is full of fear, so I start to pity her. But because I really want to know the truth, I still leave her standing there. And not more than five seconds after that. I could see the Tuk Tuk I heard driving down from the upper level. It's making a swift turn towards where Metavee is

standing... The Tuk Tuk won't hit Metavee I'm more curious to see if the petite one would try to get away And instantly

"Aum!!!"

Metavee sits down and covers her head with her hands as she shouts for me. The Tuk Tuk turns another direction after it honks without paying attention to us while the petite woman sits there shaking and crying pitifully.

"May."

"Aum. Where are you?"

The tears flowing from the petite woman's eyes make me go soft. I dash in and hug her tightly, though Metavee is hitting me softly with her fists nonstop.

"Why did you leave me here alone?"

"I'm sorry... So sorry."

"I don't love you anymore. You left me. You said you'd be by my side to protect me."

"I'm sorry."

My voice is shaking as I hug the petite woman, full of guilt.

"I was wrong."

What have I done. The plan to eat at the fresh market was scrapped. I drive Metavee home and look at her as she sits and hugs herself on the bed for hours.

"May."

Metavee hasn't talked to me since we got home. She's been hugging her knees on the bed all this time. It's like she's rejecting me and no longer trusts me.

"I'm sorry." I sit next to her, but the owner of the house moves away like she despises me. That hurts me a lot.

"I'm sorry."

"Can you leave first?"

The words and act of chasing someone away, the same way she did to Ploy, are directed at me now. Her voice is cold. She doesn't care one bit how the person being chased away would feel. She makes me feel worthless. But I admit that I'm wrong about this. So I have to withstand whatever Metavee does to me.

"Can I spend the night?"

"Don't you understand what I just said?"

"Honey..."

I don't know how to try to make up with her, so I wrap my arms around her. But she shakes herself off.

"Can you not be angry with me? I'm Hurt"

"And how should I feel about your leaving me there alone, knowing how afraid I was?"

"I..."

I'm not giving up, so I wrap my arms around her again. Though Metavee tries to shake me off, I use my thick skin to resist it. I've always been the one trying to shake myself off men's arms since I was born, so this is the first time I'm the one trying to make up with a woman. It's very wearisome.

"You can curse me. But don't act like you despise me, please."

"I don't trust you anymore."

"Please..."

I feel like I'm dying, and I'm begging the person in front of me to save my life.

"I'm really deeply hurt."

My voice is starting to crack. I attempt to kiss the person who is angry with me in an effort to reconcile. But Metavee turns her head away and tries to reject me. Yet I push on and press her on the bed, not giving in.

"Get off me. Don't touch me."

"Make up with me first."

"Go away"

I lock her arms and bury my face in her neck as Metavee wiggles around. I take a deep breath of the jasmine scent that is always on her. I keep apologizing to her, asking for her forgiveness, and confessing my love to her as I do that I really hope that she'll forgive me.

"I love you, May... Please forgive. What do I need to do?"

"Get off... Ah..."

Metavee is starting to lose strength. I became more confident, thinking that the petite one was becoming soft. So, I slid my hand inside her shirt.

"Let's make up."

"Ah... Gasp... Take your hand off. Don't touch me."

Swoosh... I reach behind her and unhook her bra, releasing her breasts. I then bury my nose in her breasts, with her thin, white shirt still on.

"Please don't be mad at me. I love you... I like everything that is you."

My hand is fondling her nipple, causing Metavee to arch her back. Though I don't hear any rejection, Metavee still seems angry with me. I pull Metavee's shorts down to her ankles using both hands. I make my way up from her ankle to her underwear with my lips.

"If you don't say that you love me, I won't do it."

"If you don't do it, I won't say that I love you."

We are both firm on this. But because I'm in the wrong today, I have to give in. They also want to satisfy their own sexual desires. And yes... I'm one of them. Though We have the same things, I'm deeply drawn by her charming body in a way that can't be described with words. It's luring me in. And I want to know what it'd feel like when I got to taste it...

"Ah..."

I kiss lightly, feeling proud that I will finally get to learn Metavee's body. The petite one arches her back uncontrollably, which makes me want to do more.

"It's a good taste."

"Don't talk like that... It's embarrassing."

Though she was the one who challenged me, she suddenly squeezed her legs together. I have to spread them before talking like I'm the authoritative one who can order the person in front of me as I wish.

"You have to say you love me each time you finish."

"Roar... Roar... Ah."

I then took hold of her lips immediately

Marisa cannot withstand her curiosity any longer. Though she knows that the road ahead is dark and full of obstacles she is willing to trade everything.

What's so scary... She's just opening Pandora's box. Our love scene doesn't go smoothly because I'm inexperienced. In the end, Metavee has to direct me with her small voice as she's being tortured by me.

"Please say that you love me."

"Aum."

"Please." I tease and pull her nipple with my fingers. The petite woman lets out a deep moan and grabs my hair. She pushes my head down.

"If you want me to say I love you, prove that you really love me."

I don't have any experience doing this, but when my head is pushed downward and I am ordered to prove my love, I immediately know what I must do.

"Faster... Move your tongue faster."

I do as the petite one requests and look at the person who looks like she's being tortured as she moans like she's in pain yet is also happy.

"What else should I do... Can I do this?"

Whether it's instinct or curiosity, I slip my finger into the important spot. The warmth and slippery feel, as well as my mouth, which is also focusing in that area, make Metavee cover her face.

"You know what to do... You lied to me, saying that you don't. Ah..."

What she said sounded somewhat like a compliment. It makes me smile proudly. I want to hear her voice a bit more, so I tickle my finger a bit and then sweep it...

"Ah..."

The petite one is starting to make noises that can't be understood. I reach my hand to her face and caress her lower lip with my thumb before I stick it into her mouth. And when Metavee nibbles my thumb, my heart trembles.

"May..."

"Eat... it all."

The petite woman is nibbling my thumb gently with her teeth. It's like she's telling me how much she's feeling it.

"Eat all of me."

"Ah... I will give it all I have."

And the petite body jerks before it bends, all stiff. I can feel that my finger, which is inside her body, is being squeezed. I slowly take it out and move tightly myself up to hug the sexy one

"You haven't said that you love me Metavee."

"I love you... you silly one."

I never thought that we'd get to this....the point where I try to make up with someone and she ends up having no clothes left on her. After I was forgiven, I rested before I slowly got up and was about to tiptoe away. Yet...

"Are you hitting and running?"

The muffled and casual voice startled me. I turn to the petite woman who's holding on to my shirt tightly. Yes... The person who has no clothes left on her is Metavee. As for me everything is where it should be.

"N... No."

"So where are you going?"

"I just realized that it's late."

"I remember someone asking if she could spend the night."

"Who? I don't remember. Oops!"

The petite one used the opportunity when I was not on guard to pull my shirt so hard that I fell down onto the bed. She instantly gets on top of me. Though I've seen every part of Metavee, her being on top like this is.... So hot.

"Aren't you uncomfortable?"

"Why would I be?"

I asked curiously, Metavee tilted her head and looked really curious.

"You haven't released your tension. Aren't you left hanging?"

The sweet looking lawyer slowly bends down. Though her eyes are wandering and looking elsewhere, her words hit me spot on. She bends down to kiss my ear as she whispers into it.

"If you're aroused but don't release it, you will be frustrated."

"It's okay. I... I'm good. Ah..."

The light nibble on my ear makes me cry out uncontrollably. The soft scent from Metavee's body makes me go soft as my heart starts to race.

"Don't you want to know how I felt when I moaned?"

"Hearing your happy moan already makes me happy."

"But you can be happier..."

Metavee slips her hand under my shirt and sweeps it upward. I'm losing my breath as my emotions are starting to rise. I try to resist because I'm afraid.

"It's okay, Really I... I..."

Ring...

The phone is like a bell that saves my life almost every time. I hurriedly sat up, with Metavee still on my lap. We look like a mother monkey hugging a baby monkey, facing each other. I quickly grab my phone and pick up the call, not even looking at who's calling.

"Hello."

[Ai, where are you?]

"Mom..."

I sound surprised. Metavee doesn't want to sit still, so she's seducing me by snuggling her face into my neck. That makes me have to talk to my mom while I'm being aroused.

"W... what's up... M....mom?"

You have to stop now. What if I make a strange sound while my mother is still on the line, Metavee?

[No matter where you are, come to the hospital now.]

The panicking voice of my mother makes me immediately think of my younger twin. Though I'm aroused, I immediately try to get a hold of myself.

"What happened?"

Metavee doesn't know anything, but when she can sense that my tone of voice has changed, she moves back to look at me like she can hear the conversation on the phone.

[Aobe-...]

"What is it, mom... Or is she..."

"Okay."

I look at the white underwear, which is the last thin barrier, and pull it off to face the most challenging thing my eyes meet.

"I give in."

I've always been curious why someone would do these kinds of things without feeling that they were disgusting. But now that it's time, I understand well. It's because of love...A woman who is willing to do oral sex for a man or a man who is willing to do oral sex for a woman does so because they want the other party to be Dead...

No. While I was having a pleasurable night in bed, my younger twin left this world.

[Aum has regained consciousness. Come to the hospital now.]

"Huh?"

[Aum is out of the coma. Aobe-Aum, your twin, is awake.]

CHAPTER 21

THE REAL ONE RETURN

My mother sounds very happy and hurriedly hangs up while I'm stunned. When I thought that my younger twin had passed away, I was shocked and sad... But when I know that Aobe-Aum is out of the coma, I'm not at all happy. For a split second, I had the evil thought that if I could choose, I wanted my first thought to be true so I could be the only twin left in this world. And I could be Metavee's only Aobe-Aum. But now that the real Aobe-Aum has woken up... I vanish like a bubble in the water.

"Are you okay, Aum? Why are you suddenly so quiet? I can sense your feelings, you know?"

I look at the person speaking, feeling confused. I pull the naked one on my lap in to hug her tightly. I love her so much that I can't describe it. What should I do... I don't know what will happen after this.

"May

"Huh?

"Will you forgive me if I ever do something terribly wrong to you?"

"Aside from abandoning me when we went out, you did something else? That's not nice at all."

Metavee pulls me in for a hug and snuggles into my neck like someone who is very clingy when she talks.

"If I get mad, try to reconcile with me the way you just did. I'll forgive you quickly."

"I don't know if you'd let me do this when the time comes."

"What about... if I do something very wrong to you in the future, will you forgive me?"

"Are you negotiating with me?"

"It's a trade."

"Ah... Okay. Let's call it a trade. If you forgive me, I'll forgive you too."

"You promise?"

"Yes... I promise."

We hugged without saying anything else because I had to go to the hospital. I told Metavee that my mother was sick, so the petite woman didn't ask any more questions. The real Aobe-Aum is awake. When I get to the hospital, she's talking happily to our parents, like a favorite child would.

"Twin,"

I interrupt as my parents are celebrating. Aobe-Aum looks at me, who's standing in the doorway, and raises her eyebrow before she smiles...A smile that she has never given me since the day we were both born.

"Twin."

Since we were young, this is what we've always called each other. We don't call each other's names to remind ourselves that there is another person on this planet who looks exactly like us. My mother waves her hand to tell me to go closer. Because we're not close enough for me to dash in to hug her, I only walk in slowly and stop by the bedside.

"How are you?"

"I have a headache. Probably from sleeping for too long... Mom and dad said that I slept for months. What happened while I was in a coma?"

Everyone looks at each other awkwardly. I glance at the person who looks exactly like me and ask her back.

"What do you remember?"

"don't remember anything. don't know where to start or where I left off."

"The doctor said she's lost her memory temporarily. But it will slowly come back. There's no rush."

My mother explains. That makes me look at my younger twin with hope, I still have time. have a bit more time to be with Metavee. Though it's not that long, it's better than nothing. I'm not greedy. I just want to say goodbye to the petite woman while I am Aobe-Aum.

"Why do you look so happy that I don't remember anything?"

"What?"

Aobe-Aum, who knows me as well as I know myself, raises her eyebrow curiously.

"Something must have happened while I was asleep. And it must be about me... Twin. Since you're here, jog my memory."

My mother immediately pinches me in the arm and shakes her head. For someone who just woke up, realizing that her husband died on their wedding night is too much to take.

"We're not that close. Did you lose your memory or your mind? You can forget anything, but not that we're not close."

I immediately refused, coldly and cruelly. It's still better than telling her what happened.

"That's true. I forget that we used to fight all the time. But I survived death. Can't we be on each other's good side now?"

Suddenly, Aobe-Aum offers me her friendship. My parents are as taken aback as I am. I stood still because I was caught off guard.

"W... what is this?"

"Please sis... Let's reconcile."

This is the first time in my life that Aobe-Aum calls me "Sis," so I just stand still because I'm stunned. Our parents are as surprised as I am. My younger twin slowly sits up, still seemingly weak. She reaches her hand out, like she's reaching for me. The shock causes me to rush in and grasp her tiny hand.

"D...don't get up. Lay down."

"Let's make up... I've been through death. It makes me realize the importance of family, especially my twin. When our parents leave us, I'll only have you left."

"Aum..."

"Let's reconcile. Let's not fight anymore."

Though Aobe-Aum is still weak, she's strong enough to pull me in and hug me. I still resist her a bit because I'm not used to this. But I'm not rejecting her or anything. Actually, I may not hate my twin that much. It's just that I'm really not used to this.

"Okay. Lef's make up."

"This is great."

Our parents left, leaving me to stay with my twin, with the excuse of wanting to give us time to reconcile. This is not a TV series. It's not like we have to cry after we make up. It's actually awkward for me. We've never gotten along in the last twenty years. I don't remember why. But to suddenly act cute toward each other is too strange.

"If you keep acting awkward, it won't be natural,"

Aobe-Aum starts a conversation at 2 a.m. I can't sleep as well because everything happened so suddenly, so I get to talk to my younger twin.

"I'm trying to act natural."

"Do you think that my memory will really come back?"

"Of course. The doctor said that this is just an effect of the accident. There's no such thing as memory lost in this world."

I go quiet for a bit and ask curiously.

"At least you remember me. Can you tell me... what do you remember now?"

"I remember that... I have a lover."

I immediately sit up as my interest grows. Aobe-Aum glances at me a bit, like she isn't sure if she should continue.

"Lover? At least you remember that you have a lover."

I wriggle uncomfortably.

"Who's that guy?"

I want to know whether saying that would trigger the memory of the person who looks exactly like me. Aobe-Aum scratches her cheek a bit and twists her face.

"Promise me that you won't tell our parents if I tell you."

"Ah-huh."

Our parents know all about your husband...

"My lover is a woman."

My eyes widen as soon as I hear that. What she just told me with a hint of embarrassment makes me sure that Aobe-Aum's memory goes far back. When my younger twin sees that I look shocked, she covers her face in embarrassment.

"I knew you'd be shocked. Don't tell our parents."

"A... Ah-huh. I won't tell them. H...how long have you been with her?"

"A while."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I don't know... I feel like I want to share my stories. Aside from Jan, I haven't told anyone. Does it look bad, twin... when you know that I have a girlfriend?"

"No. It's love."

"Wow...You're more open-minded than I expect."

"I'm not open-minded. I just understand... I also have a girlfriend."

I share my story with my younger twin. Aobe-Aum looked exactly like me when she told me she had a girlfriend.

"We are really twins. We both have girlfriends."

"Yeah..."

And it's the same woman too. That's what you don't know yet...

"How did you come to have a girlfriend? As far as I remember, you've only had boyfriends."

"I broke up with all of them because they were not the one. But when it comes to this person.."

"It all falls into place."

Aobe-Aum ends my sentence like she's found a true friend who she can talk with about everything.

"What about you... Have you liked women all along?"

I asked her back. Aobe-Aum shakes her head so hard that her hair moves from side to side.

"Not at all. I didn't think that I would like someone of the same sex."

"Then why are you with this person?"

"Because she's the first one to hit on me."

Aobe-Aum looks proud.

"It's like she sees my worth. When someone looks at us like we are valuable, it feels so good, twin."

"Hit on you? How?"

I know that she didn't hit on Aobe-Aum; she only remember that Metavee told me threw herself at her. So I became curious about what really happened.

"Not exactly hit on me. She introduces herself... My heart was racing when I looked her in the eye. I can tell that she, May, was interested in me. It gave me courage to... ah, approach her."

"Really..."

I mutter. My mind starts to wander. My left chest aches somehow when I hear about how much Metavee likes Aobe-Aum.

"That's great."

"You probably don't understand. You were born beautiful. Everyone likes and loves you. You change lovers like you change clothes. Guys fight over you like you're Helen of Troy."

"That's exaggerating. We look exactly alike."

"But everyone was interested in you. May was the only one who looked at me. I got a letter from Metavee when we were in school, but you tore it into pieces..."

"I did that?"

"You were really mean when we were kids. Ah...my girlfriend's name is Metavee. She's a lawyer. She's beautiful and capable. Aobe-Aum proudly brags about Metavee. When I see her this happy. I'm even more sad.

"I'm sorry. I was immature and uneducated. Please forgive me. I didn't even care to remember my wrong doings. I just found out that I was the one who tore that letter... the letter Metavee wrote.....You've been with her since high school?"

"No. We met again when we were adults. She was going abroad for her work, and we accidentally met at the airport."

"Ah-huh."

"Metavee introduced herself as the person who sent me snacks when we were kids. And so our relationship began... I was surprised that I could have a girlfriend. She's petite and has long hair. She's full of confidence and is not a tomboy..."

Aobe-Aum keeps describing Metavee in the past. It's clear that she has no recollection of the blind Metavee.

"I can see how much you are crazy about this girlfriend of yours... Let me apologize for my bad behavior in the past again. I bullied you a lot. I tore the love letter from your girlfriend. How could I have done that?"

I don't have that memory at all...

"It's okay. Though you tore it into pieces, I put it back together. It's still in the drawer at home."

"Really?"

"You've surprised me a lot since I woke up."

Aobe-Aum looks at me admirably.

"You seem nicer and calmer. If it had been before, I wouldn't have received an apology from you. Even if you were wrong... you wouldn't even care."

"That was before..."

"What made you change this much? Is it because I almost died?"

I look at my younger twin, who looks excited that she's a part of what changed me. I can only laugh adoringly at her reaction.

"If you want to take credit for it, you can. Your injury made me realize many things. I learned about what love is."

Aobe-Aum looks at me curiously and is starting to become interested in my story.

"Tell me about yourself. Who's your lover?"

"There's not much to tell. We already broke up."

"Oh.... why?"

"It's the wrong place and time. It was based on a lie."

"That's not good. How big was the lie?"

"I lied about who I am. "

"Like when you used to pretend to be me?"

shrank my neck, feeling guilty. Aobe-Aum sighs and expresses her thoughts.

"Who did you pretend to be this time... Not me again, I hope."

Aobe-Aum points to herself and looks shocked.

"Again? You pretended to be me with your girlfriend?"

"I'm not a good person."

When I see Aobe-Aum cross her arms across her chest, looking moody, I raise my hands over my head and apologize.

"I'm sorry. I was really stupid when I was young. I won't do it again."

"Go apologize to your girlfriend and confess to her who you really are. If you continue to pretend to be me, you'd be sorry if your girlfriend finds out and doesn't forgive you."

"Being me is terrifying... but it's okay.

I will accept whatever outcome for my Sin. In the end, I'll be Pluto that disappears from the galaxy."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because her world is back."

"I don't know what you mean, but from going through a life-and-death situation, I want to tell you that... life is short. Do what you want to do. If you were wrong, confess and be with the one you love, who loves you back. It's a lot better."

"Yeah... life is short."

I nod agreeably as I look at my twin,

who is trying to jog her memory but hasn't quite caught up to the present.

"When I fully recover, I'll propose to Metavee."

"You're not fully recovered yet."

"Huh?"

And you still can't remember everything... I still have time. Aobe-Aum is like a time bomb. Once all her memories are back, she will remember that she told me to break up with Metavee. And Metavee will find out about Aobe-Aum's twin, so she will know that I've been lying all along. I still have time... I will have to make the most of it to create good memories.

"Thank you, twin."

"Where are you going? It's 3 a.m."

"I'm going to see my girlfriend. Don't tell mom that I left you, or she'll whip me."

Aobe-Aum laughs and waves at me.

"Fighting, twin. I'm rooting for you."

"How is being you not good? Why do you always pretend to be me?"

"You're better than me in every way. Your job. Your brain. You're the pride of our family... That's why it's good to be Aobe-Aum."

"Was that why you used my name when you picked fights with others? So they would come at me?"

"Did I do that?"

"Geez... Don't get me started."

I arrive at Metavee's place at 3:30 a.m. The guard lets me in easily when he sees me through the security camera. This place has become my second home. I can come and go as I please without having to worry that anyone will be suspicious. Metavee seems to be waiting for me because I already called to tell her that I'm coming. The sweet-faced woman opens the door and smiles to greet me in her pajamas, as if she's expecting something. As soon as I see her, I confess

"May."

"Huh?"

"Do it for me."

Her sweet face registers surprise, but then she nods and says nothing more. She pulls up my shirt hem to pull it over my head. Like a pro, she reaches down and pulls.

"You've become very direct. What's with you?"

I only have my bra left on the top part of my body. But before the petite one can take any more of my clothes off, I pull her in for a tight hug. I want to absorb everything because I know that one day... I will lose her.

"I want to be happy with you. I want to make the most of my time... That's it."

"Sure."

"I'm good at this. I'll show you what happiness is."

_ After Marisa crossed the line and got into a deep relationship with Nub-Dao, she realized how much she loved her. She can't stand to lose this love. And because of this, Marisa knows what it means to live. When she's in love... she doesn't want anything else._

CHAPTER 22

THE PERFECT JIGSAW PIECES

Metavee follows through on her promises. Though she can't see, she knows exactly how to touch me, like someone who's well experienced. It's the total opposite of me, who's only done this with her once. It's also very different because I did it the last time, but it's not like that this time.

The lawyer took control. I let the petite woman do as she wished, and my role was only to follow...

"Trust me."

Even though what we're doing isn't scary, I'm shaking. Metavee's touch is gentle because she's afraid that I would panic.

"May... I... I don't know what to do. I'm sorry. It must be too long..."

To prevent Metavee from being too curious as to why I seem so inexperienced, I have to preempt her. But the sweet-faced woman just smiles and kisses me to console me. The soft touch becomes more intense. The petite woman sweeps her tongue into my mouth repeatedly and waits until I respond, as if she's trying to build up my confidence that I can do this and that we're starting off on the right note.

"Good job... You're doing good, Aum..."

"Please."

I cradle the face of the person on top of me with both hands and beg her. Just this once... I will be myself.

"Please don't call me Aum."

Metavee pauses a bit and lets out a slight smile. She doesn't ask anything, as if she understands.

"Okay. I won't call you that. Tonight...I will call you... Ah, I will call you..."

"Ah..."

"My love."

My heart races as I hear that. I smile, though I know it won't reach her because she can't see. Yet I still want to thank her, so I pulled her down for a hug.

"Thank you, my love."

"That's such a nice word."

The petite woman nibbles my neck. I startle as I feel a sharp pain.

"I'm sorry... You're so annoyingly cute."

"Are you like this?"

I laugh understandingly.

"You like to mark your territory, huh?"

There's no response. There are only more aggressive acts. The petite woman sweeps her lips down and uses her tongue to sweep my sensitive spots. I arch my back and pant. I'm a little tense, but I'm trying to relax. Yet I'm startled again when something touches my lower part.

"May...Ah..."

My legs rub against the bedsheet. I'm hot all over, and I feel a strange sensation from my toes to my head. It makes me let out an embarrassing sound. When I cover my mouth with my hand, Metavee pulls my hand off and licks my belly.

"Your voice... is like my trophy. Let it out"

"It's... It's embarrassing."

"Do I ever hold it in when I cry out?"

"No..."

"And did you like it, my love?"

The word "my love" opens up every part of me. The emotions that were rising sparked and exploded. It's like Metavee knows the signs well, so she enters with her finger...

Gasp..

My entire body quivers due to pain. Yet it feels good. The petite woman knows well what to do so that I can get used to it. I cover my face with both hands and try to endure it so that I can get through it.

"Relax, my dear..."

Metavee pulls my hands out and stares at me...

"May."

"We will get through this together."

Every rhythm and every move goes slowly. My fear slowly subsides when I trust the person on top of me. I slowly absorb all the feelings and take in as much as I can. The rhythm of our bodies is in perfect harmony. Our sounds are in tune. It's as if we're singing the most beautiful song we've ever heard.

"I love you, May."

"I also love... you."

If this is the lyric of the song, it's the best verse I've ever heard.

After Marisa crossed the line and got into a deep relationship with Nub-Dao, she realized how much she loved her. She can't stand to lose this love. And because of this, Marisa knows what it means to live._

Our story has ended... What happened is like a chapter in a novel that is filled with confessions of love. Metavee is lying on me. She's sniffing my ear and asking me with concern.

"How are you?"

"Good."

"How good?"

"Do you want a score?"

I laugh and bury my face into the pillow.

"I'm so shy."

"Why are you shy? It's natural."

"I can't act as if it's natural yet."

"Let's take it slow."

The petite woman wraps her arms around my neck and buries her face into the nape of my neck. She's like a kid looking for warmth, I smile at that with all the love in my heart. She then asks,

"Are you happy?"

"Of course I am. If I could cry. I would."

"Can you tell me why you love me?"

"Huh?"

I'm a bit surprised to be asked that, but I reply willingly.

"You make me feel like I exist and am useful."

"How so?"

"I've never felt wanted... by my family, my society, or anyone around me. When I think that I can't do anything well, I just decide to do it as badly as I can. So I've become someone useless like everyone marked me to be."

"You're valuable. I can see that"

"Yes. Because you see my worth, I feel... It's so great that a person thinks that way about me. Can you believe that I've never figured out what I want to be or do? I wasn't a good student. I also wasn't a good kid. I had no future. I couldn't get a job because my grades were so low."

I laugh when I think of my worthless life before I remember that I'm pretending to be Aobe-Aum, so I hurriedly make excuses.

"Ah... but I'm good with the English language, and I can swim. Also, I'm a bit good-looking, so I can be an air hostess. That doesn't count, though, because it's not a job that requires much skill."

"What do you think you're good at?"

"Writing novels."

"Wow."

"I'm good at crafting plots and making up stories. Though there are gaps to fill, I think I can do that well."

"Just because I like listening to your novel, does that make you think you're good at it? Aren't you getting a bit carried away?"

Metavee teases me until I twist my face.

"At least, I know what I like."

"Congratulations on finding your talent. I thought you were only good at slapping people around."

I frown a bit because there is a conflict in the plot.

"When did I slap someone?"

"When we met when we were young... don't you remember what I told you about my first love? You saved me from the senior that bullied me for money."

"Ah-huh."

"You're my first love. I told you that."

"But Aobe-Aum never got into a fight with anyone..."

I pause and turn to lay on my back to talk to Meteveen, full of curiosity.

"Let's start again. I'm confused. Who did I fight with to save you? How about... telling me from the start? Maybe missed something."

"Well..."

Metavee starts to give me the details on how she met Aobe-Aum again. Many years ago, the petite one was bullied for money. Aobe-Aum was the one who saved her by fighting that senior and giving her a lesson before she got money from that senior and gave it to the lawyer.

"You were an important character in my life. Because of you, I decided to be a lawyer... You were so cool."

"Me?"

I still couldn't believe it.

"Ah-huh. You had a few friends with you. It was like The Powerpuff Girls."

"What is that? I only know Doraemon and Sailor Moon."

"It's a cartoon on the Cartoon Network channel on cable TV."

"I only watched channel 9 (free TV)."

"You didn't have cable TV?"

"We only had the basic TV antenna."

"Okay. Sailor Moon, then."

"And then what happened next?"

"You told your friend to take the Jacobs bag from that senior, and I heard that... you will sell it or something. You also took her pin. I remember your name clearly when you told the senior..."

My heart is pounding, as I'm strangely familiar with the situation. Those immature actions are like a cloning of my younger self.

"If you have a problem with me, come to me anytime you want... My name is Aobe-Aum. I'm a student at... So I went to see you after school and asked someone to give you snacks and a letter. But you never responded to... Oops."

I pull Metavee in and hug her tightly feeling like I won the jackpot or the first prize in the lottery. My tears are falling because I've never thought that we have met and that the person the lawyer has been in love with all along...is me... me, who always went as Aobe-Aum.

"What is it, Aum?"

"Sob... This is great."

Metavee laughs and pats my face with both hands, trying to wipe my tears for me. But the more she does that, the more I sob. It's like someone who's being consoled but wants to ask for more love and tenderness.

"You're such a crying baby... And you're pressing me against the bed."

I look at the petite woman and smile, feeling in control. I'm a lot more confident in myself after hearing her story. It was just a misunderstanding. We are the perfect jigsaw pieces.

"You're mine."

"Huh?"

"You've been mine from the start..."

I lean down and lick her lips, wanting to be the one in control.

"Knowing this, I want to eat you whole."

"Haven't you had enough this morning?"

"That was this morning. This is now...It seems like you were the only one eating. It's not fair."

"So what should we do about it?"

"I have to eat too."

Metavee giggles. We wrestled all night. Making love is a pleasurable activity and a mutually beneficial exchange of affection. Sometimes, the Pandora's box we open is not that scary. Some truths have leaked out of it, that's all. And I'm glad to learn about what's inside, even if it involves bad things. I am ready for whatever may come.

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Whatever it is, come at me!

CHAPTER 23

THE TRUTH

Since I learned the truth, I can't stop smiling and living in my own pink bubble. I cling onto Metavee like those newlyweds. We are like the opposite poles of a magnet that attract each other. We do nothing all day but make out...Ah. That appears to be a little preoccupied. But what can I do... I don't know how long this precious time will last. When I think about this, I sigh like an old person whose relative recently placed them in a nursing home.

[If your relationship with Metavee is going well, I think you better tell her the truth. You're the one in her memory: she won't be angry with you. Trust me.]

Pang, who knows everything, advises me on a VDO call before she flies out tonight. I was going to tell Metavee the truth many times already, but I'm still too scared to make any move because things are going so well right now. I fear that telling her the truth would take away the precious time we have left. What if Metavee doesn't like it that I tricked her? We would fight, and she would hate me...

"Every time she smiles, I'm at a loss for words.

[Geez. Let her stress a little. You're too much of a coward. This is not like Ai Aun, the rascal. I think May would be more surprised that her first puppy love, who was so naughty, is now so timid.]

"You have such a big mouth."

[Tell her. Trust me. It's better than her knowing from someone else.]

"Who?"

[Aobe-Aum. You told me that your twin remembers that Metavee is her lover, no? Her memory is not up-to-date yet. What if she wants to meet her lover once she's stronger? The truth will come out... Maybe they already talked on the phone.]

"Crazy."

I panic because I've never thought of that.

"Aum's phone is with me."

[She hasn't asked for it from you?]

"I will tell her that it was damaged in the accident... She can't remember that she didn't take it with her."

[There are so many ways Aobe-Auma can contact Metavee. Be warned. That's a time bomb. Before it goes off... you should confess so that your punishment is reduced.]

"Will she hate me?"

[So what if she does? Just make out with her to reconcile.]

"You know too much."

[The red marks all over your neck that you couldn't hide when you visited tell it all.]

"You..."

I hurriedly touch my neck and look for a mirror to check that there are no red marks. It seems like Metavee has shown more cute aggression toward me lately. She likes to leave marks on me and says...

'So everyone will know that you are mine.'

When I hear her reason, I can't be angry with her... After I consult my friend, I hang up and go back into the special inpatient room to be with my twin. Aobe-Aum is standing at the window, looking out mindlessly. I cleared my throat to get her attention.

"Twin."

"Hey."

My younger twin, with whom we get along well these days, has a sad look in her eyes.

"You're back so soon from getting food."

"Ah. I forgot that I was going to 711."

I intended to go buy some juice, but Pang called, so I forgot.

"Are you hungry? I'll go now."

"Can I go with you?"

"You're still sick. How can you go with me?"

"I can walk now. Staying in the room all the time is stuffy... Ah. I was going to borrow your phone."

"Huh?"

My heart drops to my feet when my twin asks for the phone.

"Who are you calling? Do you remember their numbers?"

I ask Aobe-Aum to check if she has gained all her memories. My twin nods a bit, and that makes my heart race in panic.

"I can remember Jan's number. I want to talk to a friend. I'm bored."

"Jan... Okay."

I'm relieved but still not at ease.

"What are you going to talk to her about?"

"Just chit chatting. Maybe ask if anything interesting happened while I was unconscious."

"You can ask me."

I hurriedly offer myself, but Aobe-Aum shakes her head.

"There are things that you can only talk about with your best friend because talking about them with a family member can be awkward. You must have some too... things you don't want your family to know."

"I don't."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'm very open."

"Then why don't our parents know that you have a girlfriend?"

"You can't tell them, right? Same for me. I want to talk to my friend. Can I borrow your phone?"

Aobe-Aum reaches out her hand to ask for my phone.

"I'll top it up for you."

I hesitate a little, but I eventually hand her the phone. Aobe-Aum looks at me and smiles, signaling to me that she wants some private time...

"Ah..."

Seeing that, I nodded and backed away. Yet I still put my ear on the door. But this is not a TV series where you can listen to a conversation from a distance, like there's a wireless microphone on the person inside the room. So all I hear are soft mutters and giggles, which sound like an alien language. What are they talking about? My heart races. I pace in front of the special inpatient room, worried, though it doesn't help with anything. Jan must tell her something. And it may trigger AobeAum's memories. No... I don't want her to remember everything yet.

"Aum."

I walk into the room without any manners. Aobe-Aum turns to look at me in panic. There are tears in her eyes, which makes me certain that Jan said something to her.

"What's the matter..."

"Twin... you broke up with Metavee for me already?"

Aobe-Aum hangs up the phone and walks to me. She shakes my body aggressively.

"I... Well..."

"Jan told me what happened. Why didn't anyone tell me that I got married?"

Here we go... I knew Jan would talk about that. I shouldn't

have handed her the phone out of good manners when I've never had any with my twin in the past!

"Mom and dad don't want you to stress out. It's better to let the memory slowly come back to you."

"And you already broke up with May for me?"

"Well... yes. You asked me to, so I did."

"Geez. How did things turn out this way?"

Aobe-Aum paces the room like someone who doesn't know what to do.

"But I told you about Metavee. You didn't say anything."

"You couldn't remember yet. So I didn't want to bring it up."

"Why did I get married?"

"You were probably bored of your ex? Your new lover is handsome and very wealthy. Too bad he died in the car accident..."

I haven't finished my sentence when Aobe-Aum shakes her head like she doesn't want to listen.

"I don't care who died because I have no memories of him. I can only remember Metavee."

My younger twin bites her lips and pulls her hair.

"How was May when you broke up with her?"

"Ah... she didn't say anything."

"Really... Nothing?"

Aobe-Aum falls onto the sofa, stressed out.

"But that's how she is. She acts all tough in every situation, but I know she must be sad."

"Yeah. She was dumped."

"This won't do. I have to go see her."

My younger twin gets up and walks to the closet. Yet she looks blank.

"There's nothing for me to change into."

"Your clothes were soaked in blood when you were sent here."

"What should I do? I want to talk to May I want to explain things to her."

"If all your memories come back, you may not feel this way."

"What do you mean?"

"If you still love her, why would you get married and ask me to break up with her for you? It means that you no longer have feelings for her, right?"

I try to persuade her to buy me as much time as possible.

"And she may kick you out if you go see her."

"So what should I do now? I don't want to break up with her. My brain still orders my heart to race every time I think of her."

"It's because of the memories you have that you still love her... The brain really affects the heart."

I mutter to myself softly, but it's loud enough for Aobe-Aum to hear.

"What did you just say... You have a way with words these days."

"Huh?"

"I thought you were writing a novel."

My younger twin looks at me and smiles from the corner of her mouth.

"I'm shocked."

"Don't look so shocked. I just watched too many TV series. I see the leads talk this way, so I copied them."

"Why don't you try writing something? Maybe it's your thing."

"Even you think so?"

"This means someone else said it too? Who?"

I wave my hands and laugh.

"Never mind."

"Yeah. Never mind. I'm so stunned that I forgot about what I was stressed about... What should I do about Metavee? I don't want to lose her, but I also don't dare face her. Hey. Twin... why did I get married?"

"There must be a reason a woman gets married."

"If there's a reason, then it's not love. "

"True."

I agree with my younger twin before I let out a laugh and make a suggestion.

"How about this? I look exactly like you, and I was the one who broke up with her... I'll pretend to be you and go see Metavee for you today."

When I make that suggestion, Aobe-Aum looks like someone who just saw the light at the end of the tunnel. She gets off the sofa and walks over to shake my arm, excited.

"Really? Will you go talk to Metavee for me? What will you say?"

"I will check her mood first. I'll let you know how it goes... But I can't guarantee the result."

Aobe-Aum grabs my hand and squeezes it tightly, like someone who's nervous. But because she doesn't dare ask for much because it's none of my business, she can only thank me.

"It's okay. You're helping me is enough."

I spent the rest of the day alone deciding whether to confess the truth to Metavee and came to the conclusion that... It was time because my twin would remember everything soon. When that time comes, all the secrets will be revealed. There cannot be two 'Aobe-Aum' in this world.

I'm standing in front of Metavee's gate after walking ten times since I arrived. It's time I showed her who I truly am. Actually, I didn't totally fool the petite woman. At least, it's me who the lawyer fell in love with. Me, whose real name is 'Ai-Aun.

Ring

I ring the doorbell and poke my face at the security camera so I can enter the house. Like I said, this is like my second home these days. No one asks any questions because they know that I'm the significant other of the owner of the house.

"Aum."

When Metavee realizes I've arrived she walks over, reaching her hands out to find me. I assist her by reaching out and grabbing her hands

"May"

"You came so late today. I thought that you wouldn't show up."

"Something came up. I also have something I need to talk to you about."

"Talking this late, there could only be one thing."

The lawyer is grinning, as she only thinks of making out with me these days. She starts to unbutton her pajamas, but I quickly grab her hand.

"I really came here to talk."

"You sound so serious. You're scaring me."

I smile dryly because I'm very anxious. Telling the truth is very hard. But If I don't do it, everything will be harder.

"Let's talk."

I drag the petite woman to bed and push her down before I sit next to her.

"I have something I need to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Something about me."

"Huh?"

Metavee shrinks her neck a bit, looking surprised.

"Did something happen?"

Thud...

Thud...

My heart is racing. It's as if it's popping out of my chest. My confession may change everything between us. It will either be for the better or for the worse. Please... let everything be better after my confession. Please don't let it make Metavee hate me. Devil... I'm making my decision. Are you satisfied? Or will you still make a devious offer to this Marisa?

"I'm waiting. Don't go quiet. It makes me nervous"

"There's more than one me in this world... There's another person who's exactly like me."

"What do you mean?"

I tighten my lips until they're almost bleeding inside. My heart is about to explode, and I may die soon.

.....

First choice: let Nub-Dao remember Marisa... but Marisa must die. She can no longer be in this world. She will forever rot in hell, and Nub-Dao will forever suffer living with her sorrowful memories.

"Actually, Aobe-Aum has a twin...someone who looks exactly like Aobe Aum."

"You're kidding me."

Second choice: let Nub-Dao remember Marisa... but Nub-Dao must die from a life-threatening illness. She can no longer be in this world. Marisa will be loved, but Nub-Dao will no longer be with her.

"I'm not kidding. I have a twin."

"Who's older and who's younger?"

"Aobe-Aum is the younger twin. She's born two seconds later than her older twin."

Third choice: let Nub-Dao forget Marisa... Nub-Dao will have no memories of Marisa. She will go back to living her life like before and eventually fall in love with Marisa's friend, not knowing that Marisa exists in this world. And yes... you can continue to live, but suffer a loveless life. You won't be loved. You won't exist or have any meaning in her world. You'd be Pluto, taken off the list of planets in her galaxy.

"What's the older twin's name?"

"The older twin is named Ai-Aun."

"Wow... this is the important matter you want to talk to me about?"

Metavee smiles as her eyes wander.

"So much so that you come see me in the middle of the night?"

"Of course that's not it"

"So what is it? Don't tell me that the person I'm talking to is..."

Knock Knock.

A knock on the door interrupts us. I shut my eyes tightly out of annoyance. Metavee pauses a bit and lets that person in.

"What is it, auntie?"

"Someone is here to see you."

The housekeeper looks at me and blinks, looking confused.

"Who comes this late at night?"

And another me is revealed. AobeAum comes in her hospital gown. She looks straight at Metavee and smiles.

"MayMay... do you miss me?"

Metavee sits up straight and pauses. There is no reaction. It's like she's gone into a daze. Aobe-Aum dashes in to hug her tightly. I've suddenly become an outsider, so I backed away. Everything goes quiet. I break the silence by revealing who I am.

"The person who is hugging you is your real girlfriend, Aobe-Aum... I'm her older twin, Ai-Aun."

"I'm the one who's been with you for the past while."

CHAPTER 24

REVELATION

Metavee continues to sit quietly, not saying anything, as my younger twin dashes in to hug her. Aobe-Aum starts to realize that her girlfriend is acting strange, so she backs off and looks at her, confused.

"What is it, May?"

"Why are your eyes wandering like this?"

"You don't know?"

The lawyer speaks for the first time, looking surprised. When asked that, Aobe-Aum shakes her head until her hair spreads all over her back.

"I don't know anything. Has Ai told you what happened to me?"

"No."

Aobe-Aum looks relieved and hugs Metavee again. She expresses her gratitude toward me through her eyes.

"It's okay. If you have any questions, you can ask me. I'm ready to answer every question you have."

"Where have you been?"

"There was an accident, so I asked Ai to come take care of you for me."

My younger twin twists the facts without telling me first.

"I'm afraid that you'd be lonely, so I had to do that. I'm sorry."

"But it seems like you've forgotten a lot of facts."

Metavee continues to speak flatly.

"Even the last day that we met."

"What was the last day like?"

"I'm blind... You don't seem to know that I've been blind for a while now."

"Ah... It's probably a side effect of the accident. The doctor said that my memories would slowly come back. Give me some time... You were the first person I thought of when I was out of the coma, you know?"

"Really? What were your thoughts?"

"I thought about how you're doing. But seeing this, I pity you... Who could have done this to you?"

"Ah, you guys go ahead. I'll excuse myself."

When I see that the true lovers have met, I feel like knives are slicing my heart into pieces. It's like I no longer exist. I think I should excuse myself, but Metavee stops me.

"You..."

Though she didn't say a name, I know who 'you' refers to. I don't even dare turn to look at her because my tears are about to flow, showing my weakness to everyone.

"Will you really let it be this way?"

Metavee asks. It's an open-ended question that is not specific, but I can understand it well. I don't know how things should turn out, so I can only give her this response.

"Yes... it's for the better."

And I walk away as my tears fall. I can't take it anymore.

Marisa chose the last choice... Nub Dao and her friend continue to be in love, and there is no memory of her left. Just seeing that Nub-Dao is happy makes her happy. So even if Nub-Dao doesn't remember anything, it's okay...her remembering them may be enough.

And yes... I'm crying in my own room while Aobe-Aum is with Metavee in that house. The letter that I tore and my twin put back together with clear tape made me cry more. The crooked

handwriting reveals Metavee's insecurity and shows how much courage it took for her to confess her love through her letters. But I didn't know about her existence until I was an adult and was required to meet her. I told the truth... and this is how I was compensated. I'm being forgotten. I'm becoming Pluto.

Ring

The phone rings, showing a strange number. When I pick it up, it turns out to be Jan, my twin's best friend. I'm a bit surprised because we're not that close. But when Jan gives the phone to Aobe Aum, I can guess that my twin asked her to call me.

[Thank you for talking to May for me Ai. And thank you for not telling her that...I was going to break up with her to get married.]

I'm stunned by her thankful voice. I'm not sure if Aobe-Aum is second-guessing what I did. So I ask just to be sure.

"Ah. I wasn't able to say it."

[May told me that you stayed with her so she wasn't lonely while I was in the coma.]

"Well..."

[She's pitiful, yeah? I don't know who did this to her. Someone who used to be so capable and confident is now blind, still don't know why I left her at her worst moment to get married.]

If it were the old days, I would have snapped back that it was because she was money-hungry. But Aobe-Aum is like a newborn child. She can't remember anything close to the incident.

"There's no need to think about it now. Live in the presence."

[You really should be an author. You have your ways with words... Thank you for everything. Ai. I will take it from here.]

"Take it..."

[Yes. I will take on the role of May's girlfriend. From now on... please let me take care of Metavee.]

gulp...

I feel like the younger twin is emphasizing to me that what was mine is no longer mine. Though I'm not sure what Aobe-Aum found out, I don't want to be negative and think that she's asking for her lover back

"Ah. Take good care of her, then. Don't go marry someone and break up with her again."

[Crazy. I won't do that. Thank you anyway.]

After hanging up, I stare at my phone and laugh, feeling sorry for my own fate. This is probably karma I broke many hearts without caring how those men felt. Now that it happens to me, I know how painful it is. Loving someone who doesn't belong to you in the first place... Being someone's Pluto is so painful.

3 weeks later...

I'm one to face reality and quickly learn to live with my pain. Once I know that I have no rights, I take myself away from the most painful situation to heal myself. The doctor discharged Aobe-Aum, and she can finally come home today. My younger twin is much better now. She can walk normally, but her memories are not all back yet. That, however, make my parents feel relieved because they don't want her to go crazy because her husband died on their wedding night. I mean, that would be how she feels when all her memories are back....

"Did anyone use my credit card when I was in a coma?"

When Aobe-Aum gets home, she opens her letters and finds the credit card bills. When I hear that, I startle and remain silent, pretending not to hear the question.

"No. I don't even know that you have them."

My mom was the first to respond.

"It's probably dad, then."

"Hey. I didn't."

"Then, who... Ai, is it you?"

Everyone stares at me as I pretend to be watching TV. I give everyone a cold stare and start to pick a fight.

"You're looking for someone to blame... You throw everything that is unwanted at me."

"You're suspicious. When your younger twin was in a coma, you always went through her things."

My mother says that because she really suspects me. I immediately get up and stare at her, like I'm not having it.

"Maybe I need to get into an accident, so you'd feel better."

"Hey. Ai..."

"It's okay. It's not that much. I'm just asking."

Aobe-Aum raises her hand to stop the fight and shrugs.

"I miss home so much. I miss my bed too. I'll go to bed now."

"Ai... have you got a job yet?"

My mother's probing question causes me to sigh.

"No. I'm still looking."

"Will you really continue to drift around like this?"

"Now that your favorite twin is back, will you pick a fight with me? I promise that I won't ask for a dime from you. And I get a job, I'll move out, okay?"

"Stop arguing. I was just asking nicely."

I stomped upstairs immediately. Adobe-Aum is waiting for me. If it were before, I would pick a fight with her too, but because we're friendly towards each other now and my younger twin doesn't seem to hate me that much, I'm not doing that.

"I know that you used my card."

"What are you saying?"

"It's okay. I talked to May about what you did when I was in a coma. Let's say... It's a thank you for taking care of my girlfriend."

I feel ashamed when I hear that, so I snap back, trying to be cool.

"I'll return every penny after I get a job. Just give me some time. You know that I've never wanted what's yours."

"There's nothing you want? What's mine that you desire?"

We stared at each other, knowing what was behind the question. I looked away because I was the one who was wrong.

"I believe that... if it's ours, it will be ours. And if it's not, you will have to return it to its owner."

"You're still the coolest person know, twin."

Aobe-Aum kicks my leg softly and laughs.

"I won't bother you... .Ah, I heard that you're looking for a job. I can get you one, do you want me to help?"

My twin sounds like she sincerely wants to help, but I shake my head.

"It's okay. I want to get one myself. I'm just about to go check my emails."

"Oh? You have a laptop?"

I pause and close my eyes as I realize something.

"I borrowed yours... I'll return it to you."

"Ah. It's okay. If you need it, you can use it for now. There's no rush."

"Okay. Thank you."

"And..."

Aobe-Aum appears to be remembering something. I'm starting to become annoyed, so I make a noise in my throat, but I quickly compose myself and smile at her.

"You haven't talked about your lover."

"Your girlfriend."

Aobe-Aum knows... If she is asking this, my younger twin is trying to find fault. So I keep quiet and give an answer that would move us past this topic.

"We already broke up."

"Ah..."

The person who looks exactly like me shrugs and is about to walk into her room. But before she does, she repeats what I just said, like a mirror.

"I'm Sorry to hear that. What's ours is ours. Don't think too much about it."

I stare at the closed door and pretend to kick it. But I hold back and walk into my room, frustrated. Even Though we are friendly toward each other, she can't help but be sarcastic with me, huh? Why... Why do I have to become this worthless person after Aobe-Aum is out of her coma? It's the same as it was before, whether it's my family or then society around me. I didn't hear back from any of the places where I applied for work. I've been checking my emails everyday for the past three weeks, but no one has called me in for an interview.

Oh?...

There's an interesting email with the subject... XXX Publishing. The content is long. My heart races as I read it. I'm also surprised because I forgot that I submitted my novel to them when I was excited about writing it.

I like your manuscript... I must confess that the writing still needs to be adjusted for better flow. And most importantly, it has a sad ending. If you edited it, it would be better. Can you make some revisions and resubmit it, please?

I sincerely hope to get to work with you.

Editor, XXX Publishing

I cover my mouth with my hand because I'm afraid that I will cry out. Though the email is not a full acceptance of my novel, it seems like it has a 70% chance of being published. And the chance would be higher if I revised the ending. Crazy... Can someone like me be successful at something?

Ring...

The phone rings as my heart is still racing. Because I'm not thinking straight, I pick it up without looking at who's calling. And my heart almost stops because the person who calls me is...

"May."

[How's it going? You've disappeared.]

In one day, after hearing very good news, the person I have missed the most in the past three weeks calls me. That almost makes me cry, but instead, I just reply...

"Ah-huh."

[Why didn't you contact me at all?]

"Your real person is back. I'm no longer needed."

There is silence between us. I'm so afraid that the sound of my heartbeat would go into the phone, and Metavee, who has a very sharp sense of hearing could hear it. So I put my hand over my chest to stop my heart from trembling more than it already is.

[I thought I was with my real person.]

Now what... Should I tell her that I'm the Aobe-Aum she met that day many years ago? But would she understand? What about my twin, who can only remember that she's in love with the lawyer? Should I be that selfish....

"I'm sorry I lied to you."

[I'm not angry with you.]

"Why not?"

[Because I already promised you that I wouldn't be, no matter how wrong you are. We have a trade.]

"But you didn't do anything wrong. You don't have to trade with me.

[Ai... May...]

"Huh?"

I'm waiting to hear what the other person on the line has to say. The vibe between us is strange. We used to be able to talk about everything. But every word we utter now is difficult

[I have something to tell you... Can you come see me?]

"Can't you tell me on the phone?"

[Please come. And I'll tell you.]

I quickly hung up to compose myself. The voice, asking for tenderness, made me go soft. To be honest, I was soft since I heard Metavee's voice asking about how I was doing. But because reminded myself that she belongs to my younger twin, not me, I feel embarrassed. But what is

she going to tell ne...My curiosity makes me pick up my wallet and phone to go outside. I meet Aobe-Aum, who also just walked out of her room.

"Where are you going?"

"Outside... I'll be back."

I take wide strides out of the house to call a taxi. I arrive at Metavee's large house in less than twenty minutes and receive a warm welcome as usual meaning that I can enter at ease. Eventually, I'm in front of the sweet-faced woman's study room.

Knock Knock.

I knock on the door to give a signal before I open it. Metavee seems to be waiting for me. She tilts her head, like she's listening to me, and smiles.

"You really came... I can remember your steps."

"What do you want to tell me?"

When I get the chance, I get right to the point. Metavee pauses a bit before she asks me back.

"You hurried here because you wanted to know what I would tell you?"

"Yes. You said you have something to tell me, so I hurried here."

"Not because you missed me?"

I go quiet. I don't want to answer because I'm not sure if it's appropriate. Metavee is with Aobe-Aum now. Though Aobe-Aum still can't remember everything, it wouldn't be appropriate if I....

"Say what you have to say. What truth do you have to tell?"

"I miss you."

Metavee unbuttons her shirt.

"There's not a single second that I don't think of you. I want to hear your voice. I want to be with you."

"May... don't do this."

I turn away, but I still glance at her from the corner of my eyes until she unbuttons her last button. There's nothing underneath the shirt.

"You said you have something to tell me. If you don't really have any, I'll leave."

"I love you.... I love you, Ai... Not Aobe-Aum. Please... listen to me. It's the truth that I want to tel..."

I dash into her and immediately kiss her. I can no longer contain all my yearning. It's spilling out of me, making me no longer able to control myself.

"I miss you too.. so much."

I say that in such a hurry that it sounds almost like I'm crying. Metavee kisses me back and cradles my face in her palms. She looks me in the eye and asks.

"Do you love me?"

"You don't have to reply. I see it all."

"May..."

"Yes... This is the truth that I wanted to tell you. I'm not blind."

"I've always seen you, Ai. This is my truth."

CHAPTER 25

ALL THE TRUTH

Metavee and I look at each other and go quiet. The petite woman raises her eyebrow and seems surprised at my reaction because I'm not at all shocked.

"Why aren't you shocked?"

"Should I be?"

"I lied."

"So did I?"

"You're acting like you already knew... You knew that I could see?"

The petite woman squints at me like she's interrogating me. I smile a little and nod.

"I've known for a while now,"

"You didn't show any signs that you knew."

"What about you... You knew that I...am not Aobe-Aum, didn't you?"

Metavee nods and smiles a little too as she scratches her cheek.

"Yes. I knew."

"How long?"

"From the start."

"Huh?"

I'm shocked because I from the start like this.

"From the start?"

I never suspected that Metavee knew, but not.

"How?..."

"Let's just say that I know."

"Then why did you have to pretend to be blind and fool me?"

"I wanted to know why you approached me. Do you think that I'm stupid... I'm a lawyer. Everyone called me the lie detector of the company. Since the first day that we met. I've asked my staff to check your background. There's nothing that I don't know about you."

"Are you sure that there's nothing that you don't know?"

"I'm sure. I've seen every corner of you."

After the lawyer confessed that she could see, she immediately seduced me with her eyes.

"I'm cold. I'm the only one with my clothes off. Aren't you going to keep me warm?"

"Who told you to take your clothes off?"

"I'm hot when I'm with you."

"So, are you hot or cold?"

"It depends on you now. How will you make me feel?"

I reach my hands out to wrap the petite woman's waist and lift her up towards me. The lawyer knows what to do. She jumps on me and leans down to kiss me

"Is this warmer?"

"I'm hot now."

"There's no bed in the study room."

"The floor is good... I don't mind."

"Why are you like this?"

I laugh and slowly lay her down on the floor before take-off my clothes too. I look down and look Metavee in the eye as I compliment her.

"Your eyes are really beautiful, babe."

"Someone complimented me on this as well."

"Who?"

"My galaxy."

"You already know that it's me, right?"

"I know from the start... you have no idea how excited I was to finally find the real you."

Metavee wraps her arms around my neck and pulls me down to her. Our faces are only a palm-length apart. I have to use a lot of patience not to eat her whole right now. I want us to make love delicately. I want to do it well as... 'Ai-Aun,' not Aobe-Aum.

"But you were a handful."

"I wanted to get to know you and get close to you, so I showed my bad sides first. I wanted to know if you could take me as I am."

"So what was the result? Do I pass your test?"

"You showing up is already an honor. Who would have thought that their first love would also fall in love with them?"

"So full of yourself. When did I fall in love with you?"

"When you kissed me on the lawn you confessed your love to me."

"Geez. I'm worthless now. I have no more secrets from you."

"I'm no longer your Pluto... This is great."

I close the petite one's mouth with a kiss to let her know how I feel again, clearer than ever.

"You're my entire world, Metavee."

Though I'm not good with touches because I'm inexperienced, I try the best I can. We will ask each other which touch we like and do not like. While Aobe-Aum was in her coma, we were together like friends who can talk about everything. And yes... including this.

"Stay there longer, Ai... Ah..."

I will keep my tongue in the areas that the petite woman likes.

"Don't go down... I like looking into your eyes."

Metavee also never rejects me when it's my turn to make requests. She will do it while she's looking into my eyes

"It's almost over again."

The petite woman has reached the finish line for the night... I'm not sure how many times. She's digging her nails into my shoulder. When I see that she's almost there again, though she doesn't want it to end yet, I kiss her chin and console her with my words.

"It's okay. We can always do it again."

Our love goes on like this, and it seems like we can never get enough. We've been apart for three weeks... No, we've disappeared from each other's orbits for many years. Today, gravity has thrown us back together at the right place and time, so everything falls into place amazingly. I didn't think that our love would be this good. Though I know that... we're doing this behind my younger twin's back.

"Today is a good day for me."

Metavee and I are lying on our backs, looking at the study room's ceiling, at 3 a.m., all out of strength. Our clothes are scattered all over the place, and we're starting to get cold, so we're hugging each other.

"Because we just did it? What... We've been doing it a lot. Weren't those good days?"

The petite woman pinches me out of cute aggression. When I see the confident one lose her confidence, I laugh and pull the sulking woman in for a hug.

"That's not what I mean. I just feel that this is a better day than the past. I'm worry-free and no longer need to lie about who I am."

"That's true. I no longer have to pretend to be blind... I stared at you the entire time that we did it."

Metavee climbs on top of me and expresses her joy.

"I like your expression when you're done."

"Stop it."

I cover my face with my hands.

"Don't talk like that. I'm embarrassed."

"You're still embarrassed with me? I thought we could talk about everything. Is there anything else that makes today a good day for you?"

"I sent a manuscript to a publisher...our novel, I mean."

"And?"

"They are interested in it, but they asked me to change the ending a bit."

"What's the ending like right now?"

"It's not a happy ending."

I scratch my cheek a bit when I talk about this

"Marisa chooses to walk away and let her lover continue her relationship with her ex while she's forgotten forever."

"You wrote about yourself... That sad ending probably won't get published. It's too sad to read."

"But I know how to revise it now. In the end, Nub-Dao can remember Marisa and they..."

"Get naked."

"Crazy!"

Metavee giggles loudly like a little kid until I let out a laugh too. The smile that decorates her beautiful eyes makes me more crazy in love with her. I caressed her cheek lovingly

"This is good... Seeing you smile and looking into your eyes is what I've always wished for."

"It's so good to be in love."

Metavee leans her forehead into mine and snuggles like a little cat.

"Since everything is so good, let's celebrate."

"You won't pretend to be blind anymore?"

"Only when I'm with you."

"Why do you have to pretend to be blind when you're with Aum?"

Metavee goes quiet. It makes me turn to look at her curiously. Ah... why? Aum remembers her when she wasn't blind, but she continues to pretend to be blind

"I want to know something."

"What is it?"

"I'll let you know... Let's go back to our celebration. I have two tickets to a mini-concert. I want to invite someone to go with me."

"And that person is..."

"You."

Metavee smiles as she stares at me.

"And yes, you have to go."

"This is not an invitation, it's a command... What concert? I don't know many artists."

"You know this one... It's a singer that we both like. Think. Who could that be? Tick-tock, Tick-tock"

"Sadub-Pin?"

I became excited.

"She's famous enough to have a miniconcert?"

"Not really. She's holding a small show in a restaurant, and I got tickets for that. It was why I called you... You were the first person I thought of when I got the ticket."

"You called me because of the ticket?"

"Ah-huh... This artist is a part of our memories. It would be great if we could go together."

"How can I not go when you say it like this? When is it?"

"Two weeks from now. Let's go listen to some music."

"I'm only going because it's a free ticket."

"I can hire you to go with me."

"How much will you pay me?"

"How much am I worth?"

"Huh?"

"That's how much I will give you."

"Then can you pay me now?"

I flip Metavee over to be underneath me again and smile at her knowingly.

"I'm hungry again."

And the lawyer, who also likes to do this kind of thing by nature, closes her eyes and gives in completely.

"Please eat me up. Eat all of me. If you move too slowly, ants will swarm me because I am so sweet and enticing, like a dessert. Ops... that tickles. Ah... Ah."

Love is good like this... feel like my life is shaping up. I cleared everything with Metavee. We told each other the truth, and the result was very positive. We still love and can forgive each other

After receiving the email from the publisher that day, I rewrote my novel. I adjusted it so that it's easier to read and revised the ending to be a happy one. As attach the file to the email and am about to click send, my phone rings. I'm surprised to see that the person calling is Kosol because we haven't talked for a while.

"Hi, Ko... What made you call me today?"

[Ai, are you free? I have something I need to talk to you about.]

"I am. I'm still unemployed. But I have something to keep myself busy with."

I say that merrily.

"What's up with you? What do you want to talk about? Is it important?"

[It's important... Can we meet? I don't want to talk on the phone. It's something that needs to be done face-to-face.]

Kosol's anxious voice worries me, so I agree to meet up with him near my old house. After I dress up and am about to leave, I bump into my younger twin, who's twirling her car key like she's about to go somewhere too.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to see May. I have a date today... What about you?"

"I'm meeting my friend."

When I hear that she's going on a date, I suddenly become moody, and my twin notices it.

"Why do you look so moody when I say that I'm going on a date with May? I'm about to think that you're jealous."

"Nah... I just envy those who have a lover."

I make a lame excuse. It's lucky that Aobe-Aum doesn't think much of it.

"Do you want to catch a ride?"

"It's okay. I'm heading in a different direction."

"Okay. I'm going, then."

Aobe-Aum is dressed casually today. She's in a t-shirt and jeans. I look as my twin walks away, feeling nervous for no reason. My twin used to say that she doesn't want to drive because she's too scared to do so. My parents guessed that she is still unconsciously scared due to the accident, though she can't remember it. But she is driving today. Why do I feel nervous somehow?

"I'll go with you. I can drive for you."

I ask for the car key, but my twin shakes her head.

"No. I want to drive. I feel like I haven't driven for too long."

"You normally don't want to."

"It was because I was not normal. But I'm normal now... So, do you want to go with me or not? You'll be late to your appointment if we go on talking."

I hesitate about whether I should try to stop her from driving, but since she insists that she wants to drive, I guess I could sit along with her instead. In the end, I sit on the passenger's seat and look at my twin as she nervously puts the car key into the socket to start the engine.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

"It's just starting the engine. I can do it."

And the engine roars I look at my younger twin, who takes a deep breath before she drives us out of the house. When Aobe-Aum becomes more familiar with everything, she laughs a little, like she's relieved.

"I feel better now. I thought I couldn't do it."

"You're doing good, driving like this, for someone who was in a major accident. Why do you suddenly want to drive today? You can tell me if you want to go somewhere."

"We have to learn to lean on ourselves. And I'm okay now. I'm not disabled or anything. I will have to drive someday."

"Ah-huh."

"You're much nicer than you were before. You're gentle, not naughty or sarcastic to me since I came out of my coma."

I shrug a little, like the cool person I am. Actually, I'm embarrassed, but I don't want to show it

"We're good now. And I'm an adult now too. I'm not that envious kid I was."

"I have nothing for you to be envious of."

"Come one. Everyone loves you. You're successful in everything that you do. How can you say you have nothing for me to be envious of? If we weren't on good terms, I would never have said that I'm envious of you, you know?"

I open up to my twin while Aobe-Aum laughs and shakes her head to show that she disagrees.

"You're going too far. You're the one to be envious of. Everyone falls in love with you. You stand out even without having to get good grades. No one dares bully you. How dare you envy others?"

"We have very different views. You're envious of me just because I'm beautiful and guys like me?"

"You don't understand what it's like to always be invisible."

Aobe-Aum looks at me and shrugs too.

"No matter how good I do, they don't see me. So I had to study hard to have something that stands out from you."

"You're kidding me. You? Study? I've never seen you read a book"

"Why do I have to do it for you to see? You thought that I got those good grades without trying?"

"Ah-huh."

I nod.

"You're smart."

"No, I'm not. I had to study hard so I had something to compete with you on. We look exactly the same, but you're

the star. You also get to be our school's drum major."

"That was a long time ago. I was good at activities, but I got terrible grades. Look at me now... I don't even have a job."

"Your novel is being published soon, no?"

I glance at my twin, shocked, as I raise my eyebrow.

"How did you know that?"

"You're using my laptop. I snuck in and read your novel already..."

"Should I be angry?"

I laugh. But I can't say anything because it's her laptop.

"It's not that good. I have to change the ending to be a happy one."

"Writing a novel is good. You can change the ending to be whatever you want it to be. But in real life, the ending is not so happy because someone ruined it."

"What are you saying?"

"Metavee."

My younger twin looks straight ahead, but her tone of voice and the look in her eyes changed, which surprised me.

"You're talking like May did something."

"She changed my life in many ways... Metavee made me realize that there is a someone in this world who sees our worth while others look past it."

"Aum..."

"It was the first time someone sent me a love letter."

Aobe-Aum says this like she's deeply hurt when she thinks of her past.

"But she suddenly went away."

"It probably wasn't the right time."

"I forgot all about it until I met her again at the airport. She approached me. She looked at me with loving eyes and made me feel special."

I go quiet because I feel guilty. Metavee just looked at the wrong person with those eyes because she's always thought that Aobe-Aum was me.

"Ah-huh."

"Then one day I realized that the letter and her love weren't meant for me."

Aobe-Aum glances at me with tears in her eyes.

"It was all because she misunderstood me for you, twin."

Gulp...

It seems like Aobe-Aum remembers more from her past. I don't know how much she remembers or what I should doing this situation.

"You always used my name when you did bad things. I let it go because people will find out anyway that I'm... not you. But with Metavee, that's not what I wanted. I loved Metavee!"

Aobe-Aum holds on to the steering wheel tightly.

"I found out later on that the person she fell in love with wasn't even me."

"Aum... You remember everything?"

Aobe-Aum gives me a chilly grin while tears of anguish stream down her face.

"Yes. I remember everything."

Sunnyanz

CHAPTER 26

HER GALAXY

"Rather than Aobe-Aum being my name, I had to pretend to be you because Metavee thought that your name was Aobe-Aum. Do you know how much pain I was in!"

Aobe-Aum smashed the steering wheel in resentment.

"We began to drift apart and grow cold towards one another. It was because I wasn't the Aobe-Aum she thought I was."

"The perky Aobe-Aum that picks fights with everyone and has a face as beautiful as a portrait. Metavee kept talking about you, not me!"

"I... I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for!"

Aobe-Aum screams at me uncontrollably, I understand why she's so angry.

"I'm sorry for using your name at will. I was a very bad person. I know that now."

"It's okay."

"But..."

"I don't hate you. The person I hate the most right now..."

Aobe-Aum looks straight ahead. I had no idea when we arrived at Metavee's house.

"...is the owner of this house."

When the gate is opened, Metavee, who rarely comes outside of the house, is standing alone on the driveway. Aobe-Aum looks straight at the petite woman, full of rage. That makes me nervous.

"What are you going to do?"

"When I finally found a new love, the owner of an airline who proposed to me on his knees and said he would be with me until we were old, Metavee called to tell him that we were still together. It made my husband go out that night to talk to her, and the accident happened

"What..."

"Metavee is a murderer. She's the reason my husband died!"

Aobe-Aum lets go of the brake and slams her foot down on the accelerator.

"I will make her die along with my husband!"

Our car speeds into the house. And in the split second that I could still see what was going on, I saw Metavee raise a gun and aim straight at Aobe-Aum without fearing death herself.

"Stop, Aum. Stop!!!"

Bang!!!

Screeeeeeeech....

Aobe-Aum hits the brakes so hard that we almost fly out the front window. It's lucky that we have our seatbelts on, so we're safe. I look down and scream before I slowly look back up. Metavee is still standing where she was. The car is only a few palm-lengths away from her. There was gunfire....

I look at my twin, who has her face on the steering wheel and cries uncontrollably as she smashes the steering wheel because she's angry with herself.

"Why can't I do it? Why? Sob."

"Aum..."

I reach my hand out in an attempt to console her, but Metavee opens the door, unbuckles my seatbelt, and pulls me out of the car.

"Are you okay, Ai?"

"I'm okay... What about you?"

We scan each other worriedly and let out a sigh of relief. I look at the gun in her hand, feeling nervous about it.

"Where did you get that from? Why do you carry a gun?"

"I thought I should have one on me. Aobe-Aum is too dangerous."

Metavee stares at my twin, who slowly gets out of the car and slams the door loudly.

"You two seem to love and care about each other a lot."

"I knew you were pretending not to remember."

"We know each other well."

"Why did you hit the brakes? If you did this that day, you wouldn't have to fight with your husband for control of the steering wheel until he died because the car went off the road."

Metavee says this casually, as my heart shakes. This means that the petite woman was there, She was involved?

"If you didn't show up, we would be living a happy couple's life right now."

"If you told me from the start that you're not the Aobe-Aum I was looking for, it wouldn't have come to this... What were you thinking? You left a blind lover to marry someone else? What is your heart made of?"

"Before you ask about my heart, ask yourself, Metavee. You didn't love me at all, but you told my husband everything. How would that affect my marriage?"

"If you cleared everything from the start, I wouldn't have to do that."

"You killed him!"

"Don't accuse me. We both know what really happened!"

Metavee responds angrily.

"You fooled me from the start. You took advantage of me until the last minute, when you left me to marry the owner of an airline. Did you think that I was stupid?"

"Stupid or not, you were fooled. But why act so hurt? You're not any poorer. Think of it as my pay."

"Are you a prostitute?"

"Metavee!"

My younger twin dashes in to go at Metavee, but I stand between them because I'm worried about the gun in the petite one's hand.

"Please don't fight. If you don't love each other anymore, just let it go. Aum...It's in the past. Hurting her now is not worth it."

"Step away, twin. This has nothing to do with you."

Aobe-Aum pushes me back, but I don't give in because I want to end this.

"Of course, I'm involved. I used your name. That's the cause of all these misunderstandings!"

I reach my hand out to grab Aobe-Aum's shoulder and beg her with all my heart.

"Please let it go. It was an accident."

"I won't be the only one who loses something. She has to lose something too."

"What will you do?" I ask my younger twin, who seems to have lost her mind. Eventually, she said something that I've always been afraid of

"I will not let Metavee be happy. Let me tell you something... someone like Metavee can never be happy in love. Why? Because the sin she committed in the past will make her pay in the present and future. Working as a lawyer for criminals until she goes blind. That's karma."

"What are you talking about?"

I look at my twin, confused. She suddenly talks about an unrelated topic and says that it's karma? What does she mean... Aobe-Aum looks at me and laughs, as if she's feeling sorry for me because I'm clueless. Then she revealed it to me.

"I'll tell you so you're no longer a fool. Metavee is the lawyer for that rich kid that drove into your friend and caused him to suffer and die like a worthless being."

"That's crazy. May is that lawyer..."

I look at Metavee in disbelief. The petite woman goes quiet and does not show any emotions, as if she's waiting for Aobe-Aum to finish. So my younger twin tells it all as she smiles broadly and uses her finger to poke Metavee's chest

"And what makes it all the more fun is the fact that Ai-Aun was the one who told her friends to go get revenge on that lawyer until you're blind and become a jobless disabled person. That's your karma. That's the fate you were wishing for."

"That's your galaxy... Metavee."

SunYanZ

CHAPTER 27

BANG

What Aobe-Aum just said makes me freeze. This is the sin from my past that I've been avoiding facing up to. I was immature, and that destroyed a stranger's life. But I didn't expect that person to be... Metavee... The petite woman looks at me, stunned as well. We can pretend not to believe it, but deep down, we know that what Aobe-Aum said is the truth.

"So... can you still love each other after, knowing that? Fate...exists. But it only does so to cause us pain!"

I hug myself, speechless. What my younger twin just said is true. At first, I thought that meeting Metavee was true love. But now that I know the truth that I drove us into all this I can't help but think that... it's karma.

I used Aobe-Aum's name to pick fights with others. I used Aobe-Aum's name, and those created misunderstandings. Metavee thought that Aobe-Aum was me, so she put herself in Aobe-Aum's galaxy. Aobe-Aum thought that Metavee fell in love with her, so she gave her heart to someone who doesn't know who she truly is. Also, Metavee is the lawyer for the bad person and helped the son of a rich person get away, shortening Ben's life. Ben's family suffered greatly from that as well. And me... I'm part of this cycle because I told my friends to get revenge on that lawyer. Us falling in love?

"I'm okay with it."

Metavee, who went quiet for a while, replies as she looks at Aobe-Aum coldly and heartlessly.

"It's the past, just leave it in the past."

"Wow... You're so open-minded. You become blind and disabled, but you can forgive her? This is not at all like the Metavee that I know. Where is that woman who holds such a strong grudge?"

"She didn't make me blind. It's not like you, who almost killed me twice. Yet, I'm still alive."

The sweet-faced woman raises her gun and aims it at my twin's face, looking like she's not kidding.

"They say that if you hit a snake, you better kill it. If you're not dead, I will be one day....So, what should I do?"

"If you think you can get away with killing me, go for it."

"Don't forget that I'm a lawyer. I can get away with it easily."

"Stop. No one will die!"

I scream and interrupt as they talk about death because I can't stand it anymore. I push the gun to change its trajectory.

"We are still alive. What we're talking about is in the past... Aum, let it go. We all played apart in this. It all started with me... I used your name, so Metavee thought that you were me and did things she didn't intend to do.

"But my husband died because of her."

"Your husband tried to kill me. That's the truth!" Metavee argues, frustrated.

"I admit that I was very angry that you were getting married, so I searched for his number and asked to meet with him. But nothing would have happened if he didn't try to kill me."

"You're now blaming a dead person? Do you have any shame in you?"

"The one who should be ashamed is you. Think carefully about what happened that day. You were the one who turned the car in another direction to divert it so that Paul didn't hit me. Don't you remember that?"

What happened that day slowly comes out of the two who are not thinking straight. I listen and try to make this fight right now. I sense of it all because I can't really stop.

"Why did you have to butt in and tell him the truth about me? My life was just about to go well. I was getting married and was about to live a happy couple's life, something you couldn't give me. When we were together... It was cold. All the love we had for each other at the beginning died away."

"It died when I found out that you're not the person I thought you were..."

Aobe-Aum pushes Metavee's chest wildly before grabbing her collar and yelling.

"How am I not like Ai! What are the differences? We look exactly the same. We sound the same. We have the same eyes, nose, and lips. Were exactly alike, except for the name on our registration card. Why does everyone fall in love with Ai? What about me!"

"What you don't have is your own identity."

Metavee says this like she's trying to explain it to her.

"I can always sense that you were not natural. Everything you did seemed forced. It was different from the Aobe-Aum I met in the past..."

"That girl was capable. She was confident in every way, from the way she talked to the way she acted. She may be naughty, but she was sincere, which you weren't... You were full of trickery. Every Time you said that you loved me, you wanted something in return. Was that what you called love?"

"If you didn't love me, why did you have to mess with my husband's head!"

"Don't you think that you should lose knows nothing? At least you should have disappeared when I was blind. You left me to fight on my own and went to have a good time with your cheating partner. And you're asking for love now."

Metavee points at me.

"Ai-Aun has only been with me for a short period of time, but she took good care of me, which was the total opposite of you, who were with me for four years. You expected to have a better life by stepping on your ex, who broken up with me first, not just..."

"Fine. I have nothing good in me. I can never compete with Ai. Why did I have to be born and compared to Ai my entire life!"

Aobe-Aum falls to the ground and cries. It's the first time in my life that I've heard everything she thinks about me.

"Aum..."

I sat down beside my twin, not knowing how to console her. When I reach out to her, she brushes my hand off. I bite my lips tightly.

"There's nothing for you to envy about me. I'm the one who is envious of you."

"Why would someone like you be envious of me? You don't have to do anything, but everyone loves you. How many lovers have you had?"

Aobe-Aum hits herself in the chest and continues to cry.

"I had none until I met Paul... but he died on our wedding night!"

"You're better than me in every way...I've always been envious of you. I had to pick fights with others so that our parents would pay some attention to me."

"I only have my looks. Other than that, I can't do anything well. My grades are average. I can't get a job. I just drift around all day. That's not a good life."

I bite my lips tightly and explain how sorry I feel for myself because I can't compete with anyone.

"...lovers? Yes, I had a lot. But that's not a good thing. I've had 18 lovers, but I didn't love anyone until met... May."

I mentioned the woman who's standing in front of us.

"I love her... I love Metavee. I love a woman. Look at my life; what's there to be envious of?"

"Didn't you like her because she's rich... Gosh. Besides being rich, she has no good qualities. She's selfish. She doesn't even care about her parents."

Metavee clenches her hands into fists and closes her eyes as she tries to be patient seems like Aobe-Aum has touched her weak spot. I had to quickly stand between them to keep things from going downhill.

"I like May because she's the only one who makes me feel like I'm precious. I wanted to do or what I liked to do until drifted around. I didn't know what I met her. She made me realize that someone like me could do something well too."

"You're good in school. When you grew your dream. As for me... I didn't know have talent. I can do what suits me. She saw my worth when everyone thought of up, you immediately knew that you wanted to be an air hostess. That was what I liked. I got a basic degree, thinking I could easily get a job with it. That's it. But Metavee never pointed out to me that me as trash."

I looks away and continues to sarcastically explain it as I see it, but Aobe-Aum ridicule us.

"Love really made you blind. She destroyed your friend's family. Do you remember how Ben's family had to suffer because of this fu***** lawyer?"

"I destroyed her life too."

I start to sob when I think about this.

"You know what made me stop drifting around and pursue my degree.... It was because unintentionally destroyed someone's life. The guilt ate me up. You've seen that. But most of all, all those pains are not as painful as me finding out that... the person I destroyed because of my careless words is May. Sob."

I hug myself and cry as I sway my body from side to side, like I'm on a swing. Aobe-Aum softens up when she sees that I'm crying harder than I've ever cried. But her ego is too high for her to listen to anything right now.

"I don't care how good she was to you or how you destroyed her life. I couldn't care less if she's blind, deaf, crippled, or mute. The only thing I want right now is..."

And what we both didn't expect to happen happened. Metavee suddenly raises her hand to her chest and pays respect to Aobe-Aum, looking guilty.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm sorry."

"Huh..."

"I'm sorry I destroyed your life... I did this without thinking and accepted my fate I didn't intend to do that." Metavee says with tears in her eyes.

"If I didn't act that we weren't in love like we were before, you would be having a perfect family right now... I'm sorry about that."

"Don't play this card on me. I'm not going soft on you."

"Then, take it." Metavee decides to hand Aobe-Aum her gun.

"Shoot me and end this."

"Don't think that I wouldn't dare."

Aobe-Aum pulls the gun from the lawyer's hand and aims at the petite woman's forehead without any hesitation.

"Do it... I'm sorry about everything. But if I could turn back time, I'd do the same things."

"What?"

"If what I did allowed me to meet Ai.... I would do it again."

"Though you'd become blind?"

"Yes."

The two are staring at each other, neither of them backing down and lips are shaking like someone who's Aobe-Aum's hand thinking hard and really considering taking the shot,

"Don't, Aum... I love her. Sob."

I raise my hands to beg my younger twin before I get on my knees to beg her to lower her gun. I don't know what to do anymore. It's all so intense. Just because I used Aobe-Aum's name when we were kids, it led to this.

"You can kill me, but please don't kill her. I've never asked for anything from you. Please... please don't hurt May.

"You see someone else better than your dead friend? What about me? I'm your twin, who you should feel bad for and pay me back for what you've done your entire life!"

Aobe-Aum stares at me and asks.

"Can you forgive her and go back to be with a woman who had sex with your twin!"

"Stop it, Aum. No need to say more, just shoot me!"

Metavee grabs the gun and aims it at her head before staring at Aobe-Aum with hatred. She continues to aggravate her weak spot like the lawyer she is.

"You're right. If there's Ai-Aun in this world already, who needs you?"

"You're about to die, but you still can't stop your big mouth."

"You're number 2."

"Shut up!"

"Shoot, number 2. Go for it!"

"Metavee! Don't."

Bang!!!

CHAPTER 28

OPEN UP

After the gunshot, both Metavee and I fell to the ground. I open my eyes to look at the petite woman in my arms to make sure that the bullet did not hit or scratch her.

"May... are you hurt?"

"I'm okay."

"Please make sure that you are. Did the bullet scratch you anywhere?"

I can't stop my tears from falling out of fear. Metavee shakes her head and looks at Aobe-Aum, who's pointing the gun to the sky.

"Aobe-Aum fired the shot into the sky. I'm okay."

I cover my face with my hands and in my entire life. I've never felt like my heart was being torn into pieces because I've never loved anyone this much before. I cry because I've never been this scared

"That's great... Sob. This is good. I was so scared."

I wipe my tears and look at my twin, who's crying too.

"Aum..."

"I almost did it. Just a little bit more. Buddy."

And then my twin also falls to the ground and cries heavily out of anger. She hits the ground with her fists, like she wants to break it because she's so angry that things aren't going as she'd hoped...I slowly crawl toward her and hug her tightly. She accepts my consolation and throws the gun away. I don't know what she's thinking, but I'm both grateful and appreciative that she

didn't do something stupid out of rage. It was like she listened to my plea. A plea I have never made since we were born.

"Please take me home. I don't want to be here anymore."

"Ah-huh... let's go home."

"Don't tell mom what I did today."

"Ah-huh. I won't. Let's go home."

We help each other up and walk to the car. I take on the driver's role. Metavee walks after us and grabs my wrist. We look each other in the eye.

"Will we see each other again? Will our love be the same?"

Those are the questions Metavee is asking me. I look at my lover and can only cry. I don't know what to feel in this instance. It's like we've come so far. We opened up and were completely honest with each other, but it appears that we know nothing about each other. Metavee is that lawyer. And I was the one who told my friends to destroy someone's life, which happened to be Metavee.

"I'm leaving."

We stare at each other for a long time before I pull the petite one's hand off my shirt and get in the driver's seat. I can't be more concerned about someone else than a family member. Though I don't have a good relationship with my family, I can't give priority to someone I just met over my twin... Aobe Aum is too weak right now, and I have to put her first.

When we got home, Kosol called because I hadn't shown up for my friend's appointment. In the end, He couldn't keep it to himself any longer, so he told me everything. He told me that Metavee is the lawyer for Ben's offender. Yes... Kosol confirms that what Aobe Aum said was true....

[We did this to Metavee.]

Kosol has told me before that he thinks the petite woman looks familiar somehow. We just didn't think that fate would deal me this card.

"It wasn't that long ago. Why couldn't you remember her at first?"

[I just thought that she looked familiar. I only saw her from a distance at the court. Also, she was wearing eyeglasses then, but she didn't wear them when we met recently. That's why I can't remember who she was, only that she looked familiar.]

He only realized who she was because he dropped by to see Ben's family, and Ben's father remembered the name of the lawyer who went against them and researched for more information and come The name 'Metavee' made Kosol to the conclusion that... it's the same Metavee.

[What will you do next?]

"Nothing. I don't want to think about it right now... Talk to you later."

[Are you okay?...]

I'm not ready to talk to anyone... I lay down on my bed, hug myself, and cry. I've always heard that karma will punish you 100x or 1000x as much as your sin, and I'm probably paying as dearly as Metavee is right now.

"Ai...

Aobe-Aum opens the door and enters my room with a pillow in her arms. She glances at me with her puffy eyes. She's been crying as hard as I am.

"Yes?"

"Can I sleep with you?"

"Ah-huh."

"Ah."

After I say yes, the twin I've never done any activity within the past thirty years or so comes to lay next to me and turns her back towards me. I can tell that she's not asleep yet, but I don't dare say anything because I'm not sure if she wants to talk right now.

"I pretended to be you after I was with her for six months."

My twin suddenly speaks, which causes me to pause.

"Why are you talking about this now?"

"I want to clear things up with you. I want to let you know that I didn't intend to pretend to be you and that I'm not that bad a person... I only found out about everything when Metavee told me about how we first met, and that deeply hurt me. So I did something stupid, like pretending to be you. I also hated you more with each passing day.

"Ah-huh."

"I felt like this world was a living hell. Why does everyone fall in love with my twin, though you never do good for this world?... Since doing good does me no good, I will be as bad as you. So I pretended to be you and took advantage of Metavee."

I nod. I don't want to get emotionally involved because it's in the past. Aobe Aum had every right to be angry and hate me because I would be too if I were her.

"Did you get a lot from her?"

"Quite an amount. And the more I got from her, the more I hated you... I took so much that I deserve the hate, but Metavee never looked down on me. She only asked... Do I want more? That made me more angry."

"You didn't really want her money?"

"I'm not a greedy person. I can make my own living. I just did it because I wanted her to hate you... But no, she loves you too much. She's crazy in love with you... and that hurt me."

My younger twin goes quiet, like there are bubbles around us.

"You loved her too?"

I ask because I want to break the silence. I also want to know the truth. Aobe-Aum shrugs and replies casually.

"I'm not sure. But she was the first person to look at me with loving eyes. I've never had a lover, Ai... since I was born."

"You're kidding me."

I'm really shocked.

"You're not bad-looking."

"But I'm not as beautiful as you. I believe that deep down, you know that people compare us all the time."

"But you grew up to be beautiful. And you were in a relationship with an airline owner. You were the only one who could do that."

Aobe-Aum goes quiet after I say that. It was like I attacked her weak point. I panic and turn to my twin, who has her back to me. Yet I don't know what to do.

"Well..."

I try to find the right words to console her, but she waves her hand to stop me from speaking with her back still to me.

"It's okay. You can talk about it.... What happened to Paul still lingers in my mind. His death was not all because of Metavee. It was also because of me."

Aobe-Aum goes still for a bit. I notice that she's wiping her tears away.

"I heard that you were fighting for control of the steering wheel with him?"

"Yes. I was very angry that Metavee told my husband about our relationship on our wedding night. My rage made me tell her that I'm not her galaxy. I'm not the person Metavee thought I was, and I told her that I have a twin."

So Metavee knew since then... No wonder, when we first met, she kept asking if I was Aobe-Aum. And once she was sure, she kissed me. She was probably both elated and confused.

"And because she was angry that I lied to her, she stood in the middle of the road to block our way. Paul was very drunk, so he stepped on the accelerator, aiming to kill her."

"But she survived... because of you."

"Yes. I was very angry with her. But I didn't want to kill her. So I fought for the steering wheel. That was why the car fell off the road. And the person who died that night was Paul instead."

There is a moment of silence. When I see my younger twin go quiet, I poke her arm and break the silence.

"You don't have to say more if you don't want to."

"It's in the past; I can tell you... I just think that what happened that night changed our lives, yours, May's, and mine. If I didn't grab the steering wheel, Metavee would be dead. What will happen next?"

"You won't be injured. Paul would be charged with driving under the influence, and I would still be drifting around as I was... I wouldn't know love."

"The outcome would be a lot different. If I could go back in time, who would I choose to let die..."

"You would have made the same choice. Because you don't really hate May... you love her."

We look at each other for a while before Aobe-Aum sighs and continues to speak casually.

"You're answering that as my twin...It's probably true. I guess twins really have connections, both in terms of thoughts and feelings."

"Probably so."

I smile at her and change the topic.

"Did you really lose your memory when you first came out of the coma?"

"Yes. I couldn't remember anything except that I'd been through a life-and death situation. When I saw our family, I told myself that life is so short. So, it's better to love each. That's why I wanted to reconcile with you... I didn't have any bad intentions."

I look at her understandingly. Now that we've grown up and been through a lot of things, we know what's really Important.

"So you're only a bad ass to May."

"Yes. Because I liked her a lot, it's not strange that I hate her a lot now."

"There's a bit of a conflict, though. You liked May, but you married someone else. Did you love Paul at all?"

Aobe-Aum turns to me, so now our faces are only a palm-length apart. Since we were born, we've never been this close to each other. Though it's strange, I don't want to move back. This is a very important moment for us. This is the first time we twins have opened up and talked to each other.

"I was trying to find Metavee's replacement when I met Paul... I said yes to his proposal only three months after we knew each other... You can tell from the slide show during the wedding that it was all so artificial."

I blink blankly but do not dare say much because I'm shocked that she seems to be sitting in my head. I said that in the middle of the wedding, thinking that only I knew it. Does a twin's bond make Aobe-Aum know my thoughts this much?

"Crazy... I didn't think it was that artificial."

"Stop being fake. We're twins. I can sense your thoughts. Even I know that it wasn't natural."

"If you didn't love him that much, why marry him? Moreover, you left May when she was blind."

I say this as if I want to criticize her in a good way. Aobe-Aum laughs and sighs.

"Did you know that May and I were very cold towards each other at that time? How can I be when I'm not you?"

My younger twin shrugs, like what she's time? Being with someone who doesn't love you is very tortuous. I'm not what Metavee expected me to be. Of course....saying is a general topic.

"And in my worst moment, Paul came in. It made me realize that... it's better to love someone who loves you. When I was with Paul, I forgot all about Metavee. And it went on until Paul proposed to me on his knees."

"But you didn't love him."

"I was moved. And then, on my wedding night, I started to think about how Metavee would feel if she knew that I dumped her."

"At least you still cared about Metavee... But it was still too mean to break up with her on your wedding night. Her being blind wasn't enough?"

"That's why I made up for it by asking you to break up with her for me."

"You call that making up for it?"

I'm starting to become angry when I've become her pawn. She's saying it like she doesn't feel at all guilty about what she's done.

"You asked me to break up with her when you were the one who created all those messes?"

"It allowed you two to meet, no?"

"Don't say it like what you did was..."

I pause and look at my twin, realizing something. Our twin's connection almosther thoughts.

"You intended for me to make me exclaim because I could meet Metavee."

"Yes."

"Still, that doesn't mean that all your guilt would be gone."

"It's the only way for May to forgive me. She gets to meet her real galaxy, which she's been waiting for. And I will get to have a family of my own."

"What if I didn't agree to it? What if I didn't like May..."

"You would just break up with her coldly like you always do... But you didn't, did you? I told you to break up with her, but you confessed your love to her. What you did was worse than me."

"What?"

"I was wrong to pretend to be you. But you also weren't right to pretend to be me. What if the turn of events didn't come to this? You would be a scumbag who stole your twin's lover. People would bury you if this story was a blog on the Pantip website."

"You're getting back at me?" We look at each other and laugh. Suddenly, I recall what I said on her wedding night. I also brought up the Check out the website.

"Do you still love her?" When I ask that, my younger twin twists her mouth.

"If I do, what will you do? Give her up for me?"

"I'm smart enough to know that it's better to love someone who loves me."

Aobe-Aum looks at me as she smiles and asks me sarcastically.

"Hearing all this, will you still go back to her?"

I pretend to sleep. Seeing that I don't reply, Aobe-Aum turns her back to me and leaves her last remark before she closes her eyes.

"She still has to pay for what she did. I will not let her be happy in love that easily."

"What will you do?"

I, who pretends to be sleeping, ask out of curiosity. And that allowed my twin to make me a devilish offer.

"You have to choose between Metavee and me."

"Choose?"

I repeat that silently, but it seems like Aobe-Aum hears it too, so she elaborates.

"Yes."

"If you choose Metavee, you will no longer have a younger twin named Aobe Aum....Choose!"

CHAPTER 29

CHOOSE

Metavee and I haven't been in touch since that day. Aobe-Aum didn't rush me into making a decision. Because not contacting the lawyer is already an answer in itself, I chose my family. Is it the right thing to do...

"Why do you have to do as Aum says? You guys just reconciled. Is it necessary to choose her? What about her pretending to be you? Shouldn't she be punished for that at all?"

Pang, who now knows everything, attacks me like this is her own story. I've been locking myself up at home and just got to see my friend when she dragged me out to see the world and get a breath of fresh air. She's afraid that I'd die of depression.

"Her husband died. That was her punishment."

I keep stirring my coffee with a spoon and not drinking it because I'm bored with everything. I barely eat and have already lost two kilograms.

"Her husband being dead has nothing to do with you. It was all due to her own actions. And you loving May has nothing to do with your twin."

"Aobe-Aum doesn't hate me. She's doing this because she hates May... Her greatest desire is to see May's heartbroken."

"And you have to hurt like this? Since she was young until now, your twin deserves some slapping. Damned."

I glance at my friend, who's so involved with my story, and smile at her before I reach my hand over to pat hers, thankfully.

"It's great to see you today. At least I know that there's someone who will listen to me and always be by my side."

"I told you that I'd be your moon."

I look at Pang and smile at her through my tears. Maybe... If we weren't best friends, I would give her a chance... Just maybe... But friendship is much longer lasting. So it's best to let Pang be my friend until we're old.

"So, you chose Aobe-Aum over Metavee?"

"I haven't made my choice. Actually, I can't choose. So, I won't."

I pull my hand back and continue to play with my cup of coffee with a heavy heart.

"May and I just met, actually."

"But you love her. That's real."

"True. But the longer we're together, the more it seems like I don't know her well. And she doesn't know me either. Who would have thought that May was that enemy? Who would have thought that the cruel lawyer who represented our friend was the one with the wicked thought that triggered our friends to hurt her? Do you really think that we can be together?"

Pang pauses to think about it before she asks me curiously.

"Let me ask you one question. When you found out that Metavee is that lawyer, did you hate her so much that you stopped loving her?"

"No."

"And do you think that Metavee, who loved you that much, would be really angry with you when she found out that you were a part of why she was harmed?"

"I don't know."

"If she really loves you, she will be like you now. She won't be angry."

"Why wouldn't she be?"

"No reason. Because if there's a reason, it's not love... Look at dogs. Owners hit them and tortured them, but they are still loyal... Why? Because they love their owner. There's no reason."

"But I'm not a dog. It's not the same."

"Why did you feel that Metavee was the one?"

I think back to when Metavee and I first met... I mean when we're adults, not when we were kids. The clearest thing that stands out is the feelings when the petite woman kissed me the first time we met.

"Because of the kiss."

"And why was kissing that woman more special than kissing others?"

"I don't know."

"There must be a reason."

"There's no reason."

"That's love. There's no reason for it, If you can find a reason for it, then it's not love."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Metavee will forgive you because she loves you too. You're not angry that she brought injustice to our friends. She would be the same... She won't be angry that you're a part of why she was blind for a while. Actually, maybe being blind made her see things more clearly."

I smile at my friend, who's trying to make me feel better. I admit that Pang is very optimistic. At first, I thought she'd be more angry with Metavee than this. But she isn't.

"Don't pretend like you know how May feels. You only met her once."

"Twice. And this will be the third time."

After saying that, Pang looks over my shoulder. I'm not so stupid to not know who's standing behind me...So this is why she asked me to come out to see her.

"Ai-Aun."

I can hear the petite woman's nasal tone as I sip my coffee. Pang knows that she should give us privacy, so she walks out. I don't dare look her in the eye as soon as Metavee sits down, I take a deep breath and try to look as normal as I can.

"How's it going, May?"

"How are you doing, Ai?"

Our greetings might seem ordinary and simple. But what's hidden behind those words is the question... Do you miss me?

"I'm good. What about you, May?"

"I'm trying to be good. You've disappeared."

We stop talking and watch the time tick away. I don't know what to say.

"I didn't disappear. I just don't know what I should do."

I confess honestly as I play with my coffee cup, not knowing what to do.

"I don't know if there would be more surprises waiting for me if I went to see you."

"I can see that you don't like surprises."

"Except for unwrapping gifts, no, I don't. I don't like it when I don't know what to expect. By the way, don't you feel weird to be talking to me like this?"

"You mean because you're a part of why I was blind?"

"Ah-huh... Are you angry with me?"

There is silence between us before. I'm asked back with a similar question.

What about you? Are you angry that I destroyed your friend's life?"

This is a question that lets us reflect on each other's feelings, resulting in another moment of silence between us. I admit wholeheartedly that I'm not at all angry with her. Maybe it's because I'm not directly involved. Or maybe it's because it was so long ago. When we were young, our friends' matters were big deals for us. But once we're more mature and experience the world more, we realize that... it's really not our business. Or maybe I've just become more selfish. And yes. The answer is... I'm not angry. But I won't say it because it's useless.

"I'm not angry with you, Ai."

Metavee said it first. I look up at the sweet-faced woman and ask out of curiosity.

"Why not?"

"What would I get out of it?"

"Let out your pain."

"You're the only person I don't want to get hurt. So, I'm not angry with you. And you should repay me by not being angry or hateful toward me too, right?"

Her serious, leaning towards begging tone of voice makes my heart ache. I want to tell her that I'm not angry, but there's one obstacle.

"I can't."

"Why?"

"Our relationship is too messed up. You were with my twin and made my friend live his life in suffering. Looking at you will make me think of the past, and it will make my wound never heal."

"So we should end here. Please understand me."

"You're breaking up with me?"

"No."

"Because we were never together."

I grab my purse and get up, getting ready to leave, but Metavee's voice stops me.

"I'm not breaking up with you. I will wait for you right here, as I always have... I waited after school for you. I waited for you to visit me in my study room. I'm good at waiting, though you may never even look my way."

"Waiting is painful, May. Walk your own path."

Yet Metavee's next sentence breaks my heart in that instance as I walk away.

"It's okay. I'm used to being your Pluto."

I walk out of the cafe, feeling like I'm being weighed down. I try to look normal until I see Pang waiting for me outside. When the beautiful friend sees me, she opens her arms to embrace me.

"It's okay. You can hug me."

"I'm your moon."

After that sentence, I dashed in to hug my friend and sob. Pang already guessed how the conversation with Metavee would go today, but she still wanted me to sort it out. My beautiful friend strokes my back gently and consoles me.

"It's okay. There's a sentence that can be used in every situation: it-will-be okay. Sadness won't stay with us for so long."

(Sob)

"You're just heartbroken. You won't die."

"I'm dying. Sob."

I hit myself in the chest until it hurt.

"I never knew this is how it is to be heartbroken. I'm sorry, Pang... I'm sorry."

I hug my friend and sob heavily. I feel guilty with every breath that I take for breaking the hearts of so many who loved me. This time it's my turn. I broke others' hearts because I didn't love them. I broke Metavee's heart while I still loved her, and it's so much more painful. It's like living in hell. It's painful for both her and me.

"It's okay. I'll be with you as a friend... If you're heartbroken, just find something to do. How about a concert?"

"Whose concert?"

I move back from her as I wipe my tears and try to breathe in my snot.

"Sadub- Pin she's the rising singer right now. I have two concert tickets. Let's go together."

Pang pulls out two concert tickets from her pocket. It's got a colorful space theme, and the concert name is 'Pluto: A story, a planet, and love.

"Is this too much of a coincidence... Why does it have to be Pluto? Why does it have to be this singer... Sob."

And I cry heavier than before because it's the concert Metavee invited me to. Pang who doesn't know about this, asks in confusion.

"Why are you crying because it's this singer?"

"May also invited me when we were together."

"Ouch... my poor friend."

I get back home, looking down and out as usual. Having not seen the petite woman this past period has sucked away all my liveliness. My eyes are so puffy, it's like I've been stung by bees.

But I feel better after being able to cry. I've been keeping it all in so much that I was going crazy. When I walk in, I see Aobe-Aum using the laptop that I borrowed. She looks up at me and immediately asks.

"Where have you been?"

Though we always give each other personal space, after my twin survived a death and told me to choose, she seemed to want to know everything about me.

"I went to meet up with Pang."

"Not Metavee, I hope."

I pause a bit before I deny it, sounding less confident.

"No."

"I checked your email... The publisher asked if you're done revising the ending of the novel."

She even checked my emails, huh? I'm starting to lose my patience and lick my teeth as I sweep my hair to the back.

"This is too much, twin. It's really too much."

I stare at my younger twin, furious, and ask her with a tone of voice indicating that I'm ready to slap her. When Aobe-Aum sees me like this, she raises her eyebrow and shrugs like she's challenging me.

"Why are you angry?"

Aobe-Aum asks before I can speak.

"Why are you butting into my business like this? Yes... we're on good terms now, but my personal space is my personal space. Don't butt in."

Aobe-Aum looks at me with sparkling eyes and a smile from the corner of her mouth.

"Are you angry because I read your email or because I asked where you were?"

"No matter which one of those, you are butting into my business."

"Are you angry because I asked you not to be involved with Metavee, twin... If you're going to be angry, you have to know why. Mixing this with that is wrong. It's for one who can't catch up with her own thoughts."

"It's what stupid people do."

I dash into her and grab her collar, raising my hand to slap her, while my twin just stares at me challengingly.

"Go ahead. Hit me like those uncivilized people who only know to use force. You've been good at that since you were a kid. You never carry through; that's why you haven't made anything of yourself. Arg..."

I change from slapping my twin to choking her angrily. I press her against the wall. We stare at each other, neither giving in. But Aobe-Aum is clearly at a disadvantage.

"Don't push me into a corner. I haven't done anything only

because you're family."

"If I'm your family, then you should choose me, not Metavee."

"How am I choosing Metavee? I've been crying everyday because I'm going crazy missing her, but I can't see her because I don't want to hurt my twin. How am I not choosing a family, AobeAum!!!"

I cry and let go of my twin's neck before I speak to her in a deep voice.

"I don't have the heart to do anything right now. How can I change the ending of my novel to be a happy ending when we can't even love each other because of the word 'family?'"

"You're saying that the novel is about May and you?"

"It's a novel we created together."

I say that as I cry. I cover my face because I can no longer keep my feelings to myself.

"I can't write a happy ending because it would be a lie."

"Ai..."

"I was just living my life. You shouldn't have asked me to go break up with Metavee and let everything come to this. Why... why?"

I hug myself and cry like a little kid. I don't want to listen to any reasoning.

"Or you should just hate me like you used to instead of becoming this good person when you wake up. I want to hate you so that I can do what I want. I forgot how selfish or cruel I was!"

My younger twin is still stunned. She slowly steps towards me and kneels down so we are at the same level before she pulls me in for a hug.

"You chose me?"

"Yes."

"Though I'm hurting you this much, do you still choose me?"

"I only have one of you... You're the good version of me."

I hugged my twin back, still crying like I had been for weeks. Nothing else is said. We just hug each other like that. Yes... I've made my choice. For me, family has to come first. Aobe-Aum has to come before my love.

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That's my choice.

CHAPTER 30

THE ENDING OF OUR NOVEL

In the end, I haven't replied to the publisher because I'm not ready to make any revisions. Maybe I won't resubmit it because I'm not into it anymore. The author has the right to choose the ending for her novel, and I want it to end like this.

Unhappy....

Not only do I not revise my novel, but I also received bad news from Pang that she can't go to the mini-concert with me anymore because she has an urgent flight she has to take.

"Keep it in check. You're an air hostess, not the pilot. The plane can fly without you. I've been preparing for this concert; how can you have the heart to make my terrible day worse?"

[Can you go alone?]

"Do people go to concerts alone? Ah... never mind. I won't go then."

[I'm so sorry. But I really do want you to go. It's her first mini concert. Go give her support. She's beautiful. I want her to continue and become The Face.]

"Isn't she a singer?"

[She's also a lover in my heart.]

I roll my eyes and hang up the phone. And yes... I see Aobe-Aum, my twin, who's so nosy that I start to wonder if this is her real self all along. She minded her own business when she was younger. How did she grow up to be... so nosy, can't mind her own business, and likes to butt into my matters like this?

"What concertttttttt?"

Her being perky and acting as if we're very tight is giving me goosebumps and making me twist my mouth.

"Can you not butt in just this once?"

"N0000000. What concert? Tell me."

"It's a concert from the singer that sings the soundtrack... Sadub-Pin."

"Who named their child Sanub Prao?"

She's, no doubt, truly my twin. Apart from our looks, we are alike in many ways. We both have bad ears, that is...

"Sadub-Pin... That singer who has a very sweet voice. Pang has to work, so she called to tell me that she can't make it anymore. She told me to go alone. Is she crazy? Who goes to a concert alone?"

I complain nonstop. How lonely would it be to go and hold up the fanlight and LED sign alone? Geez...

"Hey. Why must you go alone? You have me."

"When did I invite you?"

"I invited myself when I looked in the mirror. We look exactly the same, so that counts. And yes... I'll go!"

My younger twin raises her hand merrily. I look at her liveliness and laugh sarcastically. Maybe it would be better if we went back to hating each other because I'm not used to us being this close and her being this lively.

"Why would you go? You don't even know her song."

"I'm bored. I'm not working. I only stay at home all day... I want to go out. When is the concert?"

"4 p.m., today."

Aobe-Aum looks at the clock and panics.

"It's 2 p.m. already. Go get dressed. Now."

I didn't even invite her, but I can only look at her running merrily up to her room to get dressed. Actually, I don't want to go to the concert that much because it was what Metavee and I planned

to do together. Pang made me want to go, but she let me down. So now I'm going with my twin...Great.

In the end, I dressed up and hurriedly drove over to get the ticket from my twin, so she twisted her mouth. Pang so that I could go with Aobe-Aum. Pang is not used to me being this close disapprovingly

"Tell me honestly, you're just pretending to get along, right?"

Aobe-Aum twists her mouth too.

"It seems like you're jealous. I'm sorry that Ai is no longer close to you."

Ah. I think Aobe-Aum is kind of cute. Maybe she wanted to be close to me for a long time, but we haven't talked about our conflicts. So now that we're on good terms, we're so close, it's like we're becoming one. Though it's kind of scary, it's not a bad thing.

The concert is held in a restaurant with quite a bit of space. Only those with an invitation can enter. Maybe it's because the singer is a new face and not that widely known yet that she captured the interest of a niche audience. But I believe... from the songs I've heard from her, that she will go far. A group of fans came with LED signs to show support. Those that come with the intention of listening to her songs will sit in the area with tables and chairs, where they serve some snacks. AobeAum looks around and turns to talk to me.

"It's comfy. Good... I thought we would have to stand and dance as we screamed. I'm too old for that."

"Can you sing her songs, begging to come with me like this?"

"No. But I wanted to come.

"You seem so excited. I thought you were a fan."

I tease my younger twin a bit and look towards the stage. Around 15 minutes after everything is in place. Sadub-Pin gets up on stage and plays the piano. Aobe-Aum, who's never known this artist before, drops her jaw.

"My god... those fingers are so fast and flowing."

"She's a musician."

"Imagine making out with someone with strong fingers like that..."

I glance at my younger twin, shocked. Aobe-Aum slowly turns to look at me and shrugs.

"It's just a fantasy."

"Isn't it too fantasy? How can you look at fingers and imagine those things..."

"Don't you miss May?"

Aobe-Aum suddenly asked as we talked about fingers, making it hard for me to adjust my mood.

"Aren't we talking about fingers?"

"Yes... that's why I think of May."

Aobe-Aum rests her chin on her hand and looks at the musician as she speaks as if this is a general topic. It's as if we're talking about food or politics.

"We had the same lover. And yes, that includes the same fingers."

I look away because I feel like talking about this with my twin is so inappropriate.

"Don't talk about someone else."

"Is Metavee someone else to you?"

"I'm sorry that I was a bad twin for the past few years."

Suddenly, my younger twin apologizes to me, with a sad piano instrument in the background.

"I wanted to be better than you so much that I made you seem worthless in our parents' eyes. And that has made us hate each other since we were kids."

"I can't change my mood fast enough. What?"

Aobe-Aum grabs my hand and locks her fingers tightly with mine.

"What is this?"

"You have a lot of good in you. I've always been envious of you since we were kids."

"Aum..."

"You're a dreamy person. You have a lot of friends. You're beautiful. Everyone wants to be near you, whether it's boys or girls... I read your novel on the laptop. It took me back to our primary

school years. You like to tell stories, so all our friends would gather around you. I was the black sheep."

"Yeah. I have envied you since then."

I'm surprised to hear my younger twin say this. That's what happened? I didn't know.

"When we were young, I had a lot of friends because I'm talkative."

I agree with her.

"But it has nothing to do with the novel."

"It's a talent... a talent in storytelling. It was buried for many reasons. Society places more importance on academic skills than recreational skills. And... that made you feel like you're not good at anything except daydreaming."

"And it made me envious of you because you got good grades... I hated you too."

"Okay. Then, we're even."

Aobe-Aum laughs, making me smile with her, before he continues.

"Metavee made you find yourself again. Your novel is very good."

"Aum..."

"To be honest, I don't want to get in between May and you. I just wanted to beat her, so I ended up hurting you too by asking you to choose. In truth, if you were to choose May, I would be really hurt and hate you for it. But... you surprised me by picking me.

"You're family."

"Yes. It surprised me that you see me as part of your family. We hated each other, no? But when I knew that you prioritized me, it made me very happy...And I thought about when I pretended to be you: Why did I dare do that? Why didn't I tell May the truth? That's not what you should do to your family member."

"I pretended to be you all the time, and yes... that's not what you should do to your family member."

"Okay. We're even again. We don't owe each other anything. Okay?"

"I guess so. "

"Since we don't owe each other anything, I think that I will let you do what you want. Because I love you more than I want to beat Metavee."

As soon as she finishes saying that, the singer starts to play the song 'YourSong,' which is the highlight of today's show. All the fans scream, and it's so loud that I can't hear my twin.

"What do you mean?"

I yell in the middle of all the screaming because I want to hear what my twin said again. Aobe-Aum smiles at me and shrugs.

"It means that... you can love each other as much as you wantttttt."

"Why do you suddenly..."

"You two are too much alike. May has loved you unwaveringly since we were kids. And you love only May, though you've had so many lovers... When it's your destiny to love someone, you do."

Right now, Sadub-Pin's song is not registering at all because I'm so happy that I'm deaf to my surroundings. My tears and snot are flowing. I feel like my devious twin has unlocked everything inside of me. And when Aobe-Aum sees how sensitive I am, our twin bond makes her cry too.

"Thank you, Aum."

"Don't be so lovey-dovey in front of me. I'm still not quite over it yet. I love you, but I still hate her. It will take some, or may be a lot, more time until I can get over it."

Aobe-Aum gets up and swings her purse on her shoulder.

"I'm leaving."

"Where are you going?"

I look at her, confused, but Aobe-Aum just walks out without saying anything. As I'm about to go after her, still confused, I paused because Metavee walked over and sat in Aobe-Aum's place. She presses my shoulder so that I sit down next to her.

"May... Why..."

"We agreed to come see this singer together."

"But... Aobe-Aum... Wait. You arranged this with her?"

The sweet-faced woman looks at me and smiles slightly in response. It seems like they talked behind my back without me knowing anything about it. But I got the concert ticket from Pang.

"This concert ticket... You also arranged this with Pang?"

"Yes. In order to get to you, I have to win over all those who are close to you first... Well, not quite. I bought it from Pang, meaning I have four tickets that belong to me. No matter how rich you are, you can't do this, you know."

"M... May."

"You're so hard to win over... Do you think you can do anything you want because I love you?"

I drop my jaw because I still haven't quite caught up with her. I feel like this is a dream, and I'm still stunned.

"I didn't do all this to get you to try to make up with me. Just..."

"Because of Aum?"

"Yes."

"That's no longer a problem."

"True... But can it be this simple?"

I wriggle nervously.

"Our relationship is so complicated. It's so messed up..."

"But we cleared everything up."

"You're not at all awkward?"

"Is it awkward for you that I'm that nasty lawyer?"

I pause a bit before I shake my head.

"No."

"I'm not awkward about anything either."

"Why aren't you? I'm part of the reason you lost your job and almost became blind."

"The truth is... you didn't make me go blind. Though I got into an accident because of what happened, my eye problem didn't come from you. But even if it does, I won't be angry at you."

The petite one really means that. I can tell from her body language and the way she looks at me. But still...

"That can't be. What I did was..."

"That can't be. What I did was..."

"What I did was hand your friend injustice, and he had to leave this world worthless. Why aren't you mad at me?"

We both go quiet and stare at the singer, who's about to finish her song, before we reply at the same time.

"Because of love."

"Because of love."

And we are at a loss for what to do. We adjust our hair behind our ears and look at the singer as she sings her last verse.

"Why do you love me, Ai?"

"I don't know."

I look at the sweet faced woman and ask her back.

"Why do you love me, May?"

"I don't know."

We go quiet again, and I think that Metavee has the same belief as me: There's no reason when it comes to love. If there were... it wouldn't be love.

"We love each other, but we don't know that much about each other. Will there be more surprises?"

I mention this as I look at Miss Sadub-Pin thanking everyone after she finished her last song. I clap as Metavee turns towards me and whispers into my ears because the cheering is too loud for her to speak normally.

"It's okay. We can exchange our name cards and get to know each other again."

"What should I do? I don't have a name card. I don't have a job; how can I have one?"

"We can exchange our ID then. So we can be sure of each other's identity too."

"After that, then what?"

"The normal process would be to have a meal together to get to know each other."

I turn to smile at the person talkatively laying out her plan for the night, and I pretend to look like I don't want to be too easy.

"But I'm very picky about what I eat. If the food is not good, it would be hard for us to get along."

"Then... let's go eat at my place. My mom made something for you."

I turn to give my attention to the singer, who's thanking her fan club and sponsors who made this event possible, before I get a chance to ask what her mother made.

"Thank you all for being witnesses on the day my dream came true. Though It's just a small step, it's huge for me. I would also like to thank all the official sponsors.

The singer named 'Pleng' continues to thank each sponsor for over three minutes before she reaches the last name on the list.

"And thank you to the sponsor who wished not to be named but asked me to say this in the end... You are no longer my galaxy..."

As soon as Miss Sadub-Pin talks about galaxies, I turn to look at Metavee, who now has a smile on the corner of her mouth, because this is our secret code.

"You have become my entire world, Ai-Aun."

The fans scream so loudly that I have to cover my face. Geez. She does this because she's rich? She asked the singer to say that on stage?

"So?"

"So what?"

"Do you want to go back and eat what my mom made?"

I'm still embarrassed, so my face is all red when I put my hand down and look at the sly lawyer.

"What did your mom make?"

Metavee points at herself.

"Me."

"Let's eat."

I pause a bit and walk away from the mini-concert. Metavee runs after me, trying to take as wide a stride as she can because she's shorter than me. She then leans her face over to me, like she's waiting for my answer.

"What's the matter? Why won't you give me an answer? Are you mad at me?"

"No."

"Then why did you rush out?"

When I stop walking, she stops too. Everything goes silent. There's only the sound of crickets around us. The sky is the color of a crow's wing

"I'm hungry."

"Huh?"

"I'm hungry, and I want to eat what your mom made ASAP."

My answer, which is like I'm taking her up on her offer, makes the sly lawyer smile merrily before she offers an easier solution.

"Actually. My mom plans ahead, so she prepared a meal box. You can eat in the car."

"That's an expensive car... Aren't you afraid that it will get messy?"

This time Metavee closes her face, embarrassed after putting up a strong front all this time.

"I'll take it to the car care center later."

"Very spicy. Should be very delicious."

We laugh at each other and run to the car like small children racing to see who gets there first. But when it comes down to it, we didn't do what we were talking about. We just chase each other around because we're too happy to rush things. It's strange. Though the situation between Metavee and I is complicated, and some parts are so heavy that we shouldn't even forgive each

other, we are still ready to do so. If this were to happen to others, I don't know if it would have a happy ending like ours. But for us, all the obstacles along the way made us so weary that we thought... Just let it go. Just love each other and let go of the past.

Why forgive each other... no reason... Why look past it... also no reason. That's why they say there is no need. Just use your feelings. Both Metavee and I agree that trying to find reasons for everything is too tiring, for so many reasons to love someone. There's no reason when it comes to love. If there were, it wouldn't be love. Ah... it seems like I've found my happy ending for the novel. The editor won't have to wait in vain anymore.

Marisa chose the last option, which was to let Nub-Dao fall in love with her ex while she walked away, not knowing that it was the right choice. Giving up everything changed everything for the better. Nub-Dao doesn't have to die, and Nub-Dao's ex doesn't have to lose anything. The only one who gave up everything was Marisa. And for that, she got the blessing of a happy life. Nub-Dao got her memory of Marisa back, and they got back together. Nub-Dao's ex walks away understanding that clinging on does not do any good and would only hurt everyone.

Some novels come from real-life stories. It depends on how the author twists it. But I do admit that this novel is almost 90% exactly like my life story, and I hope the editor doesn't know this. Apart from the novel, Metavee and I also have a happy ending. Or maybe it's only the beginning; I'm not sure. But everything falls into place perfectly put-together like a

jigsaw piece. We are not each other's Plutos. The galaxy is too

wide to try to find someone else to orbit around.

It's easier to be each other's entire world, If you don't believe me, find your world, and you'll know that I'm not exaggerating.

SPECIAL CHAPTER I

METAVEE { PART 1 }

3 days before the mini-concert Aobe-Aum calls and asks to meet with me because she has something to talk to me about. Actually, after what we've done to each other, there's no reason for us to meet again. But I want to know what she's up to... Let's see.

We met at a cafe not far from my place. Aobe-Aum, who looks exactly like the woman I fell in love with, gives me a brief stare before she sits down.

"I can't believe we're meeting after what happened."

I say this casually as I take a sip from my coffee cup. The beautiful woman, who no longer looks at me and asks for tenderness like when we were still in love, replies to me flatly.

"I didn't think that I'd be seeing you again too. But what can I do?"

What can she do? I look at the person who didn't finish her sentence, confused, before I get to the point.

"Why did you ask to meet up with me, Aum?"

"Let's talk about us."

"There's been no us since you started fooling me and snuck away to get married."

"You can't say that I fooled you. You said that you fell in love with 'Aobe-Aum, not 'Ai-Aun.' I just realized later on that wasn't me but was my twin, the Aobe-Aum that you like so much. "

I sit up straight and start to look at her with resentment.

"If you knew then, why didn't you tell me the truth?"

Aobe-Aum sits up straight and raises her chin, full of ego as well.

"Let's not try to find reasons for what we did. Let's just say that we're here today because we love the same woman."

"Who?"

"Who do you love?"

Ai Aun... When I think of this name, I suddenly become excited, though I don't trust why Aobe-Aum is here to talk to me.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"If we hate each other, the person who would suffer the most is Ai. But how can we get along when what happened between us was that bad?"

Aobe-Aum says it like she's also looking for a way out of our problem.

"How can I forgive you for killing my husband?"

"Say that again. Why did your husband die?"

When I think back to that day... The day I heard that Aobe-Aum was getting married, I remember that I was so shocked and furious. The clock says that it was 11 p.m., and I couldn't stand being a fool, so I pushed for Paul's number from my boss, telling him that I had an urgent matter I needed to talk to him about.

"Mr. Paul, before it's past your wedding night, let's have a talk about Aobe-Aum."

As soon as I told the groom briefly what I wanted to talk about, he did not hesitate to come out to meet me. We met halfway. I remember picking a convenience store because it's well lit and I couldn't think of any other places to meet that late at night. I was afraid that the security guard would drag me out of the hotel if we fought, so I didn't go to meet him there.

"You can't get married. Aobe-Aum hasn't broken up with me yet."

I remember that he laughed because he thought that a relationship between people of the same sex was nothing to care about. Men are like this. That's why they like to break up sapphic couples. They think that men and their private parts are the greatest things in the world.

"I don't care. Aum chose me. We are married."

"Does she love you? She has been with me for four years. Let me guess. She married you after meeting you for only a few months. Why is that?...Because you're rich and she can take advantage of you."

Honestly, I was exaggerating. I look down on them. I called them scumbags. I said he was stupid to be fooled by a woman. All of those were things I felt were done to me. I was the one who was fooled, but I felt that throwing it at someone else would make me less stupid.

"You're the owner of an airline, but you're as dumb as a post."

As I cursed at him. I didn't know that Aobe-Aum was there too. The beautiful woman walked in, eyes filled with tears, and slapped me so hard I fell back. The Images of the old days replayed in my head... When I fell in love with Aobe-Aum. She saved me from a senior who bullied me for money. This was totally different. She was a hero then, but she was a slut that day!

"Have you destroyed my life enough? What we had ended."

Ended? I couldn't take it because it wasn't right. So I snapped back at her.

"Ended? How could it have ended? You just disappeared and showed up with a husband?"

"We weren't in love."

"Even so. You have to break up with me first."

"Why? It was like we already did... Or didn't you feel that way? Have you ever asked yourself if you still love me?"

"We're not children to be talking about love. I want justice. We haven't even broken up yet!"

"Okay. Let's break up now. Okay? The end!"

"It's not that easy!"

I pointed at Aobe-Aum with resentment.

"From now on, I will destroy everything that's yours. I will make it so that you and your husband won't have a happy marriage. I will use everything that I have to make sure of that his company's tax, all the little lawsuits, whatever it is, I will investigate them all. I will pester you and make your lives miserable. Watch me!"

"Do whatever you want."

"Aobe-Aum... you know I can do as I say... And I will do it."

Aobe-Aum clenched her fist, bit her lips, and told me something I'd never known before.

"Let me tell you something, Metavee... I'm not the one you love."

"What the hell are you saying?"

"There is another woman who looks just like me in this world. And she's the one you were madly in love with in high school. She's my older twin, named AiAun."

I looked at Aobe-Aum in disbelief. But I'm a lawyer. I can read body language and tell who's lying to my face. We were together for four years, and could always tell when Aobe-Aum lied to me. But that time, it was different. There is truth in there... A twin?

"Ai-Aun is my twin. The person you met back then wasn't me, but her."

"That's crazy..."

"Now that you know this, leave me alone. Let me live my life."

The two, who hadn't even spent their wedding night together but had to come out in the middle of the night, got into their car, and the husband drove back while he was still drunk. I was still confused, trying to make sense of the new information. To be honest, I didn't want to believe her. Aobe-Aum may have said that just to get out of there.

No... Why did she get away with it without any loss? How could she hurt someone and go on to live a happy life with a stupid man like nothing has happened? I could see the car make a u-turn. I couldn't let it end like that, so I crossed the street and stood in the middle of the road in the opposite lane, stretching my arms out to block them... Yet... the speed of the car increased, Aobe-Aum's husband intended to crash into me out of hatred.

5...

4...

3...

2...

1...

The car that was heading straight at me swerved sideways. The light that was on me changed direction, and the car went off the side of the road, spinning.

Crash!

I just stood there, paralyzed, because I was unable to process what was happening. A few of the convenience store's workers emerged to see what happened. They screamed in panic. So in the end, I was the first to get a hold of myself and turned myself into a good citizen by calling the police to inform them of the accident. I was at the accident. but no one knew.

After that incident, I asked my trusted employee to keep track of what was going on. Aobe-Aum's husband died in the accident, and Aobe-Aum was in a coma. That incident was already shocking, but what shocked me more was another Aobe-Aum showing up.

"Aum... Is that you?"

Yes... it was the appearance of Ai Aun. My real Aobe-Aum, whom I was searching for all this time, and since then... I took time to get to know the older twin. Since then, we have become each other's entire worlds. When we think back to that day, we both go quiet. Aobe-Aum knows well that she was as wrong as I was. If she wasn't so angry that she was going to run over me, that accident wouldn't have happened, and I may have been the one who died that day.

"Let's move on from it. Talking about it doesn't make anything better. I came today to talk about Ai."

Aobe-Aum crosses her arms across her chest as she says this casually, like she's above me.

"I win."

"Win what?"

"Ai chose me."

"I told Ai to choose between us. If she chooses you, she won't have me as her twin anymore. And yes, she chose family over you. I'm sorry, May. You're not The Face."

I look at the person who says that like she's one of the coaches on The Face and roll my eyes. Aren't we talking about something serious here? Why is she joking around?

"What do you really want to say?"

"She chose me because I'm family. I just wanted you to know that."

"I know..."

I've known since the day the three of us sorted things out and Ai chose to walk away. Like Aum said, family bonds can't be broken. I'm the one she just met when we were all adults. How can I compete with her family? But I really do love Ai-Aun... I love her more than anyone in this world.

"Because she chose me..."

"Stop already. If you're here just to add salt to my wound, I'm leaving. I don't want to listen to this."

I get up and get ready to leave, but Aobe-Aum grabs my wrist.

"Because she chose me, I have to pay her back"

"I will allow her to have you, May."

Aobe-Aum says that as if she's made her decision. I stare at the person I used to love and hate at the same time confused.

"Wouldn't it be awkward for you?"

"What can I do... I was wrong too. Because I pretended to be Ai, it came to this. And if I hadn't asked Ai to go break up with you on my wedding night, you two wouldn't have met. I feel responsible for the pain my twin is going through right now."

"What do you want me to do... No. In your head, how do you want this to end?"

"End with Ai being happy."

I look at Aum as she says this timidly. I still can't believe she's this good person.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Let's do this. But I'm not reconciling with you. It will take a lot of time-maybe the rest of my life. My girlfriend is now my twin's girlfriend. She's also the one who wrecked my marriage."

"You don't have to look at me like that. I know I was wrong too. Let's just say... I won't get in your way. Ai is in misery right now."

Aobe-Aum looks at me and sighs.

"The only way Ai can be happy is probably by having you in her life."

"Can you stand to see me and your twin be in love?"

"No. But I will try. You two just go be lovey-dovey far from my sight."

Aobe-Aum gets up and walks away. But before she does, she turns to me like she just remembered something.

"By the way... since when can you see?"

When I hear that, I smile from the corner of my mouth and shrug nonchalantly.

"Guess."

"Since I disappeared?"

"No."

"Longer than that? Just tell me. Stop Playing with me. I already hate you a lot, don't make me hate you more."

"Do you think that I like you? Since the first two months."

"So you can see all along when we were together? You weren't blind... Why did you pretend to be?"

"It lets me know..."

I get up and whisper into Aobe-Aum's ear.

"Who would stay with me in my worst time. And It's not you."

As soon as I finished saying that, I walked out without turning back to look at my ex, whom I had spent time with in the past. Because from now on, all my time is for my presence and with one person only,

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Ai Aun...

SPECIAL CHAPTER II

METAVEE { PART II }

Many people understand that I became blind as a result of a car accident in which I drove off the side of the road. No one knows the truth aside from me. Actually, I had problems with my eyes prior to the accident. Due to my extreme nearsightedness, I have a condition known as "retinal detachment." I see black specks floating everywhere. It got worse after the Batman case (That's a name given by the reporters). My vision became blurry and deteriorated quickly. I decided that it was time to take it seriously.

I was wearing my eyeglasses the day of the accident because my eye condition has worsened and I didn't want to use my contact lenses. There was a shadow in my right eye's vision. I was seriously scared of becoming blind. As I was driving to the hospital, a motorcycle gang drove alongside me, challenging me. I remember swerving my car side to side to avoid hitting them, and my glasses fell to the floor near the accelerator... Yes... It was a terrible day.

I'm very shortsighted. So without my eyeglasses, it was like I was blind. And my retina happened to detach at that moment, causing me to suddenly lose all vision in my right eye. I was pretty much blind. Without my vision, I could not control my car, so I drove off the road.

People thought that the accident caused me to become blind. I knew later on that that motorcycle gang was friends with the person my client almost killed when he ran his car over someone. I understood why they held a grudge. The victim's family members were old and had no power. Yet they had to be responsible for what they didn't do only because they never knew that their son was an annoyance to society. And my client believed that what he did was right without listening to any reasoning.

Yes... I felt guilty. It seemed like the victim would be crippled for the rest of his life. I should have made my client compensate him more, at least in the millions, not only 300,000 baht... That was not enough.

Only Dr. Ton and I knew that my retina was detached at the time of the accident. Moreover, my left eye is functioning normally, and I only needed to wear a contact lens on that side. Yet I

concealed the fact that I could see, asking Dr. Ton to comply with me. I wanted it to be like that. Part of it is because when my parents found out, they seemed to care more about me. That made me feel important. Moreover, Aobe-Aum took better care of me too.

Yes... I asked for her tenderness and liked it that way. It felt like I was being cared for, Eyes are important in my line of work. And my condition would take time to heal. So I requested time off from work, claiming that I had been injured in the accident. My company provided me with special compensation as well as shares. It was because the owner's son was the offender in the Batman case and I was able to reduce his punishment to only a suspended sentence. Good... I can retire while I'm still young and beautiful.

"You really didn't have to leave your job."

Dr. Ton said that to me when we were alone together. I give the person who is trying to approach me the cold shoulder. Why did he have to give his opinion when that was what I wanted?

"You want someone who can barely see to go to court?"

"You haven't completely lost your vision. It's a lost opportunity."

"This is how I want it to be."

When I retaliated angrily, he nodded and avoided making any further casual conversation with me, sensing that I was attempting to maintain some distance between us.

"Okay."

"Please do not talk about my condition with anyone."

"Okay."

Actually, what Dr. Ton said was true. I could go about my life normally. I just couldn't see as clearly as other people, I learned how to live as a blind person so that I could act like one and ask for tenderness from those around me, especially Aobe-Aum. I was happy that I was a priority.

I lived like a blind person and learned to live with it. The person who was by my side was Aobe-Aum. The accident and my blindness make people go soft on me. At first, Aobe-Aum took care of me closely. I thought being injured was a good thing. I can ask for tenderness, and people will take good care of me. But I forgot that as time passes, it can become an annoyance.

Aobe-Aum started to feel bored because I was blind. Sometimes she was frustrated because I couldn't live life exactly like a normal person. We can't go to the mall. We can't go out to date in fine-dining restaurant. So, in the end, I consoled her by...

"You can go shopping by yourself if you're really bored."

I handed Aobe-Aum my credit card. I didn't think much about it; all I knew was that I wanted my girlfriend to be happy. But as time goes by, I see the real Aobe-Aum more clearly. That was not love.... Aobe-Aum seemed to be with me only because she wanted something from me. My credit card bills showed that she shopped for over 100,000 baht per month with my credit card. And when I mentioned that, she would say mean things, as if we weren't in love.

"If you don't like it... let's just break up,"

When I was asked to go my separate way so many times, I started to become numb. So I eventually didn't pay any attention to her. And in the end... my lover disappeared. I wanted to know how long Aobe Aum would be away, and yes... my lover didn't care if I existed in this world. My credit card was still used on a daily basis, but I never saw her. That went on for almost a month. My vision gradually improved, and one day a doctor from abroad contacted me and asked me to pay a visit and consult about my treatment. I tried to contact Aobe-Aum, but it was a waste of time. So I went...I didn't talk to Aobe-Aum for over three months. I had no idea how she was doing until I got back from my treatment.

And as soon as I stepped foot on Thai soil. I heard the news,

Aobe-Aum is getting married.

I found out coincidentally from my ex-employer when he called to ask how I was doing. That day changed the fate of many, including me, Aobe-Aum, and Ai Aun. Maybe it was destiny that brought us together.

The present:

I've met Ai-Aun. I can still see and know that my lover is as beautiful and spunky as she was when we were younger. Everyone is rather afraid of me and respects me, except for her, whom I can never beat, I never had control over her.

"You don't pay any attention to me, Ai"

"I'm revising the novel."

I say that, and she is still busy working on her novel. I want her attention, so I push the screen of her laptop down and look at her challengingly.

"Why are you whining?"

"Do I look like a kid? Why do you always say that I'm whiny?"

"Because this is what kids do. If you want something, say it. Don't close my laptop like that."

"I want warmth from Ai-Aun."

I scrunch my mouth and act like I'm not at fault, trying to annoy her.

"You're sitting in my house but only paying attention to your laptop."

"I always pay attention to you. But I have to do one final check before I can send it to the editor. I want to get it over with."

"What's more important? The novel or me?"

"The novel."

That's the wrong answer... Ai-Aun flips the screen up and continues to work. I sit with my head held high because I've never felt so defeated. Yet I'm now losing to a stupid laptop, expecting a reaction from her. Ai-Aun closes the laptop, gathers her things, and gets up to leave. I hurriedly grabbed her shirt.

"You're really leaving?"

"Didn't you ask me to?"

"If I did, you have to try to make up with me."

"May... I'm not one to bow down for anyone."

"Bow down to me."

"You have to stop wanting things to always go your way."

"I'm only like this to you... You said I was your entire world."

I twist my face and sulk. Ai-Aun lets out a sigh and puts her laptop down before she stares straight at me.

"Are you doing this because you know that I love you? We have to talk about this. Our love is equal. No one is above or below the other. I will try to reconcile with you when I'm wrong. And you will have to try to reconcile with me when you're wrong."

I've never been afraid of anything before. But when I'm with Ai-Aun, I'm like a small child. It irritates me.

"I don't want to be above you or anything. I just want some of your attention... because you look so sexy when you focus on your work."

I reach my hand over to poke the arm of the beautiful woman, who also looks so handsome, asking for tenderness.

"Can't we make out before you work?"

Ai-Aun tries to keep her composure. But when she hears that, she can't help but smile, and eventually she lets out a laugh.

"Why are you so cute?"

"Does it work?"

"Take off your clothes. I will make out with you now, you center of the universe."

Ai-Aun says it teasingly.

"That's how it should be. You're my world, so you should orbit around me and go through every inch of me."

This is love... I have always wanted it to be like this. When it's the right time and place, I don't want anything more. I got the attention I wanted, and I've become her world. I don't have to hide, thinking that I'm only her Pluto.

Thinking back to when we were in high school, I wasn't this brave. I'm just a tiny girl that her father didn't pay much attention to. Because my father wanted something special and really hoped for a son, when I was born a daughter, he pressured me until I lost all my confidence.

"I can't pass down my surname to you. Our family name will become extinct because a daughter must use someone else's family name when she marries."

My father is a soldier. He wanted a son because he believed a son was the pride of the family, like himself. So I was a daughter who was never loved or paid attention to. All I got was snack money for school. I felt worthless. But the one good thing my father gave me was his brain. I can memorize whatever I read like it was copied into my brain. So, all the schoolwork was easy for me. I thought about becoming a doctor so I could make a lot of money and leave home.

We don't need to love those who don't love us. Aside from my family not giving a damn about me, people around me also bullied me. My friends would ask to be in my group when there was group work, but they never helped out. And if I didn't agree to it, they would ban me. I was also the target of all the bullying. I was bullied so much that I wondered, 'Why me?'

Even the seniors bullied me for money because they saw that I was weak and never put up a fight. Somedays, I didn't even have enough money to buy food for myself. And telling my parents was out of the question. No one cared about me... no one. But then one day. Ai-Aun came along, and my thoughts changed. I didn't know what her name was. I just know that when a senior bullied me for money in a small alley in Siam and I almost didn't have money to get home, this beautiful woman was the hero that saved me just in time. I dropped my eyeglasses so everything was blurry, like a camera that couldn't focus.

A tall girl, whose face I couldn't make out, walked confidently and took her hands out of her pocket to push the senior's chest so hard that the senior fell back. She wasn't that big, but why was she so strong...

"Don't just bully those that are smaller than you. Your fitting sparring partner is here... Give it."

The tall girl extended her hand out and smiled like she was picking a fight.

"What?"

"The money you took from her, give it."

"Why should I?"

The senior glanced at the school name and stars on the shirt of the girl who pushed her. When she figured out that the tall girl was her junior, she immediately used her seniority."

You're younger than me. Be polite... I'm a senior."

"Do you want to fight me? I don't care which grade you're in."

Not only did the tall girl not care, she fearlessly pushed the senior on the forehead until she swayed.

"I'll slap you until you crawl back home like a dog."

The tall girl gave off a savage vibe. She was fearless and ready to do as she said. The senior seemed brave only with someone smaller, so she handed my money to that beautiful girl. Yet.. it wasn't enough.

"Yours too."

"What?"

"Your money. Give it."

"How will I get home?"

"So you'll understand those who don't have money to get home... Give it."

My hero from another school lifted her sleeve and grabbed the collar of my senior. Their faces almost touched as she raised her hand.

"Or do I need to slap you first?"

The authoritativeness made the senior give my hero the money willingly. Moreover, she was insulted by being ordered to give her pin away too.

"What do you want it for?"

"It's a reward to remind me that I beat a low-life senior. Leave all your belongings here, including your Jacobs Bag."

"You're taking everything?"

"Yes."

"Don't think you'll get away with this."

"Come at me anytime you want... My school is the initials on my shirt. But if we meet again, you won't walk away like this. I will slap you to the ground and go beat you up at your school too. Just wait and see."

"Wait for it; I'll get you back."

"Anytime you want. If you can't find me, ask for... Aobe-Aum. That's my name."

She was like a rascal. Or a mafia even. The senior walked away, so there was only me left to face my hero, who came with her friends as if they were Then Powerpuff Girls.

"Take it."

My hero handed me back my money.

"Next time, you need to put up a fight, or they will keep bullying you. From my direct experience, those that are stronger tend to beat up those that are weaker to make themselves feel good."

"Thank you."

I reached for my money reluctantly.

"But I don't know how to fight them. I'm smaller and weaker."

"You only study, huh?"

"Ah-huh."

"What do you intend to be when you grow up?"

"A doctor."

"That's so basic. Everyone who has a bit of a brain wants to be a doctor."

"I don't know what to do to make a lot of money."

"Be a corrupted police officer. That would make you filthy rich... and you get to carry a gun too. You can do whatever you want. Nothing is better than having the law on your side. Take advantage of your position once you have it."

She said it casually as she laughed. But I felt like I was blessed. It sparked an idea in my head.

"That's true. If I have the law in my hands, I can do anything I want. Wow... That's an amazing idea."

"Are these your eyeglasses?"

The person talking to me bent down to pick up my eyeglasses. She looked straight at me, which caused me to go quiet because I was afraid that I'd say something wrong.

"W... what is it?"

"You have very beautiful eyes."

"Huh?"

"I like your eyes."

We both went quiet. And because the atmosphere was getting weird, Aobe Aum put the eyeglasses on for me and gave me a smile

"It would be great if these eyes weren't hidden behind eyeglasses."

I remember that my face was hot, as if I had put it against a boiling pot, when I was complimented directly like that I could only tighten my lips and look down at the ground.

"Now that everything is over, get home safely. You're so tiny. And remember, if someone bullies you again grab anything close to your hand and just swing with all your might. If you fight, you won't lose."

"Okay."

That was our first encounter. I remember it well, though it was kind of strange.

"Gasp."

My body has reached its climax. I startle and jerk. Ai-Aun knows my body well. She immediately pulls me into her embrace to give me something to cling to.

"Ai..."

"Your heart is racing so fast."

The beautiful woman says this as we hug. She then moves back and looks me in the eye before complimenting me the same way she did in the past.

"Your eyes are so beautiful."

"Only my eyes?"

"All of you. But I like your eyes the most."

"Why?"

"It feels good when these eyes look only at me."

I flip her down to lay beside me and smile at her with a smile full of love, obsession, and lust. And I'm ready to give back to her what she just gave me.

"Then I'll only look at you forever."

"Good..."

Ai-Aun is getting better at this. She pushes me up, so I sit on my knees before pressing her middle part onto my thigh.

"When I move like this, you have to look only at me."

"Ai..."

"Your eyes arouse me. Ah..."

We are the perfect lovers when it comes to these kinds of activities. It's very intense. How can I love another? I look at Ai-Aun as she moves against my thigh. The moist, warm touch makes my heart skip a beat. And the sound she makes arouses me.

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This woman is truly my entire world

-----THE END-----