

Phyllis

Vol. 2



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□24. Burden□

“Oh, what the hell! Ever since she moved in here, there’s never been a quiet day in this house.”

Jaew, the elderly housekeeper, stormed into the horse stable and sat down, clearly upset. Normally, she wasn’t talkative, preferring to keep her feelings to herself to avoid being judged. But ever since the boss’s daughter moved in three months ago, Aunt Jaew had been on edge.

Intuorn

I was hiding in a corner, trying to escape the chaos and constant noise of other people’s thoughts. Seeing Aunt Jaew, I stood up to make my presence known, hoping to stop her from cursing further. As soon as she realized someone was there, she quickly straightened up and cleared her throat.

"How long have you been here, Lay?"

"I was just taking a nap around here. I woke up because I heard someone complaining. Was it you, Aunty?"

"I didn’t hear anything."

"Maybe I heard things. What brings you here, Aunty?"

"Ah... just watching the horses,"

The elderly lady said, looking around nervously before quickly apologizing.

“I just remembered that I need to tell the kitchen staff to make steamed shrimp with vermicelli for In.”

"It's okay."

She wasn't lying; Intuorn had indeed ordered the elderly housekeeper to make steamed shrimp with vermicelli in thirty minutes. The problem was, we were in the middle of nowhere. Jaew was frustrated because she had no idea where to find shrimp.

Even if she did, she would have to drive all the way to town to buy them, which was impossible to do in thirty minutes. The trip alone would take an hour.

Three months had passed, and the people here still weren't used to the town girl, the boss's precious daughter. They could only mumble in their minds, which was annoying because I could hear every word. But I had to ignore it since it wasn't my business. Honestly, I didn't care much about In because I had nothing to do with her.

Out of everyone, In was the one who was the most afraid to mess with me... because she felt guilty.

Guilty for being the person who hit me with her car, causing my current state.

Three months ago, I woke up in a hospital surrounded by people asking me who I was, where I came from, and what I remembered.

The truth was... I didn't remember anything.

When everyone realized that I had no memory, they seemed relieved and started discussing what to do with me.

"Advertise to find her relatives."

"No! We can't let anyone know that In was driving drunk and almost killed someone. It's her future that's at stake."

Mr. Anek, Intuorn's father, insisted firmly.

For a moment, I could see in his thoughts that he wanted to get rid of me. But he was a businessman, not a murderer. He just wanted to protect his daughter. After much debate, he decided not to advertise it, but he couldn't just leave me either. If I remembered, things would get out of hand.

"Take her with us."

"Take her with us? Where will we keep her? It's too dangerous."

"Send her to the farm in Korat. It's far from people. Let In stay there until we're sure she's okay, then bring her back."

It was a quick and decisive solution. You might wonder why none of the police or hospital staff helped me. That was partly because the hospital was owned by Intuorn's family, and they had relatives in high-ranking police officers.

He wasn't a murderer. He was a businessman with power. Even though I had no memory, I wasn't stupid enough not to realize that I should go along with it until I found out who I really was.

Yes... now I had a new identity that they created for me. Since I couldn't remember anything, they gave me a new role, calling me "**Lay**."

They weren't exactly the ones who came up with the name. When they didn't know what to call me, I saw a snack commercial on TV. The name "Lay" caught my attention, and everyone noticed.

"Lay... Call me Lay."

So they pretended I remembered something. Lay became my name, and I was supposedly an orphan whose parents, former farm workers, abandoned me after birth. Thank goodness they didn't say I was born from a peach. Just because I had no memory didn't mean I was stupid.

Ridiculous!

But whatever, I survived. I had been living with Intuorn's family for over three months, trying to read their thoughts to see how far they had gone in

their investigation of me. Keeping quiet gave me a place to live, food to eat, a salary, and no real hardships.

Eventually, I might remember something and find my way back to my old life.

"I said I wanted to go back to Bangkok! I want to go shopping!"

The loud shouting from the house near the stable made me frown. It wasn't the first time we had heard In's voice, but we always had to be alert when she threw a tantrum.

"It's better not to go anywhere now. Ms. In."

Janepob, who was assigned to take care of the spoiled girl, tried hard to reason with her. But being stuck in a remote place for three months was driving her crazy.

"If she wants to go so badly, why doesn't she drive herself? Isn't she a race car driver?"

Cee, the housekeeper's son who was complaining earlier, said to me, leaning against the stable post. I looked at him and shrugged.

"She wasn't allowed to drive."

"I wish she would drive again soon so she could leave. Ever since she got here, the peace has been gone."

I didn't comment because I knew why the spoiled girl didn't drive. The accident that left me out made her afraid of the vehicle she loved. It was actually a prize-winning race car.

But after she hit me, she never drove again...

Ah! I shouldn't know that because I've gained a new identity.

"Bored, so bored. Ever since I got here, I haven't been able to do anything."

"How about playing a game?"

"Ugh! I played all the games until I got sick of them. Bored!"

She yelled at Janepob, stomping her feet as she walked towards the stable. When she sees me, she frozen in shock. Seeing her guilt in her thoughts, I couldn't help but smile a little before bowing my head respectfully.

"Alright! I'll go somewhere else!"

Then she returns home, as usual. This was a common occurrence whenever she saw me.

"She can't handle you, huh?"

Cee laughs, clearly amused.

"Every time she sees you, she runs away."

"Yes."

"Aren't you bored?"

"Hmm?"

"Living here, there's nothing but flower gardens and horse stables. Aren't you bored like her?"

"Why would I be bored? I was born and raised here, wasn't I?"

"When I teased him, the tall guy shut up, realizing his mistake, and quickly made an excuse to leave."

"I just remembered that I need to go to the waterfall. Excuse me."

"Sure."

I smiled, watching my only friend hurry off before letting out a big sigh. To be honest... living here is boring. Boring... waiting for news about my

situation. No one here would tell me anything because they were scared and didn't know how to deal with it.

If I ever remembered... I would get in trouble for drunk driving. But they couldn't get rid of me because they didn't have the courage.

I was like a pain in their ass. They couldn't get rid of me, but keeping me wasn't good either. It was a difficult situation. Even if I wanted to find out more about myself, I didn't know where to start. I had no communication tools, no computer, no tablet, not even...

A telephone.

At least I remembered I had a phone, but I had no idea where it was. The days on the farm were peaceful, just taking care of the cattle and horses. I didn't have a specific job because I wasn't a guest or a relative.

So my daily routine was to roll around in bed. But today it felt more exciting when...

"Ms. In is missing!"

Everyone on the farm was in a panic because the most important person had disappeared from the house. The head of the workers even gathered everyone, including me.

"Look for her in every nook and cranny, even in the pipes."

They must be crazy...

"Uncle, do we need to panic so much? Maybe she just went out for a walk."

"It's ten o'clock at night, you idiot!"

Sure, everyone was freak out because it was already dark outside. The clock showed that it was 10:05 p.m., which was no time to go out for a walk. If a car had gone missing, it might have been less of a concern, but everyone knew she didn't drive. So she had to be somewhere on the farm, but where exactly?

"The horse is gone!"

Cee shouted as she run back after checking the stables.

"See-mok is missing. Ms. In must have ridden out there."

"Damn, always causing trouble. If something happens, I'll be in trouble... Hey, what are you guys doing just standing there? Go find her! Go!"

Everyone's weapon of choice was a flashlight. The search for the spoiled young lady began around 10:00 p.m. Honestly, it seemed like the foreman was the most hesitant to assign me because I was in no position to take orders.

"Ms. Lay, you should go rest."

"It's okay. I'll help with the search."

"Good..."

"It's okay really."

'I don't even know what to do.'

I almost burst out laughing when I heard this thought. I walked to the stables while others started riding motorcycles to search. In addition to hearing the thoughts of ordinary people, I also knew what the animals meant.

As soon as I reached out to touch the mare next to See-mok, which Intuorn had ridden, I realized that the spoiled girl had planned to leave the farm with a bag of clothes on her back.

What was she thinking...?

"Let's go for a walk, Renu."

Among all the horses, I liked this one the most. He had a shiny, light brown coat and was quite aloof. His real name was Aurora, but I thought it was too

fancy. Beside, I was sure that he was my horse, so I named him Renu, which could be shortened to 'Re'.

"Yah!... So embarrassing, it's like in the movies, hehe."

I covered my mouth and laughed before leaving the farm while the others searched inside. The path ahead was dark, with only my high-powered flashlight illuminating the path as Renu trotted cautiously along.

"In!"

I shouted, not really expecting her to be anywhere near. She may have ridden far away, but still, I wasn't taking any chances and proceeded with caution.

"In, In, In, In."

Honestly, I enjoyed this nighttime hide-and-seek. Farm life was incredibly boring...

I wasn't sure how far I had ridden, but it seemed like my horse had stopped when it saw a friend standing on the side of the road, wagging his tail as if to show off his beauty.

"See-mok, hey... What are you doing here? You've come a long way. Where's your master?"

Knowing the horse couldn't answer, I reached out to touch his head, and images flashed through my mind.

'He wanted to mate with Renu.'

'Not now, man!'

Wait! Why did I feel uncomfortable knowing he wanted to do this to Renu... jealous?

"Where is In?"

The naughty horse's thoughts kept wandering, going to the waterfall, eating grass. He found me annoying and was bored of seeing me.

Wretched...

And then, Intuorn fell off the horse when See-mok pushed her away, rolling down the slope.

"Hey!"

I leaned over to see where See-mok was and found a steep slope below. In was definitely down there, and I wasn't foolish enough to go down without any gear.

"Yah!... Oh, so embarrassing again, hehe."

After learning In's location, I returned to the farm and went to the stables to find a long rope. I intended to find a man to come with me, but everyone scattered to search the other side of the farm. In the end, I decided to go back alone, tied the rope to a tree, and rappelled down calmly.

Three months here, and today was the most fun.

"In... In, can you hear me? Answer me."

"Here."

The weak answer made me scream again, certain that I hadn't misheard.

"Please answer me."

"Here! Why do you have to force me to give an answer? I don't like this."

The irritated voice shouted, revealing her location. As soon as I turned on the light, I saw her sitting up, grimacing, holding her ankle.

"I'm not forcing you to answer; I just want to know your location."

"Lay..."

The spoiled girl was shocked to see me. Her thoughts were a mix of embarrassment, disgust, and helplessness.

"Did you come alone?"

"Yes, everyone is looking for you. Where were you planning to go?"

"It's none of your business..."

Her self-centered nature made her react quickly, but when she realized it was me, her voice softened with guilt.

"I just wanted to go for a walk."

"Or run away to the mall."

I said, shining a light on the backpack she had brought.

"Not very smart."

"Are you calling me an idiot?"

"Yes."

"How dare you..."

The spoiled girl closed her mouth, not wanting to argue with me.

"And you think you can help by coming alone?"

"Two heads are better than one. Can you stand?"

"No."

"Then crawl."

Intuorn looked like he had seen a ghost.

"You should say you will carry me."

"Like the blind leading the blind? You are taller than me. When will we get there if I carry you? Crawl out like you crawled to support yourself on that rock."

"How did you know I crawled?"

"You wouldn't have walked gracefully all the way there. Isn't it hot? Asking too many questions is tiring. There is no water either."

"Not so wise, is it? You came to help, but you didn't bring anything."

"Would you like some of my saliva?"

"You idiot."

"Hurry up, crawl. There is a rope..."

I frowned and sighed.

"You'll have to hold on to my back to climb up anyway. Why do you like being a burden?"

"You..."

Finally, the spoiled brat stood up and limped instead of crawling to where I held the rope. Her face was full of annoyance as I patted my shoulder, signaling her to hold on tight.

"If I fall, you'll be in trouble."

"It depends on how tight you hold on. If you fall, it's not my problem."

I said defiantly, making her cling to me like a monkey. I pulled on the rope to test her strength and slowly climbed up.

Honestly, climbing alone was manageable, but with two people, gravity made me realize that I hadn't exercised enough.

"In, you're heavy."

"Silly, I exercise every day and eat healthy food."

"Then stop being a burden."

"Why do you keep calling me a burden?"

"Who makes others worry, searching the entire farm at 10 PM...? And now I have to help find you, even though we've never talked. You always leave when you see me. This is the first time we've had a real conversation."

‘True.’

Intuorn's thoughts echoed in my head, making me smile.

"You're quiet because you agree that you're a burden, right?"

"No... Ah!"

"Wow!"

Suddenly, the rope came loose from the tree. I wasn't sure if it had broken or if I hadn't tied it tightly enough. We both fell, her body breaking my fall.

"Ouch! Didn't I say that if we fell, you'd be in trouble?"

"Yes, in trouble."

I rolled onto my side, looking up with real concern.

"If no one helps, we'll be in trouble."

"What do you mean?"

"We can't climb back up."

"What?! If we can't climb up, what do we do? Oh no! I am rich, with billions in inheritance. I just graduated and I haven't even spent ten million yet. What a waste!"

Wow, we're in trouble, and all she can think about is new collections of bags and shoes at the mall.

This is... the real burden.



□25.Intuorn□

Now, the two of us stood there, looking up at the starry night sky. Ever since we fell, I felt like all my strength had suddenly drained away. I knew that no matter how hard I tried, I wouldn't be able to climb back. So, all I could do was stand there and wait for help.

Someone would eventually come to help. The two horses tied up above were too visible to ignore. But I wasn't going to tell the spoiled girl lying next to me. She needed to learn a little about hardship and fear. She was too used to doing things her own way.

"Are you just going to lie there? Do something! Use your phone!"

Intuorn shake me so hard.

"You have a phone. Call someone!"

"I can't do anything."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't have a phone. Besides, why don't you use your own phone, In?"

"I tried, but there's no signal! If I could get there, I'd switch carriers. My dad told me to use this one because it's his friend's company. Useless! When I need it the most, it doesn't work."

"You can't blame anyone. We're on a mountain."

"But they advertise that their signal covers the entire world, and I'm on a damn mountain in Korat!"

Intuorn shouted as if that would make the signal appear.

"What can we do?"

"Stay still. There's nothing we can do."

'Are you here to help me or discourage me? Do something!"

"The rope tied to the tree come loose. Climbing up would just be a waste of energy. If we get thirsty, it will be even worse. That's why I said we can't do anything but wait for help."

"But if we don't do anything, we won't get there."

"That's how it is."

"If we can't get up, we'll die."

"We have to accept this."

I turned to look at her with a sad face.

"But it's okay. If we get really hungry, we can eat each other. Let's see who eats who first."

"This is crazy! I don't want to die. My life is precious."

"Why didn't you think of that before you ran out in the middle of the night? It's fine if you cause trouble for others, but when your own life is at risk, you suddenly realize your worth?"

"I've always known that my life is precious. Whoever marries me will inherit all of my father's businesses. It's all about money."

This girl only thinks about money, huh?

"And if you die, who will inherit?"

"Probably my cousin... Mavin's family."

Intuorn's face was horrified.

"No way! Just a cousin taking my wealth? No! I have to survive! Chanel, wait for me!"

The spoiled girl stand up and try to climb, even though her ankle hurt. I sit there, watching her foolish attempts, and I couldn't help but laugh. The will to survive is strong. She didn't care about dying, but she couldn't let someone else take her inheritance.

Thud!

She fell after trying to grab a small branch. I laughed, and she turned to face me.

"What the hell are you laughing at?"

"You. It's useless. The more you try, the more energy you waste. There's no water here."

"What do we do?"

"Wait for death."

"I'm not going to die! Do you know how many people would be sad if I died?"

"Does anyone in the world love you?"

I said that to tease her because, judging by her nasty personality, I wasn't convinced. But it seems I touched a nerve. She fell silent, clenching her fists, thinking about the relatives who wouldn't care if something happened to her.

Oh...

"Except your father."

I added to soften the blow. She turned to me immediately.

"There's one more person."

"Who?"

"Myself."

"..."

"I love myself so much!"

I almost started laughing. Even though I didn't know her well, I knew she was serious. Intuon didn't get much love because her parents were too busy with their business. So, she looked in the mirror and said to herself, 'I love you.'

This girl was a wonder. She sees the world positively, but treat people negatively, making everyone dislike her. People aren't inherently bad. It's how they're raised. Intuorn was an example.

"If you love yourself, stay still. At least staying still gives you a better chance of survival than fighting. Let's sit on that rock. If we stay here too long, the snakes might come..."

"Wow!"

Intuorn suddenly remembered that there were reptiles in the forest and jumped on my back, wrapping her legs around my waist, even though she is taller.

"Hurry, carry me to the rock."

"I'm afraid of snakes."

"Are you the only one who's scared?"

"Quickly, stop talking."

Not wanting to waste any more energy, I reluctantly led her to the rock, making enough space for both of us to sit down. My watch showed that it

was 1 A.M. We had been stuck here for over three hours.

Slap!

The mosquitoes in the forest started biting us, and we had to keep shooing them away. Intuorn, who had never faced such a hard time, messed up her hair until it looked like a bird's nest.

"I can't take it anymore."

"Just die."

"What?"

"If you can't handle it, then die. Right now."

"Idiot! I'm Intuorn, the daughter of the owner of the farm you live on. Show some respect."

"And I'm Lay, an orphan abandoned on this farm who doesn't remember anything, not even me."

I introduced myself, making her feel guilty for contributing to my condition.

She was bad, but she knew what guilt was.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Just for your information."

"I don't want to know."

"You introduced yourself. If I didn't, you'd say I was rude."

I shrugged and smiled at the rich girl.

"Since we're stuck together, let's talk."

"Why should I talk to you?"

"Because I don't know anything about myself. Maybe you know something about me."

Whenever I mentioned my memory loss, the spoiled girl felt guilty and softened her tone.

"Well, tell me."

"Have you always been this mean?"

"Hey!?"

Intuon raised her voice and pursed her lips.

"If we leave here, you'll be in trouble."

"Focus on the present. We could die here."

"Why do you keep saying I'm bad?"

"Who rides horses at night to go to the mall? And in the woods? What were you thinking... attention seeker."

"What!?"

"You heard me."

I smiled, knowing her well. I knew why her thoughts introduced her to me.

"Why do you do this? Aren't you tired?"

"I'm not looking for attention. I just wanted to go to the mall. It's boring."

"You're leaving soon, right? Your father is sending you to study abroad."

She looked at me immediately.

"Where did you hear that?"

"Well..."

I bit my lip, irritated that I had slipped up. I heard when her father came to visit her. He planned to send her away to avoid trouble with a hit-and-run incident, although there was no concrete evidence yet.

"I heard. Everyone on the farm is happy that you're leaving."

"Am I such a big problem?"

"Wow... You really don't know, do you?"

"I put my hand on my chest, shocked by her ignorance."

"Since you arrived, do you know how many times the housekeeper has yelled at the horses?"

"What did I do to make them yell?"

"You wanted steamed shrimp with noodles in thirty minutes."

"What's the point of being a housekeeper if she can't make that?"

"We live in the forest. Where would they get shrimp?"

"At the market."

"It's forty-five minutes to the market. When she couldn't get there on time, you threw things. How did your parents raise you?"

"Hey!"

"Sorry, I have memory loss. My manners are lost too... Who made me like this, In? Do you know?"

"..."

Her hesitation almost made me laugh. Touching a nerve was satisfying.

"Is wanting shrimp so wrong? Okay! Next time, I'll have something simpler."

She crossed her arms and puffed out her cheeks.

"Like foie gras."

"A goose liver?"

"Yeah. Don't they have geese on the farm?"

"And who's going to cook it?"

"Ugh, everything I do is wrong. I can't eat goose liver either. Am I in a cave? Do I have to use my feet to drive like a caveman?"

Is she really that stupid or is she just trying to piss me off? Sigh... People don't change in three hours. I get it.

"It doesn't matter, you'll always be like this. At least someone in the mirror loves you."

I sigh, looking around. The arrogant girl keep staring at me, and I know why.

Oh, damn... I let something slip that others don't know again.

"What do you mean by someone in the mirror?"

"It's you, In. You said you love yourself, so I meant the person in the mirror. Did I say something wrong?"

"Really? Did you really mean that?"

The suspicion in her eyes made me uncomfortable. I didn't know how to explain what I saw, so I just played dumb.

"I know. Is there more? I'm so sleepy... I need to rest. Skip time."

"Skip time? How?"

"Just close your eyes and jump into the morning."

"The more we talked, the more energy I wasted."

"If you're not sleepy, stay on guard. Good night."

I hugging my knees and close my eyes.

"I'm not on guard. I'm Intuorn, the lady of this farm. I'm going to sleep too!"

The spoiled little miss imitated me, hugging her knees and closing her eyes, not wanting to miss out. I wasn't really planning on sleeping, so I heard all her thoughts filled with frustration that I wasn't spoiling her like everyone else back home.

"Well, sleep then, so you won't talk too much and make me thirsty. I've already vented a lot and I feel better."

"If I don't eat foie gras, what can I eat?"

Ah... she hasn't slept yet?

"There's a lot of stuff. Just eat something simple. Like goose liver, steamed shrimp with noodles, lobster, or Mediterranean whale meat."

"I can't think of anything. Recommend something."

"When we get out of here, I'll help you think of a menu."

"We can go out, right... sniff..."

Then, a wave of anguish and fear for the spoiled lady hit me hard. Hearing her trying to stifle her sobs made me feel guilty for provoking her too much.

"Crying makes you look not so cool,"

I said, wrapping an arm around her shoulder and pulling her close. Intuorn leaned in easily, whimpering like a child, softening my heart.

She didn't look as strong and determined as she had when she'd asked her father for a Chanel bag.

"There are two horses over here!"

A shout from above startled me as I patted In on the shoulder. The light from above indicated that someone was shining a flashlight in our direction. I shine my flashlight back and shouted for help immediately.

"Here! In is here!"

"Aaaah! Foie gras!"

"What?"

"Oops, wrong excitement. Aaaah! Someone is here... I am here! Come down quickly! Or I will tell my father!"

At this moment, the spoiled girl even mentioned her father's name to ask for help. I looked at the rich girl, who was just whining like a child, and laughed softly.

"What? What did I do wrong now?"

"Try asking for help politely."

"I asked politely. Hurry! Whoever helps me quickly will get ten thousand baht!"

I don't know how much the people above heard this offer, but it seemed to motivate them. Soon, the two of us were rescued and taken back. We ride back as the farm workers followed on horseback. Intuom looked at me and smiled.

"You were such a smartass down there. Now that I'm safe... get ready, it's my turn!"

I couldn't believe that the rich girl actually paid ten thousand baht to the people who helped her. But the most surprising thing... I also got some.

When Auntie Jaew, the housekeeper, handed me the money, I was a little stunned by the pile of thousand baht notes.

"She said that you had a share in the ransom and should have some too. She feels that she has to return a favor."

"Oh, okay."

"Also, revenge."

But the last sentence gave me goosebumps...

After we were rescued, peace returned to the farm. Although the atmosphere was calm and nothing seemed alarming, my head was about to explode with the thoughts of everyone cursing the troublemaker.

As I passed one person, I would hear a curse. As I passed another, I would hear another curse. Honestly, none of the curses were the same.

‘She should have died. Why did we help?’

‘When will she leave? So annoying.’

People's thoughts cannot be controlled, and to me, it's disgusting. If you don't like someone, just say so. Why complain so loudly in your head!?

So, the place that calmed me the most was the stable, where there were only animals. They didn't think about anything other than eating and sleeping, which made me feel at ease.

"Doesn't the smell of horse manure bother you?"

What the hell.

"In?"

While I was staring at Renu and daydreaming, the voice of the person everyone in the estate cursed sounded. In crossed her arms, looking at me, thinking about something.

Oh... she's here to cause trouble right away.

"How can I help?"

The sweet-faced lady smiled mischievously before replying what I had read in her mind as a copy and paste.

"To annoy you."

"..."

"You're dead meat!"

□□□□□□

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Intuorn is one of the protagonists of the novel 'In's Love'. She is also the ex of the protagonist of Sister.

I don't know if it will be of any use later on, but Intuorn's ex-lover is called 'Renu'

□26. Dance□

I rolled my eyes a little, slightly surprised. Honestly, I already knew why this young lady was here, but I didn't expect her to be so direct about it.

"What's to annoying?"

"You're obviously here to mess with you. You made me so mad in the woods so many times. Now it's my turn,"

She said with a smile, snapping her fingers loudly as she thought of something fun. I took a step back, trying to anticipate what she was going to do next.

Was she planning to tie my hands and make me run like a dog while she rode her horse until I passed out? The image in my head was crystal clear.

"You're evil."

"What did you say?"

"Even though I told you straight out that what you're doing is bad, you still do it. Don't be surprised if no one loves you."

I tried to hit the nail on the head to avoid being bullied. This made the little miss straighten up and bite her lip hard.

"You're bringing it up again. How do you know no one loves me?"

"Otherwise, you wouldn't come to me to kill time. No one talks to you, no one plays with you!"

"I'll prove it to you. Everyone loves me."

"How can you lie to your own face?"

"Come here!"

Then, the naughty little miss dragged me into the house not far from the stables. She called everyone in the house, including the maids, servants, and workers, to stand together, about a dozen people, and asked them bluntly.

"Who here doesn't like me?"

Wow... As anyone would say!

I looked at the questioner, who seemed oblivious to the fact that there are many liars in this world.

Naturally, everyone looked at each other and then looked at the ground, not daring to make eye contact.

‘Does this kind of person have anyone who loves them?’

‘Why ask if you want people to lie? It's ridiculous.’

True... Why ask if you want people to lie, this young lady.

"See? No one hates me. You made it up."

"No one hates you, miss."

"But you said..."

"But nobody loves you either. And who would think that? Everyone here works for your father and gets paid by him. If you knew someone didn't like you, would you be okay with that?"

"I'm okay with that. I like people who speak up. If someone doesn't like me, I'll understand and ask why."

"You don't have to ask those people. Ask me, and I'll tell you straight."

"You don't like me?"

"No, I don't."

I sighed and crossed my arms.

"How do you feel hearing that someone doesn't like you?"

"It makes sense. We're not close, we never talk. Why should you like me? And to be fair, I'll tell you that I don't like you either."

"Fair enough."

"But I don't hate you."

Now, we were all silent and stared at each other for a moment. The young lady's smiling eyes confirmed that she really felt that way.

Not love, but not hate.

"And you, do you hate me?"

"I don't love, but I don't hate. That's fine. But if you plan to tie my hands and making me chase your horse, then I'll hate you."

I said, forgetting that everything was already in the rich girl's head. Until I realized and made eye contact.

"I just thought you might want to mess with me like that."

'Can people guess that accurately?'

"And you all, does anyone hate me?"

This time, the beautiful young lady turned to the workers and asked again, but no one answered.

"Does anyone love me? If so, raise your hand."

Then, the workers looked at each other and slowly raised their hands above their heads. I chuckled softly and looked away, unable to accept it. But it seemed like I wasn't the only one who felt this way.

"You're all liars. Get back to work. It makes me sick to see this."

In waved everyone away, speaking her mind without saying a single out-of-place word. I looked at the young lady in astonishment and felt a bit of admiration for her frankness, which was almost frightening.

"What are you looking at?"

"Nothing. So... I'll take my leave now."

"Do you have any work to do? You're not even a worker here."

"No, but I don't want to sit around doing nothing, making my life seem useless."

"I'm not useless!"

"Ok... you're not useless at all."

Then, a third voice from the front door spoke, causing us both to turn to look. Without much introduction, I immediately saw through the thoughts of the man who appeared.

Her boyfriend...

.

BADUM...

.

That was the sound of my own heart, echoing loudly in my head, surprising me. I looked at the newcomer in astonishment. He wasn't particularly handsome, or in other words, his appearance didn't affect me, but for some reason, my heart was pounding.

"Why are you here, Ken?"

"I missed you."

He said, handing over flowers he had hidden behind his back with a sweet smile.

"I waited until you felt better before coming. You have time for me, huh?"

I walked around In's smiling boyfriend, sniffing without realizing it. Finally, I knew why my heart was pounding so hard. It was the smell of his perfume that turned me into a dog.

"What are you doing?"

Intuorn frowned, looking at my actions. Even though I knew I was being watched, I couldn't help but keep sniffing.

"It smells good."

"Hmm?"

"What's that perfume?"

"Can you go? I have a visitor."

Intuom reached out and tugged on my ponytail, making my head snap back. I bared my teeth a little in annoyance.

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Oh..."

I couldn't help but say, smirking.

"These flowers, did you pick them in front of the farm?"

"No, I bought them."

"What a coincidence. The guard at the front gate just bought roses of the same color to plant. If he knew someone picked them, he'd be furious. But

if you say they're not, then they're not."

"Why are you still here?"

Intuorn poked me again, causing me to show a clearly irritated face.

"Alright, I'm going."

I smiled at the couple and walked away slowly, feeling a little irritated at the man who came to visit. His thoughts were dirty and disgusting, making me feel sick. Before he came here, he had just left a motel with a bar girl last night. In the morning, he remembered that he had to visit Intuorn, so he disguised himself by picking flowers from the farm's front gate.

No... I wouldn't intrude. Everyone had to face their own karma. Even I didn't remember who I was or where I came from. Every day, I had to endure reading other people's thoughts to find clues about myself.

Just dealing with my own problems was exhausting enough. Let them face their own karma.

When I was about to return to the stables, Jenpob, the bodyguard assigned by In's father to take care of her, watched from afar, not daring to interfere because it was a personal matter. But I, who could read minds, knew exactly how he felt.

Jealousy... but ineligible.

A love triangle has emerged on this farm. So dramatic.

"Take good care of your little miss."

"..."

The stern-faced man looked at me silently, not saying anything, but his mind was wondering what I meant. So, I revealed everything without any questions.

"He came back to reconcile because his mother forced him to. The jewelry company is in financial trouble. If he reconciles with In, the business will survive."

I revealed everything and returned to the stables to continue sniffing manure. I had intended not to pry, but I couldn't help myself, damn it!

But still... My mind kept returning to that scent of perfume. It seemed like it had triggered some memory, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't recall it. They say that scents are linked to our senses, helping us remember related events. Although I had no such memories, my body reacted, making me realize...

This scent must be related to my past.

For months since I arrived here, I had never felt anything. I was merely curious about who I was, but I didn't yearn to return to my past until I smelled this scent. There must be something.

I will remember this feeling and use it as a starting point to find myself!

"Lay."

Intuorn's voice echoed from the front of the workers' quarters. At first, I thought I was hearing things, but when I heard the door being knocked, I was sure it was real.

"Did you come all the way here? Is something wrong?"

"How did you know Ken picked the flowers in front of the farm?"

"So he really picked them?"

There was pain in her question, and I was sure Intuorn had already confirmed that the flowers were indeed from the guard at the gate.

"How could I not know? The flowers are the same color."

I lied through my teeth, but she didn't seem to believe me.

"You know so many things. Are you a witch or something?"

"You came all the way here at ten o'clock at night just to ask if I'm a witch?"

I laughed almost mockingly, but the person in front of me seemed genuinely surprised and curious. In was desperately seeking some emotional support so she wouldn't feel foolish.

"No, I'm not a witch or a shaman, but I can tell you that this guy is a liar."

"You just met him. How can you know so much?"

"I know he picked flowers from the front garden and said he bought them. That's already a lie. You're smart, In. Use your instincts to decide if someone like that is honest with you."

"He may have regretted it."

"Liars don't regret it. When you get hurt, you should learn from it."

'You don't know anything'

"At the very least, I know better than to go back to someone like that."

"He loves me."

"He never loved you..."

"Waah... Maybe he loved me once."

And then the strong woman who had always been so composed stand there crying in front of me, completely broken. I could only sigh, not knowing what to do except reach out and touch her shoulder to show sympathy.

But... a flood of thoughts and memories came flooding back to me like a torrent. The image of Intuorn knocking on the door of a cheap motel and finding Ken with a young college girl wrapped in a towel, then coming back in tears and hitting me on that fateful night.

Oh...

"I thought there would be someone in this world who loved me, but there is no one! No one!"

The spoiled little girl turned around and walked back the way she came. I felt like I couldn't leave her alone, so I followed her, trying to catch up with her before deciding to hug her from behind, even though I felt embarrassed.

She liked this scene... from a movie.

And she expected someone would do that for her when she was sad.

"Would dancing make you feel better, In?"

"Wh... What?"

"Like in the movie you like."

"..."

"Just turn around and dance. It'll make you feel better."

The person in front of me tensed up, and I could feel the shock radiating from her. It made me quickly let go.

"Sorry, I just wanted to comfort you..."

Then, she run away, her heart pounding. It seemed like I had made her feel better quickly because she was so embarrassed that she forgot all her sadness.

But...did I just comfort her?

My overwhelming curiosity must have exploded uncontrollably.

Yuck!!!

□□□□□□

□27.The Trustworthy□

"Lay... How are you so accurate?"

"That's just what the stars say."

I replied with a smile to the housekeeper after predicting her past, saying that she used to sell frozen treats before working here. In fact, I saw her selling ice cream, but I had to keep it vague so as not to seem too accurate.

Now, over twenty workers on the farm were lining up, waiting for me to predict their future, uncertain if it would come true. Rumors of my past accurate predictions quickly reached Intuorn's ears. The rich young lady stood with her arms crossed, watching from a distance, still not joining the crowd.

Yes... I intended it to be like this.

Ever since the day I tried to comfort Intuorn, her head was full of questions like,

"How did she know?"

At one point, I saw her wondering if I might have a special ability, like... reading minds.

Of course... she didn't believe it, but she was a little influenced.

That's why I needed to find the most reasonable excuse to get rid of her fanciful thoughts. I didn't want anyone to know about my special ability. It was too dangerous, and I still wanted to investigate my own past through the thoughts of those around me.

"I heard you're really accurate. Can you read mine?"

Intuorn's voice cut through the crowd, dispersing everyone. Many were irritated because they had been waiting in line for a long time, but they had to make way for her.

"What would you like me to read?"

"Read me like you read everyone else,"

The girl said demandingly, reaching out her hand to me and staring straight into my eyes.

"Go ahead, read me."

'How much do you know? Let's see.'

Intuorn's thoughts made me straighten up as if I had been challenged. Okay, if she wanted proof, I would give it to her. I would make her hair stand on end.

As soon as I reached out to touch her hand, Intuorn immediately pulled away as if shocked, clutching her hand to her chest awkwardly. I could hear her heartbeat echoing in my head before she smiled.

"You look embarrassed, In."

"I'm not!"

Her "I'm not" was something she truly believed. Like I said, Intuorn was blunt. She may not realize she was nervous and embarrassed, but so be it.

"Is there a way to read without touching?"

"Yes, but it's not that clear. I need to read your palm."

'So she can't read minds. She must be some kind of fortune teller.'

That thought made me smile in relief, all doubts dispelled. She held out her hand for me to touch again, and past events flowed like images and sounds. An only child raised with money by her parents.

A father who loved his daughter more than anything but had no time to take care of her, using money to buy happiness. Whatever she wanted, she got, leading to immediate frustration when denied. The blank slate was stained by her parents' actions.

A lonely child with only toys and dolls for friends, throwing things when displeased.

She was not inherently bad...

A girl who spent her days with a dollhouse, talking to her Barbies in front of the mirror. As she grew older and went to school, most of her friends approached her because she had money and treated them snacks. It seemed like she knew they were not sincere.

But it didn't matter... If money was important to others, having money alone was enough to buy friends.

Fake relationships bored her. From combing her dolls' hair, she sought new thrills, like gaming, and found a new love: speed.

Intuorn turned to racing, becoming a cool girl admired by many.

Having an identity made her feel significant, but it didn't make her happy. She felt incomplete and empty inside until she met Ken.

He was a handsome guy who shared her love for racing and the same movies. For the first time, Intuorn felt genuinely loved, believing everything he said and losing herself. They dated briefly, but it seemed like eternal love to her.

And that led to the disappointment and the accident that left me like this.

Guilt...

That incident made me recoil and want to die. The more I couldn't remember, the more she felt like carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders. Now, she couldn't drive because of the trauma. Alcohol was a forbidden item that she wouldn't touch again.

That night, Intuorn was drunk.
She was heartbroken when her first and only boyfriend cheated on her with a college girl in a cheap motel.

The love she received from him was a lie.

In, obsessed with speed, stepped on the gas to get excited and forget the bad memories. But that night, she saw me running into the darkness, blocking her car.

The next thing she knew, she heard a "thud". When she got out, she saw me lying there, eyes open, unable to remember who I was.

Why did I run in front of the car like that?

"Taking too long. Are you reading or sleeping?"

"I'm trying to read your history."

I said, feeling strangely sorry for the person in front of me. Disappointed, drunk and finding myself in the worst night.

"Hmm... where to start?"

"Just go ahead."

"Your destiny involves betrayal by a lover."

"Everyone knows that."

She said, irritated by the unsatisfactory answer that made me sigh.

"Give me details."

"You love speed."

"I'm a runner."

"You had a traumatic event that left you unable to drive..."

"Everyone knows that too..."

Now, the girl with the big hands
was visibly discouraged, but she still argued.

"I haven't driven for a long time. This isn't exciting."

"Have you ever hit something or someone?"

At my question, Intuorn's cute face showed extreme shock, mouth wide open.

"You... what do you know?"

"You actually hit something. What was it? A dog? A cat?"

"..."

"A person?"

More agitated, Intuorn began to tremble visibly, noticed by everyone around, who began to whisper. Jenpob, standing nearby, pulled the stubborn girl up and firmly ordered everyone to stop talking.

"Stop! The session ends here. Get back to work!"

I felt uneasy as I watched Intuorn, pale as a ghost, slowly walk away. I thought about following her, but when I reached out to grab her wrist, Jenpob cautiously pushed my hand away.

"What are you doing?"

Zap!

The bodyguard's thoughts flowed into my head, showing me images. His current thoughts were about the incident months ago when he drove to find Intuorn after learning what happened. He was the one who called the ambulance for me while also considering letting me die to save her from future troubles.

And I saw him pocket a dropped phone... What phone was that?

"Just checking to see if she's okay. She looked shaken."

"No need. It's my job to take care of her."

He was really mad at me for bringing this up and hurting her. His cold demeanor made me think about backing off, but Intuornm called me back.

"Lay."

"Yes?"

"If you can really predict, then tell me..."

"..."

"What should I do about Ken?"

"..."

"Stay or go?"

A question with an obvious answer, as if she just needed confirmation to get rid of the doubt. I looked at her and sighed, then smiled, understanding that she needed encouragement to move on.

"Go away."

"He may not do bad things like he did in the past."

"The past is not the same as the future, but it shows your nature. If you don't want to get hurt again, go away."

"But he says he loves me."

"He says that to all the girls."

I bit my lip and walked closer, reaching out to touch the vulnerable girl. I looked at Jenpob, who didn't trust my actions, but didn't interrupt, knowing that I didn't pose no threat with him around.

"Even if there are few who love you, it doesn't mean there are none."

"Are you saying that my father...?"

He loves me out of duty."

"That's true, but there are others."

"You said that no one likes my personality."

I looked at the person next to her and smiled, encouraging the girl desperate for love.

"Look around seriously, and you'll see."

Ba-dum...

The sound of Intuorn's heartbeat echoed loudly. Others might not hear it, but with my sensitivity, I knew well that the grumpy person was feeling much better now.

"Do you like me?"

"What?"

I was surprised when I heard such a question.

"You told me to look around; all I see is you."

I almost laughed and felt a deep sympathy for Jenpob, who always seemed to be forgotten.

"Quick, do you like me or not?"

"No."

"..."

"But I don't hate you either."

I shrugged and answered honestly. Intuorn pouted slightly, seemingly indifferent to my answer.

"At least you're straightforward. And because you're straightforward, I'll believe you."

"..."

"I'm going to break up with Ken."

"I'm not going to break up!"

As soon as Intuorn decided to give up, her boyfriend quickly drove over and got down on his knees, begging her not to leave. Everyone in the house, including me, hid in the corners to watch the drama unfold, even placing bets on whether Intuorn would soften and take him back. The odds were 1 to 10.

1 to get back together, 10 not to get back together. If they didn't get back together, the bettors would win ten times as much money, and most bet on them getting back together.

I listened to her thoughts and sighed, especially Intuorn, who still had strong feelings for that man. All I could do was hope she would love herself more.

Even Jenpob kept quiet, cheering for her.

"I don't think we can. You made me look like an idiot. You've been doing this behind my back the whole time."

"I was framed."

"At least once, I saw it with my own eyes in that motel. Not to mention, my father's people have been following you. Just go away, I'm tired."

The lovely girl tried to be strong. She turned her back, showing that she didn't want to talk anymore. But Ken, knowing Intuorn's weak point, stand up and hugging her from behind, making me cover my face in defeat.

Damn... I bet they wouldn't get back together. My money's about to disappear.

"Em... I love you."

"Ken, let go."

"I did the wrong thing. From now on, nothing like this will happen again, either to your face or behind your back."

The tall man tightened his hold and quoted Richard Gere from a movie Intuon liked.

"I promise that from now on, it'll be just you. Whenever you feel bad or are in pain, I'll hug you like this and ask you to dance."

"Oh... No, In, no..."

"Ken..."

"Please... Just turn around and dance with me... Ouch!"

Then my shoe flew straight and hit the head of the guy who was exploiting someone else's weak spot. Intuon's boyfriend rubbed his head before turning to confront me.

"What the hell? Hey... That's a shoe. You threw a shoe at my head."

"I just couldn't take this bullshit. Before you came here, didn't you call a bargirl to meet at eleven Disgusting!"

"What!?"

Intuorn turned to Ken, gritting his teeth.

"A bargirl!?"

"That's absurd. I don't have a bargirl."

It was absurd. I made it up because I didn't know how to make Intuorn less forgiving. The young lady seemed to wake up from a dream and face reality when I mentioned the bargirl.

"It's not absurd. If Lay says so, I believe it."

"Hey, why do you believe that nonsense-talking maid?"

"Because she never lies."

Hearing such an assurance immediately made me feel guilty. I had just lied, and Intuorn believed it wholeheartedly, which made me feel strange.

"But she's lying! "

Intuorn's handsome boyfriend, not knowing what to do, decided to act stupidly by lunging at me, ready to slap me. Jenpob, who was on the lookout, rushed to help me. He grabbed Ken's arms and spoke threateningly.

"Just get out, or you'll get hurt."

"Intuorn! I didn't do this. There's no bargirl. I love you!"

"Jenpob, get him out of here. I have a headache."

Intuorn order and turns around immediately. Ken and his protests gradually faded away. It was just Intuorn and I alone, watching his back, which was hurting inside.

"Intuorn."

"You should go too."

The grumpy person didn't want me to see her weak side, so she waved at me instead of yelling. Reading her mind and body language, I sighed a little before approaching her again and hugging her from behind, resting my chin on her shoulder.

"Shall we dance?"

"You're doing it again."

"I just want to show you that he's not the only one who can dance with you."

"..."

"Whenever you're sad, you can dance with me."

Hearing this, Intuorn immediately sobbed, unable to contain her grief any longer. But she still didn't turn around. I hugged the vulnerable person and repeated, almost begging her.

"Just turn around... and let's dance."

As soon as I finished speaking, it was as if I had unlocked something in her. Intuorn quickly turned to me, hugged me tightly, and cried on my shoulder shame.

"Waah."

"What song should we dance to?"

"Waah... Anything."

"If you can't think of any, let's dance for now."

I wasn't sure what song we would dance to now, but I knew that Intuorn was free from that man. At least, for that moment, I had helped her get through a difficult time.

□□□□□□

□28.Teacher□

"I won the bet."

I smiled at the dealer after receiving my winnings from the bet that Intuorn wouldn't get back with her ex. It seemed that Sek was still winning, given the difference in others's belief that the young lady in the house would get back with her former flame.

‘Of course, you'd win the bet. You and the young lady are so close.’

One of the workers gossiped about me in his thoughts, and he isn't the only one. I am quite intrigue by this. Are they gossiping just because they see me comforting Intuorn at that dance?

Well... I completely forgot that there were so many people secretly watching.

But still, it didn't make sense for the Woren to date each other. What was so strange about me comforting Intuorn out of concern? Thinking that something scary was going on with the owner's daughter?

How could two female plugs create a current? There was nothing to connect!

"You."

As I walked to the stables, Jenpob, the bodyguard close to the young lady who was the subject of the conversation, called out to me in a cold and distant voice. His behavior showed that he really didn't like me, and in his mind, he believed that I had feelings for the young lady. Is he in on this too?

"What?"

"Intuorn wants to see you."

"Uh-huh,"

I replied simply and followed him. As I walked behind him, I thought about his thoughts from the other day when I was hit by a car. He had a hidden phone and didn't tell anyone about it.

That phone was definitely mine, but how would I know where he kept it and how to get it back?

"You're lying."

"Hmm?"

I was lost in thought and stopped when Jenpob, who was walking in front, stopped. He turned to look at me suspiciously. He didn't trust me at all. He was paranoid about something.

'What else is she lying about? At least the stuff about Ken is a lie.'

Oh... I got caught making stuff up. So that's it.

"You said the young lady's ex was seeing some bar girl."

"Uh-huh."

"You were lying."

"And how do you know I was lying? Did you investigate?"

"Just tell me if you were lying or not."

"If I say no, you'll still think I was. So... think what you want."

There's no point trying to explain to someone who already believes you're lying. What... I lied, but it was to get Intuorn away from that kind of guy.

Was that so wrong?

"If you can lie about one thing, you can lie about other things too"

Jenpob said, grabbing my wrist tightly. His mind was trying hard to catch me lying again and determine if I knew more.

"What do you suspect?"

"What should I suspect?"

Imagine if he knew I could read minds. How dangerous would that be? Because now, I knew he was paranoid that I might know about the car accident three months ago and that I was pretending to be ignorant to blackmail his young lady.

Has he been watching too many soap operas?

"Just don't let me find out."

"You're making me really curious about what you're so afraid of."

I teased him once more before going to see Intuorn alone.

"But what I know for sure is that you have feelings for the young lady I'm about to see."

"Nonsense."

"I'm a fortune teller, remember?"

"..."

"And you're jealous of a fortune teller."

After saying that, I walked away, leaving him to be paranoid and seething.

Whatever, be as paranoid as you want. The more you think, the more I learn about the past before I got here.

'I'll rip it all out of you, Jenpob!'

Knock, knock

I knocked on the half-open door to let the person inside, who was playing a racing game, know that I was here. Intuorn paused the game and turned to look at me, waving her finger as if she's calling a dog.

Oh, come on. She was crying like a baby the other day, and now she's treating me like a dog...

"You're late."

"I had to walk all the way here. Is there something urgent?"

"I'm alone."

"What?"

I was a little surprised because I didn't expect to hear that from someone so full of pride. But on the other hand, I almost forgot how direct Intuorn is.

"Why are you surprised?"

"Surprised that you're alone and you called me."

Then, her mind went back to the day I asked her to dance. Suddenly, I felt awkward and scratched my neck, not knowing where to put my hands.

"Have you seen that movie?"

"What movie?"

"Primal Fear."

"How could I have seen it?"

"If you didn't see it, how did you know there was a scene like that in a foreign film?"

At this point, I rolled my eyes and nodded quickly, not knowing how to get out of this.

"Maybe I saw it, but I don't remember when. It was probably before I lost my memory."

Ugh...

Like I said, Intuorn always feels guilty about it, and I didn't want to bring it up because I wasn't that bitter. I only mentioned it when it came to mind. It was strange that I didn't feel any pain about my condition.

"R...really?"

"Do you have that movie? If you do, we can watch it together. Maybe I'll remember something."

"No."

She answered quickly, as if she was afraid I'd remember everything. I shrugged, not really caring because I didn't want to watch a movie.

"So what should we do to end your loneliness if we don't watch a movie?"

"You owe me."

"I owe you what?"

"You promised to make a menu... and I still haven't eat anything."

Intuorn reminded me of the night we were stuck in the forest waiting for help. Or maybe she just wanted an excuse to spend time with me. She suddenly wanted to meet me, but she didn't know how to make an excuse—how cute!

"Okay, but I'm not sure if you've ever eaten this dish before, being such a young lady."

"If others can eat it, so can I. I'm trying to be simple so that people here won't dislike me."

"You're learning to adapt to others."

"You talk too much."

"Okay, let's start with a common dish today."

And then, a plate of Som Tum with fermented fish was placed in front of the picky young lady. She covered her nose, clearly not used to it.

"I can't eat garbage."

"This is Som Tum with fermented fish, not garbage."

"I know. Can people really eat something so pungent?"

"It all comes out like poop in the end."

'You're crazy!'

Suddenly, someone's words echoed in my head like a shock. I was stunned because the voice resonated deeply, affecting my feelings in an inexplicable way.

"Hey... Lay, are you okay? Lay!"

"Huh? What?"

"Why did you stay silent? Are you mad? I'm the farm owner's daughter. You can't be mad at me... and I wasn't even scolding you."

Intuorn softened her tone, worried that she had upset me. Jenpob, standing far away, looked at me with displeasure, seeing how much her young lady cared about my feelings.

"No, just... a little scared."

"Scared of being called crazy? So fragile. And it's not even an insult, just an exclamation."

"It's kind of cute."

Ba-dum...

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Intuorn's heartbeat echoed in my ears, making me look at her. I laughed a little, and she had no idea why.

"What's wrong with you? First, you were scared, then you called me cute, and now you're laughing."

"Your expression is funny. Try to eat it before it gets cold."

"It's spicy."

"Try it once in your life. You'll understand why people love it so much."

After some persuasion, Intuorn finally took a small bite of Som Tum and immediately put down her fork, drinking a lot of water. I wasn't sure if it was too spicy or if her taste buds just couldn't handle it.

"I can't. My body says it can't handle it. I can feel the sodium rushing through my veins."

"Cool."

I laugh and sit down next to her uninvited, taking a bite of the salad.

"If there's an apocalypse and there's no foie gras or lobster, you'll die for sure."

"If that happens, there won't be this Som Tum either... but that's okay. If others can eat it, so can I. I'm not picky!"

Being a competitive person, especially when humiliated in front of others, Intuorn snatched the fork from my hand and stuffed the salad into her mouth without tasting it. In less than ten minutes, the dish she claimed was spicy and tasteless disappeared completely, leaving only the tomatoes and vegetables she didn't eat. To be more precise, there was nothing in that dish that she liked, but she had to eat it so as not to lose.

"You don't have to be so competitive," I said.

"I've never had such bad breath in my entire life. This is the first and last time!"

The spoiled young lady standd up, ready to go back to her room, but not before turning to me.

"Think of a new menu. No more Som Tum."

"You haven't given up yet, have you?"

I laughed as she walked away, but Intuorn just looked at me without any annoyance and smiled.

"Cute."

"What's cute?"

"You are. You're cute."

"..."

"See you later."

The person who complimented me quickly run back to her room, leaving me strangely flustered and confused.

Being complimented as cute by someone like her?

I thought today would be a good day because Intuorn, the troublemaker of the house, didn't cause any trouble.

But that was just a thought... By five in the afternoon, everyone in the house was running around like bees from a destroyed hive. I later found out from the exhausted housekeeper that the troublesome young lady had been sent to the hospital.

"What? Why?"

"She was vomiting all day and finally collapsed at the bottom of the stairs. Oh, will there ever be peace?"

"Vomiting?"

"Yeah, I have no idea what she ate."

Som Tum.....

As soon as I answered that question in my head, I immediately felt a pang of guilt. The image of Intuorn devouring the Som Tum and swallowing it quickly was still vivid in my mind. It seemed like her body and intestines were not used to such food.

"How long had she been gone? Who took her?"

"Her bodyguard. He looked very upset."

"I understand..."

That guy already hated me. With Intuorn in this condition, it wasn't hard to guess who he would blame. And as expected, just as I was returning from the stables, Jenpob called me.

‘I’m going to kill you.’

I didn’t even need to turn around to feel the killing intent he directed at me from behind.

"Lay."

"What’s wrong, Jenpob? Wow!"

He grabbed my wrist and dragged me with him immediately. Honestly, I had no idea what's happening or where I was being taken. Before I know it, I was forced into a pickup truck that the bodyguard had already started.

"Where are we going?"

"To drop you off."

"Huh? Where?"

"Where did you come from. I won't let you get near Intuorn anymore. You can't be trusted!"

Since I lost my memory, this is the first time I left the farm and go this far. I didn't ask any questions because I could read his mind; he was taking me back to where I was hit by the car, which hundreds of kilometers away from the province where I was hiding. With the speed the bodyguard was driving, we reached the capital of Thailand in less than an hour.

I didn't know where we were, but it was a fairly deserted road, with cars passing only occasionally. I began to worry about my safety if I had to stay here for too long.

"I found you here, right here. Recall your memories quickly, or you'll starve to death!"

The stern-faced man thrust something into my hand.

"Here's your phone."

My phone... The one he found that day.

"My phone?"

"Yes."

"I never knew I had a phone."

"Well, now you know. I carried it for you. There must be several relatives of yours there. Contact them and disappear from Intuorn's life. From now on, forget everything about the farm. Don't think about it, don't talk about it. I'm giving you back your freedom!"

Jenpob spoke quickly and walked away, leaving me alone in the darkness with only the neon light of the street. I was still disoriented, but the only thing I could do was turn on the phone.

My phone...

Although I had never used it before, I knew where the power button was. After waiting a while, the screen displayed a fruit logo followed by a picture of me.

Me with a cat... Did I have a cat?

Starting with worry and fear, curiosity now filled my thoughts. I unlocked the screen without even typing in a password, and the phone let me access everything as if it recognized me as the rightful owner.

It had to be mine; the screen had my face on it. But... what should I do next? Who should I contact? Where should I start?

Not knowing what to do, I started scrolling through my phone, especially the photo gallery. You can tell a lot about a person's interests by looking at their photos. If someone is obsessed with themselves, their phone will be full of selfies. But I wasn't that kind of person. Most of the photos in the album were of dogs and cats.

Apart from horses, I also loved dogs and cats.

But... there was one photo that caught my eye. It was the only one that stood out. A woman was lying down with her shoulders bare, her eyes closed

as if they had been taken secretly. Her beautiful face was captivating, and I stared at it for a long time, intrigued.

Who is she...

.

Ba-dum...

.

.

My heart raced as I looked at the photo. I felt a mix of emotions that I couldn't explain. As I tried to sort out my feelings, my phone rang, displaying the name:

'My Boo Teach'

A teacher...?

I answered the call hesitantly, afraid of the owner of this phone. It was only after I realized that the phone was mine that I began to speak, not knowing what tone to use.

"Hello?"

[Jom... Is that you, Jom?]

"Yes? Uh... I think so. Probably Jom."

I bit my lip, unable to remember if that was my name. Maybe it was my old name.

"Is that teacher?"

[Waaah.]

The person on the other end started sobbing, making me pull the phone away to look at the screen. Did I do something wrong? Why was she crying?

"Uh, are you okay, teacher... Are you a teacher or is that your nickname?"

[What kind of question is that? Where are you now, Jom?]

"I don't know. It's a very dark, deserted road. All I know is that it's in Bangkok... Oh, there are a lot of old abandoned spirit houses here."

[Stay right there. I know where you are.]

"You're amazing. I don't even know where I am, but I'm glad you called. I was confused about who to contact."

[I call you every day.]

"But the phone was off."

[I call you every day at 8:08 p.m.]

The person on the other end was still sobbing and clearly excited.

[And today, you answered. Stay right there. I'll get you!]

□□□□□□

□29.Friend□

I heard the voice on the other end of the line, who seem to be in a hurry to do something. There are sounds of heavy breathing mix with sobbing. Many times, I wanted to tell her to hang up so she could do things more easily, but it seemed like the person on the other end wanted me to stay with her all the time.

Honestly, I didn't mind. After all, it was better than being alone in the darkness with only the streetlights for company.

"Take your time, okay? I'm worried,"

I said into the phone. Sounds of noise on the other end make me imagine that she is probably rushing to start the car and drive.

"Why don't you hang up first? Talking on the phone while driving is dangerous."

[No... Stay with me. Don't hang up.]

"Don't drive too fast, okay?"

[You'll wait for me, right, Jom?]

"Yes."

[Promise me you'll wait.]

"Do I have to wait?"

I laughed a little, feeling like the person on the other end was being too serious. But when there was no laughter, I didn't dare act silly.

"Okay."

[You promised.]

I felt a slight flutter in my heart as I heard the other side response, not really knowing why. Maybe it would be better to continue the conversation.

"Are you a teacher or is your name 'Teacher'? Do you have a nickname?"

Is there really someone called 'Teacher' in this world? It's strange. Maybe there is, but it seems so strange...

[Why are you asking this? You've always called me Teacher Re. Are you okay, Jom?]

"My name is Jom?"

Since the person on the other end keep calling me that, I take the opportunity to ask for more information.

[Jom, how are you...]

"Hello... Hello?"

I pulled the phone away and grimaced when it went dead right in front of me. No matter how much I tried to turn it on, hit it, or almost throw it to intimidate it (which, of course, I didn't do), it seemed to have no effect. In the end, I sat there in the darkness, waiting for the teacher on the other end of the line to appear.

How old could this teacher be?

Judging by her voice, she probably isn't very old...

The name sounds a bit like my favorite horse, Teacher Re... If her name is Renu, I'd be shocked. I'll wait for her to come and ask her.

I sit there swatting mosquitoes for a long time. The headlights of the first car that passed by slowly approached and stopped at the spot where I was

waiting. I raised my hand to shield my eyes from the blinding light, barely able to see anything, before I heard a voice.

"I'm getting you."

"Huh? Jenpob?"

As I blinked away the bright light, the figure of Jenpob, the same guy who dropped me off here, appeared and waved his finger at me.

"Hurry up, get in the car."

"What are you doing? You left me here and now you're picking me up."

Are you bipolar?

"Just get in before I change my mind."

"I'm not getting in!"

I said irritably, not wanting him to think I was a pushover. Even though it wasn't the time to play hard to get, I was waiting for someone else.

"Don't be difficult."

He said, grabbing the back of my collar and dragging me like a puppy. Despite my resistance, I couldn't match his strength.

He said, "Miss Intuorn is waiting."

"So what? Ah... You can't answer to the young lady about where I am, right?"

"She wants you to stay with her at the hospital tonight. You caused her to end up there, so take responsibility."

I opened my mouth, unable to find an excuse. He was right; Intuorn ended up in the hospital because of me. But going so easily was a bit too much.

"You said you didn't want me around because I was unreliable."

"I have no choice."

"You can't control this, and I won't go. I won't go!"

I struggled.

"I already called someone to pick me up."

"Someone?"

"Yes, the contact on the phone."

"Do you really know the person you called?"

"No, but I called them."

"You are the daughter of a worker who abandoned you. Did you forget?"

"..."

"You know you are not the daughter of a worker. This proves you lied!"

I was speechless because it was true. How could an orphan from a made-up story have acquaintances in Bangkok?

"Yes, I know I am not the daughter of a worker, but I still don't know who I am. And the person who comes to pick me up knows me. They will tell me who I am."

"So what? Will you remember your story when they were in your life?"

"..."

"In the end, the people from your past are strangers to you."

True... The people from my past were strangers to me, and it made me feel very lonely. It turns out that the people on the farm, or even Jenpob now,

were more familiar to me than the person on the phone called 'Teacher Re'. I am not sure what will happen when I truly become myself again.

"So you want me to stay on the farm without knowing my origins? No... At the very least, I'll take the risk."

I took out my phone to call the person called Teacher to hurry her up, but Jenpob snatched it from my hand and threw it on the ground, breaking it.

"Hey, what the hell are you doing!?"

"Get in the car!"

I was dragged to the car, but when I resisted too much, the stern-faced man lifted me onto his shoulder as if I were light as a feather, opened the car door, and pushed me inside.

"I'm not going. I'm waiting for the teacher!"

"What teacher? Right now, your life is in Miss Intuorn's hands. Come back with me."

"I'll tell her that you left me here."

"I'll tell Intuorn that you remember everything, but you're pretending you don't. Think carefully about what will happen if her father finds out what you know."

I froze, thinking about it. Even if Intuorn's father isn't a murderer who can kill anyone, I believe he would do anything to keep things a secret if his beloved daughter was in danger.

"You know I'm dangerous, but you're still going to take me back?"

"Keep your enemies close, where you can see them instead of not knowing anything."

"But I... I don't want to go. Someone is coming for me, and I promised her."

"Just thinking about that crying voice made my heart soften. If I wasn't here when she arrived, how heartbroken would she be?"

"Will you remember everything when she arrives? Staying like this will cause more suffering for those close to you."

"But I have a home to go back to!"

I shouted, unable to hold it in any longer, as Jenpob started the car and drive away, looking at me coldly.

That's your problem. If you want to be safe, stay quiet. You're no different than a blind person groping in the dark. Everyone is a stranger to you."

"..."

"Miss Intuorn may be the only person in this world who loves you."

In the end, I agreed to go back with Jenpob, still worried about the person on the phone who is driving to pick me up. Honestly, I kind agreed with the poker-faced man who convinced me to go back.

Now, I didn't know anyone from my past. At the very least, I should investigate my own history to understand it better. And if there was one regret, it was that I didn't remember that woman's phone number. It was the only clue, and my phone was now broken.

I was indeed a blind person groping in the dark, just like Jenpob said.

"Are you going to tell Ms. Intuorn what happened today?"

"Should I?"

Even though he didn't answer, I already knew whether I should or not. This man was deeply in love with Intuorn, but he considered himself unworthy and wanted to be close to her. He was afraid that I would cheat on her and hurt her feelings, but he didn't want her to be sad about losing her only friend.

"Answer me honestly, do you hate me so much because you're jealous of me being close to In?"

"Ridiculous."

"Why are you jealous of me and Intuorn?"

"That's nonsense. I'm not jealous!"

As he replied, he swerved to avoid a car coming in the opposite direction after trying to overtake a truck. I laughed in annoyance. His thoughts were so obvious that he was insanely jealous.

"Look, now, we've been the most direct with each other since we met. Let's be honest. I can tell you're jealous...Why? I'm a woman."

"..."

"A straight woman with boobs and ass. I don't date other women. I can't even imagine how that would work."

I sighed in frustration.

"Stop being jealous over nothing. The people on the farm are crazy too, spreading rumors."

"You danced with her."

"I could even take a shower naked with her if I wanted to!"

"..."

"We're both women. When you go to the men's bathroom, don't you ever spy the guy pissing next to you? Does it turn you on? No. So stop thinking crazy things."

I waved my hand in the air, trying to explain.

"Intuorn and I could never be a thing. If you're going to suspect, suspect someone else."

"Aren't you really in love with her?"

"Of course not."

"You look so tomboyish."

"But am I that feminine? Put me in a colorful BNK outfit, and I'd be Cherprang."

When I reassured him, I noticed that Jenpob seemed a little less tense. It seemed like he was genuinely paranoid about my relationship with Intuorn, which I found amusing. Had the world gone mad? Did just being around someone mean I was mating with them?

So, did that mean I was mating with the horse in the stable? Hmph. "Great. Just don't get any ideas about the young lady later."

"Ridiculous!"

It took us over three hours to drive from Bangkok back to the province. By the time we arrived at the hospital, it was already past eleven, well past visiting hours. But since it was a private hospital, as long as you paid enough, the patient's needs always come first... You're welcome.

"Why are you so late? I've been waiting for ages. I was so scared... Nurse, you can leave now. My friend is here."

As soon as Intuorn, who was lying in a private room, saw me, she jumped out of bed with a pouty face and immediately dismissed the special nurse without a care. I give the spoiled young lady a small smile and continued with my little white lies.

"I just woke up. I put on my headphones and fell asleep, so I didn't know you were in the hospital."

"I've been here since four in the afternoon. Have you slept since then?"

"Yes."

"Nobody tried to wake you up?"

"They did, but I didn't wake up. I put on my headphones and fell into a deep sleep. I only woke up because the music stopped and I heard someone knocking on the door. Don't ask too many questions; I can't keep up with the lies. Get some rest."

I throw myself on the couch, causing Intuorn, who was scrutinizing my every word, stare at me.

"What do you mean you can't keep up with the lies? Which parts are lies?"

"Actually I didn't want to come. When someone tried to wake me up, I pretended to stay asleep."

"You made me sick in bed. You have no sense of responsibility."

The spoiled brat grabbed a nearby bag of snacks and throw it at me like a bully.

"If I tell you to come, you have to come."

"Well, I'm here now."

"..."

"..."

The grumpy girl turned away with a huff and closed her eyes. Jenpob, who had been watching the whole scene, received a wave from me to leave, since I had to deal with the spoiled young lady alone. And as soon as I turned off the lights...

"Turn the lights back on now!"

"How are we going to sleep with the lights on?"

"I don't care. I'm scared. I don't like hospitals. Turn the lights on!"

I shrug a little and turn the lights back on. What could I say? The owner of the room wanted it that way.

"Are you feeling better now? I'm going to sleep."

Today, I was completely exhausted. Traveling back and forth to Bangkok, over three hundred kilometers in one day, really took a toll on my body. I wasn't ready to fight with anyone.

And then there was that sobbing voice on the phone... I didn't know what she would do if she drove there and didn't find me. Would she wait for me? Or she would leave if she didn't see me... Please come back.

Damn it!

I should have stayed there, stayed so she could at least see me or something. I shouldn't have let Jenpob carry me back like that.

I tried to force myself to sleep, but my mind kept returning to the "teacher's" voice. I tossed and turned restlessly and realized that Intuorn couldn't sleep either.

"In."

"..."

The grumpy one, who is also tossing and turning in the hospital bed, looked at me and then turned away, but after a while, she turned away with a face that looked like she was about to cry.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I'm scared."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of getting sleep paralysis." "Huh?"

"I once stayed in a hospital and got it, so I don't like it."

The previous grumpy person now looked like a child asking for help.

"I'm so sleepy, but I can't sleep."

And now she is making cute noises at half past midnight...

I laughed softly, feeling a bit affection for her. The thoughts of that teacher disappeared when I saw In's pitiful face.

"What are you laughing at?"

"You, In. Are you really that afraid?"

The pitiful one nodded vigorously, her bangs swaying. I sigh a little and pick up my pillow, walking to her bed.

"Would it be okay if I sleep in this bed with you?"

"Is...is it okay?"

"Not really, huh?"

I was about to turn around when she grabbed my shirt tightly.

"Yes?"

"If you want to sleep here, who am I to say no?"

This girl never loses her pride, does she? I laughed a little and climbed onto the bed, then I remembered something.

"In, you don't mind, right? I haven't changed my clothes yet. I forgot to bring any "

"Yes."

"..."

"But it's okay. I can handle it."

She must be really scared. Now, even if I rolled in dog poop outside the hospital, she probably wouldn't mind. I slid under the blanket and snuggled up next to the spoiled young lady. I admit I felt awkward because the bed was quite small and made for one person. Turning around to face her was a little embarrassing, and turning away feel rude.

So, lying on your back is... the basic position.

"When I get out of the hospital, I'll buy you some new clothes."

"Huh?"

"As a woman, having few clothes is unfortunate."

Intuorn said, turning her back to me, for which I was very grateful.

"Or maybe I'll see if there's anything in my closet that you can wear."

It's okay.

It's not.

"..."

"Because you're my friend."

□□□□□□□□

□30.FLASHBACK□

"It's shocking, isn't it? It fits perfectly."

Intuorn said as she twirled me in front of the mirror as if I was excited about some fabric softener or something. Meanwhile, I could only keep my face expressionless because I wasn't the least bit excited about the outfit.

Pink... She was making me look like a stupid Barbie. But what could I do but smile and express my gratitude, even though I wasn't happy about it?

Seeing how much fun Intuorn was having, I didn't dare ruin her mood. She really thought I liked the clothes she picked out for me. I wasn't mean enough to disappoint someone who was feeling so good.

"We have similar bodies."

"You look so much sweeter now. Great, great. From now on, you can wear my clothes. We'll look like twins. Finally, this farm will have another person in pink."

I could only smile because I didn't know how to respond. The eyes of the horses in the stable would definitely hurt if I wore this pink outfit. Geez, I wouldn't dare go anywhere with this.

"But I think there's still something missing."

"Is there really something missing?"

I asked, feeling cautious because honestly, I already felt like it was too much.

"Maybe a hair clip. Just a moment."

Intuorn continued to have fun dressing me up while I just sit there like a mannequin for her amusement. Suddenly, the door open, and the two people who had the right to open any door in this house without being yelled at by Intuorn walked in.

Anek and Kate, her parents, looked at their daughter and then at me, confused.

"So that's why you've been so quiet. You've been playing dress-up."

Kate said with a smile, looking at me with understanding.

"Are you having fun too?"

"Uh, yeah."

"This clip looks better."

Intuorn said, choosing a hair clip for me and pinning it to my head with a proud smile.

"Wow... I have such good taste. You look perfect now, Lay."

"Ahem! Your mother and I have been here for a while. A simple hello would be nice."

Anek cleared his throat to get his daughter's attention. Intuorn, who tended to get caught up in whatever she was doing, looked a little surprised to see her parents.

"Oh, when did you get here? Do you need anything?"

"You are having so much fun that you forget about us."

Her father chuckles a little before explaining why they are there.

"I just wanted to let you know that I'm heading back to Bangkok. I have some work to take care of."

"Oh, okay. And you're not even complaining about it?"

Her mother said, looking at her daughter in surprise.

"Normally, you'd be throwing a fit, insisting on going with him."

"Isn't it nice that I'm not whining?"

"You must be having a great time."

Anek said, looking at me with a gentle smile.

"Intuorn has a friend now, huh?"

'Should I be worried?'

I could hear Anek's thoughts as he looked at me, worried that I might be a threat to his daughter. I pretended not to notice, even though I could read his thoughts clearly, and smiled at him. He decided to say goodbye to his daughter once more.

"Alright, I'm leaving now."

"Sure."

"If you need anything, just let us know. Don't get sick again. Oh, and I brought a violin from Bangkok for you. If you get bored, you can play it.'

I looked at Intuorn in mild surprise. She had musical talent too.

"Thank you."

"Alright, I'm going."

The two of them left, but not without giving me a worried look. Only Intuorn didn't notice this signal. She's too busy having fun dressing me up like her personal Barbie doll, without a care in the world.

"Let's take a picture."

"Do we have to?"

"Sure. It's a matter of pride. It's like taking a picture of your meal at a restaurant to show off."

You must have a lot of free time...

I didn't argue and let Intuorn do what she wanted. She posted the picture of me in the pink outfit on Facebook and proudly showed it to me.

"Beautiful!"

She showed me her phone with my picture highlighted, looking like a pink panther.

"Why didn't I go to fashion design school?"

"It's a good thing you didn't."

"Hmm?"

"What?"

"What did you just say?"

"Nothing. I was just asking if you really play the violin. It suits you, being rich and all. Even your musical instruments are expensive."

"Being rich isn't enough; you need talent too. And it turns out I have both. Whoever ends up with me is incredibly lucky."

"Oh, okay."

I laughed awkwardly. Luckily, she didn't hear my grumbling and quickly changed the subject, not understanding.

It was a good thing she didn't go to college for fashion design because seeing only pink on the streets would make me dizzy. I still wonder how I am going to pull off these clothes.

"Wow, there are so many comments."

"Yeah."

"Get excited! Look."

Intuorn handed me the phone to read the comments from her friends, who liked and responded enthusiastically. There weren't many, but for someone like Intuorn, who didn't have many friends, the compliments made her heart swell.

Great taste!

The model is so cute

Who is she? You didn't introduce her.

So cute!

I felt a little embarrassed by the compliments and scratched my cheek. Intuorn tilted her head and looked at me with a smile.

"You're really cute, Lay."

Ba-dum...

My heart started beating faster at the compliment, and I quickly waved my hands.

"Why are you suddenly complimenting me?"

"I showed off on social media. Now, let's show off to the people on the farm."

"Is that a good idea?"

"Of course. Why do you look so surprised?"

"Uh... well..."

Even if I refused, I would still be dragged to meet people. Most of the farm workers wore long-sleeved plaid shirts and big straw hats to protect themselves from the sun. Usually, I dressed like that too, but today was different. Everyone looked at me and laughed behind their hands. No one complimented me like they did on social media.

The online world and the real world are different.

It's like thinking one thing and doing another. Humans...

'Wearing matching clothes.'

'She's become Ms. In's favorite.'

'So, they really are dating.'

Ba-dum...

I stopped in my tracks, losing confidence. Intuorn, unaware of anything, turned to look at me in confusion when she saw me stop.

"Is something wrong?"

"I think... I should take off this outfit."

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"No."

I said, looking her straight in the eyes. Intuorn frowned, not satisfied with my answer.

"If you didn't like it, why didn't you say so before?"

I saw you having fun, so I didn't want to ruin it. But now I can't take it anymore... The way everyone is looking at me makes me uncomfortable.

They think I'm weird.

"Who said that? Didn't you see how many people complimented you on Facebook? Don't you trust my fashion sense?"

Intuorn showed me her phone again, full of comments complimenting me, but I knew they weren't sincere.

"Facebook is not trustworthy. Who would comment on things..

'Your taste is horrible' or 'Do you really think this looks good?'"

"Why do you have to insult everything about me?"

"You need to hear a wide range of opinions. Remember, if someone talks to you directly, it means they're being honest."

"There's a fine line between honesty and rudeness."

"At least they're giving you direct feedback, not just compliments."

I scroll through the comments and stop when I see one that isn't about the clothes.

I think I know this model. She looks like a friend of a friend on Facebook.

I frowned, intrigued by the comment. Intuorn, seeing me stay quiet, looked curious and took the phone from my hand.

"What's wrong?"

"Wait!"

When the spoiled girl read the comment, her heart raced with... fear. The once cheerful Intuorn, who had been having fun dressing me, quickly did something on her phone with shaking hands, and I knew she had deleted that picture immediately.

'Damn... Are they going to recognize her? This is bad.'

"In."

"I'm tired,"

She cut me off quickly.

"If you want to take your clothes off, go ahead. I'm going to rest."

I watched her walk away, biting my lip. The world on Facebook is really small. If I wanted to find out who I am, I should start there. But to find anything, I needed a starting point.

And my starting point was that comment!

Finally I see the benefit of the new phone Intuorn had given me. It had all the features I needed. Although it wasn't the top model that cost thirty thousand baht, it was still very capable.

It could access the internet.

My problem now figuring out how to use it, how to download apps, sign up, and who to chat with. I had no knowledge whatsoever.

"Why can't I sign up, Cee?"

I handed my phone to the housekeeper's son for help. The tall guy took my phone and frowned.

"You don't have enough credit for internet."

"Really."

"You need to top it up first."

"So I can't be on Facebook without money?"

"You're so broken."

I gritted my teeth at that comment and walked away, shoulders slumped, staring at my phone, which had now become a mere paperweight.

"Why do you feel like checking Facebook?"

"Maybe I'll meet some old friends."

"Why bother with old friends when you have a new friend like Ms. Intuorn?"

I looked at the person who is teasing me and could almost hear the thoughts echoing in my head.

'Is she really just a friend?'

"Irritating," I said flatly.

Cee's mouth drop open, not understanding why I am suddenly irritate.

"What's wrong? I'm just kidding."

"What up with these people here? Does a woman being around another woman always have to imply something more?"

As everyone knew, I didn't have many friends on the farm. In the end, I retreated to Intuom's room, which had become my new sleeping place.

"In?"

When I walk in, I find Intuorn lying on her side, on her back, silent. From what I could see, I figured she isn't sleeping, especially with all the thoughts about today's Facebook events swirling around in her head.

Intuorn was really scared...

It's understandable. She brought me here to hide and then posted a picture of me. Who would have thought anyone would recognize me?

"Is something wrong?"

I asked, even though I know the answer. Intuorn, who had been quiet for a while, shook her head slightly, still on her back.

"No."

"Then why have you been so quiet since you joined Facebook? Is something bothering you... or is it the comment about knowing me?"

"No!"

As soon as I finished my question, the spoiled princess jumped up, sitting up straight in panic. I almost laughed at having touched her nerves, but I kept a straight face.

"So what's wrong?"

"I... I'm just... I'm just upset!"

Intuorn changed the subject to make me change the subject.

"I put so much effort into dressing you, and you didn't like it."

"It might be a matter of taste. And I really don't like pink."

"Exactly."

"Also... the outfit you gave me looks like a couple's outfit. People on the farm are looking at us strangely, and there are so many rumors."

"What rumors?"

"They're saying that you and I are a couple."

"Hmm?"

It seems that my words make Intuorn forget her previous worries. She turned to look at me and asked again.

"What exactly are they saying?"

Not much. They just think that you and I have something going on, which is ridiculous."

I smile and waved my hands dismissively.

"Don't mind those rumors."

"I can't ignore them now, since you mentioned it."

"But that's nonsense, Intuorn. How can two women be a couple? Connecting two female plugs together won't create electricity."

I compared my palms to plugs and clapped them together.

"See? No electricity."

"But there's a 'clapping' sound."

"It's just a sound, nothing more. The other day, I saw you sad and asked you to dance, forgetting that people were watching."

"Ah..."

"And now, you let me sleep in your room, dress me in matching pink clothes, and suddenly we're a couple!"

I complained like a child wanting her mother to confront the teacher for spanking her.

"I don't get it. Can't people just be friends? And two women, seriously?"

"You seemed fixated on the idea that women can't be lovers. You mentioned it several times."

"Yes, because it's unnatural. Even if I'm dumb, I know how reproduction works. I saw Renu and See-mok doing it."

"Ha. Don't say 'doing it' while you're wearing pink."

"Okay, mating... Anyway, a male and female horse together isn't weird. Imagine Renu with a mare."

"Horses can't do that with the same sex, but humans are different."

"What do you mean?"

"Women can make love to each other."

"In"

"Women can have sex with each other."

"Intuorn, don't talk about it while you're wearing pink... Do you like that too?"

"Come here, I'll show you something."

And so, the fierce Intuorn returned to her playful self. She opened her laptop, went to Internet Explorer and searched for something. Soon, what she wanted to show me appeared...

Right in front of my face!

"W... What is this?"

"Watch and learn how women do it."

A foreign video showed two women undressing and smiling at each other, doing things that made my heart race. I put my hands on my cheeks, feeling them warm.

Oh my God, women can really do this.

Ba-dum...

My heart was pounding as the women in the video started to get intense, their voice sounding pained, but not stopping for a moment. I imagined myself in that situation, bent over between my partner's legs.

A partner who wasn't a foreigner like in the video, but someone whose face was blurred. It was vague, but the memory was vivid.

"Don't forget about me"

"Hmm... I... won't..."

Sigh!

"In case you didn't know, I studied at a girls' school."

Intuorn's hand touched my shoulder as she spoke with a smile. The thoughts that had just passed through my mind disappeared, replaced by memories of Intuorn's school days.

Intuorn in a school uniform, holding hands with another girl...

"I didn't know."

I replied, turning to the person who had their chin was on my shoulder. My nose almost touched her cheek, but I restrained myself.

Intuorn, lost in her memories, smiled and continued. "And I had a girlfriend."

"O... Okay."

I went back to the computer screen like a robot, not knowing what to do.

"So, trust me, women can have sex with each other."

"In"

"I've been there."

□□□□□□

□31. Jakkrapat□

It's already past midnight. While Intuorn fast asleep, I kept tossing and turning, unable to close my eyes. The video that the spoiled young lady had shown me this afternoon kept replaying in my head, with the images and sounds of people moaning over and over.

Ugh, why is it so hot?

Aside from the images and sounds, there seemed to be fleeting memories that made my heart race inexplicably. Everything seemed so real, as if I were the only naked person in that clip.

When I was nestled between someone's legs...

"How long are you going to keep tossing and turning and making noise? It's annoying."

"Sorry, was I noisy?"

"I could hear it."

Intuorn said, who was lying on the bed. Leaning toward me on the floor, she turned on the lamp, resting her chin on her hand curiously.

"What's wrong?"

"I think it's hot, In. Is your air conditioner broken?"

"It's set to 23 degrees Celsius."

"Then it must be the blanket. Sorry for keeping you awake."

"Actually, I couldn't sleep either. Too many thoughts running through my head."

"What were you thinking about?"

"My ex from high school, the one I told you about. Because of her, I started remembering things from the past again."

Intuorn raised an eyebrow playfully. Seeing her expression, I pulled the blanket over me a little nervously.

"What's with that face?"

"You're not going to have sex with me, are you?"

"I have standards!"

"Just kidding."

I laughed, just wanting to tease her. It seemed like tonight we would be talking more than sleeping.

"What's it like dating another woman?"

"In what sense?"

"Is it like dating a man? Is it the same kind of love?"

"Why wouldn't loving a woman be the same as loving a man?"

Intuorn seems genuinely confused. I shake my head, not quite understanding the feeling.

"I don't know. Nature made us to be with men."

"That's a human construct. We can love anyone, as long as both sides agree."

"So why not make everyone the same gender? Why separate men and women?"

"Reproduction is still important, but that doesn't mean we can't love the same gender."

"I still don't get it. Did you date that girl for love?"

"Yes."

"And did you date Ken for love too?"

"Yes."

"It's like night and day. I mean, we have similar things. Would we get turned on by seeing each other's breasts?"

"Giggle!"

The sweet-faced girl sitting above me couldn't help but laugh.

"I never thought of it that way."

"Right? When I see a model's abs, I think, wow, that's impressive because I don't have any. It's fascinating."

"That's curiosity, not arousal about men's bodies. Besides, our bodies aren't identical. My chest and yours aren't the same. Similar proportions, but different. What color are your nipples?"

"Hey..."

I crossed my arms over my chest.

"What kind of question is that?"

"We have similar bodies, don't we? Why be shy?"

".... "

"If you like someone, you'll be curious about them, even if they have similar parts. When her body is completely naked. "

"..."

"Her voice when she begs you to do something..."

"..."

"When they reach their peak..."

"Are you the husband, In?"

"What?"

The young lady, who was enjoying telling the story, looked a little horrified.

"Why do you think that?"

"If you were the wife, why would you want to hear her climax?"

"That's crazy... It depends on the position."

"Oh my."

I cover my face in embarrassment, unable to deal with it. Intuorn laughs loudly and pushes my head playfully.

"Don't be such a prude. Just sharing as a friend to a friend. Now you won't wonder why women can love each other."

"One more thing."

I squirmed a little.

"If men have a penis to penetrate, what do we use when we make love?"

"So naive."

The naughty young lady laughing.

"What do you think can be 'inserted'?"

"Oh, I can't imagine."

I pretended to look around, feigning ignorance until Intuorn got irritated.

"Actually..."

"Yes?"

"We don't need body parts for that."

"In"

"Honestly, men are almost useless. Especially in girls' school, there's endless creativity, especially during those hormonal years."

"..."

"Imagine what can be used to 'penetrate.'"

The naughty young lady leans over and smiles mischievously before laying down, making me blush. Why should I guess when I can read minds?

Unbelievable!!!

"Today's menu is fried cucumber with eggs. The young lady said she wanted something simple, so I made it."

The housekeeper nervously presented the dish, fearing rejection. Intuorn look at the food on the table and nod.

"Creative. What do you think?"

I look at the cucumber and then at Intuorn, giving a dry smile.

"I'm not hungry this morning, In. Go ahead."

"Are you letting me eat alone?"

"Yes, I'm going to see Renu. Enjoy your meal."

I looked at the cucumber again and shuddered, unable to forget the naughty young lady's words from last night. It will be a while before I see cucumbers as just vegetables again.

As I walked to the stables to greet my smart horse, Cee, the housekeeper's son whom I had always trusted, greeted me and handed me a recharge card.

"I got it for you."

"I am deeply grateful."

I bowed gracefully, looking at the recharge card with glee.

"I don't know what I would do without you, Cee."

"Aren't you bored of staying on the farm all day?"

"What can I do? I don't know where to go. This place is far from the city and it's hard to get around. I can't drive. I'll have to rely on you for a while."

"Why 'for a while'? Are you planning to go somewhere?"

"Just saying. I don't know where I would go."

I admitted honestly, but I didn't think I would stay here forever. At least the recharge card would reconnect me with my hazy past.

After receiving the card, I charged my phone. As soon as the credit was added, I went online and opened Facebook again. Today, the internet was smooth, no longer running out of data and being cut off. The next step was to find the name of Intuorn's friend.

Jiggalow lol

I couldn't believe I remembered such a strange name. The picture of the person who commented that they remembered me as a friend of a friend appeared. The first step to getting to know each other is to send a friend request and wait for them to accept.

But it was too slow for my impatience. Not knowing how to start, I decided to send a message in the inbox to speed things up.

LayOut:

Excuse me, can you accept my friend request? I have something to ask.

LayOut:

About the woman in the picture with Intuorn.

I sent the message and waited for a reply. The other side was silent for almost ten minutes, and I thought I wouldn't get a reply. But as I hugged Renu, my phone vibrated with a notification.

Jiggallow kk:

Sure, what's up?

LayOut:

I'm curious about the woman in the picture with In. So, I have a few questions.

Jiggallow kk:

What do you want to know?

LayOut:

How do you know her? Who is she?

Jiggallow kk: Oh, you don't know her?

Communicating via text is difficult. I can't tell if the other side is being annoying or cautious. But with my profile picture being the sky they

probably needed to be sure.

LayOut:

I know her.

Jiggalow kk:

And?

How would I explain this...? But I don't know who she is, so I want to ask if anyone close to her knows. It's like...?

Okay, whatever...

LayOut:

She has amnesia. She can't remember anything.

Jiggalow kk:

Is this a ChaoPlanoy romance? There's amnesia in almost every story.

Damn...

I gritted my teeth at the phone screen in frustration. How annoying. Couldn't she just tell me if she knew anyone close to the person in the picture?

LayOut:

She's sick. I'm trying to find her relatives. I saw In's post and your comment, so I messaged you to ask.

Jiggalow kk:

I don't know her personally. Apparently she's friends with my friend's boyfriend. We have mutual friends because my friend's boyfriend liked a post. When I saw In's post, I thought, "What a small world."

Jiggalow kk:

I can ask my friend about this. I'll let you know what I find out.

Jiggalow kk:

By the way, what's your name? Just in case someone asks.

LayOut:

My name is Lay.

Jiggalow kk:

Right.

Before I ended the conversation, I couldn't help but ask about the person she was going to ask.

LayOut:

Can I ask one more thing? What's your friend's boyfriend's name?

Jiggalow kk:

His name is Jakkrapat.

'Pick up the phone now, Lay. I bought this phone for you. Pick up the phone now, now, now!'

I was typing on my phone, talking to the other person, when I was startled by a voice I didn't recognize. It took me a moment to realize it was the ringtone.

This is my ringtone!?

"Hello... In?"

[Are you still in the stable?]

"Yes"

[I'm bored. Come play with me at home.]

"What do you want to play?"

[Get dressed. Hurry up. I'll count to ten, and if you're not here, I'll scream.]

What kind of threat is that? I frown and walk out of the stables to see Intuorm, who is not far away. She is rummaging through her clothes as if she had nothing better to do, making me sigh.

"Why are you making a mess? Think about the person who has to clean it up."

"I pay them to clean, so they should do it," she said petulantly.

"I'm bored. Let's play dress-up."

"You know I don't like to dress up."

"So what could I do?"

"You're an adult now. Why are you still playing? How old are you, huh?"

"Twenty-six."

"That's not young. Why don't you do something productive instead of acting like a spoiled brat?"

I complained, but my words seemed to hit a nerve, making her face tense.

"I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Do I need to work?"

"Your parents are rich, but you don't know how to do anything other than be rebellious. Have you ever imagined what you would do if your parents weren't around?"

".... "

"Marry another rich person and still be useless? That's so cliché."

I shrugged, seeing her reaction. She look a little surprises and then snap.

"I'm not planning on marrying a rich person. Rich people will want to marry me!"

"That's still marrying a rich person and being useless. It must be nice to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Don't you feel bad watching others work hard on the farm?"

"Why should I? I'm sooo rich."

"There's nothing admirable about you."

I started picking up the clothes she had scattered. She pouted and kicked me lightly.

"Ouch, that hurts."

"Do you think you can talk to me however you want because I don't get mad?"

"I forgot about myself. Actually, I forgot everything, even my past."

"You didn't have to bring that up.."

I knew her weak point and brought it up. She softened, stop pouting and slumped her shoulders.

"What can I do? I spend all my time on the farm."

"Have you ever thought about helping out with your father's business?"

"What could In do?"

"What did you say?"

"What?"

Suddenly, she referred to herself as 'In' in a cute way, making me smile a little.

"Why are you smiling?"

"Nothing."

"I saw you smile,"

She said, poking my cheek playfully.

"You look cute when you smile."

Ba-dum...

Suddenly, the atmosphere between us become quiet. We stare at each other awkwardly.

"I better stop smiling. Let's change the subject. We were talking about how useless you are."

"Hey! How useless am I?"

She got angry again.

"What can I do?"

"Work. Help your father. If you're not going to study anymore, go to Bangkok and work."

"Going to Bangkok means driving. I don't want to drive!"

She turned her back on me in protest. We weren't fighting, but I could feel her mood.

"You can ask someone to drive you to Bangkok."

"My father won't let me go to Bangkok. The problem hasn't gone away!"

"..."

"..."

The problem she was referring to was about me. Realizing she had said too much, she quickly went to the bathroom.

"I'm going to take a shower. Don't bother me."

It felt like I had touched a nerve, and that nerve was me. She still felt guilty about what happened to me. I had pushed her too hard.

Just as I was about to leave the room and let her take a shower, I received a message from someone outside my inbox, from someone who wasn't my friend.

Jakkrapat:

Hello

I frowned a little and typed back.

LayOut:

Hello.

Jakkrapat:

Jig mentioned that you wanted to talk to someone related to Jom.

Jom... that name again.

Jakkrapat:

You said that Jom is sick and has amnesia. Is that true?

Jakkrapat:

Jon isn't deaf, right?

Jakkrapat:

Jom / dead

I looked at the messages that came in quick succession, sensing his urgency and excitement, causing him to make typos.

LayOut:

Yes, if your friend's name is Jom, she's not dead.

LayOut:

By the way, what's your name? So that I can address you properly.

At that moment, as the other party is typing, Intuorn shout for help from the bathroom.

"Lay, help me!"

"In!!"

I dropped my phone and ran to the bathroom in a panic. Before I went. I saw the name he typed back

Jakkrapat:

You can call me Ong

□□□□□□□□

□32.Companion□

"In... In"

I frantically knocked on the bathroom door when I heard screams for help, but I couldn't do anything because the door was locked from the inside. At first, I decided to run outside to call for help, but then I heard the door unlock, so I quickly opened it.

What I see, In lying naked on the floor near the door. From what I could see, it looked like she had gotten out of the bathtub to unlock the door and then passed out.

"Are you okay!?"

I turned her around and supported her neck with my arm so she could breathe better. Her body was exhausted, like someone who had lost all strength while taking a bath. It seemed like Intuorn had passed out from staying in the hot water for too long.

While I was worried, my eyes couldn't help but look at her bare chest, and my jaw dropped.

Pink nipples...

Is it really time for this!?

"I'll get someone to help."

"No..."

Intuorn grabs my arm, trying to hold on, but not strong enough because she's too weak.

"Just take me to bed."

"Okay, okay."

I tried to help her up, but since she's putting all her weight on me, we couldn't move. In the end, I could only drag her to the middle of the room, find a towel to dry her off and cover her up. I even let her rest her head on my lap. After a while, she would probably have the strength to stand up and walk on her own.

"Are you thirsty?"

"Yes."

"I'll get you some water."

I gently laid her head down and quickly went to pour some water from the nightstand for her. I figured she had passed out from the hot water, which made her body lose fluids, making her very thirsty.

"Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, but I need to lie down a little longer."

"Okay."

We just talked for a while and then fell silent again. About ten minutes later, Intuorn fell asleep, and I, not knowing what to do, just watched her sweet face. When she slept, she looked so harmless. I joked that if she slept forever, it would be good.

Wait... sleeping forever means death, right?

"What are you thinking about?"

"Huh?"

"I saw you staring at me."

"How did you know? You were asleep."

"When someone looks at you, you can feel it."

The person I had just thought was harmless slowly opened her eyes and looked at me.

"Were you thinking that I am really useless?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Then what were you thinking?"

"I was wondering why your nipples are pink."

"..."

"Uh, was that too direct?"

I scratched my head awkwardly.

"People's bodies really are different."

"So yours aren't pink, huh?"

She smiled triumphantly. For women, if it's not about having big breasts, it's the little things like the color of their nipples that make them proud.

"We're close enough to criticize each other's nipples now."

"I was just making conversation."

"Are we friends?"

"Huh? What?"

When Intuorn asked, there's a hint of concern. She sit up slowly, not forgetting to cover herself with the towel.

"Are we friends?"

"No, not really."

"..."

"You're my boss. I wouldn't dare to overstep."

"Why so serious?"

"If anyone else hears, they'll think I don't know my place."

"But are they okay with thinking we're dating?"

"Exactly."

"Haha!"

Intuorn burst out laughing because I accidentally blurted out something inappropriate. I quickly covered my mouth and nodded.

"Sorry, I got carried away."

"It's only natural. Anyway, I consider you a friend now..."

"Oh, and thanks for helping me out of the bathroom."

She stand up, but stagger a little, so I help her.

"I'll take you to bed."

"I'm still naked."

"At this point, there's no need to be shy."

"It's still cold. I went from a warm bathroom to a cold bedroom. If you want to help, bring me some easy-to-wear clothes."

I went to the wardrobe as instructed, but sighed at the overwhelming amount of clothes. If the spoiled princess saw my wardrobe, she would probably faint.

Because I had nothing... nothing at all!

"I see that sigh. What's your problem with my clothes?"

Intuorn asked, noticing my reaction. I picked up a few clothes without even looking and handed them to her silently.

"I said, just spit it out. We're friends now."

"You have too many clothes. Some you never wear, they just hang there. It's all messy. If you want something to do, sell the ones you don't wear."

"I don't know how. And if I sell them all, what will I wear?"

"You have plenty. Sell the ones you used and don't plan on wearing again. Use the money to buy new ones."

"How do I do this? I've never sold anything to anyone."

"I'll help. People sell stuff online all the time. Start with Facebook, where you have a lot of friends. I'm sure a lot of people want your stuff."

"Okay, I'll give it a try. I have nothing else to do anyway."

And so, we broke the monotony by starting to sell clothes as planned. At first, Intuorn wanted me to model, but remembering the last incident, she changed her mind and modeled while I took pictures.

"Are you sure they'll sell? If not, I'll be really embarrassed."

"Let's try. I'll upload the pictures now."

"Okay."

After getting her permission, I posted the pictures right away. At first, the feedback was quiet, just a few likes. Intuorn, losing confidence, started to give up, so I had to change tactics.

"We need to go live."

"What?"

"The pictures aren't working. Go live. You just have to talk and convince your friends to buy it."

"No way. I'm too shy."

"If you can show me your pink nipples, selling clothes is nothing. Go ahead."

"No."

"Three, two, one."

"No!"

As soon as I started the live stream, Intuorn, taken aback, just stood there. A few people joined the stream. I shook my head, frustrated that she wasn't doing anything until she couldn't take it anymore.

Don't look at me like that. It's okay, I'll sell it! This shirt is from England, bought for a hundred pounds and worn once. The first person to type "buy" wins for a thousand baht!

I held up my fingers and quickly calculated that one pound was how many baht. I was shocked that someone could buy a single shirt for that much.

"Buy"

A person typed back. Intuorn looked at the feedback, mouth agape, and then became more excited.

"This handbag, handmade in America, was purchased for two hundred and fifty dollars. I wore it once on a date with some idiot and never wore it again. I'm selling it for three thousand baht. If you want it, type... Wow, I didn't even finish talking."

How much are all the things in her closet worth? I put my hand on my chest and my jaw dropped in amazement at the wealth.

Intuorn was shy at first, but now she's one of the best sellers. In less than three hours, the previously disorganized closet was almost empty because we had to pack everything to sell.

"Sold out. Thank you all. Bye!"

I ended the live stream and sit down to list everything and add up the money we make today. Intuorn quickly sit down next to me, glancing at the bill.

"How much did we make today?"

"One hundred and fifty thousand."

"No way! I made one hundred and fifty thousand... Wow, one hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Yes, one hundred and fifty thousand."

"This is my first time making money. Yay!"

I smiled, happy for the spoiled princess with her first earnings. However, I felt a little regretful because the items sold were worth at least two million.

Damn, the cost of two million baht was sold for one hundred and fifty thousand!

But it was better than just keeping in the closet. One hundred and fifty thousand can do a lot.

"Your Facebook friends have purchasing power and trust that you wear good things. You're on the right track."

"Today was a lot of fun, even more than racing cars."

Intuorn shake me excitedly. If I was soda, I would have spilled it everywhere.

"But we're out of things to sell."

"Oh... What now? I was having fun."

"If you like selling, take it seriously. Buy good quality items at a lower price and sell them for a profit."

"Are there cheap things in this world? I've never bought anything cheap."

"Because you only wear expensive, branded stuff."

"Where can I buy that? I don't know anything."

"You have an advantage because your parents own companies. They know connections. Try discussing it with them."

"That makes sense. Let me think of what to sell first. Hehe."

Intuorn laughed happily. I watched her enjoy herself and felt a little fond of her before I stood up to stretch my legs.

Then I'll go to the stables for a while. I've been sitting here for so long. I need some fresh air. Watching you do that inspired me to sell something too.

"And what do you want to sell, Lay?"

"I haven't figured it out yet, but it definitely won't be something expensive like yours. I don't have much money."

"Why worry about that when you have me?"

"Will you cover it?"

"Sure. I have a hundred and fifty thousand now."

"You're so kind,"

I laughed and was about to leave, but Intuorn grabbed my arm.

"Yes?"

"Thank you, friend. Today was so much fun."

"Huh?"

I raised my eyebrows a little, feeling shy about the word 'friend' that Intuorn was so eager to give.

"It was fun for me too. Let's do more fun things together."

"I think I need to reciprocate. Think about what you want."

"Anything?"

"Yeah, anything."

After leaving for the stables, I took out my phone to read the messages I had left. Jakkrapat had sent a message asking to be called 'Ong' and wanted confirmation that 'Jom' really existed.

Which is me...

LayOut:

How do you want me to confirm?

Jakkrapat:

Either way is fine. People keep saying they've seen Jom here and there so many times that I don't believe it anymore. At least a photo would be nice.

I hesitated a bit before taking a selfie for the first time, using Renu as the background.

Layout:

Is this photo okay?

LayOut:

Photo sent

Ong on the other side is silent for a long time. I see him typing and deleting repeatedly, which quite annoying. Finally, he sent a short message.

Jakkrapat: Is the person in the photo with you now?

LayOut:

You could say that. I just took this photo. So, the person I showed is the same person you know?

Jakkrapat:

Can you make video calls?

LayOut:

How do I do that? I'm not very good with phones.

After a while, the chat app we are using show an incoming call. I admire the modern technology a bit, feeling a little regretful about the internet data I had just recharged. But it's okay, if he want to confirm, let him. He was the only detective I had.

And as soon as I answered the call...

The image on the other end moved, but it was jagged due to a bad signal. A handsome guy look at me in astonishment before covering his mouth and crying.

Wait... crying?

"Jom... It's really you, Jom."

"Uh... calm down,"

I said, not knowing what to do. I smile awkwardly.

"So, am I the same person you know?"

"Why ask that... Re wasn't hallucinating. You're still alive."

"Re? Which Re?"

Renu.

Renu...

When did my horse start hallucinating?

"Please stop crying. We need to talk quickly because I don't have much time. I'll summarize everything..."

I told him what I knew about what had happened. I actually didn't remember the incident that night, but I knew what happened from Intuorn and Jenpob's memories.

I was hit by a car, Jenpob took me to the hospital, and everyone kept everything a secret to avoid causing trouble for the young lady. But I only told him the necessary parts, like I didn't remember anything, I was hit by a car, and I am in Thailand.

Ong, on the other side, listened silently, crying without interrupting. He now understood that I didn't remember anything.

"Is this a Chaoplanoy novel or something? Amnesia all the time."

"I'm thinking about reading this author's novels. Why do people keep saying that?"

I scratched my cheek.

"It's great to finally meet someone who knows me. For the past few months, I've been in the dark. I'm so lucky that your friend commented on Intorn's Facebook saying he knew me."

"Where are you now? I'll come to you right away."

"Well..." I hesitated a little because it didn't seem like the right time.

"I'm not playing hard to get. I want to go back to my past too, but right now, everyone is a stranger to me."

"Jom..."

"Even the name Jom doesn't sound familiar to me. Now, my name is Lay. Call me Lay for now."

"If you don't go home, what are you going to do? Your parents can't eat or sleep. Everyone thought you were dead because of that damn taxi."

"What taxi?"

"You weren't raped and left on the side of the road, were you?"

"No, I'm still a virgin. Nothing's worn out. I'm far from being raped. I don't even know how to deal with this sensual feeling."

I scratched my cheek and rambled.

"Like I said, I was hit by a car and rescued. Give me your phone number. I need your help with something."

"Sure, what is it?"

"Help me find some information about myself-who I am, where I come from. You can send it to me on Facebook. That way, I can start to understand myself. Oh, and don't tell anyone close to you yet. I want to get used to my past first."

Besides... I didn't want to cause trouble and leave Intuorn alone. We'd just become friends, and if I left, she'd be really sad. I didn't mention this reason because, out of everyone in the world right now, I was the closest to that spoiled young lady. If I had to leave, I wanted to do it properly, knowing my past and making sure the present wasn't disturbed.

The one who would be most affected by this would be Intuorn, simply because she was drunk and hit me that night.

"And Re?"

"Hmm?"

"Re should know that you are still alive. Now, she..."

"Oh, I have to go."

I quickly hung up the call when I heard Intuorn calling, and then she appeared in the stable.

"What are you doing? I called you, but you didn't answer."

"Talking to Renu."

"You are so close to the horse."

The little rebellious lady glared at the horse I was petting. Was she jealous of the horse?

"Is there something you need, In? You came all the way here."

"I wanted to tell you that I found out what I want to sell."

Intuorn became cheerful and excited again.

"I want to sell leather bags."

"Oh."

"I'm going to start my own brand. I just talked to my father, and he knows some leather bag business owners. Dad was so happy to see me wanting to sell something."

"Of course, any father would be happy to see his daughter working."

"Ugh, at the risk of being sarcastic. And you, Lay, have you figured out what you want to sell yet?"

I shook my head because I hadn't thought that much. Right now, my mind was filled with my vague story. But soon, I would know who I was and where I came from. What I knew for sure was that I was from Bangkok, because Jenpob had dropped me off there.

Maybe if I go to Bangkok again, I could find out more.

"In"

"Hmm?"

"Can I ask something?"

"Yes, have you decided what you want? Tell me."

I look into her sweet eyes and smile.

"I want you to teach me how to drive."

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□33.Trophy□

"Then you should start with the automatic. It's easy. You don't have to think too much."

Intuorn said, who is sitting next to me, guiding me through the driving steps. Honestly, I was very excited. Sitting behind the wheel and thinking that this big car would move based on my decisions seemed monumental.

"First step on the brake and then shift gears."

"OK."

"When you shift gears, you need to step on the brake first."

"OK."

"Hey, if you shift gears and don't step on the accelerator, will the car move?"

"Calm down."

"Go ride a donkey then if you want to drive like an idiot."

"Intuorn!"

I glare at her, starting to get irritate. Her constant pressure is testing my patience. Seeing me raise my voice, Intuorn, who never backed down, responses even louder.

"What's wrong, Lay!?"

"In!"

"Lay!"

"In, In, In!"

"Lay, Lay, Lay!"

"Ugh, I give up!"

I slamming on the brakes and park in the middle of the road, then walk out into the blazing sun, forgetting how stupid this. Intuorn sit in the car with a sullen expression. Not long after, my phone ring with its peculiar ringtone.

I won't answer!

After the ringing stopped, my phone started ringing again.

Intuorn called me about five times until I finally answered on the sixth call, responding briefly.

"What?"

[Don't use that tone with me!]

"If you don't like it, don't call."

[You think I want to call? I want to go home now!]

"Then go back."

[You know I can't drive! Get in the car and use your donkey-riding skills to drive me home now. It's hot here.]

"With that attitude, walk by yourself."

[I can face anything in this world, except the heat in Thailand. Come back here now!]

"I'm not coming back. Learn to have sympathy for others. If you want people to treat you well, you have to treat them well first."

I hung up and stand in the sun for a while to calm my anger. Honestly, the heat in Thailand is something you shouldn't try to beat. So I was going back because of the heat, not because I was afraid of that spoiled brat.

When I got back to the car, Intuorn was gone.

"Intuorn... Intuorn!"

Great, now I have to find someone with a temper stronger than the sun.

From someone who didn't know how to drive, I had to drive back carefully, certain that In was in a bad mood and coming back.

And just as I thought, there she's, stomping like she could destroy her own farm, but in reality, she could only crush ants.

"Intuorn!"

I yelled, driving next to her. She didn't even look at me, still in a bad mood.

'Apologize properly, you bastard!'

Her thoughts were loud. Childish.

"Get in the car. It's hot."

"Yes, it's really hot, and I told you that on the phone."

"That's why I come back to take you home. Don't be resentful. The longer you stay, the darker it will get. The sunlight here is scary."

"People with pink nipples don't get darker."

"Sucking too much can make them darker."

"Yuck, that's disgusting!"

"You mentioned the nipples first. Come on, it's hot. Why torture yourself?"

"Torturing myself to make you realize! Who asks someone to teach them how to drive and then gets mad when they criticize them?"

"Telling me to ride a donkey isn't criticism."

"Sometimes you have to be tough, you know, with the feelings inside."

"Get in the car, please."

"No"

I decided to park and walk behind her. The hot weather and her explosive temper were too much. What should I do to make this situation better?

"Let's make up."

"No."

"Please."

"No."

"Okay"

Hug!

I lunge forward and hugging her. She resisted a little, surprised, but when I rested my chin on her shoulder and murmured, she stand there, resentful.

"It's hot. Let go."

"Stop sulking. It's too hot."

"I haven't heard it yet."

"Heard what."

"An apology."

Hearing this, I wrinkled my nose. I already compromising myself, and now she wanted me to apologize when I wasn't even in the wrong.

"You apologize first, then I'll say it."

"For what?"

"For speaking harshly first. For not respecting me. Even though I'm just a farm girl whose parents left, not rich or well-educated, I still have dignity."

When I put it that way, Intuorn hesitated a bit. Despite being spoiled, she listened to reason. She looked at me sideways, hesitantly.

"I just criticized your driving skills. I didn't disrespect you. Besides, you're In's friend, not just a farm girl."

Whenever she referred to herself as 'In', my heart skipped a beat. It seemed like we were actually friends. I smile a bit and laugh.

"I'll take this as an apology... Sorry for leaving you in the car."

"..."

Still mad?

"..."

"You don't have to say you're not mad. Just turn around and dance with me."

"You know this is my weak spot, so you do it a lot, you idiot!"

"Aren't you going to turn around and dance?"

"It's the middle of the farm, under the blazing sun. Who would dance? Let loose. I'm all sweaty."

Intuorn snatches my hands away and walked to the passenger side, embarrassed.

"Hurry up. Drive home. I want to take a shower."

"As you wish."

Will I ever learn to drive? So much drama on the first day of school...

After we got home, Intuorn went straight to her room to take a shower, as she had intended. I stayed outside, wanting to be alone. As I drove, I received messages from Ong, but I didn't reply.

Jakkrapat:

Your name is Jao-Jom Pim-panich, 24 years old. You'll be 25 next month.

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Oh, I was born on August 24th. I just found out I was 24. I always thought I was 18 because I looked young and pretty.

Can I admire myself? Of course, no one can read my mind.

Jakkrapat: You are a veterinarian. You rent a building in Minburi. Your parents are still alive and very worried about you. Here is a photo of your parents and your address. The clinic is closed now because there is no veterinarian.

Jakkrapat:

Sent a photo

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I looked at the photo of my parents and my neighborhood, nodding as if I was talking to Ong face to face. I lived here with my parents, and the surprising part is that I was a veterinarian.

Not only beautiful, but also smart.

Yes, admiring me again. Feel free to read my mind!

Jakkrapat:

You've been missing for three months. The last person who saw you was the taxi driver who said he dropped you off in Phatthanakan, but we don't

believe it. We think you were injured or might be dead. Everyone is losing hope.

Jakkrapat:

Only Re believes you're still alive. You have to go back.

LayOut:

Who's Re?

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I typed back, but everything stopped when Jenpab's voice interrupted suspiciously.

"Who are you talking to?"

I quickly turn my phone upside down on the coffee table and shake my head.

"Just kidding. Who would I talk to? I don't know anyone."

"Let me see."

"No."

"If there's nothing, why are you hiding it?"

"People don't need to go snooping around everywhere."

Hearing this, Jenpob didn't hesitate to take my phone. I tried to jump up and grab it back, but I couldn't because I was smaller, so I just yelled.

"Hey! Stop doing this!"

"I don't trust you. You won't let me see your phone. And now you want Ms. Intuorn to teach you how to drive. What's your plan?"

"Nothing."

"You remember everything, don't you?"

"Remember what?"

"Everything!"

"Are you so afraid of my memory? What are you really afraid of?"

"I'm afraid you'll bring trouble to Ms. Intuorn!"

As we argued and glared at each other, our voices must have disturbed Intuorn upstairs. She quickly come down to see what's going on and frown at our fight.

"What are you doing?"

"Intuorn! Jenpob took my phone!"

I immediately complain. Jenpob, who always lost to Intuorn, stand still, not arguing.

"Why did you take her phone?"

"I wanted to know what she was doing."

"Intuorn, I'm so uncomfortable!"

I suddenly realized that I had the upper hand. I should nip this in the bud or get rid of Jenpob by bringing up the past.

"Jenpob doesn't like me being with you. If he keeps doing this, I won't be able to be around you anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"He's the one who's telling everyone that we're a couple!"

Intuorn turned to face Jenpob, clearly upset. Honestly, she found it hard to believe that someone as quiet as him would start such a ridiculous rumor. But she was also worried about my feelings. I was her first and only close friend, and she didn't want me to get hurt.

"Is that true, Jenpob?"

"It's not."

"He hates me,"

I continued, not wanting to let the subject drop.

"When you were in the hospital, he blamed me for your illness and said the best thing would be to send me back to where I came from."

"You..."

Jenpob was shocked that I would bring up such things. I needed to keep him away; otherwise, I would never make it to Bangkok if he kept interfering like this.

Consider it revenge for breaking my phone!

"He gave me a phone, saying it contained my entire past... then he left."

"Jenpob..."

"Miss..."

Intuorn was shocked and terrified that I might know something about my past. It wasn't about guilt; she was worried that if I knew, I might not want to be her friend anymore.

She cared so much about me...

"But he came back and asked me not to talk about it. But I can't take it anymore. I'm going back to my old place, keeping my distance from you. No more being close."

"Jenpob... go back to Bangkok."

Intuorn said immediately, not listening to the accused's protests.

"I can't fire you because my father hired you, but I can't let you stay around anymore."

"Ms. Intuorn..."

"You're too dangerous."

Intuorn hugged herself tightly and pulled away from Jenpob, rejecting him. He looked at me with clenched fists, but couldn't do anything but wave and leave. But I am not done yet.

"Give me back the phone."

Jenpob handed me the phone, give me one last look, and left. Honestly, I felt a little guilty, but I thought it's for the best. Having him around make me paranoid.

"In..."

"I sent him away,"

Intuorn smiled at me and raised an eyebrow.

"Now you won't feel uncomfortable anymore."

"You're too good for me."

"Because you're my friend. Ugh..."

I turn away, unable to face her, feeling like I am using her. But what could I do?

"Yes, we are friends."

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Once I got used to it, learning to drive wasn't that hard. To avoid any more

arguments, Intuorn let me drive alone while she rode her horse, Renu, alongside, giving instructions through a hands-free device.

"How's it going? Driving better without me sitting next to you?"

"My ears are much happier."

"Hmph, why is your voice so low? Did your headset break?"

I was driving at about twenty-five miles per hour, which wasn't too fast or too slow.

"But I can hear you clearly."

"What? I just bought it. Remember, when you come to a curve, put your hand under the steering wheel and turn."

"I got it."

I followed Intuorn's instructions and it seemed to be going well today. This was my fourth day driving and I thought I was learning pretty quickly.

"When you can drive, I'll take you to get your driver's license."

"Okay. When I can drive, I'll be your driver. Wherever you want to go, I'll take you."

"Learning to drive, where do you want to go, Lay?"

At this point, I fell silent before admitting the truth.

"Bangkok."

The place I wanted to go was a place Intuorn always avoided, probably because his father forbade it.

"What do you want to do in Bangkok?"

"I want to walk around Sampeng."

"Sampeng? What's that?"

"I looked it up online and saw that it's a wholesale market. I want to check it out..."

"What? I can't hear you. The headset must be broken."

I picked up the headset and switched to speakerphone. It wasn't that clear, but it worked.

"I want to walk around Sampeng. Maybe find something to sell like you."

"Why sell? You already have a salary."

"You're rich and still want to sell bags. Please... take me to Bangkok. Please, please."

I looked out the window, making a pitiful face. Intuorn wrinkled her nose and nodded forward.

"If you can pass me, I'll take you. Go!"

The charming girl spurred her horse forward, speeding past my car. Wanting to win and get to Bangkok, I stepped on the gas, pushing the speedometer to sixty. Finally, my desire to go to Bangkok won out as I reached the finish line just a split second before Intuorn.

"Yay! I win!"

I jump and turn around. Intuorn, who had slowed her horse to a trot, smiles at me as she dismounts.

"You're really happy, huh?"

"Of course! I can drive now. Did I learn quickly?"

"It only took my father a day to teach me how to drive."

"Hmph, no praise?"

"I'm praising you. Your determination to do something is admirable. I'll give you a reward."

"Going to Bangkok is already a reward..."

Intuorn leaned in and kissed me before I could react. The farm breeze was cool, but I felt a chill because I didn't know how to respond.

Zap!

Then, an image of another person superimposed itself. The scene was a square room with textbooks in front of me, and I received a similar reward.

"What was that?"

"Lay."

"Y-yes?"

I snapped out of my daze, startled.

"Did you just... kiss me?"

"A trophy."

"A trophy...?"

Intuorn pulled away, looking embarrassed. She didn't know how to explain her sudden action, but I could read her thoughts and feelings clearly.

"Westerners give rewards like that. They greet with a kiss, reward with a kiss."

"Oh, I see."

"Did you like it?"

"What do you mean?"

'Do you like me?'

"The kiss."

"It was nice. I was surprised. I've only seen it in movies."

"Hmm."

Intuorn just pursed her lips and changed the subject.

"So, when do you want to go to Bangkok?"

"Huh? Well... "

I am still daze and can't think straight.

"Tomorrow, maybe?"

"So soon?"

"I'm tired of staying on the farm. I want to see what Bangkok is like. We're so fancy, right?"

"Don't be silly. I'm from Bangkok and I want to go back too. Tomorrow, wake up early and we'll go. You drive, take your time, okay?"

"Okay."

We were both awkward, not knowing how to act. The once bossy girl was now shy, quickly jumping back onto her horse.

"I'm going back. Take it slow."

"Okay."

I watched Intuorn ride away, feeling a mix of emotions. My heart was racing, my face was flushed, but something felt off.

It didn't feel right...

Something was bothering me, and who was the person in that memory?

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□34. Sampheng□

The incident that day left us talk very little. Personally, I didn't know how to act while she was watching me to see if I was okay. She wanted to start a conversation, but afraid that I would ignore her. We were both so hesitant that we just stood there in silence.

Intuorn had feelings for me... in a romantic way.

I didn't know if having this special ability was a blessing or a curse. I knew everything, even the thoughts and feelings that others tried to hide. Sometimes, if I was uninformed and oblivious, the atmosphere could be much better.

But I understood her too. It was a passing thought that made her act like that, and a part of her wanted to know if I would be happy to receive so much attention.

How do I feel?

Damn! I knew how everyone else felt, but I didn't know what to think. It was so paradoxical.

"Are you still awake?"

Finally, I started the conversation in the middle of the night. Although we had agreed to wake up at 6 a.m., neither of us seemed ready to close our eyes.

"Yes."

"Are you excited to go to Bangkok?"

"I go to Bangkok regularly. I live there."

"That's true...I used to live there too. Do you think my parents will be there?"

This time, Intuorn, who was lying with her back to me, immediately sat up, startled.

"Why did you mention your parents all of a sudden?"

"My parents left me here and left the farm. Most people from the countryside go to Bangkok to find a job, so I was thinking that maybe my parents might be there."

"Why do you care about the past..."

"The past tells us where we came from, who we are."

I stared into Intuorn's eyes in the darkness. The dim moonlight outside allowed us to see each other, although not clearly.

"I still don't know who I am, as if I'm alone in this world."

"You have me."

"..."

"Don't think too much. Let's get some sleep."

Intuorn lay down, but continued to stare at me as if she wanted to keep looking at me.

"We have to wake up early tomorrow. It's already 2 in the morning, and if we haven't slept yet. You're going to fall asleep while driving."

"You're right. I'm keeping you up late. Sorry."

"Hey."

"Yeah?"

"Are you going to be like Nui in One Day?"

"What's One Day?"

"A movie."

"I've never seen it. What's it about?"

"The heroine has amnesia, but she only forgets one day."

"Oh, that's interesting."

"During that day, the heroine and the hero do many things together, forming a bond. But when the day ends, the heroine wakes up and can't remember anything what happened."

"..."

"If you remember the past, will you remember what happened between us?"

"What happened between us...?"

And then everything go silent again. Intuorn turned around and said briefly.

"Good night."

"Good night."

I lay down, but I couldn't help but say before closing my eyes.

"You are a lovely gift, Intuorn. I will never forget you."

"Really?"

"Yes, but if the day comes when I forget, you will still remember me."

"That is true."

And then we both fell silent. I didn't know when I fell asleep, but the next thing I know, the alarm clock is ringing, signaling that it's morning...

The moment of excitement has arrived. For the first time in my life, I had to sit behind the wheel and drive a long distance seriously. I clenched my teeth, gripping the steering wheel tightly. The sky looked gloomy, ready to rain at any moment.

It was the rainy season, after all.

"Don't be so tense. Drive calmly, go slow."

"Intuorn, there are so many trucks."

I frown and took a deep breath, panick.

"We'll survive, right?"

"Hey! If the driver isn't sure, what's the passenger to say?."

Intuorn laughed, reaching out to squeeze my thigh.

"You can do it. We've practiced driving for many days. Relax. Want to listen to music?"

"Do you have music to listen to?"

"I have some on my phone."

The pretty girl eased my stress by skillfully turning on the radio and connecting it to the phone's Bluetooth. Soon, music started playing, with the violin being the most prominent instrument.

"Don't you think the violin sounds a bit harsh?"

"So when I play it every day, does it sound harsh to you?"

She reached out and lightly slapped my shoulder. I laughed, having successfully teased her. I've heard her play a few times, but I never really

liked it because my ears weren't trained.

"No, you play perfectly. I was just curious about why you chose the violin."

"It's different."

"Hmm?"

"If people don't like it, they find it harsh. But if you listen carefully, it has its own charm. It becomes the star of any song without you realizing it. I feel like a violin."

"What do you mean?"

"If people like it, they really like it, no matter what. If they hate it, they really hate it, no matter what. It's an instrument that depends on the listener's ear."

"So the violin must be an instrument that is hated more than loved."

"Why?"

"Because it's like you... Ouch! Why did you pinch me? The car might crash."

"Smart mouth!." She said jokingly.

"Well, hate it if you want. Why have so many admirers if there is no quality?"

"Sharp."

"I like the prominence of this instrument. When playing the piano, some parts are overshadowed by drums or guitars in some songs. But with the violin, no other instrument can overshadow it. Whether playing the intro or the outro, people choose to remember the violin more than any other instrument."

"..."

"It doesn't matter if it comes first or last, it always becomes the star of the song."

Intuorn played a song as an example for me. It was a soundtrack from a Korean drama (I saw it labeled Ost.). Other sounds started the intro, but after four seconds, the violin came in, standing out among all the sounds.

"You are right. It is very prominent. You got me interested in its sound."

"Only interested in the sound of the violin? What about me?... Hey, be careful."

"When she asked this, I got a little nervous and swerved a little, almost going off the road."

"Sorry. What did you say now?"

"Nothing. Keep driving, or we won't get there."

Actually, I heard her, and she knew I heard her. But we both avoided the subject because we didn't want to feel awkward about yesterday's kiss. To get back to normal, we had to sleep first. And now we had a long drive ahead of us. If we brought up the subject and brought it up again, it wouldn't be good. It would only make things uncomfortable.

After more than four hours of crawling like a turtle in Bangkok, I finally arrived in the capital, where I was born and raised. It was so different from the farm where I had been hiding for months, like night and day.

Trees were scattered here and there.

There were more roads than herds of cattle.

And people walked around, heads down, glued to their phones.

The hotel we stayed at was in the city center, next to a shopping mall. I was quite tense as I turned to find a parking spot because I wasn't good at parking perpendicularly yet, but I managed. Then I collapsed on the bed in the expensive Trafalgar Suite that Intuorn had booked.

"Are you exhausted?"

"Oh, sorry. I forget this is your bed."

I jump, but she pushes me back down and lay down next to me.

"It's okay, we'll sleep together."

"What?"

"What?"

When she sees me looking, she realized the double meaning.

"I mean, just sleep, literally."

"Exactly."

"Or do you mean something else?"

"Our room is quite high up, isn't it?"

I jump up again and go to the window to admire the view. The warm air from the sunlight outside make me frown a little, but it's better than lying there awkwardly.

"Can we talk frankly, Lay?"

"Yes?"

I turn to look at her, ready to speak frankly.

"We are mature now. Yesterday, I... well..."

"..."

"Are you going to pretend nothing happened?"

"It's not that."

I decided to speak after being stunned for a while.

"It's just that I didn't know how to react. I was shocked and didn't know what to do next. Right now, I don't even remember who I was or where I came from."

"That's irrelevant."

"..."

"It doesn't matter who you were or where you came from. I don't care about that. But I understand that it takes time. It's a little confusing because, honestly, it's confusing for me too."

Intuorn rubbed her face. I looked at her, trying to gather the courage to speak clearly, and I felt a sense of warmth. I walked over to her and pulled her hand.

"Let's go for a walk to relax?"

"Hmm?"

"You've been wanting to go shopping for a long time, haven't you, In? Let's enjoy some air conditioning."

I said, extending my hand to the young rebel who has now transform into a kitten, making it clear that I'm inviting her. Intuorn glances at my hand briefly, purses her lips, and then reluctantly take it.

"Sure, shopping to relieve stress. Let's spend it all."

I thought she was joking about spending it all, but walking along made me worry about her future husband. How much money would he need to satisfy her? Inviting her to the mall was a terrible idea. My head hurt so much that tears welled up. The thoughts of so many people rushed at me like a thousand knives. While I waited for her to pick out clothes in the store, I leaned against a wall somewhere to keep from fainting.

"What's wrong? You don't look well."

Intuorn, who had just noticed my unusual condition, abandoned her shopping and ran over in concern.

"Are you crying?"

"My head hurts so much. It's too noisy in here."

"It's not that loud."

"It's too noisy in here. Why is it so loud?"

"Then we can go back. I'm done shopping."

"It's okay. I can't help it anyway."

I said, looking around, trying to think of a solution.

"Listening music might help."

"Hmm?"

Remembering, I quickly grabbed the new phone Intuorn had bought for me and plugged in the earphones. The music drowned out the other people's thoughts, making me feel much better.

I should have used the earphones a long time ago.

"Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, much better. You can continue shopping, In. I'll wait outside."

I said, about to leave the store, but my eyes fell on a wallet painted in an easy-to-understand blue and white artistic style.

"What? Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful."

"It's handmade. This brand just launched a new collection of bags. There's only one of each in the world because each one takes so long to paint."

"It must be expensive... I should go to Sampeng. It's cheaper."

I laughed a little and went outside to wait. While I waited for her to shop, I took out my phone and texted Ong, updating him that I'm now in Bangkok.

Jakkrapat:

Where are you? I'll pick you up. I really want to see you.

LayOut:

Even if I want to see you, it's not convenient right now, I'll find a way to find you.

Jakkrapat:

At least leave a pin so I know which part of Bangkok you're in.

LayOut:

What's a pin? I can barely play music.

Jakkrapat: You weren't this dumb before. Did the amnesia take your brain too?

This guy deserves a beating or two...

As I gritted my teeth into the phone, Intuorn come out carrying a bunch of shopping bags. She gestures to hand them to me, but when I take them, she only give me one, making me tilt my head in confusion.

"Why only one bag?"

"Whoever it belong to, they carry it."

"And this?"

"It's yours, Lay. I bought it for you."

"For me?"

I peek into the bag and see something tightly packed in a box, making it hard to see what's inside, but it isn't hard to guess.

"Don't tell me it's that wallet."

"Yes."

"No, I can't take it. It's too expensive. I only have eighty baht. Putting it in a twenty-five thousand baht wallet is ridiculous."

I try to return the bag back, but Intuorn pouts.

"That's rude. When someone gives you something, you should be pleased. That discourages the giver. And I had to force them to sell it."

"And they sold it to you?"

"Of course I'm the mall owner's daughter. I can get what I want."

"What a brat!"

"Come on, show some satisfaction. I'm willing to give it to you. Think of it as an engagement gift."

"In...."

"Just kidding! Take it."

"But..."

We both fell silent. I saw a hint of disappointment in Intuorn's thoughts, so I forced a smile and reluctantly accepted.

"Thank you. I promise to keep you safe. Don't be too nice; I don't know how to handle this."

"I like you."

"..."

"Do you want to go somewhere else?"

She changed the subject herself, so I didn't have to. I nodded and looked at my watch .

"It's two in the afternoon. I planned to go to Sampeng, but I'm afraid you're tired..."

"So, Sampeng."

"Aren't you tired?"

"If that's your plan, we should go. Besides, I'm not the one driving. Now that you have your license, make it worth it."

It's clear that Intuorn spoiling me more than usual. I smile a little and nod.

"Okay, I'll drive my best."

But the roads in Bangkok still like a maze to me, and I would never get used to them. Without a driver's license, it took until three in the afternoon to get to Sampeng. It seemed like the shops were closing because it was too late.

Is three in the afternoon late?

"It's so hot," Intuorn said, fanning herself with a fake Hello Kitty hand fan she bought for eighty-nine baht from a street vendor. She didn't forget to buy a one-hundred-and-nine-baht umbrella, the price of which she marveled at.

'I've never bought an umbrella this cheap before. Will it melt in the rain?'

Oh my...

"The ground is giving off heat because it's about to rain. Sorry for bringing you here."

"It's okay. It's good to see new things. I just walked around the malls, I wanted to shop like a poor person."

I know she didn't mean it like that, but it sounded really presumptuous!

"How much did you spend shopping before, In?"

"You don't want to know."

"..."

"Three hundred thousand baht."

I put my hand on my chest and wipe the sweat from my forehead with my arm. The sweet-faced girl laughs at my horrified expression.

"I shouldn't have asked."

"It's okay. I don't shop often. I spend more abroad. Besides, that mall is my family's business. Most of these things have some discount."

"Is this a discount? Have you ever thought about what kind of person would marry you, In?"

"If it's someone like you, that would be great."

Intuorn said, looking at me with a smile.

"I can't spend that much on you. I only have eighty baht."

"Then you don't have to, because I'll take care of you. Sleep with me, free breakfast."

I wrinkled my nose, feeling a little shy. What's she saying?

"You've been flirting a lot today."

"Just take one... Oh, I want to look over there"

Intuorn said, running into a gift shop full of cute trinkets. Her excited face made me laugh. It's like there are sparkles in a two-year-old's eyes.

"How could there be such cute things in a place like this... No way! Twenty baht each? That's not even enough buy me a meal!"

The lovely girl said to herself, and I stand there watching her enjoy herself.

"But aren't you going to buy anything, Lay? You invited me here."

"I don't know what to buy."

The truth is, I came to Bangkok not to go to Sampeng, but to find a way to look back at my past, to see who I was and where I came from, even if I hadn't had time to do so yet.

"Come in, I'll buy some water at the entrance."

"Come back soon. Don't get lost."

"You too, buy it quickly. It's going to rain."

"Why worry? I have an umbrella."

"The umbrella is with me now."

"In the end, you'll come and get me anyway. Don't bother In. In is shopping."

She seems to be having a great time. Hearing this, I let her shop while I put on my headphones and turned up the music loud enough to drown out everyone else's thoughts. I looked around with interest. This kind of chaos was not found on the farm where I lived. If I heard any voices, it was the sound of cattle or other animals.

Now, I am in Bangkok, the place I left, and I'm going back to find out who I'm.

The weather today is very hot. I had to pull up my collar and fan myself to get some fresh air. Whether it's summer, rainy or winter, this country is always hot. The impending rain only make the heat of the road more intense. I had to go buy some ice water to quench my thirst, so I jumped at the sound of my phone, which had changed to the voice of the spoiled little princess.

Answer the phone now, Lay. I bought this phone for you. Answer now, now, now.

The auntie in the store laughed. I give a dry smile and answer the call through the earphones, forgetting that the microphone was broken. I had to take it off again, in the middle of the crowd.

Sigh...

As soon as I removed the earphones and put the phone to my ear, the noise around me suddenly turned to silence. There were no thoughts of someone rushing in, as usual. But... there was a sound that echoed in my ears, clear and familiar, making my heart race.

Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

This isn't the sound of my heart, but it's beating loudly in my ears.

Now, with shock and pain in my left chest, I raised my hand to grab it tightly, realizing that my heartbeat and the sound in my head were synchronized.

[Lay, why aren't you answering? And, I'm done shopping. Where are you?]

Intuorn's voice was still echoing from the phone's speaker, but I wasn't paying attention to it. My eyes are scanning everything, trying to find the owner of that heartbeat.

Ba-dum...

It was very loud, and I could feel that he or she had to be nearby.

[Lay, can you hear me? Are you using headphones? I said the microphone is broken; speak through the phone.]

Pitter-patter...

Then raindrops start falling from the sky. Everyone begin opening their umbrellas and crossing the street in a hurry. Although I'm searching for the owner of that heartbeat, I don't forget to open my own umbrella.

"I can hear someone's heartbeat."

[What?]

I replied absentmindedly. My eyes still searching for the person whose heartbeat matched mine. My feet start to cross the street when the traffic light allowed it. When I'm about to reach the other side, I felt as if I had been electrocuted and stood still

Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

I slowly turned around to look at the person passing by me. This person also holding an umbrella and looking at me with the same astonishment.

"Jom."

The charming person looked at me as if we knew each other. I stood there, frozen, not knowing why. I only knew that tears were streaming down one side of my face. I wanted to call her by her name, but I didn't know what it was.

"Teach?"

It was strange that I didn't know who she was, but I said the word "teach" for no reason. The person in front of me raised her hand to cover her mouth, dropped the umbrella, and hugged me tightly.

"Jom, my Jom."

Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

Our heartbeats were sync, and I could feel it. The raindrops drenching both of us in the middle of the street. Many people are looking at us curiously, but it seems like the person hugging me had no intention of letting go. I'm flustere, not knowing whether to push her away or hug her back and comfort her.

She called me Jom... Ong called me that too. That's my name.

This woman knows me!

And the word 'my Jom' make me think of someone I spoke to on the phone, someone who kept crying and asking me to promise not to leave...

"You're the teacher..."

I hadn't finished speaking when I see Intuon walk towards us, looking at me in shock. Her face is fill with surprise, but more than that, there's a deep sadness around her. She's afraid... afraid that she would lose me if I remembered my past.

'I don't want to lose you, Lay.'

The rain kept falling, drenching the three of us. The vibe was so strange that I didn't know what to do. People were passing by, and I was worried that Intuorn might get sick from being in the rain. But something made me not want to leave the embrace of the woman in front of me.

Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

Strangely, with her here, I couldn't hear the annoying thoughts of others that usually gave me headaches. Unless I wanted to hear someone's thoughts, I

could focus on that person. The fast and strong heartbeat made me understand her feelings.

She was shocked.

She was excited.

She was shocked!

I meet someone who know me again, and it seems like I know her too, but I just don't know her name. But I definitely know her.

Strange... other than the loud heartbeat, I couldn't hear what this woman thinking. She's the first person whose thoughts I couldn't read.

"Jom, you're back."

"You..."

"Jom"

Then, the weight of the person who keep calling my name fall completely on me, making me stagger. I only supported her loosely, then her body fall like a leaf to the ground.

Luckily, I still had the presence of mind to hold her, preventing her head from hitting the ground.

"Miss... Are you okay?"

The rain pouring down heavily, causing the drops to fall pitifully on the face of the person who had fainted. I could only use my body to protect her and ask for help from the bystanders.

Someone, please help! Call an ambulance!

"..."

"Help!"

□□□□□□

□35.Coming Back□

Everyone is still stunned, looking at me and then at each other as if waiting to see who will step in to help. I turn to Intuorn, who is standing there frozen like a statue.

"In, please help."

"..."

"Intuorn!"

My voice, which has never sounded so furious before, startles the young lady. She runs quickly, looking nervous.

"How can I help?"

"Call an ambulance. No, that's too slow. We need to take her to the hospital ourselves."

"Are you sure?"

"What's wrong with taking someone to the hospital?"

"But we don't know her. She might be a scammer who wakes up and accuses us of hurting her..."

When I look at her, Intuorn stops talking and puts her arm under her armpit.

"Okay, let's help her to the car. But it's quite far. Maybe we should ask the people around here for help."

In the initial shock, everyone seemed frozen, but as soon as the situation calmed down, people rushed to help. A large man offered to carry the unconscious person to the car, saving us the trouble due to our physical limitations. Intuorn, sitting in the front, didn't even look at the patient, her mind filled with worries that she might recognize me and take me away.

About fifteen minutes later, we arrived at the nearest hospital and I begin filling out the forms, not knowing who she is until Intuorn handed me her wallet. Only then I realize what I had to do.

"Thank you."

"No problem."

I open the wallet and take out her ID card to fill in her details. I stare at the name for a moment.

‘Renu Siva-amphan’

As I read the name, I grip the pen tightly. This name was familiar. It's the name mentioned at 8:08 PM the night Jenpob left me on the side of the road and Ong, who always mentioned it. And when I accidentally let it slip when we first met...

Teacher...

Teacher Renu...

She is Teacher Renu, the one who called me that night. She's definitely someone I know. The second clue, besides Ong, is this person.

"Are you okay? Why are you so quiet?"

Intuon, who had been watching me for a while, asked, pulling me out of my thoughts. I smile at her.

"Oh, I'm just trying to spell the teacher's name."

"Teacher?"

"I mean, her name... what's wrong with me?"

I shake my head, realizing I'd let a lot slip.

"Yeah, what's wrong with you? You're out of character today."

"What do you mean?"

"You yelled at me."

"Really? Oh... sorry. I didn't realize."

I give a small dry smile as an apology.

"Don't be mad, okay? I was really worried about the patient."

"Yes, really worried. Do you know her?"

'Do they know each other...'

'If so, what should I do...'

"No, I don't. How could I? It's my first time in Bangkok."

"Okay."

But that didn't seem to ease Intuorn's worries.

"Can we go now? She just fainted. She'll probably be fine when she wakes up. I've already called her relatives from her address book."

"..."

"Let's go. I don't like hospitals."

"Okay. But before we go, let me take a look at her. You can wait in the car."

"It's okay. I'll wait here. Just be quick."

I nod and walk into the emergency room, where she is lying. She's still unconscious, unable to communicate.

Teacher Renu...

"Excuse me."

I call out to a passing nurse and handed her a piece of paper with my phone number on it.

"If she wakes up, please give her this number."

"Aren't you going to wait for her to wake up?"

"Her relatives will be arriving soon. I just left my number in case there's any trouble."

"Okay."

"Thank you."

After returning, Intuorn was silent for a while. I knew she was worried about the person we met today, but I didn't know how to calm her down. So I pretended to look at the clothes she bought today.

"Is that the eight thousand baht T-shirt? Will it wipe the table well?"

"You're crazy! Who wears good shirts to wipe tables?"

She takes the shirt from my hand and hugged it tightly.

"This is a new collection."

"How does it look beautiful and expensive?"

"Buying genuine items respects the creator. Some people may think it's not worth it, but those who understand the value of art will feel good. People's mentalities are different. And most importantly... if you think it's expensive, it means it isn't made for you."

"True. That price won't sell me."

I shrugged and rummaged through the clothes, piling them up like trash.

"In two weeks, the value of three hundred thousand baht will drop to twenty thousand."

"That's rude! Do you think I get bored easily?"

"Have you ever worn the same clothes twice?"

"No... never..."

She open her mouth, unable to argue.

"But there's a reason.

"A lot of clothes, right?"

"No. I was once told, 'Wow, you're wearing the same clothes.' Since then, I've never worn them again."

"Clothes are made to be worn over and over again. Why care what others say?"

I wrinkled my nose, hating that mentality.

"Did you know that I wear the same shirt hundreds of times? I wear it, wash it, and wear it again."

"That's why it's so faded."

"But it keeps me warm. It's the same old clothes. It doesn't diminish my value."

"You're right."

“ ... ”

"You still look pretty wearing the same clothes."

"Why not argue back? Agreeing like that leaves me speechless."

I avoid her gaze, scratching my cheek.

"But it's your money, In. I said too much."

"You can say it."

“ ... ”

"If it's you, you can say anything."

When she flirt again, I quickly retreat to the bathroom, unsure how to react. Lately, Intuorn had been revealing her feelings more often.

At least keep it to yourself; don't tell. Give me some space to pretend I don't know.

After I showered and got ready for bed, Intuorn went to the bathroom. I stared at the bed, wondering whether I should lie on my back or on my side, so as not to seem too forward or distant. My phone rang, interrupting my thoughts. I answered it, seeing an unfamiliar number. Normally, other than Intuorn, I didn't give my number to anyone. Could it be...

"Hello?"

[...]

"Hello?"

Beep, beep, beep...

The caller hung up quickly, leaving me a little frustrated. I had forgotten about Teacher Renu after I returned, and now her face was reminiscent of me again.

If it was really her, I wouldn't have to worry anymore. If she could call back, she would have to be awake. But still... it would have been nice to hear her voice.

At least she was safe, so I didn't have to worry anymore. Tonight, I was supposed to sleep soundly without any worries.

In the end, I didn't... or maybe I dozed off a little, but not deeply.

Intuorn hugged me all night, sometimes murmuring near my neck, giving me goosebumps. Honestly, if I didn't know about her feelings, I might have dismissed it as friends hugging each other for comfort. But knowing made everything different.

If I went to the Chiang Mai Zoo, the pandas would definitely greet me with "Ni Hao" with those dark circles under their eyes.

"Why do you look so tired today?"

Intuorn, sitting at the dressing table, look at me through the mirror and ask cluelessly. I gritt my teeth a little and look away.

"I didn't sleep well. Maybe it's the unfamiliar place."

"Weird, I slept sooo well."

Of course you did!!!

I laughed dryly. Just as I was about to speak, there was a knock on the door. When I peeked through the peephole, I froze and turned to Intuorn, worried.

"In."

"Hmm? What is it?"

"It's Jenpob."

"Damn it..."

She seems to realize and bit her lip.

"I'm so stupid."

Now, Intuorn cursing herself for this mistake. She chose to stay here out of habit, preferring hotels to home. This hotel was one of her family's businesses.

"What should we do?"

"Let him in."

As soon as I did, Jenpob, dressed in a suit, stood with his hands clasped in front of him and greets her politely.

"Miss Intuorn, your father sent a car to take you home."

"If I don't go, what will you do?"

As everyone knows, Jenpob always gives in to Intuorn. Suddenly, I had a thought and felt the need to step in and help.

"Please go, Miss In. You can't escape. Maybe your father just wants to talk."

"But I don't want to see him. If I go, I'll be scold for coming to Bangkok."

The adorable girl whines, causing me to reach out and pat her shoulder encouragingly.

"You can get away with it. Just tell him that you needed to ship some bags for marketing purposes. Use work as an excuse; your father will understand why you've always been a bit of a mess."

"Hey, is this supposed to be encouraging?"

"Hehe."

Seeing me laugh, Intuorn reached out to playfully slap me and then chuckled softly, a little exasperated.

"I'm only going because of you, Lay,"

The arrogant young woman said, putting down her makeup tools and picking up her bag. But when she sees that I'm not moving, she looks at me curiously.

"What are you doing? Come with me."

"No, thank you. I'd rather stay here."

"Why?"

"Because I know you'll definitely fight with your father, and I don't want to be embarrassed in the middle of a family matter. I'd rather stay out of it."

Hearing this, Intuorn reluctantly agreed.

"Alright, I'll go and come back quickly."

"No need to rush. Take your time. If I get bored or lonely, I'll go to the mall."

"In that case, take this," she said, handing me two thousand baht.

"Keep it in case you need to buy something to eat."

"No, I don't need it..."

"Take it."

Knowing that if I refused, we'd be going back and forth forever, I accepted the money. Before I left, Jenpob gave me a look that clearly showed he's upset. Even though he didn't say anything, I could tell what he's thinking.

He didn't trust me at all.

And he was jealous...that the young lady cared so much about me.

I waited about ten minutes after the rebellious young lady left before I took out my phone and texted Ong to come pick me up at the hotel.

Jakkrapat:

Send me your location.

LayOut:

I don't know how.

Jakkrapat:

Don't worry, I'll find my way. Google Maps says it's about 15 minutes away.

LayOut:

Who is Google Maps?

Jakkrapat:

Oh... =_ =

I haven't been introduced to Google Maps, but it seems like something that will help Ong find me in time. About five minutes later, a nice Japanese car pulled up to the parking lot where we agreed to meet. When I got in the car, Ong just stare at me, tears streaming down his face.

"Crying again? Hey... you're so sensitive."

I said, looking around and grabbing some tissues from the car to give him. The more I showed concern, the more he sobbed.

"I can't believe you're still alive. Waaah."

"And our chat didn't confirm anything for you?"

"It's not the same. Waaah. You have no idea how much we miss you. Seeing you is unbelievable."

"Let's go...."

I wanted to be sad too, but since I had no memories of this friend, I couldn't feel much. Still, I felt sorry for him.

"Let's go now. If In comes back, we won't do anything."

"Who's In?"

"I'll explain while you drive."

The streets of Bangkok are full of alleys, so I have time to give him a brief summary of my current life. It's like a rerun of a movie because I already told him some of it before. The only new detail is Intuorn, who I mentioned frequently.

"That's good. I thought you'd be lonely living alone, but it's good to know that you're living well."

"Yes."

"But this isn't your life, Jom... I mean, Lay. Eventually, you have to go back to your old life. You still have parents waiting for you. Honestly, I don't understand why you won't let me tell your parents that I found you."

"I don't want to see their disappointment."

"Hey, how can they be disappointed to find their daughter?"

"Disappointed because their daughter doesn't remember them. It's like having their daughter back in body but not in spirit."

I sigh a little.

"I want to get used to my old life a little, to know who I was and what I did. When I can blend in, I'll come back without any problems. No one will be

sad."

"That sounds confusing."

Soon, the car stop in front of a big gate that open. I look at the house and surprised.

"Is this my house? It's huge. It doesn't look like the pictures you showed me."

"No, this is mine."

"What? Then why did you bring me here? You said you would take me to my house."

"I want you to meet someone first."

"Who?"

"Someone important from your past. Don't worry, you'll know when you see her."

"What will I know?"

As soon as the nice car parked, Ong waved me into the big house with a swimming pool in front. His family seemed quite wealthy, which surprised me. What kind of business did they have?

Everyone around me seemed rich.

One person spent 300,000 baht on shopping.

Another had a swimming pool.

And I was just a veterinarian...

Why do I feel like I have nothing? Social inequality, I guess.

"Is Re in her room?"

"Yes."

He asked one of the maids excitedly before pulling me upstairs to a room. His thoughts seemed to flood, showing images of us doing homework or studying together in high school.

Oh... Did he have a crush on me?

Knock, knock

We stop in front of someone's room. Ong raised his hand to knock, but hesitates, changing his mind at the last second.

"You call her."

"Huh? Call who?"

"Re."

"Re?"

"No, you usually call her... Teacher Re."

"Teacher Renu?"

"Oh... you remember. I knew she was important to you. Call her!"

He pushes me towards the door, looking like he's about to explode. I glare at him and roll my eyes, but do as he asks.

"Teacher?"

"..."

"Teacher Re?"

"Louder. You can scream if you want,"

Ong insisted. Annoyed, I complied.

"Teacher Re!"

As soon as I shouted, the door opened as if it had been pulled. Teacher Renu, wearing a casual gray t-shirt and white pants with her hair down, looked at me in shock. I nodded a little.

"Hello, we meet again."

"..."

Ong looked between us before stepping back awkwardly.

He said, "I just remembered that I miss Mumu. Talk to each other."

I look at him for help, not knowing what to do, but all I can do watching him leaving. I turn to the person in front of me and smile.

"How are you? Feeling better?"

"Are you going to disappear again?"

"What?"

"Are you going to..."

She walks over and hugging me tightly.

"Disappear again?"

The loud heartbeat make me, the one being hugged, shake my head and hug back, just like yesterday.

"If you don't faint again, I won't."

"You're really back, Jom. You're already back..."

Aside from the thunderous heartbeat, Teacher Renu's happy sobs are equally loud. All I could do is hug her and pat her back, trying to reassure her that I am here. Even though I am not used to being call Jom, just this once... even though it feels weird, I will do it to make her feel better.

"Yes, I'm back."

□□□□□□

□36.Can You Hear That?□

I was invited to sit and talk in Teacher Renu's room, which was a bit messy at the moment. But... it's still tidier than my usual waking time. The lovely person carefully arranged the blanket to make room for us to sit, dragging a chair from one side of the table and inviting me to sit. She sit facing me on the mattress.

Everything went silent because neither of us knew what to start talking about. So, to break the ice, I asked about her condition yesterday.

"How are you feeling? Is it better?"

"Yes."

"What made you faint like that?"

"Probably lack of sleep... What about you, Jom? Where were you?"

.

Ba-dum...

.

If they're normal people, I would have listened to their thoughts after those words to understand what they meant. But since it's her, I couldn't guess anything except the sound of her heartbeat. Why is this woman an exception, leaving me unable to hear anything?

"Did Ong tell you anything?"

"He didn't say anything."

Teacher Renu looked at me curiously.

"Have you seen him for a long time?"

"We met in person today. We were already chatting online before this."

"He didn't say anything... not a single word."

The beautiful person clenches her fists tightly, her heartbeat pounding as if she's very angry at being kept in the dark. I quickly wave my hands to explain.

"Don't be mad at him. In fact, Lay asked him to keep this a secret."

"Lay?"

"Uh... "

I rolled my eyes and give a dry smile.

"Yes, Lay."

"Who's Lay?"

"Lay is my name."

"Why use another name if you already have one?"

"It may sound strange."

I try to use a reasonable tone because I know it's very difficult to understand. Even if an expert explained it, many wouldn't believe it.

"I can't remember anything from the past."

"..."

"In terms of a cartoon or drama, it's amnesia."

"What the hell are you playing at?"

There it is.

As soon as I heard that, I scratch my head because I don't know what excuse to make it sound believable.

"Let's just say I'm going to tell you everything. While I'm telling the story, please don't interrupt. After I am done, if there's anything you don't understand, you can ask me."

I begin to tell her about living on a remote farm far from Bangkok, waking up with no memory, knowing only that I had been in a car accident. I was told that I was a girl left on the farm by my parents. My only duty was to take care of the horses while I tried to figure out who I was and where I came from. As time went on, I became close to Intuorn, the daughter of the farm owner. She posted photos on Facebook, and Ong's friend happened to see them, which led us to start talking.

I summarized briefly, and Teacher Renu still looks daze and shake her head.

"Jom, you don't remember me?"

"Well... no. I don't remember anything. I don't even know who I am or who my parents are. But oh! Ong sent me some necessary information, showing that I was a veterinarian, my parents are still alive, and I have an apartment."

"You are not Jom."

"What?"

"My Jao-Jom would never forget me. She could forget anyone, except... not her teacher."

The lovely person get up from the bed, hugging herself tightly as if she's cold. She walks to the door, called her brother, and waves me out.

"You better go."

Why did the situation change so quickly? Being dismissed like that left me perplexed. If I was being expelled, why should I stay? And it seems like she's in shock, seeing that I had no memory of her.

But... should I remember her?

I couldn't even remember my parents' faces. Why was it so important that she's heartbroken that I couldn't remember her?

"What is it, Re? Why did the conversation end so quickly?"

"I think she just looks like Jom, but she's not."

"No, Re, she's Jom."

"No."

The lovely person pushes me out of the room and prepare to close the door.

"Take your friend home. I want to be alone."

"Wait a minute."

As the door was about to close, I held it open. Since I was going to leave anyway, something was bothering me, so I decided to ask. Maybe she was like me.

"What?"

"Are we the same?"

"..."

I bit my lip, unsure how to convey my meaning because Ong was still there. I decided to use concise words. If she were like me, she would understand.

"Can you hear heartbeats too?"

Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

"What do you mean?"

Ong, standing next to me, asked softly. Seeing that Teacher Renu remains silent, I shake my head and laugh.

"Nothing, just asking. I'm going now. Goodbye."

I bowed politely and left. The door that Teacher Renu had left ajar didn't close. I could tell she watched me until I was out of sight.

The sound of her heartbeat was loud and clear, strong and fast, but I couldn't read what it meant.

No answer, huh? But if she could hear thoughts like me, she would have shown some signs.

Never mind.

"Sorry about that. She probably hasn't accepted it yet. But I believe one hundred percent that you are Jao-Jom, my dear friend."

After getting into the car, he quickly apologized on his sister's behalf, afraid that I might be upset. I nodded and laughed understandingly. Well... what I am is not easy to understand.

"It's okay. Anyone would be shocked. Did you see how your sister reacted when she found out that I couldn't remember? Imagine how my real parents would feel. They would probably cry a lot, but all I could do was stand there and watch them cry without feeling anything."

"That's why you don't want your parents to know that you're still alive. You want to blend in slowly."

"Exactly. At least let me get to know them a little better. When we meet, it won't be so awkward. It's not like in dramas where everything is fine when the daughter returns. The memories are gone, just like the past life."

I rested my chin on my hand, looking out the window as the car moved, and I couldn't help but ask about Teacher Renu.

"By the way, were Ms. Renu and I really close?"

"Oh, come on... asking that makes me feel bad for her. Well, I forgot that you can't remember."

"Tell me how close we were. She seemed really shocked that I couldn't remember her, to the point of saying that I wasn't me."

"You two were really, really close, like teacher and student, since middle school. And you had a crush on her."

"Huh?"

I step back a little, looking completely surprised.

"In love with her? Ms. Renu?"

"Yes. When you studied together, you kicked me out of class because you wanted to flirt with Re alone."

"But she's a woman. Why would I flirt with her when you, Ong, are a handsome guy?"

"Because you have bad taste."

"Does liking your sister mean that I have bad taste?"

"It's more like unbelievable taste; I forget that she's my sister. Talking about it makes me angry."

Ong clicked his tongue, making me smile a little because I could read that he liked me, but I didn't care about him.

"Did I make it?"

"No, you made her uncomfortable and then went to study abroad."

"Me? Study abroad?"

"Re, obviously. You were too poor to study abroad."

"Were we close enough to be such a jerk?"

"We were, but you've never called me an idiot before."

He laughed and nudged me with his elbow as he drove.

"I like it. It's like talking to a guy. Nice."

"So we were just teacher and student... but she seemed really angry."

"You were the closest person to Re in the world. When she found out you couldn't remember, she couldn't accept it. Don't blame her. I believe that after she processes everything, she'll try to contact you. Re is another source of information that can help you remember your past."

"Uh-huh."

.

.

.

Finally, I return to the world where Intuorn is a part of. I arrive just in time to blend in as if I'd been in my room the whole time. The spoiled young lady come back, raised an eyebrow at me, and then fell face down on the bed.

"What happened? Were you scolded until you were exhausted?"

"Yes, but I could handle that."

"See? Nothing broke."

"Dad wants me to go back to Bangkok."

"Really?"

I feign surprise and excitement because it means I could stay here longer and investigate my past without leaving the farm.

"You should like it, living in a civilized city like you wanted."

"Yes, but now, I liked my time with you on the farm better. It was peaceful. When we were bored, we would dress up and go horseback riding."

"How long do you think you can enjoy this kind of life, In? Get up first, and I'll help you take off your coat."

I sit down and skillfully remove her coat before going to hang it in the small hotel wardrobe. At that moment, Jenpob knocked on the door and come in to say that he would take the luggage to the car.

For a moment, his thoughts scattered and spilled over to me.

He had orders to take Intuorn home and send me back to the farm tonight!

"Do we have to hurry so much? I just got here."

"Yes, it's better to leave now. Lay will come later,"

Jenpob said, cutting off any further questions, which left Intuorn confused.

"Why does she have to come later?"

"Because your mother is also coming."

"There's still enough space even if Mom comes."

"Your mother wants to talk with you alone."

"We already talked in the car! What else is there to discuss?"

Intuorn, with her sweet face, starts to get upset as things aren't going the way she wants. Meanwhile, I try to blend in and smile at the young woman

who is in a bad mood.

"It's okay, In. We'll see you at home anyway. You can go."

"Why does everyone disrespect Lay? What's the big deal if she comes with me or sits in the same car? Am I a sultan's daughter or something?"

Intuorn grumbled and stomped her feet before glaring at me and emphasizing:

"Follow me quickly, okay?"

"Yes."

And I'm alone again, with Jenpob behind. While pretending to pack my clothes, I take out my phone and send a message to Ong, not knowing if he had arrived home yet.

LayOut:

I need your help. Come get me right now.

Jakkrapat:

What's going on? I'm already on the expressway and I can't make an U-turn.

LayOut:

I'm being sent back to the farm. If you can get here in ten minutes, that would be great. Please!

Jakkrapat:

Damn.

"What are you doing?"

Jenpob asks as he approaches, seeing me restless.

"My phone is out of credit. It doesn't play music." I lied.

"I'll go to the convenience store real quick."

"No."

"Okay, I'll call Intuorn to transfer money to recharge my phone then."

I had to mention Intuorn's name because I knew it would work. Jenpob didn't want me to contact Intuorn at that time, so he reluctantly agreed.

"Okay, but make it quick."

"Okay."

I left the room and quickly send another message. At that moment, my phone ring with a strange number. It sounded familiar, but I couldn't remember where I'd seen it until I answer it.

"Hello?"

[Run to the front of the hotel. I'm parked there.]

"What? Teacher? Is that you, Miss Renu?"

[Hurry up!]

With no time to decide, I followed the instructions, rushing out of the elevator and across the hotel lobby. A European car parked outside unlocked it for me to get in, and we drive out of the hotel so fast that I pressed back into my seat. The atmosphere in the car so quiet that it felt awkward, especially since we'd had a falling out earlier when she'd said I wasn't Jao-Jom. But now, here she is.

"How did you get here?"

"Ong said Jom needed help."

Jom...

"So you now believe I'm Jom?"

I smile weakly and chang the subject.

"But you got here too fast. It seems like I just asked Ong for help.

"I've been following you since the beginning."

"Huh?"

"I wanted to know where you were staying."

Teacher Renu still stubbornly called me Jom. I nodded, saying nothing because I needed help in this situation.

"Shall we go to your place?"

"You could say that."

"Could I say that?"

I didn't quite understand the ambiguous answer until the car pulled into a condominium far from Ong's house, where he had taken me earlier. The condominium is expensive and newly built, but crowded. Teacher Renu took me to a room on the thirtieth floor, about forty-five square meters, not very big, just enough to sleep. I stood awkwardly, not knowing where to go.

It's so compact that hard to move...

"Is this your place?"

"Condominium."

"Oh... right."

I nodded.

"I thought it would be the house Ong took me to this morning."

"I think there are a lot of people there. It's better here."

"So, where should I sit?"

"The bed is fine."

"Won't you mess up your bed?"

"When did you become so polite and considerate?"

The beautiful woman smiles, unlike in the morning. Seeing her friendliness eases my tension.

"Then I won't be polite."

"Sure... If you want water, it's in the fridge. Help yourself."

Not serving me, huh..Usually the host welcomes the guest, right? I looked around, unsure of what to do, and explored the small room.

"Why do you need an apartment when you already have a big house?"

"I like to be alone. It's not convenient at home. I was there this morning because I was sent to the hospital early, so my relatives picked me up... which was good. Who would have thought I would find you at home?"

"Honestly... calling me Jom seems weird."

"Are you unfamiliar with your own name?"

"It may be my real name, but I'm more used to 'Lay now.'"

I stand up, fidgeting like a child in front of an adult, explaining shyly.

"If you call me Jom, sometimes I may not respond."

"I will call you Jom until you respond."

Then she insisted on not calling me Lay. I wrinkled my nose a little, feeling helpless, and sit down, swinging my legs. Teacher Renu, sitting on a small chair, look at me and asks.

"Bored?"

"Well... I don't know what to do."

"So let's do some math problems."

"What?"

I wasn't sure if I'd heard wrong. The beautiful teacher stand up, grab something from the cabinet above the built-in desk, and placed it on the bed, handing me a blank notebook.

"Let's do some math problems."

If I looked in the mirror, my face would look like someone who'd been forced to hold a small piece of dog poop in their mouth. It's a weird hobby, but whatever. I'd do whatever she wanted. It's her room.

"I can't. I can handle addition and subtraction."

"Just try. You haven't even tried yet."

"But it doesn't look easy."

"If you can't, I'll show you. I just want you to try."

I frown and pick up a pencil, scribbling and staring at the numbers, thinking. Teacher Renu, sitting nearby, twirled a pen in her hand, distracting me from the problem.

"Do it."

"How do you twirl a pen like that?"

I tried, but the pen flew through the air as if it hated my fingers.

"Why can't I spin it?"

"You need to practice a lot with your fingers."

"Does it take a long time? I'll practice. It sounds fun, and you're good with your fingers."

"Not as good as you, Jom."

"What?"

"Nothing."

The sweet-faced woman smiles. Seeing her mischievous smile make me blush.

Why did she say I'm good with my fingers...? But it doesn't matter. If I can't spin a pen, I'll solve this math problem. Maybe I can.

Suddenly, my brain told me to solve the equation by moving the terms around. Mathematical formulas I never knew existed popped into my head as if a drawer had been opened.

Ah... I can do it.

We're silent, just listening to each other's breathing. I look at her and point to the notebook.

"I'm not sure if it's correct."

"It is."

Her voice changes, sounding like she's sobbing. She quickly get up to grab a tissue and wiped her face, pretending nothing had happened.

"See, you can do it."

"You just wanted to test if I was Jom, right?"

"..."

"So what's the conclusion? Am I yours, Jom?"

Teacher Renu smiles, a beautiful smile that I couldn't look away from, even though it brought tears to my eyes. She reaches out and touched my cheek, leaning in. A few inches away, she stops when she sees me tense in surprise.

Am I about to be kissed?

Pop!

She lightly tapped her forehead against mine and speak affectionately.

"Yes, you are my Jom."

Why did I feel disappointed...?

Without realizing it, I wrinkle my nose, and Teacher Renu pinched it, laughing.

"What's wrong with your nose?"

"Nothing."

"I thought you were disappointed about something."

The beautiful woman licked her lips lightly and teased.

"We did more than that, you know?"

"Did what?"

I asked, my eyes widening with immediate interest, causing Teacher Renu to raise an eyebrow in defiance.

"Try reading my mind."

"What?"

"I forgot that you can read everyone's mind in the world except mine."

I grabbed the arm of the sweet-faced person who had just spoken, stunned.

"Do you know about this?"

As we stare at each other intently, my phone ring loudly, interrupting us. I quickly let go of the beautiful teacher's wrist and grab my phone, too embarrassed to let anyone hear that ringing.

And I couldn't change it either, or she would get mad again.

"Yes, In?"

[Why aren't you here yet? I've been waiting forever.]

"How could I go when your father's man is trying to take me back to the farm?"

[What? I didn't know about that. Where are you now? Are you going back to the farm? Damn it... I'll burn this house down as revenge!]

Intuorn's loud explosion come out of the speaker, making me laugh at the thought of the hornless girl actually burning down the house, what could she really do. As I listened to the phone, I suddenly felt a chill and slowly turned around to see the cause. Teacher Renu's face staring at me intently. Even though she didn't show any anger, I could tell that she's definitely not in a good mood.

"In, I have to hang up now."

[Why do you have to hang up? Where are you?]

"... I ran away to a rented room near the hotel. I ran away first. I don't want to go back to the farm yet."

[Do you have money?]

"The money you gave me."

[Is the place comfortable? Oh! I shouldn't have left you alone. It's okay! I'll go back with you.]

"No."

I objected firmly, causing the other side to fall silent.

"I still want to explore. If you want to do something for me, discuss it with your family so I can stay here a little longer."

[But...]

"Please, baby."

[Crazy... what a baby...]

I close my mouth, shocking by my own plea.

[Alright, if you want to stay in Bangkok that long, give me a day, and I'll come get you. Leave me your location so I can find you.]

"Send how?... Oops."

Teacher Renu take my phone, after listening for a while. The charming person hang up the phone, and we both looked at each other, a little stunned. Even though I couldn't read her mind, I could feel that she's surprised by her own actions.

"Well... I don't want you to leave a location here. I don't want anyone to know where this place is."

She finally said. I nodded, not the least bit angry.

"I understand. But I don't know how to leave a location anyway."

"Is this a new phone?"

"Yes."

"What happened to the old one?"

"It's broken, so I bought me a new one."

I shifted uncomfortably. Teacher Renu looked at me, interested in the In I mentioned so often.

"This In, is it him or her?"

"Her."

"How close are you?"

"Very close. Probably the only woman in the world I'm close to right now."

"Hmm."

The sweet-faced person turned away quickly. I could feel a little pain in my rapid heartbeat. Better change the subject. This person is scary when she's quiet.

"Renu, is it okay if I stay with you tonight? I have nowhere else to go."

"..."

"I can sleep on the floor. I'm quiet and I don't snore. I promise not to disturb you."

"That won't be possible."

The pretty person answers without hesitation. I open my mouth a little, then nod in understanding. Well, we just met. Even if we were close before, that was in the past. I don't even remember this teacher.

"Okay, I'll think of where else I can sleep."

"In bed."

"Huh?"

"If you're asking where you can sleep, it has to be in bed."

Teacher Renu smiles at me, her heart pounding. I could feel her joy.

"Tonight, you'll sleep with me in bed."

Then the sweet-faced person went to the wardrobe, took out things like a towel and a new toothbrush, placed them on the bed, and handed them to me.

"Take a shower and then go to sleep."

"You're someone I can't read at all."

I said straightforwardly as she searching for pajamas in the wardrobe. The sweet-faced person look at me and smiles.

"That's not surprising."

"Why not?"

"I'm the only one you can't read, Jom. And because of that, it became a challenge. In the end, you..."

"In the end, I..."

"In the end, I won't tell. Stay tuned for the next episode."

A faint smile appears on the corner of the lovely person's mouth before she asks me to go take a shower.

"Enough talking. Hurry up and take a shower, then let's go to sleep. There's a lot to do."

"There's a lot to do when we go to sleep?"

“...”

"What do you want to do?"

Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

Suddenly, my heart started beating so fast that I had to retreat to the bathroom, unable to look at her. Once I'm sure out of her hypnotic gaze, I quickly rubbed my chest to calm myself down. My heart is pounding. What was going on? This morning, she was furious, and at night, I feel like I'm being charm by the same person. I couldn't keep up. What was my past with this Renu teacher?

Knock, knock

The bathroom door I was leaning against was knocked. I quickly gathered myself, stand up, and open the door to find Teacher Renu handing me the toothbrush I forget to bring.

"Thank you."

"I wanted to ask."

"About?"

"Did you hear it too? The heartbeat."

"Wh... What? How?"

Then the cute person quickly leaning in, our noses touching.

"Is it beating in sync?"

□□□□□□

□37. Slip Off!!□

What kind of question is that?

I gaped, unsure if it was an intellect test like the math problem before. As I stood there, dazed at the entrance to the bathroom, a sound broke the silence between us, like a bell signaling the end of a round.

Borrorygmi...

My stomach growled loudly, breaking the silence between us. We exchanged awkward glances. Teacher Renu looked at me, trying to suppress a smile before laughing and gently pushing my face away.

"You idiot, you ruined the mood."

It was awkward. Even though today was the first time we had a real conversation, it felt like we had known each other for a long time. We must have done a lot of things together before, but unfortunately, I couldn't remember any of them.

But it was good. Even though I couldn't remember anything, the good feelings were definitely still there.

"I haven't had dinner yet, but don't worry. I won't bother you. I'll go find something to eat. You can relax."

Just as I was about to go get my wallet, I was suddenly pulled into a tight hug. The shaking left me a little dazed, and I could only roll my eyes at shoulder height since we're the same height.

"Uh... Is something wrong?"

"Don't go! You can't go!"

"What?"

"You can't go buy food!"

How cruel! What kind of warning is this?

It seemed to tell me to beware of fire or that there was dangerous gas ahead. But here I am just hungry, and I couldn't go.

"My stomach will growl all night and bother you."

"Order delivery."

"O... Okay."

Even though I agreed, I still wasn't released. I could feel a frantic fear, which made me feel sorry for her. I had to hug her back, trying to comfort her, before slowly untangling myself and guiding Teacher Renu to sit on the bed to calm down. From someone who had been teasing me just moments ago, she had turned into someone fearful. I thought I needed to distract her for a bit.

I had planned to take a shower, but now I forgot all about it.

"Um... How do you order food over the phone? I think I've seen it in ads. Can you teach me? What app do I need to use?"

I handed my phone to the sweet-faced person to find the app, but she just looked at the bottom of the screen showing a picture of Intuorn.

Of course... I didn't set it up myself. I don't know how to do anything.

"Who is this?"

"This is In, my friend I mentioned before."

I introduced her a little shyly, but it seemed like it might change the subject to the teacher forgetting to order food.

No, Walt. If we forget to order food, I'll starve... waah...

"You said you're the closest in the world now. What kind of relationship is that... boss? Friend? Lover?"

"She's a friend and a boss, supporting me in everything."

"And a lover?"

"Not a lover."

"Uh-huh... But if she's a friend or a boss, does she have to buy you a phone too? Isn't that a little too affectionate? And that ringtone... It's her voice, right?"

"Yeah, and I can't change that. She'd get mad."

"She seems like a pretty bossy friend."

"Well, she's the boss. She's a little demanding, but overall, she's sweet."

Talking about it made me think of her bright smile, which she always shared.

"She's generous too. Just by saying that a wallet looks nice, she surprises me with it."

"Do friends really care that much?"

"Well..." I scratched my cheek.

"I guess so. I don't have many friends besides her. Look, I told her I only had eighty baht, and she gave me two thousand just in case. And this wallet, I just said it looked nice, and she bought it. It cost twenty-five thousand!"

I showed Teacher Renu the wallet I had gotten yesterday. She took it and looked at it with a slight smile, as if she knew her well.

"It's a good brand, with very good taste."

"It's made in Thailand, custom-made and to order. There was only one in the store, and she bought it on the spot, afraid that someone else would get it first."

"She must have good connections because this wallet was just a sample, not for sale... Only two were made."

The beautiful person looked at me with teary eyes.

"Knowing that you are the owner, I can't be angry."

"Can you explain more? I'm still confused."

"You'll understand in time."

Teacher Renu changed the subject back to In.

"She's very generous."

"Yes, very kind."

"If I were so generous, would I be praised like this all the time?"

"What do you mean?"

"Someone said she was hungry."

I clutched my chest, almost crying, because what I wanted most was to eat... waah...

"Yes, I would eat a horse."

"You look like Viramarati-savitritithita when you're hungry."

"What is this? It's longer than the full name of Bangkok."

At this, a fleeting sadness appeared in the teacher's eyes before she quickly hid it.

"A cat."

"That's a cat's name? So creative."

"Your cat."

"..."

"It's sad that the owner can't remember her cat's name."

I was speechless, amazed at my own creativity that could give a cat a name like a Miss Universe.

"Give me a some time. I'm trying to find my past."

"It's okay."

The sweet person reached out and gently patted my head affectionately.

"Take all the time you need."

"..."

"I have all the time in the world for you, Jom."

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Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

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Someone send help. My heart is pounding so hard, and I'm afraid it would be loud enough for the person next to me to hear.

"You said you would teach me how to order food. What do I do?"

"You need to download the app first.."

Teacher Renu patiently teach me step by step. Her slightly nasal voice so pleasant that I barely paid attention to the content. I liked the rhythm of her speech, the pauses for breath, and the way she looked at me to make sure I understand.

She really was suited to be a teacher...

"Are you going to order food or are you just going to stare at me?"

"Huh?... Yes, I'm listening. I'll order the fried rice noodles with chicken. It looks delicious."

"Good choice. This place is really good. I'll order that too."

The charming person skillfully ordered for me as she spoke.

"Next time, let's cook together."

"Sure, Jom has never cooked before. It sounds like fun to learn."

"..."

"What?"

"What did you just call yourself?"

At this point, I realized that I had referred to myself as Jom without thinking, as if it were something natural.

"So adorable. It's like having the old Jom back, even if just for a moment."

The pretty person smiles happily. Seeing that smiles make me cover my face in embarrassment, making her laugh.

"What's wrong?"

"Your smile is so dazzling. I can't look at it for too long."

"Why?"

"It makes me feel like... I'm in heat."

Sigh!

What a crazy thing to say! It came out of nowhere. I quickly covered my mouth and looked at the pretty person who just smiled.

"Sorry, that's not what I meant."

"No need to apologize."

"But it's rude."

"It's a word that tells me Jom is still there."

The sweet-faced person gently tapped my forehead.

"Never absent."

"..."

"And if Jom is still here, it means she's still mine."

She's still mine. What could that mean?

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Teacher Renu's words made me think so much that I couldn't sleep. It's already past 2 a.m. and I still wide awake. Maybe it's because I was so excited to share a bed with the beautiful teacher for the first time. I wanted to toss and turn, but I'm afraid that the movement will disturb the person next to me. So I lay on my side, paralyzed for over an hour.

I want to turn the other side. She won't mind, right?

She must be asleep. Let me adjust my position once; I promise to be a good girl.

I slowly turned to the other side. Teacher Renu is lying with her back to me, which relieves me a little. But seeing her back make me even more excited.

So close...

I found myself slowly moving closer and resting my forehead against her back, unsure of what made me do it. The scent of her soap wafted into my senses, making me feel dreamy. The warmth radiating from her body made me want to snuggle closer.

The closer I got, the more curious I became.

Initially wanting to be nice, I slowly leaned forward to make sure that Teacher Renu asleep before leaning in.

Not too close, not too far to smell.

It smelled good to be near her. She's so gorgeous and smelled good. It made me feel inexplicably restless.

"Can't sleep?"

She asked, her eyes still closed. I froze, stuck in that position, unable to move forward or back, stuck in a pathetic limbo.

"Not responding?"

She opened her eyes and turned to lie on her back. Since I still supported, I ended up sitting loosely on top of her.

"You're still staring at me."

"Uh... um..."

I couldn't think of an excuse, so I just rolled my eyes and answered honestly.

"Yeah, I couldn't sleep."

"So you decided to move and keep someone else awake too?"

"I... I thought you were already asleep. I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

I quickly apologized and got ready to lie down, but she grabbed my wrist as if to lock me in place.

"If you can't sleep, what do you want to do, Jom?"

"Huh? Nothing, really."

"Come on, think of something."

Teacher Renu, who is holding my wrist, gently run her hand up and down.

"I can't sleep well either. It would be nice to have something to do."

"..."

"Just kidding, hehe. Go back to sleep now."

The exquisite woman pulled me to lie down next to her and turned to hug me.

"Staying up late will become a habit."

"Yeah, I'll probably fall asleep soon."

"Your heart is beating so fast."

Can she really hear that?

I frown, feeling completely defeated. Today, I had no composure to maintain.

"You're beautiful."

"Hmm?"

Being around someone beautiful turns me on, like seeing a movie star.

"Am I that beautiful?"

"Yes, and you smell nice. Being around you feels good."

I said honestly, which made the sweet-faced woman, who was sleepy, doze off on my shoulder.

"Someone told me that before... 'hooooaaah...'

The stunning woman paused for a moment before snuggling in for comfort and slowly drifting off to sleep.

"She said she liked my scent and would remember it for the rest of her life."

"..."

"It seems she kept her promise. She seems to remember, even though she claims she doesn't remember anything."

What kind of teacher-student relationship is this?

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It was already morning. The lovely woman is taking a shower. The sound of water make me imagine all sorts of things about what she could be doing there.

Washing her face?

Brushing her teeth?

Soaping up her body...

Oh, I'm not a pervert. At least, as far as I could remember since waking up in the hospital, I had never thought about anything obscene. The most I had

done was compare the color of my nipples to Intuorn's, but nothing more.

But what color are Teacher Renu's nipples?

Wow! What am I thinking?

Pick up the phone now, Lay. I bought this phone for you. Pick up the phone now, now, now!

My phone ring at eight in the morning while I was lost in thoughts of comparing nipples... uh, just kidding. In's voice snapped me out of my reverie, and I jumped to answer it.

"Yes, In. Why you calling me so early?

[Yes, I couldn't sleep all night worrying about you. How are you? Have you eaten anything? Are you sleeping well? Are there any ghosts haunting you?]

"I didn't sleep well."

[Of course, no bed is as comfortable as mine. I bought an expensive bed that supports every part of the spine perfectly.]

No... I couldn't sleep because I was too excited about the beautiful teacher hugging me. There were even cute snores sometimes. Just thinking about it made my heart race.

I was deeply...

"Have you eaten, In... Oh!"

I jumped when Teacher Renu come out with a towel wrapped around her body, steam escaping from the bathroom. I quickly turned around, feeling a little embarrassed and respectful to the owner of the room.

['Oh,' what?]

"Huh? Oh, nothing. There was a car accident outside, so I get scared."

My lie make her look at me and smiles slightly. I pursed my lips, feeling bad for lying, even though it's not a big deal.

Why didn't I just tell Intuorn that I stayed at Teacher Renu's house?

No, if I did, I would have to explain who Teacher Renu is, and that would drag on unnecessarily. Sometimes lying is easier than telling the truth.

[I made a deal with Dad. He agreed to let you stay in Bangkok.]

"Huh? How did you get that?"

[I locked myself in my room and went on a hunger strike.]

"Didn't you drink any water either?"

[I drank tap water, and it was awful. Just thinking about Bangkok's plumbing makes me feel weak. Help me.]

Did the person on the other end look like they were dying from drinking tap water, which was considered drinkable in Thailand? I laughed sympathetically, but then froze when I see Teacher Renu sitting on the edge of the bed, her shoulders bare, drying her hair. The smell of shampoo reached my nose...

Those shoulders...

[Lay, are you listening?]

"Y...yes, I'm listening. What did you say?"

[Where are you? I'll come pick you up. I miss you.]

"Uh...where am I?"

"I didn't know how to explain."

"How about this? I'll take a taxi to you. Just tell me where to go."

[What? I'm offering to pick you up, and you're refusing?]

"It's easier if I come to you."

[Alright, arguing is pointless. I'll pin the location. But do you know what that means?]

"I think I'm about to find out. Just pin it."

[Okay, but...]

The person on the other end of the line paused, making me ask again.

"But what?"

[Have you missed me yet?]

Oh, I felt a little shy about being asked so directly.

"Why ask that all of a sudden? It's only been a day."

As I spoke, I turned around in embarrassment, not knowing what to do. Teacher Renu, who was drying her hair, stopped for a moment.

[I miss you, Lay. Don't you miss me?]

"Well... it's just... Oh my God!"

Wow!

Then everything happened so fast. The towel that the beautiful woman was wearing slipped and fell to the floor. I, who was talking to Intorn, lost my mind at the sight. The beautiful teacher's body was right in front of me, and she slowly bent down to pick up the towel without much haste.

"Sorry, the towel slipped,"

The beautiful woman mumbled before returning to the bathroom. My mouth was gasping like a fish out of water as the person on the phone kept

asking anxiously.

[Lay, what's wrong? Lay! What happened?]

"Orange."

[What's orange?]

"The tips."

[What?]

"The corner of the building I'm staying in is orange! Wow, I can't believe just painting it orange makes it stand out so much. Did they hire Michelangelo to design it? Did Picasso paint the walls?"

[Are we speaking the same language? I asked if you missed me. Where did the orange building and Picasso come from?]

"Maybe it's too early. Jet lag, so I'm confused."

[What jet lag? We're in Thailand and driving to Bangkok.]

"Leave the location and I'll come to you."

I quickly ended the call and tried to calm myself from what I had just experienced. What had just happened? I felt like I had just seen the eighth wonder of the world.

So beautiful...

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Teacher Renu offered to drop me off where Intuon had left the location on the phone. I sit stiffly, not knowing what to do after seeing the full female figure. The reflected light from outside highlighted her body in my mind. It felt so good... Not too much, but enough to make me want more. Want what? Help! I can't get this out of my head!

"It must be around here."

"I didn't see anything this morning!"

"Hmm?"

"Huh?"

It seemed like we were talking about different things. My panic made me blurt out what I was obsessing over. Teacher Renu smiles and laughs a little.

"The towel slipped, huh?"

"Sorry, I didn't mean to!"

"Sorry for what? It was my clumsiness. You were on the phone. So, is this the place?"

I hadn't realized we had arrived. When I remembered, I looked around.

"Maybe. The fence is huge... as big as your house."

Everyone around me is rich, except me, who is so poor... But I have a wallet worth twenty-five thousand baht, just so you know.

"See you again."

"..."

"Why? Don't you want to see me again?"

"No, I just a little scared."

"Don't you want to leave me yet?"

The charming woman smiles, making me blush.

"Not really... Ah..."

Teacher Renu did something unexpected. She leaned over to unbuckle my seatbelt, her body almost pressing against mine, letting me smell the soft scent of fabric softener. It was the same scent as the room and the clothes, all combined when I entered the room, which felt like a secret base.

Why does it smell so good...?

"The more we talked, the more we get carried away. Hurry up and get out."

The person who spoke turned to look at me so closely that I had to lean back in my seat, afraid I would lose control and lean over to smell her because of that smell.

"Yes."

"..."

"If you stay like this, how can I get out?"

"Oh, right. Sorry, I forgot."

She leaned back to her original position, letting me out. The charming woman's heartbeat was so clear that I couldn't help but smile. I stared at the taillights until the beautiful European car disappeared from view.

We had only just met, but that person made me feel something....

I already wanted to see her again.

□□□□□□□□

□38.Meeting□

"Lay!"

As soon as she heard I had arrived, beautiful young woman run out of the house, very happy, without even bothering to put on her slippers. I could almost see her thoughts floating out of her head, wanting to hug me, but she held herself back because of her mother's watchful eyes. Instead, she reached out to touch my shoulder and patted it lightly.

"How was your first night sleeping outside?"

"It wasn't bad at all."

Thinking about the person who slept next to me last night, it's far from bad.

"What? I'm disappointed."

"Why?"

"I wanted you to feel bad about sleeping alone."

Her grumpy but playful tone made me laugh a little. While we're talking, Intuorn's mother called us inside because it's hot outside.

"Hurry inside, or you'll get sunburned."

"Okay, let's go get a drink. Lay, you can help me pick out an outfit."

"What clothes?"

"A new one."

"What!?"

Intuorn laughed, happy to see my astonishment. She walked ahead, talking to her mother, while Jenpob walked beside me and speak softly so that only I could hear.

"I saw the car that dropped you off."

"..."

"What did you lie about?"

"What did I lie about?"

"You said you took a taxi."

"It was an Uber."

Suddenly, I remembered a post on social media about someone getting a ride in a Porsche.

"I called through the app and they picked me up."

"Let's see about that."

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Intuorn's big house, no, grand mansion in Bangkok, left me speechless. Everyone around me seemed as rich as oil barons. Both Teacher Renu and Intuorn, who were now happily showing off her luxurious bedroom, much more extravagant than when we were at the farm.

"Is this a dressing room?"

I looked around and my jaw dropped. One corner was filled with bags arranged like a department store collection. The center of the room was for selecting accessories, and the rest were clothes organized by color, from lightest to darkest.

"Choose any outfit you want. You can wear anything here."

"I thought you only had pink clothes."

"Don't be silly. Wearing only pink would be boring. Some events have themes, but for the most part, I wear pink."

I walked around and stopped at the perfume rack. I picked one up to smell, and my heart skipped a beat at the smell.

"I wear this to the gym. It's refreshing."

"I love it."

I sniffed the cap, feeling ecstatic.

"Davidoff"

"You really like it, huh? Take it."

"What?"

"I'm giving it to you."

The spoiled young lady pushed the bottle into my hand with a smile. I was about to refuse, but I remembered she might get mad, so I accepted it with a big smile.

"Thank you. I'll wear it every day... ow."

Suddenly, Intuorn reaches out and pinch my cheek, twisting it playfully. I yelped a little and rubbed my cheek, confused.

"What was that for?"

"I just wanted to crumple it into a little ball."

She made a squeezing motion with her hands.

"Don't smile at anyone else."

"I can't even smile?"

I laughed and changed the subject.

"So, what did you want to show me?"

"Oh, right, my work clothes!"

"Hmm?"

The beautiful girl ran to another closet and took out a new, well-made outfit, holding it to herself.

"How do I look?"

"You look great, very professional."

I admired her.

"Finally, my Intuorn has a job. She's no longer useless."

"When I heard 'my Intuorn', my heart swelled, but I wanted to kick you for calling me useless. Am I really that bad?"

"Yes, you were completely useless. But now... "

I gave a thumbs up.

"Excellent."

"I'm wearing this to a meeting with the factory executives. Dad said he organized it. I'm so excited. Will I be able to handle it?"

"Don't be nervous. You're the client. Just state your needs. They should be the ones nervous, waiting for you to choose to work with them."

"You're so smart. I'll take you with me."

"Oh, why? I just..."

"Girls, what are you talking about? I could hear you from outside."

As we're talking, Intuorn's father and mother walks into the room, smiling at us.

"I was showing Lay my work clothes."

"My hard-working daughter. Thank you Lay for making her realize that."

Mr. Anek praised me sincerely, but I could feel his lingering distrust. He was still wary of me, fearing that I might hurt his daughter in the future.

"Yes, because of Lay, my life isn't boring."

"Now that In has a job, Lay, you should find something to do too, or you'll get bored. Take your time to adapt here."

Intuorn's mother added, wanting to address this issue.

"First, let's talk about your room. I've prepared one for you."

To make things clear, they prepared a room in the servants' quarters at the back of the house for me. Intuorn's parents were setting boundaries, indicating that I wasn't Intuorn's friend.

I am very dangerous.

But they still felt guilty about causing my amnesia, so they didn't ask me to do any chores. Honestly, I wasn't picky about where I slept. I was used to a simple life and knew I wasn't their daughter, so it wasn't a problem.

However, the one who had the biggest problem was...

"No way!"

Intuorn immediately protested when she found out that I had to sleep with the servants.

"Lay is my friend and should stay with me."

"Lay is not your friend," her father awkwardly tried to explain.

"At least in the eyes of the house, you shouldn't create a sense of hierarchy."

"I don't care about hierarchy. Lay is not the maid. She doesn't have to do anything! Why is everyone being so mean to her?"

"It's okay, In. I like this room."

I reached out to tug on her arm and smile.

"I stayed in the staff quarters at the farm. This one is even bigger."

"But you already slept with me."

"What?/What?"

Both parents looked at their daughter in shock because the word "slept" can be interpreted in many contexts.

"I mean, as friends, and I'm used to it. Suddenly separating us, why? Do you get pleasure from upsetting me?"

"Don't do that, In. It makes me uncomfortable."

I finally spoke, almost threateningly.

"I have no duties here. I'm not a daughter of this house, but I get an allowance every month. Honestly, I don't even know why is everyone here being so nice to me as if they felt guilty about something."

As soon as I hit their weak spot, everyone went silent. Intuorn, who knew exactly why I was there, was speechless.

"Well, it's just that..."

"It's okay. I'm easygoing. I'm home, not as far away as if I were in America or something. Let's go with it."

"Ugh, I don't care anymore!"

Finally, Intuorn reluctantly agreed, even though she wasn't happy about it. Well, staying in this room isn't bad. I had time to think and plan my next steps while I'm in Bangkok. For now, I would settle in and figure out what to do next.

"Lay"

I was lost in thought when Mr. Anek called me, making me stand up. He was the loving father, the respected boss, and the man who felt guilty but couldn't show it.

"Yes?"

"If you need anything, let me know... anything."

"Uh... okay, thank you very much."

"Is your allowance enough?"

"Yes, it is enough. I don't spend much. Intuorn already gives me enough."

"Hmm."

The older man nodded and started to leave, but turned around.

"Have you remembered anything?"

"Not yet."

"Not at all?"

"No."

"Hmm."

He asked just that and left. I watched him, reading his thoughts. He was relieved, praying that I would never remember.

For the sake of his only daughter...

But if one day I remember, what would this ideal father do? Would he still be this kind man?

I guess I need to be more cautious about my path back to my past.

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But living in Bangkok wasn't that bad. It had been more than two weeks already, and I was starting to get used to the daily life here.

To be honest, I was a little bored because there was no horse to ride, but I became Intuorn's driver, taking her here and there instead of the regular driver.

And there was another interesting thing...

The mysterious phone call at 8:08 p.m.

I've noticed for a while that my phone tended to ring around 8:08 p.m. Every time I answered, no one responded. It was like the person who called was just waiting to hear my voice before hanging up.

I think I knew who it was, but I didn't understand why she was doing it.

"Lay!"

"Yeah?"

I snapped out of my reverie while sitting in the car with Intuom. I wasn't driving today, so my mind wandered. I wasn't sure what she had said before she called my name so loudly.

"What's wrong? I've been talking a lot."

"Maybe I didn't get enough sleep."

"It's true. You seem a little out of it this morning. Be more energetic. I have a business meeting today. This is the first time in my life that I've done anything serious. Buying a limited edition bag wasn't that stressful."

Although I encouraged her that she was going there as a client, it's natural for someone who's never worked before to be nervous about their first time.

"Your dad is coming too, right? There's nothing to be afraid of. I'm rooting for you."

"Hold my hand."

She offers hers, and when I touch, it's cold and damp with sweat, which is endearing.

"What should I do? I'm afraid they'll think I'm an idiot. The other party has a Ph.D. How old is she, Dad?"

"A little over thirty."

He answered casually, making Intuorn nod.

"She'll definitely think I'm really an idiot."

"Come on, In. So what if she has a Ph.D.? You're the client." I said.

"If I do something stupid, you have to help me."

"Okay."

"How are you going to help?"

"I'll read her mind for you."

"Even though this is absurd, it makes me feel better. Thank you."

I really intended to help like this, but I had to abandon the plan when I discovered that the person Intuorn had to meet was the only person in the world I couldn't read. All I could hear was her heartbeat. Teacher Renu was the executive Mr. Anek had arranged for us to meet. I stood there, stunned, as everyone introduced themselves.

"This is Dr. Renu Siva-amphan, the person we're going to meet today..."

I wasn't the only one shocked. Even Teacher Renu seemed surprised to see me. But the one who showed it the most was Ong. He was about to greet me, but was stopped by his sister.

Thankfully, Teacher Renu sees the worried look on my face in time.

Intuorn didn't seem to recognize the teacher. On that rainy day, she was too afraid that it would be someone I knew, so she avoided looking at me and making eye contact until we left. Today seemed like the first time she had met Teacher Renu, which was a good thing because otherwise it would have been awkward.

Given the business aspects of today's meeting, I had no reason to be there, so I was asked to step back. Now the only ones discussing business were Intuorn, Mr. Anek, Ong, and Teacher Renu. I walked into the hotel lobby where everyone was gathered.

I was excited, surprised, and amazed. How could this impressive person have a Ph.D., be a business executive, and be an entrepreneur all at the same time?

"Jom,"

Ong shouted as soon as he could. I glanced around nervously, worried that someone might see.

"We shouldn't be talking."

"Why not? Hey, I'm really shocked to see you with a client. How did you meet such a big family?"

"I've said before that someone helped me... Let's talk later. I'm afraid someone will see."

"Are we having an affair or something we should be afraid of?"

"It's a delicate subject and hard to explain..."

And when I heard Jenpob's thoughts, I turned away from Ong and changed the subject.

"The bags your company makes are beautiful. I have one that Intuorn bought:for me. It's great; the leather is soft and the design is unique. I'm not sure if it's cowhide or crocodile."

"What?"

"Intuorn wants to see you."

Jenpob said, nodding politely to Ong. Ong looked at me, confused, but nodded.

"It's calfskin. This model is the first one we made. The design came from an artist named Kenn. We're planning to launch it in Singapore. Keep it safe, if it becomes popular, it will be really valuable."

"Wow, the more you say it, the more I have to keep it. I'm lucky to have it."

"The design was summarized by my sister. The shape resembles the number eight, symbolizing infinity, and it's also an indicator of time. The circle represents the bezel of the watch."

"Uh-huh, and what time does it show?"

"It's 8:08 p.m."

I was surprised by the time mentioned. Jenpob cleared her throat, so I excused myself.

"Please excuse me."

"Of course."

Ong looked at me, wanting to say more, but Jenpob got in the way. The Intuorn bodyguard just watched me without suspicion as I spoke to another executive from the handbag factory.

"She's waiting in the bathroom."

Jenpob walked me to the hotel bathroom. When I entered, she's touching up her makeup and smiling at me.

"Are you done arguing?" I asked.

"Yes, everything went well. Now, I'm going to be the CEO of my own handbag brand."

"Congratulations."

"Oh, today is such a good day."

Intuorn said, covering her face, looking like she's about to cry.

"I suddenly feel like a real person. I never thought I could do something like this."

"You can do it, In. You just never tried to do anything serious before."

"If it weren't for you, I would still be the same. Dad said he would help promote you completely."

"With good support, there's nothing to be afraid of."

"And good moral support... Come here."

"Yes?"

"Give me a hug."

I was stunned by the direct request and looked around to see if there is anyone in the bathroom. But Intuorn didn't care. When she sees that I wasn't moving, she came over and hugged me.

Ba-dum...

The heartbeat of the person in front of me echoed in my chest, making me smile at her shoulder, where she couldn't see.

"I hope everything goes well, I'm rooting for you."

"Lay"

"Yes?"

"Will you be my girlfriend?"

"What?"

"Will you be my girlfriend?"

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BA-DUM...

BA-DUM...

BA-DUM, BA-DUM, BA-DUM...

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The loud beating of my heart made me frown a little because it wasn't Intuorn's or anyone else's in the world. I could only hear her thoughts. I took a step back and turned to see Teacher Renu walking into the bathroom, probably listening to our conversation.

It was indeed Teacher Renu's heartbeat.

"Excuse me, are you discussing something important?"

"No, please go ahead, Miss Renu."

Intuorn said, scratching her head awkwardly and pretending to wash her hands.

"Let's go."

"Okay."

I walked past Teacher Renu, pretending not to know her. Before we parted ways, Teacher Renu lightly touched me with the back of her hand, sending a jolt through my body and making me clutch my chest.

I felt guilty... Why did I feel guilty?

"What's wrong?"

Intuorn asked with a smile, misinterpreting my strange behavior as excitement at being asked to be her girlfriend.

"I...um..."

"Take your time. Take your time. Tell me when you're ready."

The sweet-faced girl, too shy to face me, raised her hand in a restraining gesture.

"I'll go ahead. I'm too embarrassed to face you right now. Lay, follow behind."

"Okay."

I watched Intuorn walk ahead, counted to ten, and then followed at a distance. As I was thinking about many things, a message notification interrupted my thoughts.

Renu:

Let's watch a movie tonight.

Huh?

I almost rubbed my eyes, thinking I had misinterpreted it, but I knew I hadn't. I just didn't expect the beautiful person who hadn't spoken to me much in the past few days to send such a message.

And it wasn't the number that called me every night at 8:08 P.M. But she had added me on LINE. She must have gotten my number when I left it.

LayOut:

Did you send this to the wrong person?

I sent a message to confirm, feeling a little guilty because it seemed rude.

Renu:

I'll be waiting in front of your house at 10 P.M.

Renu:

I'll wait until you come out.

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□39. Date□

It's already nine thirty...

I kept looking at the clock on the wall, feeling nervous. I wasn't sure how serious Teacher Renu's message about inviting me to a movie. Ever since I got back from the meeting, I've been pacing around the house, noticing how tight the security. If I had to go out, where would I go?

Not that I really wanted to go, just...preparing myself in advance.

As I sit on the bed, hugging my knees and biting my nails in worry, a knock on the door startled me. Intuorn appeared, looking quite uncomfortable.

"Lay."

"In"

I looked at the clock again. It wasn't time for the spoiled young lady to be visiting.

"I'm not feeling well."

"What's wrong? You're too quiet today."

The cute girl come over and sit down next to me. I had to let go of my knees and sit more comfortably.

"You're probably overthinking what I said in the bathroom today, right?"

No way... I hadn't even thought about that.

"Not really."

"I think I was just really happy at that moment. The adrenaline was pumping. I looked it up online and found out that when you are really happy or really sad, you shouldn't make decisions because it's driven by emotions. And I asked you to be..."

"..."

"My girlfriend."

I didn't say anything, I just sit there in silence, letting Intuorn continue talking.

"It must be weird for you, since you've always believed that men should be with women. And I've had a boyfriend before. Suddenly asking you to be my girlfriend must be weird and very hasty."

"Don't overthink it, In. I haven't been quiet; it's just that you're in the big house, and I live here, so we don't talk much."

I looked at the clock again. The minute hand was approaching ten, which was the time I agreed with Teacher Renu.

"Are you really not overthinking it?"

"No, I'm not. It's just love. Nowadays, a lot of women date each other, it's not weird. It's just liking someone."

"Surprisingly, you understand things more easily than I thought."

Suddenly, I thought of Teacher Renu, of her scent, as she leaned over to unbuckle my seatbelt and smiled shyly. Then I realized I was talking to Intuorn. Damn, why did I think of the other person?

"It's almost ten. I think you should go to bed. It's hot in here."

"It's hot. How can you sleep here? Normally, on the farm, you sleep with me in the air-conditioned room. I'll install an air-conditioner tomorrow."

"That's not necessary."

"Yeah, in case I get lonely and want to bring my pillow to sleep here."

"Uh..."

"See you tomorrow, Lay."

"Yeah."

I watched Intuorn leave with my heart pounding. But she stand in the doorway, looking like she wanted to say something. I could see she was thinking about inviting me...

"Do you want to go see a movie tomorrow? A new blockbuster."

"Are you free, In?"

"I'm free now. If I have to work on packing, I won't be."

"Okay, let's watch a movie."

"Before we start a relationship, we should go on a date first, right?"

"Is it a date?"

"Yes."

"..."

"Are you really going even though I said that?"

I shyly nodded.

"If I'm invited, I have to go. Have you ever seen me turn you down?"

"Great, let's go on a date tomorrow!"

Intuorn smiled before running off, embarrassed. After she left, I quickly checked the time again, making sure no one see me. Then, I sneaked out of the room, run to the wall I had explored earlier, and jumped down.

Thud!

The wall was high, so I had to climb down from a tree to avoid getting hurt. As soon as I landed, I see Teacher Renu's European car waiting not far away.

She did come, but she didn't send a message or any signal.

Knock, knock

I knocked on the driver's side window to get Teacher Renu's attention. She unlocked the car and gestured for me to sit on the other side instead of rolling down the window to talk, almost forcing me to get in.

"Fasten your seatbelt."

We didn't talk much. I complied, even though I felt something was wrong. I wanted to get to know her, but I didn't want to be in a situation where I had to follow orders without knowing anything.

"Are you usually this bossy?"

"Hmm?"

Teacher Renu, driving, looked confused and looked at me.

"What do you mean?"

"You text me to a movie at ten, and you didn't wait for me to agree."

"Because I knew you would go out."

"What if I didn't go out tonight? Would you wait all night?"

"Yes."

“...”

"I would wait all night."

Her answer left me stunned. Initially, I was a little irritated at being forced, but seeing her determination made me feel inexplicably soft-hearted. My heart even raced a little, knowing that someone was waiting for me like this.

"Why did you suddenly invite me to a movie?"

"I saw that a new movie was coming out. I was looking for an opportunity to invite you, but the movie hadn't come out yet."

The sweet-faced woman looked at me with a smile.

"I was trying to think of activities we could do together. I've never done anything like that."

"You mean watching a movie?"

"Yes, I don't have much entertainment in my life. Then, all of a sudden, I realized... I had to do something."

Ba-dum...

Teacher Renu's heartbeat is loud and strong. I couldn't guess what she's thinking, but when she said, "I had to do something," her heartbeat visibly increased.

"We met again by chance today," I said, recalling today's events.

"I never thought the executive In was contacting would be you. When I heard she had a PhD, I thought she would be a woman in her fifties."

"How did you feel when you saw it was me?"

"I'm surprised, shocked, and impressed. I always thought you were just a teacher, so it was surprising to find out that you were a big executive. I

spoke to Ong today. He said you were the one who instructed the artist to design the bag I have."

"When did you two talk? Why does he talk to you more than me?"

When she said that, I felt a little irritated, but it wasn't anything serious.

"Then I remembered that you said that this bag's design wasn't for sale, it was just for display."

I took out my wallet to show off.

"Ong said that if this brand becomes famous, the price will skyrocket. It's very limited."

"You can't sell it. There are only two in the world."

"Hmm?"

Teacher Renu took something out of her bag and showed me a wallet. It was the same design as mine. She held one in her left hand and the other in her right, as if to compare.

"Do you have one too?"

"Yes."

"Why eight minutes past eight?"

The direct question made her stop, and I immediately answered.

"Are you the one who calls me every day at eight minutes past eight?"

"Yes."

The direct answer made me look at her with interest.

"Why do you call and say nothing? Sometimes it scares me."

"Are you still scared?"

"I figured it was probably you, so I'm not scared. But I wanted to ask you directly why you called at that time and used a strange number. You told me once, that you call me every day, even even when my phone is off, and always at eight o'clock."

"Good memory."

She smiled satisfactorily.

"Someone once said that if you do something for twenty-one days in a row, it becomes a habit. I've been calling you like that ever since you disappeared, which is more than twenty-one days."

"Uh-huh."

"When we met, I thought I had to make a habit of calling you every day. It's been almost twenty-one days now."

"And what will that achieve? Calling and not saying anything?"

"At least you asked, right, Jom? Now you know it's me who's calling. When I don't call, you start to worry and wonder where I am."

The more I listen, the more confused I get. But I'll try to understand. I looked at her wallet and then at mine, returning to the original topic.

"We both have the same wallet. If we take them to pay together, people will think we're a couple. But we're just a teacher and a student who are very close."

As soon as I finished speaking, the atmosphere between us changed. Suddenly, Teacher Renu silently put away her wallet. I licked my lips, not knowing what to do next.

Can someone really make the atmosphere so awkward?

Did I say something wrong?"

"Watching a movie late at night is nice. Easy to find a parking spot.

That was the first sentence Teacher Renu said after a long silence. The movie we came to see was coming out today, and despite the late hour, there were still a lot of people.

"But I think it's a little late. Next time, let's choose a time that's not so late, okay?"

"So, will there be a next time?"

It seemed like I had managed to bring back the beautiful teacher's smile once again. Every time I see her smile, my heart would light up in a way I couldn't explain. From now on, I would try not to say anything that might upset her, because her smile made the world a better place.

Teacher Renu had reserved a couple of sofa seats in the back row. We didn't buy any snacks because we were afraid we'd get thirsty and have to get up during the movie. But sitting next to her made me a little tense, worried that my arms or legs might accidentally touch her. We weren't close enough for that kind of contact yet.

Although I had already seen a lot when the towel slipped!

Movie ads started playing in the theater, waiting for people to sit down. The charming teacher hugged herself a little and curled up adorably.

"It's so cold. I forgot to bring a blanket."

"What should we do?"

"I don't know."

I rolled my eyes a little and reached out to hold her hand tightly.

"I'm not trying to be inappropriate, but my hands are still warm. They could help a little."

"You've become so polite. Now you're afraid to touch me."

She laughed and walked closer to me.

"Since you're playing hard to get, I'll be the one to approach you."

"Huh?"

"It's cold. Let me cuddle."

She did exactly as she said, leaving me sitting stiffly, unsure of what to do. She pressed herself against me, resting her head on my shoulder as if she's leaning on me. I was worried that my shoulder might be too sharp and hurt her, so I adjusted myself a little to make it easier for her to lean on me. Meanwhile, our hands were still holding each other.

Were we this close when she was my teacher? Why didn't I feel the normal respect a student has for their teacher?

"I'm so sleepy."

She whispered, making me laugh as we chatted quietly while the commercials continued.

"I might sleep during the movie."

"You must be really tired today. You had to go to a meeting and still found time to take me to see a movie."

"I'm a terrible date."

I stayed silent, looking at her, trying to understand. Did she just say 'date'?

"Next time, we'll watch a movie at my place. If we get sleepy, we can sleep in bed. Oh, and I said I'd invite you to cook together. I should buy some cookbooks."

"..."

"Why so quiet? Don't you want to come?"

She tilted her head to look at me, and I shook my head slightly, smiling.

"No, I'm just a little confused about our relationship."

"Confused about what?"

"Is this a date?"

The beautiful teacher didn't answer; she just rubbed her head on my shoulder as if she was finding a comfortable place to sleep.

"I won't tell you. Stay tuned for the next episode."

"Why do you always make me curious, Teacher?"

"Because the more curious you are, the more you'll want to see me."

She tilted her head and smiles at me.

"And now you call me Teacher instead of Renu."

I hadn't realized I was doing it, so I just smiled shyly, unsure of what to say until she spoke again.

"Oh, I'm free the day after tomorrow. Make some time for me. Come to my place."

I immediately felt alert because it seemed so sudden. I hadn't thought before about how to explain to Intuorn if I went out alone.

"What if Jom can't come? She pulled away and smiled."

"You can go eventually, because just now, you were so excited to be alone with me that you even referred to yourself by the wrong name."

She said playfully, biting my shoulder.

"Come to my place, and I'll tell you..."

"...."

"What we've done together.

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□40. More than□

"The movie was fun, huh?"

Intuon said as we sat down to eat after the movie ended. I only agreed because I had already seen it with Teacher Renu. Besides... I dozed off several times during the movie because I didn't get home until after 2 AM last night. And then I had to figure out how to sneak back in. Honestly, it was one of the hardest times I've ever had to live.

But there was also an inexplicable thrill in sneaking around doing this and that.

"Why do you look so tired today, Lay? Are you feeling sick?"

"Probably not getting enough sleep."

"Why didn't you get enough sleep?"

"When I came to talk to you last night, you went to bed right away, didn't you?"

So observant.

I forced a small smile and made up a lie.

"I couldn't sleep well. I suddenly had a throbbing headache last night. It was about 2 AM before I could actually sleep."

"Do you have a fever?"

The lovely young lady reached out to place her hand on my forehead and then compared it with hers.

"You're not hot."

I'm feeling better now. I was sick last night, and now I'm just tired from lack of sleep. I even dozed off a bit at the movies.

"And you said the movie was fun. You lied to my face."

Intuorn pouted.

"It's okay. We'll make up for it next time. At least we've started."

"Yes."

I smiled at her. As we ate, the young lady with perpetually smiling eyes suddenly looked a little startled.

"Isn't that Miss Renu?"

"What!?"

I jumped as if that name was a sharp object stuck in me, almost making me stand up. When I turned to look, I see the stunning teacher I had just gone out with last night walking alongside a handsome, distinguished man.

Intuorn hesitated about greeting her, but decided to call out to the teacher and smile.

"Ms. Renu, hello! What a small world."

Since the restaurant we were in was an open space, Teacher Renu turned to us immediately, looking equally surprised.

"Hello, Ms. Intuorn..."

The beautiful woman glances at me briefly, pretending not to recognize me, acting as if she's trying to remember my name.

"This is Lay..."

Intuorn paused, thinking about how to introduce myself.

"She is my friend who came to the meeting yesterday but didn't join us."

"I see."

"What brings you here, Ms. Renu?"

"I'm here to explore the market and see what customers are interested in right now and buy some books."

"What kind of books?"

"Cookbooks. I'm planning to practice cooking tomorrow. By the way, are you here just to eat, Miss Intuorn?"

Even though I couldn't read the teacher's mind, it's not hard to guess that she's indirectly asking through me what we're doing here alone.

"We came to watch a movie. It just came out, so I dragged Lay to watch it. It was really fun. You should watch it."

"If you mean the hero movie that just came out, I watched it yesterday."

"Wow, you're so modern... Well, I won't bother you anymore."

"Where are you going now?"

Teacher Renu wasn't letting the conversation end easily. I stayed silent because I didn't know what to do. It would be awkward to talk too much when we supposedly didn't know each other.

"We're probably heading back. Lay said she didn't sleep well and isn't feeling well. It's a shame because the movie was fun."

Intuorn pouted.

"What a messy date."

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Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

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I could clearly hear Teacher Renu's heartbeat. I rolled my eyes, not knowing what to do, so I laughed to cover it up.

"What date, In? Ms. Re might have misunderstood."

"You're so shy, but so cute."

The young and pretty lady reached out to playfully pinch my cheek and smiles at Teacher Renu.

"You get it, right, Ms. Re? Nowadays, girls can date each other too. Lay likes to make things difficult. Ah, it's confusing. This is Ms. Re, and this is Lay. Why do the names have to be so similar?"

"That's right. Our names are quite similar. Who gave you the name?"

Teacher Renu asked me, smiling mischievously as if she's joking, even though she know my real name.

"Probably my mother."

I laughed to cover it up.

"Let's not talk about me. There's nothing interesting."

"It's interesting. I'm interested."

The beautiful woman continued to tease me, while Intuorn didn't realize that she was paying close attention to me.

"Come to think of it, it's quite a coincidence with her name, Renu... Back at the farm, Lay had a mare named Renu too."

At this point, I raised my hand to cover my face, not knowing how to face the owner of the name.

"Why did she give it that name?"

"She said she wanted to have a pet with a similar name. If I remember correctly, it seemed more connected. Right, Lay?"

"Uh..."

I was speechless. Intuorn continued, amused.

"She loves riding horses. If she can't think of anything to do, she rides Renu. Seeing the horse makes me jealous."

"Intuorn..."

The phrase "ride Renu" made me a little embarrassed, but Intuorn didn't seem to notice and emphasized the meaning even more.

"I want to be a horse for you to ride too. Actually, I don't need to be a horse; you can ride me too. Yah!"

"Intuorn!!"

I raised my hand to cover my face, feeling my face heat up with the blood rushing to it. Intuorn laughed as Teacher Renu's heartbeat was high as if she's displeased, but she controlled her emotions and expression well.

"But in the end, Lay prefers to ride Re."

The beautiful teacher spoke calmly before quickly smiling and adding,

"I mean, Renu, the horse."

Shortening it changes the meaning completely.

"But in Bangkok, there is no horse to ride like that..."

Intuorn winked at me.

"You'll have to ride me then. Hehe!"

"Intuorn, I feel like I'm going to faint."

"I won't tease anymore. Seeing Miss Renu participate makes it even more fun."

The rebellious young woman looked at the charming woman and smiled.

"Miss Renu, you're so fun to talk to. Any topic flows smoothly."

"Usually, I don't talk like that to anyone. I'm not very good at making conversation. I don't know why, but with Lay..."

Teacher Renu paused for a moment.

"It feels like we've known each other for a long time.

Why does she still mention it?

"Did I say something wrong?"

"Even if it's wrong, it's okay. I understand. Right, Lay?"

"My head hurts."

I quickly changed the subject and nudged Intuorn.

"Let's not bother you. Let's go back."

"Can you walk? You can ride me. Hehe!"

"In, ugh"

"Just kidding!"

Today, the ever-smiling girl was joking so much that she didn't even notice my nervousness. In the end, she probably felt sorry for me because I had a headache, so she politely ended the conversation with Teacher Renu.

"I've been talking for a long time. Your boyfriend must be waiting."

This time, I am the one who turn to face Teacher Renu in shock. The lovely woman look at the man she's with, but didn't correct her.

"Well, I'll take my leave... See you soon."

The phrase "see you soon" is directed at me before she walks away with the man. For a moment, I see Teacher Renu look at me as if she's teasing me. I couldn't describe how I felt, so I kept quiet and started to get genuinely irritated.

Only Intuorn was oblivious and kept talking.

"I thought she was single. But on the other hand, she's so beautiful and perfect. It's impossible for her to not have anyone. This guy must have a great profile."

The stubborn young lady analyzed seriously, because she loved to gossip.

"Don't you think?"

"Probably. Their cachets are the same."

What does 'cachet' mean? I've never heard that before.

I frowned, feeling like this situation had happened before, but I couldn't explain it. I just said that I had a headache, and the young lady finally stopped talking about it and took me back.

When we got to the room, I didn't go anywhere; I just lay on the bed staring at the ceiling, thinking about the teacher with that man.

Who is he?

And why didn't she look tired like me? We watched the movie until late, but she was still excited enough to go out. Hmph.

Renu:

Let's make something simple to eat tomorrow.

Renu:

I'm thinking of making a clear soup with tofu and ground pork.

The message from the person I was thinking about popped up on the screen. I quickly opened it and pouted as if she could see me.

'You already have someone to taste your food...'

No... I typed it and deleted it because it sounded too sarcastic. What's wrong with me?

LayOut:

I'm not sure if I can come see you. You don't have to wait for me.

After typing, I threw my phone away, feeling grumpy, as if she had appeared on the screen to comfort me. But why was I grumpy? I didn't even know why I was doing this.

Ding! Ding!

The messages kept coming. I tried hard not to look, but eventually I couldn't resist and picked up my phone to read it, feeling guilty.

Renu:

I'll wait.

Renu:

I have all the time in the world for you.

LayOut:

You seem to care so much about me. I'm afraid your man will feel neglected.

The other party read the message and then fell silent. My heart was pounding with anxiety, not knowing why the teacher suddenly stopped responding. Was she angry with me? Did I type something too childish?

Renu:

Do I mean anything to you, Jom?

Renu:

If I do, you'll come tomorrow.

It seemed like I had fallen into her trap. No matter how much we talked, I felt forced to go see her. In the end, I didn't respond; I just read the message and closed my eyes to sleep.

This time, however, I didn't feel angry.

The hardest part about leaving the house this time was finding an excuse to go out. It was impossible because Jenpob was always watching me, ready to catch any mistake. And Intuorn would never let me go anywhere without asking or without her.

So today, I managed to "sneak out" and turned off my phone so that no one could track me. As soon as Teacher Renu said she had arrived at the meeting point in the alley next door, I run to her and get into her car immediately.

Whatever will be, will be. I went to this point just to learn how to cook.

"You seem worried."

"Yes."

"What we are doing is not wrong, is it? Why can't Intuorn's family know about this?"

Since I hadn't fully explained how Intuorn and I met, it was hard to explain. If I told the truth, I'm sure Teacher Renu wouldn't tolerate it.

Teacher Renu and my family, who have always been there for me, would take it to the extreme if they knew what happened.

I didn't want things to get that bad. Intuorn and his family were not cruel; they did not sell me to a brothel or make me a worker. I lived like a king. Even though I was not a master, I was not a servant either. If I could remember a little of my past, I would silently say goodbye to Intuorn and return to my normal life. That is all.

"It may be a long story. When everything is more settled, I will tell you."

Meow

As I spoke, a cat's meow come from inside the car. Teacher Renu smiles a little and point to the bag in the back.

"Viramarati says hi to you. Talk to her."

I looked at the orange cat peeking its head out and felt a sense of affection. I reached out to hold it in my lap. Its thoughts seemed to include me, and from the images I saw, there were many moments we spent together.

Laughing.

Crying.

And this cat was very angry with me...

"What a cat"

I laughed as it acted indifferent.

"Did I treat you so fat?"

"Probably your mother. Adults don't listen when you tell them not to overfeed the cat."

"Mom..."

I wasn't very attached to that word.

"Tell me about my home, teacher."

"Sure, I'll tell you whatever you want to know."

We drove on the road for about thirty minutes before we reached our destination. The apartment complex where the teacher lived had a rule against bringing pets inside, so we had to sneak Viramarati in, which was exciting enough to give me a heart attack.

This atmosphere felt familiar, as if I had walked past people's hidden dogs or cats before.

"We walked past the security guard," she said as she used a key card to open the door and push it open.

"Exciting, right? This reminds me of seven years ago when we walked past your mother's hidden Viramarati."

"I don't remember, but it sounds nice."

"Feeling good is good enough."

She took the groceries to the kitchen and started cooking. As her assistant, my duty was to wash the vegetables and read the recipes to her.

Honestly, this sweet person seemed good at everything, but cooking... not so much.

"Wouldn't it be easier to buy food?"

"It would be, but there wouldn't be any good moments."

"Do we need moments?"

"Yes, since you don't remember anything, I need to create new ones. Honestly, even though we've known each other for a long time, I haven't

done much with you. Now that I have you back... I want to make the most of it."

I could hear a bit of sadness in her voice, so I didn't say anything else and continued helping. I actually found cooking fun, but it's funny to see her cutting vegetables into huge pieces.

And I was the one who had to eat them.

After more than an hour, the clear soup with tofu and ground pork that had made a mess in the kitchen was finally ready. Although it looked a little strange, it smelled appetizing. Teacher Renu watched me anxiously for feedback as I took a bite...

"It's not bad."

It's too salty... wow.

"Really...? What a relief. Eat a lot then."

"Next time, let's buy food so we have more time to talk or do things we like. It's hard for me to go out today. I don't know what I'll have to deal with when I get back."

Just thinking about it give me goosebumps. I had to make up an excuse to explain why I had turned off my phone and stayed away for so long.

"Doing things we like...?"

"What do you like to do, Teacher?"

I tried to swallow the salty rice soup and drank a lot of water to ease the taste. I felt like I was drowning in the sea, my throat burning.

"I like to have sex."

Pfft!!

And the salt water splash like a whale in Antarctica. I choked, tears streaming down my face, and waved for help as I apologized.

"*Cough, cough*.....sorry! Do you have any paper napkins? This is a mess."

"Surprise, huh?"

The charming person laughed and handed me tissues. Then she took a spoonful of soup and made a face like she had seen a ghost.

"How can you say this is delicious, Jom?"

"I like salty."

"This is too salty. It can destroy your kidneys. Next time, tell me straight if it doesn't taste good."

She seemed more upset that I hadn't told her the truth. She took the soup she had spent an hour making and threw it away. My coughing subsided, and I watched her stand, thinking, in front of the kitchen sink.

"Are you okay?"

"Just disappointed."

"Huh?"

"I should have done better to make you impressed..."

She is silent for a while and then begin to wash the dishes quietly. I watch her and try to cheer her up by changing the subject.

"Was that your boyfriend yesterday? That man?"

She pauses noticeably before continuing to wash the dishes.

"He almost went."

"What do you mean by almost?"

"He asked me to be his girlfriend, but I refused."

I stand up and walk slowly, feeling curious.

"Why did you refuse?"

"I like someone else better."

As soon as she finishes speaking, I hugging her from behind and bury my nose in her neck to inhale her scent. Teacher Renu tensed a little, then relaxed and took a deep breath.

"Is it me you like more?"

One of my hands caressed her belly. The mood took over, and I begin to caress her, knowing that I could. When she didn't resist, I became bolder, moving my hand to her chest and giving it a gentle squeeze. We both fell silent when we reached this point, and I realized I had gone too far.

Would she reject me?

If she did, she would probably pull away or do something.

When everything seemed to stop for a moment, Teacher Renu grabbed my hand and pulled it. My heart sank, and I felt a shiver run down my spine. The next moment would be awkward.

Damn, what do I do...?

"Yes"

The lovely person answer shortly and guide my hand under her blouse, then under her bra. Her heartbeat and what is inside fight against my hand, signaling that the fire in her body is igniting. Her slightly breathless voice drive me crazy, making me lose control.

"I like you more, Jom."

□□□□□□

□41. Excuses□

The gentle touch made me lose all my control. The faint scent of the beautiful person in front of me was irresistible, and I couldn't help but bury my face in her neck and cover her with kisses. I didn't forget to use my hands to squeeze and knead, hoping to make the teacher happy.

The heavy breathing of the person in front of me made me feel like I was about to explode. Approaching from behind like that felt awkward, so I had to turn her around and use my knee to spread her legs apart to get closer.

"Teacher... I really like you."

As I leaned in, hoping to taste the lips of someone my height, Teacher Renu gently pushed my chest and turned her face.

"Who are you?"

"What? What did you say?"

I was still confused, but I tried my best to go further. However, the teacher didn't let me do anything and kept asking frustrating questions.

"Who is standing in front of me right now?"

"Lay"

"Wrong answer. This is the end."

The lovely person looked at the clock on the wall and continued.

"It's getting late. I think you should go back soon and prepare the answer where you've been all day."

This wasn't a sign of playing hard to get because Teacher Renu responded with a smile and slowly pulled away from my touch, almost teasingly. I could only gape, still remembering how soft her body was.

Is this it?

"Teacher."

"Hmm?"

"Is it over?"

"It's over."

"But..."

But it seems like we didn't get anywhere. I didn't say it out loud, and I could only clench and unclench my fists in confusion. The sweet person smiled at my actions and adjusted her clothes as if she was completely at ease.

"I'll watch you go."

"So, what are we, you and I?"

I blurted out, feeling a mix of emotions. I was frustrated that she had deceived me and then walked away so easily. I could tell for sure that I was being deceived.

"Because, after all, we don't seem like just a normal teacher and student."

"I'm nothing to you."

"Oh..."

"But to Jom, I am."

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Ba-dum...

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We stared into each other's eyes for a long time as if I could penetrate her mind. I couldn't read her at all. She was a woman who made me curious about everything, and when I asked her directly, I got ambiguous answers that made me think more. If I wasn't sure of the answer, I went back and asked again.

Just like now.

"Were you and Jom dating?"

"No."

"Ah... I'm so confused."

Teacher Renu chuckled a little and picked up her bag, signaling for me to get ready to leave. Then she walked to the door.

"How could we be? You never asked."

"Oh..."

"I took that line straight from a movie, hehe."

I felt like she was laughing more easily now and seemed inexplicably happy. Maybe what happened earlier made everything clear, even if the answer was a little ambiguous.

"You're so adorable," I couldn't help but compliment. The person who was laughing paused for a moment and turned around, seemingly shy.

"Are you done? You're taking so long to pack."

"Before, you were rushing me to come. Now, you're rushing me to leave. So demanding."

I pouted in mock annoyance.

"Will you come see me again?"

I rolled my eyes playfully.

"I don't know. I'm going to sleep thinking about it."

Teacher Renu seems a little irritated and speak nonchalantly.

"If you don't want to, then don't come. Next time, I'll invite you to sleep over."

"What?"

"To watch a movie."

For a moment, I felt excited, and that made Teacher Renu smile.

"If the movie is good, I'll definitely come."

"Then it seems like we'll see each other more often. Go find a good excuse for them."

As she said, when I thought about it, my heart raced because I didn't know what excuse to use. As we ride in the car together, I looked out the window until I see a language school and had an idea.

"Teacher, can you stop here for a moment? I want to get a brochure."

"What for?"

I didn't say much because the sidewalk was painted red and white, and there was a clear no parking sign. So I quickly went out to get a brochure from the language school and ran back to the car, sighing loudly.

"Do you want to learn English?"

"No, I need an excuse to meet you."

I confessed.

"I'll ask them to let me study languages, but I'll use that time to sleep with you."

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Ba-dum...

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"I mean, sleep, watching movies. Wow... my heartbeat is so loud and clear."

I smiled, feeling victorious for teasing her a little.

Teacher Renu looked at me, a little irritated, but didn't say anything, then led me back to the alley where I had got into the car to avoid curious looks.

It's time to face reality. As soon as I entered the house, Intuorn, who had been pacing around waiting for me, run over with an angry voice.

"Where have you been?"

The harsh tone surprise me. Even though I had prepared myself for this situation, I am still surprise.

"I went for a walk."

"A walk? Do you know what time it is? Why did you do that?"

The clock read around 7:30 pm. Honestly, I had been out for a long time.

"I wanted to try going out by myself, to get used to it. You're going to be busy soon, so I need to find ways to help myself."

I tried to explain calmly, but Intuorn was not cooperating.

"And you had to turn off your phone? I bought it so we could stay in touch, not so you could turn it off!"

"It must have run out of battery. Why would I turn it off?"

"Stop being such a liar!"

Then, in a fit of rage, she shouted a hurtful insult that I had never heard before. Even Intuorn herself seemed shocked by her words. I stand there, genuinely angry at the lack of respect, but I didn't want to argue loudly because I was just a guest. So, I chose to leave.

"Please excuse me."

"We're not done yet!"

As soon as Intuorn grabbed my hand, I shook it off, losing my temper. I looked back defiantly.

"I'm mature. Sometimes I want to go out alone. Staying at home all the time makes me feel useless. I don't know what my role is in this house. I'm not a servant and I'm far from family. Losing my memory is bad enough. Don't take away the privacy I should have."

"This is your fault. You disappeared!"

"Yes, I'm wrong, and I'm sorry. The battery died, so I couldn't be found. Today, I went to Sampeng to wander around and buy things to sell online like you do."

"You could have told me, and we could have gone together."

"Going with you is tiring!"

I almost said annoying, but that sounded too harsh because I am angry and may regret it later.

"Tiring? How?"

"I want to choose things by myself, walk around the shops by myself without stopping. When I go with you, I never get to look at the things I want. Intuorn, we weren't this close before. Let's keep it that way."

"Lay! Stop right now. We're not done yet."

I went back to my room and locked the door immediately, letting out a big sigh. I was really angry earlier, so I said things that hurt Intuorn, even though I knew I was wrong.

Damn... Everything I said today was a lie. Why can't I tell her the truth about the meeting with Teacher Renu?

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Knock, knock, knock

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The knock on the door made me look back, still not completely free of my frustration. At first, I thought it was Intuorn coming to argue, but when I opened the door, I found Jenpob standing there, arms crossed, staring at me suspiciously.

'I know you're lying.'

His thoughts are clear, and since he's right, I crossed my arms defensively, even though I didn't want to.

"What's wrong? I was about to take a shower."

"What you did today only confirms that you're not innocent,"

He said, pointing two fingers at his eyes and then at mine.

"From now on, I'll keep an even closer eye on you. I won't let Miss Intuorn be in danger."

"Seriously, am I that dangerous to you and Intuorn?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"You don't need to know."

"In terms of my memory loss, right?"

We stared at each other intensely, and finally, Jenpob was the first to back away.

"I just came to let you know to be careful. Today, you said you were going to Sampeng. I'll keep an eye on where you go next."

Then he left, leaving me with the feeling that I had a skeleton in the closet.

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8:08 PM

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My phone ring at the right time. I am so stressed out that Teacher Renu calling, so I answer and smile, even though she couldn't see it.

"Right on time."

[How are you? Did you manage?]

"It was a little complicated, but manageable. Did you call because you were worried or something?"

[I wanted to know if the liar has been caught yet.]

"And who do you think I lied to?"

[Honestly, Jom, you didn't have to lie. This isn't your life. I think you should consider going back to your own family.]

"Give me a little more time. Jom just got used to you."

[True... haha]

Her laugh made me smile.

"What?"

[It seems like you're getting used to the name Jom. You've been referring to yourself a lot today.]

Hearing that, I touched my mouth lightly, realizing that it had slipped, so I teased her a little.

"I need to get used to it, just in case I need to do something."

[What do you want to do?]

"What can I do?"

[You don't know how good you are at doing things... Don't worry, I have to go.]

"Wait."

[Hmm?]

"When will we meet again?"

I asked shyly, my mind replaying the scene in the kitchen over and over again, unable to deny that I was looking forward to our next meeting.

[Do you want to meet soon? You're impatient, aren't you? The point is, when you can get out of there, we'll meet.]

"And will it fit in with your free time?"

[It won't, but I'll make time for you.]

I didn't know what this feeling, but inside, I felt like a balloon being filled with air. All night, I stared at my hands, tossing and turning in bed, feeling embarrassed.

It was unbelievable that we had such an unusual relationship. Back when I was Jom... how far would things go with the teacher?

But before I thought about it, I had already planned how to sneak out of this house. The next morning, I went to see Mr. Anek and asked for what he had promised. Then I handed him a brochure from the language school.

"I want to study languages here."

Intuorn's father glances at the brochure briefly and nod as if it's no big deal.

"Of course, you're bored of being idle, right?"

"Yes."

I didn't explain much, but it seemed like he was aware of the feud between me and his daughter. As I said, the people in this house felt a lot of guilt towards me, so whatever I asked for wasn't too hard to get. This tutorial class was no exception. I dared to ask because I knew I could get it.

It was the right of someone whose past life was stolen... Compared to that, this was a small request.

Of course... they didn't know I knew about it.

"Sure, go ahead and sign up."

"Thank you very much."

I bowed in gratitude and about to leave when he called me back.

"Please go talk to In."

"Huh?"

"She cried a lot. She was very upset about the fight and worried when she couldn't talk to you, fearing that something might have happened. Friends shouldn't fight over such trivial matters."

"Okay."

I acknowledged and left the senior man's office, looking at Intuorn's room at the end of the hall. I rarely came here because it seemed too grand and it wasn't my place. Mostly, she came to my room.

Yesterday, we had a serious fight. I admit that I said hurtful things. I lied because I was afraid that if Intuorn knew the truth, she would be hurt. What I had planned to happen gently could turn violent, and we might not even remain friends.

I couldn't go home... I didn't remember anyone. My memories were gone, along with the bonds I had. Now, I was alone in this world. If my family knew what had happened, it would be so serious that Intuorn and I might become permanent enemies.

There was no good way out. If I had a family, I wouldn't be part of Intuom's life. If I stayed with her, I wouldn't have my own life and I wouldn't see the teacher...

What I feared most, that if this family found out, it would be difficult for me to see the teacher, or we might get separated right after we met.

Yes... I was most afraid of that. I didn't know why I felt this way.

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Knock, knock

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I knocked twice and waited for an answer, but it's silent. Finally, I had to shout to let her know it's me.

"In, I'm here to apologize."

"..."

"Let's dance."

Not knowing what to say to make up, I used that phrase as usual. But the room remained silent. I was about to give up and leave, but I decided to open the door a little.

Creak..

As soon as the door opened, Intuorn, who seemed to be waiting, started crying and looked at me.

"Do you think just saying sorry will make things better?"

"Wow, you look terrible."

"Waah."

The drama queen cried pitifully. Not knowing what to do, I hugged her to comfort her. Even though she pushed me away, her mind screamed at me to hold on.

"It was my fault. I said hurtful things yesterday... But you have to admit, you were really mean yesterday."

"What!?"

The crybaby snapped as I spoke bluntly. Her sobs almost swallowed her sadness.

"You called me a liar."

"..."

"Then I got mad. It was hard."

"Because you lied. You said your battery died."

"It really did."

"I don't believe you."

"Then I don't know what to say. I want to make things clear. I didn't apologize completely because I want you to know that you were wrong too. But I don't want to fight with you."

"You said you came to apologize. What is this?"

Raised to never be guilty, she couldn't handle my words, but she listened.

"Now you go everywhere alone, without me."

"Let me do things on my own. What if one day I don't have you?"

"Why wouldn't you have me?"

"Only hypothetically. Having you makes me dependent. And if one day you don't have me, you won't feel needy."

"Why do you talk like you're saying goodbye?"

Intuon speak fearfully, making me shake my head.

"No, just speaking hypothetically. Nothing is certain. We don't know the future."

"I know the future. You'll always have me."

This time, Intuon hugging me.

"And I'll always have you."

"In..."

"Then tell me where you went yesterday. I won't get mad."

Suddenly, she changed the subject, ready to listen.

"You're not going to call me a liar again?"

"Tell me first. Believe it or not, we'll see."

Finally, Intuon listened and believed everything I said. I hoped we wouldn't fight again. Intuon didn't want to argue, so she didn't object. Although skeptical about the battery, she let it go.

So I could find an excuse for the day spent with Teacher Renu.

This day too...

After clearing things up, I could leave freely. Everyone believed I was going to the language school, since no one knew I was going to the teacher's apartment.

"Finally, you could find an excuse to see me."

As soon as Teacher Renu opened the door and invited me in, I run to her, having held back for so long. She let me touch her here and there, stepping back slightly so she wouldn't seem too easy, but not too hard to catch, like baiting a fish.

"Yes, and from now on, nothing will come between you and me."

□□□□□□

□42.I love you□

I had been seeing Teacher Renu more often lately. I had classes about three days a week, so I spent those days with her and doing various activities. Sometimes we would go out to eat at a mall far enough away that no one we knew would see us. We would browse books, play cards, and talk about random things. But what I loved the most was when we were alone in her room.

"Why is Doraemon blue?"

"I think I read somewhere that he cried because a mouse bit his ear, and his tears turned his yellow body blue."

"Where did you read that?"

"From In's comic book."

"..."

Every time I mentioned another woman, Teacher Renu would change the vibe around us to something scary, like we were in a haunted house. From what I observed, she was a rational person. When she got angry, she acted like an adult, without yelling.

But she was insanely jealous. It's like if she wanted to be the one person most important to me.

Maybe I talk about Intuorn too much...

"Do you want to eat the noodles? The smell has been teasing my nose for a while now."

"Sure."

Sensing her bad mood, I got up and went to the kitchen, unpacking the noodles and putting them in bowls.

"Where do you keep the chopsticks?"

I asked as I rummaged through the drawers. When I opened the built-in cabinet above, I saw several bottles of alcohol, many of them half empty.

"In the lower cabinet."

Teacher Renu, knowing I had seen the bottles, reached over to close the upper cabinet and pulled out the lower drawer, handing me the chopsticks without saying a word. We both fell silent. My mind was more occupied with what I had just discovered.

"Did you drink, Teacher?"

"Sometimes."

But from what I saw, it's more than just sometimes.

"Only when I'm stressed about work. Don't worry about it."

"Are you still drinking lately?"

"Not anymore."

The sweet-faced teacher tied her hair up.

"I'm hungry. Let's eat."

We sat down at the table, just the two of us, and started eating. I was still curious about the bottles of champagne liquor, but I didn't say anything. Just as I was about to take a bite, I saw her chopsticks snatch a meatball from my bowl. Huh?

I looked at her, who was eating the meatball from my bowl, even though there was plenty in hers. When I tried to eat one too, she took it again.

"Teacher."

The sweet-faced teacher smiled as she chewed.

"Hmm?"

"If you like meatballs so much, you can have my whole bowl."

I pushed my bowl toward her and propped my chin on my hand, smiling.

"If you like them so much, you should have ordered meatball soup."

"Are you mad?"

"No, why would I be mad?"

"I took them to annoy you."

"What?"

"I thought if I took meatballs from you, you would get mad."

"Do you want me to get mad?"

"Isn't that what couples do? They tease each other like that."

Teacher Renu frowned, looking confused.

Did I do something wrong?

How adorable...

I smiled and laughed a little.

"That's cute, teasing me to make me mad."

"I thought you would like it. You once said you wanted to do silly things like that..."

"Did I say that?"

I nodded, unable to remember. Seeing her sad face, I quickly wrinkled my nose.

"But it's annoying. You have a lot in your bowl."

Then I pulled her bowl towards me and took some meatballs.

"Then take my bowl. I'll take yours, even though I don't like those wide rice noodles."

"No, my bowl is still mine."

"And mine?"

"Mine too."

"What? That's not fair."

We fought like a couple, just like Teacher Renu wanted. I didn't really care about the meatballs. I just wanted to make her smile because I felt like I was partly responsible for those bottles of alcohol in her locker.

I felt terrible...

"Jom, take this."

Teacher Renu handed me a key card to her apartment.

"So, if you get here before me, you can come in without waiting downstairs."

"Oh... okay. And if I go upstairs, can I turn on the air conditioning and sleep?"

"Better yet, you can take off your clothes and wait."

"Ah!"

I put my hand to my cheek. The sweet-faced teacher laughed, pleased that she had teased me, then reached out to playfully poke my nose.

"Just kidding."

"I almost did that!"

I squirmed in mild embarrassment and then turned serious.

"Teacher, we've wasted enough time today."

"Uh-huh."

"Can we have some smush now?"

"Don't say things like that."

She frowned slightly, then stood up and walked to her room, reaching behind her to unhook her bra from under her blouse.

"You don't even have to ask."

That's why I'd rather stay in my room than go out on dates!

For the past three months, ever since I lost my memory, I've been bored. I haven't felt motivated to do anything every day. Having Intuorn in my life helped a little because we could argue verbally.

But with Teacher Renu, it was different.

I was addicted to her.

She was a new experience in my life that I couldn't explain. I couldn't tell what she was thinking. All I could hear was her heartbeat, and I had to

figure out what she was feeling from that.

I usually get bored easily. Maybe it's because I can read people's thoughts so well that I don't know what real excitement is. But Teacher Renu made my heart race. I felt like breaking all the rules in the world just to see her.

To touch her...

I even lied to Intuorn's family, even though I wasn't a natural liar. Just to see her face, hear her voice, and touch her.

It wasn't just sometimes...

But Teacher Renu never let me go too far. She let me touch her out of curiosity, but when it got too deep, she pushed me away and told me to leave.

No negotiations... If I wanted more, I just had to go back.

I could tell she wanted to pull me in as far as possible. She probably wanted the old Jao-Jom back, but she had to be strategic. She said the old me was still inside, she hadn't gone away. I was starting to wonder if the old Jao-Jom liked touching as much.

Almost to the point of obsession...

I'm so excited. Everything is starting to gain momentum.

Intuorn and I were in a van heading to Teacher Renu's leather factory. I was so excited because I was going to see the charming teacher, but I had to pretend I didn't know her. Doing things secretly is so much fun.

"Yeah."

The van arrived at the factory in a nearby province, not far from Bangkok. I heard that in addition to bags, they also made other leather goods, like belts and shoes. It was quite a large operation. We all got out of the van and looked around. Teacher Renu, dressed in a practical outfit, came out to greet

us. She wore a tight black shirt and white pants, with her long hair tied back, looking elegant.

"Welcome."

"Hello, Mrs. Renu. You look so nice today."

"Do you like it?"

"I like it."

Intuorn answered, although I knew the question was directed at me, standing not far away. I watched the beautiful teacher with pride. How can someone I spend so much time with be so talented?

"Today, I'll show you the production process and introduce you to different types of leather as options."

"Thank you." Intuorn smiled and grabbed my hand, pulling me to walk beside her.

"Pay attention. This is for our future."

Ba-dum...

Teacher Renu's heart skipped a beat for a moment, and she glared at us with displeasure. Others might not notice, but I, who had spent a lot of time with her, knew exactly what her grumpy face looked like. It sent a chill down my spine.

"What are you talking about, Intuorn?"

"I'll ask for your help too. You're studying languages, right? That's good. When our brand goes international, you can handle foreign contacts."

"Wow... Just because I'm studying a language doesn't mean I can speak it. I just started the course."

And to be honest, I had never attended a class, but I knew Intuorn was just trying to please me.

We walked around, watching the production process with interest. Teacher Renu's eyes never left us. I stood rigid, feeling like a statue, not knowing what to do, but nodding.

"What is that in English?"

"Bag."

"And what is the word for a woman's bag?"

"Purse."

"Oh, you're very good... How about 'leather goods?'"

"It's like handbags, backpacks, briefcases, wallets, and purses made of leather. Don't ask too much. I'm not good at languages. I can only handle a little..."

"If you're not good at languages, it probably means you're good at math. Mrs. Lay must be very good at numbers,"

Teacher Renu said with a smile at the two of us. Intuorn grimaced when she heard the word "math."

"Oh, but I can't handle that subject at all. Just seeing numbers makes me faint... So, if Lay is good at math, she can take care of the bill for us,"

Intuorn suggested.

"You trust her a lot, don't you?"

Teacher Renu commented.

"Yes, she is straightforward. She is even a fortune teller."

Intuorn said, remembering how I had made up a story about being a fortune teller on the farm.

"She is very accurate, Miss Renu. She could read the past of all the farm workers."

"Really? Can you read mine, then? How is Re's love life?"

Teacher Renu asked, extending her hand to me with a smile.

When she referred to herself as 'Re', I couldn't help but smile a little, feeling like we were the same. But still... I preferred to call her 'Teacher' because it sounded so kind.

"Go ahead, Lay. Show her what you've got. I've bragged about you enough."

Intuorn insisted.

I gave a weak smile to the smug young lady and wrinkled my nose a little at the person in front of me, who knew very well that I couldn't read anything about her, but still teased me. As soon as I reached out to hold her hand, I felt like an electric current went through both of us.

No, it was just that we hit it off easily.

"What do you want to know?"

I asked.

"Will I have a younger lover?"

She asked.

Hearing this, I smiled and shrugged.

I'm not sure. It's not very clear," I replied.

"Ah, a fortune teller who can't tell? That's not good," she teased.

"Well, if you never ask, how can she become your girlfriend... right?" I said.

We both smiled knowingly at each other and then fell silent. Intuorn looked back and forth between us, not quite understanding, and nudged me to get my attention.

"So, what's the verdict? Will she have a younger lover or not?" Intuorn pressed.

"I can't see anything, Intuorn. It's strange... maybe her fortune is sealed," I said.

"Oh no, that's embarrassing. I'm sorry, Miss Renu. Lay, why can't you suddenly read after I bragged so much?"

But Intuorn wasn't really upset and quickly pulled my hand, which was holding Professor Renu's, so we could go and look at other things together, as usual.

"Actually, Lay, you don't need to take language classes. Just learn from me. I speak English with you every day. I grew up in America, you know? My language skills are top-notch,"

Intuorn boasted.

"No wonder you can watch foreign movies without subtitles. I wish I could do that."

I said.

"The first step to learning a language is to listen to it a lot until it sounds familiar, then start reading and writing... Listen to my accent."

Intuorn said.

Then she began to speak English fluently, showing off. I nodded, genuinely impressed.

"Your accent is very good," I complimented.

"It has to come from your inner feelings, with confidence and attitude. I'll teach you how to speak. Let's start with something simple... Repeat after me," She instructed.

"Okay, I agreed."

"I love you." She said.

"..."

I hesitated.

"Come on, tell me... I love you."

Intuorn insisted, looking into my eyes, trying to provoke me to say it. If we were at home, I could have played along without thinking much, but with Teacher Renu standing nearby and my heart beating wildly, I could only open my mouth awkwardly.

"The pronunciation is very difficult. Can I practice first?" I asked.

"What's so difficult about it now? I can say it to you with inner confidence. It comes from within... Say it now." She insisted.

"But..." I hesitated.

"Say it!" She ordered.

"I..I love..." I stammered.

"Excuse me."

Teacher Renu said in a short, concise and cutting voice, making everyone in our group fall silent. Even Intuorn, who was teasing me, was surprised. The beautiful teacher left, leaving the manager to take over.

"Let's take a look at the leather goods section over there."

Then we all changed direction from watching the leather bleaching process to something else, while I stared at Professor Renu, not knowing what to do.

What should I do...

"Teacher." I shouted.

I excused myself to go to the bathroom and hurriedly ran through the factory looking for her. When I found that she was in her office, which was filled with piles of documents, I quietly entered and spoke softly.

"Aren't you afraid that Ms. Intuorn will suspect?"

Her sweet face asked. Then she left the room as if she didn't want to see me. She looked so angry that she couldn't even look at me.

"Where are you going? Talk to me first." I begged.

"I'm going to get some fresh air."

She replied.

"Are you angry because Intuorn made me say 'I love you'?" I asked.

"No."

"Then what's wrong?"

"Nothing" She insisted.

"If you stay mad for too long, I won't love you anymore."

I stopped walking and looked at her back as she continued to walk away. When she realized I wasn't following, she stopped, but didn't turn around.

"You probably don't love me anymore, Jonm. You can say 'I love you' to someone else so easily," she said.

"If I didn't care, would I be trying to make it up to you?"

I reached out and tugged at her shirt, speaking in a pleading tone.

"Don't be like that. It was just a joke. I always joke with Intuorn like that."

"Do you guys ever say 'I love you' to each other!?"

She raised her voice, something I had never heard before. Her breathing was heavy, as if she was furious, making me grimace.

"We don't usually say 'I love you', but we joke," I explained.

"She has feelings for you. You know that, right?" She asked.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Then why don't you reject her?"

She demanded.

"Because... if I reject her and she gets hurt, it wouldn't be good..."

I stammered.

Seeing me struggling to explain, Teacher Renu prepared to leave, unable to bear listening.

"Teacher!"

I reached out to grab the beautiful person, but she shook me off. Not knowing how to calm her down, I decided to hug her. She struggled a bit, but then stood still.

"I should have hugged you from the beginning."

I pulled away and smiled at her, but then I heard the thoughts of many people intruding on my mind, including... Intuorn.

I quickly focused to see the factory tour group I had left a few minutes ago standing still and watching us with interest, especially Intuorn, who was staring at us intently.

"What are you two doing?" She asked.

"She's reading my fortune. She said she didn't want to embarrass you, so she couldn't give up,"

Teacher Renu explained calmly.

"Right, Miss Lay?"

"Y-yes, I was reading her fortune,"

I stammered, looking at the beautiful teacher who had helped me, although the reason was a bit absurd. Her slight smile indicated some kind of victory. I looked at her and Intuorn, starting to analyze.

Did she know Intuorn was coming, so she let me hug her so she could see? No wonder she stood there without resisting.

"Do you have to hug each other for this?"

Intuorn asked.

Ms. Lay said that physical contact makes it clearer, so we had to hug each other, Teacher Renu explained. The more she talked, the more nonsense she threw at me.

"And what did she see in your fortune?"

Intuorn asked.

"Ms. Lay said..."

The charming teacher licked her lips lightly and slowly replied,

“I’ll find a younger lover with a similar name.”

□□□□□□

□43. Selfish□

"Miss Renu is strange, isn't she?"

Intuorn replied as we drive back together. Meanwhile, I sat in silence, feeling guilty, pretending not to notice anything, although my heart is pounding with anxiety.

"What do you mean?"

"She seems very interested in you. I've been thinking about everything that happened, the words, the looks she gives you. It's all very strange. "

The young rebel looked at me suspiciously, her mind full of doubts. Although her questions were directed at Renu, she was also suspicious of me, but she didn't express it.

'They must have met before... But when?'

"Maybe she just saw me always walking around you. I didn't see anything strange."

"Nothing strange, huh?"

Intuorn rested her chin on her hand and looked at me.

"You don't usually get involved with anyone. But since you insisted on reading her fortune like that, it made me think that maybe you two knew each other before."

"I met her around the same time as you."

"Really?"

"Really."

'You're lying.'

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

"Well, that might be true. You've never lied to me."

And with that, Intuorn ended the conversation and pretend to fall asleep. I stand there, biting my lip, feeling like it wouldn't be long before she found out that Teacher Renu and I knew each other. After that, she'd probably dig deeper to find out why.

Maybe my past was calling me to face it soon.

This means... we might not be together anymore, Intuorn.

Today was a terrible day for me. Not only did Intuorn act cold and suspicious about everything, but Teacher Renu also didn't call me, even though it's already 8:08 PM. Today is the first day the phone has gone dead, and it's driving me crazy.

Okay, I'll call her myself!

Rrr...

But she hung up without hesitation. I stared at the phone, gritting my teeth in frustration. If I could scream, I would, but I didn't want to alarm anyone in the house. Damn it! She'd made Intuorn suspicious, and now she was giving me the cold shoulder. I didn't even know what I did wrong!

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"Teacher."

As soon as she swiped her key card and opened the door, I, who had been waiting, couldn't contain myself any longer and asked immediately. The lovely woman avoided my calls and arrived late today, even though she knew it was our day to meet. She looked at me and raised an eyebrow.

"What's going on?"

"What do you mean by 'what's going on?'"

"You called me, so tell me what you need to say."

The woman, who had just come back from work, took off her hair tie and took her shirt out of her pants.

"Why are you mad at me? You didn't call at 8:08 p.m."

"I was busy with work. I must have forgot."

"Did you forgot?!"

I raised my voice, forgetting myself.

"You never forget. Why did you have to forget right on the day we kind of fought?"

"Were we fighting? I didn't even know."

The lovely woman continued to act clueless no matter how many questions I asked her, and I was losing my nerve.

"What right do you have to be mad at me when you were the one who complicated everything?"

I stand with my arms on my waist, breathing deeply, trying not to say anything harsh. Damn, were we close enough to fight now?

"Did you know Intuorn suspects us?"

"So what?"

Mentioning her name made the lovely woman immediately tense up, which I considered better than no reaction at all.

"If she's suspicious, it'll be harder for me to see you."

"Well. I really want you to go back to your old life."

The sweet woman didn't flinch, and I scratched my head, not knowing how to explain.

"It's not that simple, and you know it."

"What's so hard about going home to see your parents? Unless you don't want to go back because of Miss Intuorn!"

I swallowed hard...

I swallowed hard and bit my lip. Like I said, I was afraid that facing my past would feel empty. Aside from my own empty memories, those who once loved me would also be hurt. But more than that, I was worried about Intuorn's feelings. If I left her, she would be very lonely.

And I was afraid that she wouldn't be in my life anymore due to various reasons.

I was the one who was hit by a car, and Intuorn was the one who caused me and my family so much pain. If the day comes when we have to face the truth, will we still be able to be in each other's lives? I'm not sure.

How do I explain to Teacher Renu that I don't want things to get worse?

I want everyone to understand, give me time to learn about my past or feel connected to my family, not be an outsider. And Intuorn shouldn't suffer either.

Meanwhile, the beautiful woman sit down on the small couch and started watching Netflix. I didn't know what to do, so I decided to sit next to her

and cuddle up, trying to make peace.

"Annoying. Can you move? It's cramped."

But even though she told me not to move, I kept snuggling, rubbing my head against her shoulder like a cat seeking affection.

"I'm sorry I made you upset. Please don't be mad. I don't know what to do."

"Just fix it. It's not that hard. Go back to being Jom. Leave that family. What's so hard about that?"

"It's not that simple. I still can't remember anything. What if I go back and my parents treat me like you did when we first met?"

"..."

"You even said that I'm not yours, Jao-Jom."

Teacher Renu was surprised and stepped back, not wanting to admit it.

"Jom, get out of the way. It's annoying."

One of my hands slipped into her blouse, waiting for her to soften. Teacher Renu took a deep breath, trying to relax, but still pulled my hand away.

"Jom, stop."

"You never listen. I didn't mean that say I love Intuorn. If I didn't agree, it would be suspicious."

""And you think that Intuorn coming in and catching us hugging isn't suspicious?"

"It's completely different. Intuorn already suspects me. She thinks we met, but she can't figure out when."

"Then tell her that we've known each other for a long time. We liked each other even before she showed up. Let her know she's the nosy one!"

"And how should I tell her that?"

"There are so many reasons, unless you don't want to say... Leave now. Stop clinging!"

"Please talk to me, please. I'm trying to make amends."

I bit her shoulder and kissed her neck. Teacher Renu turned around and pushed my face back.

"This is your last warning."

"Don't be so cold. Give me a kiss!"

I lunged to kiss her cheek, but she pushed me away so hard that I lost my balance and fell off the couch with a thud. I landed on the floor, facing the TV, stunned. Everything went silent, like a radio going silent. Being rejected so harshly made me feel humiliated.

"Okay, I get it."

I quickly get up and grab my bag, ready to leave, but Teacher Renu, faster than me, grab my arm and turned me around in shock.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"That house isn't your house."

"It's mine. Intuorn's too."

I replied coldly and angrily.

"At least Intuorn never makes me feel worthless."

"Jom..."

"At least when I made mistakes and tried to make amends, she accepted my apologies because she knew getting angry wouldn't solve anything. But you... you make me feel worthless."

"..."

"When I was Jom, did you treat me like this? Did I go home and cry quietly, waiting for you to stop being angry?"

“...”

"Maybe being Lay is better than going back to being Jom."

I twisted my wrist out of her grip and was ready to leave, but she grabbed my waist and hugged me from behind.

"I'm sorry."

Ba-dum...

Her heartbeat was so loud that I froze. But seeing the situation, I got even angrier and pushed her hands away to face her.

"What is this? When I come closer, you push me away. When I try to leave, you pull me back. What do you think I am? Like, I got wrapped around your finger? Squeeze, and I die; let go, and I survive..."

Suddenly, I stopped, feeling as if this had happened before. The charming woman, seeing me stunned, pushed me against the nearby wall as if to trap me.

"No... I don't think you got wrapped around my finger. "

Teacher Renu leaned her forehead against mine, trying to explain calmly.

"I was very angry to see you with Miss Intuorn. You were laughing, smiling, looking like you could do anything for that woman, even say... 'I love you.'"

"You heard it yourself; it was just English practice."

"You know very well why she asked you to do this."

"..."

"I'm sorry. I'm trying to make it up to you."

How did the situation turn out this way? I could only roll my eyes, still confused about what had happened, but I had to admit that my heart softened so much that I forgot how angry I was.

"It's great that you're making it up to me... really great,"

I said sincerely and hugged her back. The lovely woman sighed a little, seemingly relieved.

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

"I'm still a little upset, but if you want me to be completely okay, you have to let me..."

"Let you do what?"

"If you let me kiss you, I'll stop being mad."

This negotiation made Teacher Renu raise an eyebrow and smile before leaning in, but I dodged it and stepped out of her loose embrace.

"You said you were going to kiss me."

"Yes,"

I said, sitting down on the couch and starting to browse Netflix. The teacher was still a little confused by my behavior when she came to sit next to me.

"I don't see any kissing. So, you're still mad."

"No, I just want to find a comfortable place to kiss you."

As soon as I got the chance, I threw myself on top of her, straddling her a little while the lovely woman leaned back on the couch, surprised by the position.

"Does it take too much effort just to kiss?"

I didn't say anything; I just started kissing her neck and slowly moving down, touching her here and there. At first, she seemed dreamy but insecure, until I knelt on the floor and unbuttoned her pants, making her realize immediately what was about to happen.

"No."

"Then I am leaving."

We stared at each other for a long time to see who would give in first. Teacher Renu saw that I was serious and sighed.

"It's... it's not right. I didn't want to go that far."

"We're already halfway through."

I took her hand from the crotch of her pants and unzipped them, pulling them down to her feet.

"No, kiss somewhere else. Ah..."

I didn't wait for her to refuse again because the more I hesitated, the more I seemed to make her feel insecure. I kissed the inside of her thigh, making her heart race.

The beautiful woman tensed even more when my mouth approached her intimate area. I gently caressed it with my fingers as if to reassure her that everything was okay, although I was afraid she might kick me away again.

"Let Jom get to know your body a little more."

I said my name as if referring to myself without realizing it, only realizing it after I said it. But it wasn't bad, and seeing that she didn't refuse, I lightly bit her panties, making her feel inside.

Sigh!

Teacher Renu shuddered, grabbing my hair tightly and closing her eyes to contain herself.

"Just kiss and stop... stop. mm..."

I used my fingers to pull away the fabric that covered her and lightly licked the area. The wetness, like ripe fruit, made me savor her without getting bored.

Teacher Renu tensed her legs and arms, looking like she wanted to push me away, but instead she pulled me closer, not knowing what to do.

"It's too much, Jom. It's too much..."

To make it more convenient, I pulled her tiny panties down to her ankles, to which she responded without any refusal, contrary to her words. Now, I could enjoy and savor her completely.

The more she moaned, the more confident I became.

The more she suffered, the more I felt victorious.

Finally, she used her hands to press my head down, letting it all go. As I pleased her, I asked her if she wanted anything more.

"Faster."

"I don't want to finish yet."

"Slow down... "

“ ... ”

"Eat it all."

Each command came out as if she had no meaning, driven purely by instinct.

"I love your taste."

"..."

Her body tensed, and she leaned back.

"I'm almost done, Jom. Move away, or it'll be a mess."

"It's okay. Let me eat you just once."

Her body responded honestly to her words, releasing everything as she reached her peak. Although it wasn't as much as I expected, it's enough to know that this is the release of the exquisite woman.

Now, Teacher Renu exhausted, like someone who had run a long distance, lying with her eyes closed, not knowing what to do.

"Damn, how did we get here?"

But I still couldn't stop. For some reason, I felt like I wasn't done. I kissed her all over before mounting her again and whispering in her ear, almost as if I were talking in my sleep.

"How is it?"

The charming woman's weak arms wrapped around me, slipping under my shirt.

"Do you want to know?"

“ ... ”

I didn't answer, too embarrassed. Suddenly, I was flipped over onto my back, with her on top of me.

"Then I'll make you feel what I felt before"

She said, slowly pulling down my pants until only my tiny panties were left, making me a little shy.

"It's too late to be shy now."

"This is my first time..."

"This isn't your first time."

She said, lifting my leg.

"Maybe I'll make you remember everything by doing this."

Sigh!

It seemed like today's I would broaden my horizons through her mouth!

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It seemed like we had made up. After our little fight, Teacher Renu invited me to eat a little before dropping me off at home, as usual. While I was sitting in the car, a message from Ong appeared. We hadn't talked in a while, probably because I was too busy with the teacher, making others less important in my life.

Jakkrapat:

It's almost your birthday. Where's the party?

LayOut:

Birthday? When's my birthday?

Jakkrapat:

Right, I forgot you're an idiot now.

LayOut:

I just can't remember, geez.

I pouted at my phone, and every move was under the watchful eyes of Teacher Renu.

'What's wrong?'

"Ong texted me asking where my birthday party would be. I don't even know when my birthday is. When I said I couldn't remember, Ong called me an idiot."

"What a smart mouth."

The beautiful woman laughed at her brother's teasing.

"Your birthday is really the day after tomorrow."

"How old am I?"

"Twenty-five."

"It's Benjapet.[1] I didn't believe in such things until it happened to me. Right?"

I waved at her, who was focused on the road.

"What were you like when you were twenty-five?"

"I ran away abroad. I was about to turn twenty-five."

"From who?"

"You... but you probably don't remember."

Teacher Renu laughed a little and gently played with my hair.

"When I got you back, you ran away again. It was hard for us to meet like that."

"And then you acted all grumpy, making me make it up to you."

"I'm starting to wonder who made up with who."

"But it was a good reconciliation."

I smiled and licked my lips intentionally for her to see. The lovely woman reached out and pushed my face up a little.

"Dirty"

"What are you getting me for my birthday?"

"I've already thought about it."

"Wow, you planned ahead."

I rubbed my hands together excitedly.

"Can you give me a hint?"

"You'll know when the time comes. Should I leave you here?"

Teacher Renu pointed to the usual spot, apparently wanting to change the subject.

"Hurry up and get out; it's getting dark. It's dangerous to stay out late."

"Humph, not a hint. See you later."

"See you later."

I got out of the car and waved goodbye. My mind still filled with our recent events, and I felt sad every time we parted.

This is getting pretty obsessive.

As I sighed and watched the taillights of the car, I was startled when someone cleared their throat, seeming to have been waiting for a while.

"It seems like this Uber car drops you off quite often."

Jenpob, who had been watching my every move, appeared from the shadows. I turned away, closing my eyes in surprise, but tried to maintain my composure before turning to face him with a straight face as if nothing had happened.

"Not that often. I just happened to get the same driver."

"Enough. The more you lie, the less trustworthy you are... How did you get close to Ms. Renu? When did you two meet?"

He investigated everything, knowing every detail about her

Teacher Renu, who was in business with Intuorn. I didn't know what to say, so I made up an excuse.

"We met by chance on the way. She wanted a fortune-telling.

"..."

"I liked her, and she liked me too."

"You and..."

"Ms. Renu and I."

Since I could read his mind and knew he didn't believe in such things, I finally decided to tell him the truth.

"With Renu? How did you two end up liking each other? What made you two fall in love for each other?"

Jenpob tried to understand the relationship between the two women who fell in love. But after a while, he decided to ignore it because it's not his business. His main focus is only Intuorn.

"But whatever, the point is that you didn't really go to tutoring. You met with her secretly."

"Yes."

"What made you decide to tell me the truth?"

"Because if I didn't, you would keep trying to get me. Besides, lying makes me feel guilty, so I just told you."

I shrugged, feeling like I had no other excuse.

"Aren't you afraid I'll tell Miss Intuorn?"

"I am, but there's nothing I can do. If it makes Intuorn kick me out of the house, so be it. I really am the one to blame."

I accepted my situation without any argument, but Jenpob understood it differently.

"Now that you have somewhere else to go, you think she doesn't matter anymore, huh? You're..."

'Terrible.'

At least Jenpob isn't too rude. Even though "terrible" isn't a bad word in the dictionary, saying that to an expensive little woman wouldn't be nice. So, he chose to remain silent and just laughed mockingly.

"But I can tell you won't tell Intuorn."

"Don't be so sure."

"None of us want to see her sad."

I said that and then walked away. Jenpob, who was following behind, asked one last question that made me stop in my tracks.

"How long do you plan to keep hiding like this? Until she catches you secretly meeting with Miss Renu?"

In fact, Intuorn already had suspicions about me. The fact that Jenpob knew about this meant that my situation would soon come to an abrupt end. It was just a question of whether it would end well or badly. I wanted it to end as peacefully as possible, with no one going to jail, my family not pressing charges, and Intuorn's father not being cruel and taking me away to be killed or hidden far away.

The ending to this story was what I feared, so I didn't have the heart to do anything.

"..."

I remained silent, causing Jenpob unable to contain his sincere concern for Intuorn.

"You're selfish. You love that one, but you keep another one around. You don't choose either side!"

His rebuke made me stop and look at Jenpob in shock. I had never seen myself like this before. I was too busy thinking that Intuorn would be hurt if she knew I had feelings for someone else, so I just kept her happy, even though it was all a lie.

"You are selfish!"

□□□□□□□□

1- Benjapet literally means the age of 25' and encompasses ages that end in five, such as 15, 25, 35, and so on. In Thailand, some people believe that

individuals within these age ranges may encounter misfortune or significant changes in life.

□44.Happy Birthday□

"Have you talked to In lately?"

Mrs. Kate asked with a slightly worried expression when she sees me about to leave for a tutoring class. I shake my head and give a dry smile. Thinking about it...Intuorn had been missing for a while. Normally, she would stop by my room to talk, but now she wasn't there anymore.

"Is she sick?"

"Lay, can you take a look on her? She doesn't let many people near her."

"I'll try."

Instead of leaving the house, I went back to the large mansion and went up to the second floor. Now, I stand in front of Intuorn's door, but I hesitate to do anything because I felt uncomfortable.

'You're selfish.'

Jenpob's words still echoed in my head from that day. Not making things clear was really selfish, and it seemed like I needed to do something about it.

"In, it's me, Lay."

The room is silent for a moment. I heard movement inside, but she didn't open the door; only her voice come out.

"What's wrong?"

"Are you feeling unwell? Your mother is worried about you, so she asked me to check on you."

"If she hadn't told you, you wouldn't have come, right?"

"Are you mad at me?"

"No, I just want to be alone. Are you going to class?"

"Yes."

"Okay, you have to be eager to learn."

We both fell silent. I was about to leave when a thought occurred to me.

"In?"

"Hmm?"

I thought she had moved away from the door, so I was a little surprised to see her standing there, staring at the door as well.

"Today, I have something important to talk to you about. When I get back from class, can I have a moment of your time?"

Intuorn remained silent, so I had to ask again.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yes."

"..."

"Is it okay if I don't want to talk?"

Her voice had a hint of concern, and I know why she is equally worry.

"No, it's very important. I'll come back to talk to you. See you later."

I said goodbye and left the house as usual, without suspecting anything...

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Today, Teacher Renu picked me up in the alley next to the house. Normally, I would meet her at the tutoring school, which more of a halfway point for the two of us, and also to avoid anyone from the house following me.

"Happy birthday!"

As soon as I get in the car, the lovely teacher smiles and wishes me a happy birthday. I looked at her and narrowed my eyes mischievously.

"There's no ribbon."

"What would you need a ribbon for?"

"To tie you up so I can unwrap you step by step?"

I said, making a playful gesture.

"Did you really lose your memories or just pretend to get attention? That's so Jao-Jom."

Teacher Renu laughs and start driving.

"Fasten your seatbelts."

"I'm excited! Let's unwrap the present at your condo."

"Who said we're going to my condo?"

"Where are we going then?"

"You'll see."

The route Teacher Renu took today was different. We drove for about thirty minutes before reaching our destination.

"A Chinese restaurant? That's unusual. Nowadays, people usually go to Japanese or Korean restaurants."

"The older ones don't eat Japanese food, and I remember you don't like it either."

"Really?"

"I didn't know you couldn't eat raw fish, but then again, I never understood the appeal of raw food."

The Chinese restaurant is very quiet, probably because it's a weekday. Once inside, Teacher Renu introduced me to someone.

As soon as we met, her thoughts echoed loudly in my head.

'Jom, you're still alive.'

'My little girl.'

I stand there, stunned, staring at Teacher Renu in disbelief. I couldn't believe she had taken me to meet my family.

"Jom, they're your parents."

"Why did you do this?"

I asked, my voice shaking. I had intended to meet my family eventually, but a heads-up would have been nice so I could prepare myself and learn about my parents. Now, I felt like an outsider.

I felt no attachment, no longing, only pity for those who were waiting for my return.

"Time has passed too long, Jom. I need to do something."

Teacher Renu pressed me to sit down, facing my parents, who now had tears in their eyes. The old woman in the wheelchair had a slightly crooked mouth, but she could still communicate.

"You shouldn't tell me first."

"Your parents know everything. Don't worry about shocking them."

"But they're shocked now!"

I raised my voice, unable to contain myself.

"And I'm also very shocked."

"Here's your ID card."

The beautiful teacher handed over my ID to confirm my identity.

"Full name, date of birth, everything. You have a family. Stop caring about strangers like Intuorn."

"I'm not a stranger."

And then a third voice joined us. I turned around in shock to see In standing there. The image of her thoughts showed that she followed us silently, wanting to know where I was going and with whom.

"In."

"Is this your tutoring class?"

The situation was dire. I didn't know how to explain it to the fragile Intuorn or even my family. They all seemed strange to me. They were just things.

Father, mother, just things I couldn't feel connected to... And from their thoughts, they were heartbroken because I really didn't remember. Like I said, even if they brought me back, it wouldn't make things better. It was like reviving my body but losing my soul!

"This is a Chinese restaurant, Miss Intuorn. And she's finding her lost past."

As soon as Teacher Renu explained why we were here, Intuorn froze, especially at the word "past."

"Finding her past?"

"Your Lay is Jao-Jom, the daughter of those two who disappeared three months ago. Now that you're here, join us. We have a lot of questions. Like, where did your family find Jom? What exactly happened three months ago? It couldn't be that Jom lost his memory for no reason."

"..."

"You wouldn't help someone who lost their memory, right?"

Cornered by the questions, Intuorn trembled with guilt. But she's also afraid of losing me.

That was her biggest fear.

Losing me meant that my past would return.

And now, Intuorn was facing my past, not knowing how to escape this situation.

"Lay... let's go home."

"Your house is not Jao-Jom's house."

This time, Intuorn grabbed my wrist tightly, trying to pull me out of the restaurant.

"Lay, please, let's go home."

But then, Teacher Renu grabbed my other wrist, holding me back.

"Jom, your family is here."

"Lay."

"Jom."

Who are you going with / Who are you going with?

Their simultaneous questions made me start to freak out. I felt like a rope in a tug of war. I was confused and didn't know what to do. But In seemed overly worried, and I had been worried about her since morning.

"Teacher..."

I gently removed my hand from the sweet-faced teacher's grip and speak apologetically.

"Let me talk to In first. I'll call you back."

"Jom..."

"Please, I'll call you back."

I wrapped my arm around In and looked at my parents again.

"Goodbye... Father, Mother."

With that, I led In to the van she had traveled in and we left together. Intuorn held my hand tightly, afraid that I would disappear. Her cold hand made me hesitate to say much, so I just gently stroked the back of her hand.

"It's okay. Jom is here."

"No."

"What?"

"You're Lay!"

I realized that I had referred to myself by the wrong name, which made Intuorn even angrier. From fear, her emotions turned to anger because I had lied about going to class. She began to vent.

"Lay, I always believed that you would tell the truth. No matter what anyone said, I never listened. I even pushed Jenpob, who cared about me the most, out of my life. But you did this!"

The beautiful girl clenched her fist and hit my shoulder, not knowing how to express her frustration.

"I'm sorry."

"Do you really feel guilty?"

"Yes."

"Good. Then from now on, you don't have to find that Renu anymore."

What seemed like a quick resolution turned into Intuorn forbidding me from going to class and meeting Teacher Renu, which was something I couldn't accept.

"No, I need to see her."

"I thought you said you felt guilty. Why don't you do what I say?"

"Because..."

"What?!"

"I love her," I said bluntly.

"Actually, I meant to talk to you tonight, but this happened first. So, it's okay. We can talk now."

"No talking,"

Intuorn said, raising her hands to cover her ears.

"No talking, no talking. I'm not listening to anything. I'm not going to!!!

"Please don't do this, In."

"You're just a liar. You apologized without even feeling guilty. I'm not listening to anything. Starting today, I'm going to tell Daddy to take us back to Korat."

"I'm not going back."

"No."

"You have no right to force me, In. My family is here!"

I started to lose control and raised my voice.

"You don't even know that today is my birthday. The people sitting there are my parents waiting for me to come home, but I don't even recognize them!"

"..."

"None!"

I said through tears. It wasn't because I missed my parents and felt emotional, but because I was frustrated for not feeling anything, and that hurt those around me.

"The liar here is you, In. I knew all along that you hit me with your car three months ago because you were driving drunk."

"Lay..."

"I don't remember anything, and you're not a bad person. We can be friends, but that doesn't mean you own me. I have a home to return to, a life to live. My real name is Jao-Jom. Today is my twenty-fifth birthday."

"..."

"You don't know anything, In!!!"

The lovely girl started crying pitifully, and I cried too, but my feelings were of frustration.

"You never said anything."

"Because I was scared! When I was on the farm, I didn't know who I was or where I came from. Everything felt empty. The farm could have been a safe

place if I had pretended not to know anything. Can you imagine how scary it is to see strangers everywhere, but have to act like everything is fine, smile, take care of the horses, and tell everyone that I'm fine?

"..."

"Living there, I had to blend in, even though some people on the farm resented me. Why? Because I wasn't a worker, but I still got paid, just because your father felt guilty for what happened to me. But at the same time, if I remembered a little, your father wouldn't hesitate to get rid of me if it meant keeping you safe."

I poured out my heart as Intuorn's driver still sit in the car with us.

"Perm, please get out. I need to talk to her alone."

The driver hesitated, but finally parked the car and get out, leaving me alone with Intuorn. The charming girl keep wiping her tears with the back of her hand, trying to speak.

"You knew from the beginning? Then why did you stay silent?"

"Fear, that's all. If I couldn't stay on your farm, I would have nowhere to go. You were the only security I had..."

And I was also influenced by you...

Intuorn's cuteness always made my heart blossom, even though she could be mischievous and demanding. But our relationship was a mix of fear and affection, so I was cautious about our friendship.

"So now, I'm no longer safe for you."

"..."

"Okay... Today, everyone in your family will know that I found myself. I don't know what will happen next, but it's time for me to really leave."

"If you leave... How am I going to cope without you?"

Knowing that this day would come, I prepared myself early, so I didn't comfort Intuorn, otherwise it would have given her false hope and left her even more heartbroken. In the end, I decided to get out of the car and said to Perm, the driver.

"Please take her home. She needs to rest."

The driver nod and take the still crying young lady home. I was very confused and didn't know what to do, but at least I had told In the truth about what I knew all along.

I wouldn't lie to her anymore.

But there was still one more person, someone who seemed heartbroken when I chose to leave with Intuorn.

Beep...

I called Teacher Renu about ten times, but she didn't answer. She might be mad, which I understood, but if we didn't clear things up soon, it would only get worse. Finally, I decided to take a taxi to her apartment, which was quite a distance from here.

Beep!

I opened the door with the key card she gave me, hoping she had returned. But the lights were off and the air conditioning wasn't on, making me a little down. As I sit on the couch, I heard a bottle rolling across the kitchen floor.

"Teacher... "

She is sitting on the floor, hugging her knees with an empty bottle of liquor next to her, making me sigh. When I called her name, the beautiful woman slowly looked up with teary eyes, heartbroken.

"Why are you here?"

"Why are you drinking?"

I run to her, reaching out to touch her, but she pushed me away coldly.

"Don't touch me. Her slurred voice almost made me cry, but I held myself back. I grabbed the bottle and threw it away, then sit across from her to talk.

"Are you that mad at me?"

"You're not my Jom."

"..."

My Jom wouldn't choose anyone else.

She pushed me down and cried a lot.

"You turned your back on everyone and chose Intuorn, who is a stranger. There is no Jom here anymore."

She shake me and push me away, out of control. The sweet-faced woman had never been like this... unable to control her emotions, becoming a pitiful drunk. It probably wasn't the first time, but no one had seen it before.

"I'm sorry for making you feel so bad. Today, I went to her just to tell her that... I know who I am now. I wanted to clear things up one by one, but I didn't think it would hurt you so much."

I tried to hug the sweet-faced woman who kept pushing me because I didn't know how to handle the situation. She pushed, hit, and tried to kick, but it wasn't her strong point.

"Jom said she would never forget me, but she did. Jom said she would wait there, but she didn't... Her promises were never reliable... *Hic...*"

Teacher Renu picked up the empty bottle and then cried harder.

"Give me back my Jom... Give her back."

"If you want old Jom back, you have to go back first. Be the proud Teacher Renu, not someone who drinks so much,"

I said, my voice shaking with pity.

"I'll get a wet cloth to wipe your face."

I took care of her patiently, even though she tried to push me away many times. I encouraged myself, knowing that she was deeply hurt. When I tried to help her up and carry her to bed, she grabbed my collar and held it tightly as if she was looking for a fight.

"Did you sleep with her?"

"What?"

"With Intuorm. Did you sleep with her?!"

"No"

I shake my head vigorously.

"How could I? My relationship with her isn't that deep."

"Even without sleeping together... you still chose her first."

Teacher Renu clenched her fist and pounded her chest.

"Unlike me, I tried everything to keep you, but I still lost."

"Why would you say that..."

"All this time, I didn't know how to make you want to come to me, so I used that to lure you in. I waited for you to come nibble and taste every day. And if there was no such thing, I would mean nothing to you..."

"That's not true."

I quickly defended myself, trembling all over. I didn't want her to feel useless.

"I wanted to see you because I like you, not just for that."

"..."

"In my eyes, you are a beautiful, well-mannered, and admirable woman. I wanted to be around you, and you smelled nice..."

I shake my head, realizing I was rambling.

"I mean, I really wanted to do those things with you, but that's not why I came. I like you, I really like you. Honestly, if I were Jom, it's amazing that we can fall in love with the same person twice, even without remembering anything."

"Fall in love?"

Her heart was pounding, and it seemed like I had made her feel better. I smiled shyly at the beautiful woman and reached out, hoping she would take my hand so I could lead her to bed.

"Yes, I love you. Don't say you're worthless. After I cleared things up with In, I wanted to talk to you about this. I'm going to live as Jom again."

"Jom."

"But during the time I couldn't remember, you have to help me too. In the meantime, I'm going to have to get used to calling myself Jom for real."

The person sitting there grabbed my outstretched hand tightly before pulling me in and hugging me as if she was afraid I would disappear.

"Seriously, Jom? You're not lying to me, right?"

"I'm not lying. I'm serious. It's just that today, you scared me a little when you took me to meet my parents, so I was a little upset. But I'm not mad because you were mad first and..."

My conversation was interrupted when I was pulled into a kiss. At first, I was confused, but after I got my bearings, I started to like it and went along with it. After a while, I pulled away and shook my head, feeling a little uncomfortable.

"No, Lay. I mean, Jom doesn't want you to think that's all I want to do."

But it seemed like my refusal didn't matter when Teacher Renu pushed me to the ground and took the lead. I lay there, stiff, not knowing what to do. If I agreed, it would seem like I wasn't serious about making amends. But as soon as his lips brushed my ear, I forgot all my words.

"It's actually nice when you're drunk like this. A little aggressive, a little gentle, and so unpredictable. B... But no, we should talk normally today. Ouch..."

"I don't want to talk."

She said, straddling me and then standing up to remove her blouse seductively. Watching from below, I had to cover my mouth with my hand, my heart pounding.

"You're drunk. When you wake up and regain your senses, you'll be mad at yourself for doing this."

"If I don't do this, I'll be mad. Right now, I don't want to say anything."

She discarded some of her clothes and leaned over me with both arms.

"I'll make Lay and Jom fall even more in love with me."

I'm already completely in love...

I'd be happy to be condemned by the world if it meant I could do this to her.

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"Actually, alcohol has its benefits."

I said, running my hands over her curves, enjoying response. Even though I hadn't had anything to drink, I felt tipsy. She closed her eyes slightly, looking dazed, before leaning in and kissing me playfully all over my face.

"Yeah, when you're drunk, everything seems easier."

"Want some more? Got some left? Maybe that'll make things even easier."

"This is already more than easy."

She pulled me in for another kiss and asked bluntly,

"Are you ready?"

"For what?"

"To unwrap your present."

I bit my lip shyly before using all my strength to turn her onto her back and run my hand down to her pants.

"I'm ready."

You're quick with this kind of thing. Are you good at this? Let me take it off...

"No."

"The owner of the present has to unwrap it herself."

I slid down, familiar with the task, and deftly unbuttoned and unzipped her pants.

"Let me admire my gift."

She smiles at me and tilt her head back, her voice a little breathless from my touch.

Go ahead.

□□□□□□

□45. Good Love□

I unwrapped the gift carefully, piece by piece, with deliberate attention. This time, the lovely woman in front of me wasn't playing hard to get or trying to tease me like she had before.

Before, when things were about to get too heated, she would wave her hand to stop me. But now, she had more experience... at least enough to remember things better than I did. So, she helped by talking and encouraging me, making sure I wasn't too nervous.

"Don't worry, we can take it slow."

As she speak, she pulls me into a gentle kiss, offering reassurance. One of my hands slid behind her, where she's leaning against the kitchen counter, and unhooked her bra with just one hand. At first, it felt a little awkward because it was so different from unhooking my own with practiced ease.

"I thought I might be skilled enough to do this with one hand. It looks like you might need to help me a little."

The beautiful woman laughed softly and complied easily. Finally, the first barrier, her bra, was loosened, but it was still stuck to her because we needed to remove her outer blouse first. The precariousness of the situation only made me more curious, and I buried my face in her chest, planting kisses that made her giggle.

"You really enjoy these teasing moments, don't you? Wouldn't it be easier if we took it off?"

"I'll take it off eventually, but let me savor this for a moment. Do you know how long Lay has been waiting for this?"

I closed my mouth after referring to myself as Lay, but Teacher Renu just smiles and gently caresses my cheek.

"Any name is fine, whatever you're comfortable with."

I had to admit, even though we had been intimate and had plenty of skin contact before. When it came to doing something serious like this, I was clueless and awkward. But the beautiful woman kept saying

"It's okay" and guided me on what to do.

Honestly, it was kind of awkward. My instincts were not helping me at all in this situation, and I needed her to tell me everything. Sometimes, I could hear her heart beating erratically and I could feel her shyness when she asked me to reach out and...

"Put it on."

Her body arched and she breathed heavily. Once again, the cute woman couldn't look me in the eye, pulling me into a tight hug and biting my shoulder to restrain me. In that moment, I wasn't cruel enough to ask for details because some things...don't need to be said.

Her body responded to me perfectly. There wasn't a single part of her that I didn't explore or touch. Even though it's clumsy, my first experience seemed to go well.

"You must be having a hard time."

I kissed her neck as if to comfort her.

"I'm sorry, I'm so useless."

"No, you're not useless."

"But I could be better..."

I leaned in for another kiss.

"If I get another chance."

"You sure have a lot of energy."

It seemed like learning from Teacher Renu was a never-ending journey.

Even though I thought I was doing well, there was always room for improvement. Her body responded to my every touch, no matter how greedy I was. The first time passed, then the second, and there would always be a third and a fourth.

"I'm sorry, I don't want to stop,"

I said for the fifth time as her body tensed and her nails dug into my skin uncontrollably.

"I don't know why."

"It was the same as last time."

"You can't spoil me like this. We're not going to do anything."

I glance at the clock on the wall, which show that it's already past ten, and it's time for me to leave. But the lovely woman seemed to know what I am thinking.

Even though she was exhausted, she managed to turn me over on the kitchen floor and lean on top of me.

"So don't do anything. Just stay still. I'll do it."

"But it's late..."

"Please."

Suddenly, she took the lead after being submissive for so long. My plan to leave changed immediately when her hands pulled my pants down and did everything that made my mind go blank. Her fingers touched every part of me, making me cover my mouth to muffle embarrassing sounds.

“This is cheating, listening to me but not letting me listen to you.”

She pulled my hand and intertwined it with hers while her other hand continued to tease my sensitive spot, making me exhale because my body couldn't take it.

“Teacher... it's too much, it's...”

At this point, the beautiful woman teased me by stopping, and frustration replaced my shyness.

“Why did you stop?”

Isn't it too much?”

"Ugh."

I squirmed in frustration until a fond smile appeared on her face. Then she satisfied me by kissing my neck, chest, belly button, and finally the sensitive spot that was now shamefully demanding. I had experienced this before. My emotions would have peaked quickly if they had been done correctly. But she chose to stay, teasing me until I couldn't help but arch my hips toward her.

"Please don't tease."

"With you begging like this, I can't be cruel."

But she gave me a new experience using her mouth and fingers in the same way I had just done. The sharp but pleasurable sensation made me hesitate whether to stop or let it continue. She seemed to know exactly where to touch to make me orgasm, so I lifted my head and stared at her between her legs.

"I feel like I'm going to explode."

"So explode."

As soon as she said that, my body tensed and twisted. I felt like something might leak out and make a mess, so I tried to crawl away and curl up, but she grabbed my ankle.

"It's time for me to be greedy."

"No,"

I said, feeling too shameful.

"You're going to make me unable to look at you.

"It won't be long. Soon, we'd be facing each other and doing it all over again."

In the end, I had to give in to the more experienced one, the one who remembered everything clearly, while my mind was blank, seeing only blinding white.

And it was exactly as she said. We started over and over again as if tomorrow was the end of the world and we needed to make the most of it.

"I've never spent this much time in the kitchen before."

Said the lovely woman, lying on the kitchen floor amidst scattered clothes. I nodded.

"This is a dish that takes a long time to prepare. You're a great cook."

I complimented her and covered my face with my hands.

"It's so embarrassing. I was messing up so much. You should have enjoyed it more."

"Fumbling is good. It means you've never done this with anyone else before."

"You're so jealous."

I nudged her shoulder and laughed.

“It’s three in the morning. Should we get up, shower, and get dressed?”

“...”

Seeing her silence, I brought it up directly. After watching her throughout our lovemaking, it seemed like she was trying to stop me from leaving. After each round, she would pull me back in to start over, as long as I stayed.

"What makes you not want me to go home? Do you still not trust me?"

When I asked her directly, she didn’t pretend to be innocent because she knew what I meant.

"I’m scared."

"Scared that I like In? I already told her, I already made things clear."

"It's not that."

"Then what?"

"The last time, three months ago, after we did this... you went out to buy food."

Her voice trembled slightly.

“Then you disappeared like you weren’t coming back.”

I began to understand what she was trying to say. Thinking back to the first few days we met, whenever I said I was going out to buy food, she would panic. Now that I knew the truth, I turned around to hug her.

"I’ll be back this time, don’t worry."

However, Teacher Renu started all over again, making me straddle her before pushing my head down between her legs.

"Stay until morning. In the meantime, do what you need to... ah... do first."

From someone determined to leave, I ended up taking care of everything without her having to finish her sentence.

Damn, with an invitation like that, who could refuse? Well, until morning.

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.

It's now nine in the morning...

I stand at the sink, washing my face and brushing my teeth with her toothbrush, feeling a little embarrassed. I had only seen it in movies and wondered how people could do it. Today, I experienced it myself when she told me to use her things.

'You don't mind?'

'Do you care about me?'

Upon hearing that, I understood immediately. We had seen almost everything of each other; brushing our teeth once wouldn't be a big deal.

And then there were the marks on my body from the lovely woman yesterday. At that moment, I didn't feel any pain, but seeing the marks now, I realized that maybe I was quite strong. Especially the bite mark on my shoulder, it was clear as day.

"Does it hurt?"

Teacher Renu opened the bathroom door just in time to see me rubbing the bite mark, looking a little worried.

"I didn't mean it like that."

"It doesn't hurt. I'm just staring."

I stand there a little shyly.

"It's like the mark of a battlefield hero."

"You idiot."

Teacher Renu lightly pushed my head before switching to a protective hug.

"You'll come back."

"Yes, I will."

I rubbed the scaredy-cat's arm and finished my sentence.

I'm going back home, to my parents today.

BA-DUM...

The teacher's heart was pounding so hard that I laughed out loud.

"Are you that happy?"

"You said you're coming home."

"Yes, after seeing my parents yesterday, I felt the pain they went through when I disappeared. At first, I thought that if they met a daughter who didn't remember them, it would be horrible because it's like having another person back. But thinking about never having your daughter back was even more painful. At least coming back to let them see and know the new me is better."

"Whatever version you have, your parents love you."

"Just like you, right?"

"Yes."

The lovely woman nod and smiles at me through the mirror.

.

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I had fully entered my twenty-fifth year. Teacher Renu showered me with so much love on this birthday that I felt completely complete. Honestly, I didn't need to go back to Intuorn's house because we had cleaned everything yesterday. But I just thought that we didn't hate each other.

At least saying goodbye would be nice.

As we drove together, I looked at the streets of Bangkok in the morning. Everyone was fighting for space on the road to go to work.

"When I was on the farm, Lay never saw more than two cars."

I said, alternating between calling myself Lay and Jom as I shared everything with Teacher Renu.

"Every day, Lay would be so bored. There was nothing to do but take care of the horses."

"Taking care of the horses too... the one named Renu?"

It seems like the teacher remember the details well. I smile shyly and nod.

"Yes."

"Why did you name her that?"

"I wanted something of my own, so I took the liberty of naming that horse after her, even though her name was already Aurora."

I narrowed my eyes at the driver and raised an eyebrow mischievously.

"You've been mine for a long time, you know?"

"You ride it a lot, huh?"

"Every day. Even in Bangkok, I still ride it a lot."

"Naughty."

"Can I ride it again today?"

"Someone said they had no energy."

"You're right. No matter how tired I am, I always want to do it again. Will you get bored with L'ay, I mean Jom, riding you so often?"

"If you let me ride you sometimes, that's fine."

And then we both laughed at the dirty joke we dared to make. The sweet-faced woman had an aura that made others respect her. Maybe it was because she was somewhat proud and arrogant, with high education and status. I'm sure that no one would believe that the teacher would joke like that with her girlfriend.

Girlfriend...?

"What are we?"

"Hmm?"

"When someone asks, I want to answer properly."

"We never defined our status..."

The lovely woman smiles slightly and continued driving.

"Let me think."

And soon, the car stopped in front of Intuorn's house. Usually, when Teacher Renu dropped me off, she would park in the alley next door, but today, we decided to reveal everything.

Both about my memory and about what we were to each other.

"I only need ten minutes to say goodbye, then I'll leave. Hold on a minute, okay? You can leave the air conditioning on."

"No, I'm going to stand outside in the heat to pressure you."

"You cunning fox!"

And the cute teacher did as she told, turning off the engine and standing next to the car. I wrinkled my nose a little before getting ready to go into the house, but I couldn't help but turn around to say I love you, afraid that I would forget.

"I love you, teacher."

"Mm."

"No, if I say it like that, you have to say... I love you too, Lay. Or Jom."

Ba-dum...

When I forced her to say it, Teacher Renu seems a little hesitant. This time, it's my turn to pressure the cute beauty into doing something as I wanted.

"Hurry up, or I won't come back."

"It really... Mm, I love..."

"Love who?"

"Jom and Lay, I love them both."

I smiles widely when I heard that and turned to go into the house. But suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my head, as if thousands of needles were stabbing my temples. Many events flooded in like a tsunami, almost knocking me over.

"I love you, teacher, just saying in case I forget."

"I promise to be a good girl just for you."

What were those words...

"I'll take Broomy to see you tomorrow."

And who was that man...?

As I remembered everything, another important memory surfaced.

Who do you think you are to destroy another person's life like that? How were you raised to do something so cruel? She's in the hospital, fighting for her life. Do you feel anything?

Administrator of the Celeb Gossip page.

I am the administrator of this page...

Codename God:

May your past disappear, whether good or bad.

Tears streamed down my face as this sentence echoed in my head. I connected many events that happened to me with this curse and felt a deep fear.

Yes... there was still a curse.

Thud!

The sound of something falling behind me made me turn around immediately. Teacher Renu's body fell to the ground like a fallen leaf, making me tremble.

No, she's gone...

The sound of her heartbeat is gone!

"Teacher..."

I turned around and walked towards the person lying on the ground in fear. The lovely woman seemed to be asleep, but what made me realize that she wasn't breathing was the lack of pulse and heartbeat.

She fainted as my memories returned...

Codename God:

And to make you understand the feelings of those affected, may you find a great love only to lose it immediately.

The sound of her heartbeat is gone...

Codename God:

You will get everything back when you lose what matters most.

"Teacher!!!"

I started screaming and shaking the person lying lifeless.

"Wake up now, teacher!!!"

Codename God:

You will suffer and feel pain, and it will take effect from now on. I curse you!

□□□□□□□□

□46.Blessings□

I shake Teacher Renu's motionless body. There's no part of her that moved or showed any sign of life. At first, I called out to her softly, thinking she's just sleeping, but my voice grew louder as my anxiety.

"Teacher, don't do this. Wake up... Wake up!"

I screamed at the top of my lungs, laying her down and starting basic CPR with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and chest compressions.

Just let me hear a heartbeat...

Let it pound loudly in my head again.

"What happened?!"

Hearing the commotion at the door, people from the main house rushed to see what was happening. The guard, who usually stood in the booth at the front of the house, looked a little shocked when he saw it was me.

"Oh, Mrs. Lay, what's wrong?"

"Help! Someone... please help!"

I started crying for help like a lost child, unable to prioritize what to do first. The guard, seeing that the situation was dire, run back to the house to get help. Soon, many people come running out, including Jenpob.

"What are you doing?"

"Help, Jen... Teacher Renu is unresponsive."

Although he was usually calm and cool, seeing me cry like this made him run over and take over CPR.

"While you're crying, call an ambulance."

"Waah, waah..."

"Lay!!! Call an ambulance. Control yourself!"

I nod, take out my phone, and searching for the nearest hospital to call an ambulance. More than five minutes had passed since Teacher Renu's heart stopped. The longer it took, the more distant the chance of her coming back to life.

As my hands trembled as I searched for the number, the large door of the house opened. A blood-red Mini Cooper, which I had seen parked a long time ago, drive up to the entrance. The driver was someone no one would believe was behind the wheel.

"Lay, put Ms. Re in the car!"

"In...?"

Intuorn's high command, with the fact that she was the driver, surprised everyone. It was well known that Ms. In no longer drive, but today, she's behind the wheel.

"An ambulance will take a long time. Hurry, get Ms. Renu to the car. Jen! Get her in the car now!"

Everything happened so fast. Jenpob put Teacher Renu in the back seat, and I jumped in right after. Intuorn take a deep breath before looking ahead.

"Fasten your seatbelts. It's been a while since I've driven... I hope I still can."

Intuorn shifted gears and stepped on the gas pedal confidently. The little car moved forward, weaving through the traffic as if it were on a racetrack. I had to admit, this spoiled young lady was an excellent driver, probably

because she was a racer. The streets of Bangkok turned into a racetrack with In behind the wheel.

Thud! Thud!

Gears shifted noisily. Upon encountering traffic, Intuorn would swerve onto the sidewalk and then back onto the road. After getting over the shock of driving, I focus on Teacher Renu, who still motionless, my heart breaking.

Is there any way to save her...?

There must be...

I quickly tried to remember the password for my old Facebook account, which was the administrator of the Celeb Gossip page. I quickly logged into the page's inbox. After three months of inactivity, many messages pushed old conversations to the back. But I remembered the name of the person I had spoken to that day.

Codename God

I quickly scrolled and typed a desperate message, praying that the owner of this Facebook would respond immediately. The longer I waited, the worse Teacher Renu's condition became.

Admin:

God, it's the administrator.

Admin:

I don't know if everything that happened was because of you, but now I'm facing the consequences.

Admin:

If what happened to me was because of your curse, please lift it or do something. I regret everything now.

I hold my phone tightly and cry, hoping that the person on the other end will get the message and reply as soon as possible. I was willing to do anything.

I surrender.

You can take my life!

Codename God:

It's too late for regret.

As soon as he replied, I cried harder, reaching out to touch Teacher Renu, not knowing if she was still there.

Admin:

I'm sorry for causing those around you suffer. Now, I'm facing the consequences of my actions and I genuinely regret it from the bottom of my heart.

Admin:

I know that asking for forgiveness and lifting the curse is too much, but please don't let innocent people suffer because of me.

Admin:

If something has to happen, let it happen to me. The teacher has nothing to do with this. Her heart has already stopped.

I typed with a broken heart. The person read the message but didn't respond, which almost drove me crazy.

Admin:

I promise to delete this page. You can curse me to disappear from this world, but don't punish others who have done nothing wrong.

Admin:

She has a family to take care of. She has nothing to do with this.

Codename God:

Is she dead?

Codename God:

How can I help you if she's dead?

Admin:

Anything. Remove the curse or bless her. Anything to show that you've forgiven me.

Ten minutes passed. Intuorn, who had run the red light to get to the hospital, pulled over and shouted for help.

"Someone help me! There's a patient in the car!!!"

Jenpob and In get out to help carry Teacher Renu. Still, I stayed in the car, desperately texting the person who acted like a god to forgive my sins. Even In, seeing me on my phone, couldn't take it anymore.

"Lay, are you crazy?! Someone is dying and you are on your phone!"

"Waah... It is the only way for the teacher to survive."

"What are you talking about?!"

Codename God:

I didn't intend for anyone to die from this.

Codename God: Death is a little more than I intended.

Codename God: I don't know how effective it will be, but I will try...

Teacher Renu was placed on a stretcher and taken to the emergency room immediately. The doctors surrounded her, and the curtains around the bed were closed. I saw the medical staff bring in a defibrillator, and everything went chaotic.

Codename God:

I will bless her.

I cried uncontrollably, feeling completely useless, unable to do anything but hope that someone on the internet, whose face I didn't even know, would bless everything so that it would go well. It seemed ridiculous, but it was all I could do.

Codename God:

May she wake up and have a good life.

Codename God:

Her heart will start beating again when this page is deleted.

Codename God:

May your wishes come true.

When I see God's reply, I immediately deleted the page with over two million followers and waited for the result. But the world is not so kind. When the beautiful doctor come out to inform us...

"The patient passed away."

It didn't work...

I almost fainted, but Jenpob hold me. I scream in despair. Intuorn looked at me with pity and pulled me into a comforting hug.

"Stay strong, Lay. Don't fall apart too."

"Teacher Re didn't do anything wrong. Why did she have to go through this?"

I sobbed, feeling my heart shatter. Last night, we were together, but now the doctor was telling me that she was gone.

"It's because of me... It's all because of me. Why didn't I die instead?!"

I knelt down and hit the ground in agony.

"I did everything I could, but why did it end like this? I even received the blessing..."

"Ms. In, let's get her out of here."

Jenpob suggested, trying to drag me away, but I was too strong to be easily carried.

"Let go !!"

I pulled away from the stern-faced man and run to the emergency room, despite being warned not to go in, as they weren't finished. Teacher Renu's body was covered in medical equipment. I didn't care anymore. I clenched my fist and hit my chest hard as if I was driving a stake.

"Come back! Come back!"

"The deceased's relative, please wait outside."

"She's not dead! Don't call her that!"

I shouted at the nurse and shake Teacher Renu's body violently.

"Teacher, don't play this joke on me. Jom is back... waah. Now that Jom is back, you're leaving. Don't take revenge like this."

"Please escort the relative out."

"No!"

I struggled, but I couldn't resist the strength of three men who held down my arms and legs and dragged me out. Just as I was about to be taken out of the emergency room, I heard a loud cry from the nurse. She called out to the doctor in charge of the case in an excited tone.

"Dr. WanViva, come and see this!"

Ba-dum...

The familiar sound echoed clearly in my head. Without waiting to hear the chatter of the doctors and nurses around the bed, I knew it was the heartbeat of...

"The patient's heart is beating! The vital signs returned."

The situation changed in an instant. The nurses crowded around the bed again while I was still being dragged out.

At first, I was frantic, but then I began to feel a glimmer of hope. The nurse pulled me out and left me with In before rushing back to witness the miraculous event with great interest.

"What happened?"

"The heartbeat"

I laughed through my tears as I told Intuorn. It seemed like I was starting to see a faint glimmer of hope.

"What?"

"I heard Teacher Re's heartbeat."

I replied with words that only Teacher and I could understand.

"Her heart started beating again."

"No way, how is that possible..."

Even Jenpob looks in disbelief. I clutched my phone to my chest and thought gratefully of the one who had sent his blessings.

"Thank you... Thank you so much for bringing her back."

Codename God:

May your wishes come true.

"Thank you... Thank you for bringing the teacher back."

□□□□□□

□□□□□□

□47.Lazarus□

Teacher Renu is back...

That's what I found out from the doctor in charge. It seemed that when the cute woman woke up, it caused a commotion throughout the hospital. Medically, she was considered dead, but in reality, the teacher was still alive and her heart was still beating. When Dr. WanViva came out to report the condition with an excited demeanor, she even used unfamiliar terms like...

Lazarus Syndrome

It is a condition where the heart stops beating as if the person is dead, but the patient wakes up normally as if nothing had happened. While everyone saw it as a miracle, I, who knew better about the root cause of it, could only raise my hands on a wall to express my gratitude to GOD, who granted the blessing at the last minute, although I was not sure if it would work.

But the teacher's heart started beating again...

Now, I still crying, guilt and joy mixed together. I felt guilty for being the reason why Teacher Renu had to face such a situation without knowing anything about her, and I was glad that I remembered at the last minute that this all started on the Celeb Gossip page and then I thought of GOD.

"Waah."

"Why are you crying? Ms. Re is back now."

Intuorn, who is still sitting next to me, said. Even though she was still heartbroken, she was kind enough to comfort me.

“We heard that pretty doctor report the condition, didn’t we?”

"In..."

I sobbed and looked at the young lady sitting next to me with sincere gratitude.

“If it weren’t for you... we wouldn’t have gotten here in time.”

"You should thank yourself too for making me drive again."

The stunning young lady looked at her hands and smiled sadly.

“Ever since that incident, I haven’t dared to look at the steering wheel, but today, you made me sit in the driver’s seat and step on the accelerator. The one who scared me to death ended up being the one who made me brave again."

Then, the two of us fell silent. Intuorn leaned back slightly in her chair and asked directly.

“Do you remember what happened?"

"Yes, I remember."

"That’s right..."

The young lady’s voice trembled as she spoke.

“The past is about to take my Lay away.”

This was what Intuorn feared the most, but it would come to pass.

I could only look at the young lady, not knowing how to comfort her because what she feared was the truth.

I was really going to leave her...

"We can still be friends, can't we? Even if Jom remembers everything, that doesn't mean..."

"Jom? You're calling yourself Jom again."

Intuorn's tears flowed before she wiped them away with the back of her hand, looking pitiful.

"The person I want is Lay, but now the one sitting next to me is Jom."

"Yes, I can't deny it." I sighed.

"But Jom remembers everything well, unlike Nui in One Day that you mentioned, who... if she remembered everything, their story would disappear."

"If there really was something between us..."

Intuorn looked at me pleadingly.

"If there really was, couldn't we love each other?"

"..."

"Once Lay remembers everything, the thing between us will no longer make sense."

Intuorn started crying after trying to be strong the whole time.

"Because Jom's past also includes Teacher Renu. So when we met at the wrong time, our story couldn't continue."

I reached out to hug her, who is sobbing painfully. My heart also ached because I had disappointed such a lovely and kind woman like her.

"I'm sorry."

Intuorn quickly stand up and prepared to leave. Her mind was filled with sadness. She wanted me to hold her more than apologize, even though she

knew very well that I wouldn't.

I had someone else... I already loved someone else. I grabbed the stubborn young lady's wrist, wanting to atone and thank her. But she stopped without turning around. So I took the opportunity to hug her from behind, following a scene from a movie she liked, which always worked.

"Don't be sad. We don't fight. Our relationship is beautiful, In."

"..."

"At least Jorn wants to be your friend."

"..."

"If you give me a chance, please turn around and dance with me."

"Have you ever like me?"

"..."

"Can't you even lie?"

"Jom has something to tell you, In... It's a story from Jom's past."

"..."

We both fell silent. I bit my lip a little before deciding to tell my story in that moment of silence.

"When Jom was a child, close to high school, Jom had feelings for teacher Renu."

I had never told anyone about my relationship with Teacher Renu before, but today, I decided to speak for the first time.

"At that time, I was determined and told myself that I would never change my mind to love or like anyone other than that beautiful teacher."

“ ... ”

"Teacher Re's younger brother, Ong, clearly expressed that he had feelings for me. He came and went for months just to see me, and that made me spend less time with Teacher Renu. That made me really angry. Do you know what I did?"

"What did you do?"

"I told him straight up... Don't come over anymore. That made me not have any good time alone with Teacher Renu. Back then, I didn't care how much it would break and hurt a man's heart. And that wasn't the first time. I did this to everyone because I knew that giving them hope would hurt them. No matter how much they clung to me, the end result was that I wouldn't choose them."

“ ... ”

"But with you, In, it's different... I didn't dare hurt your feelings."

I hugged her tighter and speak in a trembling voice.

"For the first time in my life, I understood what it was like to be afraid of making someone else sad."

“ ... ”

"I became a liar to keep you, even though there were many reasons to explain each action, sometimes saying I was afraid it was dangerous for me, sometimes saying I was afraid my parents would be sad for not getting their daughter back. But the truth is... What I feared the most was becoming a stranger to you forever."

"But that day has come."

"Yes, that day still came. And I want to apologize for making your heart hurt so much because of my own indecision."

"It's because of my cuteness."

Intuorn argued jokingly, although her voice didn't match.

"At least I know you were influenced by me too."

Not just a little... I am sorry.

"Don't worry about my father. I talk to him myself. You don't need to fear that any underground influence will get in the way of your daily life. Father is rich, but he's not from the mafia. So, rest assured about that."

"Thank you."

"It's a pity we didn't meet sooner."

Intuorn removed my arms and stepped forward without looking back.

"If we had met sooner, would we have ended things beautifully?"

"..."

"Would you still love Ms. Re if that were the case?"

"I'm sorry, In. I want to be your friend."

"You didn't answer, which means we could only love each other if Ms. Re didn't exist in this world."

The cute young lady remained silent. At first, I thought she would just leave without caring anymore, but Intuorn turned around and asked something unrelated to that:

"I've been thinking for a long time... Can you really tell fortunes?"

"..."

"You can tell everyone's fortunes except Miss Re's. That made me a little suspicious, and I've often been curious. I felt like....you..."

'Can read minds.'

Intuorn hesitated to ask this because she was afraid it would be too ridiculous. But she couldn't help but mention it.

"I'm sure no one on the farm, no one from my people, would talk about the accident. Few people knew about it, and the ones who did were far from you."

"..."

"The only people close to you were me, my father, and Jen... None of those three would bring it up. So, I'm curious... How did you know?"

Everything went silent. Intuorn bit her lip tightly. Her head was filled with hesitation, making me uncomfortable. Finally, the young lady waved her hand and said,

"It doesn't matter."

"You can ask if you're curious about something."

"What I'm curious about is very silly."

"Try asking, and I'll answer. No matter how silly, I'll answer."

But Intuorn remained silent. Only her eyes focused on me, with thoughts in her head ready to spill out as words, but still restrained.

"You..."

'Do you have magic?'

"No."

The stubborn young lady's mouth hung open because the question in her head hadn't even formed into words, but I answered.

'You can read minds.'

"Yes."

“...”

"I can read minds."

I admitted it directly, and that made Intuorn freeze. She didn't doubt in the slightest when I said that, as if she already knew the answer, even if it was just a guess.

"Hmm... I see."

“...”

"So, you can read all of my thoughts, including everyone else's. No wonder... you knew everything."

"Yes."

"I'm embarrassed. I feel like I'm naked in front of you all the time."

"In..."

"But I've already undressed in front of you, haven't I? There's nothing left to lose, so I'm leaving."

"You still haven't answered me, In... Can we be friends?"

That question made Miss Intuorn smile at me through her tears.

"Try read my mind."

With that, she turned and walked away, leaving me too afraid to follow her. Her thoughts were louder than any words she could shout.

'I can't be your friend.'

"It's okay... I understand."

I respect your decision... Intuorn.

After everything was over, I am still sitting in the hospital, not knowing what to do next. I had just been relieved that Teacher Renu's heart had started beating again, only to hear from the doctor that she might be in a coma since her heart had stopped for a long time.

I know there would be some effects from this incident, even though I am just a dog doctor.

Soon, Teacher Renu's family arrived because I called Ong to tell him what happened. Her younger brother, with his handsome features, looked alarm when he sees me.

"Are you sure Re is okay now?"

"The doctor said so, but her heart had stopped for quite some time. What I'm worried about now is whether there will be any effects from this."

"Effects...?"

As we all know, lack of oxygen to the brain can lead to a high chance of coma. That's what we were all worried about. I didn't want to explain too much to Ong, as he was already shaken by the fact that his sister's heart had stopped, and the doctor had already declared her time of death.

"Re had never been sick before. The worst thing was fainting. How could her heart just stop? There was no cause."

Ong fell beside me, exhausted.

"You were talking yesterday."

"Yes, we were."

I thought about our good times. Last night, we hugged and told each other we loved each other. But today, the teacher fainted and might not wake up to talk to me again.

Damn it... all because of me.

"Why don't you go see your sister?"

I nudged Ong to shake him out of his daze. The young man looked at me and sighed.

"I can't. I can't deal with this. Why is everything so chaotic? You disappeared for three months, and Re was heartbroken and completely changed. Now that you're back, she ends up like this."

"Maybe she wants revenge on me."

I laughed weakly.

"I made her wait too long, and she's teaching me a lesson... to learn patience."

"How long have you been here?"

"About five hours."

"Go home and rest. Staying here won't help at all. If there's any progress, I'll call you."

"Where would I go? I have nowhere to go..."

Then I stopped, realizing that I had recovered all my memories.

"Actually, I do."

In this world, I didn't just have the teacher. I also had my family waiting for me with hope. I couldn't just stay here. Ong reminded me that Teacher Renu had her family, and I had mine too. Staying here wouldn't help. I should focus elsewhere and then come back.

Okay... I have my whole life ahead of me to wait for her.

"Okay, I'll go home first. If there's any progress, let me know."

I got up to leave, but Ong's mother ran over to us, very happy. She didn't need to say anything, I could read in her thoughts what had happened.

Teacher Renu is awake!

"Ong, Jom... Re woke up."

Her mother smiles at me.

"Jom, she's calling for you. Hurry up."

I turned around and ran to Teacher Renu's bed without caring about anything else. Teacher Renu is covered in tubes, but she's conscious and calling out to me.

"Jom..."

"Teacher."

I held her hand on my cheek.

"Please don't scare me like that again."

"I'm glad I woke up to see you."

Renu's heart still beating vigorously when we're close. I looked at her and cried. Not only was she alive, but she remembered everything. There's nothing to be afraid of as we initially thought.

"I'm sorry for putting you through this. Now I understand how painful it is when someone suddenly disappears. I won't leave you again. Get better soon and come back to me."

I caressed her face and wiped my tears, starting to speak incoherently,

"Jom, you're not going to leave again, right?"

"I won't. I'm going back home with my parents, opening the clinic, and we'll stay in the room all day. We won't go out to buy food. We'll order

from LINE MAN[1]... I'll start learning today how to order food by phone and which apps to use."

"This is great... really great."

Teacher Renu looked exhausted, and the doctor nearby had to intervene.

Let the patient rest now. It seems her condition is not as worrying as we thought. The beautiful doctor looked at the lovely patient in amazement.

"This is a very extraordinary case. I've never seen anything like it."

"Yes, thank you, doctor."

Flash!

For a moment, I saw the doctor's thoughts. A familiar face appeared, playing the piano with a song that was famous everywhere.

"Is there something wrong?"

"Tell your girlfriend... 'Your Song' is beautiful. My favorite part is the guitar solo."

"What?"

We couldn't talk any further because Teacher Renu grabbed my wrist to get my attention. The doctor, worried about being rude, left, but her mind was full of question marks.

'How did she know?' and stuff like that.

"Which house are you going back to?"

"My house."

"It's not Ms. In's house, right?"

I laughed and looked at Teacher Renu, who was so terrified that I would be influenced by Intuorn. Then I grabbed her hand tightly.

"My house... the one with my parents."

“ ... ”

"Teacher... I remember everything now. I'm Jao-Jom, the veterinarian with a cat named Viramarati-savitrititha and the most beautiful math teacher in the world. That's me."

At hearing this, the older woman's eyes filled with tears of joy. Her powerful heartbeat made me squeeze her hand tightly.

"Jom, that belongs only to you. So get well soon and come back, Teacher Re."

“ ... ”

"Come back to love each other."

The lovely teacher nod and slowly closed her eyes, exhausted. Seeing this, I slowly get out of bed and left, saying goodbye to Ong and her mother before leaving.

God's blessing had worked. Teacher Renu was back to normal as if she had just fainted. All that was left was for her to recover.

With the teacher's problem solved... now it was time for me to face my own.

I returned to my hometown, which hadn't changed much. Maybe because I had only been gone for a few months, it still looked the same. Ah... the only change was the clinic I had opened, now with a "Closed" sign. I looked at it wistfully, sighed, and tore off the paper, crumpling it.

The business will reopen next week.

I speak to the door of my clinic and walk into the alley where my family's apartment. Usually, my mother would be watching TV in the office,

gossiping about the tenants as a form of entertainment, second only to celebrity news in Thairath.[2]

"Who have you come to visit?"

The new employee, who had replaced my mother, asked when she saw me standing there for a while.

"I'm here to visit the owner of the apartment."

"Do you have any business to discuss? You can talk to me."

"I have an important matter."

"The owner is on the terrace. I'll call him."

"Okay... I'll go up myself. Please open the door for me."

The clerk hesitated, because I was a stranger. From wanting to surprise my father during his card game, I started to get irritated.

"Just tell them their daughter is here."

"But the owner's daughter disappeared."

"Well, I'm back now... Oh, so annoying!"

I stuck my head through the small window and grabbed the key card, knowing exactly where it was.

"Hey! You can't do that."

"Call the police then."

Beep!

I swiped the card and pushed open the glass door, ignoring the clerk's protests. I climbed the stairs to the fifth floor on the roof. As soon as I

opened the door, the card game, probably warned by the clerk that I was a police informant, dispersed. Everyone hid the evidence in their clothes, pants, armpits or even between their buttocks.

"We're not playing cards!"

"I wouldn't believe you, even if you swear on the Bible."

I shrugged my shoulders and looked around for my father. But I heard sobbing nearby. When Dad saw me, he froze, unable to speak, too afraid to call my name, and began to cry. Mom, sitting in a wheelchair, was also crying.

"Daddy, crying doesn't suit you." I said.

"Jom... Is it really you, Jom? Oh my God..."

Dad started to sob, and he was completely lost because I acted like I didn't know or recognize him before. But he approached timidly. Seeing him like that made my throat tighten, and I nodded.

"It's me, not an undercover cop." I confirmed.

"Do you remember now?"

My dad asked, still not able to fully believe it.

"I remember."

"..."

"Mom, Dad... I'm back."

□□□□□□

Footnote

LINE MAN on a food delivery app in Thailand

Thairath (ly) is a famous Thal newspaper that often features general news

□48. Fuzzy Wuzzy□

The situation around me begin to return to normal, just as before. I went back to living my life as Jao-Jom, with my chubby, listless cat, Viramarati, as my secretary. Everything went back to its usual orbit, as if the previous chaos had never happened.

Even my legal troubles disappeared with the amount of money used to bribe the judiciary.

“I remember being left on the side of the road by a taxi. I hadn’t eaten, so I was weak. It must have been when Miss In’s car passed by, and I fainted right there. If she hadn’t helped me, I would have been in trouble.”

There was no mention of the amount of alcohol Intuorn had consumed, and even if evidence had been needed, there was none to be found. In fact, that family should have been charged with unlawful detention for keeping me locked up in their farm.

But I said that they took good care of me because they didn’t know where to take me. It all turned into a positive story for Intuorn’s family, making the case easy to write about.

To make sure no one would talk about it again, Intuorn’s father bribed the careless taxi driver who got involved in the mess to stop talking about the case. The sooner it ended, the safer it would be for his daughter.

"Did you promise not to press charges against In?"

"Yes."

Actually, Mr. Anek intended to bribe me, calling it compensation, but I politely refused.

"The events of that day were not entirely In's fault. I was the one who jumped in front of the car to make her stop, so that's how it ended. Thank you for taking me back to the farm. Otherwise, I don't know how I would have lived if I couldn't remember anything.

I tried to make Mr. Anek understand that I was grateful for what he did, even though I could read his mind vividly. He took me back just to keep an enemy around. If I remembered anything, he could deal with it.

Or he could hide me far away from this country, simply make me disappear...

He was a businessman, but if his daughter had to suffer because of blackmail, he could end it. Luckily, I wasn't the problem, so it ended well.

It was all over. What should have been a criminal case turned into a missing person case. It was so easy that my family thought it was wrong. The mental anguish everyone went through was too much for it to just be over. But no one could do anything when I insisted that I couldn't remember anything. I only knew that I was well taken care of by Intuon's family, and I asked everyone to stop talking about it because it hurt me.

Hurt... that I made someone sad without meaning to.

'How are you, In? How are you...?'

Today was another day when I typed a message like this, but I didn't dare send it to Intuorn. I didn't know if reaching out would make things worse or more complicated.

"What are you doing? Hurry up and see Mom."

Dad, who was supporting Mom, waved for me to come and encourage her. Today, she would try to walk on her own without anyone holding her. I put away my phone and cheered her on as if we are at a sporting event.

"Go, Mom! You can do it! Yay!"

Dad slowly let go of Mom, unsure, then ran to the end to catch her and waved to her. Since I came back, Dad said that her condition had improved a lot. Her mouth started to return to normal, and her weak legs regained strength, surprising even the doctor who monitored her condition.

After letting go and watching Mom walk towards Dad step by step, each step filled with excitement, she finally reached him. Everyone clapped and cheered happily.

"She can walk now!"

Dad screamed and hugged Mom tightly in joy. I stand there, tears welling up, feeling incredibly happy that everything is getting better so miraculously.

Teacher Renu's heart started beating normally again.

Mom, who was paralyzed, could now live normally again, more than ninety percent.

Maybe... it was a side effect of God's last blessing. I wonder who this God was and how he was now. But no matter, my life is peaceful again. I am back to being Jao-Jorm, with loving parents, Viramarati-savitrithita and teacher Renu, who was now back to normal life.

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"Did you miss me? Oh, hello, ma'am."

I said jokingly, forgetting to notice that teacher Renu isn't alone. I quickly raised my hands in a wai and greeted her mother who was nearby. Lately, Teacher Renu seemed to enjoy cooking, as she didn't want to give up after her clear soup turned into seawater the last time.

"I missed you."

The cute woman turned to answer me with a smile, not caring how uncomfortable her mother looked. I smiled weakly and stood still as her

mother excused herself and left the kitchen.

"Have fun"

Teacher Renu's mother said before leaving.

"Okay." Her daughter replied politely.

Now, it's just the two of us. I watched her mother walk away and smile tightly.

"Sorry, I came at the wrong time."

"About what?"

"Asking if you missed me in front of your mother. She must have felt awkward."

"It's nothing. I'm an adult... I can love whoever I want."

Teacher Renu, unfazed, waved at me.

"Come try this. I've practiced it three times. I've tasted it so much that I can't tell if it's good or not. My tongue is numb."

"Numb tongue? Will you feel anything if we kiss?"

"Good idea. Want to try now?"

"You don't have to take every joke seriously, Teacher. You can act shy or reserved like before. When you agree to everything, I don't know how to react."

"Play hard to get and you'll disappear again."

"I won't talk to you anymore.."

I walked over to taste the soup from the spoon she offered and nodded happily.

"It's delicious. Very good today."

"Of course, there's nothing I can't do."

What a braggart...

I pouted and smiled. Teacher Renu was adorable for going to such great lengths to cook for me. The lovely woman smiled proudly, then scooped the soup into a bowl and set it aside before turning to me.

"What?"

She turned to me, looking as if she was thinking about something, then leaned in to kiss me on the lips and pulled away.

"Uh...that was so fast. I wasn't ready."

I said, completely taken aback by the kiss.

"Then slowly this time."

Teacher Renu decided.

"I didn't mean it like that..."

The lovely girl, who didn't care about anything, now doing whatever she wanted, leaving me struggling to keep up. When she said she would kiss, she did, slowly sliding her tongue into my mouth. At first, I was embarrassed, but feeling that no one was watching, I melted, wrapping my arms around her neck to receive the kiss...

"Uh... "

Ong's voice at the kitchen door made me pull away from her immediately. Her flushed face made me blush too.

"Sorry, bad timing."

"Really bad timing, but it's okay... I just finished. Help bring the food to the table."

Teacher Renu remained calm, instructing her brother to set the table while I, not knowing what to do, hurriedly left the kitchen with my heart racing.

Lately, Teacher Renu seemed extremely cheeky. What was going on...?

Ong and I once analyzed her change in behavior. It may be because Teacher Renu had narrowly escaped death and realized that life was short. So she decided not to complicate things. When she wanted to do something, she expressed her desires openly.

If she loved, she said so.

If she wanted to kiss, she kissed.

Only I remained shy and unaccustomed.

While we all ate and talked, my phone ring, interrupting our meal.

"Excuse me for a moment."

I got up to answer it. A third-year student from the clinic called, saying that the owner of a dog I was treating for epilepsy had brought the MRI results and was waiting.

"I have to go back."

I told her, smiling dryly.

"I have business at the clinic. I'll be back tomorrow."

"You came for such a short time today. You're wasting money on a taxi."

"It's not a waste. I took the bus."

"Oh, that's even more troublesome. Why the bus?"

"I'm afraid I'll take a taxi and not arrive like last time."

I remembered a time when I took a taxi and was left on the side of the road, causing a big incident. Ong, hearing this, quickly waved her hands to change the subject.

"How about this? I'll drop you off. I was about to leave anyway."

Ong put down her cutlery and picked up her car keys.

"Let's go. Goodbye, Teacher. I'll be back tomorrow."

I smiled at Teacher Renu and respectfully said goodbye to her mother, who is sitting nearby. Then, I walked to the car with Ong. Teacher Renu watched me until I was out of sight, apparently thinking about something. But when I turned to look at her curiously, she just smiles back at me.

"Such a kind and thoughtful guy, offering to give me a ride... If you have something to say, just say it."

I climbed into the passenger seat and looked at Ong knowingly. His head was full of questions, but he seemed to want to talk more than anything.

"Are you really dating my sister?"

"You saw it yourself."

I replied, pretending to look out the window, since I couldn't meet his eyes when discussing this. He got in and saw us kissing; how could he think otherwise?

"You offered to drive me here just to ask something you already know?"

"I just wanted to make sure. Re didn't wake up with amnesia or something, right? She's not crazy like you, is she?"

"Why don't you ask your sister?"

"She's normal with everyone, but not with you... Damn, I never thought Re had such a sexy side. My heart is racing."

I laughed a little at the younger brother, who had adored his sister since childhood.

"You look excited."

"Of course! You saw how cold Re can be. Seeing her all lovestruck is kind of cute... Seriously, what did you do to make her fall in love with you? So many good men have tried, and she hasn't even looked at them."

"Well... lots of things."

I scratched my cheek and showed him with my hands.

"There's the lying position, the prone position, the sitting position, the standing position..."

"You pervert..."

Ong bared his teeth when he realized I was being dirty.

"I was just asking figuratively, not for details. But it's good. If Re loves you, I'm happy for you. I thought someone like her couldn't love anyone."

"Teacher Re loves you too, but she just doesn't show it."

"Defending each other now?"

Ong looked around thoughtfully as we stopped at a red light.

"Your house and Re's are too far apart. If you visit us every day, won't you go broke? How much do you make just taking care of dogs?"

"I'm thinking about buying a car."

"Really?"

"Yeah, I could visit her more easily if I had a car. Whenever it's convenient, I could just drive there."

"Wouldn't it be easier if you lived together?"

"You're crazy. I have a clinic to run. Buying a car is easier."

"No way, living with Re is easier. Trust me."

We both laughed until we got to my clinic, and Ong said goodbye.

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"From the MRI results, your dog's spine is deteriorating, but it's not severe enough for surgery. I'm going to prescribe some anti-seizure medication. Try not to let your dog fall from heights or bend down too much. This medication will need to be taken for life."

"Thank you, doctor. Wow, you're just a dog, but your medical bills are more expensive than my entire life combined!"

The dog's owner, who loved her Siberian Husky like a son, groaned before hugging him happily upon hearing the good news. After dispensing the medication and receiving payment for the last case, I went home around 8:00 p.m. It wasn't too late, but it wasn't earlier than usual either.

My work for the day was done.

Int: I'm going to study abroad.

The message notification on my phone startled me.

When I see who it's, I sit up straight, feeling both excited and shocked. We hadn't spoken in two months. I only thought about her and tried to forget. I had to rub my eyes twice to make sure I wasn't seeing things.

LayOut: Can we talk on the phone?

Int: No.

I get it... I nodded at my phone as if the person on the other end could see me.

LayOut: It's okay. Just knowing that you're okay makes Jom happy.

Int: Your name is still Jom, but you use the username Lay when you talk to me.

Int:

Honestly, I'm not used to it.

LayOut:

Are you okay?

Int:

I'm fine. Just saying goodbye before boarding the plane.

Int:

What about you?

LayOut:

I'm fine.

Int:

Well... Jao-Jom.

Int:

Your name is beautiful, but it doesn't sound as good as Intuorn.

LayOut:

Of course not!

Int:

It's a little sad that Lay doesn't exist anymore.

I smiled at the mourner and typed back,

LayOut:

Whether it's Lay or Jao-Jom, it's the same person. I always wish you the best.

Int:

It's okay. What I need is not good wishes, but love.

Int:

What Jom can't give, neither can Lay.

And then everything went silent. I didn't dare type anything back because I didn't know what to say.

Int:

It's okay. If we meet again, you'll regret not choosing me.

Int:

I'm planning to study abroad so I can come back as a serious woman. You won't be able to criticize me anymore.

LayOut:

Oh... Please don't mind my harsh words.

Int:

You're a smart mouth.

Int:

But honestly. I really am useless, just like you said.

I smiled at that message, not taking it seriously. Intuorn was always straightforward; she had a very memorable personality.

Int:

But this time, I'll be serious again. I'm still thinking about the handbag brand, but I'll put that aside. Tell Ms. Renu to separate work from personal matters. I still want to do it, but I need some time.

LayOut:

Right.

Int:

Good luck.

Tears rolled down my face as I read that sentence. I am sure Intuorn felt the same way as I typed it. Our friendship and the time we spent together almost every minute were now gone.

The past really took me away from Intuorn

LayOut:

Good luck.

Int:

I love you.

I could only read it because I couldn't reply.

Int:

Just kidding.

And that was our last conversation.

It was a declaration of love and a farewell. We both knew we couldn't go any further.

Ring...

My phone ring, pulling me out of my thoughts. The screen showed that it's Teacher Renu calling at prime time, 8:08 PM.

I wiped away my tears and adjusted my mood before answering happily.

"Right on time."

[Did you finish your work?]

"I just finished. What are you doing?"

[Packing]

"Where are you going?"

[I'm moving in with you.]

"Huh?"

Knock, knock

The sound of knocking on the glass wall outside made me jump out from behind the counter. There stood the beautiful Teacher Renu with a Louis Vuitton suitcase, smiling at me.

"You didn't tell me you were coming."

[Surprise!]

I quickly hung up and went to greet her. After the incident, Teacher Renu had been recovering at home for about two weeks. I visited her every day until this morning. Seeing her at my clinic now was a big surprise.

"Are you fully recovered? Walking like this, you might fall again."

"I'm fine. My mother worried too much, keeping me stuck at home. I'm bored."

She tilted her head slightly.

"This morning, someone complained to Ong that our houses are too far apart. I heard you were thinking of buying a car."

Ong, you loudmouth...

"Yes, I was thinking of buying a car so I could visit you more easily."

"Do you know how to drive?"

"Of course, Intuorn taught me by herself..."

As soon as I said that, I realized that I might have provoked her jealousy.

"Uh... I mean, I can drive now."

"You don't need to buy a car. It's a waste. If you want to drive, you can drive mine."

"What are you going to use then?"

"You drive and drop me."

Her dismissive tone told me she was still upset that I had mentioned the young lady, who was probably on a plane right now. Not knowing what else to do, I hugged her to make amends, as I always did.

"Sure, wherever you want to go, just tell me, and I'll take you. But the problem is, how am I going to visit you without a car?"

"So I solved the problem by moving in with you. I brought my clothes."

"Is this real?"

I looked at her suitcase in disbelief.

"Does my suitcase look fake? It's Louis Vuitton. I didn't mean the brand!"

"I thought you had packed to go back to your apartment and were joking about moving in."

"Can I?"

"What?"

"Can I move in with you?"

BA-DUM...

That was the sound of my heart pounding. Her direct question made me blush and fidget, lightly patting her arm.

"But my place is very small, not as fancy as your apartment or house."

"Is there a bed?"

"Yes, you've slept there before."

"Then everything is fine"

"..."

"Anywhere with you is fine."

I covered my face, feeling very embarrassed. Usually, Teacher Renu didn't talk much about such things. Suddenly, she's being so romantic, and my heart couldn't handle it.

"I can't keep up with you, teacher. You're so cheeky now. You used to be so cold to me at school, like an iceberg. Now you're all explicit. My heart can't handle it."

"So, can I stay or not? Stop being so shy."

"Before you move in, can I ask you something?"

"What? Why do you look so serious?"

Teacher Renu looked hesitant, as if she was afraid that my question was something she couldn't answer. Although she had been affectionate lately, she was careful with every step, afraid that she might say or do something that would hurt me. She didn't want to argue with me anymore. Since she was very good at starting arguments.

"It's a little serious."

"Go ahead, Jom."

I sighed and looked into her eyes, searching for an answer.

"Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear. Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair. Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't furry, was he?"

“...”

"The question is... Does this sound confusing? How did this become a first-grade exam question?"

Teacher Renu looked completely horrified when she heard the question I intended to ask her. She narrowed her eyes and sighed.

"What kind of question is this?"

"Hehe, it's the kind of question that makes you look like you've seen a ghost. Even a doctor would be dumbfounded by this question. How dare they put this in a first-grade class?"

"Exam?"

I laughed heartily and picked up Teacher Renu's suitcase. Then, I reached out to guide the beautiful woman upstairs.

"Let's make a new room, Teacher. Since you're staying here, it has to be nice. Our love nest should be comfortable."

When we got to the room, I carefully put Teacher Renu's suitcase away while she looked around the room, and then I sit down on the bed.

"Jom."

"Yes?"

"You want to know if Fuzzy Wuzzy isn't hairy?"

The sweet-faced woman smiled slightly and pointed her lips at the light switch.

"Turn off the lights in this room and let's see."

Hearing this, my mouth dropped open, then I laughed and shook my head.

"No."

"Don't you want to know if Fuzzy Wuzzy really has hair?"

"No, I won't turn off the lights. Because if I do, how will I know..."

I climbed onto the bed and straddled the cute woman, playfully rubbing my nose against her high bridge.

"Whether it's hairy or not. You're so obscene."

I leaned down and kissed the teacher lightly, looking into her eyes with fascination. No matter how many years have passed, my feelings for the lovely woman have never changed.

"Finally, we can be together."

"Indeed."

Teacher Renu reached out to play with my hair and tucked it behind my ear.

"From now on, we'll be together until we get tired of each other."

"Shh."

I raised my hand to signal her to be quiet.

"What is it?"

"I'm listening."

"Listening to what?"

"The sound of your heart."

Ba-dum...

Ba-dum...

I smiled and placed her hand on my left breast, imitating the rhythm of her heartbeat.

"Your heart is beating like this...Ba-dum, ba-dum."

"..."

Compare it with mine and see if they beat in sync.

The lovely woman complied, closing her eyes and listening carefully to my heartbeat. Then she repeated the sound.

Ba-dum.

Ba-dum.

Ba-dum/Ba-dum.

When we synchronize our voices, we look into each other's eyes and smile, understanding the meaning instantly.

"Our hearts beat in sync."

Teacher Renu said first. I nodded and leaned closer.

"That's right. Our hearts beat in sync. Remember the theory about heartbeats? They say that if lovers hear each other's heartbeats, their hearts will synchronize. And ours are in perfect sync."

"Oh no... We're in love."

The teacher pretended to be mistaken, even though she knew it well.

"You can't escape now, teacher. So..."

I unbuttoned teacher Renu's shirt and leaned in to kiss her again.

"I'll finally see Fuzzy Wuzzy."

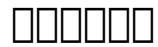
"You idiot, where's the romance?"

We both laughed and teased each other slowly, knowing full well that we would never be apart again.

It seems the theory about heartbeats is true.

When we love each other...

Our hearts beat together... in perfect rhythm.



□The Story of Us□

"Are you serious, Re?"

As soon as my mother saw me come back home to get a few more things, she spoke as I was walking to the car and pressing the remote to leave. I turned to look at her and gave a small smile before nodding.

"Yes."

"So, are you going to live with Jom permanently?"

"If she wants me to stay permanently, then I will. But for now, I will be going back and forth because we need to renovate the place. Some days, I will come to stay here, mother."

"O-okay."

I understood that my mother was worried and anxious since many things were not going according to the natural order. But honestly, this house never had much control over me. Ever since I graduated, found a job, and went abroad after that my father passed away, I became the one taking care of everything. Since I was the breadwinner, all the decisions were mine.

The decision to leave home was the same. Once I made my decision, no one could stop me.

That included having a life partner who was also a woman.

"Aren't you going to get married?"

Mom asked, a little hesitantly.

"If Jom wants to get married, then I will."

"You know what I mean, Re. A marriage between a man and a woman, having children, a complete family."

"Being with another woman doesn't mean the family won't be complete. If you want grandchildren, I can adopt a child if that makes you feel better."

"Re... I know you were born and raised to be independent, making all your own decisions. But I'm worried. What if one day she decides she wants to have a traditional family and marry a man? What will you do then?"

"I'll back off and stay single."

"Why close your opportunities like that?"

"I'm happy now, Mom. And I know life is unpredictable. I want to focus on what I love for as long as possible, and I found that with Jom."

"..."

"Please respect my decision."

"What can I say? I still remember how you were when she disappeared."

Mom nodded understandingly.

"If you think this will really make you happy, I won't stand in your way. Just visit home sometimes, okay?"

This wasn't like a drama where love was forbidden and inheritance was cut off. Okay... maybe if Dad was still alive, things might have been more intense. But he wasn't, so life was simpler now.

A life where I could finally be with Jom for real.

"Yes, Mom."

Today, I had an appointment with an interior designer to measure the space in the apartment that Jom and I had decided to make our love nest. Saying it out loud made me feel a little shy and awkward, but it was happening. We were finally going to live together, like we always joked.

When I arrived, Jom's junior vet greeted me with a wave and pointed upstairs.

"Jom is upstairs."

"Thank you."

When I got upstairs, I found my beloved biting her nails, watching the interior designer measure things, looking worried.

"What's wrong?"

"You're here."

Jom smiled a little and put her arm through mine, rubbing her head affectionately against my arm.

"I was thinking."

"What were you thinking?"

"Do you really think you're going to move?"

"Why do you think that?"

"Well... look."

Jao-Jom pointed to the room where we slept together almost every night and placed her hand on her cheek.

"It's so embarrassing. My room is so small. How can you live here?"

"Why not? I'm already staying here."

"I thought you were only staying temporarily."

"What are you really worried about? Just tell me."

Jao-Jom, who was usually so confident, now seemed shy and withdrawn about everything.

"You've always lived in big houses. Even your apartment is bigger than this. You've lived in luxury. How can you live in this tiny room?"

"We'll clean things up, redecorate, and it'll be spacious and luxurious. Why else would I hire an interior designer?"

"Should I move into your house? You wouldn't have to spend money on renovations. Or I could buy a car and drive to you. It would be easier."

"..."

"Why are you silent? Did I say something wrong?"

"Is that an excuse for not wanting me to move in?"

"No!"

Jao-Jom exclaimed loudly, waving her hands in denial.

"I just feel..."

"Feel what?"

"Honestly, I don't deserve you. You're beautiful, rich, and talented. Why would you want to be with a veterinarian like me? You should be with someone perfect, rich, and of the same status."

"Is this your way of breaking up with me?"

I bit my lip, starting to get anxious.

"You don't want to be with me."

"No, it's not that! I'm just feeling insecure about my social status."

Jao-Jom grabbed my hand, trying to explain.

"Wouldn't you be upset if you realized you could have had someone better one day?"

"I'm already upset."

"...."

"Because I love you, but you keep saying things like that."

"Oh, I'd rather die at your feet than make you feel like this," Jao-Jom hugged me tightly.

"I won't complain anymore. If you want to move, do whatever you want. But if you regret it one day, I can't help you."

"What do you mean you can't help?"

"I won't let you go. I'll push you against the wall, rip your clothes off, kiss you and..."

"Uh... excuse me, I've finished measuring the space," the interior designer interrupted awkwardly.

It seemed like our conversation had been overheard by him. Jao-Jom, who was usually so bold, blushed, probably embarrassed by what the designer might be thinking.

"Okay, do you think you can stay within the budget?"

He smiled, pretending nothing had happened.

"There maybe be some extra costs if you want it the way you described. We'll need to break down some walls and do some dirty work."

"How long will it take?"

"About three months."

I walked the interior designer to his car and then went back upstairs to find Jao-Jom, who now looked completely embarrassed.

"What's wrong?"

"The interior designer heard everything I said. He has all sorts of images of us naked in his head... it's so embarrassing."

"Well, you shouldn't have said those things. It's not his fault. Besides, he's a guy. They're naturally more perverted than us women."

"How am I supposed to face him when he comes to work in the bedroom?"

"Poor thing. Even your meddling has its drawbacks."

I smiled and sat down next to her, rubbing her back comfortingly.

"So, where were we? You were going to push me against the wall, rip my clothes off, kiss me and then what?"

"Aren't you the least bit embarrassed? He just imagined us together."

"Was his imagination half as hot as yours?"

Jao-Jom smiled and shake her head.

"No, I'm more creative."

Then, the child began to stroke my chin.

"He thinks directly, just doing and finishing. But I like to take my time, savoring each moment until the other begs for more."

As I was pushed onto the bed, I looked up and smiled at her.

"That's another reason why I have to move."

"Why?"

"Because I love having sex with you, Jom."

At that, Jao-Jorn, who had been so bold, burst out laughing and bumped her forehead against mine.

"You make me laugh."

"Is it that funny?"

"This reminds me of when I was Lay, and you said something like that. I choked on your soup and had tears streaming down my face."

"Maybe being direct isn't the best thing. Or do you prefer the old me... the one who was quiet and didn't show feelings, letting time pass?"

Talking about this made me remember seven years ago, when I was stubborn, a recent college graduate, and eager to piss off my father by becoming a temporary teacher at a school far from home. Honestly, any school would be fine, but fate led me to become a teacher at Jao-Jom's school, the daughter of the owner of the apartment where I lived.

"Can you hear your heartbeat in your chest?"

"Hmm?"

"Just like I can hear yours."

"..."

"Are you like me?"

I had to admit, hearing this question made me a little surprised and even embarrassed, but I had to act as if it didn't affect me. It was a question full of curiosity and hidden feelings, almost like a small confession, I could understand. When I was her age, I also had crushes on seniors and teachers.

But I wasn't as direct as Jao-Jorn, the daughter of the apartment owner.

"That's romantic. It feels like someone is confessing to me. But you need to grow up a little more. Focus on your studies first."

Being older meant that I couldn't hurt a child or student's feelings, so I could only remain indifferent. However, from that moment on, Jao-Jom stuck to me like glue. This persistent child didn't exactly flirt openly; she just wanted to be close and chat a little. I didn't mind.

Cute...

"How's teaching going?"

Aekaphop, or Mr. Aek, my high school math teacher, asked with genuine interest after learning that I had chosen the same profession. Today was our first meeting since we met at an old school reunion. Back then, I admired him because he taught well, made things understandable, carried himself well, and was handsome. Even other students and teachers secretly admired him.

I was practically Jao-Jom back then, but I never overdid it. We were a great teacher-student duo. But as time went on, he was no longer a teacher, and I grew up and had a career. If we both agreed to see where things could go, there was nothing wrong with that.

"It's good. When I was a student, I never thought that being a teacher would be so much work. Plus, there's the stress of wondering if the students understand what I'm trying to teach."

"Is there anyone who doesn't understand what you teach, Re?"

"No, there isn't."

"That means you're doing well."

My pride, which I cherished so much, collapsed when Jao-Jom, the brilliant student known for getting straight A's, told me bluntly...

"I can't do this."

"What don't you understand?"

"I don't understand any of this."

My ego shattered when Jao-Jom answered so directly. I couldn't let it go, because I've always been excellent at math, but I couldn't get a student to understand the lesson. It was horrible. After class, I decided to call the cheerful girl for a chat.

"Would it be possible for you to have some one-on-one math lessons with me?"

And that was the beginning... for me.

The beginning of my interest in this girl.

□□□□□

□Wrong□

From that day on, I started tutoring Jao-Jom in math one-on-one. I often felt that this child was pretending to be stupid. But whenever she realized that I noticed, she would act clumsy, writing numbers wrong on purpose. But I didn't pay much attention to this because I saw it as my duty as a teacher to do my best.

We met each other almost every day - morning, noon, and night...

Sometimes, I found her adorable. Other times, she was annoying because she was so talkative.

We were still a teacher and a student who sometimes had a cold relationship. I wasn't sure if it's normal or if it's because we were only a few years apart, which made us more like sisters. Besides, when we first met, we didn't know that we would end up as teacher and student, so there was something inexplicable about our relationship.

For example, when I was caught keeping a cat in my room, Jao-Jom used it to blackmail me into tutoring her in math.

I'm someone who always follows the rules, never breaks them. The cat was the first thing that made me break my own rules for no reason, and I don't like that about myself. It's dishonest, a bad example. But more than that, being blackmailed by my own student and constantly worrying about getting caught makes me stressed out.

"I like you so much it's driving me crazy. Please...don't push me away."

It's not like I don't know...

Because once upon a time, I had a huge crush on Mr. Aekaphop. Even now, as we tried to date as adults, everything stayed within the boundaries I set. Nothing more than dinners, movies, or phone calls to check in on each other. I knew how Jao-Jom felt, so I didn't want to hurt her too much.

I didn't reject her, but I didn't get her hopes up either.

"You're too relaxed about it, making me feel a little weird. It's like you don't take my feelings seriously."

"Isn't it good to be relaxed? It won't be weird."

"Yes, but I feel like you're too comfortable."

"..."

"Why is that?"

"That our relationship will never be possible."

Back then, I really thought so. There was nothing more to it than the affection a teacher has for a student who admires her. But rejecting her like that didn't seem to lessen Jao-Jom's efforts towards me. So I let the persistent child do whatever she wanted, since I had set the limit.

After some discussion, we became closer. Maybe it was because we shared the responsibility of taking care of Virarnarati-savitritithita, our cat. We had more to discuss, and I was surprised by her unusual abilities.

Jao-Jom could read minds...

Believe it or not, this ability got me thinking when a trainee teacher tricked me into talking in a secluded place. Fortunately, the persistent child saw it and helped me just in time. But it didn't surprise me as much as when she read a dog's mind in a grooming salon.

"Can you read a dog's mind?"

"But you don't believe me."

I was curious, but I didn't believe her, so I sarcastically pretended to ask her to read the dog's mind. Jao-Jom, seeing my obvious lack of conviction, became even more irritated.

"I can't understand dog language."

"Well, you can't communicate if you can't understand."

I was really foolish to believe for a moment that Jao-Jom had such a unique ability. For a moment, I was afraid that if Jao-Jom could really read minds, then what she said about Mr. Aekaphop having a family might be true.

"He smells the cat on you, so he's excited and still remembers you. You called him something..."

I tilted my head and pursed my lips.

"Fufu? Bubu? Jukgru?"

Seeing Jao-Jom's behavior, I was stunned. I didn't know how to feel. Years ago, I saw an acne medicine commercial on TV with a cute dog named Mumu, and I simply memorized that all the dogs in the world were named Mumu.

And when Jom almost guessed correctly, I got worried, clenching my fists tightly as we got on the bus together.

"I call that dog Mumu."

But it was still hard to believe. I kept my doubts to myself. That night, I called Mr. Aekaphop, wanting to know the truth. Of course, if anyone was smart enough, they would realize that asking him directly wouldn't give them the right answer. So, to prove whether Jom really had this ability and whether Mr. Aekaphop had a family, it was worth a try.

"Let's have dinner tomorrow, Mr. Aek"

[Sure, where should we meet?]

"Can I bother you to pick me up from school.?"

After hanging up, I thought deeply. Just because Jao-Jom once said that Mr. Aek had a family made me want to catch him in a lie. But if he really had a family, his wife and children would be waiting at home. Could he go anywhere without telling anyone?

But before, Mr. Aek once went to withdraw money and forgot his wallet. When he saw me take it out, he quickly took it back, looking panicked. It was something that made me wonder.

No matter, we would find out soon enough. If Jom really was a mind reader like she claimed, then Mr. Aek must have a family. If Jom was just bragging, I would tell myself that it's nonsense. That's all.

And then it's time for the test. The next evening, I asked Ong, my younger brother, to come to school to help me test a lot of things. Mr. Aek seemed surprised, as he hadn't expected me to bring children, but he didn't object. The first thing I did after getting in the car was to test one thing at a time.

I asked to see Ong's wallet.

I tested Mr. Aek by asking Jao-Jom to guess where he liked to eat and what his favorite dish.

All of Jao-Jom's answers were correct, which was surprising. I didn't even know that his favorite restaurant was near Rama IX or his favorite dish was spicy spaghetti. But Jom knew everything.

She knew so much that I was genuinely angry that I had been deceived by someone close to me.

"How long have you been married, Mr. Aek?"

My question made the driver swerve. The fact that he hadn't told me anything from the beginning was just to deceive me day after day. No one needed to explain; I could imagine that picking me up and leaving me like that meant that the man expected something. But I realized it in time.

Before it was too late...

All the secrets were revealed because of a supernatural ability that I never thought anyone could have, and that person was Jao-Jom. I was surprised and scared. Although I didn't know what to do, the child who read minds hugged and comforted me, acting as if she were older and protecting me from all the pain in the world.

"Just know that if you are in pain, I will stay with you until it passes, and it will pass. You are not alone. Many people love you."

"..."

"And I want you to know that one of those people who loves you is right here."

While I was stunned and lost, the student's lips gently touched mine, leaving me speechless. It was the most disconcerting moment of my entire life, and I couldn't react because I didn't know how to deal with it.

My first kiss...

I remember not saying anything. We took a taxi back to the apartment and went our separate ways as if nothing had happened. I locked myself in my room for three days and nights to clear my confused mind, wondering what I should be shocked about first.

The fact that Mr. Aek had a family.

Or that I was kissed by a student.

It seemed like my mind kept revolving around the kiss that night. I had forgotten that I had just broken up with Mr. Aekaphop, whom I admired so much. My mind was filled with images of Jao-Jom hugging and kissing me.

Damn, I can't get rid of this.

Knock, knock

The knocking sound that came every night made me jump a little. Often, my heart would race when I heard that sound because I knew who it was. Today was another day that Jao-Jom stopped by, probably bringing a lunchbox as usual.

How much pocket money does she get from school every day so she can keep buying me food?

Ba-dum...

I stood up and walked to the door slowly, hesitating about what to say when I opened it.

Meow...

The cat.

When I saw Viramarati-savitritithita meowing, I found an excuse to talk to my student.

"Jom."

"Why is your voice like that?"

The observant girl asked, looking worried. In addition to overthinking the past three days, I was also sick.

"I'm sick... *cough, cough.*"

"I noticed that you were quiet, so I didn't dare disturb you and just brought food."

"I'll pay you back... Well, actually, I wanted to ask you a favor."

"What's it?"

"I'm out of cat food. I don't have the strength to go out."

Of course, Jao-Jom agreed to my request. The bubbly girl took the money for the cat food and ran out quickly, happy to see me today.

Ba-dum...

Hmm... It seems like she's not the only one who's happy.

Knock, knock

Today, my door knocked again. I could feel the humble demeanor of the person knocking, which made me smile, but I kept a straight face as I opened the door. Jao-Jom smiled happily, showing the items I asked her to buy.

"You're fast."

"Can I come in?"

"You might catch my cold."

"..."

"But I think u can."

I teased her a little, but I let my brilliant student in. It wasn't the first time Jao-Jom had come to see me, but it was the first time I had felt so awkward.

All because of that kiss...

After she came in, I tried to act normal, even though I coughed a little. I started talking about when I was her age, how much I admired Mr. Aek, and tried to explain that as she grew older, her feelings might change too. But...

I won't change.

Such a confident statement, but we all knew that nothing in this world was certain.

Time changes, people change.

Hearts change too.

Thinking about it made me sad... One day, Jao-Jom, who always followed me, would change...

Damn it, what's wrong with me?

"Are you afraid?"

"What?"

"Are you afraid that one day I'll forget my feelings for you like you did with Mr. Aek?"

Besides being surprised by the question that hit the nail on the head, I also started to be careful about my own feelings. It seemed like I had been slipping for a while. I tried to avoid eye contact and didn't talk much to Jom, pretending to play with the cat. But that persistent girl hugged me from behind and started talking about some theory of heartbeats, making my chest flutter.

"There's a study that says that when lovers' heartbeats are measured, their rhythms start to synchronize."

"And?"

"Don't you want to know?"

"Know what?"

"If my heart beats in sync with yours."

At that moment, I knew... I was in trouble.

Jao-Jom's presence made me forget the meaning of "heartbreak," even though Mr. Aek had just disappointed me. To be honest, he was my first boyfriend. Although our relationship didn't go beyond dinners, movies, and late-night phone calls.

But when we stopped talking, everything was fine. It turns out that if I didn't hear from that cheerful student, I would feel strange, as if something was missing.

I began to enjoy testing Jao-Jom's unusual abilities, wanting to know their limits. It was funny that this girl got A's in every subject simply because she could read the minds of all her teachers except me, causing her to only get six out of ten on the pre-test.

I won...

And since Jao-Jom couldn't read my mind, her grades started to drop. So it became my duty to teach her the real basics of numbers, not just how to survive exams, through private tutoring.

We had the opportunity to spend more time and do more activities together.

Every night after school, Jao-Jom would stay with me, practicing the exam problems I prepared. I discovered that she was actually very smart, but she used her special abilities in the wrong way. Every time she solved a math problem I taught her, I felt like I was getting a reward too.

It was like guiding a child to the goal and watching her grow up tall and beautiful.

Such a cute girl...

But every time I thought like that, I would quickly get distracted because I knew it wasn't right. Jao-Jom would often see me nodding for no reason or avoiding eye contact. If she could read my mind, she would know I was losing focus... because of those light brown eyes.

"Today, I'm going to make you proud. I'll be your trophy, teacher."

The bright-faced girl rolled up her sleeves and licked her lips. I smiled a little and started the stopwatch.

"Go."

Today's test was the same, just with different numbers or methods. But Jao-Jom was quick-witted and adaptable. Even when I changed the problems, she solved them smoothly.

Today, she finished before the time was up and got everything right.

"How's it going?"

"Everything's correct."

"You're kidding."

"I'm not. You got them all right."

Jao-Jom seemed surprised at her own success before she started chattering happily. I looked at all the problems she solved and felt proud that I had helped a student who had scored six out of ten on the pre-test to get everything right on the college entrance exam.

"Finally, I could be her trophy."

Jao-Jom still saw me as her goal, more than the college entrance exam that every student in the country dreams of. My heart was pounding, feeling a vibration in my chest, and it felt like the walls I was trying to build were slowly crumbling.

Ba-dum...

"You're only thinking about making the teacher proud, being a trophy. What about you? Don't you want something for yourself?"

Ba-dum...

"That's true. I never thought about what I wanted. But it doesn't matter. Just making you happy is the greatest reward for m..."

And finally, the walls crumbled. My body didn't follow any reason. Before I knew it, I threw myself at my student, who hadn't even finished speaking, and pressed my lips to hers, cutting off her voice. The moment I realized what I was doing, I pulled away and bit my lip hard, since there was nothing else I could do.

Damn it!

"Teach..."

"What?"

"Just now, that was..."

Jao-Jom was asking for a reason, still confused and not understanding what had just happened. I, having done the most thoughtless thing of my life, quickly answered as best I could.

Ba-dum...

"A reward."

"..."

"A reward. You did well and you deserved it."

But instead of backing away, Jao-Jom knew the moment I was off balance and quickly seized the opportunity.

"Can I have it again?"

"..."

"One more reward and I promise to be a good girl... just for you."

"Just for me?"

But this time, Jao-Jom threw herself at me and kissed me. Even though I knew it was wrong, I let her do it, as if I couldn't control myself.

My heart triumphed over my brain...

"Yes, just for you."

I gave up, feeling dazed and out of control, letting my emotions take over until I forgot everything. After several minutes, I seemed to regain my senses due to the short breaths. I raised my hand to push my seemingly insatiable student away.

"That's enough."

"I finally said."

"O... okay."

Everything went silent as the situation returned to normal. The awkwardness and many other things made everything worse and harder.

"Go home. It's late."

"Alright, see you tomorrow then, Teacher."

"..."

I didn't answer and walked to the door, subtly forcing Jao-Jom to leave. As soon as she was out of sight, I collapsed on the floor, exhausted, running my hand through my hair in confusion.

What should I do next...

Was what happened just now a good thing? Was it right?

If we feel good, but it's wrong, it means it shouldn't have happened.

I bit my lip hard as I began to make up my mind, looking straight ahead. Even I knew it was wrong.

If others couldn't know what we had done, it meant it was wrong from the start. A teacher and a student having such a complicated and forbidden relationship was unacceptable. Even though she's a woman, it's still inappropriate.

Thinking about this, I walked over to the wardrobe and took a deep breath...

I was no longer fit to be anyone's teacher in this world.

□□□□□□

□Never Fade□

I quickly cut off my own personal affairs in favor of integrity. The next day, when Jao-Jom could no longer find me at the apartment, she came straight to meet me at home. I painfully severed our ties because our status was neither right nor proper.

“I will never forget you.”

Those were the words Jao-Jom left behind. They were deeply ingrained in my mind and heart. Even though this child was not my first love, it was the most intense feeling I had ever experienced. I left her crying and walked away without any attachment. I told Jao-Jom to forget me, but it turned out that I was the only one who could never forget.

A year have passed...

“Jom passed the exam. She asked me to report the news to you, Re.”

Two years have passed...

“Jom asked me to wish you a happy birthday.”

Six years have passed...

“Re, Jao-Jom graduated. She is a veterinarian now. She wanted me to tell you that she can vaccinate Viramarati by herself now, so there is no need to find someone else.”

Ong would often email me to check on me, never forgetting to update me on Jao-Jom, even though I never asked.

Honestly, I was grateful to my younger brother for always keeping me informed about my determined student.

I ran away abroad to study, not because I wanted to earn a degree for my own honor. It felt more like I was running away. I just didn't know what excuse to use to escape from someone else's place to such a faraway place other than to study.

In six years, I earned a Ph.D. effortlessly.

If you ask me what special skill I have, it would probably be studying. I've always been good at it, even though I saw it as something ordinary.

But even after I graduated, I still hadn't returned to Thailand for some reason. I wasn't sure if I was afraid of something.

Fear... that everything would never be the same again.

"Re... we've known each other for a while..."

Today, 'Vichian', a childhood friend who studied in the same country, invited me to dinner. As we ate, he seemed hesitant, but he didn't say anything until he walked me to my apartment building. Before left, he said he had something important to discuss, and I could guess what it was. To be honest, we weren't exactly friends.

I always heard that men and women couldn't just be friends.

He was the son of a close friend of my father's, rich and from a good family. He wasn't bad-looking and graduated with a Ph.D. at the same time as me, because he was also a student enthusiast.

How could someone be so much like me...

"I like you," my father's friend's son said, grabbing my hand. The air was getting colder as Christmas approached, and his breath was visible as he spoke. I was more interested in his breathing than in what he was saying.

Is it cold in Thailand? Come to think of it, I've never seen Joo-Jomus in a winter coat.

But that wasn't surprising; I only taught for a period, not even during the winter. We only got together during the rainy season.

A pleasant rainy season...

"Please be my girlfriend."

While I was lost in other thoughts, I noticed that he was gently kissing the back of my hand. He confessed his love respectfully and tenderly, and I gave him a slightly awkward smile because I didn't know how to react.

"Honestly, I wasn't prepared for something like this."

"I know I approached you as a friend... but someone like you wouldn't give anyone a chance if we didn't know each other first."

I looked at him understandingly. Foreign friends would often flirt or talk to me, but I always turned them down because I didn't feel that way. The same with Vichian. But... if I closed all the opportunities, it would seem too narrow-minded.

Maybe... if it were him, I might be influenced or forget a little bit about that girl.

"Shall we try kissing?"

"What?"

"I want to try."

I didn't know if others said it so directly, but when I blurted it out, I was quite taken aback by myself. Curiosity made me say it directly, and it made my childhood friend nervous, but he seemed happy. Vichian came closer, leaned in, and kissed me gently. I kissed him without even closing my eyes, and as soon as our lips touched, I pushed him away immediately.

"Thank you. I need to think about this first. "

I sighed a little, remembering the feeling of kissing Jao-Jom years ago. It wasn't like this. Back then, my heart swelled so much that it felt like it would explode.

"How long will it take?"

"I can't give you an answer yet, but when I'm ready, I'll let you know."

I said, even though I knew in my head that I didn't feel anything for him. My mind was full of Jao-Jom, constantly imagining how much she had grown.

"If I go back, will she still like me like before...?"

It was unfair to Vichian, but if Jao-Jom hadn't changed... I would reject him.

Yeah... I'm very selfish.

But it seemed the time to think was too short. About a week later, Miriam, my middle sister, called to tell me to come home immediately because our father had suddenly passed away.

Finally, it was time to go back.

I came back during a time when my family was in grieving. Honestly, on the flight back, I just felt numb, not really hurt. But when I stepped foot back home, came home and found that my father was no longer there, I began to realize that this was real. Numbness turned into pain, but all I could do was remain silent and hide it.

As the eldest sister, I inevitably became the pillar of the family. My brother had just graduated and was still quite disoriented. Miriam was the type to do whatever she wanted, always saying, "I'm not good at this," as an excuse to avoid responsibility. All the duties and responsibilities naturally fell on me. If Dad were still alive, he would be furious because his daughter was a

burden to the family. As far as Dad was concerned, he only had one son, Ong.

But whatever, Dad was gone now... thinking about him was useless. In the end, I was the one who had to bear it all.

My relationship with Dad was never good. No matter how well I did, I was always ignored, as all the attention was on his only son. So Miriam and I didn't really like our younger brother, or rather, we were jealous. But the middle brother was less competitive.

However, as I grew older... I didn't feel that way about Ong anymore. He grew up to be a young man and always looked at me with admiration. Jom said that Ong always admired me in his head. Seeing his efforts to keep in touch by email over the years made me like him, like a puppy that its owner had driven away but still loved its owner.

"You've grown up now. Aren't you ashamed to cry in front of others?"

I went over to pat my brother on the head, who was sitting on the dark sofa in the living room at one in the morning. I woke up in the middle of the night because I was thirsty, but I heard sobbing, so it wasn't hard to guess who it was. Ong was now four inches taller than me.

Boys grow so surprisingly tall.

"Hic... there's no one left now. Daddy's gone. What should I do?"

"Just accept it and grow up fast. Mommy still needs to count on you."

"Why would Mom count on me? She has you."

"Ong, you're the only man in the house. Are you going to take advantage of me by letting me carry all the responsibilities? One day, I'll have to get married and leave. That's what Dad feared the most: that I'd take everything and give it to my husband."

I said, smiling a little, but Ong shook his head.

"I don't care. You can take whatever you want... By the way, do you already have someone?"

Ong, who was distracted, looked at me with teary eyes.

"Who is it?"

"I was just saying."

"Oh, I thought you had someone. I was going to tease Jom about it."

Ba-dum...

My heart skipped a beat at the sound of that name. It wasn't the time to get excited about anything other than Dad's funeral. Realizing this, I shook my head to clear the strange thoughts and told Ong to go to bed.

"Get enough rest. There's a lot to do tomorrow."

"Right."

Honestly, I was just pretending to be strong because I couldn't sleep either.

Losing Dad was a big deal for everyone in the family. I believed that no one in the house could sleep, but life had to go on. He was gone, and those who were left behind had to fulfill their duties, one of which was the funeral.

At the event, many guests came to offer their condolences. Although I thought I felt less affected by it, looking at my father's face in the framed photo showing his birth and death dates brought tears to my eyes. But it was useless to let anyone see them. I quickly cleaned them and stood at the entrance to greet the guests. And yes... I saw that Jao-Jom was also there. That girl showed kindness by helping to serve drinks and snacks to the guests, even though it wasn't necessary.

She's grrw up a lot...

And prettier too...

The first night of the funeral passed. Many guests slowly left. Jao-Jom stayed behind, apparently waiting for a chance to talk to me. And yes, I knew because I was also looking for an opportunity to talk to my favorite student.

"Jom, I'll take you home. It's dark, and I don't trust taxis... Ong, go home today. At least be there for Mommy"

I ordered my still grieving brother in a firm voice. Initially, Ong offered to take Jao-Jom home, but I wanted to spend some time with my student, who I had just met again. However...

"Actually, you don't have to take me home."

"Girl."

"What?"

"You're trying to show me that we're not teacher and student anymore, right?"

"..."

"Not calling me 'Teacher' is really strange, Jom."

Honestly, I felt a little guilty, because it felt like I was making fun of her for trying to act like an adult. But seeing that stubbornness was a good development because she's always been a sweet and obedient child.

Not a child anymore, huh...

"No."

"What?"

"I'm not going home with you..."

Cute...

"Give me one reason why you won't go with me."

"I won't follow your orders anymore."

"So, you're saying you're an adult now."

"Yes."

"It's ok then."

I gave in and went home, even though I was worried that my stubborn student might have trouble getting home. But then again, if she wanted to be an adult, I had to let her feel like she could take care of herself.

"Jom."

"Yes?"

"You've grown up."

"It's been seven years. It would be weird if I hadn't."

"Good..."

I spoke my heart and started the car to leave. That stubborn behavior and the apparent need to win indicated that she had been thinking about me all these years.

At least I knew that... she hadn't forgotten her teacher.

I would skip the less important parts. We met occasionally because Jao-Jom would call to arrange a meeting. I didn't hide from her that there was another man waiting for my answer, which shocked her quite a bit. But my brilliant student remained determined.

"You haven't started dating him yet, right?"

"Yeah"

"Then I still have a chance. I've decided that I won't back down if I see you again. The memories of that day are still with me. I believe that the spark from seven years ago is still there.

"..."

"It will light up."

I had expected to see something like this and I was very happy about it. Seeing that Jao-Jom never thought of running away, no matter how much I pretended to push her away, almost made me say, "It never needed to light up because it never went out." But I held back because I was curious to see how persistent the girl could be.

But I forgot it was Jao-Jom... Sometimes, she could be annoyingly persistent.

"Annoying."

[You'll get used to it, hehe. Are you free tomorrow?]

"I'm not."

[You said that if I wanted to see you, I could see you anytime. So, you're not keeping your word, just giving false hope to ignore me.]

"Jom..."

I raised my hand to my temple, feeling irritated but unable to stop myself from smiling. I interrupted the conversation when my student insisted on meeting me tomorrow, even though I told her I had work.

"You're so needy. It's okay, I'll see you tomorrow. I'll get you."

When I gave up, Jao-Jom finally hung up. I looked at my phone and shook my head before turning my attention back to typing up the business plan for

my meeting with Kimhan, the owner of the Dream brand, who was currently in the spotlight.

"Why are you smiling? It's making me feel embarrassed."

Miriam, my middle sister, who I hadn't noticed when she opened the door, teased me, making me jump a little. Her bright, cheerful face smiled at me provocatively. Honestly, every time I looked at her, it felt like I was looking into a mirror.

"When did you get here?"

"I've been here for a while... You were frowning, then smiling. So... Do you have a boyfriend? Who?"

"No one. With all this work, where would I find time for a boyfriend?"

"But that smile wasn't about work."

Although I missed Jao-Jom a lot, after coming back, I had a lot of work to deal with that my father had left behind. It became my responsibility to make decisions about many documents, including some plans that I thought needed improvement.

Our bags were sold for very little in the market. My father never thought of increasing their value.

After studying abroad for a long time, I saw new fashion trends and picked up some ideas. Nowadays, consumers are more interested in items that have unique features and are owned by just a few. I thought about it during my studies and decided to apply this concept, such as painting on leather bags.

Nowadays, artisans create designs for designer shoes. People willing to invest in expensive items like these are collectors. The collectors' market has always been lucrative, and I planned to get into it.

"So, what are you doing? Are you interested in painting shoes?"

"Interested in painting, but not shoes. These artisans already have a substantial income and are never out of work. I want them to paint on leather bags."

"Good idea, but you won't find them here if they also run fan pages."

My sister, who was two years younger, and I talked as friends. We didn't refer to ourselves as 'Phee' or 'Nong' like Ong did, since he was the younger one with a big age difference.

"That's true. I can't think of where to find them."

"I know someone who does it, but they're so rich I don't know if they'd be interested."

"Do you have a friend who does it? Which artist?"

"Not a famous artist. A friend from school. We're not very close, but I know they can do it... It's a good excuse to talk."

"An excuse? — I looked at my sister curiously."

"Who is this friend?"

"Have you seen the actress Maya, who tried to commit suicide by overdosing on drugs because of the news?"

"Yeah, I remember. Maya is my freshman. She and I went to the same school."

"Her older sister is the one I want to talk to."

"Does Maya have a sister?"

"Yes, a twin. But I don't blame you for not knowing. You've never paid attention to anyone except Mr. Aekaphop."

Stop mentioning that name... Anyway, try to contact her and see if she can do it. Ask her to paint something to show us first. If it's good, tell her there's

plenty of work that pays well.

"She won't mind the pay. I told you, she's very rich."

"That rich? What does her family do?"

"I don't know, but they're rich."

"Try to court her a little. If she's any good, we can have a long-term partnership. But first, I need to discuss business with the owner of the Dream brand."

After I got everything ready and got ready for bed, I got a text from Vichian. We hadn't talked much lately since I was so busy. He wasn't the pushy type; if I didn't reply, he wouldn't insist. He only texted if it was necessary and always waited until I free to reply.

Vic:

I'm back in Thailand. I want to invite you to dinner.

Vic:

I'm here to hear your answer.

I looked at the text and bit my lip lightly. Breaking someone's heart or breaking things off wasn't hard for me, but disappointing a friend I'd known for a long time was kind of bad.

But if not today, then tomorrow. Better to get it over with.

Renu:

Sure, I'll set a date. I have an answer for you.

□□□□□□

□Straightforward□

I had to meet Vichian today and told Jao-Jom directly that the guy who asked to be my boyfriend would come today. But Jao-Jom just smiled and didn't believe me, accusing me of making up a character to make her jealous. What a self-centered child. But it was okay, if she didn't believe me, I would take her to meet Vichian. I wanted to see her face when she met him.

"Today is the twenty-first day, you know. I should have called you at 8:08 p.m., but I couldn't wait."

Besides being an annoying brat, she always found something to surprise me, like this thing where we called each other for 21 days until it became a habit. On the days when Jao-Jom didn't call, I felt like something was missing. I had heard this theory before, but I never thought anyone would believe it.

But believe it or not, she used it on me.

"It seems like you're not used to it."

Come to think of it, if she didn't call for a day, I would probably miss hearing from her too. Every day, she always had something creative to say.

"Who are you going to meet? But I bet there's no one. You're just making up a character to make me back off..."

And when Vichian appeared, Jao-Jom, who could read minds, immediately sensed her presence. He looked at my confident student and smiled secretly.

How about this... The guy courting me is cool, right?

But... what I saw was a humble behavior that surprised me. Jao-Jom looked dejected and asked to leave immediately after greeting Vichian. I intended to reject him in front of Jao-Jom, but my brilliant student ruined my plan.

"Are you really leaving?"

"I keep my promises. If you had a real commitment, I would leave."

And the composed girl backed away. I could only watch her disappear backwards into a taxi in front of the restaurant, feeling helpless. It seemed like I had made her very jealous. Normally, she was so resilient. Why did she look so sad this time?

"Is she okay?"

I looked at Vichian, a little irritated, wondering what he was thinking when Jao-Jom grabbed his hand, making her run away.

"Nothing. Let's talk about us."

We ordered Japanese food and ate slowly. My head was full of thoughts about Jao-Jom, forgetting why I met Vichian today until he cleared his throat and nervously brought up the subject.

"Did you think about us?"

"Yes, I did"

I replied indifferently, taking the last bite of sashimi and drinking hot tea.

"I'll be straight with you... I'm sorry, Vichian, I can't date you."

"I guessed that from your answer on LINE."

He said, looking sad.

"Aren't you dating anyone?"

"I am."

"Do you have someone you like?"

"Yes."

"May I ask who?"

I pursed my lips and smiled at him.

"For the sake of our long friendship, I usually don't talk about personal matters, but I'll tell you.

"..."

"I'm in love with the girl who just ran away in a taxi."

I should have kept it simple from the beginning, just taking off the ring or telling him on LINE. There was no need for this stressful meeting. I had destroyed a child's trust. Normally, Jao-Jom was tough. Why did that make her run away?

It was 8:10 PM now... I waited for her call, but everything was silent. I didn't really believe in the 21-day theory, but this situation was different. There was a reason Jao-Jom hadn't called today.

Today was the twenty-first day, the day Jao-Jom insisted she would call.

I often picked up the phone to call her, but I wanted to see if she would call, so I waited, unable to work. My desk was full of documents, but I just sat there, listening to music.

It was 9pm.

10pm.

10:30pm.

Ring!

As soon as the phone rang, I sat up straight, staring at the screen triumphantly. Jao-Jom's number rang, making me flinch slightly.

You couldn't resist, could you? You only managed to sulk for a few seconds.

"You called at 10:30pm today, not 8:08pm. Not completing 21 days will become a habit."

[Did you miss me?]

"Didn't we just met? Why would I miss you?"

Jao-Jom's voice wasn't as gloomy as I expected. The atmosphere was awkward, but I continued to joke around as if her call wasn't important.

[Can I ask you something?]

"What?"

[Did you ever like me ?]

Her voice sounded hurt. I was taken aback, my heart pounding with real anxiety.

[Today, I held your man's hand and saw everything.]

No wonder she ran away. And Vichian was thinking about that scene. I underestimated Jao-Jom's ability, forgetting that she could see into most of the thoughts of others, except mine.

"What did you see?"

[You kissed him.]

"..."

[He put one on you. You told him that you needed some time to clear things up before giving him an answer. He came today to hear your answer. Am I right?]

"You saw all of that... Yes, he came for an answer."

[What did you tell him?]

"Guess what."

I teased her a little, thinking that if she was wrong, I would reveal it to make her happy. But...

[I give up.]

Ba-dum...

Hearing that, I felt a pang for the first time. A child who never gave up, no matter how challenging the math problem was or how much I scolded her. Even when I went abroad for seven years, she waited. But now, she gave up so easily, and it made me angry.

[I don't want to be a burden that holds you back. You're over thirty now. You should have a boyfriend. How can you keep worrying about your student getting heartbroken and not having a hard boyfriend? I... will move on too. Today, I went on a date.]

Don't make me laugh... How can you have a date in one day? It must be some kind of joke.

"Date with who? Do you have someone else?"

[He owns a dog that he often takes for treatment. I knew for a while that he was interested, but I never gave him a chance. So today, I went out for coffee with him to get to know each other. It wasn't that bad... I'm not telling you this to be honest, just to let you know that I'm fine. I won't bother you anymore. Women should be with men.]

"Jom."

[Thank you. You are my best teacher ever. And today, I won't say 'I love you'... It's the twenty-first. You might get used to it and get annoyed if I

don't say it again.]

“ ... ”

[Good night.]

Jao-Jorn hung up while I stood there, dumbfounded. I realized I was clenching my fists tightly. I was breathing heavily, feeling angry. We hadn't even fought for a day, and she went out with another guy, had coffee, and then came back.

She must have called after with that guy...

"Re! Send me a heart. I need to level up in the game..."

Miria walked into my office happily, but remained silent. My sister knew something was wrong.

"What is it?"

"I'll send it later, Mi. But not now."

"Hey, you can tell me. Who did this to you?"

"I'm angry."

I said quietly as my middle sister came over and grabbed my arm, trying to absorb my feelings.

"About what?"

"The person I like went to have coffee with someone else."

"Oh..."

Miriam looked dazed, almost smiling, but trying to remain normal, afraid that I would get angrier.

"You've been my sister all my life, but this is the first time I've seen you like this."

"I've never felt like this before."

"You know what you're feeling, don't you?"

I nodded, feeling pain, defeat, and inability to bear losing what was mine.

"I'm jealous."

"You've learned another aspect of being human."

My sister sat on the small couch in front of my bed, crossing her legs, interested in my condition.

"I thought you were a robot, just studying, not knowing emotions or feelings."

"Ridiculous, I just didn't focus on those things, but that doesn't mean I don't feel anything."

"But before, you were all smiles, talking sweetly. What happened?"

Miriam looked at me, analyzing like a gossiping child.

"Playing hard to get?"

"I'm not."

"What did you do to make him back down like that? You always complicate easy things. Isn't living a simple life challenging enough for you?"

"I didn't think so. It's just..."

I bit my lip hard and sank back into the nearby office chair.

"That girl's been watching me the whole time. For years, she's never wavered or shown interest in anyone else. Then, all of a sudden, she just

met Vic..."

"Vic? You mean Vichian?"

"Yeah... It was just lunch with Vichian, a little chat, and said she had to go. So she called me just now to tell me she's give up. Give up on what!?"

I slammed the table in frustration and rubbed my face.

"It's not like I'm dating Vic."

"You're in trouble now. You like to test and play pranks on her. How is that working? Now she's out. Are you shocked?"

"She moved on so fast. She met Vic in the afternoon, and by night, she having coffee with someone else."

"Must be pretty, huh? There's already a long line of people waiting. How hot is she to make my dear sister so mad? So many people hitting on you, and you reject them all. I want to see her face."

"It's not hot, but cute."

"Younger too?"

"Yeah."

"Refreshing, huh? Did I meet her?"

"Probably. She used to visit our house often when I was abroad."

"Who could it be? But never mind, there's no point in digging it up. Sorry, sis... It slipped through your fingers."

I grabbed my phone, ready to throw it at my sister, who kept getting mad at me. Miriam laughed and raised her hands in surrender, as if I was really going to do that.

"Just kidding. What's the point of sitting here angry? If you want it back, go apologize."

"No way!"

"..."

"I've never had to apologize to anyone. If they want to go, let them go."

"Yes, if they want to go, let them go. Why care?"

"Exactly."

"Whether they go eating, watching movies, holding hands, looking into a lover's eyes, kissing before going home or saying 'I love you' before bed, it's all their business... Hey! That's a paperweight you're throwing!"

Miriam jumped on the bed, laughing. I hadn't noticed what I'd picked up; it was close enough, so I threw it. Realizing it was a jade-green paperweight, heavy enough to kill a dog and hit its head with, I stopped.

"Get out of my room! No more hearts for you."

"Okay! I'll ask Ong. Oh... today coffee, tomorrow a movie, the next day music, then stargazing... Ahhhh! That's a laptop!"

Warned, I stopped with the laptop in my hand. Important documents almost flew away with Miriam, but I stopped just in time.

For the love of God, why am I so irritated!?

It's 4 AM now...

I was still tossing and turning in bed, my mind filled with images of what Jao-Jom might do after today besides going out for coffee.

I never paid much attention to my lovely student's appearance or her personality until I thought about it and considered it carefully.

Jom is really cute... really cute.

In high school, even Ong had a crush, but after being firmly rejected, my brother didn't want to know. When I traveled abroad, Ong would occasionally mention that many of his friends wondered if Jao-Jom had a boyfriend, but he didn't introduce anyone. Today's events confirmed that Jao-Jom was beautiful and approachable. All she had to do give a chance on someone, and a guy would be ready to take her out for coffee.

I tried to stay calm and act as if nothing had happened, waiting for Jao-Jom to contact me. But another day passed, and Jao-Jom was still stubborn, not calling as promised. I couldn't take it anymore.

On the third day, I waited near the vet clinic, but it was someone else's shift. I tried calling once, but no one answered, which made me even more irritated.

Jao-Jom never ignored my calls.

Never!

I wasn't usually one to wait patiently, but with Jao-Jom, I waited from early evening until 11:00 PM. Finally, I saw my cute student and a guy pull up in front of the clinic. I watched every movement from the side of the building, my heart pounding until the guy left.

"Get out, Teacher. You know I can hear your heartbeat all the time."

I flinched at being called like that, almost forgetting that even if Jao-Jom couldn't read my mind, she could hear my heartbeat clearly, even from that distance. I eventually found my student feeling defeated, angry, and possessive. I didn't know what to do.

"Are you with that guy?"

"What are you trying to do? When I finally accepted the truth and decided to move on, you came back to mess with my feelings? Do you think I was

wrapped around your finger, squeezing me to death or letting me go as you please because you know I can't escape?"

"That's not true."

"But that's exactly what you're doing. Do you know how many dishes I've washed in the last few days because of you? You just like to see me running after you, trying to stay close. When I stopped, you couldn't take it anymore, so you came back to play with my feelings?"

Hearing this, I remembered Miriam's words when she came to talk to me. Even Jao-Jom thought the same, making me feel guilty.

For the past two days, I had been miserable. Although I didn't show it much, Miriam, who was closest to me, noticed and came to talk out of concern. Her advice this morning echoed in my head like a reminder.

"Just tell her how you feel. You might not get her back if you lose her, Re."

"I love you, Jom."

And just by expressing my feelings directly, Jao-Jom, who seemed to have been waiting the whole time, looked perplexed but happy, as if it were a dream. For someone who already loved you, just saying that made everything fall into place quickly.

Hmm... For Jao-Jom, it might be a little too fast. As soon as I told her I loved her, she grabbed me, carried me upstairs and pushed me onto the bed, gently coaxing me to give in.

"Remember when I told you about that experiment where they measured the heart rates of couples? Their hearts were beating in significant synchrony? Feel it. It's beating in sync with yours."

"So you're saying we love each other?"

"Yes. I did it. You finally love me."

I smiled at the endearing child, who looked deeply moved for finally reaching the finish line. My confession today was a reward and a great trophy, although she never knew that she had my heart for a long time, just waiting for the right moment. To stop her from talking too much, I wrapped my arms around her neck and pulled her down.

It seemed that there was no longer student and teacher now. This subject would be learned slowly, little by little. We were not in a hurry, although we were very excited.

It was an awkward moment, but we encouraged each other, I was excellent at studying, hard to beat, while Jao-Jom was quick to form a team. But this was different.

We were both clumsy...

□□□□□□

□When You Were Gone□

I always thought that being in love was something silly and not really necessary for life. The most I liked someone was just admiring them in secret, like Mr. Aekaphop. He was good at teaching, handsome, which inspired me to want to go to classes. When we met again as adults, I saw our relationship as simple and straightforward, more like friends.

But I only realized what love really was when I fell in love with Jao-Jom.

The feeling was like my heart was swelling, getting tender when I saw her smile, and feeling like I would melt when our eyes met. That was when I understood why people go crazy for love. Some are willing to hurt themselves just to be loved back, and some even go crazy when their lover changes.

I was becoming one of those people...

All the ridiculous things I thought about love disappeared when I experienced it. It made my heart race with happiness and agony at the same time, but I still wanted to keep loving. And when the feelings were so intense, doing more than just "loving each other" became even more meaningful.

The touch of lips, warm hands exploring the body, and a curious nose trying to smell everywhere proved that I was in love. It was even better to see that the other wanted to make love to every part of my body without any disgust, like when she opened her mouth to touch sensitive areas, which took a long time to get used to.

"Does it feel good?"

Several times, I pushed Jao-Jom away, but I seemed to lose to her persistence and curiosity. In the end, I ended up here, gripping Jao-Jom's hair tightly, trying to bite my lip to prevent strange sounds from escaping, but my body was not cooperating.

"Yes..."

"Let me know if you want me to do something."

Even without telling her, Jao-Jom seemed to read my mind, staying busy there until my body tensed up, feeling like an explosion inside, making my vision blur.

"I'm dying..."

I was exhausted, with one arm over my forehead. Jao-Jom, still enjoying herself, continued kissing everywhere like a cat cleaning itself. The human body was strange; even after she finished, being disturbed again made it recover.

"Jom, you have to stop. I'm so embarrassed."

I said that, but the hand on my forehead moved to hold her head, urging her to continue.

"So, should I stop or not?"

"Finish it. This will be the last round."

As if.

We did this all day and all night. It didn't seem like Jao-Jom went to the clinic today, but a freshman took her shift. Knowing that there was someone downstairs, I had to stay quiet, because Jao-Jom wouldn't let this end, not unlike teenagers in love.

Seriously, we couldn't stay like this all day...

I heard the phone ring frequently, wanting to answer it, but Jao-Jom controlled me, letting it ring.

For this child... there was no such thing as a last round. But at least she remembered that we needed to eat because I protested.

"Jom... we need to eat."

Honestly, I don't want to leave you, but... our stomachs are growling too much. I'll buy us some food. You stay here and rest."

I thought about going with her, but I was too lazy to pick up the clothes that were scattered around. Besides, she took my shirt. Thinking about it, I decided to rest because Jao-Jom would be back soon.

"I love you."

"You say that a lot."

"I'm afraid you'll forget. I'll be quick. Kiss, kiss."

I didn't think much about Jao-Jom's words at the time, used to hearing "I love you" and thinking that we would see each other soon. But that was my mistake. I never took it seriously when people said "life is short," thinking I would die of old age. But the pain worse than death is real.

This event left me devastated for months.

That night... Jao-Jom disappeared.

I realized she had been gone for an unusually long time, so I called. The line rang, but no one answered. Jao-Jom rarely missed my calls, afraid of missing a rare moment when I called. But this time was different.

Jao-Jom remained silent.

At first, I was a little irritated, wanting to tell her to get some water too. But after several calls and looking at the clock, realizing she had been gone for

almost an hour, I became worried. I got up, put on a vintage Pepsi T-shirt and comfortable shorts, and went to the grocery store.

"She order and ran to a taxi. I had the food ready a while ago, but she never come back."

Strange...

Ordering food and running for a taxi meant that something must have happened. Jao-Jom only had a hundred baht. What could she do?

I called again...

'The number you dialed is not available.'

Out of irritation, I began to get angry, but it was anger born of worry more than anything. I paced back and forth, wondering where Jao-Jom had gone. Had she left me alone in the building until she decided to call back?

I paced around, looking for her, learning from the food vendor that she had taken a taxi. Maybe she had come back or gone to 7-Eleven.

Or did she met with the owner of that dog?

Nonsense thoughts filled my head. I was worried, irritated, and furious because my calls had gone to voicemail.

Finally, thinking there was nothing I could do, I went back to the building, waiting for Jao-Jom, holding back my anger to explode later.

It would have been better if I could have exploded, seen Jao-Jom return, and fought with each other.

But no... Jao-Jom didn't return until morning. I fell asleep on the couch at the clinic, waking up with a There was a knock on the window. Jao-Jom's father waved, startling me.

"How did you get here?" The man asked.

"Oh..."

I rolled my eyes, trying to find an appropriate answer.

"I stopped by to talk to Jom last night."

"And where is she?"

"I don't know."

"..."

"..."

The silence between us grew tense. Jao-Jom's father pursed his lips, growing anxious.

"I spoke to Jom on the phone around eight last night. She said she was in a taxi coming to see me, but she never showed up."

"Did you call Jom?"

"Yes, I told her that her mother had a stroke and was in the hospital. Jao-Jom said she was in a taxi. I waited all night, but she never came. She didn't answer my calls. I'm here to pack clothes to stay with her mother..."

He looked at me, asking again.

"Jao-Jom isn't here?"

BA-DUM...

BA-DUM, BA-DUM...

BA-DUM, BA-DUM, BA-DUM...

My heart was pounding harder and harder with fear. With her mother so sick, Jao-Jom wouldn't be playing hide-and-seek. Not answering calls and hanging up the phone was even more suspicious.

"I think... we need to report this."

It all became a big problem. Jao-Jom was really missing. Even though it hadn't been 24 hours, we were sure something had happened. Jao-Jom's father, facing two crises, remained unexpectedly strong. I met him years ago, hearing from Jao-Jom that he loved fun, gambling and seemed unreliable. But in a crisis, he stood his ground. Anyone else would have collapsed.

As for me... I kept my face calm, but inside I was shattered. I didn't even know if I should cry or cry for what, because I didn't know if Jao-Jom was alive...

Or was she dead?

Before disappearing, Jao-Jom told her father the license plate of the taxi. After reporting it to the police, they called the taxi driver in for questioning, making him a suspect. He was taken to the place where he claimed to have dropped off the passenger, denying all the accusations.

Of course... who would admit their mistake?

"Where did you take her?! What did you do to her?!"

Jao-Jom's father, strong as he was, couldn't help but confront the last person who saw Jao-Jom.

"I didn't do anything. I left her here and left. I have a daughter too. I wouldn't do that."

But seeing his firm refusal, I couldn't help but wonder if he was telling the truth. Or maybe I was just trying to fool myself into thinking that Jao-Jom was fine.

Yes... it would be better if nothing happening to her. But the next question was, if nothing had happened, where had she gone? Why hadn't she contacted us?

In the past, when I watched the news on TV about people who had lost their parents to Alzheimer's or something similar, I would just glance over without thinking much. Now, I realized that searching for someone without knowing whether they were alive or dead was excruciating. Not finding them was much worse than finding their body.

At least, you could imagine that they were no longer suffering...

But when someone went missing, it plagued those who searched for them with constant worry about the dangers that could have befallen their loved one. Most people thought of the worst-case scenarios, making it unbearable for those who waited. And I was that person...

Even though I pretended not to feel anything, I was dying inside.

"Re... where are you going again? You leave the house every day."

Miriam rushed to block my path, knowing exactly how I felt after learning that my favorite student had disappeared. She was watching me and knew that I was in pain.

"Move."

"You know you won't find Jao-Jom outside!"

"Move!"

I pushed my sister, making her small body fall. I looked at Miriam, who was stunned because she never expected me to use force. But... I didn't care. I had to leave.

"I'm worried about you, Re... You've lost so much weight, don't you realize? If you're in pain, just tell me. Staying quiet like this makes me uncomfortable."

"What's the point if I tell you?"

"And what's the point of waiting for Jao-Jom in the same place every night?"

"Jom might come back!"

I shouted so loudly that everyone in the house came out of their rooms. Mom and Ong looked at us, not believing we were fighting, because Miriam and I were the least likely to argue in the entire world.

"What happened?"

"She goes to that dark place until morning every day, and I can't help but worry."

Miriam took the keys from my hand and left.

"No, I want to go alone."

I remained firm, uncompromising.

"What if you disappear too, what will we do? Have you thought about that? Is your life all about Jao-Jom? And your family?!"

Miriam yelled at me as if she had never done it before and started crying because she had always been sensitive.

"Re, you've become someone I don't recognize. You don't work anymore. You spend all day obsessing over missing person reports on the computer. Do you think you're the only one suffering? We're all suffering seeing you like this."

"If I don't look for her..."

My voice trembled as I felt my strength fading after pretending to be strong for so long.

"Jom will be forgotten and will really disappear."

"That's the job of the police."

"The police have stopped looking!"

"And what can you do?"

"At least if Jom comes back, she'll see me first..."

I broke down and cried like I'd never cried before. For almost a month, I pretended to be fine, but now I didn't know who I was anymore.

"If I had gone with Jom that day, this wouldn't have happened. It's my fault."

Everything went silent. Ong, seeing me like that, walked up to me and hugged me understandingly.

"It's not your fault, Re. Please don't blame yourself."

"If I had known this would happen, I wouldn't have gone to study abroad. I would have broken every rule in the world to be with Jao-Jom... Ong, help me. Find Jom for me. I can't live without her."

"Don't say that."

My younger brother cried with me in sympathy, since Jao-Jom was also his long-time friend, and they had always kept in touch.

"Jao-Jom will be fine. I've been spreading the word everywhere to find her. She can take care of herself. Don't worry too much."

"Take Re upstairs to rest."

Miriam said, wiping her tears with deep pity for myself, but I shook my head stubbornly.

"No... I want to find Jom."

"Then I'll take you. You can stay there as many nights as you want, and I'll be with you."

Ong lifted me effortlessly in a bridal style. I wrapped my arms around his neck so he could carry me to the car of the boy I never liked and even hated because he was our father's favorite, Ong became the one who understood me the most, doing everything he could to comfort me and help me get through this.

"Thank you, Ong."

"It's nothing."

"..."

"I love you, Re."

□□□□□

□True or Lie□

In my worst moments, the person who stood by me, even when he himself was struggling, was Ong, my brother. The one I even pushed into the pool when we were kids. He stayed up all night with me for two months because I insisted on waiting for Jao-Jom in the same place. Ong had to endure the hardships with me. Recently, Miriam knocked on my door and told me that Ong had fallen asleep while driving and crashed into the wall of our house on his way to work.

"How are you, Ong?"

I rushed to see my brother, who was uninjured. Only the family's European car had a small dent. Ong laughed awkwardly and scratched his head.

"Sorry, Re. I dented your car."

Instead of caring about himself, he was more concerned about my feelings and afraid that I would scold him. I looked at my brother with deep gratitude and concern, walking over to hug him and pat his back.

"Are you okay? Don't let anything happen to you either."

As we hugged, I could feel his heart beating. Ong seemed surprised that I was showing him affection. He looked like a young man receiving love from a woman. It seemed like what Jom said about Ong admiring me wasn't far from the truth.

"I'm fine. I'll take care of you, Re, until we grow old."

"Are you two proposing to each other or what? Where's the ring?"

Miriam crossed her arms and shook her head.

“Ong, go to sleep. You don’t have to work today. It’s our company; no one will dock your salary.”

"I have an important meeting with Kimhan today. Cancelling it wouldn’t be good."

"It’s okay. I’ll go.”

I said, knowing my responsibility. After all, I was the one who set up this meeting.

“Ong, go rest. It’s time for me to get back to work.”

"At least you have some sense."

My sister shrugged.

She had been criticizing me a lot lately, but I knew she was more concerned than trying to pick a fight and just wanted me to recover.

After sending Ong off to rest, I dressed up to look respectable, even though I felt terrible inside. Miriam snuck into my room to help me get dressed, looking a little irritated.

"Can you really handle this?"

Miriam asked, full of doubts.

"I have to do this. By the way, have you contacted the craftswoman I asked?"

"Yes, she said she’ll try, but she’s worried it won’t turn out well."

My grumpy sister said with a smile, making me irritated.

"Is there any good news? Isn’t that craftswoman a woman?"

"Yeah, why does it matter?"

"Why do you look so happy? Are you in love?"

"Never."

Miriam looked horrified when I mentioned this.

"Seeing your state, I'm scared. Someone as strong as Re is a mess right now. I'd better back off."

"It's not that bad."

"So, Jao-Jom is the one you're dating, right?"

I froze and stared at my sister, who didn't seem surprised. Like I said, I was close to Miriam. There was nothing I could hide from her. It was just a little embarrassing to talk about personal matters, especially since my lover was once my student.

And a woman...

"Yes."

"You always have surprises. Let me tell you something."

Miriam, who had finished dressing me, spun me around a bit before facing me.

"If I were you, I'd take care of my health so I'd have the energy to meet Jao-Jom. You don't want her to come back and find you looking old, with bags under your eyes, and a mess."

"You idiot."

"You have a life to live, Re. If you believe Jom is still alive, then she is. Live your life waiting for her to come back."

"It's not that easy."

"Life isn't easy."

"You live an easy life."

I smiled at my sister, thanking her for her encouragement.

"You never seem to worry about anything."

"That's the advantage of being the middle child. No expectations from your parents."

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Two months passed and everything remained silent. The police, who had promised to follow up, seemed to forget about the case. I understood that our country had more pressing problems than Jao-Jom. Drug dealers, parents raping their daughters, rice prices falling, why care about a missing girl who may already be dead?

What's small to some is huge to others... If it doesn't happen to you, you'll never know what it's like.

I still visited Jao-Jom's family occasionally to check on them. Her mother had returned from the hospital. The woman who had once been chatty and sharp-tongued, who scolded tenants for late payments, was now in a wheelchair with a crooked mouth and her right side paralyzed by a stroke.

"Are you canceling Jao-Jom's number?"

"Yes... I've been paying every month, but it never connects. There's no point in continuing."

"Keep paying. No... I'll pay. If Jom is alive, she'll answer someday."

I felt like even Jao-Jom's family was giving up on finding her, starting to accept that she might be gone. It was easier than imagining that she's alive but in an unknown state. So I took over paying the phone bill. Partly because every night at 8:08 p.m., I would call Jao-Jom, hoping she would answer.

Our special moment... 8:08 p.m.

I was so fixated on this moment that I asked Kimhan's permission to sell handbags painted by Gen or Genlong, the artisan Miriam found. The sample product would be displayed for people passing by to see, so we could ask for feedback. And I specifically asked that the design be related to the time 8:08 p.m.

I kept one handbag while the other was on display. Maybe if Jao-Jom saw her, she might get suspicious and decide to go back home...

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Every day, I tried to fill myself with hope. We humans wake up every morning to make sense of our lives. For me, waking up and waiting to see that girl was my hope, my passion. From crying and isolating myself, I started working to forget the terrible moments. But sometimes, when I couldn't handle it, I cried again.

And every time I suffered, my family suffered too. The only way out was to move into an apartment that Vichian was selling on Facebook.

Vic: If it's for you, I'll give you a special price.

We didn't need a contract. He let me live there right away, and we took care of the finances later. I moved out on my own, and my family didn't object. Living alone, I looked for other ways to forget Jao-Jom, sleep, and face a new day.

Alcohol...

I had never touched it, but I heard it helped people sleep. At first, I couldn't stand the taste, but it worked wonders, making me dizzy and falling asleep easily. I kept sipping it, increasing the amount. I went from not liking the taste to enjoying it.

Alcohol... Sometimes it gave me sweet dreams of Jao-Jom returning.

Some nights, it felt so real that I woke up sobbing, feeling like my little hope had been stolen.

One day, just as I was about to pour myself a drink to help me sleep, my phone's alarm reminded me that it was 8:08 p.m. I put the bottle down and called Jao-Jom as usual.

Ring...

Ba-dum...

My heart raced after hearing the beep. I looked at the bottle, confirming that I hadn't had anything to drink. So there was no way I was drunk. I leaned on the kitchen counter, listening to the ringing, until...

[Hello?]

The voice on the other end almost made me pass out. I recognized her; it was the same voice that used to call me every day before she disappeared.

"Jom... Is that you, Jom?"

I didn't know why I asked. I looked at the bottle again and pressed my ear to confirm that I wasn't dreaming or drunk.

[Yes? Uh... I think so. Probably Jom. This is the teacher.]

Hearing the word "teacher", I started to cry. The hope that had almost disappeared, along with my breath, was filled again.

No... I had to stay calm. Jao-Jom was back.

[Uh, are you okay, teacher... Are you teacher, or is that your nickname?]

"What kind of question is that? Where are you now, Jom?"

[I don't know. It's very dark, a deserted road. All I know is that it's in Bangkok... Oh, there are many old abandoned spirit houses here.]

"Stay there. I know where you are."

For the past two months, I had been on guard duty there every night, so I knew exactly where the area with many spiritual houses. I was familiar with almost every corner of that street, and it was exactly as Jao-Jom had described. After organizing my thoughts, I grabbed my car keys and ran out of my apartment. It was the first time I hated the distance between my apartment and the parking lot. If I had been at home, I could have run out and left without wasting so much time.

[Take your time, okay? I'm worried. Why don't you hang up first? Talking on the phone while driving is dangerous.]

"No... Stay with me. Don't hang up."

[Don't drive too fast, okay?]

"You'll wait for me, okay, Jom?"

[Yes.]

"Promise me you'll wait."

[Do I have to do this?... Okay.]

"You promised."

I bit my lip until it bled, partly to remind myself that this wasn't a dream. It was the first time I'd driven so fast. The area was dark and deserted. If Jao-Jom was there alone, she might be in danger and disappear again.

[Are you a teacher or is your name "teacher"? Do you have a nickname?]

"Why are you asking this? You've always called me Teacher Re. Are you okay, Jom?"

[My name is Jom?]

Today, the usually calm girl seemed very different. She seemed confused, not understanding many things, so I had to ask again.

"Jom, what's wrong? Did something happen? You don't seem to remember anything."

I spoke at length before realizing that the other side was silent.

"Hello... Jom, hello!"

When I realized, the call had already been cut off. I slammed the steering wheel hard in frustration and tried to call back, but no one answered, and the call was immediately disconnected.

No!

The more the signal was cut off, the more anxious I became, stepping on the pedal to the metal throughout the night. From the condominium to the meeting place, which should have taken thirty minutes, I arrived in only fifteen. And then I found...

Nothing.

There was nothing when I arrived.

I got out of the car and ran frantically. No matter where I looked, there was no Jao-Jom. There was no one except the old spiritual houses. My hope was extinguished like a match that had been blown out. I collapsed there and cried as if I was dying.

"You promised... Why did you do this to me?"

As I mourned, my phone rang next to me. I quickly picked it up and answered it, but I almost screamed when I realized it wasn't her.

"Why are you calling? I can't talk right now!"

I shouted to my brother, who was on the other end of the line.

[S... Sorry. Is something wrong?]

"I thought Jom was calling. She called me just now."

I cried uncontrollably, almost as if I was protesting to my little brother that I wasn't mistaken. The more I cried like a child, the more Ong became dumbfounded.

"Help me, Ong. I was about to see Jao-Jom. I can't take it anymore."

[Where are you... It doesn't matter, I know where you are!]

In less than twenty minutes, Ong and Miriam, who had come together, parked their car behind mine. My brother ran to me and hugged me when he saw that I couldn't stop crying, while Miriam stood there, angry and sobbing.

"Stop doing this, Re. I can't take it anymore! Ong, get out of the way."

"Wait, Mi."

Ong was pushed aside, and I was pulled by my sister to face her.

"You said you were fine. Then why are you still here?! Why are you still acting like you're crazy? Did you know that everyone is going crazy because of you?!"

"Mi... I just talked to Jom. She answered the call."

I grabbed Miriam's shoulders and told her the truth, but she wouldn't listen.

"Re... You're hallucinating. You're really getting worse. Just accept that Jom is dead."

"Shut up!"

Slap!

I slapped my sister. Although it wasn't hard, it hurt her emotionally. Even I clenched my fist in shock.

"I'm not apologizing."

"It's okay, you don't have to apologize because I'll get revenge for you."

Slap!

This time, I was the one who got slapped. After stumbling back a bit, I regained my balance and attacked Miriam immediately.

"Stop fighting, both of you!"

Ong, our only brother, tried to get between us, but since the two sisters were stronger, he could only raise his hands to defend himself from the blows. After fighting so much with each other, we both started hitting Ong out of indignation at having been interrupted, and the big kid just stood there, letting us hit him without resisting.

"Hit me. I can handle it."

After hitting my brother so much, I pulled away and cried uncontrollably. Miriam, who had stopped, was panting before approaching. Ong tried to intervene, but was kicked aside.

"Mind your own business."

"Did you just swear at me?"

"Of course!"

Miriam shouted at Ong one last time before coming to me and hugging me.

"How do you feel? Better after letting it all out?"

Being hugged like that, I buried my face in my sister's shoulder and nodded, crying as if everything would get better if I kept crying a lot.

"Better, but the sadness didn't go away... I can't believe talking to Jom now wasn't real."

"Re... Should we see a psychiatrist? Or take a long break to improve your mental health? We could go make merit at a temple."

"Nothing will help me."

"It's okay. If you don't do it, I will."

"Do what?"

"I'll pray. I'll wish you happiness."

"Don't joke around..."

I glared at my sister irritably, but Miriarn shook her head in exasperation.

"I can't... I can't stand seeing you like this anymore. Even if it's something more meaningless, I'll do it."

□□□□□

□Are you the same?□

Sometimes, accepting the truth can make everything better...

I came to this realization one morning after waking up and looking in the mirror. I discovered that the old me, who used to be strong, had become someone unrecognizable. Dark circles under my eyes, drooping eyebrows, a dull face, it's as if I had forgotten what self-care meant.

Doing the same things over and over again felt like obsessive-compulsive behavior. I really began to understand that it's pointless. No matter how much effort I put into searching, it seemed like Jom would never come back.

Or maybe I just had to accept that Jao-Jom was really gone...

I looked out the window of my apartment. While I was grieving, others were going on with their lives. The world kept turning. People might sympathize with me for a moment, but then they would forget and move on. Maybe I needed to hide this pain inside myself and keep living.

I couldn't die...

Many times, my emotions made me want to leave this world. But then I thought, if I died and Jao-Jom came back, the one who would suffer the most would be her. Losing me would mean nothing to this world, but if Jao-Jom lost me...

Her world would fall apart, just like mine was now.

Since I couldn't do anything, I had to wake up and be stronger. It wasn't just Jao-Jom who had me; my mother, my brothers, and many people in the company still depended on me to move forward. With that thought, I got up,

took a shower, got dressed, and adjusted my mindset to be better, waiting for the day Jao-Jom would return.

Yes... Jao-Jom would come back.

I went back to work, trying to keep myself as busy as possible to avoid overthinking. I drank alcohol occasionally to help me sleep better, but I wasn't addicted. Lately, I've been having some stomach problems due to gastritis, since I sometimes forget to eat. So, the role of special nurse fell to my siblings, Miriam and Ong.

[Hey, have you eaten today?]

“...”

[You haven't, have you? Ugh, why do you always make Ong and I worry? You weren't this careless before.]

You're complaining like Mom. Alright, I'll go eat.

[Where are you now?]

Sampeng. Checking out the market to see what styles of bags are popular.

[Checking out Sampeng? Don't forget to eat. A little further on is Yaowarat. You need to eat, okay? Don't faint.]

"Yes, yes."

[I love you, did you know that?]

I smiled a little when I heard my sister say that. It was rare for my punk sister to show a warm side. I still remember the day we fought so hard that it got physical.

"Yes, I know. Why are you saying you love me? It's embarrassing."

[If I love you, you have to love me back. It's a rule.]

"Is that so?"

[Yes. So if you love me back, you have to eat. I'll call to check.]

I hung up and laughed a little before getting out of the car after parking. Even though I had promised Miriam, I ended up putting it off because I wanted to finish my chores. As I squeezed through the crowded alleys to get to the other side, my phone rang again. This time, it was the sales manager, sounding apprehensive.

[Ms. Re, an employee at Kimhan's store, called to report that a customer bought a sample bag. They couldn't refuse.]

"What?!"

I raised my voice, forgetting that I usually controlled my emotions well.

"Didn't I tell you to remind the store that these are samples? Under no circumstances are they to be sold. They are for display only."

[They said the buyer was someone they couldn't refuse.]

I stood at the crosswalk, waiting to cross the street, feeling irritated but still holding the phone.

"You have to take it back. Did you ask who bought it?"

[The mall owner's daughter. The staff didn't dare cause trouble.]

"I'll take care of it. The owner's daughter, right?"

The light turned green, signaling that it was safe to cross. It started to drizzle. One hand held an umbrella and a file, while the other held the phone, which made it all quite awkward.

But then... as I was about to cross, I caught a glimpse of someone I could never forget.

The height...

The bearing...

The hairstyle...

The face...

And the eyes...

"Jom!"

I grabbed Jao-Jom's arm immediately, dropping the umbrella I was barely holding. People walked by, paying no attention. It was just her and me standing in the rain.

"Teach...?"

Hearing this, I grabbed Jao-Jom's wrist tightly. My heart felt like it was going to burst out of my chest at seeing her in person, not just hearing her voice on the phone like that day.

"Jom, my dear Jom."

I pulled her into a hug, forgetting everything, my frustration with the sold bag, even how to breathe.

But then... my body weakened. My mind quickly realized that it was because I hadn't eaten and was about to faint.

Not now... This was a crucial moment, but I was about to faint.

No...

"Jom... Jom..."

And then the world went dark.

I'm used to it... If you're looking for the unluckiest person in the world, it's me.

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Now, I've been brought back home to rest after waking up in the hospital to find Miriam visiting. My sister was upset, arms crossed, not speaking even when she brought me home, mad that I hadn't eaten. Despite her tough appearance, she was quite sensitive.

I lay down on my bed in my dark room, meant for rest. I was too lazy to get up and turn on the light.

Maybe seeing Jao-Jom was just another hallucination... Who knows?

Beep beep, beep beep, beep beep...

The alarm I set for 8:08 PM every day rang. Even though I was exhausted from looking for her, it felt like a duty. Jao-Jom's 21-day theory seemed to work because I called her every day for three months, even though I knew her phone was always off.

I still wanted to call her...

With that thought, I grabbed the lamp and looked for my phone, realizing it was probably in my bag. When I opened it, I saw an orange post-it note with a phone number but no name. At first, I wanted to crumple it up, but then I remembered passing out earlier. For a moment, I imagined that maybe Jao-Jom had left her number.

Hallucination or not... I was fooling myself again.

My life was truly fueled by hope.

Instead of calling Jao-Jom's old number like I did every day, I dialed the number on the note. The bell rang twice before someone answered, and the voice on the other end made me freeze.

[Hello?]

“...”

[Hello?]

And I hung up, stunned. I slapped my face hard and held my burning cheek. I sank to the floor, weak from shock. This wasn't a dream. This was real. And the voice on the other end was Jao-Jom.

Jao-Jom had really come back.

But why... Why didn't she wait for me? Did she go home?

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[Hello, teacher?]

Jao-Jom's father answered, greeting me as usual. I paused, trying to ask casually to hide my excitement.

"Is Jao-Jom back?"

"No, everything's the same."

"Oh... okay."

[Something wrong? It's been a while. Calling out of the blue and asking if Jao-Jom's back, you scared me.]

"I was asking like always, hoping for a miracle... How are you?"

I asked about his well-being to change the subject before ending the call a few minutes later. Jao-Jom hadn't come home, hadn't waited for me to wake up, and had left her number.

Where was she now? Why acting so strange if she had really come back?

But my curiosity didn't last long. The next day, Ong brought her to see me, revealing the most unlikely truth. It was like a scene from a drama

happening to me. She came, acting like a stranger.

"It may sound strange, but I can't remember anything from the past."

"..."

"In terms of a cartoon or drama, it's amnesia."

I couldn't believe it. Maybe it was too painful. Seeing someone I had danced with for so long, only for her to have no memory of me at all. When Jao-Jom smiled as if we were meeting for the first time, I told her to go away, not believing that she was the same Jao-Jom.

"You're not Jom."

"What?"

"My Jao-Jom would never forget me. She could forget anyone, but not... not her teacher."

"I'll never forget you."

The one who said she'd never forget me can't remember me anymore today...

"You'd better go."

I politely told her to leave, and she just nodded in understanding. But before she left, she turned around and said something that made me immediately head after Ong.

"Are you like me?"

"..."

"Can you hear heartbeats too?"

□□□□□

□Make a trap□

Something was rustling under the blanket...

Half asleep and half awake, I pushed it away in irritation. But after a while, it felt like something was crawling under my shirt. If it had been earlier, I would have thought there was something strange under the blanket. If it weren't for Mumu's fleas, it might have been some kind of reptile daring to climb into the bed. But at that moment, there was only one thing that could do something like that.

"Being naughty again?"

I said and smiled a little before grabbing Jom's sly hand, who annoyingly liked to wake me up in the morning. Jao Jom chuckled and peeked at my face before lying on top of me and giving me a light kiss on my chin.

"Good morning, teacher."

"You're being annoying every morning."

"Isn't it good?"

"No, it's tiring."

I lied, turning to the side to avoid her mischievous face.

"Let me sleep a little longer. I didn't get much sleep last night."

"You've been working a lot lately. I'm worried."

Jao-Jom said, biting my shoulder lightly, imitating Mumu as he picked up a toy and shook it with satisfaction.

"If you're worried, don't bother me. I want to sleep."

"I am, but I also want to snuggle. Last night, you stayed up late. I waited for you."

"Hmm?"

I opened one eye and looked at Jao-Jom with a smile.

"Waited for what?"

"I waited to pounce on you. But before I knew it, it was already five in the morning. You were sleeping next to me, so I just lay down and slept too."

"Oh, so when I woke up, you came to bother me."

"Do you have work to do today?"

"Today is Sunday, a day of rest."

"So it's my day!"

"Isn't every day your day?"

"If it really is, then..."

Her wicked hand slid to my breast and squeezed lightly, teasing."

"Then we're going to stay in the room all day today. We're going to cuddle all day, eat the food in the fridge, and then go back to bed."

"Why are you so lewd? Have you ever thought about anything else besides this?"

I complained as I lay on my back. Jao-Jom shake her head in denial and slowly pulling my shirt over my head, knowing I would allow it, and I don't resist.

"You said you liked it, Teacher."

"When did I say that?"

"When I was Lay."

The naughty girl said, after she undressed me, she started to caress my neck. When she reached my chest, she bit it lightly, teasing it, which made me arch my back in response.

"You said you liked having sex."

"You remember things so well. But the things I want you to remember, you never do."

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At that time... I didn't know how to deal with Jao-Jom, I was so distraught that I sat alone, deep in thought. Not only did she not recognize me, but someone else also came along with her.

Jao-Jom's return this time was like a math problem that took me the longest to solve since I was born. I didn't know why she couldn't remember anything. It puzzled me enough to google amnesia and find out that it doesn't really happen in the real world, only in novels and dramas. Most of the time, if it exists, it's Alzheimer's, where brain cells gradually die until the body can't handle it anymore and dies. But that's the whole system, not selectively erasing some memories.

Forgetting who you are, but the system of understanding everything remains the same.

Jao-Jom could still solve math problems that she used to be good at, while some old habits slipped away. Not to mention her special ability to read people's minds. But she couldn't remember anything about herself, her family, or me.

But that was light compared to bringing another person back with her, who was... Intuon, the daughter of a shopping mall owner, one of the richest

people in the country. Some people from high society are simply born rich, but this woman was born with everything, incredibly.

Status, beauty, education, age close to Jao-Jom... And that made me feel frustratingly inferior. Just being older was enough to make me feel distressed enough. Now, the woman next to Jao-Jom, who couldn't remember anything, was someone who had everything that stressed me out.

"What's wrong?"

"Evaluating the competitor."

"It must be a big problem."

Miriam, who had just arrived home. Hearing from Ong that I had stopped to sleep at our house, she rushed over, missing me. My little sister hasn't been home much lately, and I heard she's been really attached to her friends.

"What brand? What makes my sister sit with her knees up, biting her nails like that?"

"Intuorn."

"A Thai brand? What does the bag look like?"

"Beautiful."

"How beautiful?"

"Tiffany, Girls' Generation."

"So beautiful? Why compare a bag to a person?"

"I'm not talking about a bag, I'm talking about a person."

I sighed and looked straight at my sister.

"There's another woman next to Jom, and they seem to like each other."

The phrase '*seem to like each other!*' implied that it was Jao-Jom herself who seemed shy when talking to that girl, I noticed because she answered the phone and wrung it shyly. Not to mention I accidentally saw her blushing in the bathroom and being asked to be her girlfriend. But I interrupted, so nothing else happened.

I really had perfect timing.

"These days, are women competing for women? Are you thinking too much? Jom might just be a close friend."

"I heard Ms. In asking Jom to be her girlfriend... with my own ears."

"Oh my, that's so cute."

Miriam put her hands on her cheeks.

"What is it like when women confess to each other? And why are you stressed? Isn't Jao-Jom yours? You're beautiful; don't lose your confidence so easily."

"Yes... When I heard Ms. In asking Jom out, I was so angry that I couldn't think straight. I texted Jom, forcing her to watch a movie with me tonight. I felt like I had to do something, but I didn't know what."

"You sound frantic."

"I have no confidence, Mi."

"This is crazy... Someone like you?"

My sister put her hand on her chest, knowing me well, that I never wanted to lose to anyone. Feeling inferior was completely out of the question because I had everything, status, looks, the highest education, which was hard to find at that age.

"What should I do, Mi?"

"You've never been so defeated. This really got to you. But you have an advantage."

"How?"

I perked up and looked at my sister with interest.

"You've known Jom for years. You must know what kind of person she is."

"But that's in the past. Now Jom is a new person, a new Lay."

"A new person, but there must be the old one hidden there. You, who are closer to Jom than anyone else, must dig it out... What kind of person is Jao-Jom?"

I raised an eyebrow and answered, knowing her well.

"Curious, stubborn, persistent... *lewd*."

I lowered my voice at the last part. Fortunately, Mi didn't think too much and continued to give advice.

"Use this... If Jom is curious, make her intrigued about you. Honey trap... You're good at it."

"What kind of woman do you think I am?"

"A businesswoman."

Miriam blinked at me, satisfied.

"I still don't get it."

"Why are you so dumb about this?"

My sister clicked her tongue and prepared to explain seriously.

"When you sell something, you know what the consumer wants."

"Uh-huh."

"And what does Jao-Jom want?"

"She wants me."

"Oops."

Miriam covered her mouth and pretended to laugh. I, who accidentally answered, grabbed a tissue that was nearby and threw it, embarrassed.

"Hee-heeeeee."

"What kind of laugh is that? When I say she wants me, I mean love."

"Oh, really... So innocent."

I wasn't that innocent, but talking about it with my sister felt too awkward for my taste. Miriam probably knew what I meant, pretending not to notice and continuing to give me advice so that I wouldn't feel any more uncomfortable.

"That's it. If you know what she likes, present your selling points. It's that simple. Who knows our partner better than us? How long has In known Jom? You've known her since she put on a uniform and followed you home, right?"

"That's right..."

"By the way, you're... a cougar. Oh, whoops! I'm getting out of here."

I was about to throw the pen holder, but I stopped in mid-air. After my sister ran off, it was less than two hours until the time I had arranged to meet that naughty girl. Maybe I should do something after always letting Jao-Jom get close to me.

Everyone has a first time.

But seducing someone younger for the first time was really hard. Jao-Jom had become a new person, shy and polite. Normally, she would approach me without hesitation. But this time, without remembering anything, she didn't know what to do. Once, I even pretended to drop my towel in front of her, but Jao-Jom quickly turned away, shyly, especially today when I invited her to watch a movie, and she talked about our relationship like someone who didn't know anything.

"If we take them to pay together, people will think we're a couple. But we're just a teacher and a student who are very close."

These were Jao-Jom's words in the car, and they made my face harden. We were just a teacher and a student...

Looks like I need to remember a bit.

As I mentioned, throughout my life, I have never approached anyone first. It was always men who came to me, and I turned them all down because I was too busy studying. I never thought about flirting with anyone. So, this was the first time I had to use everything I had to make Jao-Jom curious about me.

I was the one who hugged Jom first.

I had to pretend to be cold to get cozy.

I had to use suggestive words to make Jao-Jom excited and intrigued.

If this were a product, it would be a promotion with discounts, exchanges, freebies, and bonuses to make the customer loyal to the brand.

Come to my house and I will tell you what we have done so far.

And it worked... Jao-Jom agreed to sneak out of that house to meet because she wanted to know what our relationship was like. Who knew that behind my act of enticing this girl come to me, I was rolling around in my bed, anxious and embarrassed about what I had presented?

When you regain your memories, I will pinch your cheeks until they stretch!

Everything went according to my plan. I pretended to invite her for a meal and spoke seductively about how...

"I like having sex."

I figured that such a sentence would make Jao-Jom start to suspect and boldly approach me. Miriam's "honey trap plan" was quite effective. A cheeky child would never behave well. A normal person would just hug from behind and talk romantically, but for Jao-Jom, her hands were already firmly on my breasts.

Oh... I knew better than anyone. Especially the night before Jom disappeared, who would know what I had been through? So when that girl approached me, it triggered Jao-Jom's subconscious desire to come see me again.

And it worked once again... My sales pitch made that naughty girl want to argue with that house and find excuses to see me do such things.

Which I... wouldn't let happen easily.

A curious woman like Jao-Jom, if you let things happen as she wants, there would be nothing left to attract her. So, as a businesswoman, I had to make the consumer want that product badly. And since I was the product, Jao-Jom had to want it so much that she would crawl to get it.

But... I would only let her have it when the old Jao-Jom came back.

Remember first, then we can be together!

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"Hug me... I'm almost there."

Jao-Jom said pitifully, pulling my arm to wrap around her. One of my hands was touching between her legs. Today, we weren't in a hurry because we wanted to savor it slowly. Besides, it was a holiday, so we had plenty of time to focus on this.

"Do you like it?"

"I like it."

"What do you like?"

"I like you."

The girl replied tremblingly as passion reached its peak.

"I like your voice, the way you look at me, ah... and your lips nibbling on my shoulder."

I smiled at the cheeky girl's flattering description, but I was skilled enough to give pleasure and despair at the same time.

"Why did you stop?"

The small figure kicked forward in disgust and raised her hand to lightly hit me.

"I still... Ah!"

I turned Jao-Jom onto her back before changing position, pressing my body against hers. The cheeky girl, understanding what I was doing, bit her lip hard and gasped.

"You're so hot, teacher."

"Mm..."

We both touched each other in a rhythm that felt good. The wetness heightened our desires, and we took turns moaning as if we were singing. Jao-Jom came first, shuddering and curling up. As for me, still not quite satisfied, I forced Jao-Jom to hold on a little longer and followed soon after.

"You exhausted me."

The girl slowly crawled and lay on top of me, kissing my face like a cat licking its fur.

"You said you were sleepy, but you are more energetic than me."

"I am someone who, when doing something, has to do it to the fullest."

"I believe it because you did so well. Hehe."

We rolled around, playing and laughing until eleven o'clock. Our display of affection didn't last long, but the quality remained unchanged.

Much better than the first time.

"How did you get so good at this?"

Jao-Jom couldn't help but ask.

"I like it"

I answered quickly.

"Do you like me?"

I shake my head, and that make Jao-Jom pout and complain.

"What? Even though I like everything about you, from your looks, voice, style, and manners, I get an answer that you don't like me. Hmph, if you don't like me, what do you like?"

I smiled and answered firmly...

"I like having sex."

Then I turned around, pinning Jao-Jom down again.

And it seems we can start over.

Ahh!

□□□□

□Lazarus□

[Re... So, I've decided to move into your apartment. Leaving it here would be a waste.]

Miriam knew I was moving back in with Jao-Jom today, so she called quickly to ask if she could use the room before it was sold. I had already put the room up for sale, but it probably wouldn't sell anytime soon, which didn't worry me much.

"Make yourself at home. In the meantime, you can stay there. But if you move out, Ong will be alone with Mom.

[Well, your apartment is closer to my workplace.]

"How is it closer? Your workplace and home are just one bus stop away. Don't make excuses. Why are you moving out? Wait, do you have a boyfriend?"

[...]

"You actually have one?"

I asked, surprised. I knew my sister was old enough to take care of herself, but when it came to topics like this, my big sister instincts kicked in.

"Who is it? Do I know him?"

[It's complicated. I'll tell you when I'm sure.]

"You're moving in with a boyfriend, and you're still not sure? What's going on?"

[I don't know. That's it for now.]

Considering my sister's personality, which was similar to mine, not liking people meddling in personal matters, I decided not to insist any further and changed the subject.

"Okay, I won't intrude. Just be happy with your decision. I love you."

[You say "I love you" a lot lately. Well, I love you too, Re. Before I hang up, I wish you happiness in your relationship. Take care of your health, sis. The family is tired of worrying. Let us have our own lives.]

"Shut up!"

I laughed and hung up on my naughty sister before opening the trunk to get the luggage I had brought. We hadn't gone upstairs yet because Jao-Jom was still standing, looking at her building, which hadn't changed on the outside, but was a different world on the inside.

"Are we really going to live together now?"

"Yes."

"Are we going to live together as a couple, like Jom's parents?"

"Why so many questions today?"

"Didn't you decide too quickly? You can meet someone better..."

"Life is uncertain. I've been there."

I looked resolutely into my student's eyes.

"Ever since the day my heart stopped and I passed out, waking up felt like a blessing from God or something supernatural. I decided to live my life to the fullest."

"..."

"I want to be with you as long as I can."

I meant every word. Life is unpredictable. We don't even know if tomorrow will come. I used to live recklessly, knowing only that each day ended and after sleeping, a new day began, repeating the same routine until the day I passed out. Everything went dark.

Empty...

That's when I realized that life is uncertain. Tomorrow is the next life, they could be the same day, for all we know when Jao-Jom disappeared, I cried and blamed myself. If only I had been nicer, complimented her, or told her I loved her, if only I had gone out to buy food with her, if only I hadn't played hard to get...

If, if, if... So many "ifs" irritated me. It made me realize that if there's still time, start doing good things today. No, right now, if possible.

I remember being very impatient at that time, wanting to bring Jao-Jom back to her old life and cut ties with unrelated people. I planned for Jao-Jom to celebrate her birthday with her family, but everything was too rushed, and the plan fell apart.

Jao-Jom wasn't ready to meet her parents, she couldn't remember, while Intuorn secretly followed us to the restaurant and dragged Jao-Jom away.

I thought I had the upper hand, but I almost fell apart when the person who claimed to love me the most chose to go with another woman to avoid hurting her, leaving me and her parents behind.

So this is what it's like to be ignored...

Someone like Renu, a woman with everything, looks, status, the highest education, was now alone in a condo room, crying with bottles of alcohol as her only company. The feeling of worthlessness overwhelmed me, thinking that I was no longer important.

Jao-Jom doesn't love me anymore...

I'm not number one for that girl anymore...

Many men were disappointed with the love they gave me because I rejected them. They must have felt the same way. I just realized how much love can tear us apart. I used to scold people for wanting to die from a broken heart, thinking it was stupid, but now I understand.

It seemed so pointless that I didn't want to live anymore.

I did everything, even shamelessly seducing Jao-Jom, something I've never done, but I still couldn't make her want to stay.

If that's not pointless, what is?

It seemed like my Jao-Jom wouldn't come back...

But soon, Jao-Jom came to apologize and explained where she had been. It made me realize again that love makes us forget things easily. My emotions alternated between anger and forgiveness. Just a little sweet talk and I was seduced. From wanting to die, I wanted to live. Someone's declaration of love extended my life.

I love this girl so much...

"You said you would come home."

I remembered her the next morning while Jao-Jom was getting dressed in the bathroom.

"Yes, after seeing my parents yesterday, I felt the pain they went through when I disappeared. At first, I thought that if they met a daughter who didn't remember them, it would be horrible because it's like having another person back. But thinking about never having their daughter back was even more painful. At least coming back to let them see and know the new me is better."

Hearing this made my heart swell. Even though Jao-Jom still couldn't remember anything, we had come a long way. Jom was still the same Jom, she just needed to reflect on a lot of things, which I thought was okay.

Whether it was Jom or Lay, I loved them both now.

It was amazing. She couldn't remember anything, but she still maintained her charm. I felt like I would love her no matter who she was. As I took her to Intuorn's house, Jao-Jom asked for some time to say goodbye to her only close friend. As she was about to go inside, she jokingly asked me to tell her that I loved her.

"I love you, Teacher."

"Mm."

"No, if I say it like that, you have to say it... I love you too, Lay. Or Jom."

"..."

"Hurry up, or I won't come back."

"Really... Mm, I love..."

"Love who?"

"Jom or Lay, I love them both."

Ba-dum...

My heart was pounding as Jao-Jom turned to go to Intuorn. The intense grip suffocated me. Everything happened so fast. In a split second, I passed out and everything went dark...

And then there was nothing.

It was a place between life and death. In Buddhist studies or TV dramas, we see spirits wandering in hell, heaven, or the vast world, depending on the author's imagination. But if you ask me what I saw, I can only say...

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

When I woke up from the incident where I suddenly fainted and my family told me that my heart had stopped, even the doctor said it was a miracle. They even gave it a fancy name, "*Lazarus Syndrome*."

A condition where the heart stops and then revives, as if it were resurrected. Died and came back to life.

Not everyone in the world gets this chance. Realizing this, the first thing I thought was that I should tell everyone that I love them before I lost the chance.

"Mom, I love you."

In addition to my parents, I also told my sister, who was crying with joy that I had woken up.

"Mi, I love you."

But my declaration of love left my family more astonished than seeing a ghost, because I had never done anything like that, making everyone even more scared. Miriam even called the doctor to ask if the cardiac arrest affected my brain, making me laugh.

"Hey... Isn't it good that I tell you that I love you? Why make a big deal out of it?"

"It's a big deal. You've never done this before."

"Then I'll do it every day, so you can get used to it."

I smiled at my sister and looked around for someone else who should be here.

"Where's Jom?"

"Staying with Ong outside. She's been here for five hours and won't leave."

"Call her for me. I want to see her."

"Can't you be apart for even a second? Okay, wait here."

"It's okay, I'll get her myself. This room can't hold many people. One goes in, one has to go out."

Mom said before running to get the two who were waiting outside, telling them that I had woken up. Jao-Jom was the first to come in, crying adorably.

"You're awake! Don't scare me like that again, please."

"It's fine. I woke up and I still see you."

"I'm sorry for putting you through this, teacher. Now I understand how painful it is when someone suddenly disappears. I won't leave you again. Get well soon and come back, okay?"

"Jom, are you really not going anywhere?"

"Seriously, I'm going to go back home to Mom and Dad, open the clinic, and we'll stay in our room, not going anywhere. We won't even go grocery shopping; we'll order from LINE Man. I'll start learning how to order food over the phone today."

"This is great... really great."

At that moment, it felt like no matter what I said, she would agree to anything, as long as my awakening was real. She would trade anything for it. And that led to us being together today.

From now on, we would finally be together, and I would do what I intended from the beginning, which to tell her that I love her every day.

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Thinking back to that day, I smiled and looked at her, still unsure now that the day had come. I reached out, grabbed her wrist, and led her into the building.

"Let's go in and take a look. We'll live here for a long time."

"Y-yes."

Jao-Jom nodded and followed me inside. We had already checked the place a few times before to monitor the progress, but today was the day everything was ready. The interior had been cleaned thoroughly, and the furniture had been moved in and was ready for use.

The old store had been transformed into a spacious and modern loft-style office. Some of the walls had fake plants to rest our eyes when we were tired of staring at computer screens. There was also a glass wall with a gentle waterfall flowing continuously.

"The house has changed a lot. My heart is racing."

Jao-Jom looked around in awe.

"Do you like it?"

"Of course. How much did it cost?"

"Not much, about three hundred thousand."

"Rich people always use that tone of 'not much' when they talk about three hundred thousand."

Jao-Jom grumbled, shaking her head as if she was irritated by the amount of money. I laughed a little and asked curiously.

"Has anyone else used that tone?"

"Yes, when Intuorn went shopping, she spent three hundred thousand baht, but it felt like three hundred..."

Jao-Jom stopped when she saw me go silent. She flinched and quickly changed the subject.

"It's beautiful. I loved everything about it."

Even though I was irritated, I needed to act mature and understand the world. The topic between them was over. Jao-Jom still loved and chose me, but that didn't mean she had to forget someone she was close to.

It wasn't wrong because Intuorn came into her life when she was struggling. I should feel grateful instead of acting silly.

"Have you contacted Miss In?"

"..."

"It's okay. You can talk to me about it. I can be reasonable."

When she was sure that I allowed it, Jao-Jom shook her head sadly.

"No, ever since she went to study abroad, we've lost touch. I couldn't give her what she needed, and she wasn't comfortable with me not being her Lay anymore."

"One day, you and her will be good friends."

I patted her head understandingly.

"When that day comes, will you be okay with us being friends and not feel uncomfortable?"

"If you can be open-minded about me being friends with Vic, I can too."

At the mention of Vic, Jao-Jom immediately looked at me.

"I never said I was okay with you being friends with Vic. You even kissed him!"

"That was a long time ago. Don't think too much."

I laughed at her jealousy.

"I kissed In too."

"What?"

"Oh, you didn't know about that... did you?"

I had no idea until Jao-Jom mentioned it. I glared at my former student, biting my lip and leaning in closer when she noticed the atmosphere between us was getting tense.

"You never told me."

"We didn't kiss passionately, not a French kiss... Teacher, where are you going?!"

I was so angry that I turned to leave, but she grabbed my wrist. I tried to pull away, but she held on tight, knowing I would push her away.

"I'm going home."

I told her without looking back.

"You said you wouldn't run home when we fought."

She protested.

"I don't want to see your face."

"What? You kissed Mr. Vic, so we're even."

"No, don't touch me."

I tried to pull away from her, but she clung to me, kissing me.

"Let go! It's disgusting. You kissed someone else and then kissed me. Let go... Hey, you're pushing it."

Jao-Jom, seemingly out of ideas, pushed me towards the newly decorated room, closing the door with her foot while her hands were busy pulling at my clothes.

"Apologizing like this won't work. Let go!"

I yelled at the insolent girl.

"It will work. I know how to deal with you, teacher. Today, I will try very hard to make sure you don't leave the house. Remember this method. If you make me angry, apologize in the same way, and I promise I will forgive you."

"Can you really do that?"

"Yes!"

"No."

"If you keep getting mad, I might disappear again, and you'll regret it!"

"..."

That was my weak point, and Jao-Jom knew it would calm my fury, even though I was still pissed.

"I'm sorry. Please don't be mad. Today is our first official day living together."

"It's okay," I sighed, pursing my lips.

"...."

"For the sake of this good day.

"You're the best. Let's just do good things today. Where should we start?"

As soon as my pants were pulled down to my feet, my anger disappeared, and Jao-Jom knelt down.

"Start here."

"Good, because I like it here better too."

Damn... This girl knew all my weaknesses. My plan to move out was abandoned, replaced by a ravenous embrace of the new room and bed.

Life is short, after all. So do what makes you happy.

Hmm...

END

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