

GOOD

เมื่อพระเจ้ามีความรัก

ถ้าต้องให้พรข้อสุดท้าย
กับใครสักคน
มันจะเป็นของเธอ

เขียน : เจ้าฟ้ามงกุฎ
ภาพประกอบ : อดิเรก

21. A Vengeful Person

"Did you wake up...? I did, you know."

I wasn't sure when I had fallen asleep, but the next thing I knew, Miriam was nudging me to wake up in the morning, like we had agreed she would. I have to say, she's very kind to do that. Last night, when I tried to sleep in the bathtub, she couldn't take it and ended up dragging me back to bed. But even then, she still kept her back to me, keeping her guard up.

She's not easy.

She almost made me cry. Say the wrong thing, and everything changes...

"I'm so happy... the first thing I see when I wake up is you."

"Idiot."

The little girl spoke sarcastically, but she didn't seem too serious. Today, Miriam has go to the office to discuss some work, giving us both some breathing room. But even so, I still kept pestering her all morning.

"My arm hurts so much..."

I leaned my head against her, trying to be cute while she brushed her teeth. She wrinkled her nose knowingly and pulled away.

"That's good, when you're starting to heal, you feel pain or discomfort. If you're not getting better, you wouldn't feel anything."

"But it's reaching my heart. Only my darling can heal my heart."

Miriam suppressed a smile, but she's more irritated, so she elbowed me lightly in the stomach before rinsing her mouth and walking away.

"As long as you're not dead, you're fine. Miriam won't believe anything about you easily... because Miriam is a difficult person!"

The word "easy" seems to have become a taboo in Miriam's mind. No matter how much I try to act clingy or sweet-talk her, she always manages to cut me off, using the word "not easy" as a shield.

While I was making breakfast, I went to pour some fresh orange juice and suddenly thought of something that made me smile.

"Here..."

"Hmm?"

The little one, waiting for breakfast while playing on her phone, looked at me in surprise. When our eyes met, she started to look worried.

"God... what's wrong with you?"

Miriam jumped and come to me, holding my face with her hands and making me look at her.

"Do you remember me?"

"..."

"Do you remember where we are?"

"I'm not sure, but it doesn't feel like home; it feels too cramped."

I pretending to look around and meet the eyes of the little girl, who looked like she's about to cry.

"And who are you?"

"No way, you can't forget me!"

She hugged me tightly, as if she's afraid I would run away.

"Stay calm... soon, you'll remember."

"Stay calm? For what?"

I pulled away from her, holding her face with my hands and a confused look.

"And why are you hugging me? What are we to each other?"

"We're a couple, of course."

"A couple? How can that be?"

"It is! Look at me! Just yesterday, you told me you wouldn't forget me."

"I don't remember anything. If you really are my girlfriend, then we should..."

I leaned in, pressing my lips against hers before pulling away.

"Kiss."

"..."

"Oh, I remember now. My girlfriend's name is Miriam."

"You're lying."

I raised an eyebrow and smiled at the little girl, who changed her tone to something fierce.

"Yes."

"Did you just say 'yes' to me? You're really something!"

Miriam reaches out and smack my arm where I had my bandage, so I let out an exaggerated groan playfully.

"Ouch! The bad person hurt me. Ouch, ouch."

I pulled Miriam into a hug, slowly guiding her body toward the nearby bed. But, knowing it's self-defense, the little one reacted by making me stumble onto the bed and straddling me.

"You're wicked!"

"What, are you going to take advantage of me? Go ahead... take off my clothes."

I open one arm in surrender, playfully. Miriam sigh as if she's tired and laugh.

"So this is the real you, the God I've admired for ten years?"

"Yes, that's who I am."

In that intimate atmosphere of the morning, Miriam leaned over and rubbed her nose against mine playfully.

"With you like this, that's all you've got. I have to go to work."

"Not soft-heart at all.

"I'm not easy, remember!"

She stand up, drink some orange juice and put some sausages in her mouth.

"I really have to go."

"So I'm going to be alone from now on?"

"If I go to work, then yes. Oh, wait, I almost forgot!"

Miriam looked around as if searching for something, then picked up my phone and asked:

"What's your password?"

"Hmm? Why?"

"Do you have a secret?"

"No, I'm just curious. You've never asked before."

"Just give me the code."

"199814."

"What does it mean?"

"It was the default PIN my bank assigned to my ATM card before they made me change it. I kept it, so anyone who received my card would never guess it."

"I'm a little confused, but never mind."

The little girl mumbled, fiddling with my phone for about five minutes before handing it back to me.

"I'll call you every hour. Keep the phone close."

"Who's missing who here, hmm..."

"I'll go. Answer when I call."

Miriam paused as if thinking, then suddenly leaned over and kissed me. Although a little shy, she made it seem so natural as if it were part of her daily routine.

"This time, I'm really leaving."

Miriam put on her shoes and waved as she left. As soon as the door closed, I was left standing there alone, feeling a little helpless, but I didn't forget to check what she had done with my phone.

'The person in this photo is your girlfriend named Mi. If you suddenly don't know who she is or where she's from, call 088-145xxx immediately. And she

loves you.'

I walked over to the bed and flopped down, feeling a wave of embarrassment as I rolled back and forth.

"I love you too!!"

It seems like our love story is progressing well, even if it is governed by Miriam's "not so easy" rules. But I keep trying to bend them, believing that when two people care about each other, things will find their way naturally.

Now, the little one is back in full-time work mode, just the way she likes it. With her new program proposal accepted, she no longer has to work on the civet coffee program. Lately, she has been busy and happy with her work, often bringing it back to the condo. I couldn't resist going over to give her a shoulder massage as she sat with her glasses on, reviewing the edited footage on her computer.

"Your shoulders are so tense."

"I've been sitting for too long. Even with one hand, your massage feels amazing."

She leaned back against me slightly, closing her eyes in relaxation.

"But I'm actually happier listening to you and smelling you. You smell good."

"Let's go to sleep. It's late, you can finish tomorrow."

"But..."

"I don't like people who work too much. It shows they don't manage their time well."

"Are you kidding? My new show just premiered; it's natural to be busy. Besides, this one is special."

"That's exactly why you need a break."

Miriam pouted, but turned off the computer without much protest, playfully stepping over to the bed and flopping down. I smiled, sliding under the covers and turning off the light, getting ready for bed. But then she turned to hug me, pressing her face into my arm.

"It's too early to sleep. I can't relax; my mind is still buzzing with work."

"Just close your eyes. You'll fall asleep eventually."

"Are you sleepy?"

She murmured, sounding a little needy.

"Can we talk a little first?"

"Sure. Tell me, how's work going? When are you going to start filming the actual show?"

"Not long after."

Miriam said, her voice tinged with slight concern. She absently traced her finger along my collarbone, a nervous habit of hers. I could sense her discomfort, and it prompted me to ask.

"Who's the guest?"

"Dahwan."

"Oh..."

"Are you mad that your sister isn't the first guest?"

I figured out the source of her anxiety, she was worried about disappointing me. Personally, I didn't care much. Whoever the guest was didn't affect my life that much, but Get, my sister, probably expected to be the first in everything, even on this show. I could already imagine the big argument that would arise from this.

"No way. Choosing Dahwan must have its own reasons."

"It wasn't my choice. At the meeting, your sister was also suggested. But they voted for someone with great public interest to kick off the show. Dahwan is one of the first top actresses to openly date women, so people are curious about her. But... but your sister will be next, I promise!"

Miriam clarified quickly, afraid that I might get upset.

"I'm not mad."

I said softly, reaching my finger to her lips to reassure her. Then, I leaned closer until our foreheads touched.

"This is your project. You can decide as you wish. I'm just your partner, remember?"

"But Get is your sister."

"And you are my partner."

"But she is still more important than me."

"So let's make you to be my wife."

"What...?"

Miriam looked shocked, pressing a finger against my forehead with a firm poke.

"Ouch!"

"Good. Saying 'wife' like that is embarrassing! And besides, I'm not easy! Being together like this will remind you of my value."

Whenever the topic of "easy" came up, Miriam would get irritated, so I had to soften her up as usual, rubbing my head against her like a clingy kitten.

"You're always precious to me. I already explained what I meant by 'easy', didn't I? It wasn't negative. You just like to torture me by making me feel bad."

"I wasn't trying to provoke you. Silly... You shouldn't have approached me like that and then tried to tell me it was 'easy'. Don't expect to approach me anymore!"

"What can I do to make up for it?"

"Nothing will make up for it."

"What if you approach me this time, to make things peaceful?"

"..."

"Just kidding."

As soon as I made that joke, I started to worry that maybe I had really upset her. But then, the little one, who had been silent for a moment, looked up at me, her hand sliding to my waist, gradually slipping under my shirt.

"Actually... it doesn't seem like a bad idea."

"Hmm?"

"What you said... is kind of intriguing."

When her fingers reaches my chest, I hold my breath, caught between surprise and anticipation.

Miriam didn't stop her playful teasing there; she nuzzled her way along my jaw, down to my neck.

"Come to think of it, I was never the one who hugged you. It's always you who does it."

"Well, I thought you were asleep."

"Now I want to know what makes you like it so much."

She shifted her position so she could straddle me, one hand coming up to caress my chest with surprising confidence. I'm nervous at first, wanting to

push her hand away, but the determined look in her eyes stopped me.

"Has anyone else ever touched you like this?"

"No, never."

"I'm glad I'm your first for everything,"

She said, savoring her exploration. My shirt was pulled up until there was nothing left between us. When Miriam's curiosity got the better of her, she leaned in to taste.

"M-Mi, I've never tasted... tasted you... here before, too."

I murmured, my stomach clenching with her every move. Miriam placed a hand firmly on my hip, holding me steady as she lingered around my chest.

"But you went straight under me. How is that fair?"

"It's... it's..."

"I didn't like things like that ... until I met you."

Miriam whispers as her hand wandered lower, reaching sensitive spots that make me instinctively close my legs tightly.

"I... What are you going to do?"

"Make you understand how I feel."

The little one, who had started to act a little assertive, used her leg to spread mine apart before moving her fingers in a way that made it clear she knew what she was doing. A rush of sensation surfaced from my toes to my stomach, and I let out a soft, strange sound before quickly covering my mouth with my hand.

"This is just the beginning."

"No..."

I lay on my side and squeezed my legs together, but Miriam was too skilled to let me go.

"No... Ahh..."

"Don't be stubborn."

"If you keep this up, I might stop loving you,"

She whispered, nibbling on my ear, making me shiver. The words came out of me in a blur, and one of my hands gripped the sheet so tightly that it came loose from the edge.

"What is this feeling..."

That electrifying sensation down there was making me lose myself. What had been strange moments ago turned into something pleasurable as Miriam's fingers continued to touch me.

"What are you doing to me? Ah... Mi... Mi... bu..."

I curled up, but begin to move my hips in time with her fingers. My face rubbed against the bed, as Miriam continued to kiss and lightly bite my neck.

"I like you."

"Mi... Mi.."

"I've watched you for so long, but I never thought you'd get this close... Good, keep moving like that."

Encouraged by her words, I kept moving, holding her hand firmly between my legs. I didn't know when or how this would end, only that each moment felt better and better.

Could this be even better if I'm faster?

"Ahh..."

I moved faster. My body trembled and tensed, and I found myself burying my face in the bed. Miriam was lying behind me, holding me close and kissing the back of my neck, as if encouraging me.

"How is it?"

"How was what...."

I had reached my limit and was too embarrassed to look at the person who turned me into this. Even though I knew exactly what Miriam was asking.

"How do you feel now?"

"It's... nothing."

"If it's nothing, could you let go of my hand? You've been holding it for a while now."

But even though she pointed it out, I didn't let go. Not because I wanted to continue, but I was worried about the evidence I had left on her hand.

"Let me clean you up. Your hand is all dirty."

I said, covering my face with my hands, which only made her laugh as she hugged me even tighter.

"You look so cute when you're embarrassed! Now I understand why you like to do these things in secret."

"Do you understand, really?"

"I understand that you're irresistible."

Miriam caressed me, unable to contain herself.

"As much as I find you irresistible, I also find you a little annoying. You've been so offensive that I'm torn between getting mad or just letting it go."

"So, have you decided? Are you going to stay mad?"

"I've made my decision."

"What?"

"I'm not mad."

"That's good."

I sighed in relief, only to freeze as Miriam continued.

"Because...honestly, you're pretty easy."

I stood up quickly, sitting up straight, staring at her in shock. The little girl, realizing what she had just said, opened her mouth in surprise and quickly waved her hands to explain.

"By easy, I mean... you're easygoing. I... I mean..."

"I understand how you feel."

I said, getting out of bed and heading to the bathroom, giving her a piercing look.

"From now on, no more sneaky wake-up calls for you."

"Oh my God! I didn't mean it like that! Why don't you ever get it when it comes to this?"

"I'm not easy!"

No one had ever gotten this close to me, and I had never allowed anyone into my personal space to the point of even undressing with them. Hearing Miriam start with a sense of relief and end with "easy" shook my confidence as much as it scattered my feelings.

"Are we going to fight?"

Miriam followed me into the bathroom, her voice cautious. I looked at my lover, feeling a mix of embarrassment and frustration, but deep down I didn't want to argue. So I reached out, pulled Miriam to the sink, and took her hand to wash it, since it was probably still dirty from before.

"We're not fighting. I'm not going to fight with you."

"So what's wrong?"

"It seems like you said that just to get back at me."

I looked at Miriam in the bathroom mirror, fixing my eyes on her.

"You're sweet, but you hold a grudge."

The little girl pressed her lips together, neither confirming nor denying, making me laugh in slight irritation.

"You managed to destroy my trust. Very good. And as a reward... from now on, we won't do anything like that."

"..."

"There will be no more hot moments between us from now on."

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22. Blackmail

"You... I'm awake."

Miriam whispered in my ear, nibbling softly in a way she had never done before.

"If you don't wake up, I might have to steal a kiss."

It sounded gentle in theory, but in practice it was harder. As soon as I felt her teeth brushing my ear, I made a noise, still half asleep. It was only when I remembered that I hadn't brushed my teeth that I actually woke up.

"I'm awake now. You can't steal a kiss."

I replied and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, playfully. Miriam smiled, obviously amused, and leaned in, but I sat up before she could start round two.

"I need to make you breakfast."

"Let's take a bath together."

"Ha!"

I glanced at her with a smile. My shy little Miriam was now this affectionate and cute one who clung to me like a little monkey.

"We would take a bath together, you know? Aren't you shy anymore?"

"As long as you're there with me, it's okay."

"It won't happen."

"Why does the one who likes to steal kisses suddenly keep saying no?"

"Because if we take a shower together, not only will you skip breakfast, but you'll also be too tired to work. And I told you last night, no more hot times."

I turned to face her, enjoying her sullen look.

"This is my revenge."

"You're very good at this."

"Of course."

"Good at torturing yourself. Okay, if you can resist, so can I."

Miriam pouted as she walked into the bathroom, stomping adorably. I watched her with a look of longing, unable to stop smiling.

I want her so much... why are we torturing ourselves like this?

"God! Come here!"

Her scream from the bathroom froze me, and I ran to her, startled.

"What's wrong?"

"Lizard."

"Huh?"

"There's a lizard in our bathroom!"

The little girl pointed to the wall near the door, wearing minimal clothing, just a t-shirt barely covering her, which, from my angle, left her legs completely visible.

"Did you scream because of a lizard?"

I barely glanced at the lizard, too busy staring at her bare legs. Miriam smiled a little, as if she was teasing me, as if she had won.

"I'm not afraid of the lizard. I just wanted you to see..."

"..."

"...the lizard. Whoa, what are you looking at? Haven't you ever seen someone without clothes?"

"Well, I have. I'm just surprised at how carefree you seem today. You're barely covering yourself."

"Why bother when you've already seen everything?"

Miriam shrugged casually, turning her back to me as she pulled her shirt over her head, baring herself completely. I couldn't help but stare at her beautiful, bare back, and she must have noticed me watching.

"What are you looking at? Get out, I'm going to... hey!"

"You're terrible."

I couldn't resist putting an arm around her from behind, kissing her bare shoulder.

"Teasing me like that... what are you waiting for?"

"For you to go crazy... now get out."

Miriam nudged me with her elbow and walked to the shower, waving me away.

"I need breakfast, love. I'm starving."

"Me too."

"Of food?"

You...

But I didn't say that, I just smiled with a little frustration and ran my hand through my hair to get the thoughts away.

"Okay, I'll go."

"Are you really leaving, love?"

She give me a playful smile, making me show my teeth in a playful growl.

"Where did my shy girl go?"

"Are you really leaving, love?"

"It's been gone since you dove under that blanket!"

The two of us are now like a newlywed couple who moved in last night, wanting to spend some time alone without anyone else around during this promotional period. But saying that feels a little disingenuous, because we haven't accomplished anything in the past. However, at the very least, we understand what the joy of touching each other is.

This is just the beginning...

Miriam and I are amateurs when it comes to love. Our curiosity drives us to figure out how to make each other happy, but we still hold back. Like now, even if we want to hug each other to death, we still want to win and hope that the other person can't take it anymore and runs away.

I don't even know when I'll give in to temptation, because just making eye contact makes my heart melt. But I just act indifferent.

"What time are you coming back today?"

I ask, looking at the sweet-faced girl who is nibbling on a sausage, her little tongue teasing the smoked meat in an annoyingly cute way.

"I'm not sure either. Why do you ask?"

Miriam, noticing me staring at her lips, playfully pretends to lick the sausage and laughs.

"This sausage is really tasty today."

"It's not as good as your taste... Oh!"

The little girl kicked me under the table and smiled.

"I'm complimenting you."

"What do you like more, this piece of sausage or my finger? But the sausage doesn't moan when bitten. If I could bite your finger, it would be much better."

"My finger wasn't made for biting."

"So what's it for?"

"You can use it for whatever you want."

Miriam pointed her finger at my mouth provocatively.

"It's yours, Hui."

After being teased so much, I ended up playfully nibbling on her finger and pulling it away. The sweet-faced girl quickly pulled her finger back to hug it tightly, her face turning bright red.

"Then let's not bite; I'd rather lick it."

"I won't talk to you anymore!"

Miriam then finished her last bite of sausage before getting up to grab her bag and get ready for work. I continued my role as housekeeper, walking her to the door, not forgetting to nudge her to demand a kiss before she left.

"Did you forget this important part...?"

Before I could finish my sentence, she pressed her lips against mine and pushed me against the wall. Today's kiss felt more electric than just sealing our relationship. Her little tongue slid into my mouth, trying to drink me in and not pull away.

Not just Miriam, even I felt the same. Once fed love through those lips, I couldn't help but use my free arm to pull Miriam closer. It felt like we were competing to see who was the best kisser, knowing that whoever pulled away first was the loser.

But every party must end, and Miriam finally pulled away, panting. Her lips were slightly red; I hadn't been rude, but it seemed like I might have been a bit too much. In shock, I gently ran my thumb over her lips, feeling a little guilty.

"Your lips are red. Does it hurt?"

"Will you miss me?"

The little girl tilted her head, resting her cheek on my hand cutely. I nodded in affirmation and smiled at her.

"Of course I will. I want you to come back soon."

"I'll be back soon today."

"You promised, okay?"

"Smile!"

Miriam is gone...

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Now my pink world has become dull again, since the little one is no longer within my reach. I'm not sure what I feel more now: love or passion. It might be a mix of both, because we just seriously committed to this

relationship as a couple, not just a casual arrangement like I had initially intended.

I dove under the blanket as Miriam thoroughly teased me.

We both know each other's bodies, not to mention the strange feeling of coziness. Although we haven't gone through the full process yet, we've already crossed more than half the finish line. We say we won't do it again, but when the opportunity arises, we throw ourselves at each other like people who can't contain themselves. It's just a matter of waiting to see who gives up first.

I don't even know why I'm doing this. Maybe I'll give up on this joke because in the end, it will be a victory for both of us.

Let's plan to make today's surrender a happy one!

Today, I spent the whole day watching porn videos and reading romance stories for my studies. While I was reading, my heart was racing, but it didn't compare to the real-life experiences I've had. When I think about the time under the covers, my heart pounds with excitement. Sneaking around is really exciting, but today I'm not going to sneak around; I'm just going to do it!

Beep...

As I licked my lips and imagined what I would do to my lover's body, my phone ring, interrupting my excitement. When I see who it's, I frowned, but I answered it anyway.

"What?"

I answered it quickly, without even saying "hello" to my younger twin sister. Lately, she's been poisoning me with our video calls, so I couldn't help but prolong our next conversation like this.

[Why wasn't I the first guest on the show?!]

As soon as I heard it was about work, I rolled my eyes in annoyance.

"Who knows? You're probably not famous enough."

[Don't mess with me; I'm your little sister, okay? And on this channel, I have the right to speak.]

"Talk to Mom instead; it has nothing to do with me. I just watch stocks and draw all day, and I have no say on the board. Go talk to Mom. That's it."

[It's all up to you. Mom just follows what you say. Okay, if you're not going to help, I'll take care of it myself. Today, I'm going to yell at the channel. I'm going to yell at that Tamarind!]

"Who's Tamarind?"

[Your girlfriend, duh.]

"Her name is Miriam."

[Shorty!]

"Do you really want to die? Wait a second."

I paused slightly as I remembered my previous statement:

"You said you were going to see Miriam. Are you going to the studio?"

[Yes.]

"Don't do anything crazy."

[I will definitely do it!]

"Get!"

Get was frustrated, and this immediately extinguished my previous fiery mood, as I was very worried. I quickly found Ongsa's number to call him to come pick me up.

"Take me to Channel S as soon as you can."

It was strange how quickly Ongsa, my childhood friend, arrived, almost as if he had been waiting for me. In less than five minutes, he called to say that he was in front of my apartment, ready for me to go in.

The drive to Channel S took about thirty minutes. This is my first visit since my father spent almost a billion on big stocks.

Have you ever seen someone buy a business but never visit it even once?

Yes... that's me.

My presence shocked the employees here, not because they knew I was a shareholder, but because everyone understood that I was Maya, the star who had just made headlines for a scandal not long ago.

They looked surprised, probably because I had become a rerun of the news; I figured my younger twin sister must have arrived before me.

Where should I start?

Today, she came here to confront Miriam, which means I should contact that little girl first.

[You called as if you knew...]

Miriam's voice whispered, and I figured Get couldn't be far away or might be facing her right now. What a mess.

"I'm in the lobby. What floor are you and Get on?"

[Why are you here?]

Get hasn't said anything yet, huh? Great, that gives me some time to fix things.

"I'm here to drag my sister home. What floor? I'll go up."

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After exchanging my ID for access to the building, Ongsa and I took the elevator to the 37th floor, our target. When we arrived, I sighed as I saw my mischievous twin sister standing with her arms crossed amidst a crowd employees wearing ID badges.

"Get!"

As soon as I shouted, Get, under her sunglasses, smiled and immediately used a sweet and annoying tone.

"Look who's here! How terrified must you be?"

"Let's find a quiet place to talk."

"It's not going to happen. Since you didn't understand me well on the phone, I'm going to talk to your girlfriend!"

Get turned to yell at Miriam like a machine out of control.

"Miriam! Why didn't you choose me as the first guest star!"

"Get! I told you to find a quiet place to talk!"

I went over to grab my sister's arm, but she pushed me away.

"If I could talk to you, I would have settled this over the phone, and I wouldn't have to invest the time to come here. When I spoke to Mom, you clearly promised to let me come over to clear things up about that new show! So why is this? Does being part of your board of directors mean nothing? Doesn't she have the power to decide anything?"

"What?"

Miriam looked at me in shock, but Get didn't let her be in doubt for long and piled on the details.

"You heard right. God, your girlfriend bought stock just to get her mother on the board, just because she wanted to let her girlfriend do a show that didn't require traveling out of town and canceling her old show!"

"Get, shut up!"

"It's not going to happen! If you had cleared things up while you were on the phone, it would have ended there! You know how much I was hoping to find space to clear things up. And here's the thing... The first guest star is Dahwan, not me!"

"It's a business matter. If Dahwan can attract more viewers during the premiere, it will be better for the show."

"You promised that you would let me be the first guest!"

"I didn't promise!"

"What's going on?"

Miriam, who had been listening silently for a while, looked at me and my sister, preparing to leave. I scowled at Get and ran after my girlfriend in a panic.

"Mi, wait. Listen to me first."

"No! I'm too shocked."

The little girl waved her hand to stop me and hesitated, looking confused.

"Is it true what your sister said, that you bought shares just to get on the board of directors just to cancel the celebrity cooking show?"

"Well... it's not quite like that."

"And the reason why you canceled the show, leaving the staff scattered in different directions, and I have to go do a coffee show just because you don't want me to travel out of town?"

"What kind of person would do something so ridiculous? The ratings for the cooking show were terrible, weren't they? That's why it had to be canceled. Plus, you guys fought that day; it was a mess."

"Just because the staff fought doesn't mean the show is doomed. To take down a show on a network, you need significant power, and you have that."

I was speechless, and just as I was about to respond, a familiar man appeared, calling Miriam's name in a friendly manner.

"Mi..."

"P'Toi!"

Miriam greeted the man who had argued with her the day before. I looked at him, confused, and couldn't understand why this guy still working here, together with that little girl.

"What are you doing? Why are you standing here?"

His tone was friendly, which made me quite confused. The guy who was ready to throw punches now chatting happily. Is he crazy?

"Are you still working here?"

I asked, unable to contain my curiosity.

Miriam give me a look, as if trying to silence my rudeness, but I couldn't help it. How could someone who had such a big fight still not be fired? I thought I was neglecting my position at Channel S too much. Buying stocks wasn't cheap, but they hadn't kicked this guy out yet.

"Yes."

"What's your position? Why...?"

"P'Toi, go to work. It's better not to get in the way."

The little girl interrupted, afraid that I would ask too many questions. But the senior, about to walk away, saw my arm hanging in a sling and couldn't help but ask.

"What happened to your arm?"

"Oh..."

I hesitated a bit to discuss it, but answered honestly.

"I was caught in the crossfire; I was shot."

"What! How did that happen?"

"Just standing there."

I answered indifferently, but Miriam chimed in to make my statement sound less abrupt.

"Because she's pretty, the guys fought over her and pulled out a gun to shoot."

That sarcastic tone made me very sure of her feelings now; she must be furious, probably mixing the newfound information with the past. We would definitely have a big argument when we got home today.

"Will your arm be usable again?" He asked.

Trump...

I swallowed hard, but answered in a monotone.

"Yes."

"How lucky you are! Unlike me..."

"I lost my arm and only have one left."

I looked at the guy showing off his now missing arm and nodded in acknowledgement.

"Yes."

"But I wasn't shot. A gang of teenagers cut me with a knife while I was riding my motorcycle."

Everyone who heard looked horrified.

Honestly, I didn't need to explain everything; I could see that he had lost an arm!

"I'm sorry to hear that, P'Toi."

Miriam seemed genuinely sympathetic, even though she was the one who got slapped by that arm.

"Honestly, I think I'm in this state because God is punishing me for punching Mi that day."

I tried to suppress a smile, almost saying,

"Yes, you were punished by God, and I am that God!"

But I remained silent, neither confirming nor denying anything because I already knew that his situation was the result of my curse.

"What? Can you repeat that? Did you punch Mi with that arm?"

I wasn't sure how long Get had been listening, but by this point, my twin sister couldn't contain herself any longer and asked, standing next to me with her arms crossed, smiling. The guy named Toi looked at me and Get, confused, and then seemed to remember something.

"Twins."

"Yes, twins... Maya, God's younger sister. I know you. You're a celebrity."

P'Toi got a little shy while talking to an A-list actress.

"Can I ask again? What happened to that arm?"

"I was cut with a knife. Now I'm an amputee."

"Did that happen after you punched Miriam?"

"Well... yes."

P'Toi He hesitated, embarrassed to discuss this matter, as if it were a stain on his record.

"God was with you then, wasn't he?"

Get give me a look, understanding the situation clearly.

My heart raced, almost jumping out of my chest. I wanted to do something, anything, but all I could do was stay silent.

"Yes. I was too drunk, so I slipped and hit her. I'm sorry, Mi."

Get looked at Miriam and smiled slightly.

"I don't like your face anymore, and I'm sure Mom won't like you either."

The younger twin said like a concerned family member. But she didn't forget to add a touch of mischief, true to her spoiled personality.

"As for the twin, this won't end easily if I'm not the first guest star..."

"..."

Get leaned closer, whispering in my ear, as if she hold all the cards.

"I'm going to tell Mom about your curse to get back at Miriam. Let's just imagine how Mom will handle this."

□□□□□

23. Pluto

The second hand on the clock ticked loudly, each sound echoing through the room. The pressure around me seemed to be increasing, almost suffocating. It's now six-thirty. Miriam and I are sitting across from each other in the apartment, and since our confrontation at the TV station, we had barely spoken.

I wanted to start a conversation, but I didn't know what to say. I was afraid she would break up with me.

"Do you want some cupcakes?"

"Please don't break up!"

The question and the answer didn't quite fit together. Miriam hesitated a bit after my unexpected answer.

"Not break up, then."

"Is that it?"

"Yes."

"This isn't right."

I muttered, looking around nervously.

"You should be mad, you should explode! My mother is on the board of directors of your company."

"Is being rich a crime?"

"But me asking my father to buy shares in Channel S just to change your work schedule so you could come home early and not travel for work. But instead, she used her rights as a majority shareholder to cancel your show... Isn't that annoying?"

"Honestly? No, I'm not mad."

"But I lied."

"You didn't lie; you just didn't tell. Besides, I didn't know your mother was on the board. I'm more shocked at how rich you must be to buy those shares and get on the board so quickly. You're like a character in a TV drama."

"..."

You're really cool."

Miriam pouted, throwing some water from her glass at me in a playful scolding.

"Everyone at work probably thinks I got my job through connections."

"Well, technically, it was connections, noodle soup connections! I thought you'd be more mad, like a TV heroine who sticks to her principles."

"That's fiction. In the real world, who doesn't like rich people? TV heroines are just idealized characters. Eventually, we all look for someone financially stable as a partner. No one wants to fight."

Miriam laughed, looking at me like she was about to melt.

"I can't believe you did all that for me."

"Well, since you didn't know, I asked my mom for a plane, but she said no."

"Stop joking around."

"..."

"Wait, are you serious?"

Miriam's eyes widened in genuine shock.

"You really are the kid who can buy whatever she wants, huh?"

"Yes."

I smiled, feeling a little proud.

"I was worried you'd be mad at me for giving me so much pleasure."

"You give yourself so much pleasure, but you're too cute to be mad. You're really perfect."

Miriam laughed, looking at me playfully.

"Is there anything else you haven't told me? First, you told me you had some weird, temporary memory loss, and now you're practically on the board of directors. What's next?"

"I love you."

"It's no surprise, and that line doesn't work anymore."

"Well... okay, I'll tell you."

"What?"

"I cursed that Toi guy to lose his arm."

Miriam looked at me, her eyes wide like a cartoon character. I gave her a guilty smile, but my expression only made her burst out laughing.

"What? You cursed him? Hahaha!"

"What's so funny? This is serious."

"Are you serious because you look so serious, Got..."

She stopped laughing, studying my face.

"Are you kidding?"

"I'm not kidding. I cursed him. I'm a bad person,"

I said, clenching a fist and looking at my useless arm.

"And because I cursed him, my remaining arm stopped working."

"What's going on today? Tai keeps blaming me for the injury to his arm, and now you say it's because you cursed him. Everyone is so innocent."

"Keep laughing. I told you my words are powerful, curses or blessings, they come true."

As I said this, Miriam keep smiling.

"Why are you smiling?"

"You're like a child trying to make a big deal out of something small. Your parents raised you well, so different from... your sister."

She paused, realizing it wasn't polite to talk about my sister in front of me.

"Some things are unpredictable. Don't feel guilty about it; you can criticize my family if you want."

"But she is your sister."

"True."

"How adorable."

Miriam pinched my cheek with genuine affection, making me smile.

"Even when you're being rude, you're cute. Your parents really raised you well."

"So, you're not mad at me?"

"I'm too tired to argue with you. In fact, I had a lot planned for today, but your sister interrupted."

"Planned?"

I looked at her with slight surprise, starting to smile as if I knew what was coming.

"Your plan might be similar to mine."

"And what did you plan?"

"Well..."

Seeing the atmosphere between us lighten, I leaned closer to the small figure in front of me, playfully letting my one hand crawl like a spider across the back of Miriam's hand on the table.

"My plan was a little... heated."

"How heated?"

"Heated to the point of being sticky."

"If that's the case, I think we should probably take a shower..."

"Exactly, we should definitely take a bath!"

We looked at each other, then quickly stood up as if the chairs were on fire and ran to the bathroom. Not wanting to waste any time, we both started taking off our clothes, although I was a little slower with just one hand, which made Miriam laugh.

"I've never wanted to take a bath so much before."

"Right!"

But as Miriam is unbuttoning my shirt, her phone ring, shattering the mood. She tried to ignore it and continued working on the third button, laughing.

"Forget it."

She laughed, her fingers still on my shirt. But the phone kept ringing and finally, she sighed in frustration.

"Ugh, seriously, right at the good part!"

"The good part?"

I smiled, leaning in to kiss her, hoping it would ease her frustration.

"Just ignore it."

"Yeah, I'm not paying attention anymore."

Her hands continued to undress me as I pressed my face into her neck, feeling a deep desire. But our moment was broken once again when the phone rang for the third time.

"Ugh, seriously!"

We both screamed in annoyance. Miriam took a deep breath, walking out of the bathroom with a frustrated look on her face, but making sure to tell me to stay still.

"This isn't over."

"No way; we didn't even climax."

"Just a minute."

She said, picking up the phone and answering in a highly irritated tone.

"Why are you calling so much? Do you think this is a good time?... What? You came without telling me? If you're sick, stay home!"

"Who is this?"

"Jubjang."

Miriam turned and answered me sweetly before answering the person on the phone.

"Yeah! I don't care about politeness right now, you inconsiderate ghost. If you're sick, stay home. I have my own love life... Yes, I'm telling you to leave, but you won't. Fine, I'll come down and get you. Give me five minutes to get mad first!"

She threw the phone on the couch, growling in frustration. I just smiled, watching her as I fumbled with the buttons she had undone with my hand.

"I shouldn't have answered the phone."

"It's okay; there's always another chance."

I smiled at her, completely understanding why I felt the same way. But what could we do? If we threw gasoline on the fire, your friend, who was sick with cancer, might lose hope because she felt like a burden.

"I'll make her go away as soon as possible."

"Okay."

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"Did you really think it would be that easy?"

Miriam and I exchanged glances, rolling our eyes as we watched Jubjang and Oa sitting together, laughing and drinking the beer they had brought.

Miriam looked at her friend, who was supposedly sick, looking confused.

"Aren't you seriously ill? Shouldn't you be resting at home or getting chemo or something? You don't look anything like what they show in the movies."

"What, do you want to see me lying there all teary, bald and desperately saying goodbye?"

Jubjang retorted, showing her teeth.

"What a friend you are!"

"What a friend you are too, showing up and disturbing people on a normal weekday, not even on the weekend."

"Who cares? Any day can be a day to celebrate!"

"And what are you celebrating?"

"Celebrating that I'm not sick! Yay!"

Both Jubjang and Oa celebrated happily, unlike Miriam and I, who exchanged confused looks.

"What do you mean by not sick?"

"Not sick means not sick. Do I need to spell it out?"

Oa replied, munching on some peanuts.

"Jubjang doesn't have cancer. Yay!"

"Seriously?!"

Miriam choked, putting her hand on her chest.

"How? What kind of treatment?"

"Drinking clean water, going to bed on time, and just like that."

"Are you kidding me? Cancer is not like catching a cold"

Miriam teased, approaching her friend with full attention.

Meanwhile, I tilted my head, listening happily.

"Well... how do I say this..."

Jubjang squirmed a little, blushing.

"She just thought I had cancer."

"What?"

"She had a bad cough and even coughed up blood." Oa explained, laughing.

"So she googled her symptoms and got results like tuberculosis or lung cancer."

"So you chose cancer!"

"Well, I wanted to feel like the heroine of Autumn in My Heart! Oh, don't kick me!"

"I'll slap you too!"

"Ahh, she's grabbing my hair! Help me, oh God, save me!"

Miriam climbed on top of her friend, playfully slapping her back and forth until Oa had to pull her away, both laughing and crying in the chaos.

"I was so scared! I thought you were dying,"

Miriam said with tears in her eyes, wiping them away. Silence fell as everyone enjoyed the moment, and even Jubjang looked on the verge of tears.

"Do you love me that much?"

"You're my friend! Next time, go to the doctor first. Don't self-diagnose yourself with cancer! Do you know how much pain you've caused us?"

"...I'm so sorry."

The usually tough Jubjang hugged Miriam, rubbing her back comfortingly.

"I cried for days too, you know? Coughing and crying until my brother got tired and dragged me to the hospital. It turns out I just had bronchitis. I wanted to tell you all as soon as I found out, but I was worried it would end like this, with me getting beaten up."

"At least you have some shame,"

Oa interrupted with a smile.

"But honestly, I'm glad you're not going anywhere. I almost lost you."

"So, are you better now?"

Miriam asked, concern still etched on her face.

"Yes, better. The moment I felt better, I wanted to celebrate with a beer, so I came to tell you the news. But I got here only to find my friend irritated, as if she had forgotten me now that she had a girlfriend."

Miriam raises her hand as if to hit her friend again, but clenched her fist instead, simply scowling.

"Don't get cocky. You've made a huge mess, so hurry up and go home already. We're trying to sleep."

"What? Kick me out again? First, when I thought I had cancer, you kicked me out. Now that I'm fine, you're still kicking me out. Can't we just enjoy some time together?"

"No!"

"Well, I'm not leaving. I'm staying and sleeping here. If you don't like it, call the police!"

"You..."

Relieved that her friend was healthy, Miriam now threw her hands up in frustration, looking at me as if for help. I just offered a thin smile, unsure of what to do. As angry as I was, kicking out my girlfriend's close friends might cause more problems than it solves.

"Just come sit here, okay? It's not every day your friends visit us."

"But we don't even..."

"Not what?"

Oa and Jubjang turned to us, eyes shining with curiosity.

"Eee Mii is really bad mood today, huh? Is it that time of the month?"

"She's in a bad mood because you showed up!"

In the end, my little one finally settled down next to me on the couch, leaving her friends drinking beer and watching Netflix on the floor, completely ignoring us.

"Are you cold? Do you want me to get you a blanket?"

"I'm not, but if you get one, we can snuggle together."

"I was thinking the same thing."

I got up to grab a blanket from the bed, covering the two of us as we curled up together, watching a foreign horror movie. The room was dark, perfectly matching the scary movie, so much so that my little one leaned closer, perhaps hoping for some comfort.

"I don't understand why this is funny. The heroine's sister is in hell, and now the hero is down there trying to save her. It's full of ghosts everywhere."

"It's a good movie."

"Have you seen it before?"

"It's old. In the end, the hero sacrifices himself so that his sister doesn't end up in hell by committing suicide. She gets a second chance at heaven, a normal life, without cancer."

"That easy, huh? If you've already seen it, why watch it again?"

"Because your friends are watching it. Besides, I like it."

"Why do people like horror movies?"

"They make your heart race."

I answered, Miriam, hearing this, pressed her cheek against my chest.

"Your heart is really beating fast. Watching this scared you, huh?"

"It's beating fast because I'm next to you."

I murmured, looking at her friends still absorbed in the movie, then whispered.

"I want to play with you."

"You're so shameless"

Miriam gasped, smiling.

"I was thinking the same thing, but I didn't want to say it. Haha!"

We felt like children, excited about a present we hadn't opened yet, endlessly curious about each other. The timing was wrong, especially with her friends so close.

"I feel like a fourteen-year-old girl again."

"But with them here, what can we do?"

"When I was learning... about making love to you, I read a story once..."

"Stop it! Making love? You're embarrassing me."

Miriam reached out, pinching my waist lightly, making me laugh.

"Ouch!"

"What's with the flirting back there? That's a horror movie! They're about to go to hell, dipping a toe in the water and staring at a cat or something."

Oa glances at us before turning back to the screen.

Miriam and I exchanged glances and continued with our fun.

"What was that story?"

"Pluto."

"So, what happens in it?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I leaned in close, whispering in Miriam's ear."

"They have phone sex in it."

"How is that supposed to work when we're this close to each other?"

"We could just...describe and imagine it together."

I breathed softly against her ear, setting the mood.

"Are you ready?"

She shivered a little, then nodded.

"Okay, you can start."

"Okay."

I paused, then whispered sensually in Miriam's ear, pulling her into our fantasy.

"I emerge from the bathroom in just a towel, drops of water on my shoulders and neck. And yes... I used your favorite shampoo."

Miriam nodded, understanding quickly, before turning to whisper back to me.

"And I'm only wearing an old, baggy t-shirt and shorts so tight they're practically painted on, the same shorts I've been wearing since I was fourteen. They hug my hips like I'm wearing nothing at all."

"You have such a beautiful body."

"Not as good as yours."

"You smell amazing..."

My heart is pounding as I try to nuzzle her neck, but Miriam pulls away.

"But you taste even better."

"I love your chest."

She murmured, resting her forehead against me with her eyes closed.

"When it's pressed against my mouth, it's so soft."

"You're making me feel hot."

"Now let me taste you,"

She replied, smiling.

"I'm going to lick every inch and maybe even nibble a little. Geez... now I feel hot too..."

"Enough!" 😊😊

Jubjang suddenly shouted, turning to the two of us with a look of exasperation.

"What kind of nonsense are you two doing back there? You turned a horror movie into soft porn!"

Miriam and I immediately fell silent. We weren't sure how we were feeling at that moment, but we knew we were nervous, like children caught reading something inappropriate.

"Do you think I didn't hear you two talking?"

Oa growled, throwing her bag over her shoulder.

"Alright, I'm leaving. Enjoy your little honeymoon, you two, I'm going crazy here!"

"My physical illness eased, only to be replaced by a pain in my heart. Single people have no place on this planet anymore!"

Our friends grumbled all the way to the door, but they couldn't resist glancing at us.

"Don't break up, okay? I'll be here to laugh at you if you do!"

And with that, they closed the door, leaving just the two of us alone in the room. Once we were sure no one else was around, Miriam and I looked at each other and immediately jumped toward each other.

"Quick!"

Miriam took off her clothes first, then turned her attention to my button-down shirt.

"I wish you'd get undressed faster. Well, maybe don't wear button-down shirts next time, just get rid of them all!"

When she undid the last button, she practically ripped my shirt off. Even though I only had one hand free, I wasn't about to be left behind. I slid her

bra strap off her shoulder and gently pushed her onto her back.

"So where were we?"

"I was... eating you! But I also want you to eat me at the same time."

The little one looked at me nervously, as if she didn't know where to start.

"Can we do this? Can we both do this at the same time?"

"I saw it on a video, so let's try it! First step: taking off the pants."

We began to undress, each of us removing our own remaining pieces. But as soon as I reached the final barrier, her tiny panties, our excitement suddenly disappeared, replaced by a strange sense of shock.

"We... can't do this."

"Why?"

She stammered, equally nervous as her eyes darted to herself.

"Actually... I'm not ready either."

We both swallowed hard. Neither of us had anticipated this. It was awkward and strangely funny.

"Let's save it for another time."

I lay back on top of Miriam with a sigh, as the sweet face below me reached up and gently rubbed my back, as if to reassure us both.

"Let's save the spicy for a sweeter day."

"Yes, save the spicy for later. But we can still kiss, right?"

We certainly know how to torture ourselves.

"Better than doing nothing."

So that night, we ended up kissing and falling asleep in each other's arms, like we always did. We couldn't do anything else, it was one of those emergencies.

What could we do? We both got our periods at the same time, so that was the end for us...

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24. Interview

Being in love is wonderful...

It makes you want to wake up every morning to see your loved one first. And every morning, I look into Miriam's eyes before I think about anything else. Her smile, her voice, and her unique movements are all different each day.

But today is different.

"Got... Got!"

Gasp!

I woke up suddenly, my body gasping for air. Miriam looked pale, her lips swollen and red, tears welling up in her eyes, prompting me to reach out and gently cup her cheek to calm her panic.

"I'm awake now!"

I barely needed to ask what had happened to make Miriam react this way. It seemed like my sleep apnea had returned this morning, and I had no idea how long I had stopped breathing. Now, my head was spinning from the lack of oxygen for a moment.

"You weren't breathing!"

I paused for a moment before pretending to be oblivious.

"How can this be? I'm breathing! People who don't breathe are dead, so don't scare me like that!"

"Your heart has stopped beating!"

"Do I look like a ghost to you?"

"GOD!"

Miriam screamed loudly, making me jump. The sight of her tears made it impossible for me to keep smiling, knowing that the longer I pretended not to be aware, the angrier she would get. I pulled her small body into a hug, rubbing her back gently to comfort her.

"But I'm breathing! Please don't cry; seeing you cry hurts me."

"It's nothing like seeing you not breathing. Huh..."

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This morning wasn't as refreshing as usual, with Miriam sitting silently, picking at the porridge I had made, seemingly oblivious to the taste. I had forgotten that love isn't just about the beautiful moments. Even though we sometimes fight, it's never been as tense and uncomfortable as this morning.

"Have you finished your period yet?"

I quickly tried to change the mood to something lighter. When things get tense, making a crude joke can lighten the mood. I wasn't sure how effective it would be, but it had to be better than silence.

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, I realize it's been several days."

I smiled, pleased to have redirected her focus as she dipped her finger into her glass of water and shook it at me shyly.

"Yes, it's over."

"Oh, today is a good day!"

"How is that good?"

"Let me think about what makes it good..."

I rolled my eyes and Miriam kicked my leg playfully.

"Let's think about how good it is after work."

"Well, today I'm going to make a list of the advantages of not having periods anymore so we can discuss them tonight."

"Is 'discuss' the right word?"

"Actually, 'debate' would be more appropriate."

"You're so weird, when did you get like this?"

"Since I fell in love with you. Now hurry up and eat so you have energy for work."

I held the cup close to her, encouraging her to finish her last piece of porridge, which she washed down with water. Then I got up to grab her bag and get ready for work, but suddenly, something came to my mind.

"Today is the first day interviewing your little sister in the studio."

"Is it really so soon?"

I said, surprised. Ever since that day when Get caused a commotion, I had asked Mom to use her influence to change the guest, disregarding any appropriateness, for fear of being blackmailed by those troublemaking twins.

"I thought there would be more preparation."

"It's just a casual interview in the studio. After that, we'll go to the location to catch up on her daily life. To be honest, she asked to film today because

she wanted to clear up the rumors."

"That's not surprising. When will this tape air?"

"About two weeks or so, because there's a lot to prepare. But your sister will be the guest star for the first tape."

I could understand my little sister. She must be eager to clear her name. People would finally know that the rumors about her having an abortion in her early twenties had an abortion in her early twenties were fake (and bold enough to claim they were true). Even though it hasn't aired yet, it's better for a few people to know than for no one.

They're anxious.

"Should I go watch it tonight?"

"Why would you?"

"To see Get act. You can't control my little sister."

"You can't control her either, you idiot."

I wrinkled my nose in annoyance at being called that.

"Wow, you're really bold now, calling me that without caring."

I leaned closer and sniffed.

"Not even drinking alcohol."

"Your arm isn't healed yet, so you can't do anything right."

"Even with one arm, I can do a lot of things. And tonight..."

I said jokingly as I looked at Miriam.

"With just one hand and one arm, I'm going to make you call me 'honey'."

Miriam pushed my face shyly, but didn't deny anything.

"Go ahead, try."

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At first, I intended not to go because interfering too much might make the little one suspect that I was worried, which, to be honest, I really was. Get was the type to talk too much, especially if she had my secret, she might want to mess with me and make me mad.

My relationship with my sister is pretty weird, isn't it? It's like we love each other but also hate each other. It's like we don't want to see each other's faces, but having each other is better than having nothing.
That's family.

While I was feeling anxious, I still didn't leave the room. Before long, Miriam texted me as if she knew what I was thinking.

Mimee:

Honey, what are you doing?

I couldn't help but smile, which turned into a beaming smile when I saw the message. Our relationship had grown so much! This shy person was now calling me "honey" without fear of being teased. Well, I wouldn't tease her... that means I won't be called anything else again.

Got7:

I'm thinking about you.

Got7:

How's filming going? Is Get causing you trouble?

Miriam read the messages but didn't reply for a while, making me start to worry and imagine all sorts of things. Something must be going on; otherwise, she would have replied to me by now.

Got7:

Is something wrong?

Mimee:

Yes, and I think you should watch it.

Got7:

I don't need to watch it. I trust you. Besides, Get is a professional in this field. Why should I watch it?

Mimee:

You really should.

Miriam insisted before sending me a two-minute video clip recorded on her phone. I walked over to the couch, sat down, and pressed play, immediately grimacing at the sight of my little sister in a red outfit that looked like it had been splashed with dark blood to ward off evil spirits.

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Miriam:

Can you tell us about your life from a perspective you've never shared with anyone?

"Maya was born into a middle-class family that was somewhat well-off. We only became wealthy during my teenage years, when I entered the entertainment industry after being scouted for a casting call."

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Who could be more suited to be an actress than this one? She spoke fluently without any problems, although the truth was only half of what she said. The one who watched her was me, after all.

Forget it...

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Miriam:

Who are you closest to in your family?

"I'm not sure because I feel like I don't get enough love and attention. My parents seem to favor my older twin sister a lot, which made me quite jealous."

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She spoke so pitifully, but wasn't she the one who benefited the most from me? That ghostly twin.

Miriam:

What makes you think your parents love your older twin sister more?

"Because she's the one who always gets what she wants and is talented. My parents focus more on that one, while I can only feel a little hurt. Besides drawing, I sometimes act a little to get their attention."

Get calls me *"that one"*, as if to say we're close, but our relationship tends more toward arguments than anything good. Plus, my younger twin sister's hero image has pretty much disappeared. Being herself and using strong language might be more suitable for a digital channel's ratings—it attracts guests...

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Miriam:

Do you draw too?

"I would say it's a talent. It's the only thing I know how to do better than my twin sister and show off. But Maya would rather be an actress."

Miriam:

Going back to your previous answer, when you said you acted, what did you mean by that? You said you wanted your parents to pay attention to you.

"Well... I've had a lot of boyfriends. I'm pretty."

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How can she boldly flaunt something like that? And then say she wants to clear her name, she's forgotten all about it? Isn't this just reinforcing the rumors she's trying to deny?

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Miriam:

So the abortion rumors are true, right?

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This question, the climax of the clip, was thrown out, but judging by Get's behavior, she didn't seem the least bit fazed. I figured she must have read the script and prepared herself well; otherwise, someone so impetuous wouldn't sit there calmly being questioned.

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"That's not true! Having multiple boyfriends and having an abortion are two different things. While we're on the subject, I want to clarify this now. Please don't cut this part!"

I scoffed and shook my head, barely able to contain my anger as I continued to watch until the end.

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In fact, even though Maya is rebellious, I had never done anything dishonorable. Throughout my life, Maya has always dated men, I like men. If I really was pregnant, it should be by a man, not a woman. If anyone is going to suspect anyone, it should be Maya's twin sister. She likes women. And yes, the person who is pregnant by a woman is the twin sister named Got. We look alike, but that doesn't mean we're pregnant at the same time!

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As soon as Get finished saying that, I lost interest in hearing what Miriam asked next and slammed my phone down, trying to suppress my anger boiling inside me. I could have let loose a torrent of curses and wished her downfall so completely that even Hell itself would have to wait and beg her not to get involved.

Get... that brat!

I closed my eyes, trying to calm myself, then opened my phone back to the chat and typed to Miriam as calmly as I could muster.

Got7:

I watched it. Thanks for sending it.

Got7:

I think I need to have a little talk with my younger twin sister.

Mimee:

Just relax. They can cut that part if necessary.

Got7:

Thanks.

I barely cared if they cut it or kept it because my mood was now explosive enough to destroy everything in sight and turn it to dust, so mix this powder in Ovaltine to soothe my irritation without the need for hot water.

"Ongan, come get me right now! I want to talk to Mom."

My trusted driver arrived quickly, as if he had been waiting as usual. After I was all dressed up, I got in the van and sat in silence, trying to gather my thoughts, not forgetting to send this clip to my mom as well.

Mom:

Calm down, Got. I'll handle this.

Got7:

This is just addressing the symptom. Get is using me as a scapegoat. I bet she just realized that in this world, she can blame someone else.

Got7:

And that someone is me.

Got7:

I can't take this anymore! I'm ready to go to hell with her right now!

Mom:

Come to me first. No fighting, no blessings, no talking to anyone, and no thinking!

Mom:

Just come home first. I'll call Get and we'll talk.

Mom quickly interrupted me, insisting that I stop thinking about anything. The scariest thing was my mood at that moment, and I knew I needed to control it. Otherwise, my anger would destroy everything just because I accidentally said or thought something terrible.

"I'll call when we get home."

I leaned back, closing my eyes as the van slowly navigated the congested streets of Bangkok. It took about an hour to get from my love nest apartment to the family mansion. As soon as we arrived, Mom ran to greet me from the house and hugged me tightly.

"Don't say anything, Got. Let's pray first."

"I don't want to pray! Praying won't help at all,"

I snapped in a huff.

"It's like telling someone with depression to meditate; it doesn't work!"

"Calm down, dear."

"Is she here yet?"

"I'm here!"

She ran into the house, still wearing the same outfit from the music video, and shouted back at me defiantly.

"You can't stop my segment from airing!"

"Why can't I when you're lying? Aren't you ashamed of yourself for making this up?"

"I'm not ashamed because I have nothing to lose! You told me to let them clear it up; can't you give me that much?"

"Absolutely not! Whoever did something should take responsibility, not just blame it on someone else."

"Everyone makes mistakes, and this tape is the only chance I have to redeem myself. Can't you help me a little?"

"If they asked you to eat shit, would you do it? It's disgusting! You did something shameful, and now you can't face it. Why didn't you think twice when you decided to act so pretentiously?"

"Because no one in this house loves me! That's why I had to create someone else like you!"

"And you would easily kill your own child just to get into the entertainment industry? Wow, this is a real love story! Someone with that character can't be anyone's mother!"

"Is your character much better? When you love someone, you praise them, but when you hate someone, you wish your arm would be cut off!"

Finally, the thing I feared the most came out of my younger twin sister's mouth, and Mom, who had been listening intently, immediately turned her attention to the matter.

"What do you mean?"

"That's right, Mom! Got's girlfriend got punched by a classmate, and she got so mad that she swore that the arm that slapped her girlfriend would be cut off. And look what happened, your daughter can't use her arm for the rest of her life! Is that a good person? Arguing to make others lose their arms, seriously?"

"We agreed not to talk about it."

"The agreement will only be valid if this tape airs!"

"Got... did you really argue with someone until you got shot for real?"

I squeezed my eyes shut, baring my teeth in frustration, wanting to yell at Mom, but feeling like it wouldn't be right to punish the wrong person.

"This isn't the time to talk about this! Go focus on Get! She's spreading rumors that I'm dating a girl!"

"Well, she is dating a girl."

Get insisted, and I nodded in reluctant acknowledgment.

"But I'm not pregnant!"

"Can't you at least admit that? What have you ever done for me in your life? Nothing!"

"How dare you say that!"

"Why not? Are you saying that you've helped her?"

I took a deep breath and fell silent before abruptly cutting off the conversation.

"Forget it!"

"Got... I'm begging you."

Suddenly, my look-alike sister rushed to hug my injured arm, crying pitifully. The raging emotions we had while arguing instantly faded away, as if I was bipolar.

"Can't you help me a little? My future in this industry is so bleak! If you won't support me, at least replace me!"

"Don't try to sound so good; you reap what you sow. I will never take responsibility for you. Keep that in mind!"

"You're worthless!"

"What did you say?"

"You're going to die soon, and you still want to be useless? Now that I think about it, I was worried that you would die, but now I don't care, just hurry up and die!"

"Shut up!"

Slap!

Mom slapped my younger sister hard across the face, showing no remorse. Her eyes were filled with anger, and perhaps even hatred, especially if Get kept talking like that.

"Where did your sense of responsibility go? This is your sister you're talking about... Do you value your own reputation more than Got's life?"

Get, as if the slap had brought her back to reality, looked back and forth between Mom and me, dazed. For a brief moment, I saw a flash of remorse in her eyes directed at me, but her pride kept her silent.

"Well, my sister's existence is useless..."

My younger twin sister continued to argue, but suddenly stopped when she caught sight of someone else out of the corner of her eye. Mom and I turned to look, only to be surprised to see that there was someone else present besides us.

"What are you talking about? Are you referring to Got, who won't be here for long?"

"Miriam..."

Miriam raised her hand to cover her mouth, looking at me with a look of fear, just like when she discovered I wasn't breathing that morning.

"Are you going to die?"

□□□□

25. Don't answer wrong

To be honest, I wasn't prepared to deal with this situation...

Seeing Miriam there, listening from the beginning, the little girl seemed shocked, stunned, trying to understand everything, but perhaps a little confused, because what we were discussing was not exactly easy to understand.

But one thing was clear: hearing that I wouldn't be around much longer could only mean one thing!

"Mi... why are you here?"

I, already heated and tense, felt like cold water had been thrown on me when I saw her staring. I didn't know whether to attack or be gentle because my emotions were so conflicted.

"Are you saying you don't have much time left? Does that mean you're dying? Is it because of what happened when you stopped breathing?"

And as soon as Miriam said that, Mom and Get looked at me, visibly shaken. The condition, no matter how many times it was repeated, was always scary.

"No."

"You're lying again."

"..."

"I heard your sister say that you don't have much time. What else don't I know?"

"Miriam"

I walked towards her, but she takes a step back, wrapping her arms around herself.

"If you're going to make excuses or lie, you better prepare yourself well, and I'll give you the time."

Miriam walked towards the front door.

"If you're going to lie, make sure I don't notice, because there's only one consequence..."

She leave immediately...

All I could see was the back of someone who feared these things the most, turning away, feeling a sharp pain. Miriam hated lies, but what she feared the most was loss. The little girl always distanced herself from deep relationships to avoid being torn apart like her sister. And I was coming into her life only brought her pain, something I hadn't even considered.

As soon as Miriam was out of sight, I turned to my younger twin sister in a huff. I could honestly say that I had never felt the urge to kill someone as strong as I did in that moment.

"Satisfied now? Look what this has become, all because you didn't get what you wanted!"

I looked at my younger twin sister, who looked remorseful, but as soon as I expressed my anger, she quickly pushed her guilt aside and retorted with the same ferocity.

"If you had just followed the original plan, things wouldn't have ended like this. Just let the tape air, and it would have been over."

"Get, don't you feel anything about how things turned out?"

Mom shook her, then slapped her in frustration, but Get, unfazed by the slap, shrugged her shoulders irritably.

"Why should I care when no one ever cared about me? Ever since I was born, all I heard was, 'Oh God, Got this, Got that,' getting everything I wanted while I could have nothing. A child worthless to their parents gets nothing, no love, just discarded like the family's trash."

"You demand everything so blindly that you don't even see what the people around you have given you!"

"You're on Got's side again! What have you or Got ever given me?"

"I gave you something,"

I said, addressing her more distantly than ever. We rarely spoke kindly to each other, but this was the first time we had used words like "I" and "you," so much so that even Mom was surprised.

"Give what? I don't remember anything!"

"Who do you think closed the celebrity gossip page?"

At this, Get, who was standing with her arms crossed, looked surprised and met my eyes.

"What does that have to do with the page... Are you saying you closed it?"

I throw myself at my sister, grabbing her collar with one hand, pulling the fabric so tightly that she choked. Seeing the situation worsen, Mom tried to separate us, but I signaled for her to back off.

"This isn't your problem, Mom. It's between me and her!"

"Got... don't be mad, don't fight..."

"Mom, back off! This is between me and Got!"

Get pushed Mom's hand away and grabbed my hair, pulling my head back, ready to fight with the same ferocity.

"Let's settle this once and for all! So... are you saying you were the one who closed that page? Thanks, but so what? I'm already ruined!"

"You think you're the only one broken? Because of you, I became like this."

"So what? What did I do to you? All you do is lock yourself in your room, drawing, doing nothing. You don't even have to face the shame, and you're still saying you're broken?"

My younger twin sister, acting like the world's biggest victim, showed no remorse. Anger took over, and I switched from grabbing her shirt to squeezing her neck with all my strength until Get's face turned red, but she still didn't back down.

"You are broken because you broke yourself! Was I there when you had the abortion? Have you consulted anyone? And now that everything is exposed, you want someone to take responsibility. So why should I suffer for what you did?"

"Because you are my sister!"

"I did my duty."

"No, you never did!"

"And do you think it is normal for me to suddenly lose my memory, for my heart to stop beating some mornings? Is this some rare disease? No, it is because of you! You, Get!"

This time, my sister looked genuinely shocked. Her hand, which was holding my hair, began to loosen, her mouth slightly open.

"I don't get it... what the hell are you talking about? What does your memory loss have to do with me?"

"I was furious to see you hurt. You were going to kill yourself in a moment of impulsiveness. Seeing someone who looks like me suffering and trying to escape death, was unbearable for me."

Today, Get will have to understand my feelings. The things I never thought to tell, fearing that my departure would leave my younger twin in pain, today I will be the one to open those wounds. Since you show no remorse, go ahead and drown yourself in guilt for the rest of your life!

"That page administrator dug up the past you wanted to forget until I had to argue, making her forget her past too. And if she finds true love, she will end up losing that person because of that event. I almost killed someone. Someone almost died because of me!"

"..."

"But I couldn't bear it, so I wished for her to come back to life. Breaking the natural law that revives the dead left me like this, haunted every day, wondering if there will be a tomorrow. If I can't revive myself fast enough, I will leave this world without saying goodbye. So, do you still think I never did anything for you?"

"..."

"You still believe I don't love you?"

"You... never told me."

"If I told you, you would drown in guilt for the rest of your life after I left, just like I felt when I saw you hurt."

"Got..."

"It hurts so much, Get, and I don't want you to experience or feel that. I want to grant you so many things, but I'm afraid that if I do, I might not survive because I don't know what breaking nature and destiny again would do to me. But this is enough..."

"....."

"Today, you crossed the line. You destroyed the only happiness I had."

I pointed to the large door where Miriam had disappeared, as if it was the last time I would be able to see her, as if I had lost my chance to see her again.

"That woman, the one I only wanted to spend my last moments with, and you took her away. She's gone!"

Get crawled over to me, hug my leg and started crying loudly. From someone spoiled and always picking fights, she had turned into a sobbing child. But I was too angry to comfort her or hug her, so I pulled my leg away and walked away.

"Got... please..."

"Don't cry! You've been punished. When I'm gone, you'll live in torment because of your guilt."

I turned around and tried to call Miriam, but she didn't answer and even hung up on me intentionally. I paced around in frustration and called Ongsa to start the car, but before ten seconds had passed, Miriam texted me, as if she knew I was about to go to our room to talk.

Mimee:

Don't come back to the room yet. I want to be alone.

Mimee:

Don't insist, because if you don't listen, I'll run away and we'll never meet again.

Mimee:

Just wait. I'll contact you when I'm ready.

"Damn it, I'm not going!"

I stopped myself from getting in the car and went back home to calm down. I didn't feel like talking to anyone, so I went upstairs to my room, where I hadn't slept in a long time. I wasn't sure if it was a good idea to leave

Miriam alone. With her determined and decisive personality, I was worried that our relationship might not last.

What should I do? Should I stay put?

As I sit alone, deep in thought in my dimly lit room, I heard the sound of a car engine roaring as it drove away. Judging by the reckless way it accelerated, it was easy to guess that it was my younger twin sister.

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Knock, knock, knock.

The knock on the door bring me back to the present, and I see my mother come in. She looked like she had just finished crying, and seeing this, I feel my spirits sink.

"The person I wanted to hurt wasn't you, Mom."

"Get is suffering right now."

I looked out the window and laughed bitterly.

"So I got what I wanted. I told her so she would regret it and feel guilty for the rest of her life."

"You never told me about this."

My mother, only a few inches shorter than me, hugged me and rested her head on my shoulder, as if she was drained.

"This happened because of Get."

"It's not Get's fault. I was the reckless one. I was so angry back then. Even though I knew that arguing would have consequences for me, I still chose to move on. If I had behaved myself, maybe none of this would have happened... So where did she go?"

"Has she told anyone in the family? She probably went to see friends."

"True... It must be nice to be able to go out and find happiness with friends when things are hard. In the meantime, I have nowhere to go but here... Miriam is my only friend, and I don't even know if I'm about to lose her."

I leaned my head on my mother's shoulder, seeking some support.

"Why, Mom? Why can't I be happy too?"

"Oh, Got, we all want you to be happy."

She gripped my arm tightly, as if to say she would never leave me.

"And about that show, if it's causing problems, we'll just cancel it."

"We're such a fickle board, aren't we? First we approve, then we cancel, only to start over and throw it away again."

"If it helps, then burn the money if you need to; use it as paper if it makes you feel better."

"There's only one person who can make me feel better, and I'm waiting for her to contact me."

We both fell silent, and my mother left me alone, leaving me there, lost in thought.

For hours, I did nothing but toss and turn in bed, waiting for Miriam to contact me. It was already two in the morning, and she was still silent. I felt restless, but I didn't have the courage to go after her.

Damn. This is torture!

.

Bang, bang, bang.

The loud knocking on my door made me frown. Earlier, I had heard the front door open, and when I opened the door to my room, I was greeted by my little sister in a drunken stupor.

"Did you drive all the way here in that state?"

The smell of alcohol was so strong that it was a miracle she survived the trip. Normally, someone in her condition would have ended up in a car accident, not banging on my front door like that.

"Got... Got..."

She stumbled towards me, hugging me so tightly that I almost lost my balance.

"You're a mess. Go to sleep."

"No, I want to talk."

"And you think you're in any condition to talk? Acting pathetic won't make me forgive you."

Despite my words, I ended up helping her climb into my bed, leaving her sprawled out, far from the dignified actress she portrayed on TV.

"Okay, sleep here tonight. I'll sleep somewhere else."

"I'm really sorry."

"Unforgiven. You even take over my bed, you little pest!"

"I'm sorry for causing this."

And with that, my sister, born a few minutes after me, began to cry. Her sobs stopped me from walking away, and I turned around with a sigh.

"I never knew what you had done. I just wanted to win... I didn't want you to suffer."

"Making me a scapegoat, letting people think I got pregnant and had an abortion, isn't that making me suffer?"

"I didn't want you to die... I love you..."

Hearing those words, I looked at her and shake my head. We really do love each other, but saying it out loud is something that never feels natural, especially under normal circumstances. This isn't a TV drama where siblings reconcile and everyone is happy. If she wasn't drunk, I wouldn't be hearing any of this.

"Don't feel guilty. I wouldn't know what to do if you did. Go back to being the villain you always were. I'll call someone to help clean you up."

"Got."

"What now?"

I gritted my teeth, starting to feel uncomfortable with the constant calling of my name.

"Mi is pretty cool, you know?"

"Huh?"

"But she's a little cold."

"You just met her; what do you know?"

"I just had a drink with your wife or was it husband?"

My twin sister, who looked exactly like me, slurred her words as her drunken state took over. Hearing this, I stop going after the housekeeper and sit down next to her, shaking her.

"Get, wake up and speak clearly. Did you really find Mi?"

"I feel like throwing up."

"Get, wake up now!"

"That girl loves you so much."

"..."

"Mi... Mi is heartbroken."

"Get... I said wake up, or I swear I'll take it seriously!"

I clenched my fists, trying to get her out of there, but she kept mumbling incoherently.

"What did you say to Mi? What did you say to her?"

"I told her you were..."

"You said what?"

"...Forgot.."

"Get!"

And just like that, my sister passed out, completely oblivious to my growing anxiety. I had no idea what had been said or how much Mi knew.

Get may have said something, but how much did Miriam hear?

Got7:

Are you still awake?

Worry plagued me as I grabbed my phone and typed a message to Miriam at two in the morning, leaving the screen open and watching for any sign that she had read it.

Mimee:

I'm awake.

Got7:

Should we talk?

It wasn't a complicated question, but instead of answering, she just read it, which only made me more nervous.

Mimee:

Okay. I'm ready to talk to you.

Got7:

I'll come over now.

Mimee:

Tomorrow is fine; it's late.

Mimee:

Or... you can come over now if you want. That's fine with me.

Even though it was just a text, I could sense her hesitation or maybe even exhaustion. I signaled Ongsa to stand by for a trip back to the compound.

My childhood friend, now sporting a messy hairstyle and wearing shorts and a T-shirt, came to open the car door without showing any expression.

"Did I just wake you up?"

"Yes."

"Sorry for dragging you out at this hour."

"Then raise my salary if you're sorry."

I bared my teeth at his blank stare, got in the car, and we started driving through the nearly empty night streets. The drive from home to the compound only took twenty minutes at this time of night, a big difference compared to the day.

"Thank you. You can go back."

"No, I'll wait here. In case you get kicked out after a fight, then I won't have to drive back and forth."

I didn't argue. When he decided to stay, it meant he wasn't going to leave, no matter how much I insisted. Even with his calm and expressionless face, I knew he was worried.

"It was okay."

I was already anxious at home, but now, standing in the elevator, my heart was pounding uncontrollably. If you asked me what I wanted most, it would probably be to turn around and gather my thoughts at home, because I was afraid that meeting Miriam tonight would mean a breakup.

What had Get told her? How much would this little girl understand and accept? If I begged her to stay, would she soften?

Ding!

The elevator doors opened, leaving me with no escape. There's only one way forward. All my life, I had been like a god, taking what I wanted or cursing things when they didn't go my way.

But this time, I'm too afraid to think that way, because this is Miriam.

So in love that I was afraid the impact would hit her too. The elevator reached the 17th floor, where we lived. As soon as I reached the door, I knocked three times before swiping my card to get in. The cool air from the air conditioner brushed against my skin, sending shivers down my spine. The lights in the room illuminated Miriam, who was sitting at the table, increasing my anxiety even more.

"Mi, I'm back."

Even though she knows I am here, I still greeted her like. Miriam looked at me and nodded slowly.

"Hmm. Sit down. Have you eaten yet?"

She looked at her watch and scratched her head.

"I forgot, it's two in the morning. You must have eaten, huh? Are you tired?"

"Not tired at all. I want to talk to you."

Are you sure you want to talk to me?

"...."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Good. Tonight we'll talk, and I'll be the one asking the questions."

Miriam nodded, as if talking to herself, and then smiled intimidatingly.

"If what I hear from you doesn't match what I heard from Get, even in the smallest details..."

"..."

"We'll finish."

As she asked me repeatedly, I had to answer with conviction, even though deep down I was afraid. Miriam nodded, gesturing for me to sit in the chair next to her. We sat in silence for almost two minutes, which felt endless due to the pressure I was feeling.

"Don't just sit there quietly; it makes me nervous."

Miriam looked into my eyes, pursed her lips, then nodded before speaking again.

"I'm going to ask now."

"....."

"Do you love me?"

"Huh?"

I made a noise, unprepared for a question like that, because I imagined it would be something worse.

"What?"

"Make sure it matches what your sister said. If it doesn't, it's over."

"Get would definitely give a sarcastic answer. If I said I love you... that would be the wrong answer. That little devil doesn't care about you that much. She came here just to destroy the love I have for you."

Miriam didn't laugh or show any reaction to my guess and repeated the question.

"So, what's your answer?"

"I love you."

"Aren't you afraid of being wrong? If the answers aren't the same, it's over. You know I can leave you easily. I've done it before and I'll do it again if I have to."

"Well, I love you. That's my answer."

The petite woman leaned back, sighing lightly. The smell of alcohol on her breath made me realize how much she had been drinking.

"You misjudged your sister... Get said you loved me and begged me not to leave you."

"That's ridiculous. Get would never say that."

I laughed, half in disbelief.

"Shall we take it all off tonight? My period is over."

"I don't believe you. You're just saying... What? Excuse me?"

I straightened up as if I had misheard. The subject changed so quickly that it confused me.

"What did you say?"

"I... uh..."

"Do you have hearing problems?"

"..."

"Answer wrong and that's it."

I started to panic. My hearing problem was something I had hidden from Miriam, as it wasn't really a big deal in everyday life. But now, even though the question seemed simple, if I answered wrong, Miriam could make a big deal about it. Each seemingly carefree question carried a weight, testing how genuine my answer really was.

"I..."

"Don't answer, I'm already irritated."

The small woman climbed onto my lap, straddling me, and kissed me before I could react. I was so surprised that I simply freeze, unable to adjust my emotions to her sudden advance.

"M...Miriam."

"I've already showered. "

Miriam take my hand and guided it under her shirt, letting me handle the rest without needing instructions.

"If you're slow, I might change my mind."

"You..."

"..."

I pulled away from the sweet-faced girl to catch my breath. Everything was happening so fast; I didn't have time to think about anything other than just moving forward. It was probably a good time, because if we talked any more, I might end up cornered without a good answer for the little one.

"So can you help me take off my clothes? I only have one hand free."

"Are you sure you can carry me to bed like that?"

Miriam smiled sweetly, challenging and mocking me.

"What can you do with just one hand?"

"You're not that big, and I told you this morning that I would make you call me 'honey' with the only hand I have."

I lifted the girl with one arm. Miriam, who was starting to lose her composure, wrapped her legs around my waist like a little monkey and kissed me all over my face.

"Right now, I could carry a mountain if I wanted to."

"Why would you carry a mountain when you can just bite her? That's so silly."

"I'm not just going to bite her; I'm going to eat her whole thing!"

With that, I picked Miriam up as promised and headed toward the bed. Everything was happening quickly, fueled by our intense emotions and the alcohol making her hotter than usual. I wanted to escape all the questions for fear of answering them wrong.

I just wanted to buy a little more time with her... just a little more.

□□□□□

26. I Didn't Hear

We both fell onto the bed before we started wrestling as if we were trying to find a winner. Miriam and I hugged each other, but I couldn't fight fully because I only had one hand. Then, the one with the advantage straddled and sat on top of me before pulling her shirt over her head, leaving her upper body bare. Her pale, unexposed skin was revealed, untouched by the sunlight beneath her clothes. I could only stare in amazement, aroused and admiring her form, leaving me momentarily frozen.

"Don't just stare."

The little one guided my hand to touch her body slowly.

"This time, do whatever you want, no more sneaking or hiding under the blanket."

"Anything I want?"

I sit up slowly, looking at her chest, then used my hand to squeeze gently, causing Miriam to let out a soft moan.

"Then I'll go ahead."

"Go ahead." She replied.

I used my mouth to gently lick the little girl's neck, while my hand began to knead it slowly, then with increasing intensity as my emotions surged. Miriam's hands roamed my back, pulling my shirt over my head until my torso was as bare as hers.

"Do you realize that you are every man's dream?"

Miriam whispered in my ear, her lips nibbling until I trembled.

"I don't want to be every man's dream. I want to be only yours."

"You have it now."

Miriam said, pushing me onto the bed. She used both hands to pull my pants down to my ankles, lifting my legs. Shocked, I instinctively squeezed my legs together tightly, but Miriam parted them, giving me a mischievous smile.

"I can't be only yours if you're not willing to be mine."

"I... I..."

"Just relax. I want you to feel what it was like when you snuck under the covers that night."

Miriam began kissing my inner thigh and continued upward. My initial shock gradually faded into surrender until I realized that Miriam had leaned down between my legs and was using her mouth without any hesitation.

"Y..You..."

At that moment, I couldn't say how I really felt. I was embarrassed and worried if everything down there was clean and tidy. However, I didn't want to pull away because it was a new and intriguing sensation, and I was curious about how far my body could go. Until I felt something building, as if my body was about to reach its peak. My mind felt empty, vague, and wide open. My body twitched and tensed, and I stood up with a sigh.

"You're done."

"H-Huh?"

"It feels good, doesn't it?"

Miriam crawled between my legs, pressing her lips to mine. The strange, mixed taste made me blink in surprise as the little girl smiled at me.

"Your taste."

"Do you really have to say this?"

I turned my face away, feeling shy and unsure about how to express my feelings about what I had just experienced.

"Now you belong to me. It's a shame... I love everything about you, Got."

The little one pulled down her panties, leaving her lower half bare. Unable to resist the urge to touch, I leaned in and ran my hand under her thighs until I felt the wetness.

"Let me do it."

"If you don't do it, who will?"

Since this was something natural, we both understood what we needed to do. My hands explored, spreading the wetness around before I slowly slid a finger into her tightness, making Miriam stop and make a face that seemed to express pain.

"What other word should I use? Are we going to do this or not?"

"You're going to make me scream! You're so direct!"

I grabbed a pillow and pushed it in Miriam's face, who laughed delightedly. But the little one came closer, kissing my cheek until I said:

"You're so sweet when you tease."

"Isn't it bad when I'm not teasing?"

"When you're normal, you're very shy. Even though you've been more open lately, it's still not like that. I'm afraid that when you take a shower, wash your face, and brush your teeth, you'll move ten feet away from me."

"No way. If I moved away from you, I wouldn't be doing anything like this... Now, we feel like we're really living together. If we were a couple,

we could have kids by now."

"Too bad I'm a girl."

"It's a good thing you're a girl. I don't like rough things; I'm afraid it'll hurt."

"Did it hurt before?"

I leaned back a little and lifted the blanket to check underneath. Even in the dim light, I could still see some details.

"Will you be able to see if I open it up like this? Would seeing help ease the pain?"

"Although seeing won't ease the pain..."

I opened the blanket wider before crawling towards the sensitive area the little girl said she was afraid would hurt.

"But it might make you feel better."

There was no sign of refusal; she let me do whatever I wanted. Miriam willingly spread her legs when she saw that I was about to play.

"Someone said she was tired."

I didn't complain about being tired; I asked if you weren't tired. Since you're not, we should do something else to pass the time.

"Um...to kill time."

Miriam tilted her head back, her little head hanging off the bed. I used my mouth gently, hearing her moan in pleasure.

"Does it feel good?"

"It feels really good... It would be nice if we could keep doing this."

"We can keep doing this forever."

"Can we really do this forever?"

"Of course."

"You're lying."

Miriam's voice wavered, but I didn't mind being scolded like this because I was focused on bringing her joy.

"You know..."

"Know what?"

"That forever doesn't really exist."

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This morning had been filled with exhaustion, but it felt like the best I could remember. I wasn't woken up by Toy's familiar nasal voice, but by heavy lips pressing down on me until I finally woke up.

"You woke up."

"That's a good way to wake up... Did you sleep? Why do you always wake up before me?"

"Waking you up is my job."

"What time is it?"

I propped myself up and looked at the clock.

"Making breakfast for you is also my job. Since we slept late, how about something simple like a sandwich? I'll go get it."

Just as I was about to get up and put on my clothes, Miriam pushed my chest and pressed me down, shaking her head.

"No need. I'm too lazy to go to work today."

"Huh? Lazy? I've never heard you say that."

I laughed, looking at Miriam with a slightly confused expression.

"What mood is that?"

"I just want to be with you. Can't I? Today, I want to stay with you all day, not move and do nothing."

The little one climbed on top of me, wanting to hold me in place.

"You're mine."

"You're quite the clingy one. I've heard that middle children are supposed to be indifferent."

"Being in the middle means I can't cling to anyone, so I never do. But now that I have someone to cling to, I'm not going to let this chance slip away."

"Okay, okay. I can't resist your stubbornness either. But still, we have to eat breakfast. I won't let you skip breakfast, not even once."

"It's up to you, but I'll cling to you all day long."

Miriam really did what she said. No matter where I moved or what I did, she stayed right next to me, needing to touch or make some part of her body connect with mine. Like now, while I was in the kitchen making fried eggs and sausages, the little one hugged me from behind and rested her head on my back like I was a pillow.

"I believe you now; you really will cling to me."

I laughed and turned to look at Miriam, who hadn't let go of me.

"As soon as we were together, you were glued to me. Don't tell me you're the clingy type."

"Being clingy means I'm clinging to someone else. Don't you like it? If I don't hug you, then I won't."

"Jealous, huh? You said you wouldn't hug me, but you're still hugging me."

"I'm jealous, but I don't want to let go. I'm addicted to your scent; what should I do?"

"So don't do anything. Keep hugging me. I like it when your body is close to mine."

"Let's cuddle after we finish eating."

"You might get a stomachache since you just ate."

I laughed at my girlfriend's bluntness and teased her.

"Help me carry the plates to the table."

"No way! If I help, I'll have to move away from you."

"If you help, I'll kiss you."

"Okay."

I smiled at the cuteness of the little girl. Miriam reluctantly moved away from my waist and helped pick up the plates to put them on the table while I quickly washed the frying pan in the sink, turning on the water so I could easily clean it later before sitting down to eat with my girlfriend.

Girlfriend... that sounds great. I can say that clearly today without feeling awkward.

"After you finish eating, you have to kiss me."

Miriam said, taking a bite of the sausage and chewing with one of her legs resting on mine.

"You promised."

"Whatever you want, today is yours."

"Great, today is mine."

And we continued eating in silence. Although it seemed like we were having fun, my mind was full of questions:

"Why?"

Why didn't Miriam ask anything about what she heard yesterday while we were at home?

Why didn't she get angry if she heard something strange from Get?

Or maybe the little girl was really waiting for me to bring it up, and if we had to talk about it, this moment of happiness would quickly be interrupted.

Should I ask or not...

"You and your sister don't look alike at all. Even though you look alike, you can tell who's who just by looking at you."

The little girl mentioned the differences as if she could read my mind about it. I nodded and pretended to agree.

"My parents tell me the same thing. They say that Get and I are easy to tell apart. It could be the way we speak, our tones or something like that."

"It shouldn't be just that. I can tell right away which one is you and which one is Get, even without hearing anything from far away... It feels like you have a light coming out of you."

"That's nonsense. Are you saying I'm a firefly?"

"You're like a god."

At this point, I was surprised, as Miriam continued talking and eating.

"Have you ever seen a poster of Jesus? Or Buddha? People with great authority have a light like that coming out of them."

"Are you really comparing me to a prophet?"

"Maybe it's because of your sister. When she arrived yesterday, she kept saying that you were a god. Ever since then, the word 'god' has been stuck in my head nonstop."

Miriam put down her fork and seemed to be thinking.

"Now that I think about it, your nickname rhymes with the word 'God'. Your parents really understand."

"It doesn't matter so much. My name and Get's are just past participles of common English verbs Got and Get."

"That's true, but I like your name much better."

"Why?"

"Because I love you,"

The sweet-faced one replied with a bright smile. I looked at her and smiled back, though not completely, because I sensed that her smile was not genuine.

"Is that all Get talked about with you?"

"Yes, actually, there was a lot. We ended up drinking an entire case of beer and got very drunk... At first, Get was a little grumpy, but after a while of drinking, she became a sobbing mess, rambling on about how you are a god. She said that you can make anyone become anything and curse anyone however you want. Are you my girlfriend or an X-Men character?"

"She must have been really drunk."

I said, grabbing a drink and swallowing hard. It was hard to believe that; I should have been relieved to some extent.

"It sounds like a movie plot. What if a god blesses or curses someone, and that consequence comes back to him? Your sister even used your arm as an example, saying that you couldn't use it because you argued with P'Toy, which led to your injury. But in reality, you only hurt yourself, right?"

"..."

"Your arm will return to normal, right?"

The question caught me off guard. I wasn't sure how much Miriam knew about the truth and whether she intended to investigate or not, so I avoided answering and quickly changed the subject.

"Get is being ridiculous; don't pay attention to her."

"That's probably it. Your sister was so drunk she couldn't understand anything. She kept crying and saying..."

"..."

"Don't you want to know? Just ask."

"I don't know what to ask."

"Ask me anything. I'll answer. And if you have any questions..."

"..."

"I'll ask you too."

We both stared at each other in silence. Even though it didn't last long, it felt like a suspended moment, and I chose not to ask.

"Right now, I don't want to ask you anything."

I diverted Miriam's attention by lifting my leg to tease her inner thigh playfully.

"I want to do something else. Looks like I owe you one."

Miriam didn't jump up and down excitedly, but smiled mischievously and looked down.

"You're not going to ask..."

"..."

"Then you don't have to ask."

Then the little girl perked up again, standing up and walking towards the bed while wiggling her fingers seductively.

"Let's do something else that makes our hearts race. This time, let's compete to see who can scream the loudest."

I stood up from my chair, walked towards her and smiled.

"I can't wait!"

I wasn't sure if our sexual intercourse was completely blissful because my mind was still plagued by the same questions:

"Why?"

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The desire to know made me restless, and I felt like I needed to find a time when Miriam wasn't around to call Get and sort things out.

"What are you doing?"

Seeing that Miriam had been lying with her back to me for a while, I couldn't help but get up to look. I noticed that the little girl was crying.

"Why are you crying?"

"The song is sad."

The sweet-faced one showed me the screen of her phone, which displayed a music app. I went from shock to laughter and supported my chin on her shoulder.

"Is it that sad? What song is it?"

"Take a look."

Miriam handed me one of her earphones, inserting it into my right ear, which I couldn't hear well.

When I tried to switch sides, the sweet-faced girl frowned.

"Why are you switching sides? I gave you the right one."

"Oh, really? I just feel like it doesn't fit very well, but if it's the right side... then it's okay."

I smiled and pretended to listen, even though I couldn't hear anything.

"How is it? Is it okay?"

"Well... it's okay."

As soon as I answered, Miriam started crying harder. I laughed softly before using my thumb to wipe away her tears.

"You're so sensitive. I was shocked. After we made love, you came crying like I did something wrong and you were hurt."

"I'm not crying because I'm sensitive about the song."

"Oh? Then why are you crying?"

Miriam sit down, causing both of our earbuds to fall out. The sweet-faced girl used both hands to cup my face, forcing me to meet her gaze.

"I'm crying because you lied."

"What did I lie about?"

"You lied that the song was really good, even though it didn't play."

Miriam's phone screen displayed a music app showing a song, but she hadn't pressed play. My heart was beating so loudly at that moment, I thought it was probably audible enough for Miriam, who was nearby, to hear.

Tump, thump...

Tump, thump...

"Why didn't you tell me you're deaf?!"

□□□□□

27. Half-hearted Confession

The atmosphere was filled with tension. Miriam's tears streamed down as she turned to look at me.

When she sees my silence, the petite woman reaches out and shake my shoulder, asking insistently.

"You're deaf, but you never told Miriam?"

"Did Get tell you?"

"Does it matter who told me? The point is, Miriam knows now and I'm asking you."

After shaking my shoulder, Miriam tightened her grip, pressing harder as if trying to push me away.

"I'm only giving you three chances to lie, and you've already used the first one."

"Oh?"

"You lied that the music was beautiful, even though there was no music playing."

Hearing that my first chance is already lost, I quickly sit up straight to explain.

"Got didn't want you to feel sad about my body. Seriously, Got lives a normal life. Even though only hears on one side, I can still hear."

"Even if you can hear with one ear, it means you're already deaf on one side. When were you planning to tell me?"

"..."

"Or were you going to wait until you left?"

Then Miriam started sobbing again, and I reached out to touch her shoulder to comfort her, but she pushed my hand away.

"I'm your partner. I deserve to know what you're going through."

The small woman laid her head on the pillow and cried, even though we had just shared a moment of love. However, it turned into a painful atmosphere that made me feel guilty.

"If you find out... will you leave?"

I rested my chin on her pale shoulder as she lay on her side, crying softly.

"Got loves you more than you know."

"Miriam will only leave you if hates you."

"..."

"And the only thing that would make me hate you is if you lied."

With my right arm, I wrapped around her small body and nuzzled my face into Miriam's shoulder, finally nodding.

"Okay, I'll tell you."

I decided, making Miriam lie down to look at me with teary eyes.

"I won't lie to you anymore. Ask me anything you want."

Miriam placed both hands on my face and rubbed her thumbs on my cheeks, as if trying to smooth them. Enjoying her touch, I rubbed my face

affectionately against her small hands, like a cat trying to receive affection.

"You're deaf in one ear, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"On which side?"

"On the right side."

The small woman reached out to touch my earlobe on the deaf side, looking like she was about to cry again, so I shake my head.

"Don't cry. I told the truth, so you have to promise not to cry."

"How did this happen?"

Explaining it was the hardest part. How could I come up with a reason that made sense for a disease that had just appeared? And most importantly... the reason I became like this was because of my desire for Miriam's happiness.

I would never tell her that reason and I would continue like this.

"There was a time when there were bombings in Bangkok."

Although I didn't want to lie, I had to create a plausible situation.

"I was in the area and was caught in the explosion. That's why my hearing went away. And it's not just my hearing... you probably noticed something else too."

The small woman pursed her lips, looking like she was going to cry again. I rested my forehead against hers and shake my head lightly.

"No, don't cry. It's just a disease. No one wants that."

"You're blind too."

"Yes."

"Why does God let you suffer so much?"

Miriam wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me into a tight hug, crying.

"You're deaf, blind, and sometimes you forget people. How long do you have to go through all this?"

"But I have a good life and a wonderful girlfriend. You're the best thing that ever happened to me."

Money is just a trivial thing when I have her by my side...

Even if I die, I won't regret anything.

No, I still want to wake up and see her every day. She's the only good thing in my life that I would regret leaving behind if I had to go.

"Is that all?"

"Hm?"

"Don't you have anything else to say?"

I pulled away from Miriam and looked into her eyes.

"What do you mean? I can't think of anything. You ask, and I promise to tell you the whole truth."

"Your kidneys?"

"..."

"Do you still have both kidneys?"

If I lied now, another precious chance would slip away. In the end, I just nodded, all the while thinking that as soon as I walked away from Miriam, I wanted to stab her in the neck and make her disappear from this world.

How could someone share every detail without missing anything?

"I only have one kidney."

The small woman covered her mouth with both hands, crying even harder.

"Get needed a kidney. She's my twin sister. Our bodies have everything in common. Did you know that people can live with just one kidney?"

"Don't act like it's no big deal!"

Miriam raised her arm to pat my shoulder, sobbing as I pulled her close to show her that I was okay.

"Your body is like an old car, ready to break down at any moment. And now, your arm is injured too. Your sister once told me that you lost the use of it because you argued to save her arm."

"Did you believe her?"

"Should I believe her?"

I avoided answering by leaning in to caress her, burying my face in her neck.

"Now that you know what I'm like... will you still love me?"

"I want to leave you."

I froze at her words, but she hugged me tightly and continued.

"But it's not that simple. I already love you. I can't leave you."

"That's a relief. Leaving you is scarier than anything. You mean so much to me, Mi."

Miriam pushed me down, climbing on top of me and starting to tease, as if she's ready to start over.

"I can't believe I've become this person... I used to love myself more,"

She murmured, moving against me in a way that seemed like dancing.

"Mmm... you..."

I gripped the sheets tightly, my eyes never leaving hers as she moaned and spoke seductively.

"But now, you're my entire world."

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It felt like so many of the secrets I'd tried to keep were slowly coming out. Even though not all of them had been revealed, it was enough to bring me some peace. Miriam was handling everything much better than I expected. There was no breakup, as I feared. Instead, we were still there for each other.

"I'll get back to you as soon as I can. I'll call you every hour."

Miriam said, giving me a quick kiss before leaving for work in the morning.

"Every hour? Why?"

"Can't I just miss you?"

"Your sweet talk has gotten better, dear."

"Other things are sweet too, dear."

"I believe it."

I nuzzled against her nose affectionately.

"I've tried everything."

"You say the weirdest things."

"Don't like it?"

"I love it!"

"Getting more direct too."

"I'm going to work and I'll be back soon to hug you."

Miriam waved cutely as she left the room. As soon as I was alone, I grabbed my phone to call my twin sister, who I rarely spoke to.

"Where are you?"

[Isn't it a little early for a call?]

I glanced at the clock, which showed 9:30.

"No, it's not. Everyone else has already gone to work... oh, right. I forgot you're a fading star with no jobs lined up."

[Just because I go easy on you doesn't mean you can talk however you want.]

"You should go easy on me. If I die, it's your fault."

I heard a slight gulp over the phone and I couldn't help but smile. Even though my twin sister could be nasty, she still had some sense of remorse.

[What is it?]

"Let's meet up and talk."

[Why don't you come over to the house?]

"I don't want Mom to hear. Just leave, okay?"

[Okay. Where should we meet up?]

[A coffee shop near your house is fine. I'll ask Ongsa to take me there.]

Get agreed to go out, but she still dressed up like she was going to a big event, refusing to let anyone see her looking less than perfect. By the time it was past eleven, we were sitting across from each other in silence. Looking at her was like looking in a mirror.

"How can we be so alike?"

Get muttered, looking at me with a shiver in her fitted burgundy red jacket.

"Why else would we be called twins? And I called you here to talk, not to make a movie. Was it necessary to dress like you were going to Suriyothai?"

"I'm an actress. I have to maintain my image."

"Well, I can wear just a T-shirt and still look like an angel."

"Yuck!"

Get's face contorted in horror.

"Get to the point. What's so important that we had to meet outside?"

"Well, I wanted to get to the point too. Why did you go and meddle and meet Miriam that day?"

When I mentioned this, my twin sister shuddered and quickly looked away, visibly guilty.

"I don't know... I must have been drinking."

"You hadn't even left the house drunk."

"I... well..."

"You went to beg her to love me, didn't you?"

"Yuck."

"..."

"Disgusting."

I could understand why Get reacted that way. Our relationship was far from the kind of close, affectionate twin bond seen in TV dramas. We didn't even hold hands, so the idea of us actually being nice to each other felt... forced.

"Sure."

But despite her shudder, Get finally admitted it, and I raised my eyebrow.

"Did you do it out of guilt?"

"Yeah, that's part of it."

"Nosy."

"You started it. Who asked you to go and expose everything on that gossip page until I ended up like this? If you chose to stay quiet, you should have stayed quiet until the end instead of making me feel like this!"

"I never planned on saying anything, but you pushed me too hard. It's your fault for bringing up all this disgusting stuff."

"Just stop talking. It's over. You weren't going to take the blame for me anyway, and Mom already said the footage wouldn't air. Who cares... our family is rich enough. Not being a star won't be the end of the world. Sure, my reputation is tarnished, but that's it."

She spoke like someone who had resigned herself to the situation. I sighed, looking at my sister.

"The footage is still going to air."

"Huh?"

"I'll talk to Mom. You're right, I have nothing left to lose. I'd rather everyone believe that it was me who... you know."

"Don't act all noble."

"I'm just trying to play the big sister role. When I die, at least someone can cry for me."

I smiled, watching Get's expression, her dazed face, with tears welling up that she quickly wiped away, as if she didn't want to show any gratitude.

"No need. I've already accepted that. I don't want to be in your debt."

"I already told you that if I die, you'll be stuck with guilt for the rest of your life. Take it or leave it, you'll still owe me."

Changing the conversation, I got to the real reason I had called her here.

"So, I wanted to ask, what exactly did you talk to Mi about that day?"

Get gave a dry smile, as if she knew she had overreacted. My sister didn't usually get emotional, but on this topic, she sounded like a little girl afraid of being scolded for stealing a lemon from the store and getting caught for only taking one.

Not that... my sister would do something like that.

"Well, very much, actually."

"And why did you feel the need to talk to Mi?"

"I was... hurt when I heard about your situation... and I didn't know where else to turn."

"Then go to a friend."

"I don't have any friends."

"I get it; your personality is horrible."

"And who are you, friendless wonder, to judge?"

She snapped, her tone returning to its usual biting tone.

After that brief moment of goodwill, we went back to arguing. But I preferred it that way, instead of being all lovey-dovey like some ideal siblings. If we continued being civil, we'd probably end up dancing around a campfire singing songs from some ancient ritual.

"So, what did you talk about? Tell me everything."

"Mir didn't tell you anything?"

"Miriam!"

"Ask her what her name means. It's not Thai or anything. It doesn't make sense."

"Stop the bullshit. She didn't tell me anything. I'm at the point where I can barely keep up with the lies I'm telling her."

I crossed my arms, irritated.

"So I called you here to clear this up so we can be consistent!"

"Okay. I basically told her you're a godly person and begged her not to break up with you. That's all."

"If you're lying, I'm going to throw this flower vase at you."

I picked the vase up off the table, making a gesture to throw it, though Get knew I wouldn't, so she continued to look unfazed.

"I admit, you were drunk that night. But this isn't a drama where being drunk means you don't remember anything. The only people who say they can't remember because they were drunk are either lying to get out of something or trying to flirt with someone."

"..."

"Yeah, flirting with a tomboy too? The one you took to get IVF."

"Ridiculous. If that were the case, how would she know? She knows I only have one kidney, I'm deaf, I'm blind. If it wasn't you, then who?"

"Obviously it was you. I've only met your girlfriend twice. I don't know her well enough to tell you that kind of detail."

"But you went and drank tons of beer with her and told her I was some kind of god, even though it's a secret in our family."

"She's your girlfriend, so she's practically family. There's nothing wrong with sharing your worries. She was crying like her heart was breaking. Miriam loves you so much... I think she might even die with you when you're gone."

I looked at my sister, stunned; I'd never thought about that. I knew Miriam couldn't handle loss, but I'd never considered the consequences for her after I was gone. How would that little girl go on?

I had never thought of that before!

"So you never told her?"

"Never. I just said you were like a god, but she didn't even want to listen... Come to think of it, why would I say that? Who would believe such nonsense?"

Suddenly, I had a strange feeling and began to wonder if I had let it slip, explaining why Miriam was talking about my illness. If Mom had told her, it wouldn't make sense either, since I asked her to stay out of it, and she respects my privacy.

"How did she find out?"

"I'm going now."

I grabbed my bag to leave, but Get grabbed my wrist and looked me in the eyes.

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"For everything."

"Disgusting."

I grimaced.

"Ugh."

"Yeah, ugh!"

And with that, we ended our conversation.

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I left the coffee shop and crossed the street to the van that Ongsa had parked. My friend, who was driving, asked for five minutes to stop at the 7-Eleven.

"I want a Slurpee*; I'll be right back."

I nodded and leaned against the van, waiting as my thoughts wandered. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a chubby orange cat rubbing against my leg.

"Hey...you chubby thing, where did you come from?"

His cuteness made me crouch down to pet his head, and I noticed his name tag, which read "*Viramarati-Savitritithita*."

"Is that really his name? It's almost as long as the full name of Bangkok... Hmm?"

As soon as I picked up the chubby cat, I suddenly realized that nothing about it seemed familiar.

"Where am I?"

I looked around and everything seemed so strange. Why was I here and who did this cat belong to?

Confused, I used my good hand to cradle the chubby feline close to my chest, while my other arm, the one with the bandage, helped support his weight. I walked towards the other side of the street. The air today was hot and muggy, with street vendors selling ice cream and papaya salad and motorcycles speeding by, almost running me over.

Oh no...where was I supposed to go?

"Hey, kitty... Are you my cat?"

I asked as if he could answer.

"And who am I? Do you know?"

Meow.

"My name is Meow, huh? A talking cat."

I laughed, amused by the chubby cat, and continued walking. Then I felt something vibrating against my thigh. I sat down on the sidewalk, placed the cat on my lap and took out what was vibrating from my pocket. It was a cell phone with the name "Miriam" flashing on the screen.

Who could it be?

"Hello?"

[What are you doing, honey?]

"Who are you?"

[It's you! Do you miss me?]

"Who are you?"

[God! Where are you now?]

The voice on the other end, initially sweet, suddenly became panicked, its tone increasing until I had to hold the phone away from my ear due to the volume.

[God, answer me! Where are you?]

"So my name is God, huh? Finally, I know my name... right, kitty?"

I smiled at the orange cat in my arms and then turned my attention back to the phone.

"I don't know what they call this place, but there's a train station here that says 'Surasak'."

[Stay there. Don't go anywhere and don't hang up. I'm coming to get you!]

"Who are you to come and give me orders? We have to believe you, damn it!"

I hung up and looked around, but to be honest... I didn't know where to go either. Truthfully, I should have listened to the person on the line; having her come and get me would have been safer.

In the end, I just sat and waited as the woman on the line had instructed, absently playing with the cat. As I stroked soft fur, it was as if I starting to remember why I had come here.

"You've come a long way from the van, huh..."

I remembered; my lost memory had returned.

Then, just as I was about to pick up my phone to call Ongsa, Miriam's scream rang out, which surprised me quite a bit.

"How did come here?"

Bam!

Miriam ran into my arms and hugged me tightly, as if she was afraid I would disappear.

"It's me... Do you remember me now?"

"Yes, I do."

I didn't respond by hugging her because I was holding the cat. Miriam came out, looked at me and examined my body.

"You're not hurt anywhere, right? And what are you doing here!"

"I came to find Get. Why are you here?"

"*Hiccup*....no, I won't leave you anymore."

Miriam hugged me again tightly as she cried. Now, with no hands to hold, and still holding the chubby cat, I could only rest my chin on her shoulder and give her a soft kiss.

"I'm sorry for worrying you. I just didn't remember for a moment."

"Not just for a moment. I won't let anything happen to you anymore... I'm going to quit my job."

"What?"

"I'm going to quit my job to be with you!"

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Footnote:

1-“Suriyothai” is a 2001 Thai film that portrays the life of Queen Suriyothai, an important historical figure in Thailand during the 16th century.

2-Slurpee is a popular frozen drink sold by 7-Eleven, a chain of convenience stores.

28. Demons and God

Miriam and I had finally arrived at the condo, having returned on the motorbike with the sweet-looking little girl and a certain orange cat in tow. Ongsa, who had followed us in the van, looked at me with red, watery eyes, as if trying his best not to cry out of guilt.

"I shouldn't have stopped to drink."

"Don't act like a child; tears don't suit you. It gives me the creeps."

I waved my hands dismissively to tell him to just forget it.

"Go ahead, go home. I'll be with Mi. What's up with everyone today, anyway? You're acting like I'm about to die or something."

Miriam squeezed my right arm tightly, and I had to quickly apologize.

"I was just joking."

"Is this something to joke about?"

"My jokes never work."

I sighed, looking at Ongsa and waving at him again.

"Go ahead. You're annoying me."

He wiped a tear from his face and then made a neutral face.

"Call me if you need anything. I'm on standby."

"I think you can leave early today since I'm not going anywhere."

"My duty never has a day off. I'll be with you forever."

"We both know that 'forever' isn't real."

I said, mimicking Miriam's words, which made her go to the kitchen, leaving me alone with Ongsa.

"It seems like I've irritated everyone today. Hurry up."

With that, Ongsa finally left, and after watching him go, I walked over to Miriam, who was leaning against the kitchen counter, watching the water flow from the faucet as if she was lost in thought.

"What are you doing, wasting water?"

"Water calms me down when I feel like I'm burning inside."

"Come on, I'm back with you now."

I said, not knowing how to comfort her for something I didn't want to happen. Finally, I hugged her from behind, resting my chin on her shoulder with a little affection.

"Let's be happy together, okay? Life is short, you know."

"You're right... Life is short. That's why I'm going to quit my job and be with you."

Miriam turned off the water and hugged me back. From an angry mood at first, she's now shaking like a puppy.

"What's wrong? You're shaking."

"I was scared."

"..."

"I was so scared when we were talking on the phone and you didn't remember anything. When I was riding the motorcycle, I kept wondering

what could have happened to you, if you had been taken or just gone somewhere."

"But you knew I would remember eventually. I told you it was only temporary."

"But what if next time you don't come back?"

"..."

"From now on, I'm taking care of you. This isn't for you, it's for me."

Hearing this, I leaned over and gave her a gentle kiss on the head, nodding.

"If it makes you feel more at peace with your job, then go ahead. Honestly... I've wanted you to leave for a long time."

"Look at how much unnecessary money you've spent on me, hundreds of millions."

"Show-off!"

Miriam wrinkled her nose at me, her face a little lighter, if not entirely cheerful.

"One minute you're buying a plane, the next you're a digital channel, throwing money around like it's nothing. I'm really starting to believe what your sister said, that you traded something for this wealth."

"Did she tell you that?"

"Yeah, she rambled a lot while she was drunk, but it got me thinking. She said that the wishes or curses you speak come true, but there's always something you have to give up in exchange."

"Meow."

As we talked, the orange cat, Vilamarati Savitrithita, rubbed against Miriam's leg, seeking attention. Miriam stiffened a little and looked wary.

"Are you afraid of cats?"

"Yes. I prefer dogs; cats are hard to please."

"I think they're cute,"

I said, crouching down to pet the chubby cat.

"Look at you; even when you couldn't remember anything, you still managed to adopt a random cat!"

"He was rubbing against me, so I thought I would find his owner, but suddenly, I couldn't remember anything. Everything around me seemed so strange."

"As if you would actually find his owner when you remembered."

"It's better than leaving him wandering around alone. Cats have owners."

"A stray cat can find his way home, but now that you've picked him up, he's probably lost."

I nodded, then a thought crossed my mind, making me curious.

"Come to think of it, you found me too quickly. Your work and my place are too far apart. Didn't you go to work today?"

"Yes, I didn't go to work."

"But you said you went earlier."

Miriam looked at me, sighed, and raised her hands as if in surrender.

"Okay, I admit it, I skipped work."

Where did you go?

"To the temple."

I gave her a startled look when she said that.

"I went to pray for your health."

"Do you really think praying like that will make me healthy?"

"Better than doing nothing."

Miriam muttered as she walked away to sit on the couch in front of the TV, with me right behind her.

"I like going to that temple to ask for blessings; it works. My sister even found her lost love. If they can handle something this complicated, why can't I pray for your health?"

"Well, if it makes you feel better, I won't complain. But going without telling me..."

"I was afraid that if I invited you, you'd end up arguing with the monks or nuns at the temple again. I went to make merit and ask for blessings for you, but you'd probably end up committing sins and nullifying all my prayers."

"Fair point."

"And I even met that nun."

"Hmm?"

I straightened, my back stiff, staring at her as she turned to look me in the eye.

"That nun?"

"The one you argued with."

"And why were you talking to her?"

"Why wouldn't I talk to her?"

"But I argued with her!"

"You argued; I didn't argue."

She replied, leaving me strangely unsettled. Mentioning that old enemy, the one who detests me and even called me a demon in front of Miriam, made my stomach churn with anxiety.

"And what did you talk about?"

"Oh, this and that. Why are you acting strange, worried that she might tell me something?"

"No, it's just... I'm afraid she might plant strange ideas in your head."

"Well, strange ideas were certainly part of it. She kept saying that you weren't human, but a demon and that you carried a curse. You know what intrigued me about this?"

"What?"

"The fact that everyone around you says you're something other than human. This nun says you're a demon, but your sister calls you a god. Why doesn't anyone see you as a normal person?"

"Mmhmm."

"That piqued my interest, that's all."

"Meow."

As if on cue, our newest member, Vilamarati Savitrithita, finished exploring the kitchen, contentedly, and turned to jump into my lap, seeming to sense who was going to welcome him

"Could you do something for me?"

"What?"

"Try wishing that this cat finds its owner by the end of the day."

Her request took me by surprise, and I hesitated, unsure how to react. Her sudden curiosity made me wonder what that nun could have said to her.

"Do you think I'm a demon too?"

"No, I think you're an angel."

"So why ask me to do something weird like that?"

"Well, everyone keeps saying you're special, so I wanted to know if it's true. If it's not, there's no harm in you making a little request, right?"

"I won't do that; it's just... nonsense."

I laughed, grabbing the remote and turning on the TV, but Miriam kept staring at me, not breaking eye contact until I finally had to meet her gaze.

"Why are you staring at me like that?"

"Because you're acting suspicious. You're making me believe that you're special. You sacrificed a kidney for your family's wealth. And if that's true, then maybe your recent memory loss has something to do with some supernatural power you have, right?"

"..."

"You didn't wish for someone else to forget something, did you?"

"No!"

"..."

"You're asking too many questions."

"Well, if it's not true, there's no reason to worry. Besides, what's wrong with wishing for this cat to find its owner? Why did you refuse so quickly?"

"..."

"..."

"Okay, okay. I'll make a wish. Just so you'll stop looking at me like that."

Miriam smiled, clearly pleased that I was willing to grant her request. I looked at the orange cat on my lap and sighed, uncertain about what could happen by making such a request.

What would I lose in return?

"Well, go ahead, make the request. Out loud too."

Miriam insisted, sounding more serious than I expected.

"You're more involved in this than I thought."

"I'm just curious, that's all."

She replied with a smile, propping her chin on her hand as she watched me intently. With no way to avoid it anymore, I took a deep breath.

"I wish that Vilamarati Savitrithita finds her owner today."

"..."

After I spoke, silence settled in the room. Miriam leaned back on the couch, her eyes moving as if she was waiting for something to happen.

"Is that it?"

"Hmm?"

"Is that all your power can do? I was expecting thunder, lightning, torrential rain, a gust of wind..."

She smiles slowly, reaching out to playfully crush my cheeks.

"You're so cute, you're just doing what I ask."

"What's gotten into you?"

"Just messing with you! Who would actually believe you have powers like that?"

She laughed, clearly amused.

"You looked very serious, though. Don't tell me you believe you're a god or something?"

"....Maybe."

"I remember you once saying that you have a silver tongue, that things tend to happen exactly as you say they do. But I didn't think you seriously believed that. Anyway, I'm going to take a shower, I'm feeling all sticky."

She said as she stood up, reaching to unclasp her bra and slowly taking it off.

"From now on, we're going to sleep naked together."

"Hmm?"

"Didn't you say you used to sleep naked until we moved in together?"

"Yes."

"From now on, we're going to do that again. Sometimes I want to sleep naked. I love the feel of my skin pressed against yours."

Miriam, who was about to go to the bathroom, looked around as if searching for something before her gaze landed on the phone on the coffee table.

"I found it! I'll play some music while I take a shower... Do you want to take a shower with me?"

"What?"

"I'm inviting you to take a shower with me. I'll wash your hair too."

Before I could respond, Miriam reached out and pulled me up to join her.

"Seeing your arms makes me think of your sister. If you were truly a god, then you wouldn't have that arm anymore, would you? Because you argued with her about it... it's some kind of trade, right? Like you said."

"How would I know what you talked about with Get?"

"Lucky for you, you're not a god. If you were, I'd be shocked..."

At that moment, as Miriam bent down to look at her phone, she paused, her expression changing to one of confusion.

"What's wrong?"

Thud!

Her phone slipped from her hand and fell, and she looked at me, shocked.

I bent down to pick it up, glancing at the screen, and noticed that her feed featured a picture of an adorable, chubby orange cat.

The Facebook post was from Renu Siva-amphan, Miriam's sister, who was searching for a missing cat.

*'The cat is missing from the clinic. Please share this post. A reward of five thousand baht will be given to whoever brings it back. The owner is very worried. The cat is orange with a name tag that says **'Vilamarati Savitrithita.'***

Finding the cat's owner should have been a happy moment, but Miriam was looking at me with a mixture of amazement and fear, her expression changing as she sank to the floor, crying.

"It can't be... how is this possible? Coincidences like this don't happen!"

"Miriam."

I knelt beside her, trying to wipe her tears with my one working hand, but she flinched, clearly terrified of something she had never encountered before.

"We found the cat's owner, just as you wished."

"..."

"You are a God."

□□□□□

☀️29.Reasons for this☀️

Miriam wouldn't let me touch her, almost as if she was afraid—no, more like she saw me as a stranger. Now, she was moving away to sit on the couch while I sat on the bed, unable to approach her.

We sit in silence for a long time.

About half an hour passed, but Miriam still didn't change her posture, remaining still.

I finally decided to break the silence.

"Shouldn't we take a shower together?"

I pretended to change the subject, fully aware that this wasn't the right environment to ask something like this, but I had no idea what else to do. Miriam looked at me, as if in deep thought, then stood up and walked to the kitchen, returning with a knife and walking towards me.

"Why did you bring a knife?"

"Give me your hand."

It all happened quickly when she pulled my hand, the one with the sling, towards her and said,

"Open your palm."

"..."

"Come on, open it."

Since my left arm was no longer functional, I couldn't control my hand normally. When I didn't comply, Miriam decided to force my hand open and lightly ran the knife across my palm.

Wow!

I didn't even notice if the knife had cut me or not. The small amount of blood that leaked out indicated that she hadn't applied much pressure. She looked at me with tears welling up in her eyes.

"Doesn't it hurt at all?"

I forgot.

"Oh!"

Since my left arm was useless, I had to use my right hand to pull my left hand out of her reach, pretending it hurt.

Miriam's eyes followed every movement. I knew that pretending to react late like that was foolish.

"You've wasted two more chances to lie to me... and right now, you've chosen to lie about feeling pain!"

Miriam throw the knife aside, raises her knees, and buried her face in her arms, sobbing painfully. I stand there, not knowing what to do. She notices that my left arm is numb, hanging in the sling.

"Don't cry, Mi."

"How could I not cry when I realized you were dying?!"

"..."

"You are a god. Everything Get told me was true."

She stand up and begin to pace back and forth, visibly distressed.

"How could something like this happen? You must be playing a prank, right? You know my sister, don't you? This is all an elaborate joke to surprise me, right?"

"Mi..."

"Tell me you're just pretending. Tell me this isn't real!"

"..."

"Lie to me and tell me it's not true!"

Miriam sobbed uncontrollably, looking terrified.

"You're dying. I can't accept this."

I stand up and hugged her, gently rubbing her back with my free hand to comfort her.

"I haven't left yet."

How can you say that? You can't see, you can't hear, you can't even use your left arm. And then there's that incident with your heart stopping, have you ever thought how much it would hurt me to know all of this?"

She pushed me away, crying hysterically. All I could do is look at her with a mixture of understanding and helplessness.

"That's why I chose not to tell you."

"And did it make any difference? Damn it... you shouldn't have come into my life."

She raises her hand and hit her chest, as if it are breaking.

"It hurts... I tried to protect myself from this kind of attachment so I wouldn't feel anything. But you came in anyway."

"I'm sorry... I just wanted to be with you. I forgot that when the day comes..."

"..."

"When I don't wake up again, you'll be devastated. But even if I could go back, I would do it all over again. I'm happy to be with you."

"Easy for you to say! Have you ever thought about how devastated I would be if you died? You chose me to be the one to wake you up every morning, and now I'll be the first to witness your death!"

Miriam ran her hands through her hair in frustration, leaving it messy. When I reached out to comfort her, she pushed my hand away. She was furious, heartbroken, and conflicted, so I could only stand there, accepting the blame, shoulders hunched in sadness.

"I just felt like it would be even sadder if you found out about my death from someone else."

"Oh, God... why did you do this?"

Now, she looked at me with pity. Despite refusing to hug me before, she throw herself into my arms, lightly hitting me in frustration.

"What should I do?"

"I'm so sorry, Mi. I really am."

The two of us clung to each other, crying over a situation that could not be changed, only accepted. Miriam cried for a long time that night, holding me tightly. In truth, I was afraid of being hated, but the opposite happened, which brought me a strange sense of relief.

I didn't want to die while we were still angry with each other, knowing that Miriam would blame herself for the rest of her life for not being kind to me before I left. That guilt would stay with her forever. So, that's for the best.

"Have you been like this since you were born?"

"Yes, since I was born. But I only fully realized it in high school. The things I said or thought came true with such precision, to the point of scaring me."

I looked at Miriam, after a long silence, begin to open up.

"You believed that so easily, huh?
Just because your sister posted about looking for a cat?"

"I didn't believe it at first, but a lot of things started to align. Then there's your sister, always calling you a god, the story about P'Toy losing his arm in a challenge with you, and the nun who is convinced that you are the demon who made her hair grow."

"..."

"Today, I saw the nun with long hair. I even asked if it was a wig, with her hair cut so well like Mayura¹ in Ching Roi Ching Lan.²"

"Prid!"

I started laughing, forgetting my sadness for a moment. Even though Miriam was crying, she couldn't help but smile at what I said.

"Do you remember Mayura's short haircut?"

"Of course! Even though I was very young... the nun's hair was really beautiful, shining in the sun."

"I argued with her, you know. She had to let her hair grow and cut it every time, three times a day after meals."

"You really are a devil. Who has time to cut their hair so often, especially a nun?"

Miriam undid a button on my shirt, continuing with one question after another.

"Did something happen when you argued with the nun?"

"My hair never grew back, including my nails and body hair."

"No wonder you always have shoulder-length hair."

"Yeah, it makes life easier. I don't have to worry about my hair growing anymore."

"What about the kidney?"

"Back then, Dad was obsessed with business, and it was doing very badly. He wasn't a businessman at heart, but he desperately wanted to get rich. He was about to go bankrupt, and we had no money left in our account."

I looked at Miriam, hesitating for a moment whether to continue or not.

"Why don't you continue?"

"I'm just wondering how you'll feel if I tell you."

"Tell me."

I pressed my forehead against hers as we lay on our sides facing each other and nodded.

"I heard you compliment Get's art, saying it was beautiful and cool. So I was determined to learn how to draw, but I didn't have the talent for it. I went to Mom and asked if I could take art lessons. But Mom said there was no money for it. Things were hard, and I might even have to drop out of school."

"..."

"I wouldn't be able to take art classes or meet you again."

I tried to remember how I felt back then.

"The thought of leaving school, not lining up at the flagpole, and not secretly watching you anymore was unbearable to me. So I wished that our family would be rich, unimaginably

rich, and that I could achieve anything I wanted. And it seemed to come true. Dad's business suddenly recovered. He had opportunities to export his products to major markets in China and Europe. Our family recovered."

"And what happened to the kidney?"

"Get developed kidney disease almost immediately, and only my kidney could be used to replace it... that was the price I had to pay. By giving the kidney to my sister, I essentially sold the kidney to God to ensure that I could live comfortably."

I laughed.

"In the end, I still had to drop out of school because Mom was so afraid that I would argue with others and end up dying young. Mom said I was temperamental."

"Seeing how you argued with the nun, it's not hard to guess. But your mother did a good job raising you to be calm and not talk too much."

"I had to be careful with my words. Arguing or making wishes ends up hurting me, so I chose not to say anything."

"What about when you suddenly forgot things and stopped breathing? Was that due to an argument?"

It seemed like Miriam was understanding, and her question hit the nail on the head. I nodded, feeling embarrassed, as it was a rather unpleasant trait.

"Yes, I argued with an administrator of a celebrity gossip page. That page exposed an abortion scandal that led my twin sister to attempt suicide. It haunted her, so when I got home, I started arguing with that administrator a lot, so much so that I forgot what I had said. The end result... I caused someone unrelated to die."

"Did they die?"

"Yes, and I went against nature by reviving someone who had already died. That's why I ended up like this, with my breathing stopped and my heart

stopped... honestly, it's a fitting punishment."

The little one tried hard not to cry, although her eyes were filled with tears that she could barely hold back.

"It's in the past now. Let it go. From now on, I'll be the one to wake you up. I'll take care of you so that you don't stop breathing. You chose the right person to be your partner."

"..."

"If I don't let you die, then you won't die."

Miriam spoke with determination, which made me worried. I wanted to tell her not to worry so much about waking me up, but I didn't get the chance because she interrupted.

"What about your eyes and... ears? What caused that?"

Thump, thump...

Thump, thump...

That was the hardest question to answer, and I wasn't prepared for it. If Miriam knew that I became like this because I wanted her sister to find love, the little one would blame herself forever, and I didn't want to see that happen.

"I..."

Rrrr!

It's as if a bell has saved my life when my phone ring. Taking the chance to dodge the question, I quickly picked up the phone and answered my mother's cheerful call.

"What's wrong, Mom? Calling so late?"

(God... please help Mom.)

"What happened, Mom? Why are you talking like this?"

Her sobbing voice came over the line, and it seemed like she didn't know what to do. This made me start to worry, and Miriam sat up, looking at me curiously.

"(Get is missing.)"

"Missing? How could she disappear..."

I fell silent when I spotted the orange cat with a name longer than Bangkok itself, while my heart pounded as I waited for the answer to my prayer.

"Where did she go?"

(No one knows. The film crew called and said they found Get's phone lying in the cemetery.)

"Cemetery? Who wanders around a cemetery?"

(Someone who is a washed-up celebrity with no job, but still wants to be in the spotlight... She went on a ghost hunting show and then disappeared into the cemetery. What should I do, God? It's so late now. If anything happens to her... Please help me.)

"Calm down, Mom. I'll go with you. Where are you now?"

(I'm in the car on my way to the place where she disappeared.)

"Can you stop by my apartment? Pick me up and I'll go with you."

(I'll stop by. I'll see you in fifteen minutes.)

"Okay, I'll see you. Don't cry, Mom."

I ended the call and turned to Miriam, whose expression was as shocked as mine. Even without explaining, she could probably guess what had happened from my conversation with my mother.

"You wanted Vilamarati, didn't you? Is that why your sister disappeared?"

"Hmm."

I admitted the truth directly because there was no point in hiding it anymore.

"But it's okay, we'll find her soon. I'll go with Mom."

"Are you okay?"

Miriam come over and take my hand, squeezing it comfortingly. I nodded and bent down to kiss her on the head.

"Of course. Seeing you makes everything okay."

Miriam's eyes filled with tears, and I could tell she felt guilty, thinking that her suggestion that I wish the cat would find its owner had somehow caused this disappearance. I pulled her into a hug and gently patted her back.

"Don't cry. You had questions and needed answers. Don't blame yourself. That's why I didn't want to tell you too much about myself, it makes you feel this way."

Sniff...

About twenty minutes later, Mom arrived in a van. I looked at her with pity and hugged her tightly to comfort her.

"Get will be fine, Mom. The crew is still looking for her, right?"

"Yeah, but it's already dark. Of all places, she had to disappear into a cemetery... she must be terrified right now. You know how scared she is of ghosts."

"If she's so scared of ghosts, why did she take that gig?"

"She had no other options."

"Does she want to stay in the industry that badly?" I sighed.

"Shall we go straight to the filming location? If so, I'll go with Mom. I'll call you if there's anything."

Miriam said.

"Got... Mom thinks we'd find her faster if you could help."

"How?"

"Could you make a wish?"

Again...

I swallowed hard, feeling the weight of what Mom was asking me to do. The one person who feared the most for my safety was now begging me to do something I despised. I could see the pain in her eyes too, but since it was her daughter who was missing, she didn't know what else to do.

"Mom...why don't we go look for her first?"

"The longer we wait, the more dangerous it could be for her. Please, Got...if you help, we're bound to find her."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I..."

I bit my lip, not knowing how to explain it to her.

"I'm out of 'wants' right now."

"No wishes? If we find her, the worst that could happen is that we'll lose some belongings around the house, or maybe the car will be stolen. It can't be that serious."

I looked at Miriam, unsure of how to answer. Mom clasped her hands together and cried, practically begging me.

"Please, Got, help me. By now, she's probably terrified. There might be snakes or other dangerous things in that cemetery."

"I really can't, Mom."

"Why not? What could possibly go so wrong?"

"If I make another wish, I might lose my sight or hearing completely!"

"What do you mean?"

I turned to look at Miriam, who listened to every word with concern. I feared she would start piecing together what I had hidden before the lie about my deafness and partial blindness supposedly caused by an explosion. I didn't want to explain it, but with Mom so desperate, I had no choice but to make her understand my situation.

"..."

"I once wished to meet a friend, and that caused... this."

□□□□

F

footnote

Mayura, or Mayura "May" Piyaporn, is a famous Thai television personality and actress.

"Ching roi ching lan" () is a popular Thai entertainment program that combines humor, games and musical performances.

Note: The full name of Bangkok is: Krung Thep Maha Nakhon Amon Rattanakosin Mahintharayutthaya Mahadilokphop Noppharat Ratchathani Burirom Udom Ratchaniwet Mahasathan Amon Piman Awatansathit Sakkathattiyawitsanukam Prasit ().

30. Missing Person

When my mother found out what had made me like this, she fell to her knees on the floor and cried a lot. She was worried about me and also about Get. I sit down and hugged the old woman with understanding.

"It's okay, mother. We'll find her. If it really comes to that, I'll wish."

"No, Got... I can't bear to see you suffer anymore. Your body can't handle it... I'm sorry for even thinking about taking shortcuts. It's okay; I'll ask your father to gather people to help find Get. You just stay here."

"No, I'll go with you."

"Let me go too. I want to help."

Miriam, who had been quiet for a long time, offered. My mother looked at my girlfriend and shake her head in disagreement.

"You're just a little thing, you'll only get in the way."

"It's better to have more people than less. Please let me help. I feel responsible for this."

"What do you mean?"

Seeing that my mother was starting to get suspicious, I quickly changed the subject.

"Let's go."

.

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At the moment, my mother was more worried about Get than anything else and didn't want to waste any more time, so she put her suspicions aside. We all got into the van and headed to the place where Get had disappeared. Sitting next to Miriam, I noticed that she was staring out the window, lost in thought, and I wondered if she was thinking about the lie I told her. I couldn't help but reach out to hold her hand.

"Are you okay?"

"So much has happened today."

"You should be resting in your room."

"I can't. I couldn't relax, especially with something like this happening... Your sister is like this because of the wish you were forced to make."

"Don't blame yourself like that. I knew very well and still agreed."

"You did it because you were afraid I would be mad at you."

Miriam squeezed my hand tightly, looking like she was about to cry.

"I'm sorry you."

"For what?"

"It seems like meeting me has only brought you pain."

"What pain?"

"Your arm."

"Don't think about it. I was just careless."

"You're always like this. You never blame me for anything, which makes me feel even more guilty. You don't know how much hurts my heart right now."

Miriam held my face with both hands and looked deeply into my eyes.

"After all this is over, my life will be yours."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm serious."

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I wasn't sure what Miriam meant. Just as I was about to ask, she turned to look out the window, not wanting to answer any more questions. The place where Get disappeared wasn't far from Bangkok, so after over an hour of traveling, we arrived. The team had dispersed to search.

"They spread out to look for her. The ones here are on standby in case Maya comes back... Oh."

"No, this is Got, Maya's older sister."

I answered quickly before the team started asking more questions, then I turned to my mother.

"What's next? Did you tell Daddy to send people?"

"Yes. For now, we'll wait here."

She said, biting her nails in worry. I was so focused on comforting her that I forgot Miriam had come. When I turned to look, the little one was gone.

"Mi... Have you seen her, Mom?"

"No, I was here with you the whole time."

"Isn't that the little girl who got out of the van with you? I saw her running toward the cemetery."

One of the crew members pointed toward the woods, making my heart sink.

"What did you say?"

I was ready to run after her, but my mother grabbed my arm.

"Don't follow her. You're the least useful here."

"Mom, my girlfriend went in there. It's not about being useful or not!"

"Your sister is there too, and I told you to stay here... Don't worry, there are plenty of people looking for her. Miriam won't get lost. But your health isn't like the others; your arm isn't good, your vision is gone, and you're deaf. You'd just be a burden. Instead of just worrying about Get, now I'm worried about you too."

Despite her words, I still felt uneasy. Mom led me to sit next to the producer, who was radioing people to split up and search.

"Stay here. If anything happens, they'll let you know."

Tonight was pure chaos. This show only had a small crew; One team would monitor the screens and guide the others. It was especially scary because the cameraman who went with Get managed to get out, but my sister hadn't returned from the forest.

"So why did you manage to get back, but Get didn't?"

"I don't know. We were walking together, and suddenly, I found myself here... Maybe it was a ghost hiding her."

Mentioning ghosts made everyone tremble, but my mother was the only one who cried, feeling sorry for her daughter."

"Get must be so scared! That silly child... so much work, and she accepts ghost challenges!"

"If she had so much work, why accept this gig, Mom?"

I said bluntly. My mother looked at me.

"It's okay, I was just trying to lighten the mood. Oh, a car! It must be Dad's people."

Two black vans pulled up, and Dad's people got out, followed by him. When he saw me, he went straight over to ask what was going on.

"Don't worry. I brought plenty of people. We'll find her tonight,"

Dad said, instructing his men to spread out.

"Get will be fine. The cemetery isn't that big."

"If she's not big enough, she should have left by now. Or maybe it's like the team said... she was hidden by a ghost."

"Don't be ridiculous. Ghosts aren't real."

"Our daughter is a goddess!"

"Right."

My father looked at me as if he'd forgotten before shaking his head and regaining focus.

"No matter what, we'll find her tonight. A ghost can't be stronger than people."

Dad's men scattered to search, while I had no other function than to sit and wait. My mother, still crying, couldn't help but talk to me.

"Let's spend time by talking."

"Huh?" I looked at her, puzzled.

"Talk about what, Mom?"

"Let's talk about... how you lost your sight and hearing while searching for someone."

I figured Mom wouldn't let that go. I never shared the reason for my loss of sight and hearing because I didn't want her to resent Miriam. She was already unhappy with my move, and if she knew, Miriam might not be allowed to see me again.

"A friend of mine was missing."

"When did you become friends? You didn't even finish high school!"

"A friend from elementary school. Let's just say I have one... my friend disappeared from home and no one could find her. I was so worried that I asked to find her, and that was it."

"..."

"And when I found her, I had to trade her for blindness and deafness. But it was worth it, Mom... a life in exchange for some disability."

"Was it worth it?!"

Mom yelled at me, frustrated.

"I gave you life, and you say it's worth trading your own organs for someone else's life?"

"I tried so hard to tell you, and you got mad at me. From now on, I'm not going to tell you anything else!"

I crossed my arms and pressed my lips tightly together. Mom cried harder when she saw me like that and felt like she couldn't control anything.

"Got... can't you have a long life? I ask nothing more than for you to be healthy. But why do you act as if the body I gave you is worthless, using it to save others without them even knowing what they had to trade for their safety?"

Mom's crying and complaining made me feel guilty. She was right; I had used my body a little carelessly. Although I said this life is mine, the one who created it, Mommy, also felt pain. I turned my only arm and hugged Mommy, resting my head on her shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I spoke without thinking. Back then, I just wanted to help, I didn't think about how I would end up."

"Being blind and deaf is hard enough, and now your arm is useless too. What's next?"

"Come on, Mommy. I'll be more careful... Oh, someone's coming out."

I looked toward the cemetery, where a flashlight indicating that a group of people were there. We all got up and ran towards the scene. Daddy's men stood there, hands on their hips, shaking their heads in disappointment at the failure.

"Not found, sir."

"Not found! There are so many people. Have you looked everywhere?"

"I have looked everywhere, sir. No luck."

"Miriam."

I said, anxiously searching for the little girl.

"Where is she?"

"Who?"

Dad asked, having arrived late and never having met my girlfriend before.

"My girlfriend! Mi went out to look for Get too, but why hasn't she come back? Don't tell me she got lost too!"

I was about to run when Dad grabbed my arm.

“Let me go!”

"And where do you think you're going?"

"To find Mi! Right now, my sister and girlfriend are missing. How can you expect me to just stand by?"

"What if you go in and disappear too?"

"What can your men do then?! There are so many of them, but they can't find anyone! Fire them all!"

I shouted angrily. Mom, seeing that quickly came over to rub my back, fearing that my anger would increase.

"Come on, Got. Everyone is trying to find her. It's hard to see now that it's dark."

"If it's so hard, then I'll make a wish!"

"Can you stop screaming? It's so loud I can hear it in the entire cemetery!"

Miriam's voice, nasal and distant, reached us. Hearing this, we all quickly turned to the source and saw the little girl walking next to Get, who was covered in dirt and mud.

"Mi... Get, why are you so dirty?"

I walked over to the two of them and checked Miriam's body to see if she was hurt anywhere, while my little sister was immediately hugged by my mother, who cried in concern.

"Where were you, Get? Everyone was looking for you everywhere."

"I got lost! No matter where I walked, it was always the same trees. At first, I was with the cameraman, and then everyone disappeared. I was so scared!"

My sister then started crying and ran to daddy for comfort like a three-year-old child.

"I fell into a hole, as if they had dug it waiting for a coffin!"

"This cemetery doesn't bury anyone. There are only ashes and bones. But there was a hole!"

The twin shouted at me angrily. But the moment our eyes met, I waved her over.

"Come here."

"Why?"

"Give me a hug."

"Yuck."

"I'm going to throw up too."

But my sister ran to hug me like a child, despite pretending to be disgusted. I wrinkled my nose at the smell of dirt and pulled away in disgust.

"Go home and take a shower immediately. What kind of heroine gets so dirty?"

"Because of this! If this show aired, they wouldn't need to make a ghost show like this. This cemetery is really creepy."

We found Get just before five. The sky started to lighten, which made us feel much better because the sunlight made us feel safe from the ghosts in the cemetery. Mom quickly took us back to the car because she didn't want to stay there anymore.

While we were in the car, my little sister was chatting excitedly, unlike me, who was holding Miriam's hand tightly and wouldn't let go because I was still worried.

She was very quiet... and I was scared.

"How did you find Get? Daddy's men searched everywhere, but they couldn't find her."

"I really don't know. I was looking for her and thinking that if I didn't find her, there was no way I would get out of that forest. Then I heard your sister's voice screaming from a very big hole they had dug, so I helped pull her up. Your sister said she had been there for a long time and couldn't get out."

"Got, tell me if you made any strange wishes for anyone or not."

Get suddenly asked, making me jump as if I had a guilty conscience, but I chose to lie in front of Miriam, who didn't like things like that.

"No, of course not."

"Then why did I get lost?"

"Because you're silly."

"Did you know, when there's a corner, I can find the exit immediately, as if there was a Doraemon door? Seriously, I told you it was haunted by a ghost. I won't be on any more shows like this!"

Get leaned against Mom lovingly, while Miriam looked at me, confused.

"Earlier, Got almost made a request."

Mom said as if she wanted to find something good in me.

"Lucky you found Get first."

"If you had asked from the beginning, you would have found her! But it's a good thing you didn't, because who knows what the heroine would have lost."

"Thank you, Mi, for bringing Get back."

Mom, who had never spoken seriously to Miriam, expressed her gratitude.

"You're welcome. Anyway, I had to find Get. I won't let Got ask or wish for anything anymore."

At this point, everyone in the car looked at Miriam in shock, so I nodded and confirmed for everyone to know.

"Mi knows everything now."

"That's good." Get sighed in relief.

"From now on, if anything happens, we can just talk. We don't have to hide anymore. Do you know what's going on with Got?"

"I know."

Miriam replied, her voice shaking too.

"Of course you do. How could you not know? Deaf, blind, with only one arm. Soon, you'll stop breathing and won't remember anything. You can only use your right arm. It's not that unfortunate... By the way, I've been curious for a long time. While we're at it, Got..."

"What?"

I answered my sister to keep the conversation flowing so the car wouldn't go silent.

"Why are you blind?"

"Got prayed to find a friend who was lost."

Mom answered, which made me sit up straight in shock, afraid that this would trigger something in Miriam.

"When Got found that friend, she ended up blind in one eye and deaf in one ear."

"A friend? Do you have a friend? Who's the friend who disappeared?"

"You don't know any of my friends. Don't worry, I'm going to sleep."

I waved to stop everyone from talking, but Miriam, who had been silent for a long time, spoke first.

"She's my sister's girlfriend."

"Huh?/Huh?"

Everyone turned to Miriam, while I looked at my girlfriend in shock.

"Got is the one who wish to find my sister's missing girlfriend... that's why Got ended up like this."

□□□□□

31. Dedicated

Smack!

The moment we get out of the van, Mom run to Miriam and slapped her across the face before she could react. Miriam staggered a little to the left, but didn't make a sound, while I quickly went to her side, glaring at my mother angrily.

"Why did you have to be so violent, Mom?"

"Don't I have the right to be angry when I find out that my own daughter is deaf and blind because of this girl?"

"If you're going to be angry, be angry with me. I didn't even know I had this ability. I'm the only one who..."

"It's okay, God."

Miriam gently pulled my arm and shake her head.

"Let her hit me. It might ease my guilt."

"But..."

"I'm not going to let you be with Miriam anymore. It's too dangerous, and even if I have to force you, I'll do it."

"So I'm going to fight."

"Go ahead!"

Mom challenge, fearlessly, and prepared to take me away. But Miriam stepped between us and knelt down, causing everyone around us to scatter like ants fleeing from water.

"What are you doing? Get up, now!"

I tried to pull her to her feet, but she resisted, waving me away.

"Let her with me... Mom."

Miriam looked at my mother with a pleading voice. I bit my lip hard, unable to bear to see my girlfriend humiliated like this. I loved and cherished her so much, but now she was reduced to this, her pride shattered.

"..."

"I know you're mad that I made God this way, but please don't separate us. Having me with her makes her happy, and it makes me happy to be with her too."

"Being with you is dangerous. One day, she might say the wrong thing because of you, and she might not be here anymore."

"I promise that won't happen because I love her so much... I can't bear to see her in danger again."

Hearing this, I squatting down next to Miriam, asking her to get up.

"Please stop this."

"I want to be the one who wakes you up every morning, who makes you laugh every day. I want to help you experience everything you dream of but haven't tried yet. And I..."

"..."

"I want to be the first one to know when you leave this world."

As Miriam said these words, she sobbed uncontrollably, and Mom, who was ready to scold her even more, swallowed her words. My sister put her arm around Mom's shoulder.

"Let's go home, Mom. Everyone is watching... besides, this is God's happiness. Would you really be so cruel as to get in the way?"

Mom didn't say anything else, looking at us in defeat before walking back to the van. It was just the two of us now.

"Let's go upstairs."

I said, helping Miriam up with my one good arm. She take my hand, squeezing it tightly.

"I love you."

"I know."

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"Does it hurt a lot?"

Back in our room, I reached up to touch her cheek, reddened from Mom's slap, sighing in frustration.

"Why did she have to be so rude? If she wasn't my mother, I would have argued with her."

"You really need to stop using words to hurt others. I don't like it!"

Miriam raises her voice, and I cringe like a scolded child.

"Are you mad?"

"Yes, I don't like it when you talk about arguing with others. You know it's not good; it affects your life. I'm not mad at your mother for feeling this

way; if I were her, I would probably slap the person who made my daughter deaf and blind too."

"And... how did you find out..."

I hesitated, not knowing if I should talk about it now, but after Miriam got slapped, I felt like I had to.

"That it happened because of your sister."

"I started to suspect when your mother came to pick you up outside the condo, and I heard you say that you got like that because you were looking for a missing friend. What reason would you have to lie to me about that? Besides, you don't even have any friends."

"..."

"You weren't looking for anyone, but doing it for others... and I remember when I came crying to you, you said, 'I wish your sister would find her missing love.' Then, just two days later, she found her girlfriend."

Miriam's voice shake as she speaks, her tears welling up as she lightly punched my shoulder.

"I kept thinking it was because I prayed to the gods, and my wish came true. I never imagined that everything happened because of you. God... why don't you care about yourself? Why did you make that wish if you knew it would hurt you?"

Miriam, who had been holding back her tears since she got into the car, finally broke down, sobbing. It hurt me so much that I pulled her into my one-armed embrace.

"Because I saw you crying so much that day. Your tears hurt me."

"But was it worth losing your sight and hearing? My sister... she has nothing to do with you!"

Miriam sobbed, her face wet with tears as I wiped them away with a nearby tissue.

"You could have let things happen. Whatever happens let's happen. You can't help everyone in the world."

"But she's your sister. Someone you love and someone who loves you."

"We weren't even dating back then."

"But I love you now."

"You shouldn't have met me God, I made you end up like this."

Miriam hugged me tightly and cried, her sadness breaking my heart. I shook my head and laughed gently to encourage the little girl who was falling apart.

"That's not true. Not knowing you would be the worst thing. I would just be going through life aimlessly. That's how life is; it's all about birth, aging, sickness, and death, it's normal."

I pulled away from Miriam and looked into her eyes.

"And if I had to choose between not seeing you but living for another eighty years or seeing you and having only three or four months, I would choose to see you."

"..."

"You are the good thing that came into my life. Don't be sad that I met you."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

We hugged, understanding each other completely. Even though it was a very sad moment, at least there were no more secrets between us. Miriam

understood exactly what I was going through now, and there was no need to pretend to be strong when the other was aware and accepting.

"By the way... I wanted to ask you something, but I forgot because of the whole thing with Get. How did you know before that I was blind, deaf, with only one kidney left? I asked the younger one, but she didn't say anything."

"I'm smart."

"Come on, seriously."

"It's because of that secret game."

Miriam hugged me again and rubbed her head on my shoulder like a kitten.

"Back then, I only got weird pieces of paper. Then I found out... 'I'm deaf, I'm blind, I only have one kidney left, I'm going to die...'"

When she stopped there, it was like if she had swallowed a sob and tried to get rid of it.

"At first, I thought my friends were just joking, so I rummaged through the box... and there was another note that said, 'I'm going to die.' When I found out about Jubjang, I thought the note must be from her."

"So you found out all the secrets..."

"And if I had to guess, you found out all of Miriam's secrets too, right?"

Miriam chuckled softly, pulling away and waving her hand playfully.

"Because after that game, you got really aggressive. You tried to arrest me!"

I laughed awkwardly, admitting my guilt with a nod.

"Well... a little. I made a few little wishes."

"You just wanted my notes, right?"

"Yeah... and one of them said I wanted to have sex with God."

"Ahhh!"

Miriam covered her ears in disbelief.

"You're crazy! You're a trickster God!"

"Well, if I hadn't done that, I wouldn't have had the courage to hide under the blanket with you. When I found out how you really felt, I didn't hesitate."

"I whispered to the little girl:
I wanted to be with you too!"

"Sticky! Talking like that makes things escalate."

"Escalates that quickly?"

"Yes!"

"So what are we waiting for? Let's fight!"

"What? I'm waiting for you to fight me!"

"Let's play rock-paper-scissors. The winner gets on top."

"Is that allowed?"

"Why not?"

"Okay, it's allowed!"

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Honestly, I was relieved. Miriam and I had no more secrets between us. Not about my deafness, blindness, my useless arm, having only one kidney, not

breathing some days, my heart not beating some nights, and even having the special powers that my parents called "God".

Today, the orange cat, Viramarati, was handed over to Miriam's older sister, with me accompanying them. It was the first time I met someone from the little girl's family. Her sister, named Renu, was the person I asked to find her lost love.

She was very pretty...

"You're staring at her."

"Sorry."

I replied to Miriam's sister when she arrived at the condominium to pick up the orange cat, feeling a little shy.

"You and her look alot alike."

"Who do you like more, between Renu and me?"

"Of course, your sister."

"What?"

"Just kidding! Give me a break!"

"We agreed that you wouldn't make jokes!"

The pout on her face made Raenu smile a little at her sister.

"You're quite possessive, aren't you?"

"What are you talking about?"

She crossed her arms and changed the subject.

"By the way, is this cat really yours? When did you get a cat?"

"It's a long story. I've been taking care of this cat with Jom since I was still a teacher. When I moved abroad, Jom took care of her."

"That's a pretty creative name, longer than Bangkok! How did he end up wandering around Surasak?"

"She might disappeared for several days. Jom said she might be in heat, but I have no idea how he traveled from Min Buri to Surasak. Who found her?"

"Of course, it was God. She's not the type to carry someone else's cat around."

Miriam said, waving at me with a teasing expression, although I didn't even know what I did wrong.

"That's true. This cat is so afraid of commitment. She doesn't even play with the dog at home, but anyway you have a beautiful girlfriend."

Renu looked at me with a smile, apparently not surprised that her sister was in a same-sex relationship. She was so open.

"You talk too much; now that you have the cat, you should go back."

"Hey, the prize money!"

Miriam's beautiful older sister handed me the envelope containing the prize money, as advertised on Facebook. I thought Miriam would act all proud and refuse, but the little one take and shake it.

"Thanks, sister! Now I have some money!"

"Well, I'm going. I should go home; Mommy misses me."

"You make it seem like you go home often."

"At least once a week, I go back to sleep with Mommy. You're the one who never goes home; you're stuck with your girlfriend!"

"I'll find time to go back. I'll take God with me too."

Renu looked at me and then at her sister with a loving expression.

"I'm thirsty."

"Is that your way of saying you want a drink?"

"This is my place, after all."

"Okay then."

Miriam walked into the kitchen, leaving only me and Renu, who seems want to speak to me in private. The sweet-faced older sister studied me for a moment.

"Miriam has good taste; you really are beautiful."

"You are also beautiful, sister. She talks about you a lot and says you are talented and beautiful, which doesn't seem like an exaggeration."

"Oh, I also have a secret admirer, huh? Please say hi to her from me."

"Uh? I don't think this one needs a greeting; she's just too amazing."

"No, seriously... Miriam seems strong, but deep down, she's very fragile. I mean, emotionally. She's a scaredy-cat like a delicate glass..."

"..."

"Should I be worried?"

"What are you two talking about?"

Miriam poked her head out and handed her sister a glass of water, her tone dismissive.

"Gossiping about me?"

"That's not enough time to gossip about anything."

"You can leave now."

"Oh, so eager to kick me out!"

"Because it sounds like a comparison!"

The little girl pouted, making her sister chuckle softly.

"You're so possessive. This relationship must be serious. Well, I'm leaving; I want to surprise Jom with the cat. She's been looking so depressed for days. I'm surprised the person who found the cat is Miriam!"

"If you want to thank someone, you should thank God."

Renu turned to me, nodding with a grateful smile.

"Thank you."

I blushed slightly in response to Miriam's sister's beauty and smiled back.

"No problem."

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After Renu left, Miriam sat in silence, pouting and watching TV without making eye contact with me. At first, I didn't think much of it until I sat down next to her and she walked away, keeping her distance.

"Who's Jom?"

I pretended to ask, trying to break the silence between us.

"She's my sister's girlfriend."

"A guy named Jom? Sounds more like a girl's name."

"You seem quite interested."

The little girl replied dismissively, but I could tell by her tone that I had piqued her curiosity, so I reached out and poked her, genuinely interested.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"'Nothing' usually means something happened. Are you mad at me?"

"No way!"

"Don't stay mad for too long; I can't live that long."

"God!"

Miriam retorted, turning to me with a fierce expression.

"If you're going to make a joke, don't mention it!"

"I just don't know how to get your attention! I don't even know what I did wrong!"

"Isn't my sister pretty?"

"Yes."

"..."

"So what?"

"Isn't she beautiful?"

"Of course she is."

"And who's prettier, me or her?"

"Well..."

I paused slightly, causing Miriam to throw a pillow at my face.

"You hesitated! You think she's prettier than me!"

"I haven't said anything yet! Why are you in a bad mood?"

I laughed, leaning towards Miriam as she turned her face away, trying to avoid my kiss on her cheek.

"Isn't it right to compliment your sister for being pretty?"

"I've never seen you compliment anyone else. But you compliment her... Do you like me?"

"You idiot!"

"You swore!"

Miriam put her hand to her chest.

"That sounds so passionate."

"You're such a cute tease."

I said, pretending to bite her shoulder as she alternated between sulking and acting like a child.

"Why would I like your sister? I really think she's pretty and I've admired her ever since you told me she graduated with a doctorate and runs the family business in her early thirties!"

"Yes, she is admirable, especially compared to me, who barely finished school and dropped everything to stay at home... It's so boring."

"But you're good at judo!"

"What's the point of that?"

"Well, you could use that to throw me on the bed, tie my arms and legs, take off my clothes and then..."

"Ooh... that's a great idea."

Miriam laughed, getting into the playful mood until she suddenly remembered:

"I'm still in a bad mood, you know? I was just being polite."

"Don't be so cute!"

I give Miriam a quick kiss on the cheek before turning serious again.

"So, you really quit your job?"

"Yes... I want to take care of you. I was thinking about doing some freelance work, but it has to be a job where I don't have to go to the office so I don't take advantage of my family and siblings."

"You don't have to do this for me. Why would I buy shares in Canal S if you're not going to work there anymore?"

"You can sell them, and I'll be with you,"

Miriam said, playing with the collar of my shirt.

"From now on, I'll take care of you."

"Mi..."

The little one rolled me onto the couch and pressed her lips against mine as her hands begin to unbutton my shirt one by one.

"From now on, all my time is yours."

"..."

"My life belongs to you now... my love."

Slowly, my clothes were being ripped off by the small hands of someone who used to be so shy about it. Watching Miriam's actions made me

anxious about the commitment she was ready to give me.

If it was too much... it could end up hurting Miriam herself.

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☀️32. Prayer☀️

Hey... wake up! God!

I open my eyes and see Miriam sitting on top of me, trying to inject some adrenaline into her system. At that moment, her cheeks are red and tears streaming down her face, as if she's in shock. I reached out with my free hand and grabbed her arm.

"I'm awake... Mi, I'm awake."

"Just a little more..."

Today was another day where I managed to get Miriam's adrenaline pumping first thing in the morning. She was responsible for waking me up every day, but it seemed like today was a bit more challenging. I wasn't scared, but the person whose job it was to wake me up certainly was.

"Don't cry. You should be happy that you managed to wake me up."

"Y-yes."

Miriam slowly slid off of me, shaking a little. I sit up and wrapped my arms around her in a comforting hug, feeling guilty.

Maybe it was a mistake to let Miriam take the responsibility of waking me up. It was a huge emotional burden for her. But when I realized it, it was already too late... we loved each other. If I suddenly told her that she didn't need it, she would never agree.

"How about we wash our faces and brush our teeth? I'll make you breakfast."

"Okay!"

Miriam nodded, trying to make everything go back to normal. She wiped away her tears and forced a smile, although her eyes still looked sad.

"What do you want to do today?"

After finishing brushing her teeth and rinsing her mouth, the little girl asked cheerfully. I tilted my head, pretending to think.

"I can't think of anything. I just want to do anything, as long as you're with me."

"But we already do everything together. How about this... let's go to Yaowarat today and take some pictures!"

"Do you have a camera?"

"No, but I'll buy one today with the black card I've never used before."

"Rich!"

I smiled at the unexpected luxury.

"Then let's take pictures."

"How am I supposed to hold the camera with one hand?"

"That's right."

"You'll be my model."

"But I want to keep pictures of you too... How about this? I'll draw you."

"Okay, deal! Today we'll buy a camera, go to Yaowarat, sit and draw, then come back to eat."

"What?!"

Miriam laughed at my cheeky words, making me blush and dodge her gaze.

"Your voice rose and sounded cute! It's so endearing."

She said, covering her mouth as she laughed with joy.

"I just wanted to make dirty words sound cute when I said them to you. I want to be a very close girlfriend and also your friend."

"With each passing day, you're getting cuter."

"If I'm cute, then you have to wake up and greet me every morning. Otherwise, if you don't wake up one day, I'll cheat on you."

"Hmm!"

And we continued with our plans. Miriam spent the day driving the convertible sports car, although she kept denying it for fear of scratching or hitting something. As we talked, she finally explained her reason:

'I'm worried that you'll get hot. I care about you.'

No matter what we did, I was always number one on her mind, and she always thought of me. She, who never thought of being extravagant, swiped her card to buy a camera worth over a hundred thousand baht and then winked at me.

"This is all for you."

To me, over a hundred thousand baht wasn't a lot of money, especially after buying shares in a television station. But seeing someone who usually didn't spend money do something for me touched me.

"What should I do? I want the camera, but I only have one hand. I can't take your pictures."

"You can draw me! From now on, I'll keep the image of you in every pose."

"Will you take all the poses?"

"Yes, whether sitting, standing, walking, or lying down. Hehe, I need to make these hundred thousand bahts worth it."

And that day, we spent the whole time playing around taking pictures in Yaowarat, in parks, and stopping to get street food. Miriam was relentless in capturing every moment, and it made me strangely sad. Without her saying anything, I could imagine that she was collecting memories of me for the days when I would no longer be around.

But eventually, that day would come, wouldn't it? Even if I knew, it was better to pretend not to know. Even though we had time to have fun, we should continue to have fun. In addition to our many outdoor activities, there was no shortage of indoor activities either. At night, the two of us would cuddle nonstop, especially Miriam, who somehow had the energy to tease me all night long.

"Just a little bit more."

"I give up on you!"

We drank each other until we almost overflowed. I never expected to receive so much love in return compared to the first time I asked Miriam to be my girlfriend in that restaurant. From someone so somber and shy about getting wet, she had transformed into someone who could do anything without caring.

And it was like that for more than a week, until I started to notice that Miriam seemed thinner and had bags under her eyes. Even though we ate together, woke up together and shared the same happiness, something seemed off about her.

"Mi... you look so tired."

"Huh?"

Miriam quickly ran to the bathroom, looked in the mirror and stuck her head out.

“Do I look that bad?”

"Not really, but I'm surprised. Are you not getting enough sleep?"

"Of course, I'm sleeping when I'm with you."

That's right... but it was at that moment that I started to notice. I was so caught up in the joy we shared in bed that I failed to notice something important. Miriam always kept me from falling asleep too quickly at night, but she let me take naps during the day.

Every morning, she would wake up before me to make sure I woke up, and I had never seen her sleep, not once.

That night was no different...

"Can we take some pictures?"

I, exhausted and exhausted, was persuaded by the little one to take pictures. Miriam picked up that heavy camera and pointed it at both of us on our bare shoulders.

"Isn't it heavy? Holding it with one hand? If it falls, my nose will break!"

"I can hold it! I'm strong! Come on, let's take some pictures. One... two... click!"

The pictures we took were half-naked, with a blanket in between, making me shy. After taking the pictures, Miriam put the camera away and snuggled into me.

"It's so good to have you here."

"Really?"

"It's even better when we're lying naked together."

She said, snuggling into me again. This made me realize that Miriam was stalling, trying to keep me from falling asleep. I willingly let her play with

me, and after our intimate moment was over, I pretended to fall asleep, intending to see if she would fall asleep too.

But no... everything went as I expected.

Miriam got up from the bed and went to the bathroom, leaving the door ajar. The light from inside spilled in, giving me enough visibility. When I tiptoed over to take a peek, I found her curled up on the toilet, crying softly.

"Huh..."

She had never been truly happy...

The fact that she wouldn't let herself sleep because she was afraid I would stop breathing tortured her. I stood by the door, silently crying for her, feeling deeply sorry for the little one. Our love should only be about happiness, not causing her pain like this.

What I hated the most were Miriam's tears. But I was the one who made her cry the most, and it hurt!

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"Hey... are you awake? I'm awake now."

This morning, I was woken up once again as usual, followed by a soft kiss on the lips. That wet touch felt like a small reward. I smiled at the little one as I noticed her puffy eyes without mentioning it.

"You always wake up before me."

"That's my job. Come on, let's brush our teeth."

Everything continued as usual. Today, we weren't going anywhere because I planned to force Miriam to rest in the room while I watched over her.

She hadn't slept soundly for several days. At night, she was always anxious, afraid that I wouldn't breathe. So during the day, she had to pretend to be happy. I felt so sorry for the little one. Today, I had to make sure she slept! I would be on guard!

"Where should we go today?"

"Nowhere! I want to stay in the room and watch a movie."

"Really? Okay, what movie should we watch?"

"Let's watch a romantic one."

We got under the blanket and started choosing the most boring movie, thanks to my intention. It worked; Miriam tried to keep her eyes open, but the content was too boring. After yawning a few times, she slowly fell asleep. Sitting next to her, I gently pulled her onto my lap and continued watching until the movie ended. Her steady breathing brought me peace. Seeing her healthy made me happier.

She probably thought the same way...

As I stroked Miriam's hair, I suddenly felt...

What was I doing here?

Why was someone sleeping on my lap?

My initial surprise turned to shock as I looked around, feeling quite strange. Where was this place? And who was the woman sleeping on my lap? Where did she come from?

My hand, which had been stroking her hair, slowly moved away as I walked away, careful not to wake her.

As I stand up, I looked left and right, searching for an exit, unsure of which door would lead me out.

No... this is the bathroom.

After opening two wrong doors, I spotted the last one with shoes blocking the entrance. I slipped my feet into the shoes and opened the door to find a hallway full of doors.

Ding!

The elevator dinged in the distance, making me run. I saw someone exiting and quickly stepped inside, pressing the button for the ground floor, hoping it would take me down. Where was I? More importantly, where was I supposed to go?

Ding!

The elevator arrived at the ground floor shortly after. I walked out, looking around, confused about where to go or what to do next. I wanted to ask someone, but I didn't even know what to ask. Everyone seemed strange, untrustworthy.

Maybe I should just keep walking until I got familiar with the route or the atmosphere. The air outside was completely different from the lobby, so cold it stung my skin. I rubbed my arms lightly, starting to sweat. Cars passed in front of me, with no one paying attention to anything. Where should I go? That was the next question I wanted to know.

Left? Or right? Hmm? Or should I try to cross the street? There's a convenience store too... Oh, I want to drink some water. Just as I was about to cross the street, a scream from behind caught my attention, followed by a force pulling me to turn around. A small stranger hugged me tightly, shaking, holding my shirt tightly.

"Where are you going?!"

"What's wrong? Why are you hugging me?"

I pushed the person in front of me away and crossed my arms, finally realizing that I wasn't even wearing a bra.

"Who are you?"

"It's me, Mi! It's me!"

"Who is it?"

"Don't do that, huh... it's me, it's me..."

Miriam run and hugged me tightly. I tried to get away from her, but there was no sign of her letting go.

"Never mind, we don't know each other, why do you have to... huh?"

Then the stubborn little girl who was so stubborn in the beginning suddenly fell limp as a leaf. I looked at the body that collapsed on the floor, feeling guilty but not knowing what to do until the guard of the condominium run to us and helped lift her up.

"Do you know each other?"

"I don't know... no, wait!"

I run to Miriam immediately when the realization returned to my mind.

"I know, Mi... Mi!"

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I called Ongsa to pick us up at the condominium to take Miriam to the hospital for a check-up. I always criticized these dramas for taking someone to the doctor just for a headache, a cold or fainting, but today I did it all out of pure concern.

After checking everything, there was nothing to worry about except that Miriam was getting very little rest and her blood sugar level was low.

"You need more sleep."

I said when we returned to the apartment. I didn't want to talk too much in the car because Ongsa was with us; I didn't want him to know what had happened, or else my mother would find out.

"What about this? After I sleep, you disappear like today."

Miriam glared at me angrily, but I knew it wasn't my fault.

"No way, from now on, I won't sleep during the day."

"You're worrying too much. We're going to be together, and we both need to be strong."

"And where are you strong!"

"At least you should be stronger if you want to truly take care of me."

I tried to compromise and reached out to touch Miriam's shoulder, which was shaking.

"Besides... you should be prepared."

"Prepared for what?"

Should I say? In this situation, Miriam might not be ready. That would only make both of us feel worse for nothing.

"Nothing."

"Finish what you were saying!"

"If one day I'm not here anymore, what will you do? I can't stand seeing you like this... do you think I don't know why every night you try to keep me from sleeping? Because you're afraid I'll fall asleep and not breathe. And when I do sleep, you try to drink coffee and energy drinks to stay awake."

"..."

"At night, you cry. Do you know how much that hurts me?"

"Nothing hurts more than seeing that you don't remember me or that your heart stops beating! Huh."

And then the little girl started crying as soon as she mentioned it. I could only look at my beloved with a heavy heart before running to hug her and caress her back.

"Please don't be like this; it makes me feel guilty for wanting to get close to you from the beginning. If I knew you would love me so much, I probably wouldn't have dared to get close to you."

"So don't die! You can't stay with me forever, huh?"

"I want to be with you, but it's not possible."

"It is possible! You're a god! Yes... "

Miriam pulled away from me and had an excited expression.

"You can make a wish! Wish yourself a long life. We will be together until we are old! You can do it!"

I shake my head in refusal. The little girl raised her hand and hit me angrily.

"Why don't you do what I want? Why?"

"Because if I do and the result is you... if I want to live, but the one who has to leave is you, what will happen? I can't bear it."

"And can I bear it?"

Miriam fell to the floor and cried as if she was going to choke. I looked at my beloved and cried along with her, understanding her feelings. Yes... if I wanted to survive and she had to leave, I would gladly go. Losing someone is much more painful. And I'm selfish enough not to bear something like that.

I can't bear it... in a world without Miriam. It's better for me to go instead.

"It's okay..."

Suddenly, Miriam looked up and met my gaze.

"If you're not in this world, it's okay."

"Is it?"

"Because I won't be here either!"

Her tone was serious and decisive, just like when she decided to break up with me over the phone. I'm surprised and reach out to shake my beloved's shoulders to bring her back to her senses.

"You can't think like that... Mi, you can't."

"I decided. It's okay. Whenever you leave, I'll leave too!"

I stood up and took a step back as if I couldn't accept it. To be honest, I was happy that Miriam loved me so much, but a love that would drag the little girl down wasn't what I expected.

"You have to stay rational. The Miriam I know is strong."

"Yes, and I won't let myself be pitiful like you! I won't cry like a burnt turtle, unable to do anything, living like the dead... if being here feels like being dead, then I won't stay."

I couldn't let it be like this anymore. Miriam loved me too much, and her worries about being pitiful were distorting her logic. Now, the little girl was just looking for a way for us to be together, no matter if it meant...

...live or dying.

"I won't let it be like this."

"What are you going to do?"

"I will wish."

Miriam looked at me and begin to smile with the expectation that I would wish to live a long life. I looked at my beloved in pain; tears streamed down

my face as if my heart was about to break into pieces as I thought about what I was about to say.

A hand reached out to touch her soft cheek, which I once told her was as soft as a butt, and the little girl screamed and ran away. But today, I touched it with indescribable sadness.

"You will pray that we will be together for a long time, right?"

"No."

"Then what will you wish for?"

"I will pray for you..."

"What, Got...what will you wish for!"

I closed my eyes before looking into her light brown eyes like someone who had made up her mind.

"I wish Miriam would hate me from this moment on!"

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Footnote:

1-Yaowarat is the famous Chinatown street in Bangkok, Thailand. It is a popular destination known for its shopping, markets, and especially its street food.

☀️ 33. Result ☀️

‘Miriam will only leave you if I hates you.’

Miriam’s words floated through my mind as I thought about praying a prayer like that. There was no more fitting prayer than that. No matter what happens to me, I just hope that the little one won’t have to be sad about my departure.

The moment my words escaped, Miriam, who was crying and sobbing, slowly changed her demeanor to one of silence. Her eyes, previously filled with worry, turned cold as she gradually moved away from me, maintaining a distance that was not too close, but not too far either.

"Did you just wish, me, to hate you?"

Even the pronouns changed from “you” to “she” and from “they” to “we,” creating a sense of distance. My heart gradually ached as if it was being cut by a knife, but I could only remain silent, accepting the consequences of what I had just said.

"Did it work?"

I asked, my voice shaking to the point of tears. Miriam wiped her tears with her thumb and shrugged.

"It probably worked. I don't feel the pain I felt a moment ago. Why were we crying then? So useless."

The little girl tilted her head to look at me and raised an eyebrow.

"You really are the type to say things and make them happen. No wonder your sister calls you a God."

"Do you hate me now?"

"I'm not sure. I feel like I don't want to be around you like I did a few seconds ago when I wanted to hug you all the time. Honestly, I'm trying to find a reason to hate you..."

Slap!

I slapped Miriam's cheek with all the pain in my heart.

Now, the little girl must be confused because my curse doesn't make much sense as to why she should hate me, and to make it reasonable, I needed to make it more real than real.

Violence... always causes pain, and this time Miriam has a reason to hate me.

"Okay..."

The little girl licked her teeth and smiled before raising her hand to slap me back, making a loud 'slap' sound.

"..."

"I think I hate you now. From now on, don't let me see your face again... Damn, I can't believe I find you so disgusting."

Miriam said, standing with her arms crossed and gesturing for me to go to the door.

"It's over between us now. Just get out of the room."

"Okay."

I looked at Miriam one last time and left, grabbing only my phone. As I walked out of the room, my heart slowly shattered along the way, tears streaming down my face, and I had to try really hard not to sob for fear of fainting before I reached the elevator.

"Ongsa... come get me... please come as fast as you can...Huh."

As soon as I called my subordinate, who also happened to be my best friend, I started crying as I waited for Ongsa outside the condo. However, as I stood there trying not to faint, I felt as if something had been thrown from behind me. It was a small pile of clothes, and although it was only a few pieces, it hurt and destroyed my feelings right to my heart, especially since it was done by Miriam.

"Take your clothes back with you. It irritates me to see them!"

"Mi...."

"Don't say my name."

Not even her name could be called, as the two of us stared at each other while the onlookers looked on with interest. Ongsa's van stopped just in time to pick me up, and he looked at the situation in confusion.

"What happened?"

"Just take me home."

"Go away and then disappear! It would be better if you fell and died!"

Miriam speaks with real hatred, making me hold my heart in shock. Ongsa, seeing the change in the little girl's behavior is speechless.

"Why did you say that?"

"And why should I speak kindly to someone I hate? Just get out of my way!"

Miriam used my clothes to express how much she hated me.

"Just go!"

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Come on. Hurry home and get rid of those clothes."

Ongsa still seems unsure of what to do, but he obeyed the order and followed without fail, shooting Miriam angry glances as well. As I bent over picking up the last piece of clothing, Miriam stepped on it, smiling smugly.

"Don't like it?"

"..."

"Great! The more you dislike it, the happier I am."

"No."

"..."

"I love you."

"Yuck!"

Miriam lifted her foot and stepped on my hand. The pain almost made me scream, and Ongsa sees it, quickly grabbed the little girl and throw her aside.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Does it hurt that much?"

"Let's go home, Ongsa."

"You're crazy!"

Ongsa yelled as he helped me into the car, preparing to leave the apartment. Before he turned the car around, I heard a thud, as if something had been thrown, and when I looked, I discovered that it was Miriam's slippers thrown as a parting shot.

"What's wrong with this girl? Why is she treating you like this, like an animal?"

"Fine. So be it."

"What the hell happened? Miriam used to be such a nice person. What did you two fight about? ... Did you cheat on her?"

"No! Can you stop asking? ... Huh."

I held my chest, which felt like it was about to shatter.

"Please don't ask anymore. I'm going to die."

"Damn it!"

All the way home, I curled up and cried like crazy in the van. No matter what Ongsa asked, I couldn't organize my thoughts. When we got home, the only person who carried me out of the car, since I had no strength left, was my only friend, Ongsa. He carried me as if he was about to cry too, out of pity.

"Why are you like this? How could you let her hurt you so much?"

"I love her... Huh, Ongsa, help me! What should I do? Just thinking about not seeing Miriam again makes my heart feel like it's breaking."

"She did this to you after all?!"

As he carried me into the house, my mother, hearing the commotion, came out to see and ran over with a look of shock. Ongsa gently placed me on the sofa and when I felt comfortable, I curled up and cried loudly as if I couldn't hold it in anymore.

"What's wrong? What happened?"

"Huh... Mom...huh."

"What's that noise? ...God, crying like a child, how disgusting! You're making a mess!"

Get come in and teases me, pretending to sing a silly song, but when she sees that I'm still crying non-stop, she stopped and walked over to me to nudge me with her foot.

"What's wrong with you? Why are you crying so much?"

"Ongsa, what's going on?!"

Mom turned to ask my close friend in a serious tone. Since Ongsa was usually quiet, he reluctantly had to explain.

"I'm not sure, but it seems like she had a pretty serious fight with Miriam. I've never seen Miriam act like this before..."

Ongsa had to explain detail for Mom and Get to understand, which made my usually reserved twin sister explode in frustration.

"What's wrong with that girl? She even stepped on your hand! That's your hand, for God's sake!"

Get grabbed my hand and squeezed it angrily.

"Why were you two fighting? Did you cheat on her?"

"No... Ongsa, you can go now."

My quiet friend obeyed and left silently. Mom and Get exchanged glances as if they understood that I had gone to argue or made a request again.

"What did you curse?"

Mom asked directly. I started sobbing even harder, causing her to pull me into a hug.

"Tell me if you made a request or if you were arguing over something. People can't change overnight like that!"

"That's right. The last time Got spoke to Miriam, that girl loved me so much. You could say she would die for me, even though she seemed tough."

When I mentioned this, I looked at my sister and nodded.

"Miriam said... if I die, she would die with me."

Mom and Get looked at each other in shock, but didn't say anything until I revealed more in the next line.

"When I heard this, I asked... Miriam to hate me until we die apart."

"You're crazy!"

Get, hearing this, began to pace angrily.

"Did you have to do something like this? What do you think will be the result of your wish?"

"God will love Miriam as much as she hate me. "

Mom, who had been thinking about this for a long time, looked at me with deep sympathy.

"God has never been like this. No matter how painful it is, she has never cried so much. In the last breakup, she simply locked herself in her room. But today, she looks like someone who is about to die, but is still alive."

"How crazy! One person hates so much, and the other loves as much as she is hated? What the hell is going to happen?"

"That's how it is... God will have to suffer like this until the curse ends."

"Mom... I've been through heartbreaks before, and I know how painful it is. And now.."

Get looked at me and bit her lip hard. It's okay. Heartbreaks need friends.

"..."

"I'll be here for you, you ghost. Why do you always cause trouble?"

Then my fiercely outspoken twin sister hugged me tightly.

"Consider this as repayment for the time you sacrificed to ruin that ghost page, huh?"

"Huh.."

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Mom and Get discussed that a heartbroken person should have friends. So they both thought it would be best to take turns staying with me to keep me company, not wanting me to be distracted or lonely. But that didn't help at all.

Even when I closed my eyes, all I could see is Miriam's face constantly appearing. The good times we spent together, whether it was waking up every morning, eating and asking if it was delicious, watching movies and joking with each other, or even taking a shower and helping each other wash our hair, there was never a time when Miriam and I didn't do something together.

But today, in this moment... she hates me now. In Miriam's mind, she must be thinking of loathing and disgust towards our time together, in stark contrast to the different outcomes I've experienced.

She hates me... I love her.

She doesn't want to see my face... but I really want to see her.

"Ongsa."

I went to the room that was separate from the main house. My friend, who seemed to have just taken a shower, looked at me in surprise.

"What's wrong? Did you come to find me? You could have called."

"Take me, please."

"Where?"

"I want to see Miriam."

"I'm not going."

His cold rejection made me furious.

"That's an order. You can't say no. If you're not going, just leave."

"Giving up is fine."

"Ongsa!"

"She kicked you out so hard, and you still want to go see her? What do you hope to gain from this? Are you going to kneel down and beg her to come back? Do you remember when she threw her shoe at your car, or when she stepped on your hand? Her half-shouting tone didn't faze me much."

"I don't care. I just want to see her. I don't even need to meet her in person... I just want to see her."

"You're not a child anymore. You're not a teenager in love."

"She's my first love!"

"..."

"Please... just take me there."

Whenever I needed help, I would immediately refer to him as "him," which made Ongsa sigh in exasperation.

"Just to take a peek, okay?"

"Fine."

"No!"

Get's third voice made me jump. My little sister, who looked like a sheep, stood there with her arms crossed and a fierce look on her face.

"You can't just disappear like that. I was wondering where you went, so I came looking for you... I heard everything."

Get walked towards me and shrugged.

"If you want to go, I'll take you."

"Stay out of this."

"I won't! I already told you that from now on, I'll take care of you. If you want to go, I'll take you. Go in your pajamas like that... Ongsa, go back to bed. Let me handle this."

Ongsa nodded in understanding and went back to his room. Get put her hands in her pants pockets and led me to the beautiful sports car, glancing at me periodically.

"It's probably best to go with me. At least I know that your condition is the result of this wish. I can handle it. Ongsa doesn't know anything. He doesn't know that if something unexpected happens, it's because you cursed Miriam, not because of her true nature."

"Yes."

I nodded. Get's reasoning made sense, so I reluctantly got in the car and let her drive to the condominium where Miriam lived. I didn't really know why I came, because I still wouldn't find or see anything other than tall buildings. The residents were inside, but still... I didn't find her; just seeing the roof of her house was enough.

"Are you satisfied now? You saw the gate of the condominium."

"Yes, I'm satisfied... Oh! There's a motorcycle!"

I pointed to the exit of the condominium because I recognized the vehicle well. Get narrowed her eyes and stepped back.

"Your girlfriend rides a motorcycle? Where is she going... and at this hour?"

"Probably going out to a party with friends. Follow her!"

I insisted, feeling that coming here wasn't a waste. Get reluctantly followed, mumbling complaints the whole way until we reached a restaurant with live music.

"Don't tell me we're going in like this. Look at me! I'm in a T-shirt and pajamas! No way!"

"Yeah, we don't have to go in. I just wanted to take a look."

"You're crazy! But I can understand. You've never been normal since you were born."

Get leaned back in her chair, crossing her arms and looking at me.

"What's love like?"

"Huh?"

"It hurts a lot, doesn't it?"

My little sister asked, trying to make conversation. I nodded and laughed.

"I didn't understand before when you were heartbroken by your first boyfriend in elementary school, but now I do. No matter how old you are, love is scary."

"I understand how intense your feelings are right now, but what you need to control is your sanity."

"Can someone who has attempted suicide really give advice?"

"Because I've been through it, I dare to teach. But I never wanted to die for love. If you don't want to lose, don't even think about wanting to die just because you're heartbroken. Dying of old age is much more dignified."

"Death is just death; no matter how it happens."

I looked at the restaurant Miriam had entered.

"But then again... not having Miriam really makes me not want to live anymore. Life seems meaningless without her."

"Do you think that only Miriam loves you in this world? If Mom heard that, she would cry herself to death."

When my sister said that, I shuddered as if I had forgotten that there is not only one kind of love in this world. My mother... the one who loves me the most, but I ignored it.

"Besides Mom, there's also Dad."

That's true...

"And then there's me... Yuck!"

My little sister made a face as if she had seen a ghost and stuck out her tongue, as if she had dog hair in her mouth.

"I can't do this! I really can't talk to you like this!"

"I know you love me. Ugh! Yeah... I really can't say that..."

Knock, knock.

The sound of someone knocking on the car window interrupted our conversation, and as soon as I rolled down the window, I see that it's Miriam staring at me.

"So, what's it going to be? Are you going to leave or not? You got caught."

Get asked me, seeking my opinion. Given the situation, it seems hard to avoid her now.

"Hmm, I guess I have to leave."

I opened the door and faced Miriam, who dressed casually. The sweet-faced girl glared at me with annoyance while my sister stood on the other side of the car.

"Hi."

"Are you following me? Don't you understand what 'hate' means? I thought we two were going our separate ways."

"Hey, what are you talking about, Mi?"

Oa and Jubjang, who are nearby, run to stop their friend, but I just waved them off.

"It's okay... I just wanted to see you."

I answered honestly, which made Miriam laugh in her throat.

"Acting like a psychopath, huh? Trying to piss me off, are you?"

"No."

"But it seems like you've already pissed me off."

Without me noticing, the cold beer Miriam had brought was slowly poured over my head in front of everyone. I could only accept the wetness mixed with the stench of the beer, fully aware of why this happened. However, Miriam's unsuspecting friends rushed to stop her and immediately snatched the beer bottle away.

"What the hell are you doing? You're not even drunk; there's no need to be so violent! Why are you guys fighting?"

"I just hate her. We're not fighting. Oh, just like me! I just hate her!"

Splash!

Then, water from a large bucket filled with fishy stench and waste was thrown at Miriam, splashing her and hitting her friends, all thanks to Get,

who couldn't contain herself any longer. I wasn't sure where my sister had gotten it from, but it made Miriam show her teeth while Get smiled coldly.

"We're not fighting."

"I'm going to kill you!"

Yeah, if I die today, I'll get revenge on you for messing with my sister, you crazy person!

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☀️34. Happiness and Suffering☀️

As the little girl looked at the stinking, foul-smelling water in disgust, my twin sister ran towards her and slapped Miriam hard, causing the little girl stumbling to the ground.

“I don’t care what curse or bad luck you have. You can’t treat someone who looks like me like that. Ouch! Did you punch me, you freak? Do you know how much that face costs? Argh!”

Without saying much, Miriam swung her fist and landed a punch on Get’s chin. She then took the chance to turn Get around, straddling her and holding her neck in frustration. The self-defense skills she had learned seemed almost useless in this chaotic fight, random movements seemed to work better than any practiced sequence.

“If you stick your nose where it doesn’t belong, people will fight! Since you want to get involved so badly, I’ll give you a taste!”

Miriam didn’t just strangle Get; She grabbed a handful of dirt nearby and threw it at Get’s face, making her cough and choke. By this time, the people in the store had come out to witness the chaotic scene of two women slapping and insulting each other.

My friends and I were shocked, frozen at first, but when we regained our senses, we rushed to separate them. However, it seemed almost impossible, stopping people so angry was like trying to restrain wild animals in heat.

"I’m going to kill you!"

"As if I would let you kill me without a fight!"

Miriam raises her leg to kick, but her friends pulled her back. Get tried to attack, but I held her back, slapping her hard on the back.

"Ouch! Why are you hitting me?"

"Control yourself! You know why Miriam acted like this."

"After everything she did to me, you're still defending her? Ouch!"

This time, a rock from Miriam's hand flew and hit Get right in the forehead with a loud crack. Blood begin to slowly flow from the impact site, and it's clear that the skin had been broken.

"Serves you right!"

"She did all this to me, and you still won't let me go after her? I'll kill her!"

"Enough!"

I pushed Get aside and went straight to Miriam, slapping her across the face hard enough to turn heads. Miriam's head snapped to the side in shock, and she stared at me with wide eyes.

"Did you slapped me?"

"Consider this even for the slap you gave Get. I apologize for causing trouble... From now on, you won't see me anymore. We'll go our separate ways."

"..."

"May you and I find happiness."

I speak painfully because the feeling inside me far from anything close to happiness, it's something I couldn't even measure. I looked at Oa and Jupjang, giving them a weak, empty smile.

"Sorry for ruining the party. We're leaving."

I turned and walked toward my sister, who is standing there pouting, holding her forehead as we prepared to get in the car. But as soon as I opened the door, Miriam called after me, unwilling to let it go.

"I won't let you be happy!"

Her words didn't make me respond. I just got in the car and Get drove away. I spent the entire drive sobbing uncontrollably, feeling helpless and like my heart was going to break.

"I slapped her."

I mumbled, looking down at my hand as Get drove us to the hospital, pressing her own wound.

"Great, you got your revenge on me! If you hadn't slapped her, I would have hit her in the face with a brick."

"Mi must have been in a lot of pain."

"Wow! All she got was a slap; I have a head injury!"

Hiccup...

"For God's sake, pull yourself together! Stop acting so pitiful, it hurts to see someone who looks like me cry. You're driving me crazy too."

"What do I do, Get? I don't know what else to do. I love that girl so much that I'm going crazy."

"I love you so much that I'm going crazy too. Before you think about how much you love someone else, consider that others love you just as much as you do. You idiot!"

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My sister and I drove to the hospital, only to find that the noisy brat had needed five stitches, drawing curious glances from the late-night crowd.

Some might have imagined worse scenarios if they didn't know the truth. Thankfully, it was just a head injury. If we had shown up perfectly fine, people might have assumed it was some celebrity pregnancy reveal.

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As soon as we got home, Mom nearly screamed when she saw the injury, and I still smelled of beer. Before I could explain, my younger twin sister took the opportunity to tell me everything with the utmost disdain for Miriam.

"Mom, she's horrible! She poured beer on Got's head and then threw a rock at mine! If I had a gun, I would have shot her!"

"She's trouble. I knew that girl would cause trouble eventually, and she did. If she is not disciplined..."

"Anyone who dares to hurt Miriam will face misfortune."

As I muttered this curse, Mom and my sister stared at me, stunned as if they had seen a ghost. Mom especially took a deep breath, looking like she was about to cry.

"What did you just say?"

"A curse."

"Understood! What did you just say?"

"I mean that anyone who hurts Miriam will suffer. That means...anyone who seeks revenge, schemes evil, or has ill intentions against her will face consequences. And if it works...I will die with her."

I stand up, unmoved by their reactions.

"The way she has become, it is because my wish. I asked her to hate everything about me. Mom, Get...please understand, that is not who she really is."

"So protecting you means nothing to you? Even after all this, you defend her more than the sister who just got five stitches?"

"If I die, you can have everything I have."

"..."

"Does that balance things out?"

"Got it!"

Thud!

The force of Get's slap on my back made me cough a little. I turned to face her; her eyes filled with tears, and she raises her hand as if to slap me again.

"Do you think I want your money so much? Is your life worth so little to you? What kind of person do you think I am!"

"Get..."

"You idiot... sobbing."

My twin pulled me into a tight hug.

"Don't talk about dying again, okay? I won't get mad anymore, and I don't need anything from you."

"..."

"You're not going to die, are you?"

We didn't usually show affection like this, so it was a little awkward. But since Get made the first move, I used my free arm to hug her back, gently rubbing her shoulder.

"Everyone dies sooner or later. If you don't want to, don't hurt Miriam. And for the pain you've been through... I'm sorry for what she did."

"Geez! Now I can't do anything to her, can I?"

Get let go and stomped her foot in frustration. Mom stood there, holding her head in her hands, unable to do anything after my words were said.

"Mom, please understand... Miriam is my happiness. The way she is now, it's because of me."

"I understand."

"Do you really understand?"

"What can I do if I don't? I can't do anything."

Mom sit on the couch, rubbing her temples.

"From now on, we'll stay separated from her. No one will meddle in each other's lives, and Got, you must promise not to interfere either."

I didn't reply because I knew I couldn't keep my promise. Even if I stayed away, I would still secretly check on her because the curse only made me yearn for Miriam more, day and night.

Even now... I still think about her, wondering what she's doing at this hour...

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Today marked the second day home. Every night, the bed felt so spacious, even though I had always slept alone. Miriam had gotten me used to her presence, creating a habit I couldn't shake, and the curse only intensified my desire.

I'm crying now... because of how much I missed her.

Surrounded by pillows, I still felt no closer to filling the void she left. That small body of hers had a warm scent I could never get enough of, and her

random sleeping positions made rearranging her fun instead of annoying. But now... all of that was gone.

"I miss you... what should I do?"

Buzzing...

The vibration of my phone on the bed startled me. When I saw who was calling, my heart nearly jumped out of my chest. Taking a deep breath, I answered, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Hello? What's wrong? Calling so late."

[Have you slept yet?]

Miriam's slightly nasal voice had a teasing tone, which oddly comforted me more than it hurt. Honestly, I liked every little thing about her.

"I'm already asleep."

I lied... but saying I wasn't asleep might have seemed odd, since it was two in the morning. I wanted to ask her why she was still awake, but then I remembered that she might have just come back from a party.

[I'm bothering you, aren't I?]

"..."

[Fine. From now on, I'll bother you every night. So you want to live in silence, minding your own business? No way. Your misery is my happiness. Remember that! Bleh!]

And then she hung up, leaving me stunned. What shocked me wasn't the fact that she had called to bother me. It was that adorable little "Bleh!" at the end.

How could I possibly be mad at you?

I raised my hand to cover my mouth as I lay down, laughing and smiling at the phone after I hung up, feeling a little like a lunatic. Even though she had called just to annoy me, I thought it was adorable. You're so cute.

I think I'll have sweet dreams tonight.

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"God, come see what your girlfriend did!"

I had just finished taking a shower and getting ready to go downstairs for breakfast when I heard Get's loud voice. My younger twin sister dragged me outside to show off her new sports car with a furious face. The car reeked of fish sauce and had scratches all over it. I looked at my sister's car, feeling a little confused.

"What does this have to do with Mi?"

"The CCTV footage,"

Mom said from behind, her tone calm but clearly angry.

"Someone broke into the house. Small body and long hair, it can only be one person."

"Someone broke in here? Impressive."

I laughed, thinking about last night, my heart racing. So she was already in my yard when she called, just wanting to tease me in her mischievous way.

"What do you mean by impressive? She destroyed someone else's property!"

"If it smells like fish sauce, just wash it off. Why are you so angry?"

"How could I not? This car is new, it cost millions."

"If it's a big problem, just buy a new one."

"God! Don't act like everything is so easy. This is about feelings."

Mom started scolding me too, noticing how unfazed I was.

"I'm sorry on Mi's behalf, Get. I'm sorry, Mom. But I admit that her still being around really makes me feel good."

"She spilled fish sauce today, what if she sets the house on fire next time!"

Get imagined the worst-case scenario, which wasn't entirely impossible given the hatred I had aroused.

"I should move out."

"What?!"

Both Get and Mom looked at me as if they couldn't believe what they were hearing.

"For everyone's safety."

"It's okay,"

Mom quickly chimed in, fearing that I might actually leave. She acted as if the fish sauce on Get's eight million baht sports car was a minor issue.

"Just wash the car and leave it alone. No need to make a fuss."

"Mom!"

Get stomped her foot and walked into the house, while Mom just shook her head helplessly and went inside as well. Ongsa, who was standing at a distance, saw his chance and approached without saying a word, prompting me to ask first.

"Is there something you want to say?"

"You look happy."

"I guess I am."

Being hated hurts, but having nothing to do with Miriam is even more painful. I looked around, wondering what else this little troublemaker could possibly want next.

"Besides the car, what else do you think she would do?"

"She can spray paint the wall, keep pestering you... I got that idea from TV shows."

"Oh, I see."

I nodded in understanding.

"I think I'll go out more often for a while."

"Why, afraid she'll destroy the house?"

"No, I just want her to show up and mess with me... Oh, wait, be quiet."

I picked up my phone to call the little troublemaker who was turning my house upside down. As soon as she answered, I took on an irritated tone, although inside I was thrilled to hear Miriam's voice.

[What do you want? Why are you calling so early?]

"You're such a pain, breaking into someone else's house just to throw fish sauce on a car and cause trouble."

[Don't accuse me! I don't understand anything, silly.]

I almost started laughing at her sassy tone, but I managed to keep my cool.

"I won't let you mess with me so easily. You spilled fish sauce, so what? I'll wash it off. Even if you burn my house down, I'll rebuild it. But... to make things difficult for you, I won't be home. Today, I'll go out, go shopping,

have lunch, date other guys. Do you want to see me unhappy? What a shame!"

[...]

"I'm sorry you didn't make me suffer as much as you expected. Breaking up with you was honestly the best thing."

[Don't pretend to be happy.]

"I'm really happy, hahaha... I just called to tell you that, you... idiot."

[Don't call me an idiot!]

"Whoever hangs up first wins."

[Bleh!]

Then Miriam quickly hung up, genuinely wanting to win. As soon as the call ended, I laughed at her childish hatred, as if she were three years old. I could feel it through the phone. Ongsa, who had been watching me laugh all this time, put her hand on my shoulder and patted it gently.

"Even in your laughter... there's sadness."

Realizing I'd been caught, my laughter turned into sobs, tears streaming down my face. Now I was laughing and crying, feeling completely confused.

"I love her. I'm glad she's still around, but it hurts to be hated."

"Do you want a hug?"

"Really?"

The big guy opened his arms and I stepped in, crying into his chest, seeking comfort.

"Hic... hic..."

"Being you really isn't easy, God."

"It's been hard since the day I was born."

My life...has never been easy. Not even in love.

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35. Hate?

"Your date... is me, right?"

Ongsa looked at me, looking a little exasperated, as he sit down across from me and opened the menu.

"Today, I'm going to order a feast."

"Go ahead, since I'm rich."

"Can I hate you? Just because you're unbearable?"

"That's right... Ow! Did you just kick me?"

Ongsa kicked my leg under the table. I bared my teeth at him a little before laughing and opening the menu with interest. This was an Italian restaurant in the heart of the city, a place I rarely visited because I hate traffic. But today, I went out of my way just to see Miriam.

"Will your girlfriend be able to find this place?"

"Of course. I've already checked your Facebook."

"Do you really hate each other? What kind of person hates someone but keeps following them?"

"Right?"

I laughed, thinking about my own curse." When people hate each other, they usually want to avoid each other. But with Miriam, it was the opposite, she kept butting into my life, as if she couldn't stand to see me happy.

"And you think eating with me will convince Miriam that you're on a date? That girl knows me and knows that I'm a family friend."

"Miriam used to be jealous of you, actually."

I raised my hand to call the waiter, pointed out my order, and then went back to our conversation.

"She said that men and women can't just be friends."

"Uh-huh."

"By the way... have you ever thought about liking me?"

"I have."

This time, Ongsa called the waiter to take his order. I looked at him, surprised by his honesty.

"Really? You've never shown interest."

"I've liked you for a long time, but something told me that we were better as friends. I don't like feeling inferior."

"Inferior?"

"Everyone is equal, of course, but people have their own value. You were born with everything... Oh, don't be modest; it's annoying."

I was about to protest, but I closed my mouth, showing my teeth again. Ongsa knew me too well to stop and let me complain.

"You're beautiful, you have money that will last a lifetime; everything about you is almost absurdly perfect. Even the guys who like you don't seem worthy. That's what I mean by 'inferior'."

"..."

"If I fell in love with you and let myself be completely in love, I'd only end up feeling pathetic. Besides, the way you look at guys who approach you is like looking at trash."

"Impressive."

"Good thing I don't like feeling like trash, so being your friend suits me better. Besides, it's more fun to watch you act like trash."

I picked up a bread knife, pretending to throw it, but Ongsa didn't hesitate, he knew I wouldn't do that. Making fun of me was his specialty, and I had to admit, he nailed it.

Now, I was really acting like trash, in love with Miriam to the point of doing something stupid like trying to lure her out, even though I knew she despised me.

Soon, the food we ordered was served. We talked about various topics while we ate, but I kept looking left and right, half-expecting Miriam to walk in. A while later, a waiter ran towards our table, visibly worried.

"Is that your black van with the license plate 7K 1xxx?"

"Yes." Ongsa replied.

Your car's tires have all been slashed and the alarm won't stop.

"Brilliant!"

I laughed, knowing exactly who was responsible. Ongsa looked at me and shake his head.

"Thank you."

He shrugged, looking at me with a blank expression.

"Only you would think she's cute after that."

"She is cute. I'll wait here; Miriam will come in. You go take a look at the car."

"Can you take care of yourself?"

"Of course, Miriam is my girlfriend."

"That's exactly why I'm worried."

Despite her hesitation, Ongsa went to check on the car, leaving me waiting at the table until Miriam showed up. But nothing happened, leaving me a little disappointed.

Why didn't she show up...?

Still, I believed she was watching me from somewhere, maybe even planning her next move. It was okay. I could wait. I was good at waiting, no matter where she was...

But wait...what am I doing here? This looks like a restaurant.

I looked around, trying to figure out why I was here, where in the world this place was. I had so many questions right now, like...

Who am I?

Why am I here?

As I tried to process everything, my hard-working hand felt the phone on the table. I picked it up, and on the screen were words, as if they had been written just for me, carefully prepared in advance.

'If you forget anything, call me at 062-xxxx. I'm Miriam, your girlfriend.'

Girlfriend?

Thank goodness I didn't rush and decided to check my phone first. When I saw the message, I dialed the number and waited for someone to answer. A husky voice on the other end made me frown in mild surprise.

(What? Are you upset now?)

"Upset about what? By the way... are you Miriam, my girlfriend?"

I asked, feeling unsure due to the hostile tone. The person on the other end seemed to pause for a moment, then answered in a slightly softer tone.

(Did you really forget everything again?)

"Yes."

(Wow...)

Soon, the person I was talking to appeared next to my desk, holding up her phone to show me that it was her I was talking to. A petite, sweet-looking woman with long hair falling over her shoulders, tied loosely in waves, gave me a sugary smile.

"It's a good thing you forgot and called me. If you had gotten lost, that would have been a problem."

"So, are you Miriam? My girlfriend is... a woman?"

"Yes. Come on... I'll take you home. It's dangerous to be here alone, especially when you're as pretty as you are."

The sweet-faced girl extended her hand to me invitingly. I took it easily and followed her outside.

"Walk faster."

"Huh?"

"Before anyone sees us."

"Who would see?"

Her hurried manner made it seem like she was nervous about something. Soon, we reached a motorcycle that looked almost too big for its rider.

Miriam handed me a half helmet and told me to get on.

"Hurry up, it's hot. I'll take you somewhere."

"Take me where?"

"Stop asking questions and get on!"

"Um..."

I jumped on the bike and held tightly to her waist. Soon we were on the road, Miriam weaving through traffic at a speed that made my stomach churn with a strange fear of death. After about twenty minutes, we reached a secluded spot where she parked on the side of the road, next to a cluster of old, abandoned spiritual shrines, and ordered me to get off.

"It's here."

"Where are we?"

"Your home."

As I looked around, trying to make sense of it, my phone ring, displaying Ongsa's name. It had been ringing since we were on the bike, but I was too afraid to answer it and risk dropping it. When I reached to answer it, Miriam snatched it from my hand.

"Give it here."

"Someone's calling."

"You don't have to answer it. Phone signals are bad for the brain, especially for someone as stupid as you. Wait here."

"Huh? What about you?"

"I'm done here."

Without another word, she sped off, not even looking back, leaving me on the deserted road with nothing but abandoned spiritual shrines and wild grasses. It was a desolate place with hardly any cars passing by. I wasn't even sure how long it would take to reach people or a main road if I walked.

But even if I found my way, where would I go? Miriam, my girlfriend, told me to wait here.

Not knowing what else to do and with the sun beating down, I sit in the shade of a large tree near one of the shrines, scanning the area for any sign of people. But it seemed hopeless. Still, Miriam had told me to wait, so wait I would.

As I idly scratched patterns in the dirt with a twig, the sound of a car approaching made me look up. I waved my arms, hoping it was someone who might recognize me, maybe Miriam had sent someone to pick me up. The car, a small Japanese sedan, slowed down, and the driver rolled down the window with a curious expression.

"What are you doing here? Are you waiting for someone?"

"Yes, I am... but I don't know who."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, someone dropped me off here and told me someone else would come get me, but no one showed..."

"I'm here."

The voice behind me startled me, and I turned to see Miriam standing there with her arms crossed. She leaned over to speak to the driver.

"Sorry to bother you. I'm taking my girlfriend home."

"Oh... okay."

The car window rolled up, and the driver drove away. I looked at Miriam, a little nervous at her sudden appearance.

"When did you get here?"

"I'm tired of messing with you. Let's go home; it's hot."

"Are you messing with me?"

"It's no fun. Why didn't you cry or make a fuss?"

Miriam started walking toward her motorcycle parked further away. As I watched her retreating figure, memories slowly come flooding back.

She's Miriam, the girl who hates me.

This little, mischievous person who left me here is Miriam, my girlfriend... how annoying!

I chuckled as everything came back to me and I felt the urge to laugh. Even though

she hates me because of my curse, she doesn't seem to be really evil. She just wants to mess with me, not actually hurt me. Even though she tried to make me suffer, she made sure I wasn't in danger, watching me from afar.

She hates me, but she cares... How adorable.

"Why are you smiling?"

"Nothing. So, where are we going now?"

"Let's go home. It's going to rain soon, and today wasn't fun at all,"

Miriam said, handing me a helmet.

"That Ongsa guy has called you a hundred times already. Serves you right! By now, he's probably worried sick about you. Weren't you saying you weren't dating? How can you go out with him?"

"But can't I date Ongsa?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"We're not broken up yet."

"But you hate me."

"Okay, I hate you, but we're still together. So you belong to me. Remember that... Now, get on! Talking so much makes you thirsty. Are you hungry?"

"Hungry."

"Then let's stop at the mini-mart to get some drinks. Hold on tight; I'll drive fast, or you'll fall."

Miriam started the bike and sped off. I hadn't prepared in time, so I had to hold her waist tightly, feeling how much thinner she had gotten.

"You've lost weight."

"Eating only two meals a day... no one makes me breakfast anymore."

"Missing me, huh?"

"Ugh! I hate you! Did you forget? Stop talking! I'm thirsty. Hold on tight!"

I rested my head on Miriam's shoulder, taking the chance to close my eyes and rest because I was exhausted. Our relationship was so strange now, one person hated the other fiercely, but still worried, not wanting the person she hated to get hurt. The other loved me deeply, but was anxious about the possibility of causing harm to her beloved.

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"Got... Got!"

Slap!

Gasp!

I woke up suddenly, my chest aching. I found myself lying on the warm floor, looking up at a gradually blue sky, with Miriam straddling me. Her small body was shaking, tears streaming down her cheeks, and her red, swollen lips suggested she had just performed CPR on me, looking completely panicked.

"Hey!"

Miriam pulled me into a hug amidst the curious gazes of the onlookers. As I looked around, I realized we were in front of the apartment we lived in, which confused me, since she hadn't taken me home like she had initially said.

"Don't you dare die on me!"

"What...?"

"You can only die if I kill you! Don't you dare die!"

She let go of me, grabbing the collar of my shirt.

"From now on, you will stay with me. I will be the one to wake you up!"

"..."

"Ugh, I don't understand myself! I hate you so much, but I don't want you to die. What did you do to me?"

"..."

"What did you do?!"

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36. Last Wish

"Don't worry. I'm safe. I'm with Mi at the condominium now."

[Shouldn't I be more worried about being with her? Why didn't you answer all those calls? I thought you lost your memory again! Are you trying to drive me crazy?]

Ongsa's frantic voice sounded on the speakerphone. I chuckled softly before calmly answering, knowing he was just worried.

"I'm not home yet. But at least you can hear my voice, okay? If there's anything, just call me back."

(Come home right now!)

"Just wait a minute."

[God!]

I quickly hung up, laughing at his serious tone without realizing that Miriam had been listening to my conversation for a while. She interrupted, sounding a little mocking.

"You're all smiles, talking and laughing, but you claim you're not together."

"We really aren't together, or if you want us to be, I guess it's okay. We went on a date today, but you ruined my perfect day before,"

I teased, teasing the little girl who was sitting there with her arms crossed, pouting at me.

"Which part is true and which part isn't? You say you're not together, then you say you went on a date."

"No matter what I say, you won't believe me."

"How can you go on a date if we're not broken up yet?"

"You hate me, but you don't want to break up. How am I supposed to feel about this?"

"You should feel angry and cry! I want to see you cry!"

Miriam stand up, confronting me.

"Aren't you angry?"

"About what?"

"About how I left you on the side of the road! You didn't even yell at me."

"Well, you came before I could feel sad. Honestly, you should have let me get in the car with a stranger."

"I can't! What if they did something to you?"

"You'd be satisfied, right?"

"The only person who can hurt you in this world is me! Remember that!"

I looked at my beloved with affection. It was a hatred that seemed more like possessiveness and concern than anger, making it hard to stay mad at her words. Miriam, seeing that I remained silent and kept smiling, begin to get frustrated.

"What's with that smile?"

"Nothing. I just don't know what to say, so I smile. By the way, how long are you going to keep me locked up?"

"I'm not sure. I don't have any plans... what if you suddenly fall asleep and don't wake up? At least with me around, you won't die."

"If I die, would you be sad?"

"No."

"Then let me die! Otherwise, why would I curse you to hate me?"

"It's the same thing!"

Miriam immediately raises her voice, pacing back and forth like a caged rat.

"Because your curse makes me hate you so much that it drives me crazy, but I don't want you to die! I can't stand the thought of you feeling pain! What kind of twisted feeling is that?"

"..."

"If you're going to compete, why not compete with yourself? Compete to make me like this. Do you know how tormenting it is? I can't be myself!"

The little girl screamed, her frustration so real that I started to feel sorry for her. The root of it was that I didn't want Miriam to suffer when I left. It was easier for her to hate me than to accept the pain of my departure.

That way, she wouldn't have to be sad, or she might even die like she said. But the result only made everything more confusing. The little girl hated me, but she refused to distance herself like someone who truly hated someone else.

"Would it be better if I died?"

"If you're going to die, go die somewhere else."

"Then let me go!"

"But I want to be with you!"

"That means you don't hate me enough."

I looked into the little girl's eyes and stepped closer.

"If I make you even angrier, will it be strong enough to make you hate and despise me even more?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Do this..."

Smack!

I swung my hand to slap Miriam, just like the first time I cursed her. The little girl's head snapped to the side from the force of the slap, and she turned to stare at me with wide eyes.

"It seems to be working. I making you hate me..."

Smack!

I slapped her again, provoking Miriam even more. This time, she grabbed my neck with both hands and pushed me onto the bed, straddling me angrily.

"I'm going to kill you!"

This was exactly how it was supposed to be... the more she hated me, the less pain she would feel when I was gone. I didn't want her to feel any wounds from my departure from this world.

"Ouch!"

Miriam's grip tightened around my throat until I could barely breathe, but I couldn't resist. Instead, I gently caressed her soft cheek, remembering how I once jokingly said that it looked like a butt.

"I... love you."

"..."

The hand that was choking me slowly released. Miriam's gaze, which was fixed on me, was filled with confusion, not knowing how to feel. From the initial anger, the little girl bent down and kissed me fiercely, catching me off guard and biting my lip until I tasted blood.

"What are you doing?"

"I don't know... I don't know anything anymore!"

Then my clothes were discarded by the person who is straddling me. Miriam lunged towards me and began to bury her mouth in me. I just stand there motionless, not knowing how to respond to the situation. If I consented, Miriam could stop, but if I pretended to resist...

What if I resisted?

"No!"

I raised my hand to push her away, which only provoked the little girl to react violently, using force to make me obey. In truth, I didn't want to resist; I just wanted to satisfy the little girl's deep, raw desires that were obscured by my curse, and I had to make it look perfect.

Miriam shouldn't feel bad...it's okay, I can handle it.

My clothes were ripped off until nothing was left, while Miriam continued to act on her desires and wanted me to get mad, hate her, push her away, or do anything to show that I didn't like it.

"Enough, Miriam! Don't force it!"

Miriam's fingers slid into my body, causing a sharp pain that almost made me scream. My grimace made Miriam bite her lip in confusion, unsure whether to continue for her own satisfaction or stop.

"What the hell am I doing? Why am I doing this to you?"

My curse made the little girl start to feel confused, and to prevent Miriam from stopping midway and feeling guilty later, I had to play the role even more convincingly. "I hate you!"

The provocation that came out of my mouth made Miriam even more determined to win. The little girl jumped on me and grabbed my hair.

"End this."

"..."

"Mmm..."

The little girl tilted her head back and pressed her body against my lips as if she couldn't contain herself. As for me, who had never experienced such heat and strength, it seemed like the primal instinct inside me had awakened, causing me to respond with even more intensity.

Miriam's body shuddered and she fell to the side. I took the opportunity to align my body with her sensitive parts and fulfill my own desires, not knowing if I would ever have the chance to do so again.

Just once...

Let me finish with you, because this might be the last time.

"Miriam...haah..."

"God...I can't take it anymore. I'm done..."

Miriam gripped the sheets, but didn't pull away. The pronoun she used seemed to slip from her mind as she moaned like she was about to die.

"Just a little longer."

"Mmm."

"I love you."

"I hate you."

"I love you."

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Then everything shattered inside my feelings. Our surroundings were soaked, and Miriam's body shook again and again as she buried her face in the bed and fell asleep. I could only watch her and then I jumped, pulling the little girl into my embrace and crying.

"I love you, no matter if you love me or hate me."

I remember saying that exactly before I fell asleep...

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I woke with a start, as if I had heard something in the kitchen fall to the floor. When I moved in bed, I found the side next to me empty.

"Miriam."

I called out to the little girl softly before using my available hand to search for my clothes and quickly put them on. As I walked towards the sound that startled me, I was shocked to find Miriam holding a knife tightly, with blood dripping onto the floor.

"Miriam, what are you doing?!"

"I am disgusted with myself."

At first, Miriam was gripping the blade tightly, making her hand bleed, but then she slowly changed her grip to hold the handle and turned the sharp point towards her neck.

"No, Miriam! Don't hurt yourself! If you're going to do this, do it to me!"

"I hate you."

"I know. If you hate me, then do it to me! Please don't do this."

I started to cry, overcome with fear, but as I approached, Miriam took a step back and shook her head.

"I can't kill you. I don't know why, but I can't. But I also can't stand being disgusted with myself... Just now, I was with you and I groaned in a disgusting voice. I hate feeling pleasure..."

Then the sharp tip slowly pressed against Miriam's neck, making some blood flow.

"If I have to live with these confusing feelings, I'd rather die."

"Miriam... please don't do this. Do it to me. Huhuhu."

I started to cry, but Miriam kept shaking her head in confusion.

"I want to see you in pain, but when you cry, it breaks my heart..."

Miriam raises a hand to her head.

"What's happening to me right now is indescribable. I liked being intimate with you like this, but I also feel disgusted. It feels like I'm mating with an animal! I can't... I can't bear this feeling anymore."

Miriam's expression and gaze were serious enough to make me start to fear. Someone like Miriam, if she decided to do something, it meant she would really do it, and I wouldn't be able to bear it. If death was the only option that could save the little girl, then I, who would have to leave soon anyway, would rather sacrifice myself.

"I can't stand to see you like this anymore."

I climbed up onto the balcony and looked at Miriam, who still holding the knife tightly. The look in the little girl's eyes full of confusion, whether she should run to stop me or ask me to jump faster.

"In this relationship, you don't have the right to decide. If I want you to stay, you have to stay. If I want you to die, then you can die!"

"Let me win just once. Without me, you will be happier."

"Come down right now! I won't let you win!"

Miriam dropped the knife and run towards me in tears. The feelings in the little girl's mind are filled with confusion, a mixture of love and hate clashing to the point that she wanted to scream.

"My last blessing... I will give it to you."

"..."

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

"Shut up!"

"I order you to forget me."

"No! Don't jump!"

"I wish for you to find true love."

With that, I let myself fall backwards from the balcony because I didn't want to know when I would disappear with the impact on the ground.

However, something beyond my expectations happened when Miriam jumped behind me, fearless, and caught me in the air.

"I will not accept your blessing!"

□□□□□

37. Even for a second

Sigh!

I woke up with a start after feeling like I had fallen from a great height, only to find myself lying in a heap on the floor next to my bed, surrounded by my blanket, pillow, and all the things I had accidentally swept off the nightstand.

"Got!"

Mommy's voice was the first thing I heard as she ran into my room, closely followed by Get, both of them looking shocked to see me spread out on the floor like that.

"What's with those faces? It's like you've never seen me before... Oh! Why can't I move my legs?"

"You probably don't have the strength."

Get answered with a shaky voice, coming to help me up and calling out to Mommy.

"Mom, give me a hand. Got's arms and legs are totally weak."

"How did you know there's no strength?"

"Well, you've been sleeping for a month. It's like being paralyzed."

"Huh? Sleeping for a whole month? What happened?"

"You drowned. Don't you remember anything?"

Mom and Get looked at me, puzzled. I tried to remember what had happened that day, but my head started to hurt and I shook it.

"No memory. I just woke up feeling dizzy when you told me I had been asleep for a month. Can anyone sleep that long?"

"Maybe you were underwater for too long. How would I know? But it's good that you're awake now. Mom cried every day,"

Get said, looking at Mom, who is crying now. She throw her arms around me, pulling me close and patting my head gently.

"Be well, my dear."

"Shouldn't I be telling you this, Mom?"

I hugged her and smiled, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was still lingering in the back of my mind.

Drowned? That sounds familiar, but I can't quite remember. How did I end up drowning? I'll find out when I get my head together...

.

.

Ever since I woke up, Mom has been serving me nutritious meals as if she was trying to fatten me up like a bear. Every day, a physical therapist comes in to help my arms and legs regain their strength so I can move normally. Everyone seems so happy to see me awake, but whenever I ask what happened, they all act like they don't know anything, which is oddly frustrating.

Why?

Even though something serious clearly happened to me, all they know is that I drowned. No one has any answers—no history, no explanation. No one can tell me what really happened.

"Did I drown on my own?"

Get, who is usually the most straightforward, seemed uncertain.

"I think so. They said the security guard at the condo heard something like... a splash."

"A splash?"

I echoed, feeling like I sounded a little weird.

"Was I... moaning or something?"

"You idiot! A splash, like something fell and made a big splash in the water!"

"Oh."

"You probably fell from somewhere really high... They thought you tried to kill yourself."

"What?"

"Yeah. Mom doesn't want to talk about it. She was terrified that you would jump out of the apartment. It's a miracle you survived because there was a pool below. But... what were you doing in that apartment? It's not your house, is it? Or was it a boyfriend's house?"

"No way! How would I have a boyfriend? I barely go out."

"Or maybe you bought an apartment secretly."

"How would that work? Mom handles all the finances. She would know if I bought or sold anything."

"Okay. So what were you doing in that apartment? If it wasn't your house or someone you knew, how did you get past security and get to the rooftop?"

"Good question."

I tried to remember, but I couldn't. Get shook her head, confused. I looked at my twin sister and asked her directly about what I had done.

"Why would I want to kill myself?"

"Maybe you were depressed... By the way, is there anything else unusual about your body?"

"Abnormal?"

I examined my body before realizing.

"Actually... yes. I can see it."

"Huh?"

"I can hear perfectly in both ears too."

"No wonder you're moving your arms... Hey, that's your body. How come you don't notice these things?"

"I'm still confused. Why did everything suddenly go back to normal? And can I still bless or curse people?"

Thump, thump...

My heartbeat echoed loudly in my chest, filled with excitement at what had happened. Waking up this time was like being reborn.

My blind eye could see, my deaf ear could hear, and my left arm moved as if nothing had happened. The only thing missing was a piece of my memories.

"What did I lose in that forgotten memory?"

"If you're curious, try using it."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely not."

Mom interrupted in the midst of our conversation, instantly halting our little experiment. The moment she heard I wanted to try, she rushed to stop us.

"I was just saying, I didn't really mean it. But Mom, aren't you curious to know if I still have those divine powers? I mean, I woke up with my arm, eye, and ear working again. Maybe that power is gone too. It seems like..."

"It seems like..."

Mom looked at Get, anxiously waiting for her to finish her sentence. I, guessing what my twin was thinking, answered in her place.

"Reborn."

"Typical twins. You think the same way... Yes, it seems like you've been reborn, which makes me wonder if that divine power is still there."

"Don't get any ideas. We're not taking any risks. Things are fine as they are. The same rules still apply: no bad thoughts, no foul language, no blessing anyone, and no wishing others well. Stay where you are and don't go anywhere."

"..."

"And no falling in love."

I hesitated, feeling something linger in my heart, but I couldn't figure out what it was.

"Understood, Got?"

Mom's tone was firm, and I could only nod.

"Have I ever disobeyed you, Mom?"

"Good. Stay safe, be strong, and live a normal life. Don't scare me like that again."

"Even if I'm reborn, I'll still live a boring life, huh? So sad."

Get shrugged, laughing wryly as she walked away in her usual style, leaving me feeling somewhat irritated and trapped.

Reborn, but still so boring.

More than two weeks had passed, and I was still confined to the house, slowly recovering. Life was the same as always—drawing and staring out the window in boredom. Each day felt like I was just wasting away, and I stared at my own watercolor paintings, feeling dry, uninspired, and completely empty.

While I was lost in thought, I saw Ongsa walking hurriedly toward the security checkpoint. That was enough to cheer me up a bit—something must be up. I'd better check it out.

"What's going on?"

I approached the security checkpoint, curious. When I poked my head in, I found my tall friend staring intently at the monitor.

"How did you know?"

"I saw you from the window. You seemed to be in a hurry, so I wanted to know."

"You must be super bored. You notice everything whenever someone moves even a little."

"So are you going to tell me or not? I'm bored out of my mind here. I need a little excitement."

"It seems like someone's been lurking around our house for the past week."

"Huh?"

Ongsa pointed to the monitor, where the large motorcycle on the screen looked strangely familiar, even though it was in the shadows. My heart

started racing...but I couldn't figure out why I felt this way.

"A thief?"

"I'm not sure. I've checked several tapes, and he just comes, parks for about ten minutes at the same time every day, and then leaves."

"A thief spying, maybe? Checking on how we live, waiting for the right moment when we're careless."

The security guard suggested, which seemed reasonable enough. I looked at him, impressed by his insight, and gave him a thumbs up.

"You're smart, uncle."

"I learned it at Big Cinema."

"Ah..."

"Anyway, we should be cautious. But the driver looks kind of small, doesn't look like a guy."

"Can you tell that?"

I squinted at the screen, but I couldn't see it as clearly as Ongsa had estimated, so I shrugged.

"As long as you're around, no one will get in here. Besides, that person in the video is short, like a puppy. Jumping over the fence would be difficult."

Ongsa looked at me suspiciously.

"I can't see it clearly, but do you know he's short?"

I froze for a moment before shaking my head.

"I don't know. It just looks like she's short."

"She, huh? So you think she's a woman. You sure know a lot."

"Well, you said she didn't look like a guy."

"It could be a short guy, like a dwarf. Either way, whether it's a woman or a man, be careful. You shouldn't go out at night either."

"Even in my own house isn't safe anymore? How annoying... Well, if it's not safe, take me to the mall or something."

"How did we end up here."

"You're the driver, so drive! I'm bored to death!"

I put my hands in my pockets and sighed.

"I need new brushes and paint."

"I've seen brushes and paints all over your house."

"I'm rich. I could buy an entire paint and brush factory if I wanted to."

"So go buy a factory. Why bother with the mall?"

"Too much talking. Fine, I'll drive myself... Oh, right! Now I can use my arms. You don't have to come; I'll drive myself."

I waved at Ongsa before he could protest.

"Let me do something for myself. The mall is close anyway... Thanks for reminding me that I can drive."

I run into the house, heading straight for the car keys. Got's old red sports car was sitting unused, as she had just bought a new car with fancy gull-wing doors, turning heads for almost 13 million baht. As her older sister, I had inherited her old car, although all that money we had was thanks to me.

But that didn't matter now. What mattered was the thrill and excitement, because my life was getting unbearably boring.

"Got, where are you going?!"

Mom, hearing the car start, run out and scream at the top of her lungs. I rolled down the window, waving happily.

"I'm going for a drive! I'll be right back!"

"Got, don't drive! You'll end up running into strangers! Got!"

I didn't bother listening to Mom and drove away as soon as the electric gate opened. Freedom—it felt like a newfound independence. No one could keep me inside these walls anymore. Ah... there was a bit of a thrill in driving alone. My hands and feet weren't perfectly coordinated yet, but I was doing well enough for someone who hadn't been behind the wheel in years. I figured I should be going somewhere familiar. And that place.... actually, I didn't know. I kept driving on autopilot, with no real destination.

I had intended to go to the mall, but somehow my car had ended up in front of a condominium building several miles from home. I stared at the skyscraper, a little perplexed as to why I was there, staring thoughtfully at the entrance.

Was this where I had lost something... a memory?

But did I really have any memories attached to this apartment? I shook my head, dismissing the thought, and prepared to head back, since my original plan had been to buy watercolors at the mall. Even if it had just been an excuse to go out, it didn't matter.

Just as I was about to take a dramatic turn in the car, like in those Korean dramas, I forgot that this was Thailand—a place where taxis often ignore you, motorcycles speed along sidewalks, and where fast, reckless turns in a regular car are not exactly advisable.

Thud!

Something hit my side mirror, bending it inward. A not-so-large motorcycle crashed into my car and skidded to a stop in front of me. I wasn't too concerned about the scratch on the car, but I was shaken, not knowing if I had accidentally hurt the driver.

"Are you okay?"

The driver, still sitting on the motorcycle in front, slowly turned to look at me through a dark full-face helmet. He seemed to pause for a moment before taking off his helmet and walking over.

"It hurts."

The moment our eyes met, my heart pounded like a drum, just like it did in high school. Even after all this time, I could never forget those soft brown eyes and that sweet face with a smile more beautiful than anyone else's in the world. But now, that cheerful person was crying, tears streaming down in a way that broke my heart.

"Miriam, is that you? Oh no, are you hurt badly? Are you okay? No, wait, you must not be okay, oh, should I introduce myself first or worry first?"

I was both excited and shocked to suddenly meet an old friend after so long. But the little girl in front of me showed no reaction like mine; She must have been really hurt.

"Got..."

"You remember me!"

I reached out to gently hold my friend, worried.

"Are you hurt anywhere? Your tears are just flowing..."

Then she suddenly threw her arms around me, crying into my shoulder, saying words that made my heart tremble as if someone had grabbed it and shaken it.

"I never forgot you, not even for a single second."

□□□□□

38. Welcome

I was led to the apartment of Miriam, a friend from elementary school, the same apartment I had just parked in, and I stared at it for a moment. The room was medium-sized, not too small and not too big, just big enough to fit a bed and a small couch.

There was a separate kitchen corner, which seemed perfect for someone as small as Miriam. I felt a small thrill at meeting a friend I had admired from afar for so long, and I found myself standing awkwardly, turning around in my seat because I didn't want to invade her space.

"Where can I sit?"

"Anywhere you want. Think of it as your own home."

"Okay, then, I'll make myself comfortable."

I sit on the small couch in front of the TV, feeling strangely familiar with the place for some reason. I take out a pain balm I had bought at a drugstore because Miriam refused to go to the hospital.

"Come sit here. I'll apply it to you."

"Hmm."

Miriam come over and sit down next to me, extending her hand. I felt a little shy as I reached out to hold it, even nodding again to ask for permission.

"Can I hug you?"

"You're very polite. Well... it's been so long since we met, and now that we're together, I've managed to hurt you."

"How long has it been since we last saw each other?"

"Wow... it's been years, since I left school in elementary school."

The little girl looked surprised before sighing.

"Has it really been that long in your memory?"

"Yes, but I remember you vividly. You have a beautiful smile."

I said as I squeezed some balm into my hand, suddenly realizing I had said the compliment.

"Sorry about that."

"Sorry about what?"

"For complimenting your smile."

"You really don't remember, do you?"

Miriam speaks her eyes shining with tears. I'm speechless, open-mouthed, until she quickly wiped away the tears with the back of her hand, looking at me carefully.

"Are you okay? It seems your arm has healed."

"My arm?"

I moved my arm, surprised.

"Did you know my arm was hurt before?"

She just smiled without answering. I pouted, confused, keeping my curiosity to myself.

Why did Miriam seem to know so much...? Thinking about it, it seemed like too much of a coincidence that I had parked in front of this condo and bumped into an old friend. I didn't believe in coincidences. Everything was meant to be.

After all, I'm the one who knows everything.

"Do you know anything about me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well..."

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I hesitated, not knowing if I should share.

"I had an accident and fell into the water recently, but I can't remember anything about myself or what happened. Everything is just a blur."

But I know that my arm was disabled because I was shot, and my eyes and ears stopped working due to a blessing. However... I can't remember the details. When I ask people around me, no one seems to know anything, as if the details had been erased.

So how would Miriam know, if not even my family knows?

"I know."

The sweet-faced girl answered, meeting my gaze. I stopped in surprise, my hands freezing as I massaged the balm into her.

"Really? What do you know?"

"Everything."

"So, our meeting wasn't just a coincidence after all. What happened? Why doesn't anyone else know anything? And why do you know?"

"Maybe your blessing stopped working, or it was reversed somehow."

"You know..."

Miriam even knew about the blessing that once worked for me. Okay,...it seems that fragments of my memory must be with this childhood friend, and she might be the only one who can help me recover everything that was lost.

"What happened?"

"..."

"I was wondering why I ended up driving to this condo, why I found you. No... there are no coincidences in this world."

I mumbled, as if talking to myself, while Miriam sat silently, not saying a word. I had to ask again.

"What really happened?"

"I'm debating whether I should tell you. I'm not sure if it would be good or bad for you."

Her voice shook, and she bit her lip thoughtfully. I took both her hands in mine, as if to reassure her that everything was okay.

"Please tell me. It's frustrating not to remember anything."

"But right now, isn't it okay for you?"

"Hm? Yes, it's..."

"Your arm works, your eyes can see, your ears can hear... it's better this way. If someone didn't want you to remember, then don't try to dig it up. My hand is better now. Thank you for the ointment."

She said with a gentle smile, standing up.

"I'll go to the bathroom real quick and then I'll walk you out."

I watched the little girl disappear into the bathroom and close the door, leaving me alone in the silent room. So, am I not going to find out anything after all? I thought I had found a source of answers.

After a moment of feeling discouraged, I stood up and began looking around the room, looking at various objects. I knew Miriam was part of the memories I had lost, but she was unwilling to tell me anything. What exactly had happened that brought us back together after not seeing each other for a decade? As I tried to piece together the events, my steps took me to the balcony, where I looked down at the pool below.

It's pretty high. Falling from here would be terrible.

"What are you doing?!"

"Hm?"

Suddenly, I felt Miriam's arms wrap around me from behind, pulling me close. I stumbled a little, trying to steady myself, my heart racing. In school, I had admired her from afar, but we had never been this close. Just holding her hand while she applied ointment made my heart race as if it were going to explode. And now she was hugging me...

"Uh... are you okay, Miriam?"

"...."

"Hm?"

"Call me Mi, like before."

I suddenly felt a little shy at her request to call her by her nickname. It seemed like we had become a little closer.

"Okay...Mi. It's a cute name."

Her arms tightened around me as I said her name. I didn't dare move because I didn't want her to let go, but I was also so embarrassed that I felt like I might faint.

"Are you okay?"

"I missed you."

"H... huh?"

"Didn't you miss me either?"

Wow... what kind of question was that? In school, we barely talked. I was so eager to meet her that I would make excuses to borrow gym clothes just to start a conversation, but we had barely spoken. Now she was asking if I missed her? How should I answer that?

"Of course Back then, we used to pass each other by all the time."

"We let so much time pass, didn't we?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know that life is short? We don't even know if tomorrow or the next life will come first."

"Uh-huh."

Is she trying to convince me to join some spiritual retreat or cult? She looked so serious. I was worried with her as she clung to me tightly.

"Don't think too much. You're young; you're not going anywhere anytime soon."

"God."

Miriam loosened her hold and turned me to face her. Since we weren't that different in height, we could look each other in the eye, and I think she could see how red I was.

"Hm?"

"Stay with me."

Her voice shook as she spoke, as I stood there with my mouth open, feeling like my soul had just left my body. In one day, I'd reunited with the girl I'd admired for over ten years, accidentally hurt her, ended up in her room, got hugged by her, and now she was asking me to be her girlfriend. What was going on?

I hadn't even wanted any of this before I left home. It felt like a dream.

"Being... together? Like, um, how exactly?"

"Date? Be a couple?"

"A couple! Us?"

I pointed back and forth between Miriam and me, still perplexed.

"Two girls... as a couple?"

"Yeah. Is that weird?"

"No, not at all! Lots of girls are dating girls these days!"

I quickly corrected myself, still dazed.

"It's just... I wasn't ready for this. We just met, and then you asked me to be your girlfriend. Are you feeling okay?"

I reached out to check her forehead, but stopped, feeling too shy to touch her, so I pulled my hand away awkwardly and smiled slightly.

"No, I'm fine. I just thought that if you want to find out what you forgot, and if you need to investigate through me, we should get closer... as a couple."

Couldn't we just be close friends? I almost blurted it out, but stopped myself quickly, realizing that I liked the word "girlfriend" much better. I had a crush on her since high school, but it always felt really weird to approach another girl romantically.

Ah... but now she came to me herself, without any effort. Still, I was a little confused.

"Think about it. You're beautiful; you probably have many admirers and choices... so maybe it's hard for you to decide."

I didn't know how to react when she looked so disappointed, so I waved my hands, trying to deny her assumption.

"No, it's not that! I just... I'm wondering what makes being girlfriends different from being friends."

Wait, why did this situation seem so familiar? Miriam's eyes widened as if she had also remembered something.

"Well..."

"It's like... we would live together, share a closet, have matching toothbrushes in the same cup, watch TV together, sleep next to each other."

"..."

"In simple terms... we would live together."

Thump, thump...

Thump, thump...

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I blinked, looking at her with flushed cheeks, feeling so shy I had to cover my mouth. Living together meant...

"So...that would mean we..."

I laced my fingers together suggestively. Miriam bit her lip, looking around nervously.

"If you're not comfortable, we won't have...you know, sex."

I want!

My God, why did she have to say that? Now, what was I supposed to say when she put it out there like that?

"Well...that's a...one-time offer."

I laughed awkwardly, feeling as dry as a desert without rain.

"But..."

"Think about it first if you need to, but don't take too long."

"Why?"

"I might change my mind."

I looked at her and walked towards the door to leave. Miriam, not realizing it was my goodbye, yelled, confused and thinking I was mad.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Are you mad? I didn't mean to pressure you..."

I smiled, grabbing the door handle and looking back at her sweet face.

"I'm not mad. I'll pack before you change your mind!"

"..."

"Don't change your mind, okay? Give me two hours... no, one hour! I'll be back in a flash. "

I closed the door and run to the elevator, frantically pressing the button to get to the ground floor and drive home. Just before the door closed, I heard her soft laugh follow me, making me smile even wider.

How could she say she wasn't pressuring me? Saying she'd change her mind was the ultimate pressure, something not even my mother could do. Ridiculous.

Ring...

As I started the car, my phone ring. The caller ID is saved as "Assface," and the instantly recognizable nasal voice on the other end of the line made me frown, immediately remembering.

"Do you have my number? And why are you saved as ass face?"

[Well, that's a detail you must have forgotten too. Anyway, where are you?]

"About to go home and pack my things."

[Are you really going to live with me?]

"Of course! Don't tell me you were joking."

My confidence wavered a little, but I heard her chuckle softly on the other end of the line.

[No, I just wanted to say that there's no need to go home. All your things are here. I'll give you five minutes; if you're not here by then, I'll change my mind.]

"Are you going to change your mind again?!"

I turned off the engine and run back to the 17th floor, definitely in less than five minutes. As soon as I knocked, Miriam was there, smiling warmly as I walked back, out of breath, like a crazy person.

"You... give me a second to catch my breath..."

"I'll help you breathe."

Then, the little girl pulled me into a kiss, wrapping her arms around my neck. I was shocked for a moment, but slowly I let myself melt. She pulled

away, holding me close, her voice shaking as if she was about to cry.

"I don't know if this is the right decision, but I chose to do it this way."

"Mi..."

"Welcome...you're home now."

□□□□□

☀️ 39. Married Life ☀️

"Mom, you can't stop me. I've already made up my mind."

I told my mom this, squeezing my eyes shut against the phone, knowing full well she'd never agree. I mean, who would? I moved out of the house just yesterday, and here I am, telling her I have a girlfriend and I'm moving in with her.

[What the hell are you thinking, Got?! You just got over it, and now you're telling her you have a girlfriend and you want to move out? How am I supposed to feel? And I don't even know anything about this person you're dating!]

I looked at Miriam and described her as best I could.

"She has a cute round head, long hair, beautiful eyes, a sweet face, and tiny feet like a child's. Adorable."

Miriam's eyes widened in surprise when she heard me describe her, then she covered her face, blushing shyly. I had to turn away quickly, unable to meet her gaze. Ridiculous... I like this girl so much.

[I get it, I won't allow it. Come home so we can talk first.]

"I'm not going back."

[Are you rebelling now, of all times?]

"I've been a good girl my whole life, haven't I? Let me live a little. And don't worry, this person I'm moving in with is also rich, very impressive.

[I get it!]

"I'll tell you where I am when I'm ready. I love you, Mom, but I really like her too."

I hung up and pressed my lips together tightly, not wanting to hear her protests anymore. Normally, I'm never a rebellious child. But just this once, I wanted something for myself. After all, this kind of chance doesn't come around often, not after everything I've been through.

Honestly, how could I pass up the chance to date the person I've secretly admired since childhood?

Now, the room was completely silent, except for the soft hum of the air conditioner. I looked at Miriam and tried to defend myself a little.

"I'm not that easy, you know?"

"Mhm."

"Really... I've never been interested in anyone who tried to hit on me."

"I believe in you."

"And why do you believe me?"

"Because I've never asked anyone to be my partner either. You're the first. So if you're easy...I'm even easier."

"Did you know that I'd probably agree if you asked me out?"

I asked, curious. Miriam nodded a little, accepting, but only half-smiling.

"I knew you liked me since high school."

"..."

"But I was a little afraid that you'd say no because of how sudden it happened.

"You were sudden, indeed."

"Then why did you say yes so quickly?"

"Because it's you."

I answered honestly, scratching my head.

"Only you."

Miriam tried not to smile, covering her face and looking away, waving her hand.

"Don't look at me right now. I need a moment."

"What's wrong?"

"I'm embarrassed, for God's sake... whether it was before or now, you always make me feel this way. What a flirt."

"No, I'm not a flirt. I've never dated or liked anyone else. As far as I can remember, it's only been you."

"Enough!"

Her half-reprimanding shout startled me. She quickly raised her hands to wave.

"I... I didn't mean it like that. I just don't know how to act."

"So let's change the subject,"

I said, wiping the sweat from my hand on my jeans, looking around the room.

"You said you had memories with me. But why are you the only one who remembers? Neither I nor anyone else around me seems aware of your existence."

"I'm not sure either. Since I woke up, no one around me knows you or believes you exist, except me."

"What really happened before things ended up like this?"

"I'll tell you little by little. We're together now, anyway."

"Mhm." I nodded, feeling shy

"So where should we start? I don't remember anything about you."

Silence fell between us. Miriam looked visibly sad, but managed a small smile.

"It's okay if you don't remember. Let's go back to the way things were. I'll remind you little by little of how we used to live together."

"Living together... "

My heart was pounding, and I couldn't help but clutch my chest.

"Hearing that makes me shy. Can I ask you one more thing?"

"Mhm, what is it?"

"Between the two of us, who was the... husband and who was the... Ah!"

I looked up just as Miriam picked up a nearby pillow and throw it at me.

"You really haven't changed at all, always teasing with your sassy words."

Miriam shake her head and changed the subject.

"I'll tell you little by little about the things we used to do together."

She handed me a notebook to read. The handwriting was unmistakably mine. Apparently, I used to be quite creative, writing down things I wanted to do every week so we could spend the weekends together, even what we expected each other to do, but no pressure if it didn't happen.

"You wanted me to call you 'idiot' instead of 'honey'..."

"I used to call you 'honey'?"

"I forbade it back then."

Miriam laughed.

"I honestly couldn't stand it. Where do you get those things from?"

"And you liked 'idiot' more than 'honey'? What's so cute about that?"

It's cute because it came from you."

"What did I ask you to call me? You asked me to call you..."

"...."

"To call you..."

The sweet-faced girl hesitated, a little embarrassed, but finally said, albeit awkwardly. ...

"D-darling."

"Oh..."

I nodded, understanding why Miriam felt so shy. It's such a modest word, but powerful enough to make my heart race.

"I like it, but you haven't called me that yet."

"I'm just not used to it."

"No excuses. From now on, you need to get used to calling me that. It's my request."

"But I said it's okay if I can't do it."

"You can do it. Just think of it as a personal favor to me."

"I'll tell you when the mood is good."

"Do you need to be in the mood...? Ah!"

Once again, Miriam throw a pillow at me. By this point, I was starting to wonder why this room had so many pillows in the first place.

"I'll call you that when I can handle it, okay?"

"Okay."

.

.

For Miriam, this might not have been the first night we had spent together, but for me, it was the first time I had shared a bed with someone. The queen-sized bed wasn't big, but it was big enough for two. Miriam lay down on the right side and I lay down on the left.

"We usually slept like this."

"Mhm."

"Good night, sleep well."

"Good night, sleep well."

The little girl turned off the lamp next to her and rolled over, falling asleep. I did the same, even though I wasn't really sleepy.

I was so excited. I had never slept next to someone before. If I moved, would it wake her up? Could I turn over if I got uncomfortable? Just to test if I was bothering her, I moved closer, lying on my side facing Miriam.

Her back and the back of her neck were close to my nose, giving me a faint whiff of the same body wash I used. The soft fragrance made my heart beat faster.

Thump, thump...

Thump, thump...

.

It smelled so good.

Just as my nose began to linger, sniffing without touching her, Miriam suddenly rolled onto her back and opened her eyes just as I was leaning in closer.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh... I don't feel comfortable on this side. I'll move to the other side."

I took the opportunity to roll over her onto the other side, nearly falling off the bed. Miriam gave me a sideways glance, then moved away to make room, laughing.

"So that's it, you were uncomfortable."

"Yes. Good night, sleep well."

I pretended to fall asleep, turning my back to her. Miriam didn't say anything, just rolling over to face the other side as well. I waited a few minutes, then turned around, planning to steal another whiff of her perfume.

But suddenly...

Boom!

Miriam rolled back over to me, wrapping her arm around me and nuzzling her face against my chest for comfort.

"I need a body pillow. Can I hold you tonight?"

"Uh... sure."

"Good night, sleep well."

Miriam mumbled and soon fell asleep for good, while I lay there, stiff as a board, enjoying the faint scent of her. At some point, I must have fallen asleep too. The next thing I knew, she was shaking me awake as sunlight streamed through the window.

"Hey... are you awake? I'm awake."

"Mmm? Still sleepy..."

I mumbled sleepily, feeling like a child at home. Since I didn't have to work like most people, I used to waking up whenever I felt like it, so this is far from my usual schedule.

"I'm hungry. Will you make me breakfast?"

"Mmm... huh?"

I felt something soft touch my lips, and when I squinted, I saw that it was Miriam's lips brushing mine as she spoke.

"Wake up, now."

As she slowly pulled away, I instinctively leaned forward, not wanting her lips to leave mine. Before I knew it, I was sitting up straight, still in contact with her lips.

"Alright, that's enough."

Miriam pushed me back a little. I blinked, still dazed, touching my lips in disbelief. That was... a morning kiss? Wow.

"Now go make breakfast."

"What did you say?"

I gasped, catching what she said belatedly.

"Breakfast. That's your job."

"Breakfast? But I don't know how."

"Yes... please make it for me, honey."

"Yes, ma'am!"

The word "honey" woke me up completely, and I jumped out of bed. Even though I didn't know how to cook, I had to try with the excitement pulsing through me. Now I stood at the kitchen counter, one hand holding my phone. Miriam leaned against the doorframe, watching me with her arms crossed, curious about what I would make for breakfast.

"Can't you think of anything?"

"Uh... I'm just nervous."

"Just make something simple... like fried sausages."

"Oh, you eat that?"

"Sure. You used to make them for me all the time."

I raised my eyebrows in surprise. I couldn't remember ever making breakfast for anyone, but if Miriam said I knew how, then I must have somehow managed. I opened the fridge, found the sausages, and threw them into the pan, acting entirely on instinct. I added oil, turned on the stove, and flipped them with exaggerated skill.

Crash!

Already tense from making breakfast, I froze when Miriam hugged me from behind.

"I missed you."

"H-Huh? Oh."

I smiled, turning the sausages over with a shy smile.

"You're quite the sweetheart, aren't you? You're the youngest in the family?"

"Middle child."

"Mhm."

"I should take you to meet my family sometime. After all, you've never met them."

"Oh..."

Everything was happening so fast. Miriam was talking about taking me to her family's house when we had just started dating yesterday.

"What's wrong? Are you uncomfortable with the idea?"

"No, I'm just... excited. Everything is happening so fast, I can barely keep up. But I want to go. I want to see the place where you grew up, the place that made you who you are today. I want to know everything about you."

"Everything? Every nook and cranny?"

Miriam leaned her face in close, making me freeze in shock.

"Well... uh..."

"The sausages are burnt! Eating burnt food will give me cancer, you know?"

She teased, biting my arm playfully before leaving the kitchen. I hurried to grab the burnt sausages and place them on a plate, blotting up some of the excess oil.

"Oh! By the way, I'm inviting some friends over today. I want to introduce them to you first."

"Oh, sure. Which friends?"

I set the plate on the dining table, where Miriam already sitting, smiling at the breakfast I had made.

"Just a few friends from school, like Jopjang and Oa. You know them."

"Mhm, that's cool. It'll be fun to see some old friends."

"We're having a little party tonight."

.

.

It seemed like my relationship with Miriam was moving forward in leaps and bounds. She had already moved in with me and introduced me to her friends as her "partner." Her friends stared at me, looking a little stunned when they heard that.

"What did you do to get so lucky?"

Oa, one of the invited friends commented. I remembered her as part of Miriam's group of friends in high school; we used to cross paths often and occasionally exchange smiles, though we didn't talk much.

"It's like you won the college lottery or got a movie star as a girlfriend... and in the meantime, you're just an electrician, Mi."

Joopjang clutched her heart dramatically, giving me a look of playful pity.

"And instead of getting with a guy, she got with you, shorty."

"Your mouth never changes, does it?"

Miriam muttered through clenched teeth, while I simply smiled.

"Nice to meet you. We never talked much in school."

"It's okay. It's never too late; we can still get closer."

"Let's play the game of secrets,"

Miriam announced, showing a deck of cards. Her friends exchanged glances, and even I was a little confused, not knowing what it was.

"Didn't you guys want to get closer? If we play the game of secrets, you'll get to know Got better."

"It sounds fun, but I feel like we've done this before."

Oa scratched her head, apparently confused, as if the scenario was familiar, although I didn't object, thinking it would be interesting.

"Okay. So, how do we play?" I asked.

"I'll teach you."

The rules weren't hard to follow, and I quickly picked them up. The person with the lowest score in each round had to write down a secret and throw it into a box, while the person with the highest score could choose a secret to read, but only if they exchanged it by adding their own secret to the box. If someone didn't want to add a secret, they had to take a shot of alcohol.

At first, no one with a high score wanted to add their secrets, as there weren't many pieces of paper in the box, which made it obvious whose secret was whose. This game took time and a bit of strategy to make sure there were enough secrets in the box to make it worth trading.

By the second hour, we were all starting to get drunk, including me. The secrets were piling up, and by this point, the high scorers were eager to read other people's secrets, especially mine.

"I want to know Got's secret. This round, I'll check it out!"

Oa reached into the box, pulled out a piece of paper, and looked frustrated.

"Ugh, it's mine again. Damn! Why does this feel like it's happened before?"

"Right? It feels like déjà vu."

Jopjang scratched her head, also confused. Miriam was the only one who just smiled, looking at me with her charming and soft gaze.

"Keep playing and don't forget to tear up each piece of paper afterward,"

She reminded us.

When it was my turn to get the highest score, I looked at the box hesitantly, then looked at Miriam with a playful smile.

I wanted to know her secrets...

I hadn't made a wish since I woke up, so maybe I could try now. Just a little game, right? It wouldn't hurt. I closed my eyes, made my wish, and smiled at the little girl, feeling triumphant. Miriam raised an eyebrow curiously, but I said nothing and reached for the box.

Alright... let's see, your secret!

'Got... I love you.'

.

Thump thump...

Thump thump...

.

I looked at the person who wrote it, feeling my face flush. This was supposed to be a secret! What if someone else found out? What then?

"Are you okay? You look pretty drunk."

Miriam's small hands cupped my cheeks, turning my face to meet her gaze.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"Y-Yes... let's keep playing."

Help... I think I'm about to pass out. What is this?

The game continued, and it reached me again with the highest score.

'Got... it's okay if you can't remember. I'll love you just the same.'

Was I... being confessed through this game? But... there were so many failures here. How could Miriam know that I would choose hers every time?

'Honey... will you marry me?'

I turned to my girlfriend, my mouth opening and closing in shock as my heart raced, murmuring her name softly.

"Mi..."

"Hm? What's wrong?"

"You..."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

I lowered my head, feeling nervous, and continued the game.

'Got, I want to do something wet with you.'

I frowned slightly, not quite understanding, and instinctively looked at Miriam to ask.

"What does it mean to do something 'wet', Mi?"

This time, the friends who were playing the secret game with us burst out laughing. Jopjang, already a little tipsy, snatched the paper from my hand and read it out loud.

"Got, I want to do something wet with you. There's no way I wrote that!"

"I didn't write it either,"

Oa admitted. Now everyone's gaze turned to Miriam, the only possible culprit. Her face turned a deep red, partly from embarrassment, partly from the alcohol, which only made her look more nervous.

"Oh, Mimi, we're getting bold, aren't we? Writing this and not even caring if others notice."

Oa teased, making Miriam blush even more.

"So... what does this mean?"

I asked, still confused.

"The purest of the pure!"

Jopjang laughed.

"It means Mi wants to play Songkran with you."

"You're the innocent one here."

Oa teased, giving Jopjang a playful shove before explaining directly.

"Mi means she wants to throw water on Got for Songkran."

"Enough, you two!"

Miriam sighed and looked at me, exhausted.

"It's asking ... Do you want to have sex?"

When I heard the direct explanation, I almost choked. Everyone, who was pretending not to understand, just smiled and watched, waiting to see how I would react, especially Miriam, who seemed more anxious than anyone. But then...

"Wait, you two haven't done it yet?"

Jopjang blurted out, oblivious to the tension.

"Mi, you're wasting your chance! This is your moment to get all close to Got!"

She laughed until ‘boom’ Miriam kicked her and quickly changed the subject.

"Let's keep playing. This is getting really weird."

The game went on, and everyone kept drawing tickets or taking shots, getting drunker and drunker until some were practically crawling on the floor. Then came a twist that nearly took my soul, when I got the high score again.

‘If you're interested in something "wet", look at me and wink.’

Wow... that was a bold move. I slowly looked at Miriam, unsure how to react. Would winking make me seem too eager? But as soon as I locked eyes with her, before I could even think about blinking, she beat me to it, giving me a single, mischievous wink as if she knew exactly what I had drawn.

"You winked!"

I exclaimed, which made Miriam burst out laughing.

"Well, what about you?"

"And I..."

"If you don't like it, that's fine."

She said, looking a little amused.

"No, I'm in!"

I stammered, blinking rapidly, afraid of missing this chance. Miriam laughed out loud as my heart beat wildly. I pressed my hand to my chest,

trying to catch my breath.

"H-Help..."

"Got, what's wrong?"

Miriam ran, alarmed.

"I think I'm about to pass out."

"Got!"

I felt myself collapsing to the floor, Miriam's voice calling my name was the last thing I heard before everything went black...

□□□□□

☀️40. If you understand☀️

"I had a breast lift!"

Sigh!

I woke up started hearing what sounded like a scream. The studio lights were off; only a faint glow came from the bathroom, barely illuminating the room. I wasn't sure when I ended up lying on the bed, but now, Oa and JopJaeng were sprawled on the floor, each facing a different direction. Only Miriam and I were still in bed.

I must have had too much to drink and passed out...

What time is it now?

I looked at the digital clock on the nightstand, which read 3 am. I let my head fall back on the pillow. The faint smell of alcohol on my breath made me turn to look at the person next to me.

Miriam...

"You... you..."

I whispered playfully, but it seemed like the little one was in a deep sleep, letting me relax as I turned to my side to look at her face. This was the second night we spent together, and even though things were happening fast, it felt good.

Fast? Not really. Normally, people who live together would have done more than that. But here we were, sleeping in the same bed for the second night, and other than kissing, we hadn't done anything else.

'Got... I love you.'

The message on that paper box keeps repeating in my head, over and over. Seriously, why did she have the nerve to write something like that? What if our friends found out? I would be so embarrassed. I reach up to gently caress the cheek of the person lying next to me, sleeping peacefully, oblivious to everything.

"Why does it have to be her..."

Huh? That question familiar, like I've said it or heard it somewhere before. I frown, trying to shake it off, and focus on Miriam's face again.

'Got... it's okay if you can't remember. I'll love you just the same.'

So, we must have shared some beautiful memories before, but for some reason, I couldn't remember them. If that's the case, Miriam should tell me more about it. She keeps things vague, only mentioning what we did together but not explaining what happened. Maybe she wants me to remember it on my own... that could be it.

'If you're interested in something "wet", look at me and wink.'

That sentence made my heart race, and I couldn't help but smile in the darkness.

Feeling a little mischievous, I slid my fingers up her arm, under the blanket, and then carefully moved my hand under her shirt.

Wow... her skin is so soft.

"Mmm..."

Miriam made a soft noise in her throat, making me stop, intending to fall asleep. I stayed still for about five minutes before summing up my little mischief. My hand remained where it was as I leaned in, breathing in the scent of her cheek.

She smells so good...

I gently ran my fingers from her cheek to her chin, then stopped at her lips, considering. Kissing her while she was sleeping, was that taking advantage? But we kissed when she was awake, so it wasn't that different, right?

I convinced myself, brushing my lips against hers in the darkness, my heart pounding with excitement like a child who had just won a secret game.

If she's sleeping like this, I can do anything... heh.

Maybe it was the alcohol giving me more courage than usual. I leaned in to kiss her again, savoring the softness of her lips, when suddenly, Miriam's lips parted. She tilted her head slightly and slid her tongue into the kiss.

"Ugh..."

I tried to pull away, but she wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling me close before turning me onto my back and taking control. I stood there, wide-eyed, gradually adjusting to her rhythm as I began to relax, enjoying the soft, velvety touch that never left my mouth.

"How was that?"

"H-huh?"

She asked, pulling away and breaking the silence.

I cringed a little, feeling embarrassed.

"I...I thought you were asleep."

"I was, but someone wouldn't let me sleep."

"Sorry."

"Well, I'm awake now. What are you going to do?"

"W-well, I was just going to touch you a little and then go to sleep."

"Just a little? Her hand went into my shirt and grabbed my breast. What was that?"

"Straight to the point... breast?"

I raised a hand to my cheek in embarrassment as Miriam laughed, resting her forehead against mine.

"You're kind of cute when you can't remember things you know? But still, you can't help but steal kisses while I'm sleeping."

"I'm not that kind of person."

"Really?"

"Before, I wasn't like this... only with you."

"Should I be flattered to hear that?"

"..."

"So, what now? Stop or keep going?"

"Where are we going?"

I asked, feigning ignorance. Miriam narrowed her eyes at me, biting her lip in frustration.

"Okay, then go to sleep."

She rolled away from me, settling down next to me, leaving me a little dazed. Unsure if she was angry, I turned to her side, nudging her gently, hoping she wasn't.

"Are you mad at me?"

"No."

"I... I mean, I really don't know what I should be doing."

"Follow your instincts. You're really good at it."

"Oh? How am I good at that?"

"What are you planning on doing now?"

'If you're interested in something "wet," look at me and wink.'

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.

The words from Miriam's note echoed in my mind again as she asked the question. I hesitated a bit, then glanced at our friends sprawled around the room, worried they might hear.

"I want to... do something more with you."

"..."

"More direct than you, right?"

I buried my face in the pillow, biting my lip in embarrassment at what I'd just said. Miriam paused for a moment, then laughed, her entire body shaking, before turning to give me a mischievous smile.

"Good. I like people who are straightforward."

"Huh?"

"Stay still. Don't make any noise."

"Why?"

"We don't want to wake our friends."

And then Miriam did something that surprised me. She slid under the covers, sliding to the foot of the bed, pulling my pajama pants down. I

immediately grabbed them, sitting up and speaking my words in an exaggerated silence, practically shouting in whispers.

"What are you doing?!"

"Stay still."

"What are you doing?"

"Or I won't love you."

"Wait, what?"

"Lie down."

Miriam nudged me to lie down, sliding my pants all the way down. Embarrassment flared through me, but I couldn't refuse. I stood still, a heat spreading through me before I suddenly tensed, almost gasping out loud.

No way... is that little one really... down there?

"You..."

"If our friends wake up, you'll be even more embarrassed. Relax."

Miriam murmured before continuing, her words making me grip the blanket tightly, every muscle tensing as I feared the others might wake up.

This is crazy... she's teasing me.

Not exactly teasing, but I wasn't resisting entirely either.

"Ahh..."

A strange, thrilling sensation ran through my feet. At first, I tried to maintain my composure, but then I relaxed a little, opening my legs slightly to give her more space. The softness and gentle pressure made me bite my lip, holding myself together.

"Mmm... M..."

The faint sound of Oa mumbling in her sleep as she turned on the couch shocked me, but Miriam didn't stop, intent on making sure I felt every moment of it.

If I make a sound, they'll wake up.

If I resist, they'll wake up.

Giving in, letting my body respond naturally, would keep them asleep. And as for me...

"Almost... I can't... I'm done."

I gently pushed Miriam's head away, curling up and feeling every muscle tremble. Miriam crawled over to me, wrapping her arms around me and giving me a comforting kiss on the back of my neck.

"How was that? Did I do well?"

"It was... good."

I replied breathlessly. Miriam laughed softly, whispering close to my ear.

"Before, you used to encourage me like that. Now we've switched roles. It's actually kind of nice... to be able to take care of you a little."

"R-really? Me?"

"Would it be okay if you helped me out a little now?"

I paused, looking at Miriam, hearing the labored breath in her voice. I wasn't sure what to do, so I asked honestly.

"I'm still not sure what to do."

"It's okay. Just lie down."

Miriam pulled off her own pants, positioning herself against me, pressing herself against my thigh.

"Just hold me and encourage me, like I did for you."

I nodded, wrapping my arms around her as she began to move. I could feel her warmth, hear her soft breathing close to my ear. Each time her breathing got louder, she covered her mouth, until I couldn't hold back and pulled her hand away, kissing it to capture her voice and her emotions.

"Mmm..."

At least her sounds were quiet in my mouth. I was just learning how to kiss, so it felt like we were in sync, moving together. It wasn't long before Miriam reached her peak, her body shaking as she held me tightly. I wrapped my arms around her, whispering softly so only she could hear.

"You're amazing. Did that feel good?"

"Yes...so good."

"This is wonderful."

"I love you."

Miriam fell asleep against me, letting those words hang in the air. I smiled, looking up at the ceiling, and whispered back.

"I love you too."

.

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"Got...you're awake. Are you getting up?"

Soft lips pressed against me gently. Even without opening my eyes, I could feel myself being woken by a kiss. Before I opened my eyes, I managed to smile so that the person who woke me knew I appreciated it.

"Okay, I'm awake."

"I'm hungry. Get up and make me some breakfast."

But this morning's awakening wasn't as romantic as yesterday's; I wasn't dragged out of bed with kisses, since Miriam was careful not to wake our friends. I pouted a little, but I understood and got up willingly. Before I went to make breakfast, I playfully grabbed the little one, pulling her close and hugging her from behind while stroking her neck.

It's wonderful to wake up and see your face first thing in the morning.

Again... it feels so familiar, like I've said something like that before.

"Sweet talk so early? Just because we snuck out last night?"

"So blunt!"

I said, shocked. Honestly, I almost thought last night was just a dream from drinking too much. But hearing Miriam's confirmation made my cheeks flush, although I didn't care.

"Blunt is good; it makes things clear. Now, let's just drop it before our friends see."

"Just a little longer."

"You're naughty."

We hold each other for a little longer until Miriam's phone ring, making me finally let go of her. Our friends woke up at the sound, looking around the room, disoriented.

"Is it morning already?"

Miriam looked at the unfamiliar number on her phone curiously, then answered it. I noticed her expression went neutral, but when she saw me looking, she smiled, pretending it was nothing.

"It's the delivery guy; I ordered breakfast. I'll go down and get it."

"Okay."

She quickly left the room, leaving me confused. She ordered breakfast? But she asked me to make breakfast, didn't she? Something didn't add up. If this were a novel, no editor would let that contradiction slide.

What's going on...

Curiosity got the better of me, so I waited a moment before following her. I made sure she had gotten off the elevator before calling it back to me. And my suspicions were confirmed when I arrived at the lobby and saw my mother and my twin sister, Get, talking on the couch in the lobby.

Miriam was there, looking a little awkward and nervous. I didn't need to guess why they were there, they knew I wasn't coming back unless I was fully on board.

"I'm not coming back."

I announced immediately, startling them. Miriam turned to me in surprise, while my mother looked prepared, as if she had expected this reaction.

"Well, I thought you were going to say no, so I came to talk to your... partner."

"Surprise! Your partner is a woman! Before we came, I was imagining that your husband would be a handsome guy or at least have... oh, dear! Mom!"

"Get! Mom pinched my twin sister's side, irritated by her bluntness."

"Watch your language."

"But it's true! So many people have shown interest in you, and I've never seen you care about anyone. I was surprised that you suddenly felt like moving without telling anyone. It turns out... you're in love! Why does all this sound familiar?"

"And how did you know where I was?"

"I'm your mother. If I didn't know where my own daughter was, that would be bad... Actually, now that I think about it, this situation does sound familiar."

"Déjà vu, right?"

Apparently, I wasn't the only one who noticed this repeating pattern. My family had been talking about it more and more, and I began to seriously wonder if this had happened before. Miriam looked down, stifling a laugh, then quickly returned to her usual expression.

"And why do you need to talk to Miriam?"

"Because if we talked to you, you'd refuse to come home anyway."

"Exactly. Mom, you got it right. I'm not going back. Even if you try to pressure my partner, I'm staying here."

"Oh my... you said 'partner' so clearly."

Mom said, clutching her chest in mock shock.

"They must have gotten... involved by now. No manicure? Look at those nails..."

"Get!"

Mom glared at her, knowing full well that my sister's comments were crossing the line.

"Well, I could tell her nails are nice... they're really smooth like a baby's..."

"Get!"

"What? I'm complimenting her!"

"That's not why we're here!"

I quickly interrupted, wanting to change the subject from my mother and sister's embarrassing comment.

"The thing is, I'm not going back. You don't have to tell Miriam anything. I'm staying here, and we're going to start a family together."

"What?"

Mom's face was one of pure shock when I said the word "family." It's understandable, two women starting a family isn't the norm here, although in some places it's perfectly acceptable. I would make sure my family saw it as normal, too.

"What are you planning with this 'starting a family' talk? Marriage?"

Get laughed as if the idea was ridiculous. I nodded slowly, answering firmly.

"Yes. We're getting married."

Miriam looked at me in astonishment. To reassure her that she wasn't imagining things, I repeated myself clearly.

"Got and Miriam are getting married. Understand?"

□□□□□

41. Reunion

Now my mother and sister are back, and yes... no one stopped me. I could have if I wanted to. Miriam and I are alone in the elevator. The small woman looks at me, purses her lips and shyly asks:

"Were you serious?"

"Hmm? About what?"

"Marriage."

"Yes, I am."

"Who would marry you, your secret affair."

"You would marry."

I looked at her, feeling superior because I knew the drawn paper was Miriam's.

"You wrote the secret of yourself, asking if I would marry you, and I said yes."

The small woman says nothing, just leans against the elevator wall. I, oddly, am more surprised because Miriam doesn't seem curious or shocked that I knew the secret was hers, as if she knew beforehand.

"Why did you dare write something like that on the box? Weren't you afraid that a friend would catch it?"

"No, I wasn't afraid, because I knew the only person who would get that paper was you."

"You knew I would get it... you knew..."

"You made a wish to get my secret."

"How did you know that?"

I was about to ask, but then the elevator arrived at our floor. Miriam stepped out with a smile, and I ran after her, my heart pounding.

"Because this has happened before."

"No wonder... it feels so much like déjà vu."

"But it's weird, when we were doing all those sweet little things last night, you didn't feel like it was familiar, like it was the first time."

"Wasn't it our first time?"

I got no answer. Miriam opened the door, and before I could follow her, she ran over to a friend who was giggling as she looked at the pictures on the camera. The little girl quickly snatched the camera back with a scream.

"Where is your sense of decency?"

"On Mars, I planted rubber trees with it,"

Jubjang joked, clearly amused, as Oa blushed.

"Oh my God, do you have to keep evidence of everything? You little perverts."

"What's going on?"

I acted like I had no idea, but no one explained anything, so Miriam interrupted, telling everyone to leave bluntly.

"Go home, everyone. The lovebirds want some alone time."

"So sure of herself. Oh, by the way, I had a dream last night."

Oa said, slinging her bag over her shoulder and shaking herself slightly.

"I dreamed that you and your partner were making all these little noises, hiding under the covers, right under our noses."

"Get out!"

Miriam snapped again as I turned away, unable to face Oa after that.

"Okay, okay. I just thought I'd tell you. Someone like you wouldn't do that, right, Jub?"

Oa left as Jubjang turned and smiled at the two of us.

"But you know, I wasn't dreaming. I watched all night until I heard you say... 'I love you.'"

"Get out!"

Bang...

And peace returned to us again, with our faces red. Miriam, still holding the camera, looked around unsure of what to do, then decided to sit on the couch and invited me to join her.

"Come sit down."

"Oh... okay."

We were still shy about what Jubjang had left hanging in the air. The little girl sighed deeply and, looking embarrassed, said:

"I'm sorry my friends are like this. They tease us a lot. And about last night..."

"It was wonderful."

I quickly interrupted, not wanting Miriam to feel bad.

"Exciting. Don't worry about it, they saw it, but they didn't interrupt us. They teased us, and that's it."

"How do you manage to make it seem so normal?"

"It's not really normal, but it happened. If we're embarrassed, let's just not bring it up again, right?"

"Oh... okay."

"So, what was it about on the camera that made you so eager to take it from your friends?"

"We agreed not to talk about it, but here we are. Okay... there are pictures like this one."

Miriam handed me the camera, and I scrolled through the pictures. I couldn't remember when they were taken, but I could see the two of us, bare-shouldered, under a blanket, clearly fresh from our time together. Each picture showed smiles and exhaustion that spoke volumes.

"You're right. This wasn't our first time."

I swallowed hard, giving Miriam a teasing look.

"No videos, though?"

"Idiot."

"What a shame. I wanted to see how good you were back then."

"You learn fast."

"Really? Then... I can learn from you again tonight... Oh!"

A sofa cushion hit my face just as the little one got up and went to the bathroom.

"What is it?"

"Before we do something like that, let's do it right."

"Hm?"

"You're going to marry me, aren't you?"

I nodded shyly, and Miriam smiled, pleased, then quickly returned to a neutral expression.

"Well, that's good then. This morning I met your family. Now it's time for you to meet mine. Go take a shower and get dressed."

Miriam said.

I was a little surprised at how quickly everything was happening. On the first day, we started dating; on the second, we slept together; on the third, I'm meeting her family because we're getting married. Not even lightning could match our speed.

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Today, I ride on the back of Miriam's motorcycle, and I admit it's exciting, although I find Thailand a little too hot for that. As we rode, I lightly wrapped my arms around her waist and realized how small she was.

"You're too skinny."

"That's why you making me breakfast every day."

"I promise I'll get better at cooking so you can eat until you're as chubby as Winnie the Pooh."

"Such a sweet housewife."

"So, am I your wife?"

"We talked about this before, remember? We agreed that we could switch roles."

"You're silly... so cute. Let's switch roles tonight, then. I'd like to..."

Before I could finish, the light turned green, interrupting the conversation, and we soon arrived at Miriam's childhood home. The large electric gate opened as the little girl walked in and parked. I looked around, imagining a younger, chubby Miriam playing around here.

Maybe she climbed trees.

Or played tag with her little brother here.

And maybe she took a big "dive" in the pool in a frilly swimsuit.

So lovely....

"What's wrong with you? You seem distracted."

"Just imagining... Oh! A dog!"

"Her name is Mumu."

A small toy poodle ran up to greet Miriam. However, the little girl only glanced at the dog quickly without petting it, which surprised me.

"You don't like dogs?"

"No, that's not it."

"You just don't play with her much."

"They have shorter lives than ours... I'm afraid that..."

Miriam looked at me, then at Mumu, looking uncertain.

"I need to stop being afraid. Love isn't scary."

I wasn't sure what she meant, but she bent down, picked Mumu up, hugged her tightly, and handed her to me.

"Hold her. She's just had her bath."

"Oh, sure."

I picked Mumu in my arms and began to play with her, delighted. Miriam watched me and laughed.

"Do you like dogs?"

"I like all animals, but my mother wouldn't let me have pets. She's afraid that if they got hurt or were close to dying, I'd try to wish them back to health, and then... well, who knows what might happen."

"Your mother is cautious."

Miriam nodded thoughtfully. As we stood there talking, someone's voice called out, causing Miriam and me to turn to look. A woman who looked remarkably like Miriam, almost like a carbon copy, stood there, beautiful enough to make me stunned for a moment.

"Why didn't you come in?"

"I was about to go in, but I found myself joking with Mumu. Anyway, this is my girlfriend, God. God, this is my older sister, Renu."

I set Mumu down and nodded slightly in greeting. Honestly, I thought about giving her a formal Thai greeting, but that seemed a little too formal for the situation. Renu and I ended up staring at each other in mutual astonishment.

"Is your girlfriend a woman?"

"Are you really that surprised? Your girlfriend is also a woman."

"Your girlfriend is very pretty, Mi."

"Your sister is also very pretty."

As we continued to stare at each other, Miriam, realizing how long this had been going on, stepped between us, clearly a little irritated, snapping us out of it and redirecting our attention to her scowling face.

"What are you two staring at so intently? Practically ready to merge into one person."

"I'm just curious about your girlfriend, that's all. Wow... so possessive."

"Of course I'm possessive! She's mine!"

Miriam said, half joking, which made her sister look at me again and mumble under her breath as if she were thinking out loud.

"Should I be worried? Hmm... I feel like I've said that before."

Miriam and I exchanged a knowing smile, but remained silent.

"Is your girlfriend here too?"

"Yes, she's inside, chasing the cat and probably fighting with Ong."

"Did you bring a cat? Won't she fight with Mumu?"

"I put her in a carrier, but the moment I unzipped it to give her water, she jumped out and ran away... Anyway, let's go inside; it's hot out here."

"I'll talk to Mom first, just to keep her from getting shocked."

Miriam said to her sister, looking a little anxious, then turned to me.

"Wait here for about five minutes. Let me go inside and do some groundwork with Mom, then I'll come get you."

"Okay."

Miriam disappeared into the house with Renu and Mumu behind her, leaving me alone in the pool. As I walked around, looking here and there, I heard someone calling out, sounding frustrated.

A cat. Yes... I knew it was a cat. I knew that cat well.

"Viramarati-Savitruthita... Why such a long name? It's tiring to call it."

Meow.

The sound of the cat's meow, coming from above, made me look up at the roof of the house. So I called out to the person who was looking for her.

"It seems she's up here."

I said, pointing to the roof to guide the cat's owner, who stopped and looked at me, stunned.

"You."

"Yes?"

A small woman with a pretty, slightly dark face stared at me, visibly shocked. I was used to people staring at me like that, but this was different. Unlike others who seemed surprised by my appearance, this woman seemed to be reading something deeper, which made me wary.

"Excuse me." She said softly.

She took a step closer, reaching out and lightly touching my arm before quickly pulling away. In that split second, I felt an electric charge pass between us, like static electricity, as if some energy had flowed from her to me. What was that now? Is she trying to do some magic trick on me?

"You're God, aren't you?"

"You know my name? And you're...?"

The person before me hesitated as if debating whether to answer, then swallowed hard, nodding to herself as if making a decision.

"Administrator."

"Administrator?"

"Administrator of a celebrity gossip page."

I took a cautious step back, eyeing her warily. She looked at me again, then addressed me by my Facebook name, a name that almost no one knew. In fact, no one knew why my profile picture was just an avatar.

"You're Codename God."

□□□□□

☀️42. Vilamarati-Savitritithita☀️

Strange things don't just happen to me. There are others who experience them too, though what we are capable of doing is different. While I have the ability to bestow blessings and curses, Jao-jom has the ability to "read minds."

Now, the two of us, having faced similar fates and unexpectedly shared experiences, stood side by side staring at the blue pool. The smaller one spoke first, her voice tinged with guilt as she brought up memories of the past.

"I have to apologize to you, God, for causing all that chaos that affected your sister..."

"It's okay; it's all in the past. You've also dealt with a lot because of my curse."

I was surprised to learn that these curses had also affected Miriam's sister. From the details I'd heard, it seemed like I was largely responsible for Renu nearly getting lost. Honestly, I had no memory of it at all, as if everything had been erased.

Hearing this now sent a shiver down my spine, what would happen if Miriam and Renu found out about this?

Maybe... just maybe, Miriam would break up with me. This was such a big deal that even as I listened to it, I felt like I was the villain in their love story. I cursed Jao-jom to forget her past to get revenge. God, why is it that when it comes to things involving Miriam, I am completely clueless, completely in the dark.

"It would be okay...."

Jao-jom's hesitant voice broke my silence, as if she was worried. I turned to her and tilted my head.

"What is it?"

"What if I asked you not to mention this to anyone?"

"..."

"No one knows that I am the owner of that page. I don't want teacher to be disappointed.

She said, referring to her partner inside, her face full of concern.

"She taught me to do good, to have good thoughts, but at that time I wasn't thinking carefully enough. If she found out what I had done, and how it had impacted you, even Mi might..."

"I won't say anything."

Honestly, I didn't want Miriam to know either. What I had done was something no one could easily accept. I had cursed someone to forget their past, and that had left me with lapses in my own memory, all because of my impulsiveness and anger.

"Really?"

"This will stay a secret between us."

"That's a relief."

Jao-jom let out a deep sigh, visibly relaxing.

"I was so scared when I realized who you were. In fact, it had been weighing on me for a long time, but I never thought the world would be so small that we would end up meeting like this. But I'm glad, now I can clear things up and apologize properly."

Jao-jom bowed to me again, genuinely apologetic. I bowed back awkwardly, knowing that I hadn't been completely innocent either. Besides, any anger I'd once felt about it had long since faded.

"You don't need to apologize anymore. I've done a lot to you too. Let's forget about it all, pretend it never happened."

"Yeah, pretend it never happened... let's restart."

"Restart.. that's a good word."

We both smiled and then changed the conversation to something else to avoid the awkwardness of this topic.

"I feel like I found a friend," she said.

"Huh?"

"I thought I was the only one in the world who could do weird things like that. But it seems like there are others."

"Yeah, it's comforting in a way. I always thought I was weird, alone. How do you feel about being able to make things happen just by wishing them?"

"Honestly, it doesn't feel good."

"Why not? It seems like a useful skill. You can just wish for whatever you want or curse someone you hate."

"Like I did to you, huh? Here we are, bringing it up again," I laughed softly.

"Nothing we do goes without consequences. When I cursed you, I ended up paying for it too."

"Your memories are missing."

"You know... oh, I forgot, you read minds."

Whatever I was thinking, Jao-jom could read it all, without even touching me. It was a fascinating ability, but it must be incredibly annoying sometimes.

"Yes, it is incredibly annoying."

"See? You can read minds."

Then, we don't even have to talk; I could just think, and you would respond." I teased.

"It's a selective ability." She replied.

"But did you know? There's only one person in the world whose mind I can't read, and that person is my teacher."

"Wow!" I nodded, impressed.

"So, since you can't read her mind, she's the most interesting person to you. You like the mystery."

"You could say that." She admitted.

"Do you like having this ability?"

"Honestly, at first, I hated it. It gave me terrible headaches, but I had to live with it. Then one day, Teacher Renu told me that this ability could be useful if I used it properly. That's why I became a veterinarian. Animals are living beings that can't speak, but they can express their feelings. So in a way, it wasn't so bad."

"It's great that you found a way to use your ability. As for me... my powers are both a blessing and a curse, though mostly a curse."

I sighed, thinking about the burden of my own ability. Then an idea occurred to me.

"Jao-jom."

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever wanted to be like a normal person?"

"Huh?"

"I could make that happen. Maybe this is the first time my powers have actually been useful."

Jao-jom looked at me in shock, a mix of excitement and hesitation flashing across her face. She bit her lip, torn between gaining freedom with this ability and the usefulness it brought.

"But if I lose this ability, treating animals might become more difficult."

"But you wouldn't have to listen to everyone's thoughts anymore, right?"

Meeting me brought Jao-jom to a light at the end of the tunnel. If I wasn't mistaken, I could see a glimmer of tears in her eyes, but they quickly disappeared.

"I don't want to hear them anymore. I want to be normal."

"And you want to be a great veterinarian."

"Yes."

"Then it's okay."

I looked into her light brown eyes, determined. I didn't know what impact this blessing would have on me, but I felt willing to do it. I understood all too well the suffering that comes from carrying a gift you never asked for.

"May you be free and become like everyone else. No one's thoughts will intrude on your mind anymore, except those of the animals who need your help. You will be a skilled veterinarian and proud of who you are."

I placed my hand gently on her head and smiled.

"So be it."

A shiver ran through us, like an electric current, and then everything went back to normal so quickly that Jao-jom had to ask again.

"Is it done?"

"Yes."

"Is that it? No incense or any kind of ritual?"

"Why would I need that?"

"Well, you're basically a god."

"The ability may be divine, but I'm just as human as you, Jao-jom. So, can you hear what I'm thinking right now?"

Jao-jom's face lit up, and she shake her head, laughing.

"No, I can't hear anything."

"I was thinking.. actually."

"Really? I didn't hear anything!"

She covered her mouth in astonishment.

"I can't believe it. You're a real god... but will that have any effect on you?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll start hearing other people's thoughts instead," I joked.

"Would you take on that burden for me?"

"It's just a thought, but probably not. Otherwise, I'd already be hearing your thoughts by now."

"Thank you!"

Jao-jom suddenly hugged me tightly.

"Thank you so much. I can't hear anyone else's thoughts anymore. Now, I won't have to wear headphones when I walk through a crowd, or hear what people are thinking when they gossip. Ah... can I cry now?"

And then Jao-jom actually started crying, catching me off guard.

"Hey... don't do that, or people will misunderstand."

"What's going on?"

The calm but stern voice that interrupted came from behind us. It was Renu and Miriam, arriving at just the right (or wrong) moment. They were both watching us with raised eyebrows, but Miriam, and her older sister, seemed particularly displeased.

"You're so possessive!"

"Teacher... I can't hear anyone's thoughts anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"Well..."

Jao-jom, who was so excited that she almost lost control, stammered in excitement, while Miriam walked towards me with a confused expression, clearly not fully understanding what was going on.

"What's going on?"

"Well..."

Meow!

The sound of a cat meowing from above made everyone look up. Jao-jom, who seemed to be searching for her, cried out in excitement.

"Viramarati-Savitritthata! ...Ah!"

Oops!

Then, a plump orange cat jumped down from the roof and, with a quick swipe of its paw, hit me hard on the forehead. The surprise made me lose my balance, falling backwards. Miriam, who was nearby, reached out to help, but the momentum sent us both flying toward the pool behind us.

As I fell, memories flooded my mind like a burst dam, overwhelming me with images of the past, starting from the beginning.

I was the one who wanted Miriam's sister to find her true love, and that wish left me deaf and blind.

I was the one who asked Miriam to become my girlfriend and live with her.

I was the one who wanted to discover Miriam's secrets in that box and learn everything.

I was the one who slept without permission. I was the one who was about to die.

I was the one who cursed Miriam to hate herself.

I was the one who jumped off a balcony to end my life.

I was the one who wanted Miriam to forget me and find a better love.

And now... I'm back.

Splash!

The sound of splashing water echoed as Miriam and I fell into the pool. I slowly surfaced, with Miriam rushing to the surface to take a deep breath before clinging to me, clearly worried.

"Are you hurt anywhere?"

"Yes."

"Does it hurt?"

"..."

"Hey, what's wrong? Why are you so quiet? Oh..."

I pulled the little girl into a tight hug, speaking with a heart full of love and gratitude. Even though we both felt like we had been reborn, Miriam never thought of leaving me.

"What happened?"

"I love you."

"What? Are you so afraid of drowning? Let go, people are watching! ?"

Miriam said, embarrassed, but I still hold her.

"Am I the good love you wished for?"

"Oh my..."

"Answer me."

"Yes... you are the good love."

I let go of Miriam, looking at her gratefully.

"Then, the wish I made before jumping... came true."

"You remember!"

From someone who was embarrassed and worried about what others would think, Miriam suddenly jumped into my arms, sobbing.

"Is it really true? Do you really remember?"

"Yes, I remember. I regret that after being reborn, you disappeared from my memory, but one thing remained unchanged... and that is my love for you."

"..."

"I still love you, just like before."

"You really came back...!"

Miriam cried harder, and her sobs made her mother, who had rushed to see us, look at us both with concern. I wasn't sure how to stop Miriam from crying, knowing exactly how she felt, shocked and happy. It was so hard to calm her down, so I decided to change the subject a bit.

"Let's get out of the pool, then we can think about... how we're going to tell your mother about our wedding."

"Huh...?"

"You don't want to marry me anymore?"

"Ah!"

And just like that, she started crying even harder than before.

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43. Start Afresh

It was the first time I visited Miriam's room, where she was born and raised. I have to admit... it was a bit messy. The little girl was standing, drying my hair while I was sitting on the bed, humming a cheerful song. Meanwhile, I continued to observe the room, until Miriam, who seemed to be defending herself, spoke.

"It's not usually this messy, don't mind. What matters is that the room we're in is clean, open and livable."

"That's because you're the one who cleans it." I said.

"Don't fight with me!" She replied.

"You're so annoying!"

Miriam growled and pulled my hair with the towel, telling me to stop teasing.

I laughed softly and then pulled the little girl into a hug, burying my face in her belly, playfully.

"It feels so good to be with you like this. Even if your room was a pile of trash, I would still want to be with you."

"A pile of trash?" I asked.

"Okay, fine, less than a pile of trash."

She admitted.

"Come on, you really don't love me."

I teased.

I continued to hug Miriam, letting her dry my hair as we talked.

"So, does this mean our story has a happy ending? Have you found someone you think is good?"

I tilted my head, smiling at her.

"From now on, there should be no obstacles, right?"

"Once you remember, what obstacles could there be?"

"What do you think your family will say about us getting married?" I asked.

"They won't mind. My mother is open-minded."

Miriam replied confidently.

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"Nonsense!"

Miriam's mother shouted at the dinner table, where everyone was gathered: her mother, her sister Renu, her younger brother Ong, Jao-Jom, Miriam, and I.

"Just accepting that you two love each other is hard enough. Now you want to get married? Who will accept that?"

"What do you mean, Mom? People who love each other should get married. I want to marry Got. Same-sex marriages are quite common these days," Miriam said.

"That's someone else's family. We have a reputation to uphold. Your older sister also has a girlfriend..."

The mother hesitated a bit, feeling she was treading carefully with Ms. Renu, and lowered her voice so as not to sound too shocked.

"Now the second daughter also has a girlfriend. Aren't we going to have children or grandchildren for this family? Should we have heirs?"

"Well, Ong is still here!"

Miriam quickly shifted the burden to her younger brother.

"Ong, go make some babies now!"

"Are you crazy, sis? How old am I? Besides... I just broke up with my girlfriend."

"What? You broke up? Why?"

Miss Renu looked at him, seemingly confused, while the mother looked at her son, also unsure, but didn't ask anything else.

"Don't tell me you have a boyfriend too,"

Mom said suspiciously.

"I don't!"

Ong replied firmly, raising his hands in defense.

Mom narrowed her eyes.

"Really? Are you sure?"

"I really don't have a boyfriend! I've been in relationships, and they ended. I'm going to meet someone new. But seriously, even if I try, I don't know if it'll be as good as what you girls have. What's wrong with the world? You pretty girls can't make it work, what about us guys?"

"It's really a personal matter,"

Renu interrupted, trying to help. But Mom still shook her head.

"No, I just can't accept it... at least not right now. Like Ong said, relationships come and go. The future is uncertain. Let's wait for things to get more settled before talking about it."

"So, if it's more settled, will you let us get married?" Miriam asked.

"No!"

Seeing the situation getting worse, I started to feel uncomfortable. Miriam noticed my silence and frowned, sensing something was wrong. She quickly grabbed my shoulder and squeezed it tightly.

"Don't do this... Don't make any requests."

"I wish everyone would accept our marriage this time. I don't..."

Before I could finish, Miriam's eyes widened and tears welled up as she understood that whenever I made a request, something would happen. She immediately grabbed my arm tightly, right in front of everyone.

"Why are you doing this?!"

She screamed.

"If we get married, what happens then? You and I might end up breaking up!"

"...."

"I won't allow it."

"Mommy won't allow it either! No matter how loud Got talks, I won't allow it. No one can change my mind."

"What?"

Miriam and I exchanged confused looks. The little girl, who had tears streaming down her face, suddenly looked confused, trying to understand what had just happened.

"Are you really not going to let us get married?"

Miriam asked again.

"Yes, that's right."

"But Got just asked us to get married, Mom must approve, right?"

"Do you think she's some kind of miraculous goddess? Even if Buddha himself came down to present me with a golden pagoda, I still wouldn't agree. Wait another two years, and if you two haven't broken up by then... well, I'm not sure. But for now, no marriage!"

With that, Mother stood up and left the room. Renu, sensing that things were not going well, stood up and followed her, apparently trying to mediate. But for Miriam and I, the issue of marriage was no longer the concern; something even more surprising was about to happen.

"Why won't your mother let us get married?"

"My mother is very stubborn, but I think my brother Ong will help talk to her."

Ong, who didn't understand much, quickly followed his sister out of the room.

"I will help too."

That left only Miriam, Jao-Jom, and I, who knew the whole story.

"It could be because of desire."

Jao-Jom suggested.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'll leave you two to talk."

Jao-jom said, apologizing and leaving Miriam and me alone.

Miriam, who didn't know what was going on, looked back and forth between Jom and me. The youngest in the room, she stepped aside to let us talk in private.

"Did you see that? The wish didn't work."

I said.

"Yeah, how could that happen?"

"Maybe..."

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe it's because I'm reborn."

And then, granting Jao-jom a wish might have affected me. At first, I thought that if I wished for Jao-jom to become normal again, hearing only the sounds of animals, I would have the power. But the result was the opposite... I ended up losing the ability I had as well.

"Is that a good thing or a bad thing?"

I asked Miriam, seeking her opinion.

"....."

"I've become a normal person now."

"So what?"

"Do you still love me?"

Miriam looked at me, seemingly incredulous.

"If you're not a god anymore, there's nothing special about you. So why would I love you?"

"...."

"I'm kidding. It's actually the best thing ever! Yay!"

Miriam jumped up, hugging me, spinning me around like someone who had just won the lottery. I felt like I was finally free, no longer afraid. No matter what was said, it didn't matter anymore.

"From now on, I could bless others at weddings or New Year's, wishing good health to the sick without having to fear anything anymore.

"When you drive and get angry, you can curse at whoever you want."

"Wow, this is amazing. I can curse at people now. Does that mean I can curse at you too?"

"Try it and see."

"You crazy woman, Miriam, you look like a sloppy dog!"

"Mommy is going to slap you in the face!"

"Ahh! You're so wild, so intense!"

"It's great! Now you can curse at people... but wait, 'sloppy dog'? You have a sharp tongue!"

Even though we had just been rejected by the adults about getting married, we were as happy as if we had just found out we were having twins or something. Our excited screams made everyone in the house, who were chatting elsewhere, run back to see what was going on.

But Miriam and I didn't explain anything. We just held each other's hands, walked outside, and jumped on a motorcycle.

"Do you know where I'm taking you?"

Miriam asked.

"To find my mother, right?"

"Yes, let's ask your mother about the marriage. Come on, pray for us."

I clasped my hands together and spoke clearly:

"Please let our mothers accept our marriage."

"Yay! Let's go see your mother!"

Miriam started the engine and drove away without hearing the calls from the people in the house, who were still confused about what we were doing. As expected, when we got home, I explained my position to my mother about wanting to get married, and she immediately rejected it.

"No way! Just being in a relationship with a woman is giving me a headache."

"Ahh! You won't let us get married?"

"Great!"

Miriam and I jumped up and down, hugging each other and spinning in circles in joy. This was proof that my wish didn't work. I had become a normal person again, without having to worry about every word I said coming back to me.

"Why are you so happy? Mom just said you can't get married."

Get looked at the two of us with a confused expression. I looked at my younger sister and almost started crying, making the twin worried.

"What's wrong with you?"

"I need a hug."

I ran to my younger sister and patted her back gently.

"Get... from now on, I wish that everything you wish for comes true. If you want to be a famous star, you can be one. You will definitely make a beautiful comeback in the entertainment industry."

"Got... did you just bless her?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you afraid that..."

"No, because it's impossible. Heh heh heh."

"Huh?"

"Heh heh heh."

I laughed in satisfaction, having kept the resentment over that laugh hidden for so long. Then I took Miriam's hand and headed towards the motorcycle.

"Let's go back to the room. I want to sleep naked and hug you."

"Why do you..."

"Why what?"

"Why do you think like me? Heh heh heh."

"Heh heh heh."

Miriam and I laughed together happily, not feeling the least bit bothered by my mother's rejection. We quickly went back home because we just wanted to live our lives like normal people, without anyone interfering between us.

"Marriage? Let's forget about it for now. It's not the most important thing."

We both understood each other well and knew that marriage was just a formality. If the elders still disagreed, we would continue trying to make everyone realize that it was possible. It might be difficult, but that's what we call "an obstacle."

Throughout my life, whenever things didn't go as planned, I would just pray for what I wanted and accept the results. But from that moment on, I would be an ordinary person who had to fight for what I wanted, just like everyone else.

Now, Miriam and I had become an ordinary couple like everyone else.

Our love had just begun, and we didn't know how difficult the obstacles would be, but I could already feel the excitement building. Others might be afraid, but Miriam and I were ready to face everything happily.

No more cheating in prayers...

No more unexpected results...

And no more divine love...

"I love you."

I said to Miriam as I sat behind her on the motorcycle. Miriam, hearing this, reached out and gently patted the arm I had wrapped around her waist.

"I love you too."

But it's the love of two ordinary people like Miriam and me.

□□□□□

☀️01.Miriam's POV☀️

"Are... are you awake? I'm awake now."

"..."

"You... God!"

I called out to my lover, who was lying still, not moving, in a panic. I even pressed my face against her left chest to listen to her heartbeat.

Thump, thump...

Her heart is still beating. Why isn't she waking up?!

"God... what's wrong with you?"

"Boo!"

Then the pretty-faced girl sat up and stuck her tongue out at me, making me flinch and almost fall off the bed. Luckily, God grabbed the collar of my shirt and pulled me back, giving me a soft kiss on the lips, as if to tease me.

"You look so surprised."

"What's wrong with you?!"

I bared my teeth and stood up, walking away angrily. The new day began with my lover playing a prank that made my heart race. I would definitely be in a bad mood all day. Furious!

"What's wrong with you? You're so annoying! Apologize!"

God, who had gotten out of bed, ran to catch up with me and hugged me from behind, rubbing her chin against me like a cat, hoping I would calm down. But when I'm angry, it's not so easy to make me stop.

"What were you doing? Do you know how much you scared me?"

It's been two years, you idiot. We both know that's not going to happen. I'm not a god anymore. I'm back to being a normal person. I'm not going to die... Well, no, we all die someday, but not because of some strange disease like before.

"I'm still not at ease."

Even though it's been two years, I still can't shake the feeling of worry. I'm not so sure that the special powers she had before really disappeared as we expected. There are nights when I dream of God regaining her powers, involuntarily arguing with others, and then waking up to find her nose crooked!

"You're thinking too much. Now, when I curse someone, it has no effect. I can also bless people."

"Ya.."

"..."

"Even if you're not a god anymore, I still don't want you to bless anyone. No more competitions, no more, none of that. I don't trust that."

"You're acting like my mother."

"If I was your mother, we wouldn't be kissing like that."

"So that's good, because I want to do more other things. Let's take a shower."

"Crazy! So early!"

"That's why it's good. It'll help cheer up the grumpy one."

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Now, we're still at my sister Renu's apartment. I've been unemployed for a long time since I found out that God had a memory loss problem. I quit my job to help out around the house, doing public relations and working with advertising companies on marketing plans. I've been in planning for a while, even when I was a TV show producer. Switching to this job wasn't that hard.

As for God, even if she doesn't have to work, she will always have enough to live on. Her daily routine is just drawing and playing, being a good housewife. But because she wants to prove to my family that she is not just someone who sits around doing nothing and that she can take care of me, she has now returned to helping my sister create handmade bags, one of which is sold in sets for over a hundred thousand baht.

My sister is very talented. How did she come up with the idea of making handmade Thai designer handbags that sell for so much?

"It's been two years. Do you think... your mother will agree to us getting married?"

"Don't just blame my mother... your mother too."

Right now, we're both lying in a hot bath, letting our minds wander. I'm lying on God's chest, staring at the ceiling with steam rising.

"Actually, love with obstacles is hard too."

"This isn't even an obstacle. Our families aren't stopping us from being together. We're just making it harder for ourselves,"

I laughed. God nodded in agreement and began to squeeze my chest playfully.

"I like your body. Let me touch it. It's soft."

"It won't just be soft."

"Even better, it's perfect."

The pretty-faced girl opened her mouth and bit my earlobe, knowing exactly what she was doing. I pretended to stop her, but gave in, letting out a soft moan.

"You're so good at this. I never thought you would be like this when we were in school."

"When we were in school, I didn't think I would fight with you either. Do you think if I had come up to you back then and told you I liked you, we would have started dating?"

"I would have run away for sure."

God paused, looking at me in surprise.

"Really?"

"Yes. I scare easily and I'm shy. It was good that we met again when we were older. It was the right time and place."

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When I think back, I can't help but smile. When we were still in high school, with our strict short haircuts, as we grew older, no longer made sense. Why did we have to cut our hair to ear length? Why did the teachers have to be so serious? Would the school really fall apart if our socks weren't black or our collars were a little too long?

Back then, when we entered the auditorium for orientation, it was the first day our class met the beautiful twin sisters who radiated an aura of grace. As soon as they entered the room, everyone started calling them the "Venus twins," especially "Mahya."

Everyone seemed to focus on her because of her calm demeanor and how her skin seemed to glow with an almost magical light, as if she had an aura. At first, I thought it was just me, but the others around me agreed.

"What kind of cream does Mahya use on her skin? Why is it so shiny? It's like she has an aura."

"I think it's Citra White. I've seen the advertisement, the pink bottle."

"It might be Garnier."

"It's probably Nivea."

"I think it's a special cream from Don Mueang, full of mercury."

We all had a serious conversation because we wanted to know what cream she was using. As you might expect, teenagers like us usually have darker skin, without any glow. If you compare her old high school photos with her current appearance, you'll see the difference.

But although we were curious, none of us dared to ask Mahya directly. The twins, Maya and Mahya, had a different vibe. While the younger twin, Maya, was approachable, had lots of friends, and had lots of guys chasing her, Mahya was different.

She had fewer friends, and no guy dared approach her. It was like she knew her place and didn't feel the need to draw attention to herself. I heard that even the most seasoned seniors who tried to approach her were rejected.

Proud and powerful, admirable...

We only knew each other superficially. We'd pass by each other, exchange glances, and that was it. I never thought of trying to get to know her because I was too shy to talk to her, or rather, I was too shy to approach someone like Mahya. I'm the type of person who talks too much, and I thought I might irritate her. So it took a while before we actually spoke, probably when I was in 10th or 11th grade, if I'm not mistaken.

"Can I borrow your gym shorts? I forgot mine."

That was the first time we spoke. Mahya came up to me in class, looking pitiful. I remember everyone getting quiet as if the subject teacher had walked into the room. But in reality, everyone was just paying attention to the "Venus" twin, who had never been near our class before.

"Sure, but will they fit you?"

"They should. We're about the same size... I think."

Her uncertain "I think" made me laugh, and Mahya, who saw me smile, raised an eyebrow, staring at me with her soft brown eyes for what seemed like an eternity until I stopped smiling.

"Uh... What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Why don't you smile anymore?"

"Huh?"

"I like it when you smile."

That was the first time we spoke, and probably the last. I remember my heart racing as if I were talking to a celebrity. My classmates teased me, joking that Mahya and I were secretly dating, even though we were girls. But not long after that, Maya, the younger twin, returned my gym shorts to me.

"Where is Mahya? I haven't seen her at school."

"She dropped out of school. She has to stay home for treatment."

And since then, I haven't seen Mahya again.

Years later, I had forgotten about her, lost in the chaos of my own life and family problems. God came into my life, passing through it like any other friend from school. By that time, I had gotten a job at a digital channel and after some time, I gained recognition and became a producer of a small TV show, something I was proud of. Why did I strive to work outside the family business? Because I come from a wealthy family and I didn't want to

live off the family fortune. But even though I was working outside the home, I still kept an eye on the family business. One day, my sister, Renu, was looking for a skilled artist to paint bags.

"Do you know anyone in the art world, someone skilled in painting or crafts?"

"Just because I like art doesn't mean I know any artists, but I'll try to find someone."

At that time, I couldn't think of anyone, so I posted a question on Facebook, hoping to get some recommendations. If I found someone, great, if not, my sister could take care of it. However, one of my classmates who was also my Facebook friend commented and suggested someone I had completely forgotten about.

"Hey, why don't you contact God? She's good at drawing. You know, the girl whose sister is a famous actress."

God is another name for Mahya, but during our school days, few people called her by that name; most of us used her real name. However, everyone knew that was her name because we always heard her younger twin sister calling her that.

When I heard this, I tried to find a way to contact her, but no one was close enough to have her personal number. So I had to look for our yearbook, which was hidden somewhere in the house. After dusting it off, I flipped through the pages to see if there was a phone number listed, and that's when I found her home phone number.

A home phone... Do people still use home phones these days? I had to summon the courage to dial the number of a friend I hadn't spoken to since the time she borrowed my gym shorts. I had to smile when someone answered the call. Some houses, it seemed, hadn't disconnected their landlines yet.

"Can I speak to Mahya?"

[Just a moment.]

I waited for what seemed like an eternity, about thirty seconds, wondering if she would remember me. But if I didn't try, I wouldn't know.

"Hello?"

Hearing Mahya's voice on the other end of the line made me swallow a bit of nervousness before I cleared my throat and introduced myself cheerfully.

"Hello... I'm not sure if you remember me."

I quickly switched to more formal language. After all, we're all adults now, and calling her "you" felt a little weird.

"We were in elementary school together. My name is Miriam."

There was a brief silence on the other end before Mahya responded in her usual calm tone.

"I remember. You're the one who lent me your gym shorts."

Hearing her refer to herself as "I" made me smile before I quickly got to the point of why I was calling. Mahya listened quietly, not interrupting, until I briefly explained. When I finished, she responded simply.

"I think it's best if you come and meet me in person. It's not very convenient to talk on the phone. Besides... I'd like to see you."

"U... Okay, when would be a good time?"

"How about today? What time works for you?"

"That was quick, but I didn't mind..."

"Would 7:00 PM work for you? It's a business day."

"Sure, I'll ask the housekeeper prepare something nice to welcome you."

I remember being so excited that day to meet Mahya. Maybe it was because we weren't close, but the quickness of it all kept me alert. When I arrived at her big house, I was greeted with ease.

I was surprised at how rich my old school friend had become. I'd heard that her family's business was doing well, but I never imagined it would be this rich.

"Mahya is waiting upstairs. Please follow me."

The housekeeper, who seemed to be waiting for me, led me to Mahya's room. When we knocked on the door, I heard Mahya's voice calling us to come in. The cool air from the air conditioner hit my face and skin, refreshing me. "Venus," as my colleagues used to call her, was sitting in front of a canvas. She put down her brush, took off her apron, and stood up, walking towards me.

"Hello, Miriam."

"Hello, Mahya."

We stared at each other for a while until the housekeeper silently excused herself. Mahya still glowed with the same radiant aura as before. I could feel her presence, almost like a light emanating from her, making me feel a little insignificant in comparison.

"It's been so long. You've really changed, you've grown."

"Although you haven't changed at all."

"Is it good or bad?"

"You're still as beautiful as ever."

I quickly closed my mouth, realizing I had spoken without thinking, then gave an awkward smile.

"Please don't take it the wrong way."

"Why would I do that? You're complimenting me... And according to courtesy, when someone compliments us, we should smile and return the compliment, telling them that you're lovely too."

"..."

"You still have that beautiful smile."

My heart was pounding at those words. Seeing me stay silent, Mahya changed the subject, inviting me to sit on her bed, while she sat in her usual spot near her drawing table to discuss business.

"I was thinking... I'm not sure I can do the work you want. I'm afraid I'll disappoint you and your sister."

"No way, just try."

I clasped my hands together, making a pleading expression.

"I don't know who else to trust; you're the only artist I know."

"Just because I'm an artist doesn't mean I'll do a good job."

"The pay is also very good."

"That's not the problem."

"True... Sorry, it was inappropriate of me to mention that."

"I'm not criticizing you. Don't feel like you have to hold back on every sentence."

"I'm very honored that you gave me the opportunity to speak."

"Now you're being so formal. It's confusing me... Let's not do this. Let's talk as friends today. Would you be willing to be my friend?"

I could hardly believe what I was hearing, but I nodded shyly, feeling like I was being asked out. Even though it was a completely different situation, it

felt like that.

"I want to be your friend."

"Then let's start by calling me 'Got'. When you call me 'Mahya' all the time, it makes me shiver."

The cute girl gave a playful shiver, laughing. I rarely saw Got act like this during our school days, but her smile now made my heart flutter so much that I had to turn away.

"Are you okay?"

"Nothing, nothing. Then just call me 'Mi', okay?"

"Mi... Your nickname is so cute."

"You say 'cute' so often that I'm starting to think I'm actually cute."

"You should think so."

Got continued to smile at me, then cleared her throat and straightened up.

"About work, I'll try since you asked so nicely. But I have one condition."

"Go ahead, whatever it is."

Got smiled and said what she wanted:

"I'll only deal with you, not anyone else."

Looking back, I remember Got and I laughing as we talked in the bathtub.

"Back then, I was so nervous around you,"

I said, placing my hand on my cheek.

"I always saw you as someone superior, but you agreed to be friends and even called me by my nickname."

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"At the same time, I felt like you were the light at the end of the tunnel during one of the darkest times of my life. You gave hope to someone who had lost everything."

"It really was the right time and place."

I kissed my lover's chin lightly, pampering her.

"Did you ever think we'd be lying in a bathtub like this?"

"Never. Even though I wished so much I could do something like this with you."

"So why didn't you ask?"

"Because I knew that everything that comes easily usually has its price. I wasn't sure what would happen next. This way is better... If we were meant to be together, we will be."

"Such beautiful words. Oh... But I still haven't gotten over what happened this morning."

"Still?"

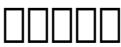
Got, remembering the incident, gently dragged her fingers under the water. I shivered slightly, even though I was prepared, still aroused every time she touched me.

"What should I do?"

"What you did before..."

I reached behind her and touched the back of her neck as she teased me between my legs.

"Just do it."



☀️02.Miriam's POV☀️

"I was really surprised that you took me to the temple to make a request to the sacred."

Got stood there, holding incense and lotus flowers, looking completely impassive, as if she didn't believe it. It wasn't surprising, however, since she was born, she had always been the one giving blessings, never asking for anything like everyone else does.

"You have to do this at least once in your life. Try it. Maybe Mom will let us get married."

"You know that's impossible."

"Just do it to make me happy, okay? I came here once to wish to find someone special."

"Your sister found her partner because of me."

No matter how much I tried to persuade, it seemed ineffective. I had to admit that everything we achieved was because of Got, and Venus even sacrificed her sight and hearing on one side for this blessing.

No, not for that, for me.

"But I will do it for you,"

Got sighed, then walked over to light the incense, kneeling before the Buddha statue.

"It's been a long time since I've prayed like this. I might as well give it a try."

I looked at Got, who praying with her eyes closed, mumbling a wish just to please me. I smiled, remembering the past, and I loved her even more.

A person willing to do something for another, even if we are still nothing to each other yet...

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I remember that at that time, my sister Renu was at the lowest point in her life. A woman who had everything had become an empty shell, looking like a walking corpse, lifeless and soulless, crying every day. She even touched alcohol for the first time, something she had never considered.

It was all for love.

"Ridiculous, just one absent student could make her so crazy?"

Even mom didn't understand why my older sister was so affected, but I knew, it was love. I thought I could tell how she felt about Jao-jom, the girl who seemed so special to her. It was more than that, and I didn't judge whether it was right or wrong, although Thai society didn't fully accept it.

As we talked to Mom, sharing our concerns, Ong came running down from upstairs, grabbing his keys in such a hurry that I couldn't help but ask.

"Where are you going, Ong? Why are you in such a hurry?"

"It's Renu!"

I barely needed to ask more; seeing how urgent it was, I followed him to the car and waited patiently before cautiously asking, deeply concerned for our dear sister.

"What happened?"

"Renu called, crying, saying that Jao-jom had called her, but when she got there, there was no one there... she said she couldn't take it anymore, that she felt like she was dying."

"Ridiculous, why isn't she taking care of herself?"

Love is like that, always. No matter how strong, everyone ends up defeated by it. When we arrived, my sister was sitting on the road, illuminated only by the car's headlights, which made me feel even more sorry. I couldn't help but confront her, but she slapped me back. We ended up fighting, something we had never done before.

No, actually, we did, but it was a long time ago, and I couldn't remember when. I never thought we would have to face such a situation again as adults.

"You can't go on like this, Renu! Your life isn't all about Jao-jom!"

She was at her lowest point, this brilliant woman, flawless in every way, reduced to an ordinary, fragile woman, almost going mad because her beloved partner was gone. Her state haunted me, and I swore I would never be like that.

I would never fall in love!

"I don't know what to do anymore."

"Don't worry. I will pray for you."

At that time, I felt so sorry for my sister. Our family's worry left us with no happiness. After losing my father, I tried to stay strong, not shedding a tear. But seeing Renu in this state broke my heart, so I found myself going to the temple to find solace and say a prayer.

'Please let her find Jao-jom soon. I will make a lot of merit and give anything in return.'

I clasped my hands in prayer, enduring the incense ash falling onto my hands, almost making me scream. Then my phone ring and my heart skipped a beat when I see Got's name.

"Hello, Got."

"Am I bothering you? Are you free?"

Even if I was boarding a plane in a scene from Mission Impossible, I would still say I'm free. I quickly finished putting out the incense and stepped away to comfortably answer the call.

"I'm free. What's up?"

"I wanted to let you know that you can come over. I finished painting the sample desks and I'd like you to see them."

"Sure. Are you free now? I can go right away."

"Sure. I'm home all the time."

After praying, I went straight to Got's house. Seeing her always made me excited for reasons I couldn't explain. Maybe it was because she was once someone out of my league in school, and now, getting to know her better made me eager to get closer, even if it was just for work.

Today was no different, Got was still beautiful, never boring to look at. Just seeing her cheered me up, no matter how down I felt. She handed me two identical painted bags, asking for my opinion.

"What do you think? Are they good enough?"

"This is perfect, it looks really nice."

"Why does it have to be a watch design?"

"I'm honestly not sure. It was Re who informed me about this."

I tilted my head to look at the two wallets before carefully placing them in a box and putting them in my bag. As I did so, I felt eyes on me, the lady of the house's gaze unwavering.

"Hmm, is there something wrong?"

"You look tired. Busy with work?"

"Just a little."

"You're not smiling much today. The world seems dull."

I raised my eyebrows a little and give the speaker a big smile. But even so, with the sadness weighing down on me, that smile seemed fake.

"Yeah, it's been a little heavy lately."

"You're not in a rush to go anywhere, are you?"

"Hmm?"

"Stay and chat for a while. I've been feeling a little lonely lately. Seeing you is a nice change."

Got looked at me with a gentle smile and spoke hesitantly.

"If you want to talk, I'm a good listener."

"What is this...?"

"Think of me as your friend. I've never really confided in anyone before. I'm glad I met you."

"I'm glad I met you too, but..."

I hesitated, unsure if I should share personal details with someone I'd just met. But after thinking about it, I felt like opening up might help, even if she couldn't do anything about it. At least someone would listen.

"I'm not pressuring you. If you're uncomfortable, that's okay. I just feel like when you're not smiling, the world seems less bright."

"You're very kind. Okay, let's just say this is a fictional story... So, um..."

I decided to tell her about my sister. I'd intended it to be a simple rant, but as I kept talking, the pressure, the pain, the frustration, and the sympathy all came flooding back, and my voice wavered until I was crying like a child.

She listened to the whole story without a single word, just watching me with those soft brown eyes that seemed to understand. The beautiful woman got up from her chair and crouched in front of me, holding my hands as if to comfort me.

I stared at her, stunned, as she wiped my tears with one hand.

"You look so ugly when you cry."

"...*Sniff*.."

"Tears don't suit you. Seeing them doesn't feel right. You have to stay strong. Your sister has nothing to hold on to right now. Support is important."

"I'm trying to be there for her... I even went to a temple to pray for her, something I've never done."

"What did you pray for?"

"So that Re can be reunited with Jao-jom soon. I would give anything for that... I can't bear to see my sister like this."

"So I'll help you in another way."

"How?"

"I'll wish for your wish to come true. I hope your sister is reunited with her lost love."

Suddenly, goosebumps appeared on my arms, and I didn't know if it was because I was feeling emotional or something else. I showed Got my arm.

"Look at my arm, it's all goosebumps."

"You stopped crying. You look cuter surprise."

Got laughed and wiped my tears again. I felt comforted and smiled at the beautiful woman, feeling closer to her.

"Thank you, Got. I feel much better."

"We are friends now."

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A few days later, miraculously, Renu found Jao-jom. I was traveling for work when Ong called me to tell me the news. I remember being so excited that I didn't know what to do because Jao-jom was someone I knew very well. The first person I thought of was Got, because she was the only one who knew about it.

"Hey, my sister found her partner. I'm so happy!"

I rushed to tell her the news. Lately, we had been seeing each other more often because Got said she felt lonely, and I enjoyed being around her, feeling like we had become close friends. Maybe I would even brag about her to my friends in the future.

"That's wonderful. Finally, you can smile with all your heart again."

"I should thank the deity at the temple. That was true magic! Everything I wished for came true. If you want anything, I can take you there."

Got just smiled.

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Later, when we started dating, I found out that everything had happened because of me. I could understand why the beautiful woman had gone blind in one eye and deaf in one ear after discovering her abilities. I was so touched that I felt indebted to her, thinking that I could never fully repay her, even if I tried for the rest of my life.

This woman loves me so much.

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"What's wrong? Smiling as you looked at me, so shy."

Now we were walking through a mall as a couple. Every time I thought about the past, I looked at Got with admiration, often without realizing it. And as always, the beautiful woman was shy, tucking her hair behind her ear and smiling.

"I love you."

"Did you do something wrong? Coming out of nowhere and saying that?"

"I tell you I love you every day."

"Where did that shy person go?"

"She disappeared the day you hid under the blanket."

I laughed and linked my arm through Got's. As we walked, many people stared at us because the beautiful woman always drew attention. It wasn't the first time; she had been drawing attention since elementary school. But I never got used to it.

"Tell me you love me."

"Hmm?"

"Tell me you love me, out loud."

"What's going on?"

"I want everyone to know that you're mine. If you want everyone to know, we need to get married. That's the whole point of marriage."

I just realized how important marriage is for that reason. If we had rings on our fingers, at least I could show that we belonged together. But we didn't have any yet.

"Since we're not married yet, say it out loud. I don't like people looking at you with hope. They need to know that you have someone to care for."

Got looked around, as if he had just noticed, and smiled.

"You! Riding motorcycles, doing judo, doing all the 'macho' things, but this... you're so feminine about it."

"Come on, hurry up!"

"I love you."

Got turned to the person who was staring at us, smiled and pointed at me.

"This woman here is my girlfriend. Let's get married."

"That was off script!"

"I knew you'd like it, you."

"Ahhh!"

I blushed furiously... How did she know I liked that?

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☀️03.Miriam's POV☀️

"You're really good at your job."

I sincerely praised my older sister. I usually think of Re as my older sister, not my boss. Today was another occasion where we worked together, and I saw many new sides of her. Honestly, I couldn't help but feel a little irritated with our father for neglecting his eldest daughter like this.

"What is this? We've talked about work so many times, and now you're suddenly praising me?"

"I wanted to say this from the beginning, but I couldn't. So, I had to say it now."

"Well, you're good at what you do too."

"But not as good as you."

"If you asked me to plan a product photoshoot or create an advertisement for handbags, I wouldn't be able to do it either. Fish are good at swimming, but they can't fly; if you asked a bird to swim, it wouldn't be able to either."

"Well said... oh!"

I paused for a moment as we passed a jewelry display at the mall. Re noticed and looked over with a smile.

"Since when did you become interested in jewelry like that?"

"Since I started feeling like getting married."

"You've wanted to get married for a while, haven't you?"

"Not as intensely as now, when I want to show commitment."

I looked at a simple ring with a small diamond pendant on display, admiring it.

"Love really changes people."

"It's surprising that this is happening to me, huh?"

"Everyone can feel love, but it's a little unexpected to see you taking this relationship more seriously than anyone else in the family, even me.

My older sister said, smiling, which made me curious enough to ask.

"Don't you ever think about marriage?"

"I'm leaving that to Jao-jom. Right now, I'm just trying to keep things simple. If Jao-jom wants to get married, I'll get married. If not, that's okay too, because we're already living together as if we were married."

Honestly, Re's perspective was straightforward, but my situation was a little different, as my partner also wanted to show commitment. So, our shared desires made it feel right, and it didn't feel so wrong to be looking at rings.

Out of everyone, I'm probably the most scared when it comes to love. Maybe it's because of past experiences with the people around me, or maybe it's the pain of losing my father. I can't handle separation, so whenever there's attachment involved, I tend to retreat, protecting myself to avoid too much pain.

And it's not just people. Even our family dog, I don't go near. I remember when Re brought home a small pet the size of my palm.

"This will be Mommy's youngest daughter and the newest member of the family. Her name is... Mumu."

Mom didn't mind, but still welcomed the four-legged creature with open arms. My brother Ong, who loves all things cute, eagerly played with her without hesitation. I was the only one there, just staring at her. Even though I thought she was cute, I refused to interact with her.

"Aren't you going to play with her?"

"No, I... don't like animals."

"So, I ran to my room and didn't even think about holding Mumu, not even once."

You can call me cold-hearted, but I know myself well enough to protect myself from pain. People see me smiling easily, laughing a lot, with lots of friends. I practice judo and have lots of guy friends. But in reality, I'm incredibly sensitive. Just watching a scene of a pet dying in a movie makes me cry a lot, and I avoid movies like that as much as possible.

I hate having to shed tears.

So, whether it's a pet or a lover, they fall into the same category for me, the kind I avoid.

But... that doesn't mean I've never been in a relationship. I once opened my heart to let a guy into my life. We dated for two weeks, and while riding in a songthaew to visit a friend, my first boyfriend, Phum, reached out and gently touched the back of my hand, looking at me with soft eyes. He leaned in to whisper in anticipation.

"Can I kiss you today?"

It was enough to make the hairs on my arms stand on end. In shock, I kicked him out of the songthaew, and he ended up in the hospital with a broken arm and a head injury.

That was the end of our relationship...

"You're always like this. When are you finally going to find a man?"

Jupjang said as we gathered for drinks, as usual. I shivered and firmly refused.

No, thank you. If it's not meant to be, it's not meant to be. Maybe I'm not ready for anyone. Being alone is great.

"The bride who's afraid of rain, why be afraid of something as simple as having a boyfriend?"

Oa picked up some peanuts and chewed.

"Just try. At first, I was scared too, but after I tried... I couldn't stop. Haha!"

My friends' laughter made me shiver.

"So, how's it going? Are you still with the same guy?"

"I change as I go. If it's not right, then I break up."

"So I'll wait for the right person. I don't want to waste myself. My body has a sensor; if it's not the right person, I get goosebumps and feel an intense urge to run away."

I explained my body's reactions, and my friends sighed in unison.

"There you go again, afraid of love as always."

"I just don't like losses or separations. People don't die at the same time, you know? Those who stay behind suffer more than those who go."

And then I thought about my mother at my father's funeral, crying a lot. I cried too, and I realized that attachment is really scary.

"Forever doesn't exist... we are born alone and we die alone. It's such a harsh truth."

"Who do you think will get married first among us?"

Oa changed the subject when she saw me diving into my thoughts. Jupjang looked at me with a smile.

"The one who says she's afraid of love will probably be the first."

"Ew, don't joke!" I protested firmly.

"I intend to stay single for the rest of my life. I don't want anyone. Just imagining myself in the bridal suite, undressing, making fake noises like I'm done... it's all fake from the start."

"Oh come on... not everything has to be fake. There are people out there who are really good at this. You read a lot of articles about incompetent men. In my experience, there are plenty of talented ones out there, haha."

Oa insisted that sex was a wonderful thing, but I always cringed, thinking about the sticky mess.

"No way. I'll be single and never get a man!"

"Let's see."

Jupjang laughed casually, but I wasn't backing down.

"Wait and see... I'll be single!"

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"Will you be my girlfriend?"

That question came straight out of Got's mouth, the school heartthrob everyone had a crush on. The moment I heard it, I forgot everything I'd ever said to my friends.

"We're dating now."

After all, I was the first one to get a partner!

"Unbelievable."

I laughed at myself, thinking about those memories. Why was I so sure back then that I would never have a partner? Now I'm practically desperate to get married. It's almost embarrassing.

"What's wrong?"

Renu, who was helping me choose a ring, asked with a smile.

"What are you thinking about?"

"I'm surprised I would have a day like this. It's amazing... are you going to buy one too?"

I noticed my sister asking to see a ring with interest. She nodded slightly and said to the saleswoman,

"I'll take two of these. Make the other one a size smaller."

"Do you even know what size Jao-jom wears?"

"I think. If it doesn't fit, we'll get back together... when you're dating someone, you just know, you know, how big or small their fingers are."

She seemed to forget herself as she bit her lip and looked at me with a smile.

"Don't laugh, okay?"

"I understand."

Since we both had girlfriends, we could only smile at each other knowingly. But I wasn't so sure about Got's ring size yet, so I lightly put my finger in my mouth.

"What are you doing?"

"Measuring my finger."

"For what?"

"To measure her ring size."

My words left both the saleswoman and my sister staring blankly. Realizing what I had just said, I waved my hands in denial.

"That's not quite right! I'm just joking..."

But it was too late. Renu was blushing, probably imagining things much further ahead than I intended.

Well, not too far, actually. The whole finger-in-mouth thing? I wasn't just joking. I was serious, though I might not have been being fully in my senses at that moment.

No, no. Enough explaining!

"Let's go with the same size."

I told the saleswoman, swiped my card in one swift motion and ran out of the store, afraid that they would remember me as the customer who mentioned sucking fingers.

Unbelievable. What did I just do?

"Mi!"

"Don't tease me!"

I warned my sister in advance, even though she wasn't one to do that. But she couldn't help herself; her laughter made me turn and glare, showing her teeth.

"No teasing and no laughing."

"What? I can't even move without you getting defensive... I was just going to share my thoughts."

"Nothing about fingers."

"I wasn't going to talk about fingers."

"So what?"

I asked, lowering my embarrassment level a bit to talk to her properly.

"About marriage."

"Hmm? Why?"

"I just wanted to say... if it were me, even if Mom or the whole world were against it, I would still get married because it's just between the two of us."

"Of course, you would say that. Mom respects you a lot. But with me, she's totally against it.."

I pouted like a child intimidated by our mother's authority.

"Besides, I want acceptance from everyone around us too."

"I'll be at your wedding. And if I'm there... Mom will be there too."

My beautiful sister winked, something she rarely did. I wrinkled my nose at her, then wrapped my arm around hers and leaned on her shoulder since we were almost the same height.

"You're such a sweet sister."

"Of course."

"And you know perfectly well your girlfriend's ring size."

"Meh!"

My sister really is the sweetest.

□□□□□

Footnote:

1-A songthaew is a type of public transportation common in Thailand, consisting of a sort of converted truck with benches in the back, offering a shared transportation service.

☀️04. Miriam's POV☀️

Today, I planned to give the couple rings I bought as a surprise. But before I did anything, I had a silly thought. I thought that when I gave it, I should create a memorable moment. After finishing my shower, I walked out of the bathroom, steam rising in the air due to the difference in temperature of the air conditioner. The beautiful woman was standing with her arms crossed, watching the news on TV intently.

"My love."

Every time I say this, Got always turns around and smiles at me, clearly pleased.

"Hey, what do you want?"

"Is your period over?"

As soon as I asked, my girlfriend, who is not much taller than me, narrowed her eyes as if she had understood the secret code instantly.

"It's over."

"Good!"

"Oh!"

I threw myself at Got like a sumo wrestler. Seeing this, Got quickly lay down on the bed, knowing full well that I was going to fight her.

"What's going on? You're not fighting back at all."

"Wait, you'll get sticky when you sweat. Just doing that is so sticky. You don't like it, right?"

"I just like being sticky with you."

"So what are we waiting for?"

Got used both hands to lift my shirt, and I raised my hands in surrender, letting the clothes slide off. The beautiful woman chose to sit up, using her hands and long fingers to play with my chest, knowing she could. Then, she opened her mouth to gently bite my shoulder.

"Let's start now."

"I don't even know how I got like this..."

Sex used to be something I was afraid of. I never thought it was something enjoyable. It wasn't until middle school that I realized that in order for a person to be born, a person's genitals have to be inside another person's body, and we have to be completely naked. The one who opened my eyes to this was Jubjang, who invited me to her house and showed me a porn movie.

"My brother's situation was even more extreme, you know?"

As soon as I pressed play on the video, the doctor's examination of the patient began. I couldn't understand what they were saying because it was in Japanese, but soon the patient lifted her legs, and the doctor began his examination, pulling something out before inserting it back in.

"Shit..."

I opened my mouth in shock and looked at my friend, who looked fascinated. No one else looked surprised or disgusted like I did.

"What... what are they doing?"

"Having sex."

"Having sex? What is that?"

"Don't act so innocent, idiot,"

Oe said with an irritated smile.

"It's sex."

I always thought people just kissed and then had babies.

"You need to stop watching Thai soap operas and face reality."

I threw up my hands in disbelief. But it wasn't just about inserting the penis once and pulling it out. It was in and out, and the patient kept moaning, which made me uncomfortable.

"She must be in a lot of pain."

"If it hurt, she would have run away."

"But she's screaming loudly."

"Who whispers during porn?"

Junjaeng explained, leaving me speechless.

"Is this normal?"

"Your parents did it this way, that's why you were born."

"How did the Monkey King come out of a rock? And Momotaro, who came out of a peach?"

"How did your parents raise you?"

I remember at that moment, my friends were all looking at me with annoyed expressions, as if they thought I was faking it. But no, I only found out the truth now. My parents never told me anything about it.

The elementary school I attended never taught me either. It wasn't until I got older that I understood that when a man inserts his sperm into a woman's egg, that's how a child is conceived. It's all a miraculous process.

I didn't watch this kind of adult video just once. After that, Junjaeng and Oe would often invite me to watch porn at their place, sometimes Japanese, sometimes Western, sometimes Indian. But every time, it ended the same way: a mess, sticky fluids everywhere, and the women seemed to enjoy it to an absurd degree.

"I will never have a husband."

I said this once after I entered high school, when my friends started dating and having relationships. I never judged anyone for their actions, our bodies are ours, and if we know how to protect ourselves, it's not a bad thing.

Are smokers bad people? No.

Are people who have sex bad? Naturally. But I choose not to do it. One reason is that I don't have strong feelings for anyone yet. The other reason is that love has to come with desire, and I'm quite afraid of that. Just the thought of undressing in front of someone makes me anxious. My small breasts, my less than perfect hips, and my cartoon-themed panties were enough to make me not want to go down that path.

I had many reasons to dislike doing those things.

"What if you were dating a girl who had nothing to insert, and there was no mess? What do you think?"

That was Got's offer before we decided to become a couple. I accepted quickly because I never expected someone so admired and powerful, the one everyone in the class looked up to, to ask me to be her girlfriend. Even though I had promised myself that I wouldn't date anyone for fear of those things, with that beautiful girl, I didn't hesitate.

Then there was the offer that we both would no longer have the wet and damp problems that I feared.

But you know... it's human nature. Hormones and the things that stimulate them make it hard to refuse. Even though I was scared, I wanted to try. At least Got didn't have anything to insert like in the movies.

Being close to each other led us to go further and further. We both knew we had feelings for each other, but the question was who would make the first move. Until one night, when I went drinking at Junjang's house. After Got came to pick me up and took me back to my room, that night was the first time I experienced the act of making love.

Having sex...

"Have you slept yet? Make a sound."

I wasn't asleep, but I pretended to close my eyes because I was too lazy to say anything. If I woke up, I would be forced to lie down on the bed anyway. Besides, right now, I was only wearing a T-shirt and panties. If I woke up in the middle of the living room, I would quickly get dressed and crawl into bed with her.

"Are you asleep?"

"....."

"Good."

I was a little surprised by the word "good," before I realized that God was coming toward me from the foot of the couch. The beautiful girl in the dark lifted the blanket, and I had to open my eyes in shock, but I stayed quiet.

What is she doing?

"Ah!"

I shivered, but quickly suppressed the sound as my panties slid down to my ankles. I was anxious and afraid that my thoughts were right, but curiosity kept me from protesting. I felt something warm, soft, and new, making me sigh.

It felt like waves of warm ocean water, breaking slowly, then pulling in the heat like a tsunami. Some moments were too slow, frustrating me, but when they got too fast, I felt like I was going to explode, almost making a sound, but covering my mouth with my hand.

It was a good thing God was under the blanket. If she saw me covering my mouth like that, pretending to be asleep would have been ruined. Even if it wasn't the full experience, it made me understand what it was like to feel arousal and pleasure, and now I understood why the women in the videos screamed in agony.

But more than any pain, it was the need to hold on and pretend to sleep, even when my body had peaked and released something, which I wasn't sure God felt. My muscles tightened, my heart raced. I tried to act like I was asleep, turning to the side, trying to avoid God.

Seeing this, God quickly got out from under the blanket and stood next to the couch where I was lying on my back.

"I love you."

God leaned down to kiss my temple before disappearing into the bathroom. When she came back, I was still curled up, my eyes closed, taking in every sensation, almost forgetting to breathe.

It felt so good... it felt so good.

And because of her... I had changed the way I viewed sex, something I had always been afraid of, forever.

"Great... but."

Now we were helping each other reach that edge together. We both loved this position more because it allowed us to look into each other's eyes as our bodies pressed together, our legs intertwining like scissors, making sounds that heightened our emotions with a wet intensity.

"I love you."

Before she reaches her climax, she said this phrase as a signal. I used both hands to cradle her beautiful face, pulling it down to kiss her, wanting to tell her it was okay.

"Go ahead if you need to."

"Mhm!"

Her body tensed slightly, and the sound of her voice raised my arousal even higher, but I hadn't reached my peak yet, I knew it would only be a matter of time.

"Let me help."

"Thanks."

Sex is a way to show who the other person really is. If you want to know how much she loves you, watch it from beginning to end. It really reveals.

If she loves you, she will care if you get to your destination. If she just rushes to her own destination and then loses interest, she is selfish.

"Honey... could you use your mouth? Just take your time, okay? Can you handle it?"

"You know I love the way you taste."

If you can openly share your desires with your partner, expressing exactly what you like and what you don't like, it means you are really close. In love, there should be no embarrassment. Once you undress, you are ready to be intimate. Some people are even too shy to tell their partner that they are not done, just to be polite.

"Honey... I want more."

And whenever she wants you, and you are ready to respond immediately, that is love.

God got on top of me, moving her hips with a clear sense of what she wanted. My job was to touch her, encourage her, and compliment this beautiful person constantly.

"You are amazing. When you do this, you look amazing."

"Even if I make loud noises, you will still love me, right?"

"I will always love you, no matter what you do."

I massaged her chest gently, applying different levels of pressure to help Got reach her peak of satisfaction. When she moved, it was like a sexy dance. I took her hand in mine and squeezed it tightly, knowing that the beautiful girl was about to reach her limit. Soon after, it was all over. Goth rested her head on my shoulder, exhausted.

"You'll sleep soundly tonight."

I whispered as I held her close, my hand gently caressing her back. The sweat on her back was proof that we had just shared our love.

"I'm sorry it took me so long today."

Got sounded apologetic, as today she had finished last, usually she was the one who took her time, enjoying watching me struggle.

"I like it... I like it better when I see you naked."

"I sleep naked every night."

"I still like it. And I would like it even more if you were naked too."

I took Got's hand, guiding her ring finger to my lips and wetting it with my mouth.

"What are you doing?"

"Then it slides in easily."

"Hmm?"

Then, the ring I had prepared slowly slid onto her ring finger, hoping it would fit exactly as I had envisioned. The moisture from my saliva helped the ring slide on smoothly, but it seemed like the owner of the hand was in complete shock.

"What is this?"

"A ring."

"For what reason?"

"For a reason that people who get married need rings,"

I said. At that, Got's mouth dropped open, and she raised her hand to cover it.

"You must be thrilled."

"Of course, I'm happy, but more surprised than anything."

"What?"

Got pulled away from me, opened the drawer of the nightstand, and took out a velvet box with a pair of matching rings.

"I bought one too."

Our rings were simple in style, albeit with slightly different designs, but our tastes were surprisingly similar. I looked back and forth between her ring and mine, then laughed.

"Why don't we plan this together?"

"I wanted to surprise you, but you beat me to it."

"So what do we do now? We have four rings between us! We can't exactly give them back."

"Looks like we're going to have to play a game,"

Got said, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"Next round, whoever makes the loudest sound loses."

"Hmm? Is there a part two?"

She walked over, gently parting my legs.

"But how do we measure who's loudest?"

"Good question... let's record it."

"Record it... how?"

"We'll use the phone to record it and then listen back to see. Whoever speaks the loudest loses."

"What does the loser get, and the winner?"

"The winner gets to choose which ring they want us to wear."

"And the loser?"

"The loser gets the... affection of the winner."

With that, I immediately braced myself, placing a hand over my mouth.

"You won't hear a single sound from me!"

"Let's find out!"

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☀️05.Miriam's POV☀️

It seems the game we challenged each other to failed to determine a winner or loser because neither of us could bear to hear what happened after our game of love ended. Have you ever tried recording yourself singing and then listening back? What was it like hearing your own voice, which sounds so much like a duck's?

Add twenty times the embarrassment I felt with Got because our voices were so far from singing. Then there were the words we never used to say. When we listened to the recording, Got and I blushed and agreed that...

"We could wear the rings stacked, that would be nice."

And then all four rings were on our fingers, and none of them needed to go in a box. Weird, huh?

"I can't believe you said that when we were teasing each other."

Got said, who was driving. I imagined her mind was still on that audio clip, as was mine, but I chose to remain silent.

"We agreed that we wouldn't talk about it again,"

I said, raising my hand to cover my ears.

"I can't take it, aahhh!"

"I can't take it either, but it was weird in a good way, thinking about when you told me to finish eating."

"Got!"

Honestly, I wasn't oblivious to what had happened, but after we got through that love game, we both acted like we'd forgotten everything we'd said. It was like our parents didn't even remember when they brought us into existence. Once it's gone, it's gone.

Starting over is always more fun.

"Are you mad?"

Still silent and not wanting to say anything, Got reached out and patted me lightly. I turned away, not wanting to meet her eyes, acting all pouty to show that I didn't want to talk about it anymore. I really couldn't take it.

"No need to be mad. It's not like you said it all by yourself. I even told you I wanted to moan out loud."

"Didn't you feel weird when you said that?"

"It's just the two of us."

"No, I don't want to talk about it. If you don't stop, I'll get mad. No, I'll hate you. I've never hated anyone in my life, so don't even try."

"You hated me once, don't you remember?"

Sigh!

I shuddered when I heard that. Memories from months ago came rushing back like a tape rewinding to the climax. As soon as I remembered, I clamped my mouth shut tightly and looked at Got with pain in my eyes.

"I... I didn't mean it."

"How could you not mean that? I was the one who wanted you to hate me."

"Why would you want that?"

"Because I didn't want to see you suffer with me leaving."

"And then you had to suffer watching me hate you, right?"

"That's still better than watching you cry. I'd rather be the one who's suffering."

Got has always been like this... she's been like this since before I was cursed to hate her, and everything that happened after that. It frustrates me because I remember every scene, every moment, like it happened yesterday. So, if we were arguing to make me hate her, can she at least help me forget what she did?

Back when I found out Got was going to die... If you remember, back then Get gave an interview on a show and said that it was Got who got pregnant and had an abortion. Honestly, I didn't believe her, because Got didn't know anything about things like that. I proved it by living with her.

Feeling that it wasn't fair to her older sister, I showed her the video, and then it all happened.

"Got really threw a tantrum... you're such a gossip."

After hanging up, Get turned around and glared at me, but she knew that the subject was made up, so she didn't get too mad at me.

"It's something Got should know about."

I said.

"How much you love each other."

Get paused for a moment, as if an idea had occurred to her, and turned to look at me.

"While we're at it, you should know everything that happened.

"What do you mean?"

"How about meeting your girlfriend's family? We're having an unscheduled meeting today."

"Do you have a plan?"

"Of course, or why would I ask?"

I hesitated for a moment, not knowing if Get's plan would put her at a disadvantage.

"Come watch the sisters fight. Since you're part of Got's life, you've already entered it."

It seemed like a strange invitation, but I was genuinely curious about what Get was planning. In the end, I agreed to go back with her since there was nothing else going on at the station. When we arrived, she asked me to hide so that no one would know I was there.

"Why do we have to do this?"

"Let Got show you everything."

The cold smile of the woman who looked like my girlfriend but had a completely different, sinister vibe made me agree. I was curious to see how Got would behave with her family. Soon, the black van that Got usually traveled in arrived. As soon as my beautiful girlfriend got out of the car, she immediately started yelling at her younger sister.

"Is she here yet?"

"She's here! You can't stop my follow-up from showing off!"

"Why can't I when you're lying? Aren't you ashamed of yourself for making this up?"

Today, I saw Got from a different angle, angry, furious, and intense, my heart raced. Normally, I only saw her polite and caring side, but with her family and her younger sister, Got turned into a completely different person. I understood... If someone accuses you of having an abortion, who wouldn't get angry?

After a while, Got and Get started exchanging insults without giving up. But the most shocking sentence that made me tremble and appear was...

"You're going to die soon, and you still want to be useless? Now that I think about it, just hurry up and die!"

Hearing that... I froze. Earlier in the morning, when I saw Got cold and lifeless, her heart had stopped and I had to perform CPR on her. She woke up and everything fell into place. Got, upon seeing me there, was as stunned as I was. From a person full of anger, she turned into someone who seemed to have no strength left.

"Are you going to die?"

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Like I said before... I've always been afraid of love. When Got got shot, I could barely stand it, but I kept fighting, trying to stay by her side. But when I found out that my girlfriend was really going to die, it was a completely different feeling.

When my father passed away, my mother must have felt the same way, huh?

When my sister's girlfriend disappeared, and she couldn't accept that she might have died, I must have felt the same way too...

That night, I sat in a daze, not knowing what to do because I hadn't prepared myself for it. Until someone called me and said they wanted to meet me.

It's not funny... Right now, I'm sitting, drinking beer with Get, the little sister who made today seem like hell!

We sat across from each other, a table separating us, with cans of beer she had stocked. Get opened a can and started drinking without saying a word. We weren't close enough to talk casually.

"Drink up, don't be shy. Drink until you're drunk, and then I'll tell you family secrets."

Get kicked my leg under the table lightly and gestured to the stack of beer cans. I opened one and took a slow sip, not saying anything.

Can after can that Get drank showed her sadness and tension. Just this afternoon, she was ready to fight with her sister, but now, it seemed like she was in shock over something, and I could feel the pain in her words.

"Since I was born, I've never received any attention from my mother,"

She began, her voice heavy, then took another sip of beer.

"She said I could take care of myself, so she gave all her attention to Got. No, I should say she started caring about Got when she learned she had talent. Hah.

"Talent for what?"

"To make anything happen the way she wants!"

I rolled my eyes and took a sip of beer, feeling how pointless it was to listen to such nonsense. But still, it was better than sitting alone in a trance tonight.

"So what happened?"

"We started wondering why no matter what Got said or thought, it always came true. It started in elementary school... She just said she wanted butterflies in our garden, and the next day, the garden was full of butterflies, but she came back with caterpillars all over the house."

"Really?"

"After a while, a motorcycle hit my dad's car, and God got really mad. She swore that the motorcycle would crash... Believe it or not, the motorcycle crashed right in front of a bus! Luckily, it didn't get hit. But then, my dad crashed into another car on the highway, five cars in a row.

"Is that karma or something?"

"No, not really... or maybe it is. Nothing in this world comes for free, not even God."

Then Get leaned over to look at me and smiled slightly.

"Your girlfriend, she's God."

"..."

"This is a family secret. Mom forbade us to tell anyone because she was afraid that people might take advantage of Got. That's why Mom doesn't like you very much. You came and stole her beloved daughter, and you might even put Got in danger with your love."

"..."

"God can't love or hate anyone. Emotions will lead to self-destruction, like now... That girl is about to die..."

Then Get started to get serious and started to cry.

"Because of me."

"Why is Got going to die?"

"Because that girl cursed people, and no one knew that she loved me so much!"

Get looked up, her face covered in tears.

"I already knew something was strange. One day, she woke up and couldn't remember anything, because she had cursed the person to forget. Now, every day, I have to wait to see if Got is still breathing, if her heart is still beating. If she's going to die, why did she have to tell me? What if Got dies..."

Get buried her face in her arms on the table and pounded hard, as if her heart was breaking.

"How can I live?"

"Yes... if Got dies, how can I live?"

I started crying too, reaching out to hold my girlfriend's twin sister tightly, as if I understood. We both sobbed as if we were competing to see who would die first. Then, not long after, Get left. I sat, reflecting on everything, telling myself...

There's not much time left.

I didn't know much about why Got ended up in this situation. Even though Get had told me about the family secret, I still didn't fully understand. Until one day, I decided to test Got's frequent claim that everything she said or thought would come true, combined with Get's insistence, so I tested it with a cat named "Vilamarati-savitritithita." Got brought the cat back, and I bet if I could find the owner, I would believe it.

‘The cat is missing from the clinic. Please share this post. A reward of five thousand baht will be given to whoever brings it back. The owner is very worried. The cat is orange with a name tag that says ‘Vilamarati Savitritithita.’

There is no such thing as coincidence in this world, and my sister's search for a cat with a name longer than Bangkok was even more impossible. Since then, I have fully believed that Got... really does have special powers. The power that Get called her ‘God’.

I started putting it all together since we first met. That day, we played a secret game, and I found a strange piece of paper, but I thought it was just a joke my friends were playing.

“I have one kidney.”

“I am deaf.”

“I am blind.”

“I am going to die.”

But nothing shocked me more than when I found out that I was one of the reasons Got became this way. One day, I started crying about my sister losing her girlfriend, and Got couldn't bear to see my tears. She blessed me, wishing that my sister would find her lost love. That's the reason why Got ended up like this. I have no one to blame but myself.

It was love and gratitude.

When I realized this, I told myself that I couldn't leave Got alone anymore. I quit my job and decided to take care of her full time. But I forgot... too much love can destroy.

I was too afraid to sleep, afraid that I wouldn't wake Got up in time if she stopped breathing.

At night, I wouldn't let her sleep, encouraging Got to make love, just to stretch out the time and delay her sleeping as much as possible.

During the day, I let Got rest, but I kept taking care of her, making sure she was okay.

I didn't dare go anywhere, because I was afraid that Got might suddenly forget something, and something bad might happen.

I loved Got so much that I forgot to take care of myself. The body is always honest with us. When it reached its limit, I felt like I was being shut down, like a computer. I didn't even realize when I collapsed, and that was the beginning of the curse Got put on me because she couldn't stand seeing me like this anymore.

"I'll pray for you..."

"Got... what are you going to ask?"

"I wish Miriam would hate me from this moment on!"

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If you ask me how I felt then... I didn't feel anything, really. It was like Got was just saying something, and I was just listening. But the tears that fell surprised me. Why was I crying?

Why should I cry for this woman who was about to die? I remembered everything: having a girlfriend, falling in love, and what it was like. When I heard Got ask me to hate her, I couldn't even understand why I should hate her. It didn't make any sense. Then Got went and raised her hand and slapped me.

Slap!

And just like that, the reason why I should hate her immediately came to mind.

"I think I already hate you. From now on, never show your face again... Damn, I can't believe how disgusted I am with you."

I really said that, and in my mind, I was filled with hatred for this woman. But thinking back to when we were together, when we had sex, I felt like I was going to vomit. I didn't hesitate to kick Got out of the room, throwing her clothes away like she was trash. It was so violent, and I knew it was something Got had brought upon herself.

I couldn't resist... and in fact, it made everything worse.

Normally, when you hate someone, you don't want to have anything to do with them. But it seemed like Got and I were stuck together, intentionally or not. That girl also seemed to keep showing up, opening up the opportunity for me to vent my hatred in a way I never thought I could.

I poured beer all over that beautiful-faced woman like I was imitating a villain in a drama, and it was so satisfying.

I took Got to a secluded place, never looking back, acting like a heartless person.

But even though I acted like that, when we were together, deep down, I felt sad and confused. It was like the curse was pushing me to do this, but inside, I was resisting it. I felt like I was going crazy, wanting to hate her, but also wanting to touch her. Even though I hated her, I still found myself holding her close because my body told me I needed her and had to do this.

What was wrong with me? I couldn't explain it.

We made love like wild animals. I selfishly released all my desires on Got, not letting her find pleasure, causing her pain with insults, as if my primal instincts were filthy. But Got didn't resist. She didn't fight back, happily allowing me to hurt her, giving me looks like she loved me with all her heart, which made me even angrier.

So angry... and I hated myself so much, I wanted to die.

It was all over quickly. I lay unconscious on the bed, while I went to the bathroom, washing myself with soap in disgust, scrubbing so hard that my skin turned red from the loofah. That wasn't enough. After getting dressed, instead of going back to bed, I went to the kitchen and looked at the sharp knife, holding it tightly until the blood dripped onto the floor with a tick-tick-tick sound.

I hated myself... Why was I so disgusting? How could I be with someone like that?

I would rather die... Death would free me from this hatred and shame.

"I can't bear to see you like this."

Those were Got's words after seeing my bloody hands. The beautiful-faced woman cried in despair, her heart breaking, and I didn't need any further explanation. She walked to the balcony, like someone ready to leave the world without fear.

"If forgetting me will make your life better..."

"Shut up!"

"Forget me."

"No...don't jump!"

"I wish you find a better love."

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"From now on, you won't feel pain anymore because I'm your true love."

I said this as the car was stopped at the red light. Got looked at me and smiled slightly.

"What's going on? Why are you saying things like that all of a sudden?"

"I'm just encouraging you. We're about to meet your mother soon. I know you're excited."

Yes...today, the two of us are preparing to talk to Got's mother at her house. We both agreed that we're "ready" to get married and let everyone know that we're a couple. Even though both families already know, I still want to make it official.

"I'm really nervous. Suddenly, I remembered my own strength from before. If I had, it would be so much easier."

"Easy with ghosts? You forgot what you asked for, and the price you paid was even worse?"

I thought about the time Got woke up and couldn't remember anything, feeling confused.

"Have you ever wondered why, after you told me to find a good love, you forgot everything?"

I had never had this conversation with Got before. As we were stuck at a red light, Got rolled her eyes, thinking.

"Because if I remembered, I wouldn't be your good love. When we were together, there was always trouble. After I made that request, all the memories were erased and reset."

"So why didn't I forget? I'm the only one in the world who remembers everything."

"Maybe because if you forgot, you wouldn't find me. I'm not your good love, but I am a good lover."

"Self-centered. How are you a good lover?"

I retorted sarcastically. Seeing Got admiring herself made me roll my eyes. She laughed and shoved my face playfully when she saw me looking disgusted.

"My qualities are perfect. Beautiful, rich, loyal and devoted. Where else will you find someone like me? I even sacrificed my ear, my eyes, my arm for you. I jumped off a building just because I was afraid you would kill yourself. I did it for you..."

I reached out to cover Got's mouth, unable to listen anymore, feeling disturbed as I remembered the memory of jumping off the balcony. I pressed my lips together tightly.

"Okay, you are a good lover. I promise."

"See? How can you not love me?"

"You are a good lover. After two years, you still are, and always will be. So don't worry. Let's go find your mother. If she doesn't approve, we won't get married."

Got looked at me gratefully.

"Even if we don't get married, just having you is enough."

"Then we don't need God's power for us... The light is green."

I told Got. She turned to look and shifted gears, stepping on the accelerator. However, she had to brake suddenly when a red Mini Cooper ran through the red light at another intersection, ignoring our signal like a reckless driver.

"Where's the rush? Acting like the streets of Bangkok are a racetrack. I hope your tires blow out in the middle of the bridge!"

"Got!"

I raised my hand and glared at Got.

"I told you not to argue with anyone!"

"It's okay. I'm not God anymore."

"But you shouldn't have done that! It's not cute!"

"Sorry. Now that I'm living like a normal person, I got a little carried away. I'll try not to..."

Vroom!

Got's words were cut off when our car suddenly swerved to the right. Before I knew it, I saw the wheels of our car moving forward in the middle of the busy road in Ratchada, with cars passing us like a game.

"Is that our wheel?"

Before I could ask if it was our wheel or if we were going to roll over, I screamed!

Luckily, our car slid forward a little before coming to a stop. Got and I regained our composure, looking at each other for a moment before getting out to check. We found that our car's wheel had rolled all the way to the Big C, while a European convertible was parked with a flat tire in front of a famous shopping mall, surrounded by a crowd of people looking at us strangely.

"You..."

I looked at Got, shocked. She nodded knowingly.

"Yes."

We weren't surprised by the car's situation, but we were shocked because it seemed like it wasn't just a coincidence. Got took a deep breath and spoke carefully.

"It seems like it's coming back."

"....."

"The power of God."

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☀️06.Miriam's POV☀️

Today looks like it's going to be an exciting day, non-stop. After Got and I realized that her powers are coming back, now we have to worry about what our parents will think. Honestly, I didn't even expect Got's family to be here. When Got called to tell us, it seemed like they wouldn't accept it at all.

"I don't agree with this, but I want to know what you guys are going to talk about. I won't make any comments; I'll just observe the situation,"

Got's mother said casually, sitting with her legs crossed, acting indifferent. Of course, my mother was no different because she didn't agree with us revealing that we were living together as a couple. But we had already moved in together, and now there would be a wedding on top of everything.

"We didn't agree either, but since you want to talk so much, let's listen. What do you mean?"

Got and I exchanged glances and nodded, but before we could say anything, I whispered to my love, wanting to make a deal.

"No matter what, you are not allowed to pray for us to get married."

"I know."

"Promise me."

"I promise."

"Okay."

Got nodded again, then cleared her throat and spoke in a strained voice. Usually, I don't see Got this nervous. Whenever I lack confidence, the pretty-faced lady can't help but scold me for my bad attitude. But today, she was doing it all by herself.

"So, that's it. Mi and I... have decided to get married in a simple way, and we are here to ask for everyone's approval."

"I disagree."

"I disagree."

Got's mother, wanting to assert her authority, added "I disagree" twice for emphasis, which made my mother frown in annoyance. I couldn't help but smile as the two mothers acted like children. Got, on the other hand, rolled her eyes, feeling that we were surrounded by too many adults.

"But we talked about it, and if the elders don't approve, we'll still get married,"

Got continued, reinforcing her resolve. I reached out and patted her back to encourage her, nodding.

"Yes, we plan to do it, no matter what the elders say."

"Stubborn,"

My mother said flatly, which prompted Got's mother to respond.

"Not respecting the elders."

"Seeing ourselves only as the head of the family."

"Who taught you that?"

"Your parents didn't raise you right."

"Your grandparents didn't teach you right."

"Hey!"

"Hey, eh!"

Now, I don't know what's more important: asking permission to get married or dealing with our mothers' tension. My older sister, who is the most mature in the room, cleared her throat and asked in a formal tone.

"Have you two decided where you're going to get married?"

Having heard Got talk a lot, I decided to speak this time.

"The condominium's swimming pool."

"Mm? Hmm?"

This time, everyone expressed their surprise with a sound of confusion, and my younger brother Ong couldn't help but ask.

"Why the swimming pool? Why not a nice hotel?"

"It's a place that means something to both of us."

It was the place where Got was reborn, and the curse that made me hate her disappeared. Now, I'm the only one in the world who remembers everything that happened, without any gaps or missing details, not even a single thing...

Sigh!

I woke up in my own room, surrounded by wires, looking around and realizing that there was no one there except for the IV drip and several tubes connected to my nose. My intense thirst made my throat dry, and I tried to call out for someone, but my voice sounded like a weak meow.

"Mom... Mom?"

But the person who appeared was Ong, my younger brother, who immediately called out for everyone in a panicked tone. I couldn't understand everything yet, still groggy, but after I drank some water, the

nurse removed the feeding tube connected to my nose, and I could start talking again.

"Do you remember anything, Mi?"

When my sister Renu found out that I was awake, she rushed from the office to my side, clearly worried. I shook my head because everything still seemed blurry in my memory.

"I'm not sure... I'm still kind of confused. But why am I lying here like this?"

"You fell into the water,"

Ong explained, unable to contain himself.

"The doctor said you fell from a great height. Luckily, the floor below was the pool, but you were still badly injured. You had been unconscious for almost a month."

"The pool..."

Just that one key word seemed to trigger a flood of memories, and everything between me and Got before I jumped from the 17th floor came flooding back to me. I gasped and froze in realization.

"The doctor said you tried to kill yourself."

"No, I didn't try to kill myself."

"But you have a cut on your palm, from something sharp,"

Mom said, her voice shaking.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I swear, I didn't try to kill myself... where is Got? How is Got?"

Got is the one who fell first. So, the person with the pretty face, she must be in the worst condition. Now, I don't know what to do, and when I think that Got may not be alive anymore, it's because that girl is the one who intended to commit suicide to free me from the torment.

Free me from the curse that has placed on me...

"Answer me, how is Got? She's still okay, right?"

Then tears flowed from my eyes, like a dam bursting, as if my heart had shattered. I remember every feeling from that moment. When I fell, I was filled with hatred, but when I woke up, I was back to normal.

But my normal meant that Got... wasn't there anymore.

"Which Got?"

Renu asked, tilting her head in surprise.

"Got, my girlfriend."

"When did you have a girlfriend?"

My mother looked more confused. Now, everyone in the family stared at me in disbelief, as if they had just learned that their daughter had run away to live with a girlfriend friend, but no one in the house knew. Even though they were all well aware.

"What do you mean? Got, that's my girlfriend."

"What are you saying?"

"The person who fell into the water with me."

Everyone in the family looked at each other, shaking their heads as if they had never heard of that before.

"No... as far as I know, you fell into the water alone, no one else."

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It was as if Got had disappeared from everyone's memory. Only I, the only one in the world, knew about Got's existence and our relationship. After seeing that no one knew anything, I decided not to ask any more questions and kept myself to myself in silence. I tried to eat enough, sleep well, and gather the strength to continue investigating.

About two weeks passed and my body returned to its normal state. I had to prove to my mother that my body and limbs were fine because the elders were worried that my limbs would break or my mind would not be sane. Ever since I woke up, I kept calling for Got like a cat, meowing.

"Where are you going?"

My mother asked when she saw me start the bike, getting ready to leave the house, narrowing her eyes.

I'm going for a walk near the university. I'm bored now that I'm unemployed.

"In this heat?"

"Just a little. I'll hurry up and be right back."

After saying that, I went straight to the condominium where we lived together. According to Renu, the condominium security guard was the one who found me in the water. When I arrived, I immediately asked about the first person who found us and asked for details, which led to the discovery that...

"There was another person who fell into the water, but she was sent to the hospital in a separate ambulance, if I remember correctly."

Why didn't my family know about Got's existence? And I wasn't crazy like everyone thought.

At this point, I was a little relieved. It didn't matter if others couldn't remember. As long as Got and I remembered, that should be enough. So I quickly called Got as soon as I was sure she was still alive.

But no matter how many times I called, I couldn't get through to her. In the end, I had to use the same trick as before, calling from the house number in the yearbook.

"God still hasn't recovered from the accident... The doctor said she might be in a vegetative state."

That was the voice of someone in the house, someone I wasn't sure who it was. At that moment, my phone fell to the floor and my heart broke.

No matter what the person on the other end of the line asked or said, it seemed like nothing else would reach my ears. I sat there in my misery, crying for a week. I lost weight, did nothing, and the people in the house started to worry. But they couldn't do anything because I wouldn't open the door, except to ask for food and water.

Why did I wake up, but God had to remain a vegetative...?

That idiot is a god, no one can do anything easily. When I thought this way, I got out of bed and decided to drive to God's house every night. I was too afraid to call anyone because I was afraid to hear the words "a vegetative". It was better to look at the roof of the house, waiting for his breath, than to hear anything else.

Then one day...the day that made my heart fill with joy happened. I saw the red car that God usually drove leave the house. By watching it, I could tell that the driver was not Get, because she had just bought a new car and would not touch the old one. I didn't know if I was right, but I decided to follow the car.

The red car stopped in front of our condominium, but the person inside didn't get out for a while. I couldn't take it anymore and pretended to hit the car when I was turning the steering wheel.

"Are you okay?"

God quickly got out of the car and asked me with a worried look, afraid that something was wrong. The word "You" escaping from her beautiful lips made my heart ache.

"It hurts,"

I said, pretending to be in pain, to see her reaction, but God still looked shocked and didn't recognize me.

"Miriam, is that you? Oh no, are you hurt badly? Are you okay? No, wait, you must not be okay, oh, should I introduce myself first or worry first?"

"God."

That idiot... The reason I cried was not because of the pain in my hand or arm, but because she didn't even recognize me. What kind of crazy god would make people forget themselves, but then forget me?

I was hurt, disappointed and happy at the same time to know that God had woken up, so I pulled her, the beautiful girl, into my arms.

"I never forgot you for a second."

Now it was time for me to get closer to her. You, God, you idiot!

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And then the whole story came to this. It was two long years, but full of happiness. God lived like a normal person. We lived together as a couple and planned to announce to everyone that we were going to get married, belonging to each other. Oh... God's memory came back, but others still forgot the past between us, which didn't matter.

"Mom is worried, however, if you two will make it. At least show her that you can make it."

This was something my sister and I had been discussing since last night. She said that if I wanted my mother to accept it, God should show that she had enough wealth to prove that she could take care of me, just like any successful man. Honestly, even if God didn't have wealth, I wouldn't mind. I would work to take care of her myself.

I love her... but it turns out that we are both rich.

"To show your mother, I brought some details and assets to show her, just as an assurance that we won't fight."

God handed over documents that included bank books and stocks that she owned, emphasizing that these were only part of what she owned. My mother looked at them, still not taking any of them, but my sister, Renu, took the documents and began to look at them, her face changing. Her face changed in shock as she looked at God and asked again,

"Is this really yours?"

"Yes."

"How old is God again?"

"She will be 29 this year."

"Only 29?"

My sister's repeated question made my brother and mother look surprised, although my mother still kept her composure and didn't pick anything up. Unlike my younger brother, who ignored everything and quickly grabbed one of the files to open it, exclaiming:

"Wow! You're the owner of that building?"

"What building?"

My mother asked, interested, seeing that my brother was so shocked.

"The building with all the lights on the news..."

"I'm not the owner, just a small shareholder."

"No, not a small one, brother."

"How boring, I'll read it myself."

Finally, my mother's curiosity won over her stubbornness, and she picked up the documents to read, turning the page and looking at the approximate value. Her eyes widened.

"Is this fake?"

"It's real."

Got's mother, who was smiling proudly, spoke slowly.

"This is just a part. Everything in the mini-market, there's not a single item that doesn't have a stake in our house."

"I brought it to show you to tell you that..."

Got said, trying to lessen everyone's shock, but my mother, who still didn't want to admit it, quickly interrupted.

"Showing off how rich she is."

"I really am rich."

Get, Got's talkative sister, who had already put up with my mother's behavior for a while, said, shrugging her shoulders.

"Rich now and in several generations to come, I won't be able to spend it all. If there is a place where we can become immortal, I would pay without hesitation, because I'm afraid of dying and having no one else to spend my money on."

"Get... stop!"

Got warned her sister, smiling awkwardly.

"I just wanted to tell you that I can take care of your daughter, so don't worry. She won't have any difficulties."

"Besides being rich, what else do you have?"

"More..."

I saw Got swallow hard, not knowing what to say. But before I could speak, Got quickly said a phrase that she remembered from a movie, and it made me laugh out loud.

"Besides being rich, she's not good at anything else."

"Pft!"

I laughed and hit my girlfriend's arm.

"This isn't the time to joke, right?"

"It's not a joke, it's from the heart. I'm only good at being rich. Besides that, I'm a little dumb... Oh, but if the weather get too cold, I can take the money and burn it to keep you warm."

The more I talked, the more I felt like teasing her, but I also couldn't help but find her really cute, so I ended up pulling her cheek in front of everyone and hugging her. Everyone looked away, a little embarrassed. Then, Renu coughed awkwardly to end this awkward moment.

"So, that means Got can take care of Mi, and there's nothing else stopping us, right? How will the ceremony be?"

"Mom still hasn't said if we're going to have the ceremony. Just being rich doesn't help at all, our house is rich too."

My mom still wasn't convinced, until Got's mom couldn't take it anymore.

"Your house is rich, but mine is richer than yours. I'm even angry, I'm going to buy this house."

"I'm not selling it! Because I'm rich with hundreds of millions."

"I have billions."

"I have several billions."

"I have tens of billions."

"The world is mine."

"I already bought the universe!"

Now, we all had our hands on our heads, watching our mothers challenge each other over a wealth that didn't really exist. Renu gestured for Got and me to leave.

"I'll take care of this, you can tell me where the ceremony will be later."

While Get, who had her chin resting on her hand, watched the mothers fighting, she gestured for us to leave.

"Wherever you are, I'll be there. Congratulations, let me take care of this."

Get said, still watching the mothers who didn't stop arguing.

"No need to fight. I already bought the sun."

"Wicked!"

We both laughed a lot while our mothers probably argued about which star each one was destined to own in this vast universe. Sometimes, marriage can be just a matter between two people. After all, when we are being affectionate, it is just the two of us.

By the way, if we keep crawling like this, when will we get to the bedroom? Got and I then exchanged glances and ran to the bedroom, because we were tired of pretending indifference.

In the end, what counts is the situation at the moment, and everything depends on the mood of the occasion.

Being in love as a woman is really wonderful like this. After all, we can't predict today...

What you will be by the time we get to bed.

-----**THE END**-----

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