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*Credit to the Original writer;*

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#### FIRST MEET (GYOZA)



“Damn it! wake up, you're lazy. I called you hundreds of times and you didn't answer. I had to come to your bedroom. The elevator wasn't working and I had to go up 5 floors to get here. Wake up!”

A harsh and deep voice filled my ears, and the blanket I was covered with was moved away from my body causing me who had been sleeping comfortably to begin to wake up, although not completely.

“Warang, why are you shouting? Oh! Turn off the light, It burn my eyes. Plus you took away my blanket, I can't cover myself. Give me back my blanket!”

Little girl protested angrily.

“How did you get into my room!? The room was locked before I went to sleep.”

Hey! I struggled to open my eyes to look at my visitor.

“I have the keys to your room and the keys to your little red pig.”

my friend said as she swung the keys to my room and her beloved car at the same time. Gyoza looked at the swinging keys and sighed. She had a serious problem keeping her keys with her. Sometimes she would simply lose them and on other occasions, she would lock the door forgetting her keys inside it, causing her to have to break into her own room on countless occasions. So finally, she decided to give a spare key to her friend. Who would have thought that she would be used to breaking in and waking her up. Gyoza sighed... It really had been a mistake.

“Stop acting like a little child. Hurry up and get dressed so we can leave. Everyone is already in the cafeteria. You're the only one who fell asleep so deeply. I'm really sick of you,”

Warang complained. Her facial expressions indicated that she was very tired of her friend's slowness.

“What are you doing in the cafeteria right now?”

Gyoza ignored her complaints and then looked at the clock before shouting.

“Six o'clock! Oh!! let me continue sleeping, if I sleep less than 12 hours a day, I will be very sleepy, you know? I studied all morning and afternoon, I'm so tired that I fell asleep at half past four.”

The girl confirmed her words by letting herself fall on her soft bed without wanting to move away from her. They made an appointment to sign the freshmen. The second graders gathered together so they could complete the task faster. They will also have to go collect the junior and senior signatures. I feel bad for them. Let's help so that everything goes well.

At Gyoza University, there was a tradition that freshmen had to seek the signatures of all seniors in their faculty to get to know each other and strengthen the relationship between seniors and juniors. It was like that but... Who could do that?

“If you don't get out of bed, I'll have to call Thida to come get you. Do you want that? It's that easy!”

The girl's thin eyes shone like those of someone she knew had the upper hand. If Thida had to go there to wake her up, Gyoza would be dead. Without waiting for her to repeat it again, the thin figure got out of bed as if she had been attached to a spring and ran straight to the bathroom at the speed of light.

“Arg, you always have to use the same tactic.”

A loud clamor echoed throughout the cafeteria. Even if the upperclassmen and sophomores had gathered together so that the younger ones could find them much more easily, getting the signatures... well, they wouldn't be that easy to get even in that place. When Gyoza and Warang entered the cafeteria, they encountered many of the younger ones who were acting strangely. For example, there were those who talked to trash cans or danced in strange ways and were as creative as they could be. Some of the young people were subjected to terrible ridicule before they could get their signatures.

“Finally they arrived. We've been waiting too long,”

Said Lada, one of the group's friends as a greeting when she saw them. Lada was a woman who had a pretty face. She was small, white, airy, with a small mouth and nose. At first, Gyoza often secretly glanced at Lada. Well, she likes to look at beautiful women. She was a delight to the eyes but when they got to know each other a little more and became close, starting to be part of the same group of friends, the beauty and tenderness that used to exist disappeared, leaving only a pale-faced woman who was crazy about the eyes. cosmetics. Maybe it was because they had become close that Lada's beauty had disappeared. What was the reason? Well, that beauty was

the goddess of disorder. Her room was always so messy it looked like a rat's nest.

“You are just a group of evil second-year seniors.”

They didn't intend for them to meet here so that the first years could more easily obtain signatures.

“You did it to make fun of them.”

Gyoza said, watching the first-year student doing strange dances around the cafeteria. She dragged a chair and sat next to her beautiful friend who listened to her words indifferently.

“Where did Thida and JubJib go?”

Warang turned to ask her friend Lada who had arrived first.

“They're over there, making the younger ones do the chicken dance on stage.”

Lada nodded towards the cafeteria scene. Thida was a friend of Gyoza's group. She was kind of like her mother in college. She had a tidy attitude and liked to complain a lot. But no matter how you looked at it, the girl was always weak when it came to Gyoza. Gyoza was the only person Thida pleased, making her couldn't help but feel a little proud of that story. Thida, had been voted by her REGULATION classmates to become THE PREFECT in her faculty activities, this was probably because of her sharp face with red-rimmed glasses that obscured the fierce eyes in her eye sockets. She was definitely beautiful and that was why the young men were so afraid of Thida when she shook her head. She also had pinkish white skin like Thais of Chinese descent but in reality she was not. Gyoza was envious of the beautiful shape of her eyes. She was so sad.

JubJip, another of the group's friends, was the funniest, she didn't seem like someone who would be a good student. Because? She was the goddess of group activities. If there were any activities to do, she would be ready. But last semester, I had just gotten five A grades in a row. What a devilish girl!

At what point did you take the time to read the books? Ah... That was the whole group? It seemed like there was someone missing.

“Hey!! Gyoza Why did you just arrive? Warang came for you a while ago.”

There was. She still hadn't had time to think about it when the other beautiful girl in the group appeared with a unique hairstyle because her hair was curly like her mother's and was also very fluffy so she had to tie it but even so, it was still very spongy.

"She fell asleep,"

It's was Warang, who turned to answer in place of the person who had fallen asleep.

“Is that called sleeping or were you training for the day you died? The newly taken one,”

She said to her friend with an annoyed look.

“Training for the day you die?”

The person who had fallen asleep repeated those words in her head. Was just wanting to get enough sleep considered training for the day he died? What a scathing person.

“How many people have you given your signature to?”

Gyoza tried to change the topic of the conversation so as not to continue being the topic of conversation. If Thida heard them, she wouldn't stop bothering her.

“I have already signed many. If it's someone cute, I signed them. It's kind of fun ha ha. “

The pretty girl smiled showing her braces.

“Have you found someone who catches your attention enough to send them to the Freshy contest?”

Gyoza turned around to ask Lada, who was sitting on the phone talking to her lover. She was beautiful but she belonged to someone making the hearts of many break. She was the winner of last year's Freshy contest. Well, she was beautiful! It is important to say that in this university, Freshy refers to the representative of the university. In that place, they were not called stars or moons because this university had a motto:

‘In this place there are no moons, nor stars, only earth.’

This sentence meant that at the University there was a sense of equality. There was no class discrimination, because everyone who studied there belonged to the same land.

“There are three or four of them. I'll probably call you to come to the audition.”

Lada responded without looking away from her phone with an expression on her face that said they were having a fight.

After that, several freshmen asked the group of friends to sign for them. One after another the boys went, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups. Some of her friends found various ways to make fun of the first-year boys, but none of the young men dared to come and ask Gyoza for the signature directly, which meant that she had not signed anyone yet. There was one more thing that was important to tell and that was that in that group, Gyoza was the second-year prefectural head.

That position was not easy to obtain, those who received it were selected due to the opinion of the third and fourth year Prince Walker as well as the teachers of the course. In the eyes of people who didn't know her, Gyoza seemed like a slightly difficult person to approach. Her face seemed to be ready to attack all the time, if anyone interrupted her. It was likely that only her friends in that group of hers knew her well. Each one of them seemed normal but... That was a really strange gang!

“Phi, you're the second-year prefecture head, right? Can you sign me please?”



A hoarse voice interrupted with her polite words while Gyoza sat there watching. She was a freshman who enjoyed being bullied by seniors.

“Yeah.”

Before she could look up to see the face of the first-year girl who had dared to come and ask for her signature, a signature book was handed to her and she held out the pen tightly in preparation for it to be used in the signing of the book but at that moment, Gyoza could feel the eyes of others looking at her and this first year girl. The hustle and bustle gradually calmed down until silence enveloped the entire cafeteria. Gyoza slowly looked up at the girl standing in front of her.

She made eye contact with small eyes beneath the frame of her eyebrows and a prominent nose. Her lips were thin and small with a light tint like that of someone who looked healthy. Her short, shoulder-length hair matched her oval-shaped face frame, fair skin, and a tall, slim body in a student uniform of the right size. For a moment, her round eyes widened because she liked what she was seeing. In her head she couldn't help but think about why....

Why did that girl look so cute? She couldn't call herself a beauty but, should she call herself pretty? But she was a girl. Well, the girls had to be beautiful. It didn't really matter if she was beautiful or handsome, she looked so good that she couldn't stand it and she felt like she was about to melt. Why did I seem to have gone silent while inside I was excited? I just had to sign the book. Why had I stayed silent in front of the girl? What was happening? I couldn't stand them anymore. I was a senior, I had to be stern. I couldn't be any other way! If I signed the girl that easily, It would look like I was too soft a senior. I had to be tough on the first years! I had to stay calm.

Gyoza tries to stay calm. She took a deep breath and showed a stern face suppressing her emotions and hoping that she could appear calm. Let us begin!!

“Umm... You're here to get my signature. What do I get in exchange?”

"What do you want to ask me to do? I'll do anything,"

She said with a mischievous smile. Those glowing eyes were evil. What could she ask her? She had to think about it carefully, she couldn't let that smile dazzle her. As soon as she turned to meet Lada's eyes, who raised her eyes from the phone of a famous brand, a good idea blinked in her head and showed a smile at the corner of her lips.

“Can you really do anything for my signature?”

Gyoza said flatly, although she was excited by the joke.

“Yeah.”

"So..."

She paused briefly for the girl to pay attention,

"if you had to compete in the Freshy contest, could you do it?"

The tall girl remained silent for a while with a shocked expression.

“Hey Phi!! Are you talking seriously? Can't I do something else? I can shout my love to the trash can or dance in the cafeteria, I'm willing to do it all.”

The person who was being harassed made a face as if she couldn't continue speaking, it was really pathetic.

“Huh... then you probably won't be able to get my signature, you can't do anything like you said in the beginning.”

Gyoza continued to tease and tease her why seeing that beautiful face that looked like it was about to cry seemed very funny to her.

“So... if I agree to participate in the contest, you will sign my book, right?”

Said the young first year in a thoughtful voice.

“Yeah.”

Gyoza said with an evil smile.

“So... if you promise that I will be the only one to obtain your signature, I will agree to participate as you ask. Do we have a deal?”

The person realized that she had been teased and offered her a deal while secretly looking at the senior's thin lips that seemed to be pursing.

"I promise that I will only sign you, if you can keep the agreement,"

Gyoza said. The girl was very brave, although she knew that she was being teased. Still, she accepted the deal because it seemed like it would be fun. She looked at the name tag hanging around her neck, written with a black magic pen that the owner had written in large letters and said, Nong Manaow.

"Then I agree to join the Freshy contest,"

The tall girl agreed. Once the offer is accepted. The cafeteria was once again as loud as ever. The topic of conversation would probably be this Freshy contest thing and how they would have a contestant with a tomboy personality.

[1] Regulation Phi Second-year seniors are responsible for inspecting and supervising the disciplinary matters of first-year juniors.

[2] Prefecta are responsible for tasks such as regulations and supervision of all events.

[3] Freshy: It is a term used to refer to new first-year students in college. During welcome activities, freshies are subject to the activities and orders of senior prefects and must pass set challenges and tests.

The head of the prefecture is responsible for different tasks, just like the regulatory Phi and the prefect. They oversee the rules and have the absolute right to issue orders.

## ②

### FIRST MEETING (MANAOW)



“Are you sure you can live alone?”

The mother asked her youngest daughter again. That was the first time this little girl had to go out and live alone.

“I can do it, mom. Don't worry.”

The tall figure of her begged, lying on her mother's chest.

"Just let her go, mom."

Mom's rotten dog has turned into a young woman.

“Why do you worry about that?”

Rotten dog was the nickname her brother gave to Manaow, her only sister. The sharp eyes of both of them were so similar and not only that, but also the face, nose or lips, it seemed that they were all replicated. Well, in the end they were brothers.

"P'Fueng, you're so rude,"

She turned to his brother. Before hugging her mother's chest again and demanding,

"Mom, look at P'Fueng. He's bothering me. Tell him something.”

“Fueng, don't make fun of your sister. You both are adults now. You shouldn't make fun of each other as if you were children.”

The mother shook her head slightly at both.

“Mom, don't worry. The house where I live is close to the bedroom in case something happens. Don't worry, there will surely be other girls to take care of her. She won't even need me to do it.”

There was a secret mockery in her words making Manaow pout and clench her fists as a sign of wanting to hit her brother. However, her mother would not allow it.

“Fueng, take care of your sister. I love you both.”

She said as she took her two kids who were part of her heart in her arms. She only had them left after losing her husband when Manaow was very young and she had to raise them the best she could so that they wouldn't feel deprived of anything.

“I love you too, mom.”

The image of the family hugging was an image that could make people see how happy they were.

“Let's go home, Pha. My nephews have grown up and can now take care of themselves. Don't worry too much about it.”

Uncle Phon, her mother's brother, had driven the car to take Manaow to the bedroom. At that moment, the college girl was comforting her mother before the uncle spoke again.

"My niece has become a young woman haha,"

He said before walking towards the elevator to bother her niece again.

“Uncle Phon!”

When he saw that he could mock his niece to the point of anger, he laughed and got off the elevator in a good mood.

After the uncle and mother returned, Fueng excused himself to go to his house where he was staying with his friends, which was riot far from Manaow's bedroom with whom she was two years apart. He didn't think about taking his sister to live with him because no matter how fierce she was, she was still a girl and he was jealous of his little sister. Although either way, he was very worried about his sister being away from him.

“I will return in the evening. I'll come pick you up for dinner.”

“No need, tonight, the seniors will do an activity for us.”

“What activities are they planning?”

“Autograph hunt.”

“Oh, I'll go with my friends then.”

“Damn it, you don't have to go. If you do, I will be mocked.”

Manaow was quick to say why she didn't want to end up in a garbage dump instead of being helped by her brother.

“As you want.”

Fueng was studying at the same college as her. The only difference was the field of study. He studied civil engineering and she studied electrical engineering.

“P'Fueng, I want to ask you something. Looking for the autographs of all the elders, is this really what we have to do?”

“That's how it is.”

“So, is there any way to avoid doing that activity?”

Manaow whispered in a low voice as if she was afraid that Senior would hear.

“Resignation.”

“You're crazy!! It was difficult to pass the exam to quit at this time. Come on, P'Fueng, tell me now that there is a way to avoid having to look for signatures.”

“This is how it works, you have to do what they ask you to obtain the signature of a prefectural head, it can be from any year but it is best if it is from the second year. The person closest to you may be the easiest. But getting their signature is not easy.”

“I just have to get the signature of the head of the prefecture and that's it, right? Wow, it will be very easy.”

“In the entire university, there was only one person who did it last year. If you think it's easy, go ahead.”

After Fueng returned, Manaow continued to think about how to get the prefectural head's signature. She was surely a big man with a brutal face. If there were 400 seniors in her faculty, she would be teased 400 times. She had to be kind to fight them. Maybe she would only be the object of some of them since she was a girl and they surely wouldn't be so harsh. How wrong Manaow was! The seniors didn't care if you had a penis or a vagina, if they wanted to make fun they would do so without mercy.

Manaow was getting dressed to enter university. She wanted to go find the P'Wak before the start time of the meeting that night. These usually wore a red armband and the head of the prefecture would wear a black armband with a red gear symbol. She went to the college's website to see the class schedule for the second year. School ended at four, so she would have to go wait to achieve her goal. Finally she reached the front of the faculty building where all the seniors were gradually leaving the school.

“You can, Manaow, just go and take a look. You know how this is. One hundred battles and one hundred victories.”

She cheered herself up again as she bent down to tie the laces of her sneakers when suddenly a dull noise was heard.

“Hey!!!”

“Oh, it hurts, it hurts, it hurts.”

The sharp scream of a thin woman came out of nowhere. She tripped over her and crashed to the ground. Her makeup-free face, with a snub nose, tiny lips, and round double eyes looked dull at that moment as if she had just woken up. Upon closer inspection, that girl didn't look like a college student at all, but she also didn't look like a high school student because she was wearing a college uniform and she probably wasn't a first year student because she wasn't wearing white sneakers as required by college rules.

“Are you OK?”

She asked with those beautiful manners that her mother, Mrs. Phannipa, had diligently taught her since she was a child and that she had always used. Manaow helped the smaller body to its feet. This senior was terribly small, she barely reached her shoulders.

“Uh, sorry for bumping into you. I'm not wearing my glasses. I can't see clearly,”

She said as she tried to focus on her face why she couldn't clearly see who she had bumped into. What a terrible situation!!

“Gyo, where are you going? Stop right now, dumplings!”

Someone's voice shouted behind the little senior from the hallway leading down the stairs of the school building. The expression of the small figure in front of her seemed like someone nervous.

“I have to go, I'm really sorry for running into you.”

In the blink of an eye, she disappeared without Manaow knowing where she had gone.

“Did you see a short woman running? Where did she go?”



Asked the person who had rushed over with one hand holding a bulky bag. It was certain that this girl was a friend of the person she had had the accident with a few minutes before. That girl was completely different, with a tall figure and sharp eyes under red frames. Furthermore, her upper arm was also wearing a red bracelet. Wait, the red P'Wak armband? Where was she going?

“Didn't you see my friend?”

The P'Wak had a fierce face and asked her again. Wow, she was just one of the P'Wak and she was so fierce, if she met the head of the prefecture she would surely die.

“She was here a moment ago.”

Manaow pointed to the ground.

“But she ran away. I don't know where she went.”

"She ran away again, that little girl..."

Another senior, tall and with long hair, walked up holding something and looked at the other woman with fierce eyes.

“What should we do? If she escapes again tonight, she will definitely be scolded by the elders."She,"

She said as the P'Wak's eyes looked fierce, complaining about her friend.

“I'll go wake her up this afternoon. P'Thida, you can go to your room to rest. Just having to wake her up every morning is already exhausting.”

“And how did she come back? She left her wallet in the classroom, even the glasses she hadn't picked up yet. Sure she rode her red pig back to the room but her eyesight is so bad she's going to go blind, if she falls, rolls over, crashes into someone, how could she handle it? She is such a selfish person at bedtime.”

The P'Wak, whose name was Thida, made a face of annoyance. Manaow could only stand and watch the girls from two different generations talk to each other, blinking because if she had a friend like that, she would be nervous. Besides, what kind of person rode a red pig back to her bedroom? What was a red pig?

“Come on, we are her friends, we must be patient.”

P'Warang lightly patted her friend's shoulder with her free hand, as she was holding something with the other. What was that? They were round glasses that were wrapped in a small black cloth with a red gear symbol. Black with a red gear symbol...

"That's the prefecture chief's bracelet,"

Manaow blurted out suddenly. She had found her, or was the head of the prefecture P'Warang? That tall girl with short hair looked so elegant!

“Yes, the bracelet is hers. But she escaped to go to sleep,”

Answered P'Thida. She had run away and gone back to sleep, then that little girl who looked like a much lower grade was the head of the prefecture.

“Are you telling me that person is the head of the second year of our faculty?”

She said, thinking about how the respected head of the prefecture was someone so tiny.

"Yes, the dumpling you just saw is the second year prefecture head of our branch,"

P'Warang confirmed.

[1] When she calls him a young man, she means that he often behaves more like a boy than a girl.

[2] P'Wak is a way in which a group of seniors are known who are usually the ones who lead the reception week activities for first-year students. They

are characterized by being cruel, rude and imposing.

③

SEVERE LOOK



When Manaow realized that this P'Wak was completely different from what she expected since she was a short girl, she felt that this was not a negative thing at all, because being a girl and being of an unimposing height would be easier. to be able to address it and get the signature I needed.

Dining room 6:00 p.m.

Manaow used her eyes to search for the target, there was no sign of her. Apparently this second year prefecture head was really irresponsible.

18:30 hrs

Manaow looked around the cafeteria again: many of her friends were being bothered by the elders, joking with each other, dancing, singing and many other things that ordinary people did not do. Were those the future engineers?

"Manaow,"

Greeted the voice of a friend who looked very neat and whose name Manaow still couldn't remember. She really appreciated the large name tag hanging in the middle of his chest so she looked at the nameplate before answering.

“Hello Ali, what's wrong?”

Manaow looked at the boy in front of her. His face was now red, to the point of looking sick.

“Ali, what's wrong with you? Are you sick?”

Ali looked like someone about to explode and disappear right there.

“Hey what's up!!? Do you want to go to the infirmary? I'll call a nurse for you.”

No matter what, Manaow quickly raised her hand and called for the nurse.

"Nurse..."

She couldn't finish speaking when Ali screamed, making his friends who were around him freeze for several seconds.

“I like you! Can you give me your number?”

Ali screamed before collapsing.

"That group of secondyear seniors asked me for it."

Ali's weak voice sounded like a dying person, pointing to a group of second year seniors who were laughing heartily and looking at me at the same time before Ali was completely unconscious.. Then some second and fourth year boys came up to take the boy to the infirmary.

“What is this all about?”

Manaow scratched her head.

"Manaow,"

Someone's sweet voice called her and she pushed from behind. Who else was calling her? Just like before, she didn't want to deal with this.

“I don't give my number to anyone. You don't have to pretend to confess your love to me like the other guy. I do not want to do this.”

She said before turning to the voice that called her.

“No, I'm not here to confess my love for you or ask for your number. My name is LookTan. Do you remember me? Yesterday in class were we working in the same group?”

Oh, the sweet face, as sweet as her voice. Manaow felt like an idiot why she didn't remember her. Even if she was very pretty.

"I remember you,"

She said in a sweet voice.

“Manaow, have you already asked for your signatures? My seniors are always making fun of me.”

LookTan smiled sweetly and showed Manaow a signing book to look at the names of her eldest and the numbers crammed into it.

“Do I have to ask for phone numbers too, LookTan?”

In the book there were only telephone numbers that filled the pages.

“It's not necessary, but the seniors gave them to me. For example, if I don't have a car to come to study, they volunteer to bring you. Although it is very likely that I would not call them.”

The girl laughed cutely while Manaow looked at her sweet face thinking about how adorable she was.

“Have you met P'Gyoza from second year yet?”

There were many people meeting with seniors so she couldn't resist asking about the objective of that day.

“I've seen her, but she looks terrifying. It's like some kind of radiation is emitting from her body even though she didn't even say anything. When she stood while the seniors mentioned the rules, the expression on her face was one of complete indifference.”

Tan's face pouted for a moment, then her eyes widened before she nodded toward the hallway behind her tall friend's back.

“She seems like a very different person than the one I've seen. She looked like just a high school girl...”

Before Manaow could finish speaking, Tan interrupted her.

"That's P'Gyoza, the second-year prefecture head."

She looked towards where the other girl was looking. Was she really the same short girl she had bumped into that afternoon? Why did the atmosphere around her feel so different? The petite woman was walking down the cafeteria hallway with P'Warang, a tall student with a bored expression. The couple approached the table where their group of friends were waiting for them. Something radiating from her body caused an uncomfortable feeling.

“They seem like different people.”

Manaow said. Silence filled the once-loud cafeteria. All the juniors' eyes were fixed on the figure of the second year boss before the silence transformed into the sound of people talking softly. As soon as the girls walked towards the table that was the destination, the topic of conversation was inevitably about that scolding girl.

“What do you mean they are different people?”

Tan said.

"It's nothing,"

She said, downplaying it.

“Err, if I go and ask her to sign my book, do you think he'll do it?”

Manaow said as she looked at Tan who had widened her eyes making her wonder if she had said something wrong.

“Manaow, you shouldn't even try, getting the signature of one of the Prefect's bosses is not easy at all, there are many people who have tried and they just stare at them before making fun.”

LookTan gave her a worried look in a cute and adorable way.

“Wouldn't it be better to go together and ask for the signatures of other seniors? This way you won't have to go alone.”

Offered Tan, who really was a nice person.

“No, I'll go get her signature. Although everyone is afraid of her, she is actually a bit clumsy. Today I ran into her in the afternoon and we clashed because she wasn't wearing her glasses.”

Manaow wanted that part of the prefecture head that no one knew to be able to come to light and let them know how she was just a little girl from kindergarten. Manaow inhaled until she filled her lungs as she slowly walked towards the table where the seniors were sitting. There she sat, her face as clear as before, but her eyes had changed. She no longer looked like a high school student like she did when she first saw her. At that moment, Ella Manaow stood in front of one of the P'Wak that so many students feared.

“Phi, are you the second-year prefecture head? Could you please sign my book?”

The thin senior in front of her didn't even raise her head to look at her before answering.

“Yeah.”

That thin hand stretched out to take the guest book carelessly. At that moment, Manaow felt very excited because the beautiful P'Wak was about to sign her book but, suddenly, silence enveloped the entire cafeteria due to the pressure of the eyes of everyone watching the action. A thin hand stopped the pen that was about to write and raised your eyes. Under those elegant round glasses, there were black eyes that were looking at her as she



blinked. Under that expressionless face of hers, her heart raced until it almost burst out of her chest. What was that feeling? It wasn't a simple emotion, it was a strange feeling. Just by making eye contact with the person in front of her, she felt the blood rushing to her cheeks and ears, making her feel very hot. It was some kind of attraction that made you have to lean in little by little until the owner of her flat face said something for something to break that meaningless reverie.

“Umm... You're here to get my signature. What do I get in exchange?”

Manaow who had just regained her senses after her brain stopped working for a moment said:

"What do you want to ask me to do?" I'll do anything,"

She said with a malicious smile like she did with people and that she knew always worked. Gyoza was silent for a moment before her eyes changed again.

“Can you really do anything for my signature?”

"Yes,"

She said, thinking about what she would ask of her. Would she make her dance like a vulture or do something embarrassing? But it was too late to back out.

"So..."

She paused briefly for the girl to pay attention,

"If you had to compete in the Freshy contest, could you do it?"

The soft voice that came from her thin lips, as if it were a whirlwind, did not reach the tall woman's ears at all. Manaow's brain refused to process anything. She just wanted to look at her face for a while observing every little part of that face of hers. Round eyes, thin nose, soft and delicate cheeks, thin and kissable lips.. Were they kissable!!? What was i thinking? What was I supposed to do at that moment?

“Hey Phi!! Are you serious? Can I do something else instead like tell the trash can that I like it or can I dance in the cafeteria, I can do anything.”

That little woman was crazy. What was that P', Wak thinking when asking her to participate in the Freshy contest?

"Well...maybe you don't want my signature as much as you say if you can't do what I ask."

The eyes of the senior in front of her clearly reflected the glow of joy that danced within them.

“So... if I agree to participate in the contest, you will sign my book, right?”

She decided to fall into that trap because she really had no other choice.

"Yes,"

She answered with a smile. That smile was clearly poisoned. She is a very bad woman.

“So... if you promise that I will be the only one to obtain your signature, I will agree to participate as you ask. Do we have a deal?”

She didn't know why she had offered her that deal, it didn't make any sense.

“I promise that I will only sign you, if you can fulfill the agreement.”

“Then I agree to participate in the Freshy contest.”

Room 0222 (Building 2, Engineering, 2nd Floor, Room 2)

The classroom used as a storage room, in fact, is a warehouse for the students' research papers that the teacher has reviewed and does not know where to store them. The things there were waiting for the aunt who did the cleaning to take them and sell them. It seemed like that room hadn't been opened in a long time. Gyoza stumbled upon that room when she was in her first year. She secretly smoked in the school building. (It wasn't a good example at all)

And then the Dean stopped by. What are you waiting for? She asked herself. She had to get away from there so she ran down the stairs. She escaped from the fifth floor to the second floor, with the Dean running after her not knowing that the Dean was dizzy. She fell down the stairs to the third floor. After that, she disappeared for three months and Gyoza never knew anything about this.

It was very lucky for her that the housekeeper's aunt forgot to lock the room or had it never been locked? She didn't know it but anyway, she entered and took refuge in this room. After that, Gyoza often went to sleep in this room but with the hot temperature as if the sun was deliberately shining on the ceiling of the room, the hot weather made her unable to sleep. So, Gyoza managed to fix the old air conditioner in that room. (Our heroine is very manly. Yes, she also knew how to fix air conditioners)

She hid that cozy nest from her friends for many months but they finally realized that she often skipped school and fell asleep there. Her privacy disappeared, and her beloved bedroom was gone in that moment. So, that room finally became the meeting place of their group because it was equipped with all the necessary items such as mattresses, pillows, large duvets, microwaves and even refrigerators. (How could he get them there?) Also, the air conditioning, which was great too.

At that time, everyone in the group had the same class. Lada opened the door to the room to find her friend who was giving her a headache. After the events of that day. The news of that year, Freshy, would have a pretty girl from the electrical department spread throughout the university, causing rumors that that year, they sent a pretty girl to participate in the contest. That meant there would be no men in the engineering field this time..

“Gyo, are you serious about letting Nong Manaow participate in the contest?”

“Do you have a problem with the person I chose? I have chosen carefully. She is beautiful, she has a good figure and she has good skin. Who are you going to find that is more complete than her?”

"Tell me, my friend,"

The troublemaker said, responding to the beautiful girl in front of her who had a worried look on her face.

“Yes, I'm not arguing about her beauty, good skin, good figure, but she is 178 tall! I repeat, it's 178. Will we find a taller man to become a Freshy man? and even if we can find a taller man, height alone is not enough the person who began the story with a smile who does not know.”

The cold, knows the heat because she seemed to have everything already analyzed.

“Don't stress, look at this, the wrinkles on your forehead are deep.....”

“Damn, are you serious?”

The beautiful woman immediately took a mirror and looked at herself you make me feel so stressed.

“Why do you think I'm serious about wrinkles? haha.”

Gyoza let out a gasp until her friend's face seemed to be in a bad mood. It was a lot of fun to tease her but if she kept pushing maybe Lada would really get mad at her.

“Lada, I am a person with a vision of the future. I know what I'm doing.”

“Well! I used my eyes to look around the cafeteria after you announced about Manaow and couldn't find anyone.”

Gyoza smiled at the corners of her mouth as she liked to do. How could Lada find him when the boy had left the cafeteria earlier.

“Well, he is handsome, tall and intelligent, honey-colored skin, sharp eyes, prominent nose, if you see him, you will be very satisfied.”

Gyoza dragged a long and provocative voice towards Lada who seemed incredulous.

“If it really exists, you should bring it to me to see.”

Lada she came over and threw herself on the same couch she was sitting on.

“You just have to wait a little, it will be here soon.”

Suddenly, a knock on the door was heard. Two pairs of eyes looked towards the door. The shadow of a tall figure passed through the frosted glass door.

“Come in, I was waiting for you.”

Gyoza said to the newly arrived person. The tall figure behind the door slowly pushed the glass panel into the room. Lada, who saw that action as she bowed to pray, praying that the person her friend had selected would be qualified to be the face of her faculty.

“Uh... you called me to come here, is there something wrong? Phi, I didn't do anything against the rules, my badge has my name on it, the student uniform, it doesn't violate any of the rules. So...”

The boy continued to choke on his own words because he had gone to each of the seniors to meet her. He spoke so fast that his tongue became tangled as his words were drowned out in front of the P'Wak. Although P'Gyoza looked very cute, under that cute face, the little senior in front of him seemed to exude a feeling of inaccessibility. The girl scared him a lot and even more so, in that room, where it wasn't just her. The other beautiful senior had been a freshy second year made him feel even more worried and on the verge of fainting.

“Calm down first, I didn't call you because of a disaster. Have some water and drink,”

She said as she patted the younger generation's back to help them recover.

“Gyo, don't tell me that this young man is the one you chose.”

Lada couldn't believe what she saw. The Nong in front of them was far from what it took to be a Freshy. Thick frame glasses, a great loose student shirt. Ali was dressed neatly from head to toe. But he seemed too messy!

“Lada, look at this first Ali is not just any boy.”

The beautiful friend might think that her eyesight was getting shorter. But she was sure that she had made the wrong decision.

“Ali, take it off!!”

She turned to say to the tall young man in an authoritarian tone...

"What... Wait a minute, Phi! Don't tell me you called me to..."

Ali's face turned red with embarrassment. The older women in front of him talked about how he wasn't normal. What were they talking about? But before Ali thought beyond that, Gyoza spoke again.

"I ordered you to take off your glasses."

The older girl had an annoyed expression on her face. She was able to guess the younger generation's strange idea from her.

"Ah, yes."

Ali breathed a sigh of relief, feeling ashamed of what he had thought before taking off his old-fashioned glasses.

"Adjust your bangs Ali,"

Gyoza ordered his subordinate again. He shook his bangs out of his face, revealing thick eyebrows and sharp eyes under long eyelashes.

“Ali, you hide your beautiful face behind old-fashioned glasses. How come you have that bowl shaped hair?”

Lada looked at the minor in front of her without believing what her eyes were seeing. Just by removing his glasses, Ali had a face that resembled that of an Arab prince, with a sharp face, eyes with long, curling eyelashes, a sharp nose, and a mouth that matched his jagged chin. Gyoza secretly looked at her friend's satisfied eyes but she wasn't done yet. Ali had more than just looks.

“Ali, take off your student clothes.”

Gyoza turned to give orders to the boy again.

“Hey Phi!! What are you going to do? I don't like it.”

The tall man hugged himself as if he was afraid that they wanted to do something bad to him.

“Take it off!! Are you going to take it off yourself or do you want me to do it?”

“Wait Phi, I'll take it off, you don't have to do it.”

Why did he have to take off his glasses? Why did he have to take off his shirt? What were the two seniors thinking of doing with him? Ali gradually began to unbutton his shirt with trembling hands. The honey-colored pectoral muscles gradually appeared in front of her eyes, and when the last button was released. The marked and sexy abdominal muscles surprised Lada thinking about what else she was missing.

“I told you that I had everything prepared, you can stop worrying and prepare Ali for the contest, my dear friend.”

"You're very good at this, dear friend,"

Lada congratulated in a satisfied voice.

“P'Gyoza, wait a minute, what do you mean by prepare?”

Said the boy, completely confused.

“I will name you the male representative of this year's Freshly contest. You have already passed the approval of the beautiful Lada and you cannot refuse,”

She said hurriedly before he could say anything.

“Next, it is your duty. Lada, I'm leaving. I have a date with the beautiful girl who will participate as this year's Freshy girl for the faculty,”

The small figure said goodbye before leaving the room.



# ④

## MANAOW'S PATIENCE



A tall and slender woman in a student uniform, neat and orderly as every first-year student should be. She with a half-length pleated skirt that she wears under a large long-sleeved denim shirt. Her short hair matched her face beautifully although she had already started to grow a little so, she had to put it in a half ponytail which made her look even more attractive. She was standing next to a tall, shrewd-looking young man. Her long hair was pulled back into a ponytail at the back of her. She had a slight beard on her face but this made him look attractive. The image of those two people standing side by side caught the attention of passersby without them even realizing it.

“I'll go now. See you later,”

Said the young man as he said goodbye to his close friend.

“Yes, yes, go. See you later Jao Jom.”

Her close friend who was a year older than her and came from the same high school as her and studied in the same faculty and branch as her.

“You have a date with a girl, so why don't you go eat with me?”

She said why she always liked to bother her friend.

"I have things to do, don't pretend you don't know. Go and eat some rice or I'll kick you myself."

When Manaow raised her leg to kick Jao Jom, he ran away before the handsome girl actually kicked him in the face because he knew he didn't have to wonder too much about himself. He would do it if he just stood there. Her beautiful eyes looked at her favorite watch, fifteen minutes had passed since the appointed time. Normally, she had never been so patient to wait for someone.

"Hey, how long have you been waiting for me?"

A slender hand touched the center of her back before Manaow turned to look at the senior who was just beyond her shoulder. That day, Gyoza was wearing the same student uniform as the first day they met, only with round glasses on her white face. She wasn't wearing her black prefecture head bracelet, so she didn't give off as terrible an aura as that day. She was just showing a bright smile at that moment.

"Not too much. Now I just finished school."

Manaow lied. Seeing that smile, the anger of having to wait simply vanished.

"So, let's go. We have a lot to do."

Gyoza grabbed the young girl's arm and walked towards the motorcycle parking lot.

"Where are we going P'Gyo?"

"You'll know when we get there,"

Gyoza replied bluntly.

"It's something about work."

Follow me. The tall woman looked at the slender hand holding her arm fondly. That senior was nothing more than a small girl.nGyoza dragged

Manaow until they reached the parking lot where, at that moment, there were only a few motorcycles parked. Gyoza walked towards her beloved red Vespa, which she called little red pig.

"Are we going to ride this together?"

Manaow looked at the Vespa and thought about whether it would survive or not.

"Yes, we are going to use little red pig. Here, put it on."

Gyoza handed her a helmet just like hers. Warang and P'Thida used to talk about her little red pig, saying how it was possible that she had given it a name.

\*Go up."

Now Gyo was already sitting on her little red pig.

"I think I'd better drive. I'm heavier than you, P'Gyoza, It will be difficult for you to drive like this."

Manaow said that she was taller than Gyo so it would feel strange if she was on her back. She felt sorry for her eldest's short legs.

"You're thinking I can't be trusted, right?"

Gyoza turned and gave her a look as if she wanted to scold her. Did that little girl think she was so small that she couldn't lead her little red pig?

"No. It's not like that, I'm just afraid it will be difficult for you. I can drive,"

She hurriedly rejected the senior's accusation before she got upset, changed her mind, and canceled her appointment.

"Alright. I usually always have to drive. Having someone do it for me, I think it could be a good thing."

Gyoza finally allowed her to be the driver. At least that wouldn't make her feel like a chauffeur. Manaow couldn't help but think about how she could ride the little red pig with that height (our little heroine was 1.55, she was actually someone very short)

"You can come and take all the time if you agree to sign my notebook right now,"

Manaow said to the little senior feeling in a good mood.

"Don't try to be funny,"

The senior replied coldly.

"I'm just kidding,"

She said, still amused. Looking through the rearview mirror she realized that there were a lot of people there watching them.

“And what is our destination?”

Manaow turned around and asked the person sitting in the back as she drove to the university gate, to enter the main road.

“Pattaya, we will go to the beach in Pattaya.”

\*Eh... Really?”

Her university was not far from Pattaya, but it was almost an hour by motorcycle.

“I'm serious. Don't you trust the little red pig? Is not far. It's only twenty kilometers. The little red!pig can handle it without a problem. So... here we go!\*

“Hold on tight, P'Gyoza, now you're about to jump.”

Manaow accelerated as soon as she finished speaking, while the person sitting in the back didn't have time to process her words.

“Hey, drive carefully!”

Gyoza was startled and hugged Manaow's waist very tightly.

“I'm sorry. I'm still not used to the little red pig.”

Gyoza didn't want to go to Pattaya anymore. Could she take it back to her room? She had driven so fast that her body had jumped and hit her breasts against Manaow's back.

“Will I be able to carry the little senior without accidents until we reach Pattaya?”

The gentle sea breeze that touched her face brought the smell of salt water to her nostrils. The faint light of the orange evening sun hit the surface of the sparkling water as they finally reached Pattaya. Manaow still carried the littlest one on her back on the little red pig.

“P” Gyoza, we have arrived. Where do you want me to park?”

She turned to ask the passenger sitting in the back..

“Go where there are not many people. I like quiet places,”

Said a clear voice. Manaow took Gyoza to an area where there were few people. Her intention of going there was to work but she was no longer sure if that is what they would do.

“Shall we sit there?”

Invited a small figure, but Gyoza did not wait for her to respond. She grabbed her arm to follow her to a small rock that was big enough to sit on the beach without being afraid of getting her student skirts dirty. Manaow sat in the empty place next to her, only the sound of the wind and waves hitting the sand could be heard. Neither of them spoke a single word. And they stayed like that for several minutes.

The round eyes behind the glasses looked at the surface of the sea during the sunset while Manaow had to grab some strands of her hair to tuck them

because due to the wind they had moved to her cheeks-behind her ear because she didn't want it to cover her expensive. She wanted to see Gyoza's face clearly, who turned to look into her eyes and smiled.

“We have to work together until the end of the period. I want us to get acquainted. I know very well that the juniors are afraid of me. You are scared of me?”

Suddenly, Gyoza said, destroying the long silence.

“Now, I'm not afraid of you P'Gyo. I feel like you're a little hard for me to reach.”

What if she was afraid? In fact, she wasn't afraid of the woman in front of her, probably because she had seen the other side of the P'Wak that her friends had never had the chance to see.

“I don't know why the juniors are afraid of me. We are ordinary people like any other. I'm glad you agreed to come.”

Gyoza gave herself a nice smile. Once again, she had spoken directly with that smile making her cheeks tingle. Manaow felt embarrassed. Surely her face had turned red. Fortunately, it was starting to get dark. Usually, she didn't feel nervous around anyone but why did those simple words make her heart race like that? This woman was too dangerous!

“How unapproachable do you think I am? Do you still feel that way?”

Gyoza asked, picking up a long branch as she doodled and played in the sand in front of her.

Honestly, I still feel a little tense she felt that way when she was around Gyoza but not because she was afraid of the senior. She actually got nervous just by being so close to her. Nervous about that bright smile that made her not be herself at all.

“Actually, now that it's just the two of us, you don't have to call me P'Gyoza. It's okay if we can be close. So, you shouldn't feel tense

anymore.”

Gyoza continued scratching the sand with the branch and then covering it with her own feet and starting over again and again. As Manaow watched the older girl's little game, she could only shake her head slightly, feeling amused at seeing Gyoza's game that had made the sand dirty her sneakers.

"I don't have to call you Phi. And what should I call you?"

The tall figure asked, joking like a little girl having fun.

"Could I call you N'Gyo?"

Then she snatched the branch from her hand,

"Stop playing, look, your hands are all covered in sand,"

And began to shake the grains of sand from her little hand. She even bent down to shake off the grains of sand from that pair of slippers as well.

“This will only be when we are alone, you know? When we are in college, I must keep my fierce face although having those faces all the time is stressful.”

A clear voice said softly, a beautiful face raised as if she were an offended girl. She looked so adorable in Manaow's eyes. It took a lot of patience for her to force herself not to reach out and pinch that cheek.

“Then for now, I'll call you Gyo. What month were you born?”

“I was born in August.”

“Then it means that you are only four months older than me. You could almost be my little sister.”

Manaow laughed remembering when Gyoza represented herself as Phi and called her Nong.

“Even if it's just a little. More than a month is considered older. So I came earlier to study here. I'm a senior student. You've already heard of this, right? I am still your elder and you are my Nong. But we can be friends.”

The more dissatisfied Gyoza seemed, the more pleased Manaow felt to have bothered her like this. The sharp smile in her eyes revealed her joy.

“Inviting me to come to Pattaya here. It's not really about work at all, is it? Did you just want to come to the beach?”

She knew it since she had invited her but she wanted to go with the flow.

“You caught me.”

A dry smile shone clearly when she was caught asking Manaow out. It was an excuse to run away from work this time. She smiled sharply and shook her face. Her little face was like that of a child who was caught doing something wrong. That was the true identity of the P'Wak that her friends feared so much. Silence took over again. The small figure next to her looked away. The darker the sky got, the more the wind began to blow. Gyoza raised her hand and hugged her chest, feeling the cool sea air before it was replaced by the warmth of a warm shirt.

“It's cold. Next time don't forget to bring a coat. Your student shirt is too thin. You can see through it.”

It was actually so thin that I could see the black bra the little person was wearing.

"It's not that thin,"

Gyoza argued next to her. Sje knew that the shirt she was wearing was quite thin because she had been wearing it since last year. Furthermore, the climate in Thailand was too hot as if there were ten suns. When she wore t-shirts with sleeves, she felt so hot that she seemed uncomfortable. Gyoza couldn't help but notice that the denim shirt had a good aroma. Was it because of the smell of some sweet fragrance? It seemed like a fresh mint-like scent. Gyoza furtively glanced at the sharp face of the person sitting



next to her. She looked at her beautiful face which was accompanied by sharp and attractive eyes to look at her. A tall, slender, white-skinned body. She knew many beautiful people. Including Lada but Manaow caught her attention from the first time he saw her.

She had a good appearance including her skin color but there was something about her that made her skeptical. Should she compliment the person next to her for being pretty or should she compliment them for being pretty?

“Manaow, I want to ask you something.”

She finally couldn't keep the doubt in her heart why she really wanted to know.

“Yeah? Ask me anything, and if I can answer, I will answer you.”

Dark eyebrows rose suspiciously.

“Are you a lesbian?”

Manaow had a tense face. She already knew that Gyoza had to ask about this. That was life. How many more times did she have to answer this question?

“I'm not. I am an ordinary woman like you. It's just that I don't like dressing sweetly and I don't like having long hair because it's annoying. But I was once dating a girl, that's why people think I'm a lesbian. However, I don't limit love to just gender. It doesn't matter if it's a man or a woman, when it's the right person, it's okay.”

"So, have you ever dated a man?"

I had many doubts and wanted to know.

“I have never been in a relationship with a man. I haven't met the right person yet, but in the future, I might.”

“Oh...?”

The smaller person nodded when she heard the answer.

“Because? If I were a lesbian, would you flirt with me?”

A sharp face leaned down to whisper next to her ear, making Gyoza's face heat up.

“You are crazy!! Not at all, I just saw that you were more aggressive than a woman, so I asked and that's it.”

Gyoza hurriedly shook her head, her face flushed with heat. Why did she have to whisper in her ear? Was Manaow making fun of her? The more she saw the uneasy expression of the person next to her, Manaow felt even more amused. She wanted to continue bothering her. Did Gyoza know how much patience she was forcing herself to have to not do anything too extreme? Her soft face that was blushing with embarrassment, her small lips defending herself from her, everything about the person in front of her looked so cute that she wanted to grab her and hug her. And how about that thin and troublesome student shirt another time? time? She just thought someone else might look at her. Seeing the bra she was wearing, even if only vaguely, made her feel extremely jealous. What kind of feeling was this?

# 5

## I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU



What was she doing there?

“Manaow, don't frown. If your eyes get dirty, it will be difficult to fix,”

The older beauty, P'Thida, who was doing her makeup, complained again.

“This is a monstrosity. Enough, I'm very tired. Enough Phi.”

She couldn't help but wonder how others could endure long hours of makeup. More than thirty minutes had passed during which she had had to stay still. P'Lada appeared very happy while she was doing her makeup because she couldn't stop humming a song. It was like that saying that she said that the feelings of the married person and the person who is just about to get married were very different.

“All that's left is to apply the mascara and that's it. Your eyelashes are so long that I don't need to add more false eyelashes,”

P'Lada said even though she had already told her the same thing several times. That beauty thing was deceptive.

“Ah, it's ready!”

Lada handed the mirror to the young woman, feeling very confident in her abilities. The makeup was according to Manaow. She looked beautiful and

sweet with pink- orange makeup.

“P'Lada, I'm not used to it, it doesn't look like me at all.”

It's not like she was going to marry me. This makes me lose confidence in myself if I had to date someone in that state, she didn't feel like she would be able to move. It felt strange to feel like she wasn't herself. The woman reflected in the mirror was not really her. If her brother P'Fueang saw her, she would surely laugh until she was breathless.

“Listen to me, you are very beautiful, so be confident, believe me.”

Where had P'Lada gotten that confidence? Where would she put her face? Furthermore, little Wak was nowhere to be seen to blame her for her condition. Gyoza had not appeared in front of her even though she was the one who made the appointment, but she did not know how to introduce herself.

It had been a week since she returned from Pattaya and she had not seen little P'Wak again. It was probably because she had a lot of work.

“See you in room 0222 tomorrow at 1 pm. I've already verified that you don't have class at that time Manaow.”

“Because?”

“To take a photo for the Freshy contest and post it on the university website.”

“I understand.”

Those were the messages they had exchanged via LINE the day before. At that moment, she was secretly happy to see her, but she didn't think that Gyoza would betray her by not going to her and that the one who showed up to do her makeup as if she were a doll was P'Lada. She couldn't help but seek revenge for that.

“Have you not finished? I took Ali to get a new haircut. How are things going here?”

Two people in the room turned to look at the source of the voice that pushed open the glass door. It was the beautiful eldest who took Ali to the room. The light-skinned boy was wearing a student t-shirt and faded jeans. Side haircut that was well set, making him look great with that new look.

“Excellent, it looks very good. Shout something like Ali will be your boyfriend,”

Lada said,

"I'm going to sue you for secretly abusing your juniors,"

Warang, who arrived in time to hear, threatened her friend.

\*Oh, just come on. I'm kidding. I'm not serious.”

“I'll go first. Make a date to kiss,”

The beautiful woman said to her friends before leaving.

“See you later.”

Lada turned to respond to her friend and then went back to harassing him. The new Ali, whose face turned bright red from the beautiful girl's teasing, walked to sit next to Manaow.

“She hasn't arrived yet?”

Warang looked around the room for her friend, but she didn't find Gyoza's small body so she had decided to ask Lada.

“Not yet, it will be here soon. She will come with Thida.”

“So, they will be late for all their jobs?”

“I feel sorry for her. She's not getting enough sleep. I received the news that Thida was called to work in the student organization. She really looks messed up.”

Lada had not finished speaking when the glass door opened again, and it was Thida and Gyoza who entered the room,

“They are ready? In thirty minutes, the photographer will be here,”

Thida said to her friends and her juniors.

“We are ready. Ali and Manaow finished dressing. So can we find something to eat and kill some time? Ali, I'll take care of her.”

Lada offered.

“Then I'll stay and rest. I'll take a quick nap. I haven't slept since last night.”

Manaow looked at Gyoza, who led herself in a ramshackle walk to the long couch in the corner of the room. She seemed very tired, her face light and pale, and the circles under her eyes repeatedly indicated that the owner of her body had not rested enough.

“Are you OK? Do you want to go back and rest? I'll take you back to your room.”

Warang turned to ask her little best friend who was sinking into the duvet.

“No, I want to see the juniors take the photos. Go eat together,”

She said at the invitation of her friend and snuggled into the thick duvet. From what Manaow saw, Gyoza must have been deprived of sleep for many days.

"Then let's go find something to eat, Manaow,"

P'P'Thida invited, but Manaow really didn't want to go out in a state like that.

“I'm not hungry. You go. I'd better wait in this room.”

“Okay, then I'll buy you some milk.”

Ali and the elders left the room while Manaow took a handkerchief and wrapped some ice with it before walking towards the sofa in the corner, slowly getting down and sitting on the empty spot.

"Today is such a beautiful day,"

Said a clear voice while she still had her eyes closed.

"I thought we would never speak to each other again,"

The owner of the sharp face said with a smile.

"You are very tired? I haven't seen you lately."

"I work in the student organization and I am very busy. The third-year senior always asks me for a lot of work,"

The little person complained.

"Can this be called child labor?"

Manaow mocked, gently brushing a strand of hair from the face of the small figure that was wrapped in her blanket. Manaow had a lot of feelings at that moment while dressed in the student uniform. At that moment and under all that makeup she felt strange. The tip of a slender finger gently brushed against her cheek, causing a strange sensation.

"You should put some ice on your eyes. Anyone who sees you like this might be surprised and think of a Japanese ghost stumbling around the University."

Manaow did not hesitate to tell little Gyo who opened her eyes to look at her. She seemed a little upset at her comment. But Ella Manaow was delighted every time she saw Gyoza making a grumpy face while she looked like a model.

"Thanks but it's not necessary. Let my eyes sink in case I want to scare anyone around here."

That little mouth spoke sarcastically in such a cute and obnoxious way that Manaow could only laugh at her delicate expression.

“Don't be stubborn. Come and lean on me. Let me help you.”

The small figure hesitated a little, but she agreed to move her head to rest on the junior's lap. Gyoza's eyes danced when they met those of Manaow who had her face down. The entire room was completely silent. Only a faint sound could be heard from the air conditioning. Could Manaow hear her heartbeat? Gyoza thought before closing her eyes. She didn't dare look at that pair of sharp, twinkling eyes. Manaow's slender hand slowly used an ice wrapped in a handkerchief to place over her eyes repeatedly.

“You should take care of yourself and rest a little. If you don't feel good, it will be a bad thing.”

Judging by the condition, she must have been sleep deprived for several days in a row. That's why she was so tired. Why didn't the little senior learn to take care of herself? Manaow complained to herself.

“Where will I take the time to take care of myself? It's hard to find time to sleep.”

She said with her eyes closed. Gyoza probably hadn't seen that the junior's gaze was full of concern but still, Manaow wanted to let her know through her words and her actions.

“It's just that I'm worried about you.”

The words were soft but they resonated throughout the listener's heart.

“Are you worried about me?”

Gyoza opened her eyes to see the girl who was applying ice to her. The look in her eyes that conveyed a clear sense of worry suddenly turned into a joyful one.



“If you work so much to the point of getting sick and dying, who will sign my notebook. If so, my participation in the contest would be in vain,”

Manaow said while she laughed. Was Manaow just pretending to be worried about her to make fun of her?

“That's all.”

A small hand reached out to pinch the cheek of the one she was laughing at while they still remained resting on her lap.”

“Get sick and die? Take this.”

The more she pinched, the more the junior's face became deformed.

“Oh, it hurts, that's enough! Sorry, I was just joking.”

Gyoza pinched her cheek very hard, making it hurt so much that her tears began to flow.

“What are they doing?”

They watched as the glass door was pushed open. Warang looked at the picture of her little friend who was lying on the sofa lying on the junior's lap with a serious face. The girl jumped up and stood up straight.

“Nothing, I'm just punishing Manaow.”

Because she felt like she had to explain herself? She looked like she had been caught doing something bad. Why was Warang looking at her like that?

"It doesn't matter,"

Warang dismissed her best friend as if she didn't care,

"Manaow, the photographer, has arrived. Hurry up! “

“Yeah.”

The tall figure handed the handkerchief that had ice in it to Gyoza before leaving the room.

“You shouldn't be so intimate with the junior. After all, you are a prefect. Give yourself respect.”

Warang spoke as soon as the young man's tall figure disappeared from the door of the room. The tone was soft but the eyes were hard. Why did it have to be like this? Was it disrespectful to try to play with others? Why couldn't she be close to the junior? After all, they had to work together. She didn't understand why she had to scold her with those gestures and that look. Did I make any mistakes?

“I tell you this with a good intention. I just want you to think about your position. When it's all over and you're no longer prefect, you can be as close as you want, that's up to you. Well I bought some snacks for you. Eat them, I know you, you probably haven't eaten anything since last night.”

A bag of snacks was thrown on the couch before the tall figure of her friend pushed the glass door away from her, leaving only the silence of the guilty person.

“Hahahaha, is that really you? It's so funny.”

The owner of the bearded face laughed maniacally. After seeing photos of his close friend on the university page

“Hmm... but it looks so cute. Put on makeup like this every day so I can flirt with you. It's good to eat together.”

His thin palm touched the center of the tall figure's back.

“Arg, that hurt. Why isn't your hand light?”

“If you don't stop, next time I will hit your dog's mouth, Jao Jom.”

Her face was extremely distorted. The photos posted on the page were truly a shame of life.

"I'm kidding. Why do you have to hurt me? I'm on your side."

Before they could continue fighting among themselves, the subject teacher entered the class first. The room immediately fell silent as the male and female students hurried back to their seats.

"Okay, students, Mathematical Engineering is the basic subject of study in Engineering..."

As the teacher began to teach, LookTan's slim figure slowly opened the door to enter the class and tried her best not to be the center of attention by glancing around until she found a seat at the back of the room.

"Is this place reserved for someone?"

A sweet voice asked Manaow.

"No, sit down,"

She replied.

"I watched a series late last night."

The sweet face smiled shyly.

"I've seen your photos on the page. You really look very pretty."

"Heh, thanks."

Surely those photos had been seen by everyone at the university and she didn't know how to cover her face out of embarrassment.

"I'm serious, you're very pretty. Save the photos."

Look Tan showed the photo saved on the phone

"Aren't you going to introduce us?"

Jao Jom appeared to interrupt the two girls' conversation.

"People like you are not worth knowing,"

Manaow said in a cold voice. She didn't seem to care that his jokes were harsh.

"Tom keep your comments to yourself,"

Said the dream with the face with the mustache and beard.

"I'm not a tom!! You want to die you bastard."

"Hello, my name is LookTan. Is your name Jom? I saw your identification plate."

Before a new war began between the two best friends, LookTan spoke up to stop it.

"Hello, LookTan, nice to meet you. My name is Jao Jom and we are close friends. You can call me anything."

Jom said he was a fairly simple man.

"Hey!!nThose at the back of the room make too much noise. If you want to talk, do it outside."

The subject teacher's announcement stopped the conversation. Then everything was silent until class ended at noon.

"Let's go find something to eat. I'm starving. Studying consumes a lot of energy,"

Jao Jom persuaded as he put a hair tie on his hair. Both hands were trying to gather the shoulder length hair behind.

"What kind of power do you use? I saw you sleeping since the beginning of class. You're just waking up,"

Manaow interrupted his best friend.

“Come on, there is no class in the afternoon either. I want to go get something to eat outside. I'm bored with canteen food.”

LookTan hurriedly accepted the invitation, not wanting to miss the opportunity to be close to Manaow, even a little.

“I'm sorry, I can't go with you. P'Kongwoon made an appointment with me to talk about the contest. Could you go with Jom?”

Manow said.

"That's a shame,"

Look Tan was very disappointed why Manaow always gave priority to P' Kiew.

“So, let's go. Let's go eat something. It might be a little bit of Toddy Palm,”

She said before saying goodbye to the person who tied her up, looking at her with a bad face.

“Because you see me that way? What could I do to her?”

Said the joking boy.

“I see you for what you are, a bastard with a mustache. Now I'm leaving”

Manaow, said goodbye before picking up her beloved backpack and leaving the classroom,

“So, what should we eat? Jao Jom turned to ask Tan's opinion.”

The reality was that he was just joking, Manaow knew him better than anyone and that was why he dared to leave the girl in his hands.

“I'll go now. I'll go get something from the cafeteria.”

LookTan refused before grabbing a bag and leaving the room in a bad mood.

“What? I thought you were bored with cafeteria food.”

The boy's face seemed confused as he caressed his boat without understanding anything. Without understanding why women were so difficult to understand!

# ⑥

## HER CHEEKS SMELLS BABY POWDER



Manaow forced herself to stop in front of room 0222. There were not too many people in the school building at that time because it was lunch time, and on that floor, there were no spaces that would be used as classrooms, only rooms that were used for storage waste.

A thin hand forcefully pushed the glass door into the dark room that was covered with dark curtains making the light from outside barely able to enter. Gyoza probably hasn't arrived yet so she slowly fumbled for the light switch, vaguely remembering that it was next to a refrigerator. Surprisingly, the air conditioning was on. Manaow thought that someone must have entered the room and forgot to turn it off. Suddenly, sharp eyes noticed a large pile of quilts piled up on the long sofa. Little by little she began to get used to the darkness so she took long steps towards the sofa with a smile on her face guessing what was there.

Under the thick duvet, the little eldest was sleeping soundly, her soft face was tucked into a large pillow while the sound of the girl's regular breathing could be heard. The tall figure slowly sat on the floor next to the sofa in silence, her face sharp, she leaned on the back of her arms on the edge of the sofa while watching the sleeping girl attentively. The corners of her mouth slipped into an affectionate smile. She must have felt tired all the time, because every time they met, she was always lying or asleep on a couch. Her slender fingers removed a few strands of the black hair that covered her eyes.

Innocently, she touched Gyoza's face thinking about how she looked so tired that she didn't know how her fragile shoulders could stand but she seemed to be trying all the time. A sharp and beautiful face leaned towards the sleeping person innocently, and carelessly attached its thin lips to the soft cheeks before she realized what she had done, smelling a faint scent of baby powder on the side of that fair cheek., it was as if she was about to wake up because her eyelashes had begun to blink before her eyes slowly opened.

Manaow, walked away quickly feeling how her cheeks began to heat up while her heart accelerated inside her chest because sje knew that...She had secretly stolen a kiss from her! It took a long time before Gyoza regained consciousness and noticed the young woman sitting on the floor next to the couch.

“A lot of time has passed? Why didn't you wake me up?”

Gyoza said raising her hand to gently rub her eyes. It seemed that she had not realized what had happened a few moments before due to her condition as a sleeping person. This made Manaow sigh in relief, who at that moment felt guilty for what she had done. It was a good thing the eldest had been fast asleep, otherwise she probably wouldn't know where to hide her face.

“I saw that you were sleeping comfortably, so I didn't want to wake you up. Do you want to continue sleeping? We'll talk about work later.”

"No, that's enough, I'm fine now,"

Gyoza responded with a yawn.

"Did you skip class and fall asleep again?"

"Don't say that, it seems like I'm a bad girl."

Gyoza puffed out her cheeks. Let's say I went out to rest. It was better to do it out of the teacher's sight than to have him see me sleeping in class. That would only make the teacher uncomfortable. It seemed like a seemingly



reasonable defense, but after thinking about it, it turned out to be a more flawed excuse.

"Ha,"

Manaow mocked in her throat.

“Hey, don't make fun like that, oh... I'm just tired. I wanted to take a moment, I promise to come back and catch up.”

Gyoza hastened to excuse herself.

“So, what event did you want to talk to me about?”

When she realized that her senior might get upset if she didn't stop joking with her, she decided to talk about the work matter for which they had made an appointment,

“Well. I wanted to talk to you about the dress for the day of the event. The third and fourth years have already chosen what to wear but I forgot to show it to you. Measurements must now be taken, Warang will then take care of the final details and sewing it.”

"P"Warang, will you sew the dress?"

Would the oldest woman who was tall, beautiful and more elegant than any woman really be the one to sew her dress? That definitely didn't suit her personality!!

“Yeah. She is a very talented craftsman. The dress that Lada wore last year was made by Warang. It was so beautiful and sexy.”

Wait, how was that beautiful and sexy? Manaow thought but she decided to let that thought go because maybe they were just words of encouragement for her friend.

“Ah, so who is going to take my measurements?”

Gyoza got up from the couch she used as a place to sleep and then went to turn on the light and illuminate the room. She then rummaged through the large dresser in the corner of the room.

“What are you looking for P'Gyo?”

The sharp eyes looked at the small body that was about to sink into the huge box.

"I'm looking for a tape measure,"

Said a clear voice,

"I found it."

A long tape measure that had not been rolled in any way was taken out by the young woman from a drawer that, if she had to guess, was very messy.

“Excellent. You found the tape measure. And where is the person who will come and take my measurements?”

She said, looking for the person she thought would take her measurements.

"I'll do it myself,"

The little senior touched her chest with her own index finger.

“Ha! You!!?”

Manaow stood up to her full height, opened her eyes sharply, and looked down at the small figure standing just above her shoulders.

“Do I have to pass you a chair, haha?”

“What nonsense! Do not laugh at me. Why would I need a chair?”

Well, she was very short, and Manaow was very tall.

“Well, to be able to measure myself but that's fine. I'll bend over for you to do it.”

Manaow continued to mock until Gyoza gritted her teeth.

“Don't do it, stop it! I'm done with this!”

The grumpy person approached and lay on her back on the same couch, crossed her arms and walked away from the person who was making fun of her until Manaow had to go follow her.

“Oh come on, I'm just kidding. I'll stop doing it. Let's just have a good time,”

The youngest's words didn't make the senior give in at all. She was angry, but she couldn't help but smile at that kind of gesture.

“Don't be angry with me for too long. It doesn't feel good at all.”

Manaow showed her a nice look to accompany her words.

“You don't have to pretend to be nice.” It's not good either.”

In fact, the issue of her height was something that her friends also used to joke about regularly and that didn't really bother her, she just wanted to joke with the younger girl. She was very nice and fun.

“Don't get angry. Are you hungry? Wait, I'll take you to eat to redeem yourself. Want?”

That proposal made Gyoza's ears vibrate.

“Really?”

“Really. When we finish taking measurements for the dress, I'll take you to dinner. What do you want for dinner? Can be anything.”

“Okay, deal... No more anger. Let's measure you. I'm hungry.”

Manaow looked at Gyoza with a smile. She had gotten rid of her anger with food. She looked like a little girl. Something like a bear. Gyoza, the bear.

“Ok, let's go.”

Manaow stood up so that the person could use the tape to measure her body. After that, Gyoza stretched the measuring tape until it was taut so that she could measure the length of her long arms before having to measure her well-proportioned waist, hips, and underbust. Manaow could only smile as the senior moved around her.

"Hey, don't play secretly,"

Manaow said with a harsh voice.

“Wow...your breasts are so flat, who would want to touch them? With breasts like these, I suspect we'll have to put four pairs of socks on you that day.”

Gyoza said, scrunching up her face and letting Manaow laugh at her as she extended her arms so that the senior would continue measuring the younger one's breasts. Gyoza seemed to hug her at that moment as she took her measurements. While this was happening, she tried to turn her head but at that moment she could smell a light smell, like baby powder. What brand of talcum powder did the senior use? She wanted to go get some for her.

"I'm done,"

Gyoza said as she crouched over the paper.

"Come on, I want to go get that free meal. I will eat until my belly expands. You'll have to beg for your life, hahaha.”

A clear voice laughed in good humor, making Manaow smile.

“So, where do you want to go to eat?”

Manaow said but Gyoza wanted to make fun and pretended not to listen while she left the room towards the parking lot taking long steps

accompanied by giggles.

“I'll drive. Where are we going to have lunch?”

This time, the word lunch was clearly emphasized, although she couldn't contain her smile. Manaow asked as she brought out the red pig to meet the other person standing waiting in front of the school building.

“Tom Yum Noodles is my favorite store, it's very delicious, it's always full. But it's already late.. People should be in their homes. Come on, I'm so hungry I could eat a person.”

While she was driving Manaow she couldn't help but look at those round eyes under her glasses. They were so bright that she could only smile and she didn't understand why people were so afraid of her.

"Hey, hurry up or I'll eat your head,"

She said.

“Very hungry, huh? Should you eat me first?”

Manaow said as she turned to look her in the eyes until the person who was very hungry felt embarrassed.

“You are crazy! Hurry up or I'll really bite your head.”

Gyoza said feeling that she had blushed. Manaow was talking nonsense, but why had her heart raced? She looked like she was being manipulated by a child.

"Another cup?"

Sharp eyes looked at the senior in front of her, the puffed cheeks that were collecting the chewy noodles were an adorable sight.

"Auntie... Another special bowl of Lek Tom Yum."

The small person did not answer her, but instead shouted to ask the owner of the restaurant for more.

“Wow!! Where do you keep all that? You ate two extra cups!!”

Manaow looked at her own bowl that she couldn't finish while Gyoza had already ordered another one.

“I told you, didn't I? I would eat until you have to beg for your life,”

Said a clear, good-humored voice.

"Go get me some ice. It is completely dissolved.”

It seemed like I had to not only buy the food but also serve her. Manaow stood up to add more ice for the person she was still eating before sitting back down as Auntie took the bowl to serve more food.

“Today, you brought your girlfriend to eat with you, she looks so cute.”

Aunt looked at her face before smiling mockingly.

“No aunt!! It's just my Nong, my Nong!!!”

Gyoza hurriedly rejected it, but in a moment her face turned bright red and she almost choked on the noodles having to drink a lot of water.

"Oh, I don't see the need to be embarrassed. Alright. I won't make fun of you anymore.”

The aunt also tried to send a wink at the end before leaving.

“Now I can be more than a junior, right?”

She joked with a hoarse voice as she looked at the girl who was using chopsticks to mix the noodles in the bowl.

“Manaow, can you stop joking now? If you don't, I'll poke your belly with some chopsticks.”

Her face was clear and stunned. She looked at the bowl of noodles, avoiding her eyes, was she embarrassed?

“Wah... I forgot to say that I don't want meatballs. Aunt put a lot, do you want to eat them?”

Manaow grabbed the meatballs with her chopsticks and pointed them toward the senior's mouth.

“Eat them, I don't like them but it would be a shame to waste them.”

Gyoza opened her mouth and took a bite of a meatball that was being offered to her. Immediately, Gyoza felt very embarrassed by that. But Manaow, no! Damn, her heart was beating so fast. What was she thinking? Didn't she seem to give her hope?

"Well, you don't have to feed me, I can take it myself,"

Gyoza said because there was still a lot of food in her bowl and the senior kept getting more and more food.

“The dress she will wear on inauguration day is ready.”

Warang opened the door to find her friend lying comfortably on the couch, Gyoza had made an appointment for her to go to the group room at noon because they had different classes due to the subjects they studied according to their majors.

“Ah... is that so?”

Gyoza leaned down from the long sofa and began to twist lazily. Her round eyes stared at the large paper bag her best friend had brought with her. It only took Warang a week to sew from the day she had taken the measurements.

“Put it on first so I can see it. Your height is similar to Manaow. I want to review it before she comes to try it.”

"No need if you want me to fix it just tell Manaow to come tell me and I will do it."

Warang's thin eyes narrowed, her face still as calm as before. Gyoza could only think that her face was becoming angry. As she smiled lightly, she got up from the couch to grab the paper bag from her friend's hand.

"Warang, I boasted a lot about your sewing skills. If there is a mistake in your work, then I will make a fool of myself."

The small figure walked towards the glass door, pressed the lock on the door and closed the curtain before walking back to look at the tall figure of her friend again.

"Let me see your work. Don't you dare to wear it?"

She said with a mocking voice. It was like Gyoza was provoking her and Warang knew it but if she didn't mediate it, it was like disrespecting herself so she had to walk towards her friend's trap. The tall figure slowly unbuttoned her student shirt, while the shorter one took out a long, fluffy dress from the paper bag. The fine old pink silk was meticulously sewn into a flat chestless dress. The top part of the dress was lace. As for the skirt, it was sewn from soft tulle or mesh fabric. The skirt was long to the floor. The real dress looked much better than the one I had drawn. When the rest of the girls saw it they would be surprised. Warang's work was never ordinary.

"If you want me to wear it, just give me the dress. I don't want to be naked in the air conditioning for too long."

Both Warang's voice and face were that of a person who was in a bad mood.

"Take it."

She handed the dress to the nearly naked body of her friend Warang, who had removed everything but a sports bra and pale gray underwear, her eyes flirting with joy. People like



Warang liked to make fun of others but when she was the object of teasing, it was like losing her dignity.

“You have to take off your bra, it has such a deep neckline that if you see the bra it won't look beautiful. Without a care in the world, Gyoza walked behind her and unhooked her friend's bra. Before she could refuse, Warang's face was covered in bright red blood.

“Ha, are you embarrassed in front of me? I can close my eyes when I took it away from you.”

A clear voice said despite trying to contain her laughter. She couldn't deny that she was having a lot of fun at that moment. She looked at her thin eyes, which looked so angry that they were steaming from their ears but Warang was the kind of person she didn't like to challenge. Her long arms were raised above her head before she pulled off her sports bra exposing her small breasts in front of her friend. That seemed very funny to Gyoza but she knew there was no need to continue but still, she smiled at the corner of her mouth, pleased at having bothered her friend.

"I'll zip it up for you."

The small hand slowly closed the long zipper that came from the waist section to the neck.

“Are you satisfied?”

She asked in a flat voice, her thin eyes looking at her little friend who was smiling slightly.

“Your breasts are as small as lemons. They appear to be smaller than yourself.”

Gyoza began to laugh although she knew that her friend had done a perfect job without mistakes but when she wanted to make fun, she would do anything to achieve it.

“Turn around to take a look.”

The tall figure let out a sigh, not entirely satisfied, but turned around as she told her friend.

“Hey Wak, do you just want to bother me?”

A harsh voice asked, trying to contain her anger. She knows Gyoza's way of being well. She liked to play pranks on people for fun and no one has ever been able to get back at her. She seemed to have a unique talent. Maybe it was because her thoughts were so quick, managing to act in a way that could create chaos. But none of her friends had been able to get angry with her despite her way of acting because she had round, clear eyes that will melt your heart when you look at them. And that didn't just happen to Warang, but also to the rest of the group who couldn't resist her.

“You know I'm just bothering you but you can't argue with me. Don't be fooled,”

A clear voice responded as she laughed. Warang could only shake her head slightly. But you are so beautiful in this dress. If I were a young man, I would try to flirt with you. The heart inside her chest shook and began to accelerate, pumping blood into her entire body. Needless to say, her face started to turn red. Gyoza was completely crazy. Beautiful? flirt? But why did she have to feel ashamed like that? Her friend was just paying her a compliment.

Warang tried to control the rhythm of her heartbeat so that it would return to normal. She slowly took off her dress and put on her student uniform. The thin eyes secretly glanced at her little friend who at this time had gone to bed again to play with her phone without caring about anything.

“So...Is there anything you think I should modify about the dress?”

Warang asked when she returned in her student uniform.

“Not really but I would like there to be more sponge in the breasts.”

Warang could only look embarrassed at Gyoza's joke.

"I'm not going to add sponge. But if it has a defect I can repair it. If we're done, I'll be leaving now."

The tall figure put down the paper bag she was carrying and walked away before stopping as if she had just remembered something.

"Gyo."

"MMM what?"

She responded as the small hand continued playing with the phone without taking its eyes off It.

"You're not going to make Manaow try on the dress in front of you like you made me do it to annoy you, right?"

Both the eyes and the mouth smiled. That was so scandalous!!

"It doesn't seem like such a bad idea to me!!"

When she finished speaking, Warang hurried out of the room, leaving her little friend. Her face was that of someone you couldn't easily read or know what she was thinking.

"Why do you have that face?"

Her thin eyes glared fiercely at the face of her friend who for the past week had had a displeased scowl the entire time. When he arrived at the school building, he kept looking around, her eyes seemed to be searching for someone. But when she was asked, she refused to answer and continued making a grumpy face like a dog's ass.

"Nosey,"

Came a simple, painful response.

"Oh, I'm not nosy!! Just stop making that face. What the hell is wrong with telling me?"

Her patience had run out and now she was ready to get an answer.

“Even if you say you're not a nosy, you haven't stopped being a nosy. What a shame.”

A hoarse voice said those angry words before Manaow's phone rang with a notification that made a smile appear on her face. The girl who had been moody all week suddenly changed completely.

"I know, you're waiting for the beautiful Wak to greet you."

A smile appeared under her friend's beard as she saw how her friend seemed to have a special feeling for that person, but was that feeling reciprocated? For a week she appeared to have had no contact with her and her condition had become poor. If her heart broke because of her... she didn't want to imagine what things would be like.

"I'll leave first, see you tomorrow."

After what she had seen on her phone, Manaow hurried to escape.

“Hey!!”

Jom shouted to her friend who was running away.

“Where is Manaow going in such a hurry?”

Said Tan's sweet voice as she gasped why when she saw Jim and Manaow sitting on the benches from the top of the building, she hurried down to find them. But when she arrived, Manaow had already hurried away even though she had tried to rush there because she really wanted to see her.

"He's going to see a beautiful P'Wak,"

Jom answered without thinking about anything, just telling the truth. She had no idea how much the response had shaken Tan's heart. Her sweet face turned grim as her slender hands clenched tightly into fists causing her girls to dig into their own flesh. P'Gyoza again!!! They always work from the P'Wak. But she was the one who took notes for her,

the one who always reserved a seat for her, the one who bought snacks for her to eat every day. The one who always cared about her but Manaow still didn't look at her. What was wrong with her?

"I'll leave first,"

Look-Tan told Jom before quickly running after Manaow. She wouldn't sit still again!

# 7

## YOU ARE MORE SPECIAL THAN THE REST



Where had her happiness gone? She had been missing since the previous week and she couldn't find her again. Although there was nothing out of the ordinary, something was simply missing. Could being a senior be the reason why she felt this way? Maybe her happiness had the same image as Gyoza. She thought as her long legs climbed two or three steps at a time. It was difficult to find happiness so quickly, it was strange that you felt like you were longing for something and to tell the truth a little chaotic. Was it nostalgia?

“Are you going to look for Gyoza?”

The white sneakers froze, feeling trapped in the middle of the stairs. The rough voice she asked was that of P'Warang, the tall girl who had short hair down to her neck. This senior really didn't like her face very much or maybe it was just her imagination?

“Yes, P'Gyo called me to try on the dress.”

The sharp facial features that adorned her smile had just disappeared after seeing Manaow and she simply nodded in recognition of the answer, with a soft face and thin eyes. Looking at her with eyes that are difficult to read and with a serious face, could it be that the senior doesn't like her?

“If it doesn't fit, tell Gyoza and I'll fix it.”

It was true, P'Warang had designed and cut that dress. She was covered in personality traits of her.

“Yes, thank you very much for doing it.”

“I just did it because I had to. Doing it for the contest, I didn't do it for anyone in particular,”

She responded in a calm voice as always. Manaow simply accepted the words silently. Warang let the girl pass but had to stop when she heard the older girl's words and tone again.

“Let me warn you as your senior. Just because you were close to Gyoza didn't mean you had privileges over other friends. She is that kind to everyone so you think you are more special than others.”

The owner of the sharp words left, leaving Manaow frozen like a stone. Wasn't she more special than the rest?

“You're late, I've been waiting for so long, were you too busy?”

A clear, half-hearted voice asked, although the smile on her face did not match her words, this was a face she had not seen in over a week.

“Just now I had to go to the bathroom. Sorry to keep you waiting P'Gyoza.”

Manaow lied. She had a strange feeling. After talking to Warang, the joy of finding the eldest sister's face almost completely disappeared, you are no more special than anyone else... it's that simple. They had told her.

“Hmm... Why do you call me P'Gyoza? I told you to just call me P'Gyo,”

The little senior made a bewildered face. Gyoza approached, her pale eyes behind the frames of her glasses, looking suspiciously, her eyebrows thin and furrowed.

“I think it'll be better if I call you P'Gyoza and not the other way so as not to seem disrespectful.”

I P'Warang's cold voice still echoed in her ears, you're not more special than anyone else... it's that simple.

“So...you can take me like this when you feel comfortable, let's take things slow.”

Gyoza did not ask the reason for her words because in fact she did not care much about it. Maybe it was true, what Warang had said, she was no more special than the others. She was just an ordinary young woman, but on the other hand, Gyoza was more than just an ordinary old person to her, a special person. Because of this, she began to feel sad.

“The dress is in that paper bag. Test it.”

The small hand pointed to the large paper bag placed on the glass table in front of the sofa.

“You can take off your student uniform there. You also has to take off your bra. This dress is not beautiful when wearing a bra. In addition, you will also know if the breast size is appropriate or not.”

Gyoza told her to change clothes in a corner of the room, which was quite hidden due to a large filing cabinet behind her as she walked to close the room door.

“Yeah.”

Manaow responds softly. A thin hand picked up the bag with a withered heart and walked to the corner of the room to take out the dress but when she saw it she couldn't help but think what kind of crazy dress that was. After several minutes, Manaow disappeared behind the filing cabinet while at times some murmurs could be heard making Gyoza wonder what was happening to her.

“Do you have any problem? I can help you if you want?”

Gyoza shouted. because she realized that she had already delayed too long.

“Err... It's okay. I can do it myself P'Gyoza, just wait a second.”



A breathless voice responded. That tone of voice seemed like someone who was having trouble so Gyoza decided to walk towards the filing cabinet without listening to Manaow's words.

“Wow!! Phi, I'm still naked!!!”

The tall figure with the fluffy clothes shouted before jumping up, eager to hide in the corner of the place.

“With breasts this small, why should you feel ashamed? If you can't adjust the dress yourself, it will break and you will make things difficult for your elders. Come here so I can help you.”

Said a clear voice, really fierce, without pretending to be. The young girl's arms crossed over her chest, covering her flat chest, before slowly turning to face the brutal older woman.

'Chests this small!' She found that very insulting. She wishes she could have a little more but that was what her mother had given her.

“If you're embarrassed by why I see your small breasts, just turn over there.”

The small hand grabbed the tall figure so that she turned around and reached out to grab the model's arm and inserted it into the model's arm. dress, managing to accommodate the dress correctly. It was like dressing a child. Then she pulled the zipper that extends from the waist to the nape of the neck.

“Turn around to take a look.”

The tall, slender figure remained motionless. A strange feeling of nervousness arose. There was only Gyoza but she still felt shy and she would have to wear that dress on stage...she maybe she wouldn't be able to do that.

“Turn around Manaow!”

The older little girl's voice became darker again, no matter what, her small hand grabbed the younger girl's body to turn towards her. Her beautiful, sharp face was flushed and she was sweating even though the air conditioning in the room was so cold that her thin red lips were pressed tightly. Apparently Manaow was too embarrassed.

"Stretch out your hands and cross your arms like this, and I'll see if the dress fits you or not."

The clear voice softened when she met that embarrassed expression.

"Phi...I... Don't you think the dress is too revealing?"

Said a harsh and trembling voice. Gyoza found that attitude very strange. She had never seen Manaow behave that way. Usually, it used to bother her a lot but now she even she was shaking.

"Are you embarrassed?"

Round eyes rose to meet sharp, trembling eyes.

"Come out so I can see you better,"

She motioned with her hand for the tall figure in a long, flowing robe and pale white skin to follow her. Her beautiful colors made her look even more radiant. The neck had a deep slit in the middle of the neckline revealing white skin. Gyoza thought that she should congratulate Warang for making that beautiful dress. She couldn't deny that Manaow, in that outfit she looked prettier because it was a beautiful and sweet dress.

"It looks a little strange, right?"

Manaow asked when she saw Gyoza that she remained silent.

"No, it looks very good, it suits you very well,"

She showed a smile while complimenting the person in front of her. A sizzling heat rose to the ears. Now her face was extremely red. Gyoza's smile made Manaow's heart race.

“Um, is there something that doesn't fit you? I can take it to Warang to fix it for me.”

The small hand held the tall figure and turned again, looking for points that needed fixing:

"It looks like it fits."

In fact, she wanted to add some padding to her breasts but Warang didn't approve. Gyoza's face looked disappointed but Manaow felt relieved.

“Wait, let me take a photo.”

Gyoza went to open the curtain to let in the outside light before taking the camera from her friend and rotating the lens to find a beautiful angle without giving Manaow time to react or even blink. She had never felt so embarrassed in her entire life and she found it surprising how she had come to feel so nervous in front of her senior.

"There,"

Gyoza told her when she found the right angle and turned to face the person several times. Manaow then went back to the back of the filing cabinet to take off her dress and change back into her normal clothes.

“Uh... P'Gyoza, can you help me unzip?”

Manaow wasn't good at wearing women's dresses because she found them difficult to fit. I'm not good at that, in a woman's dress that is difficult to put on and take off like this. In fact, she was better at taking it off for other people.

"Okay, just a moment,"

Gyoza said, looking at the photograph taken. She then placed the camera on the table and followed the tall figure to the back of the filing cabinet who had her back to her. She slid her small hand slowly down, exposing her smooth back. On the other hand, the person who initially felt embarrassed, now wanted to once again make fun of the senior who had been cruel to her

before. Feeling that the zipper had finally reached her waist and Gyoza was about to climb out of her again. Manaow quickly turned and took her by the arm, pretending to trip over the long hem of the skirt that she dragged on the floor until she fell on the small person who had not prepared for it.

“Wow!”

“Oh!! Sorry, I tripped on the hem of the dress.”

When it was about to fall to the ground, Manaow grabbed the little body to turn it over so she could absorb the impact. It had been a perfect turn, it didn't even seem like she was faking it, The clear face was just a breath away from the tip of her nose, the breath could be felt, the round eyes behind the glasses frame widened, the cheeks flushed, and the previous mood upon hearing Warang's words had disappeared.. It didn't matter who Gyoza was nice to, it only mattered that that person was in her arms at that moment.

"Now... uh... I've seen how it looks on you,"

Gyoza said hurriedly, her bright red cheeks moving away from the image in front of her, which was Manaow with her dress unbuttoned, exposing small mounds, making it look quite a challenge why... her eyes were already fixed hail! She couldn't stand it, her heart was beating so hard that she felt like she was losing it. she would come out of her chest while Manaow's arms were still wrapped around her waist not wanting to let go.

“A flat chest like mine should be nothing to be ashamed of. Or are you embarrassed P'Gyo?”

Thinking back a bit. Manaow was evil!! Gyoza gritted her teeth in frustration. Manaow looked at the sweet face flushed with sweat, it was really satisfying to have teased her. She had had no escape and the young girl thought that she, in any case, had been worth it even after the other senior's words.

“Let go of me, I have to get up.”

Gyoza staggered her body. Manaow reluctantly abandoned the little body she had been holding in her hands to free it.

Gyoza could tell that what the other girl had wanted was to make fun of her. Her tall body rose to

follow the older her and the smaller hers. Secretly, she saw those round eyes that tried not to even look at her almost naked breasts. Who said she had nothing to be ashamed of if she was a flat-chested girl? Apparently that same person was now actually embarrassed.

"Wait, where are we going now?"

Asked Manow, who was neatly dressed in a student uniform.

-I'll go see P'Pure in the club room. I have to go deal with some business. This Wednesday is the anniversary and Saturday is the open night, it's good to go together now. It seems that Lada made an appointment with Thida to meet there and talk about the opening night."

Manaow listened to the long explanation before nodding in acknowledgement. As far as she knew, on opening day, there would be activities to welcome the freshmen. It was likely that this would be quite an event! I had heard that name many times but I had never really seen it because it was someone from the third grade or who had the reputation of being very brutal, and he was also the president of the university's student administration organization. Just looking at you can make me cry. It was the most famous rumor I had ever heard but, in fact at that moment and with a smile on her face, she looked like a student like any other... although one who was in fact... Beautiful!!

Tall and slender body, sharp and sweet face. Her eyes were thin and her eyelashes were long, her long black hair tied in a ponytail and her white skin seemed healthy, a beautiful man, to say the least, prettier than many women.

"Hello, N'Manaow, we had not met, I had only seen photographs of you."

That sharp face gave her a cute and playful smile.

“Uh... Um, hello. I came to accompany P'Gyoza.”

Manaow looked at the little senior who was sitting on the pile of documents piled up on the table.

“Right now we have a lot of work to do because it is almost the opening day of the activities, we have to do a project to send to the university to request activities. I'm lucky to have Gyoza to help me. Otherwise, it would be bad.”

The elder's thin eyes looked at her before she continued speaking,

"Gyoza takes her work very seriously. If she doesn't complete her work she probably won't go to sleep.”

The older man shook her head in disgust, she acts like she's constantly worried.

"Ah, is that so? It seems that P'Pure was quite worried about her little senior. Gyoza was really a workaholic. Look, she just walked into the club room and got stuck in a pile of papers and we still can't get our heads out of them.”

The sound of the glass door opening caught P' Pure's attention and he had to stop looking at Manaow.

"Oh Warang,”

A beautiful older girl greeted the tall younger sister who had just opened the door,

"I'm sorry for knocking suddenly. There really aren't enough people.”

“It doesn't matter Phi, is there anything I can help you with?”

She asked with a kind look to know what the purpose of having been called was.

“There is just a small problem with the Project One document on sports activities for newbies. This year there is not much time. So I had to eliminate some sports and help organize the race line. From each faculty too. After you finish, send the documents to the president for me too. Without enough three weeks to present work, edit documents, complete projects and prepare work for submission, Warang? Take a look please.”

The long response was accompanied by the huge pile of documents being handed into Warang's hands, who almost collapsed when the documents were piled up on her chest. These documents had required at least 5 measurements of paper and had to be weighed.

“Do you want me to take it to review it or would you like me to do it here?”

Her eyebrows furrowed when Warang asked about the assigned task.

“Better do it here. If you have any questions, you can ask.”

Pure looked from left to right looking for the desk that was least cluttered. That room was filled with piles of documents. Including equipment for organizing events. In the corner of the room, faculty flags were leaning against the wall, where gym clothes were also piled. With the student uniforms that the student club was handing out again, there was barely any room to walk. Finally, she chose a table not far from table number one where Gyoza was sitting with a frown, reading the document nonchalantly and giving off an aura of someone who had gone into workaholic mode.

Manaow, who did not have a specific function to do, offered to help organize the spaces and thus kill time waiting for Lada and Thida who had not yet arrived.

“Very sorry. Well, in a messy room like this, there's no one available to take care of it.”

Pure said to Manaow with a shy smile. The state of the office is almost no different from a pile of garbage full of pieces of paper. Shortly after, P'Lada arrived along with Thida, a beautiful senior, explaining to them the details of the activities that had to be carried out on the opening night, which was

nothing more than going on stage to introduce yourself to the faculty to demonstrate your skills a little more.

special abilities. Although it was not yet the day of the competition. The actual date of the contest would be the closing day of activities, which would be two months from now. Manaow herself was a person who already had a good personality, and according to Lada, there was no need for special training with Thida. From the first day, she now seemed much more confident than the first day. Manaow dared to make eye contact when the women there spoke, that way she could study their personalities and improve. Thida's way of being and acting was really great.

“This Friday at 3:00 pm. We will meet in room number 2. On Saturday, you will participate in the opening day. It will be a way to practice for your debut.”

Lada was in serious mode. Manaow was talking about work a little differently than usual. She usually said things that embarrassed Thida but now she seemed very serious. After agreeing to their meeting, Lada and Thida excused themselves to leave while Manaow returned to help P' Pure prepare the clubroom and put order back into order. Time passed until it got dark. Finally, the room was perfectly clean. In the room right now, there were only you, Pure, Warang, and Gyoza. The other work group had excused themselves to leave.

Gyoza was sitting silently immersed in the pile of papers as if she was being swallowed by them. She hadn't made any kind of sound. Even the sound of her breathing was very soft. P'Warang was the same. Apparently since they were close friends, they both worked in the same way. Only Manaow was the one who was chatting with the older man. The hands of the clock indicated two. P'Warang put the documents away neatly and placed them in two large paper bags.

“P'Pure, I'll leave now.”

Warang carried two heavy bags, which she placed on her chest and said goodbye to the major.

“I'll go Gyo.”



Gyoza just rolled her eyes and stopped the hand she was using to write to look up, nodding slightly to her friend close to her before returning to focus on work again.

“Come here, I'll help you carry the documents to the car.”

P'Pure offered to help.

"I'll do it, I'm free now,"

She offered herself to demonstrate a good attitude in front of the elders. Manaow carried a large bag of documents and followed the senior with a serious face through the elevator. There was no conversation between them on the way to the car.

“Manaow.”

“Yeah?”

Suddenly, Warang decided to break the silence.

“In the afternoon I saw your friend walking around. Around room number 2.”

Her eyebrows furrowed together. Her friend? Warang, who could read that expression of Manaow so she continued speaking bluntly.

“The label had the name says N'LookTan. She is one of the Nong but she had nothing to do near that room. You should tell your friend. That place is where Gyo goes to hide to rest. It wouldn't be good if more people knew about that room, especially if they hang around the second floor where the classrooms are not open, it would make others suspicious.”

“I'll talk to her.”

Why had LookTan been hanging around???

# ⑧

## CHEERING POSITION



“Keep your head down!!”

“Keep your head down!!”

“Come on!!”

The screams of the perfect second years were heard as they walked in formation leading the procession towards the activities area in their red faculty shirts. With her imposing posture, hands behind her back, and fierce voice, she was able to intimidate the young freshmen who were sitting in a cheering position, making them shudder. No one in the first year dared to look at them as they were surrounded in a circle. Manaow sat at the front of the carefully arranged row and the image of shiny leather shoes that belonged to the P'Wak. This was the first time I had attended the faculty applause meeting since the school term began. At that moment, the elders stood in their own position, still no sound escaped their mouths. The entire yard was so quiet that you could hear the wind blowing with the leaves rustling. The atmosphere was cold, giving the feeling as if someone had been attacked by an elder.

The faint and familiar smell of the wind blew into her nose, the sound was brief, the shoes followed the rhythm of her steps, and the thin ankles peeking out from the hem of a long skirt were seen from the corner of her eye, producing a tingling sensation.. Even though she was ordered to tilt her head so that only her ankles could be seen, the girl's faint scent was

unmistakable. She knew that she was Gyoza. There were a total of five people, including P'Thida and Gyoza. The other three were tall men who looked really intimidating.

The Gyoza that day wore the mask of a Walk. She doesn't seem like she's the usual girl. Even if she was still the same slender and soft-faced woman she radiated a terrifying aura..

“Cheering position!!”

The girl's calm but resonant voice was giving orders to her juniors. The cheering position involved slapping each other's knees while seated while the prefects cheered them on. And when they finished, they had to quickly return to the starting position

“How can all of you do this? This is a UNIT!”

“Cheering position!!”

The sound of knees colliding echoed throughout the square.

“Today your elders will meet you for the first time, so as not to embarrass you, we will check you to see if everyone is dressed appropriately. First years rise!”

The young prefect's order ended. P'Reab and P'Wak walked alongside the line of young men to inspect their clothing.

“Buckle it correctly.”

Gyoza's calm voice spoke to Manaow. The small figure walked quickly with her hands behind her back and stood up straight to inspect the regulations in the queue. She felt strange but could understand that at this moment she had to act formally. However, the distant tone made her heart race.

Manaow tried to fasten the top metal button but no matter what she did, she couldn't get it until finally Gyoza had to help her fasten that button. Gyoza was so small that it barely reached the height of her shoulders, but at that

moment, with those huge heels she was able to fasten the buttons very skillfully.

Being so close to each other and with such distant treatment at that moment, Manaow couldn't stop her heart from racing.

Gyoza didn't wear glasses at all, her eyes were round and clear and looked directly at each other. It made her feel very strange when they fastened her buttons and her head bowed

towards the calm-faced girl and then she walked away without saying another word. At that moment I had a very intense feeling of jealousy. She didn't want Gyoza to do that to other people. She stared at the small figure until the inspection was finished and was relieved that Gyoza wasn't buttoning anyone else's collar except her. What was that kind of jealousy? Possessive even in the way that woman looked at others.

“In the beginning we gave everyone signature books and name tags to carry at all times, as well as to place their name tag on their chest. But we still see some of you who are not tagged with names. Why don't you bring your guest book? Name tags and sign-in books indicate that you are a first-year student in the Faculty of Engineering, or Are you embarrassed to show that you are in the Faculty?”

No one answered the elders' questions. They lowered their heads to the ground and avoided looking at her.

“Who didn't wear their name badge or didn't bring your guest book? Get up.”

Her voice was decisive and authoritative. Several people gradually stood up with pale faces and trembling.

“You.”

A slender figure walked forward quickly and went towards a young man who was trembling.

“Why didn't you put a tag with your name?”

“I lost my name tag.”

A shaky voice responded to her older sister who didn't have it, daring to even look at her face.

“Did you lose your name tag!!?”

The woman repeated those words again before returning to the front of the line.

“They can't keep a name tag. How can they protect each other? Is this the future of engineers? They will have to be responsible for other people. But they can't keep their name tag!! To be responsible for people's lives, you can still lose just one piece of paper!!”

Quiet as always, the first years kept their heads down and no one dared to say a word.

“Since there are friends of yours who have done wrong, all of you will be responsible for those mistakes because this is a faculty and we have worked under this model for a long time. What is the model of the Faculty of Engineering of this university? Answer!!”

“It's model E67.”

“I can not hear!! My friend asked, you answered loudly but I couldn't hear you. You couldn't hear what we asked?!”

A man shouted at them. When he saw the response of the younger generation indirect sound.

“Or do you not know your own generation model?”

“Model E67!!”

The first years shouted in response, louder until the oldest was satisfied

“First year boys, stand up!! Gyoza ordered them.”

“Hug each other!!”

The young people lined up and hugged each other.

“Just now my friend saw several people who do not have their tag or carry their guest book with them. I myself have seen at least five people. Since they are your friends, you will have to take responsibility for them because you ALL belong to the same generation!”

“Five mistakes, five times as many people, five times as many people sitting down and doing it!!!”

“One, two, three.”

“Count louder.”

“....seven eight...”

“Second year!! What are you doing!!?”

The third year prefect's hoarse voice shouted as he asked. A freshman who had only been able to sit for 30 laps, P'Phiew's tall, slender figure walked in the lead. Facing the three-, four-, and five-year-old walkers entering the activity area, Manow secretly looked at that P'Pure figure that was different that day from the day before when she saw his face.

The edge was no longer soft, it was rather fierce. It was a tall figure in full student uniform. The camisole was crimson red, the group's color, which made him look even more formidable. What was happening? Did everyone have two personalities? Manaow looked between Gyoza and P'Pure

"Punishing the younger ones because they acted badly,"

Gyoza responded to Pure, her superior.

“What did they do wrong?!”

“There is a Nong, who lost his name tag and his signature book.”

“The Nong made a mistake because his Phi did not teach him correctly. Because the second years taught him wrong, which is why I think there should be a punishment for the second years,”

P'Pure announced.

“Second year, hug!”

All the second-year students formed a line hugging each other in front of the line.

"Sit ten times longer than the first years, now!"

The fact that the third year leader ordered the second years to receive the punishment instead of the first years made the younger ones feel even more guilty than before. From the first time they made a mistake, friends had to help each other take responsibility. Until now, older people have had to help take responsibility for minors' mistakes. With this, they were expected to learn about responsibilities since because they were part of the same generation they should share the punishment even if they had not done anything wrong.

“First year, look carefully. You did wrong because the second years did not teach you correctly. Since I can't punish them, every action of theirs, the second years will have to take responsibility, therefore, you can continue making mistakes and feel tired since they will be the ones receiving the punishment.”

The ironic comments were intended to cause a psychosis in the first years who began to feel worse and worse. P'Pure ordered the second years to continue doing these squats while hugging each other for more than a hundred times. Some elderly people even had leg cramps and fell.

“I introduce myself again. My name is Pure. I'm a third year. It is my responsibility to take care of you from now on for one more school year so that you are disciplined and strictly follow the rules and regulations of the university, I hope you will cooperate and I would like to congratulate you for taking the entrance exam to study at the Faculty of Engineering in this

prestigious institute. But you should consider something: You are not a complete engineering student until you have this!”

A thin hand took out a leather strap that held the cadet's insignia, showing it to everyone.

“Gears are created from the systematic operation of gear teeth, where each gear has its own function. You are all like small cogs who must jointly take responsibility for your own duties. Therefore, if you want your generation to successfully go through university activities, all the gears must turn in harmony at the same time. If one of the gears stops rotating or the gear shaft gets stuck, others will not be able to continue working, therefore, the team represents the engineers, that is, honor is dignity and does not belong to a single person. But as long as they remain undisciplined, they won't easily stand a chance.”

Pure said that long sentence as his long legs carried him back and forth through the rows of freshmen sitting with their heads bowed, not daring to look at the seniors. Third year was much scarier than second year. I know that the second year they have already given them guest books and the name tag. And also know that the second year he secretly made an appointment with you.

“I know that the second years have already distributed guest books along with their name tags. And I also know that they secretly had an unofficial meeting with you to sign autographs. Don't think that the third years and our senior fourth years will be as nice to you as the second year was. As long as you guys continue to act illegally, don't dress appropriately, don't have your name tag, disrespect seniors, show up late, and don't attend all branch pep meetings like this. Juniors and seniors will not have their books signed. We will not organize traditional activities for you to receive the gears. Now next time, I will have my younger brothers teach them how to introduce themselves college style when they go to ask the elders for autographs because when you want to introduce yourself in front of them, you must be polite.”

Pure turned around and gestured for Gyoza to come out and talk. The small figure, at that time she was wearing a student uniform over which she wore



the faculty camisole and a long skirt that covered her ankles. Her high heels made her look taller and her young, clear and smooth face looked more fierce than ever.

"Let everyone in the first year pay close attention to what my Nong (Gyoza) is going to teach you,"

Pure said again out loud while Gyoza was about to give a presentation on the university model.

"My name is Miss Kanikanan, surname Wiwatkul, second year student of the Faculty of Engineering, nickname Gyoza, model E66."

The sound of traditional university presentations ended. Gyoza looked around. The large area where the freshmen sat and had a Flashback to a similar incident that had occurred a year earlier. Who would have thought that she was now in the opposite position?

"This is an introduction to the university style. Since we are in our second year, we have already received our class. But you guys don't have a model yet, so you guys can't introduce yourself as an E67 model. You must present yourself as an E67 model and you must use the word 'in process' until you get the model. Do you understand?"

"Understood!!"

The first-year students responded loudly and with their heads together:

"If you know, we would like to ask a representative to come out and set an example for his friends to see,"

Gyoza said in a strong voice that echoed throughout the entire city the area of activity.

"First year!! We ask for the initiative: One person!!"

"What should they do?"

One of the older ones shouted to put pressure on the first years.

“Arms close to the ears, not ears close to the arms!!”

What the seniors ask when they ask the first years is to sit up straight and raise their arms. The right side is straightened near the ear to introduce themselves and show their spirit, almost everyone raises their hand, depending on who they choose to represent themselves. When adults say 'arms close to the ears, not ears close to the arms', it means that if the minors do not stretch their arms correctly, do not sit up straight, or wear a shirt that is too tight and cannot keep their hands straight, it will not hurt them. It will allow you to bring your arms closer to your ears.

“They got it? Do it!!”

The voices of the elderly and the young filled the entire courtyard.

“You!”

Pure walked to stop in front of the tallest little sister he knew, winking at her before choosing Manaow to walk out and introduce himself to his friends.

“Damn you, P'Pure!!!”

A tall figure rose from the ranks and walked to stand in front of the elder. She felt a little numb before facing her friends and P'Wak, who was watching everything that happened. Manaow took a deep breath and filled her lungs with air before making a sound to introduce herself.

“My name is Monpat, surname Sridawong, first-year student of the Faculty of Engineering, nickname Manaow, in the process of being E67.”

Manaow introduced herself loudly college style satisfying the seniors before returning to her seat. Gyoza looked behind the tall figure who had just returned to the line. Manaow had been able to see her hands trembling when she buttoned her blouse. How much concentration did it take for her to control herself? It's not just about forcing your hands to stop shaking. She also had to force her heart not to tremble!! It had happened again. Symptoms like that. How could she face it? How did she feel about herself?

"Luk-tan, I have something to discuss with you,"

A hoarse voice greeted her friend when the activity ended.

"Is something wrong, Manaow?"

Her sweet face turned and smiled as always.

"The other day I saw you in front of room 222. What were you doing there?"

"I...uh, I..."

Her light eyes blinked like a person who had been caught doing something wrong. How could she know that she went to see her secretly and all? What was Gyoza doing in the room? Even if you couldn't see anything, the curtains were very dark and the room was locked, she eavesdropped and couldn't hear anything, it was a classroom, so naturally it had to be soundproof. Manaow did not wait for Luktan to respond as to why she had been there. She had to talk to her directly so that she wouldn't go to that place again unless it was absolutely necessary.

"If there is no matter, can you please not return to that room? Otherwise I'll get them in trouble. I ask you Luk-Tan."

"I just followed you why we had to take the Maccs conference and I wanted to tell you,"

Luk-Tan told the other party the reasons she thought sounded better. Although it wasn't the real reason.

"But I won't go again if it makes you feel uncomfortable."

"Thank you for your good intentions. And thanks for understanding, then we can go eat, do you think? I will invite you."

Her sweet face nodded gently at her friend's words. Although her heart felt worried because she could see how Manaow cared for that elder. Why did she have to worry so much about her?

“The pain in my calves is unbearable, you shouldn't have let me do it 100 times.”

A sweet voice sounded toward her superior when she returned to the AKB room with pain in her legs because AKB ordered her to sit down a hundred times.

“If it weren't too heavy, would you believe it? When you play, you have to play big, so that the Nongs see how much they can love them to the point of receiving punishment for them.”

Pure laughed at Goyza's expression.

"You don't have to pretend to be nice. My legs are all bulging. I had to be away from work for a long time. My legs hurt!”

Gyoza moaned loudly as she massaged her legs.

“Come here, I'll give you a massage.”

Pure made a movement to make her sit down and massage her legs, but the young woman stopped him.

“Stop there! Look at your face! Why would I let you give me a massage?”

“What's wrong, little sister? I am Pure, the most innocent. Don't you know that?”

Pure asked. Gyoza before going over to pick up the gel pack from the refrigerator wrapped in a tissue. She then put it on her leg which had many green spots.

“It turned green, right?”

“Because of who? This is crazy, you are not a human being.”

Purale started laughing because of Goyza's words. Her thin eyes looked at the sweet and clear face that was so upset that he didn't know what to say. Since he met her, he had impressed him because of her way of being. A

stubborn new girl who refused to follow anyone's orders if she thought it was unreasonable...

“My name is Miss Kanikanan, surname Wiwatkul, first year student of the Faculty of Engineering, nickname Gyoza, in E66. I come to ask you for a signature.”

It happened in the university cafeteria at noon. Amid the applause of many students. A little girl in a school uniform neat from head to toe walked in and introduced herself as a college student. In the middle of the circle of seniors, most of the men were in their third year. I was afraid of them. Her goal was to get the signature of one of the second year prefects. Round, clear eyes behind the frame of her glasses looked directly at him. Unfazed by the eyes of the others watching.

She could only remain silent. She didn't know if there had been anyone else who dared to come in and ask for the signature directly. And above all this girl, you could tell that she was not very satisfied with the SOTUS system, so why would she ask for a signature? The notification sound sounded on the phone with someone's message, making the corners of the older man's mouth curl up.

“Eh...I...I mean...I want your autograph.”

“Phi, I want you to sign my book.”

She expressed her wish again when she saw that he remained silent and refused to answer her.

“I want your signature. What do I have to do to obtain it? I'll do anything.”

“Yes, yes you can do what I told you, I will sign your book.”

In a cheering position. That is, sitting with legs crossed, back straight, both hands held and buried, having to sit upright until the end of the activity. She is ordered to attend meetings.

SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE JUDGE BY A  
JUNIOR ANYMORE



“Your face is like that of a cat that can no longer find its way home. What is happening to you?”

Jom asked her close friend, who kept her head down and shook the phone in her hand, unable to understand anything. She had been like this since the cheering meeting ended

“I miss her.”

Her mouth was slightly pursed and her piercing eyes still kept staring at the screen of her phone. Manaow continued reading the conversation through the green application through which they used to talk over and over again.

“If I greet her, will she get upset with me? She maybe she has a lot of work and she is very busy but I want to know where she is and with whom.”

The prince narrowed his eyes and looked at his friend in dismay. Poisonous love was present, his friend undoubtedly had the serious symptoms of a crush.

“What were you thinking when you saw her before? She buttoned your camisole without further a do. I'll give you my shirt too. I wonder how chapped your cheeks were while you were in front of the P'Wa? But you smiled until your cheeks were about to burst.”

Jom's sarcastic words did not make Manaow feel angry, she was even satisfied because it made her think about the event.

A cold voice like that combined with the calm eyes that looked at her was something that made her heart race strangely just thinking about it.

“So, if she only did it with me, that means I'm a special person, right?”

“The only reason she buttoned your camisole is because everyone else was already dressed correctly, there was only one person who chose not to button the collar. Don't be narcissistic. Cat with a wrinkled face!!”

Thin eyes turned and narrowed to look at his close friend who was beginning to speak incoherently. And the cat with her wrinkled face was referring to her, right?

“How can you not let me think that it is like that. Don't you care about a friend's happiness? You should give me words of encouragement because I am your friend. Become a good friend to me.”

“I am a good friend that's why I speak to you from the heart. I don't want you to get too involved with her. It could be that she just sees you as a mere junior.”

His words pierced her heart making her almost cough out blood because it seemed like he had taken a knife to stab her. However it could be true, Gyoza probably saw her as just another junior.

“You wasn't more special than anyone else.”

P'Warang's words echoed in her ears. Should she make it clear to her that she didn't want to be just a junior? But how could she since she is a woman? It's true that it could be easy to approach her being both women. However, she had never flirted with a girl. She was afraid of being seen as a weirdo. Would Gyoza get upset with her if she expressed her feelings for her? Saying it was love was not referring to what she really felt. So what kind of feeling was that? What do you call that feeling of longing for another person? She wanted to know where, what she was doing, if she had eaten anything or not, In lmao if she had rested.

Because of her jealousy, she didn't want Gyoza to smile at other people. She didn't want those little hands to touch anyone's body but her own. Missing, longing, jealousy and worry mixed together, but... It didn't matter, I wasn't really looking for any definition, at that moment. She just wanted to know where she was and with whom.

[“You are tired?”]

This message was displayed on the phone screen. With a smile on her face, the young woman picked up the phone before writing a message to Manaow.

“I'm very tired, my legs hurt and I can't take it anymore.”

[“Where are you? Let's go eat something, I invite you.”]

“Really!?”

[“Really. Where are you? I'm going to find you.”]

“Please come quickly to ABK's room, I'm very hungry.”

[“Give me 15 minutes.”]

“Why are you smiling like that? Who are you talking to?”

Pure asked when she saw Gyoza smiling in front of the mobile phone.

“Alright”

“I'm talking to whoever bought me dinner. I have been abused all day. I am so hungry.”

“When Kiew was at the freshman hazing meeting and I was a sophomore, the junior and the head of hazing activities, he punished us as freshmen by doing 400 squats, you only did 100, don't complain so much.”



Pure answered as she rubbed the whiny girl's head until Gyoza's hair was messy.

“Play until your head shakes. Really crazy!!!”

“Oh! P'Pure, my hair is all messy, can't you see?!”

Gyoza tilted her body to avoid the hand that reached out to play with her hair. Her small hand stroked her own hair to smooth it again.

“I'm just kidding. Manaow will come to pick you up now right? I'll leave now then, don't forget to lock the room.”

Pure took out her large backpack to put it on her shoulder before taking the keys to her car and starting to walk out of the room.

“Wait a minute! How did you know she's coming for me? I haven't even said a single word about Manaow.”

Her eyes stared at Pure's sweet, sharp face. Had she been secretly watching her while she was typing in the chat?

“Haha, I saw your smile. A smile like that could only be caused by Manaow. I'm leaving, my friend is waiting.”

He said goodbye before closing the glass door of the living room. Didn't she normally smile like that? She smiled like that often! P'Pure was stupid. The small figure let out a deep sigh before flopping onto the back of the chair. She was so hungry. Had 10 minutes already passed? If she was late, she would yell at her until her ears hurt. She was very tired, her legs hurt and she felt dizzy. She had been helping with the work of the student organization. Was she doing something beyond her capabilities? Maybe she was trying too hard to become P'Pure's assistant.

I'm very tired, my legs hurt, I have to be a walker and i have to help with the student organization. Is she doing something extravagant? It was a mistake for Long to agree to be a baby for P'Pure in this way. Who would have thought that the promise of that day would bind her to him until now?

Pure Brother, the cunning wolf!! That beautiful face, although she liked to look at it, that evil smile, why didn't she notice it at that time? If she observe for a moment, she wouldn't have to be so tired like this. The more she thought about the image of the beautiful young man with a beautiful face, the stranger I felt: a small memory. In the past it emerged slowly. Lean your head back against the back of her chair. Thin eyelids closed, hiding round, tired, too heavy eyes.

The tall, breathless figure finally reached ABK's room, trying to hurry to get there on time like he had told the older little girl. But no matter how she hurried, she arrived almost 15 minutes late. A slender hand slid the glass door open. The air inside the room was very cold, very different from that outside. She was tired of running and finding cool air conditioning like this made her feel so good. But the room is very quiet. Where was Gyoza?

She looked around the room until she came across a small figure sitting with her arms crossed over her chest leaning against the back of the chair that was asleep. No matter how many times they saw each other, she always fell asleep. The story I heard P'Thida tell about being tired of having friends take advantage of her dream is probably true. What kind of person is this calm and sleepy?

“P'Gyo.”

A hoarse voice tried to gently wake the sleeping person. But there was no indication that she would wake up. The breath that was released evenly and the full lips that were slightly opened were so cute and adorable that when she saw them she wanted to tease them. It was incredible that she was the same person who buttoned her shirt that afternoon. Her face was soft and her eyes were calm and indifferent, those kinds of eyes made Gyoza look a little scary. If the rest of the people could see her like that, surely they wouldn't be afraid of that beautiful woman.. This was clearly a kindergarten bear. Her face when she was sleeping was really nice to see. But it's probably time to wake her up because she was getting late. Manaow leaned her face closer unbeknownst to the sleeping person before whispering close to the thin ear.

“P'Gyo wake up.”

A hot breath and a soft voice next to her ear made the girl shiver and turn towards the source of the voice calling her name carelessly and her mouth touched Manaow's lips lightly. But that gesture was enough to make Manaow blush. Her sharp eyes widened, and she stepped back and stretched to her full height. She raised her hand to cover her mouth as her heart beat madly. They just pinked their lips, right?!! Just at that moment, her and Gyoza's mouths touched!! No matter how deep it was, her heart had never been so excited. Maybe it was because she was that girl!!

“Oh! Have you arrived long ago? You were late. Were you waiting to see me asleep?”

Gyoza raised her hand and rubbed her eyes frequently. She was so tired that she fell asleep. Her round eyes looked at the tall figure she was still in the same position. Those sharp eyes widened and trembled. Why should she be so surprised!!? Look at that face.

“It was just a coincidence. And it was just a touch. Looks like you've lost your virginity. Do I have to go to your mother and propose to you now? Don't pretend like you've never kissed anyone before.”

Gyoza narrowed her eyes at the youngest. She could tell just by looking that those lips had kissed others and maybe more than that. She couldn't wear her first-year innocent mask on her.

“I was just in shock, I wasn't prepared. But if you're worried, I'll tell my mother. You can really come and ask for me, but let me tell you first that the dowry price is exorbitantly expensive.”

Manaow quickly adjusted her expression back to normal. Gyoza didn't seem surprised at all by what had happened. That was bad. Her heart was still pounding and her hands were still shaking. When did her skills with women fall so low? What's more, she looked like she had just lost to the kindergarten bear. It was a shame.

"At this point, we better get out of here,"

Gyoza said as Manaow smiled at her words. At that moment she was willing to take her wherever she went. Gyoza turned to grab her camisole and put it on before making a disgusted expression and putting on the high heels that were piled under the table. Damn, she was just walking on a flat surface and the pain in her legs got worse. Having to wear pumps would be too hard on the legs, if it weren't for the fact that the university had just issued a new rule that seniors who wore shoes to cheer meetings had to wear student uniforms and pumps probably wouldn't have as much pain in my legs. Sitting in two inch heels was no fun!!

“Why do you have to wear the camisole. I thought we'd just go get something to eat.”

Manaow asked as she parked the red pig on the side of the road in front of the student dormitory. The university area in front of the dorm had food vendors that was like a market for students where the university allowed them to sell.

“I don't want anyone to talk to me while I'm shopping. Using it people will know I'm a P'Wak and won't walk by.”

It was true what Gyoza said. No one approached at all, everyone avoided the little person who was in full uniform.

First-year students from the same and different faculties raised their hands to pay their respects while she did the same. She had very good manners. I don't know, she got tired of saying hello and even smiling. Did she know that a cold smile like that scared you even more than before? Throughout the walk to buy food. The girl complained of alternating pain in her legs and abuse from P'Pure.

“Do you want to wear my P'Gyo shoes? This way you won't have pain in your legs or feet.”

Her sharp eyes looked at the low-heeled sandals she was wearing, those shoes made her look much taller.

“If I wear your shoes, what will you wear? Also, your foot is much bigger than mine. Alright. I can still stand it. We'll go back to my room and I'll also

look for some clothes. You can take these snacks and eat them in the bedroom.”

The little eldest said before approaching behind the red pig.

“Yeah. Hold on tight or you might fall,”

She said as she reached out and grabbed the senior's arm to wrap it around her waist, and that made Gyoza blush. Her fair face tilted so that Manaow couldn't see her from the side mirror. The corners of her mouth showed a small smile. Why did she have to smile? She still didn't understand it. The elevator was broken. The A4 paper that was taped to the elevator door and was no different from P'Pure's punishment order. Bad luck. What bad luck was this? Her room was on the fifth floor. And she could barely stand in those shoes.

The tall figure looked at the small person standing next to her. She looked at that face that looked like she was about to cry Oh! She felt a little sorry for her but couldn't laugh because otherwise Gyoza would definitely get angry if she laughed at her.

“You can climb on my back. I'll take you to the room.”

Manaow bent down so that the little senior could get on.

“You are crazy!! It is the fifth floor. It's okay, I can take off my shoes and walk,”

The girl took off her high heels and walked softly towards the stairs. Manaow followed her. Her legs were so tense, so she could only think about how many steps she could advance. She could only go up one floor. Gyoza gave up. Walking on level ground was fine, but climbing stairs was something she really couldn't stand. Her soft and clear face turned to the person walking behind her, asking for help. Manaow knew her duty very well. She handed her the bag of snacks bought at the market to hold before climbing down to let Gyoza climb on her back.

“You owe me.”

“What do you want? I can pay the debt.”

Gyoza responded next to her ear, carelessly putting her face next to the sharp body of the person who was carrying her without realizing how her way of acting affected the junior.

Manaow didn't want to be just a Nong. She didn't want to be just a junior. She wanted Gyoza to see her as someone who had the right to exchange her status for another.

“Wait for now. When I know what I want I will tell you. But you definitely won't forget it, right P'Gyo?”

“I definitely won't forget it, I promise for the honor of a future engineer, haha..”

A soft laugh next to her ear made Manaow smile. She would wait patiently a little longer until she was ready to tell her about her feelings.

“The room is a bit messy. I'm so busy with work these days that I don't have much time to organize it.”

Gyoza smiled, embarrassed by the state of her room. Sharp eyes looked around the room. Actually, it wasn't messy at all, things were well organized. The mess there was probably the reading table. The space on that table was occupied by many stacked textbooks, taking up almost all the space, and another large wing of document paper that was also piled up. Living in a messy way, probably for her it was that her student documents were disorganized. Manaow walked towards the pile of documents before sorting them.

"Come wash your feet first, Manaow, or the carpet will get dirty."

Gyoza walked over to drag her to the bathroom before taking the hose and spraying her.

“Very methodical.”

“No, it's just that I don't have much time to clean the room, so I try not to make any more mess. Just rub and it will be clean,”

The senior ordered. Gyoza was spread out on a small Japanese table on the carpeted floor. They both exchanged food and the snacks they bought. After dinner was over, Manaow asked to go out to the room's balcony to smoke. The sky near dusk was darker than usual, probably because it was about to rain, her eyes were sharp as her gaze wandered. In her head she kept thinking about the owner of that room and how despite being approaching at the same time they seemed very far away. This was why she didn't even dare to speculate about whether she might like women. She was afraid that if she revealed her feelings to her, their relationship would not be as close as it was at that moment.

“What are you thinking about, frowning?”

Gyoza, who had just stepped out onto the balcony, asked before her small hand grabbed the cigarette that Manaow had and took a puff in front of the girl.

“Hey!! Because you do that? You could ask me nicely for one so I could light you a new cigarette.”

Manaow said shouting but Gyoza didn't care and shrugged her shoulders as if to say,

"Why?"

“Don't smoke too much. It's not good, these nicotine bastards.”

“But you also smoke.”

“Yes, I didn't say I don't smoke. I just said it's not good.”

“Today, during the cheering meeting, why were you so fierce? Being this fierce, the juniors were very afraid.”

Manaow simply took the cigarette and smoked it again, letting the white smoke float in the air, while she relaxed smoking with the senior. That fit perfectly with the seniors and juniors formula.

“Well, it's something that had to be done as P'Pure's punishment for the second years. It is a duty although sitting down a hundred times was too much.”

A small hand chased after her and grabbed a floating cloud of smoke and played with it to relieve the boredom.

“I didn't want to do it but it was like playing a role. It was our duty to forge unity, in fact, what P'Pure had said was correct, we had not taught the minors well enough.”

Manaow turned around and took both elbows on the balcony railing. Sharp eyes looked at Gyoza's clear, pale face.

“You seem sad, what's wrong?”

Manaow sent a thin hand to rub the head of the smaller one, who was standing on her arm, looking towards the balcony, with her round eyes behind the frame of her glasses looking lost. She really wanted to know. What was she thinking? And more importantly, what did she think of her? Gyoza turned her head to look at the tall figure rubbing her head, and strangely, she felt as if that palm was warming her. It was different from when P'Pure stroked her head in the afternoon. Both feelings received were different.

Suddenly, she seemed to remember something. Round eyes looked at Manaow before she smiled pulling on her arm, the young girl leaning deep to smack her on the head.

“Hey!! I'm your senior, how can you touch my head like that? This is not correct. I'll have to scold you.”

Gyoza rubbed the junior's head with her hand until she ruffled it.



“It's only been 4 months, don't call yourself senior. You're just a little shit.”

Manaow argued before grabbing the small doll and moving it away from her arm to avoid the small hands that were rubbing her head.

“I don't see that it has any relationship. Here they maintain the saying that whoever arrives first will be the senior and whoever arrives later will be the junior. It was said during the meeting. Did you not listen? Should I repeat it again?”

Manaow gasped in response because she was already tired of continuing to pretend while teasing Gyoza.

“Well, I don't just want to be a junior. I prefer to be something else, for now I want you to let me be something else, someone special, not just a junior.”

Manaow said as she approached Gyoza who seemed reddened by fatigue and who turned even redder when she heard the words that the junior had to say in my ear.

“I don't want to be just your junior anymore.”

# ①②

## HOT BLOODED



The faint blue sky of early morning along with a white light, slowly changed from a dull color to a brighter one. It had been many days since she had last had to get up early to practice basketball. College sporting events were held two weeks after the end of midterm exam season. The life schedule of a first-year student was packed with activities and studies to the point that they had almost no time left for themselves. But it was actually good to have her mind occupied, it helped her not to have to think about what had been bothering her since that night. And that because of what? Well, it was because Manaow's heart hurt but she still had to smile. Finally knowing the reality of things was good to choose for herself how much she would suffer due to the situation.

The tall figure stopped running, with her thin hands on her knees and a panting sound. Her heart was beating rapidly and pumping blood throughout her body. Beads of sweat ran from her temples to the sides of her cheeks. Manaow had run faster than the rest of the girls on the team even if she had more experience but she was actually very tired because of that. At that moment, she stood up again until she was full height. She let out a deep sigh before inhaling the cold air into her lungs, sharp eyes staring at the lane that stretched endlessly along the mountains behind the university.

In the mental image, that person's smiling face was still clear. She missed her. That was the only certainty at that moment. She really missed her and

that made her feel a pain in her heart despite her being so tired, busy and distressed. Why had things happened that way that night?

“I don't want to be just your junior anymore!”

Those words that made the little body freeze, Gyoza walked away and stood back looking as her eyes widened in shock.

That look brought her back to her senses and she realized that her relationship with Gyoza was about to break up and she would not allow that to happen. For now...

“I don't want to be just a junior, I want us to be friends.”

She rushed to finish the sentence with those words before something serious happened. Gyoza's eyes returned to normal after hearing that and Manaow sighed in relief knowing that she had fixed things in time.

“Let's say that first it's okay to be your junior but I want us to be friends later.”

Answered a clear voice. Her sweet facial features turned away from her, she narrowed her eyes and looked aimlessly at the scenery in front of her.

“Show me your gear.”

Manaow had the courage to lift the gear-shaped pendant hanging from her neck and leaned in to take a closer look until the smell of baby powder began to waft into her nose. She wanted to pull this little body and hug it as she pleased, but she couldn't do it. The brass metal was shaped like a gear engraved with the university's initials and the model number E65... Wait! Gyoza was a year older than her. She should have the gear with the number E66. Whose pendant was Gyoza wearing?

I had heard that young engineers give their gear to someone important. It was like she was a replacement for someone's heart and she had entrusted it to you. Who had she entrusted her heart to? Whose gear was that? Had someone given it to her because of some contract?

“So you're an important person?”

Manaow tried to ask in the calmest voice possible, trying to speak as if it were a normal question, holding the feeling in her chest, waiting for the answer.

'Tell me it's not. Tell me it's not important. Please tell me it belongs to your older sister or anything that doesn't have to do with your heart!!'

The screams echoed through the calm eyes that stared into the clear, trembling eyes of the eldest in front of her.

“It's probably important.”

Gyoza turned her head, eyes before deciding to walk back to the room. She was heartbroken and a poor rotten dog!!

Almost two weeks had passed since that day. She had not seen the senior even once making her heart anguish. Although both of them were actually trying to avoid each other. A tall figure stepped onto the road before starting to run again, letting beads of sweat break out to prevent her tears from coming out.

## PARTIDA

“I see you a little depressed lately. Is there something bothering you?”

Lada asked her close friend who was collecting study documents that she put in her backpack, her face went blank. Round eyes that used to be bright now seemed empty.

“Where was your mind wandering?”

Over the past few days, Gyoza, who was normally a cheerful person, had become so surprisingly quiet that her friends noticed her. In fact, it wasn't even necessary to look too hard, it was easy to see.

"Hey, what's going on now?"

“Nothing good. I would say that you are so silent that it is scary.”

"You usually have a calm face. When you doesn't smile it seems like you're in hell."

"Or maybe you was used by P'Pure until you lost your mind?"

“It's probably not related. Because P'Pure is off work during this time and he's afraid of it.”

"He died among a pile of documents.”

"Then you went to take over the job?"

“I think we have to do something.”

They turned to see a still face that gave them goosebumps. Or had a spirit taken over the P'Wak? Her face seemed very calm.

“Well, why don't you talk to him and ask?"

That wouldn't happen. If the whole gang was together she would think they were all united and then she would go silent again. It would be better to send a representative first to explore the terrain.

“Lada, tomorrow you have the same class as Gyo, go ask and find out what was happening. That's how it worked.”

Arg!!!! After reaching the group's resolution, Lada was the chosen one who was risking death. She ended up spying on her close friend who acted like she was thinking about something in her head all the time, in fact, her friends in the group were really worried about Gyoza.

“Damn!! Are you listening here? Did you hear what I just asked?!"

“Hmm...? What are you saying? Can you repeat it?"

It seemed like Gyoza had just been returned. to this world after having been away for a long time.

“What's the matter? Lately you're so depressed, you're not smiling, you're not talking, your face is still like a robot, or you're so into the role of P'Wak that you can't tell the difference between real life. I'm worried, we all are.”

“Thida worries that things will get worse. She wants to come sprinkle holy water. She says you were possessed by the ghost of Building 2's most tormented brother. As for that bastard, he's just leaving you to do all the work instead of taking care of it himself by making you look like a zombie. You have to tell us what's wrong, we are your friends.”

Lada launched into a big confrontation with her good friend who was now in the classroom. There was no one else around her, otherwise other people might think that these two were having an affair, well, how could Lada's voice not be so soft when talking to her friend?

“You guys are going crazy here. I have nothing.”

Gyoza shook her head in disbelief.

“Where did you get the idea of ghosts? It's nonsense.”

“Of course something is happening! You know? When you don't smile, talk, and have a calm face like this, all hell breaks loose, It feels like I'm back in my freshman year again. What kind of idiot has such a calm face that no one dares to approach her. Don't let me go through the same loop again, if anything bothers you, ask me. Am I not your friend?”

Lada's pretty face was wrinkled in anger towards her close friend. She knew that her attitude was not normal, Gyoza was not a narrow-minded person. She never got angry with the friends in her group. If there was something she was dissatisfied with she would speak directly, she seemed like a win-win person, but it was better than this expression. Expressing that there was nothing at all. In fact, there must definitely be something uncomfortable about it.

“Ah... I really don't have anything. You think too much.”

She seemed to want to continue hiding, If your words pierce the black heart, then don't blame me!!

“It's about that girl, right? Previously I saw you following her like a child. Where has she gone lately?”

The results were better than expected. Gyoza turned around and looked at her with wide eyes. It was hard to read because her eyes were. A little gloomy, she had received a wound, as if a person who had been caught wrongly felt that she had been caught. Gyoza turned her head away from her closest friend's eyes and uttered an excuse that made no sense.

“What's happening? You guys are really crazy.”

“Oh? I thought you were this quiet because she disappeared. And last Saturday, you decided not to go to the Freshy launch event, even though you were the one who went out of your way to organize it. Why are you avoiding her?”

A wound opened at that moment.

“You must let her go, Lada.”

The round eyes behind the frames of the glasses that refused to look at Lada, let her know that this matter was definitely related to that young woman.

“During all this time that the girl has disappeared, you seem like a person without form. It doesn't matter if I greet you first, you just look depressed.”

If Lada's words were a knife, at that moment, Gyoza's body would choke to death.

“You're confused? You can talk to me, you know I can keep your secret. I only want one thing and that is for others not to know that you are moving away from me, my heart feels like it is breaking because of your state of mind.”

Gyoza finally laughed. Was she acting like she was her mother? It was probably true. The girl was actually her mother at her college. She felt a little guilty for worrying her friends like that.

“I will tell you. But now Let's say it's tonight at Darkk Babar. I also want to drink alcohol.”

“Oh! Are you inviting me to a liquor store, friend? One hundred days, one thousand years, I didn't think that would happen. I suspect it's really serious.”

It's really strange, Gyoza didn't like loud noises. Besides, she wasn't good at drinking, but now she had invited her to a liquor store. It would be something fun to see.

“Well, are you going or not?”

The eyes behind the frame of the glasses looked at her as if they were a little angry at the mocking tone of her sentence.

“Oh. It's an honor for me that you invite me.”

Lada couldn't help but be sarcastic because it wasn't common for Gyoza to let herself be made fun of. Normally it is the opposite, so the feeling of being the winner was satisfying.

"Then I'll see you at the store at 8:30 pm,"

She said before packing her belongings into the famous brand-name bag she was using.

“Lada.”

Gyoza called out to her friend as Lada was about to push the classroom door making the girl stand still at the door as she listened.

"Go quietly."

The pretty girl nodded to her best friend and disappeared behind that door.



'Go quietly'

That means that no friend in the group would know that Gyoza and Lada would see each other. She was not yet ready to explain to her friends the reason for the ambiguity that formed in her heart.

“We will have lunch.”

"Come on,"

Manaow responded calmly before slapping a roll of study materials on the shoulder of his close friend who had not yet woken up. She had fallen asleep from the beginning of the lesson until the teacher finished teaching, this boy!

“Wake up, Jom. Let's go get some food.”

“You have finished?”

Replied the impetuous man, still with saliva in the corner of his mouth. Luk-Tan smiled at the fact that Manaow was going to have lunch with her, in the last few days she had had the opportunity to approach her because the tall girl had not met the P'Wak with a calm face. Several days had already passed. In fact, she hadn't even heard her talk about Gyoza and she really wanted to keep her that way.

Manaow looked around the crowded cafeteria like every day, deep down, she just hoped to see someone for whom her heart was nostalgic. She also felt upset why she wanted to see her but at the same time she had been avoiding her for two weeks. There were no messages or any type of contact. Somehow she was expecting Goyza to be the one to contact her but if it wasn't a work matter she had never called her so what else could she expect?

“What do you want?”

Jom placed his things on the table to reserve while Luk-Tan stood in line to buy food.

“Anything. Go and buy something for me, I'll wait here.”

She handed her friend some money and she sat in the chair with the same serious face, bored, without any appetite. When had your last delicious meal been? It must have been dinner in Gyoza's room that day before she forced herself to know about her gear making her heart make her feel stupid..

Luk-Tan returned to the table along with a plate of rice and a glass of fresh water. She put a glass of cold water on her cheek, which startled the distracted Manaow.

“What are you playing, Luktan!?”

Manaow said without too much seriousness, smiling at her friend who sat in the chair next to her.

"I saw you distracted, I just wanted you to come back to reality,"

Luk-Tan responded, with a small, sweet smile on her face, handing her a glass of fresh water.

"I bought it for you."

"But you shouldn't hit me with it,"

She said as she used her hand to rub her friend's head just to tease her without even knowing that the action was in full view of someone who was crossing the cafeteria hallway near the table at the one they were sitting.

Gyoza looked at the scene in front of her. A smile sent to another woman, a slender hand reaching out to intimately touch the other's head. Why did she feel that tickling in her heart? The voice of a close friend rang in her head.

Ugh, I really hated that kind of confusion and ambiguity. She really didn't like those symptoms she was experiencing. She shook her head slightly to banish those meaningless thoughts before deciding to walk past that table without bothering to say hello.

"P'Gyo, hello, P'."

Jom who was holding two plates of rice bowed his head to the senior who was walking towards him. Gyoza nodded and didn't answer, she just hurried to walk but Jom's voice caught Manaow's attention to stand at attention and look at her just in time to see the girl walk away.

"I think your beautiful wife has such a calm face but is so cruel,"

Jom said immediately when he returned to the table.

“She's not mine.”

Manaow took the plate of rice from him before putting a spoonful in her mouth although she didn't have the slightest appetite, she simply didn't want to continue Gyoza's story.

Hers? Of course she would like to say that she was hers but that was an impossible matter. Jom raised an eyebrow at her best friend. She knew something was wrong but she knew that if he asked her she would scold him for being nosy like she always had. It seemed like she had broken her heart as well as the person who was secretly watching her as she chewed rice filling her mouth until she looked plump even if she wasn't enjoying it.

Lada couldn't fully feel sorry for her because her close friend is also in the same state, so instead of feeling compassion, she thought that the best thing would be to help her by going with her to drink alcohol. Darkk Babar was a liquor store with higher rates than other stores near the university. Only the decoration of the store was exceptional: the dim orange lights from inside the store illuminated the red brick walls and jagged metal figures. Many of them were superimposed and decorated.

That store was designed perfectly. There was a pool with a shallow fountain. In the middle, the front wall was made of transparent glass and looked airy and comfortable. Looking outside, there was a relaxing area outside where you could smoke, of course, Gyoza chose to sit in this area. Furthermore, this store was also the store of Thanwa, Primo assigned to the position. He was also his code brother. But he had graduated many years ago. If you wanted to have the sequel to being called codes, it would probably be his grandfather code.

“Hello Gyoza, what did you think of coming to my store today?”

The tall figure of a person with the honor of being her senior sat on the chair in front of her.

“I made a date with a friend, P'Than. I hope you reduce the prices, I'm already halfway through the month and I've almost run out of money,”

Gyoza said jokingly to her older brother while he looked at the door where Lada was entering at that moment.

“Little one, you probably wouldn't eat all the food in the entire store. If you want to order something, ask for it. I already told the guys at the store to take special care of this table. Oh, it's been a while since you came to see me even though your dorm is just around the corner.”

Thanwa turned to the other side of the street not far down the alley where Gyoza's bedroom was located.

“Work is intense, studying is difficult and there is still no time to sleep, P'Than. Don't worry, let's just say that after the activity is over, I'll go help in the store,”

Gyoza said. Appeasing Thanwa who stayed and talked to her for a while before excusing himself to continue checking work why customers had started coming into the store.

“I'm sorry to be late. I had some business to attend to.”

Lada, who was dressed cutely, looked very pretty as she apologized loudly to her close friend before she had even arrived at the table..

"Oh, I'm used to it, Gyoza said quietly. Place your order now, I'll take care of you.”

“Wow, I have an open bar, it was good. Do you want soju? I want to be a Korean girl and eat crunchy food. I have classes tomorrow.”

Lada sat down before calling the store staff to order drinks.

“I would like to smoke a cigarette. You don't care, do you?”

Gyoza asked her friend. She asked why Lada normally didn't smoke and Gyoza didn't smoke when she was with friends. It wasn't good, she knew it. In reality, she didn't smoke until she was addicted, she just believed that sometimes it helped her recover from stress.

“Oh, it's okay if you smoke.”

As soon as her friend gave her permission, Gyoza lit a cigarette and blew smoke into her lungs. She was feeling a little stressed and the purpose of going drinking was actually to open up and talk to her close friend about the topic that was confusing her, which wasn't right for her in the slightest. Usually, she could find the answer herself, no matter how difficult it was. She tried to find it and she found it, except in this matter, from almost two weeks ago, that no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't find an answer for herself.

“Are you ready to talk?”

Asked Lada, who was holding a small glass of wine to the brim.

“Actually, I'm not quite ready. But I probably have to say it, right?”

"Well, whether you're ready or not, today you have to tell me what's wrong,"

Lada said angrily, truly upset by her friend's attitude.

“I feel like this is not normal. Is not correct. And I feel guilty too.”

The muffled voice of someone who did not know her own heart spoke softly, amidst the noise of music that flowed softly through the night and the orange lights were not bright enough to reveal the Gyoza's true expression that was hiding in the dim shadows. Lada sighed, her beautiful eyes looking at her best friend in front of her, she immediately knew that this matter was not just a small matter. A person who takes everything

seriously like Gyoza was facing a very delicate emotional problem. The girl thought about it for a while before asking her friend in a low voice.

“So... Are you bad for someone in particular or for the owner of the necklace you're wearing?”

Gyoza was slightly silent. Her brain processed the intense feelings of confusion with herself. Her small teeth clenched against her thin lips thinking about the person who was her friend mentioned. A small feeling of guilt was eating away at her heart.

“Both. And it's also the feeling that I think it's not right. It's like it's not normal. Or am I really not normal?”

Gyoza pointed out. She drank the glass of alcohol in one go. The sweet and spicy taste of the soju made her throat quite sore. It had been a long time since she had drunk it.

“Who says you're not normal? Only you define that. Love, liking and hate are normal feelings that can occur. You can love, like or hate someone of any gender. They are all feelings. How do we measure what is normal? If you already have certain feelings, how can you change what you feel?”

“No...”

Gyoza answered her friend in a low voice. How could she? She was far beyond the words of just a nong.

“That's right, what's the point of thinking too much about normal and abnormal things?”

Lada's pretty face turned into a smile.

“As for the owner of the necklace, if you don't feel anything, cancel the contract. He's been waiting for a response from you for a year, the whole time it seems like you wanted to please him, but he probably doesn't have any hope right now. The symptoms you are experiencing are very serious, wait a moment, in case you still don't know. The best way would be to make

things clear. Love was strange, when the other person doesn't love you, you demand that they do, but when they do, it already feels different.”

“Um, but probably not now. There are many problems. She had round eyes and the back of her glasses were opaque. She twirled the wine glass in her hand, watching the clear liquor come and go within the glass.

“Friend, isn't she your puppy?”

Lada whispered before squinting at the entrance of the store for Gyoza to look at. A tall, familiar figure entered the inner area of the store. She was wearing a military uniform like outfit, which was a bit unusual. In fact, it was extremely eye-catching. Just a pair of long jeans and a plain black V-neck t-shirt. But Manaow looked so good that the girls turned to look, next to her was Jom, her close friend, a young man with long hair. Were they a duo or something like that?

It was only for a second that her sharp sight met her clear eyes before they pretended they hadn't seen each other.

“How beautiful, it seems that your puppy is starting to hunt her prey alone and is officially separated from your mother, that is, you.”

“Maybe I don't have to do anything, Lada. I'll just let it go, like I always has.”

Gyoza raised her wine glass and drank again. Soon she would be the same as before. It will not be long.

"Why don't you go say hello to your beautiful P'Wak?"

Today they both dressed very nice. Jom shouted loudly, competing with the loud music. Manaow looked outside the store where the music was quieter but didn't respond. Instead, she poured more liquor into her glass and drank it in one go as if to say she wanted to get drunk. Although she tried to look away, she really couldn't stop her eyes, her sharp eyes often secretly looking outside. The girl was wearing only a tight black shirt with light colored jeans. As she was a small person, she looked very good, even she turned out

to be too cute. Manaow even felt very jealous even though she knew that she had no rights at all.

Jom looked at his close friend with amusement. Why was he so stubborn? staring at her non-stop and not paying attention to other people. Even when a girl with big breasts had come to rub against her back, she didn't pay attention. If she wanted to go find her, why didn't she just do it?

“Jom, I'm going to the bathroom.”

Manow told her close friend before leaving the store avoiding passing by the Gyoza table. She went out to the parking lot next to the store where there were two young men smoking cigarettes. Her slender hand took the cigarette out of the package before bringing it to her mouth, causing flames and burning the tip of the cigarette. Before speaking, she exhaled a dark smoke that she had held in her lungs until they were filled with her and then let it out of her feeling possessive, worried, jealous and missing her, feeling like she couldn't stand it.

“Do you know P'Lada? She is fucking beautiful.”

“Oh, yes, but I like her friend who comes with her better. She is so cute, so small, that it is worth hugging her. I wishes she had the opportunity to study it more.”

“That person is P'Gyoza. She is the chief of the Wak. You are an idiot, how dare you?”

"I don't care, so what? I would do it until she forgot how to be a Wak.”

After saying that, the man laughed. The conversation that Manaow heard made the blood rush to her face. Manaow approached him, grabbed the man who had spoken ill of Gyoza by the collar of his shirt. Without saying anything, they landed a hard right punch on the guy's mouth,

"Bitch, what the fuck are you doing?"



The friends who got together try to help their own friend. But Manaow threw punches straight at his face until he was dizzy and couldn't lift you up.

“How dare you say such stupid things? Bastard!!”

Manaow slammed her fist into the other man's face without holding back. Maybe because of her taller figure or because the other party was not ready. Or maybe because the boxing skills she had practiced with her brother since she was little made the other part of her unable to fight her even for a moment.

“Stop!!”

Thanwa came out to stop the fight. Customers inside the store began to gather due to the noise. Including Gyoza and Lada. Jom who came out of her saw that she was her own friend and ran to stop her while she was still sitting on the man and hit his face with her fist without him trying to push her away.

“Ai Naow, stop it. What the hell is going on? You're going to kill him!! “

Even Jom was almost unable to fight against Manaow's strength.

“Bastard, let me go. I'm going to take the blood out of his mouth. She was talking shit about P'Gyoza. He said that he would go after her until he got her and took her to her bed. I won't leave him!!”

Manow shouted loudly as she tried to free herself from the grip of her friend who, even though he was strong, could barely contain her. Those words echoed throughout the area. Gyoza approached Manaow to get her attention by slapping the girl who was acting crazy in the middle of the crowd. As she watched, the strength of Manaow's hand seemed to turn off as if it were a switch..

“Stop acting crazy now!!”

Her voice was quiet, but it echoed throughout the area.

“What she says. Did you really say it?”

Gyoza turned to ask the other person who was lying on the ground in a pool of blood, his face and eyebrows destroyed, his voice was cold and creepy. A young, clear and smooth face made the person not even dare to open his mouth to respond.

“I ask you if it is true that you said that!!!”

It turned into a loud shout when the other party refused to respond. Now the people watching were starting to get a little scared. Gyoza looked even scarier than when Manaow went crazy.

“Yes, I do.”

The culprit confessed through tears. Gyoza let out a deep sigh. In a mood that was not very good, of course it was burning anger. She really hated that recklessness, but right now the problem was her nong and she had to take care of the problem.

“I will let this matter go but you must stop talking like this, otherwise I will warn you that your future studies may be affected. Your dog's mouth ends here.”

“Yes, I'll stop here.”

Upon hearing the satisfactory answer, Gyoza left there.

"Now, follow me to the back of the store."

A commanding tone was sent to Manaow as if saying she was in trouble, making her go from a hot state to a cold state.

"Yes, P'Gyoza,"

Replied the person who caused the problem.

“Jom, I'll take your friend to her bedroom. I will take care of the Manaow matter myself. Lada, she goes back first. I have something to clarify a few

things,"

Gyoza gave a long order before walking towards his Phi

“P'Than, I would like to borrow your office, please.”

Thanwa nodded in approval while still stunned by Gyoza's decision. Manaow followed the small majority to the back of the store. She walked to the office in silence, not thinking about stopping the blood dripping from the back of her hand, in fact, the slap on her face hurt more than the wound on her hand.

“Why did you behave so impatiently? Don't you think about your future?”

Gyoza said as soon as the door to her work room closed. Her round eyes behind the frames of her glasses glared at the young woman with anger.

"I couldn't stand it,"

Manaow replied as she bowed her head. After speaking, she was still angry and she wanted to make it clear that she wanted to kill the guy, if it weren't for Jom that she had gone to separate them, she would have suffered many more injuries.

“I know you were angry but what will happen if you are expelled from the university? Think about it: your parents sent you to study. It's not even time to take midterm exams, and you're already creating a problem. If you don't control yourself they could expel you. You should take this as a lesson.”

Gyoza shook her head. She had no idea that Manaow would be such an impatient person.

“I'm sorry, P'Gyo.”

Gyoza didn't respond, instead she sighed loudly and looked down at the blood dripping onto the ground. She had beaten him until his own hand had been hurt without any fear.

“I'll bandage your wound Manaow.”

Gyoza had just noticed that she used pronouns instead and spoke to her by her name. Although she normally didn't do it, it made her feel good and then she walked away from her to look for the first aid kit and she returned to find the girl sitting there waiting before she started bandaging the wound on the back of his hand.

“Hurts?”

The tone of voice used had softened. It wasn't as cruel as her being angry at the person in front of her because part of the reason she was hurt was because of her.

“Hurts. It really hurts, P'Gyo.”

If she begged, she could often get a better chance and Manaow knew it. A loud moan came out in disgust but it didn't work, Gyoza already knew her so the tall girl decided to close her mouth and remain silent.

“After this, let's go back to the bedroom. You didn't bring a car to return, right? Jom is gone, I'll take you myself.”

"Yes,"

Manaow answered before reaching for the room key.

“P'Gyo, I don't have the room key.”

It had gotten lost in her shoe where she had hidden it very well..

“Oh! Where did you leave it? Did you check well?”

"I looked in every bag and I can't find it."

She pretended to put her hand in her pants bag without anything coming out.

“You have friends? I'll take you to a friend's bedroom.”

Gyoza tried to find a way out.

“Now I only have Jom. But it's a men-only dormitory. Don't worry. You can leave me in my bedroom, I can sleep in the hall tonight. Then I'll ask for a spare key,”

She said, trying to sound as pitiful as possible.

“Hey, what are you saying? You are a woman. How could you sleep in the lobby? Tonight you can stay in my room..”

“I'm not bothering you? I want to be considerate of you,”

Manaow spoke in a low voice, showing an expression of complete consideration on her face although inside her expression and feeling were different.

“Alright. Let's go back. I'm going to have a very bad headache.”

Gyoza took Manaow away, thinking about what had just happened. From the beginning she felt confused but now, things had become even worse. But looking at it from another angle...Slumber party!! The voice in Manaow's heart resonated, thankful that the lights of that restaurant were so dim, why else, Gyoza might have seen her barely concealed smile.



Why was her heart beating like that? Manaow swallowed hard. Although the situation was difficult, it was also satisfying to be able to stay with her as she had planned, but when she arrived at the room, she felt uncomfortable and couldn't do anything. And it was just something that happened with this girl.

"Come in so I can close the door or you'll let the mosquitoes into the room,"

Said a clear voice. Manaow carefully took off her shoes and hid the room key inside her shoe because she knew that if Gyoza saw it it wouldn't be pleasant. It was a good thing the little person had already disappeared into the room. Manaow took out the hidden key. He took off his sneakers, put them in his jeans pocket, and followed Gyoza into the room.

The petite girl was dismantling something in front of a large white closet, this room was decorated with matching white built-ins throughout the room, the walls of the room were also a soft white. It seems clear and clean. The reading table that used to have piles of books and documents filled from the previous day were perfectly organized at this moment.

"Please turn on the air conditioning for me. There's the remote control."

She turned towards the shelf where the air conditioning remote control was placed.

“Why don't you find a roommate to live with? So you could help share the cost of the room,”

Manaow asked.

“If you don't find it, I could move in like your roommate.”

Manaow thought just to herself, as she held the remote control to the air conditioner and pressed the power button.

“I like being alone better. Plus, I'm a picky person. If I bring a friend to live with me I'll end up arguing with her,”

Gyoza replied.

“Oh, here are some clothes. Go take a shower. You're all covered in dust, you'll make the room dirty.”

A pair of pajamas and a thick towel were thrown on the bed where two large teddy bears were placed.

“Thank you.”

Manaow picked up the clothes before entering the bathroom.

“Wash your hair too. Your head reeks of cigarettes and the smell will spread on the pillow. Oh, and there's a new toothbrush on the shelf. You can use it,”

Gyoza shouted at her junior.

“Yeah.”

Really picky, but it's nice that she was a clean person. She put the pajamas on the shelf before grabbing a toothbrush and removing it from the packaging. I had also bought several toothbrushes. !!Very well thought!!, Inside the bathroom there were bottles of shampoo, liquid soap and all kinds of things. She really wanted to know which one made her smell so good. That faint aroma that she liked so much. Manaow sniffed the lotion

bottles, shampoo bottles, shower gel bottles. All of her personal items had the same aroma, a sweet and soft aroma like candy, it was worth buying some to use so she would feel close to the senior all the time.

It didn't take long for Manaow to take a shower, she grabbed a towel, put it on her wet head, and came out of the bathroom in pajamas that were short, barely reaching her shins. She saw the little older girl doing something on the balcony.

“What are you doing?”

Her face was furrowed in confusion.

“Watering plants. Did you finish showering so quickly?”

Gyoza returned to the room.

"The hair dryer is in the dresser drawer,"

She told her before taking some towels to the bathroom.

“I don't see the need to do it. It will dry itself.”

Manaow was confused before she walked over and sat on the bed, looking here and there, scanning the other person's room again and again. She was very organized. This room was arranged that way. Very clean compared to her room which was like a pile of garbage. Sharp eyes continue to look around before stumbling upon the small wooden box placed at the head of the bed. She seemed so mysterious. What was inside?

“Don't you dare look at other people's things, it's rude... But I want to know this... There may be something important that you don't want anyone to see and that you don't want to confirm to anyone.. How can I get rid of this curiosity?”

The good and bad sides of the brain were being hotly debated. Sharp eyes stared at the wooden box for a long time but the bad side of the brain won. A slender hand slowly passed by the furry bear and reached for the wooden box at the head of the bed but before it could even touch it, the sound of the



doorknob was suddenly heard. Manaow shifted her focus and grabbed the large teddy bear that was on the bed and hugged it. Her heart was beating fast and her hands were cold. That was the sign of someone who was almost caught doing something wrong. Gyoza came out wearing the same bear-print pajamas. Just different colors.

Her short, shoulder-length hair was tied up, revealing a white nape, which made dishonest people gulp as they went further down her throat, which was usually covered all the time. That was too provocative. She really couldn't stand it. If she accidentally grabbed her and pushed her up, what would she do? Crazy!! She could only curse in her heart. And she began to count one, two, three continuously to charm and refine the mood. The faint smell of alcohol on her breath was still there, and her ears were still a little red.

“Hold on, hold on. You can not do it. You shouldn't do it. Absolutely not. It's Gyoza!! But isn't it because of her that you want to do it?”

“There you are, biting the bear's ear. Get your mouth off him right now,”

Gyoza said in a cold voice. She came out of the bathroom and saw the young woman who had just given her a headache. She was nibbling on the ear of her teddy bear. Manaow let go of the bear's ear and looked up, causing her eyes to widen. She was adorable. Where was the hot-blooded girl who a few hours earlier had been throwing punches at the man until her hands broke? The only thing left was a small puppy with blind eyes who refused to dry her hair and sat on her bed biting a bear's ear.

“Why didn't you blow-dry your hair? You will get sick.”

“It will dry itself. Just give it a while.”

Manaow responded.

“If you don't want me to get sick you'll have to do it yourself.”

Manaow had her eyes wide open and was begging.

"I don't want to. If you want to get sick, I won't do it to you."

Gyoza flatly refused, then she took her glasses and her world became clear again.

"But if I lie down and put my head on your pillow, it will smell musty. Can you accept it?"

She said a hoarse voice before going to open the dresser drawer and take out the hair dryer.

"Then you don't need a pillow. It is not necessary to sleep in bed, just sleep on the floor."

Wow, this beautiful person was so cruel. Was she really going to let her sleep on the floor?

"Please dry my hair now"

She walked towards Gyoza holding a hair dryer and they looked at each other with clear and sweet eyes, like those of a puppy. And then Gyoza reluctantly accepted the hair dryer and sighed heavily for losing to her.

"Sit on the floor so you can dry it."

Manaow smiled happily at the answer and sat on the fluffy white rug while Gyoza sat on the edge of the bed.

"You're very kind. Normally, a senior is usually very fierce, right?"

"And you want me to get angry?"

Gyoza let warm air escape from the dryer while using the towel to stop all the water from the dark hair that had now begun to grow. The reason she usually had her hair tied up was because it bothered her neck.

"I don't want you to be nice to other people. Can you just be nice to me?"

Manaow said quietly knowing that Gyoza probably wouldn't hear what she was saying due to the sound of the hair dryer drowning out her voice but she still wanted to say it.

“It's dry. Do you want to sleep now? Do you have school tomorrow?”

“No, there is no school tomorrow. Thanks for drying my hair.”

Manaow raised her hand and rubbed her head gently.

“Is it a wound that was exposed to water? Why did you let the wound be exposed? Let me check it.”

Gyoza went down to sit on the ground and grabbed the young woman's hand to take a look at the wound that had swollen from contact with the water.

“Why aren't you careful? How will you heal?”

The beautiful P'Wak scolded before getting up to pick up the equipment to bandage her wound before sitting back down in the same place.

“Give me your hand to heal your wound.”

Manaow extended her hand easily, her clear and sharp eyes looked at her with regret.

"It's just that I had forgotten that I had a wound on my hand,"

She apologizes in a sad voice.

"Then learn to be more careful,"

Gyoza scolded angrily as she soaked a cotton ball in yellow medicine to rub it on the scraped wound until the flesh turned red. She was so impatient and not careful. Wasn't she the prettiest girl? The youngest thought.

“I don't know if you know, but it scares me when you scold me and how you look when you look at me through your glasses, you know?”

“It's good that you're afraid. Maybe then you won't cause problems again.”

While Gyoza was complaining at the same time she hit the wound with the cotton soaked in medicine, with force depending on her mood. Manaow's slender hand reached out and she took off her glasses.

“Really, you should take off your glasses, without them you look much cuter and less scary than when you wear them.”

“If I take off my glasses I won't be able to see clearly. At this distance, your face is already blurry.”

How was it possible that this girl's glasses couldn't see anything? Gyoza looked up as she finished bandaging her wound and her breath hitched when she saw those sharp eyes thinking about how close they were to each other.

“And from this distance, can you see me better?”

His sharp facial features moved close enough for her to be able to smell her hot breath mixed with a faint smell of alcohol. They were too close, so close that her heart raced so much that it seemed like it would jump out of his chest.

“If you don't answer, it means it's still not clear, right? So let's get a little closer...”

Manaow felt Gyoza's hand that was holding her own to cover her wound become tighter and sweat began to drip. But that was her fault for being so nice to her. Sharp eyes gazed at the beautiful, colorful lips in front of her. They looked very wet and she wanted to bite them. She just had to get a little closer, just a little bit and those lips of hers would be her.

“Oh!!”

Gyoza pressed the wound tightly!

“Ah! I'm sorry, does it hurt?”

Gyoza loosened her grip on her as she apologized. She was only a few centimeters away. How often did opportunities like that arise? And this was Manaow. Why wouldn't she try to take advantage of that situation? The touching event passed with Manaow's pain and regret after her heart was discarded along with the grip of her wound. Manaow then called her attention to disperse the situation.

“Where do you want me to sleep?”

Manaow said with her piercing eyes looking at the five-foot mattress. There were only two large teddy bears on the bed.

“Dazed and Shilly are the only ones in bed. You can choose between sleeping on the edge or near the wall.”

“Are these two... Dazed and Shilly? What nice names.”

She couldn't help but laugh. Gyoza liked to give names to things. Her Vespa was called-little red pig-and the two teddy bears also had a name. Manaow carried them to give them to Gyoza and she will place them on the rug next to the bed.

“There is only one blanket, we will have to share it. The other is in the second room.”

Gyoza reached out and turned on the small lamp next to the bed before walking to turn off the light switch in the middle of the room. She then came back and lay down on the bed.

“But are there two pillows?”

“I have friends who stay over from time to time and have tutoring sessions before exams and come to read here.”

Gyoza lay down on the bed before unfolding the duvet and covering herself

“Oh, so...”

Manaow hid in the blanket but somehow, her feet touched the senior's underneath, making her heart beat hard again.

“Calm down, Manaow. Calm down now!! Why is it so hard for me to stop myself from wanting to make her my wife?”

“Is it normal that you can't sleep?”

Gyoza asked in a low voice. She could feel the erratic breathing of the person next to her.

“Yes, I can't sleep well.”

It's not that I couldn't sleep, it was that I didn't want to and rather wanted to do other things.

“Aren't you afraid of ghosts?”

"I'm not afraid, I'm not a little child,"

Manaow responded angrily. Although she thought she wouldn't mind playing ghost under her blanket with her.

Oh... let's do something so I'm not scared. When he finished speaking, the small hand moved to take her, transmitting warmth that calmed her heart. But who would dare to hurt her? No matter how much she wanted to do it, her small body simply couldn't compete with her strength if she really wanted to do it.

"Does this scare you?"

Manaow saw her eyes in the darkness, which were very clear.

“Um, I'm not afraid anymore.”

But she was afraid that her heart couldn't take it.

“P'Gyo, don't let go of my hand.”

Manaow she was willing to be a person who was afraid of ghosts for a day if she could hold the senior's hand.

“Okay, I won't let you go but now you have to sleep. I'm very sleepy.”

Manaow lay on her side and looked at the little person who slowly closed her eyes and for a moment only her breathing came out evenly until she fell asleep. It was very easy for her to fall asleep. She slowly removed her hand that was holding hers and placed it on her cheek. If possible, she would like to see her face one last time before going to bed like this every night. She really wanted it. Could occur?

The news that a newly arrived student from the electrical engineering department got into a fight with a boy from another faculty became famous overnight because someone had taken photos and videos of the exact moment when Manaow had screamed in fury. It was not difficult for the person's name to be recognized by those on the faculty. Warang tried to contact Gyoza, but no matter how many calls she made, there was no response, so she decided to go see her friend in the bedroom. There was a little red pig parked in the parking lot, which meant she hadn't gone anywhere. But that wasn't strange why Gyoza would hardly wake up early. She used the spare access card from the bedroom, which had a fairly strict security system since both the entrance doors and the elevators required said card for access.

“Ai Gyo.”

Warang knocked on the door but there was no response. She thought that she was probably sleeping as soundly as she usually was. A thin hand turned the key to enter her best friend's room to check if she was really sleeping. Her long legs walked towards the bed with the intention of waking up the sleeping person but to her surprise she had to open her eyes wide as her heart raced at what she was seeing. In bed, her friend was sleeping soundly in Manaow's arms making Warang take a step back to return to the bedroom door and leave quietly.

"Why did it hurt so much?"

Sharp eyes were looking at the animation on the phone that had been sent to her the night before. She let out a sigh and pressed the button to lock the screen at the same time she put her hands to her teeth probably feeling that a headache was coming. Especially when there is a senior class leader involved in this way. She stood up from the chair she was sitting in, stretching until she was your full height. She had not returned to her bedroom because she had to finish a series of documents. Fatigue had built up due to the responsibilities of being in charge of the younger generations.

She had given Gyoza a break from work because her mind doesn't like to stay in the same routine, in that situation having her sit and do documents would be unbearable. The tall figure walked away stopping at the window to take a look outside letting her brain go with tense thoughts. She knew enough about what was causing Gyoza to behave like this, even if she didn't want to admit it. What should she say? Are you not satisfied with that? That she was angry? Or was she feeling possessive? Did she have the right to feel this way? The promise had not extended to the heart. How could you force someone who had no feelings for you?

“P'Pure!”

The glass door was pushed in. It was Warang who had come to see him. Pure hoped it was something related to Gyoza.

"I saw that clip, Warang,"

Pure said before Warang could speak.

"So how will we handle this matter?"

Warang calmed down when she saw his expression.

“I'll have to talk to Gyoza first since this matter is related to her.”

“P'Pure you know that she is starting to have too close a relationship with Manaow, it will be better for you to handle it.”



Pure, letting out another heavy sigh, understood the meaning of Warang's words and what her body wanted to convey. She didn't seem to like Manaow very much who seemed to be the enemy of everyone's hearts.

“Anyway, I need to talk to Gyoza first. You are in your third year Warang, you have no right to punish first years. You know the rules, right? The only person who can do it is Gyoza. And I trust that she will be a reasonable person. Not 3s that she mixes personal matters with work.”

Pure emphasized the words-personal matters. P'Pure spoke as if she knew how dissatisfied she was with this matter, and it wasn't just about the faculty's appearances, but why she didn't like her friend trying to protect Manaow. Warang avoided the older man's attentive gaze before speaking softly.

"I hope Gyoza sees the importance of the honor of our faculty and that it goes beyond a personal feeling,"

He said in a cold voice. Warang excuse me now. After saying that, she pushed the glass door out. He didn't like that attitude one bit because he knew that she also liked Gyoza. Why could he still act so calmly!!

“Have you missed classes again today? It would be good for Lada to see what's going on.”

Jipjib turned around and asked Lada to contact her good friend who had been the target of news throughout the university.

"You don't have to look for her, even if you do, she probably won't come,"

Warang said quietly, her face still as usual. She seemed so calm that her friends shook their heads as if they were saying that she was someone else.

“Lada, you were at the incident last night, right? Tell me everything.”

Thida turned around, waiting for a response from her beautiful friend who had been at the event to find out everything. Who would have thought that this would become so important? Lada told the group of friends all the

events that had happened except what she had talked about with Gyoza, why she had promised not to say it. It was better for her to tell them herself when she was ready.

“I'm really stressed about the freshman. Will it be an action that others can imitate? If something like this happens, even if it is one person's fault, the entire generation must be held accountable. Furthermore, it was also a fight related to us. In reality, N'Manaow did it to protect the superior from him. But it was still wrong to punch him, even if he was a...man, right?”

When she finished speaking, she turned around and nodded her head. Thida put her hands on her head, letting the rest know what she thought of Junior. The only thing she wanted to know was if her friend thought or felt the same way about Manaow or not. And if that interfered with the relationship she had with her. At least until the cheer activities were over, they couldn't allow rumors to spread that one of the P'Waks was having an affair with a first-year student who was new to the faculty. It's really worrying. Thida knows in her heart why Gyoza agreed to be the leader despite her lack of will and also because she is the first woman to be the leader.

The eyes behind the red glasses turned to look at the tall figure of a calm-faced person leaning on the back of a chair. She knew that they weren't entirely in favor of Manaow being part of the freshys and that was maybe why the girl seemed like a tomboy. But when she was allowed to show off her skills, she had done so impeccably. Warang couldn't find any arguments, so she could only show dissatisfaction through her eyes. The more I saw Gyoza close to Manaow, the more it was noticeable how much this affected Warang and how it went far beyond worrying you as her friend.

“Warang”

“Hey?”

"Class is over, I have something I need to talk to you about,"

Thida said, her voice soft enough for only her to hear. Warang narrowed her eyes and looked at her friend suspiciously, but agreed.

“Ummm.”

She said and then moved away from Thida's inquisitive gaze knowing that the topic of conversation could probably be none other than the friend who had not attended classes that day.

“You guys go back first. Warang and I have to go to work in ABK's room.”

“It's okay. Anyway, if you can contact Gyoza and find out what's going on, please tell me. I'm worried about her too.”

“Alright...”

Thida and Warang said goodbye to the three friends who left the classroom, Thida waited for all the other students to leave the room and then started a conversation with Warang although she didn't really know how to start or if it would be a good idea to ask directly?

“What do you want to talk about? I don't understand all this mystery.”

It was Warang who broke the awkward silence,

“Alright. I want to ask you directly.”

Thida took a deep breath, filling her lungs with air.

“You like Gyoza, right?”

Warang was silent for a moment before nodding and answering the question.

“Yes I like it.”

“And when do you plan to tell her?”

“Don't know. I may or may not say it. I haven't thought about that yet.”

“But do you know that something is about to happen between her and Manaow? You haven't thought that they might actually already like each

other.”

Her eyes behind the frame of her glasses watched her friend's reaction before shaking her head gently.

“You can't keep her if Manaow has a chance with her and Gyoza likes her, I only ask that you be happy for her. I'm not on that girl's side, and I'm not on yours either. I know you don't like Manaow, I just hope you can separate the personal aspect from the faculty issues.”

“I can tell the difference. But can Gyoza do it? Will there be any punishment?”

Warang said.

“You are insulting your friend Warang.”

Thida began to feel a little annoyed with her friend.

“You speak as if you don't know your own friend. Don't you know what kind of person your friend is?”

“Yes, I know what kind of person she was before but now it seems that she is not the same. Her duty is to preserve the honor of her elders. And what did she do? She took Manaow and went to sleep in the room. Can you be sure she's the same as always after that?”

Warang spoke loudly and in a very bad mood because that had been repressed since the moment Bee Gyoza left the room.

“Whether you trust me or not is your business, but it's over for me. The tall figure left the classroom, leaving her friend behind.”

Thida sat there, feeling exhausted. Although Warang said that, Thida was still confident. Gyoza must have a reason for doing that so she wouldn't just listen to only part of the story. She picked up the phone and dialed the name she wanted and made a call.

“You finally answer the calls, since the morning I have tried to contact you without success... I know you always feel tired but...”

A sleepy voice like that probably just woke up.

“Gyoza, we need to see each other. See you at 2 pm I have something important to discuss with you...”

# ①②

PLEASE DON'T BE LIKE THIS



“It's noon, wakes up!”

She didn't really want to wake her up, in fact she wanted to stare at her sleeping face until eternity. Was there something wrong with her? But Manaow really felt like that, if it was a dream, she wanted to dream forever and she didn't want to wake up. She was afraid of waking up and finding something bad. Life was something that had a hidden balancing mechanism. What had happened the night before made her feel too good, so much so that she was afraid that something bad would happen next.

“P'Gyo.”

Manaow's call did not awaken the sleeper's conscience. She was very sleepy. Sharp eyes looked at the perfectly beautiful face of the sleeping model. Her eyes were round and her eyelids were thin and hidden. Her long eyelashes rested on fair skin with faint blood vessels visible and thin eyebrows to match the tip of a slightly curved nose. Her lips were beautiful, full of color and slightly exposed, you wouldn't get bored looking at them all day and, what was even better, Gyoza, she was still holding his hand. He hadn't let go of her or was it perhaps that Manaow herself was the one who refused to let go of that little hand of hers?

The sleepy girl's cell phone vibrated on the table, several calls had already come in. It was probably time for the little girl to get up and answer the phone before it stopped ringing.

"P'Gyo, it's noon, please wake up."

Manaow woke up the person next to her who was still holding her hand again. And this time the tall figure leaned her face gently to her side, and it worked, her eyes began to open and a soft face began to frown a little because she had been woken up, Gyoza blinked rapidly to chase away her drowsiness for a while before bury her face in the pillow again.

"I can't wake up. Give me another half hour."

A dull, sleepy voice came from the big pillow.

"But it's already noon. And a lot of calls come to the phone too."

Manaow raised the hand that the other person was holding, grabbed a small fist, and started using that hand to rub the other person's face, playing with the Gyoza's hand.

"Oh... don't bother me. A little more, please..."

"Don't you think you should wake up and answer the phone first and then go back to sleep? There have already been many calls. In case there is something important."

It was as if Gyoza had just regained consciousness. She lifted her head from the pillow. Her eyes widened.

"What time is it!?"

"It's after noon."

"It's so late, Damn, Thida will definitely kill me!!"

Gyoza jumped out of bed, reaching out and grabbing the phone that was on her desk,

" But... Are you still not willing to let me go?"

She couldn't get far away because Manaow was still holding her hand.

“Now I'm afraid of ghosts.”

The piercing eyes of the person who was sitting and pushing Gyo's onto the bed winked.

“But now you have to let me go, I have to answer the phone.”

"You can let it keep ringing..."

Manaow replied in a mocking voice before finally letting Gyoza go to grab her phone and scroll through all the missed calls, there were over ten of them between Lada, P'Pure, and Thida. Had someone died? Gyoza thought. After a short time, a new call came in. It was Thida who called. That was definitely bad, she would surely kill her.

“I'm sorry I woke up so late... Why do you sound so tense? What is the important issue? Oh, it's 2:00 pm I'm in the room. Hang up and I'll be out right now.”

Gyoza hung up the phone before opening the group chat that had text notifications. It showed hundreds of numbers. What were they talking about? Her eyes immediately widened when she saw the video clip that had been sent to the group. Was this the important topic that Thida wanted to talk to her about?

“P'Gyoza, is something wrong? Why do you have such a scary face?”

Manaow saw the change in the older girl's expression and asked what made her have that expression.

“Go get dressed. I'll take you to your bedroom.”

Gyoza did not answer the question, but she gave an order in a stern voice.

“But...”

“No buts, I have matters to attend to. Go dress appropriately.”

“Yeah.”



Manaow accepted, before going to get dressed in the bathroom and remembering that she had forgotten her cell phone in her pants pocket. When she opened the phone, she saw a message from her brother P'Fueng, who had warned her about what was happening, including video clips and images. The incident from the previous night was posted on social media. That was unfortunate!! Was that the reason why Gyoza had such a tense face? At that moment, she read her friend's message:

[Where are you Manaow? I knocked on your room door, why didn't you open it?]

“I'm not in the room now. I'm in someone else's bedroom.”

[I'm going to pick you up now. Which bedroom are you talking about?]

Manaow wrote a reply to his brother. Before dealing with personal matters, thinking about the problems that were about to arise in her head. Would what had happened the night before cause problems for Gyoza? She wouldn't allow that, she would take responsibility for what she had caused herself. When Manaow came out of the bathroom. Gyoza is smoking on the balcony. She suddenly realized that Gyoza's room didn't smell like tobacco at all and there was no ashtray. That meant that Gyoza usually didn't smoke.

“P'Gyo... I already saw the video.”

Manaow opened the balcony door to leave. There was only silence and cigarette smoke hanging in the air. Gyoza did not turn to look at her, her gaze seemed empty covered by the lenses of her glasses. It was as if she was immersed in her thoughts. Gyoza raised her hand again, to bring the cigarette to her mouth and fill her lungs with smoke. Manaow could see that the gear was not hanging from her neck, instead, there was a thin leather chain around his wrist.

“P'Gyo...”

Manaow tried to get her attention again.

“If there is something that comes after this, I only ask that you be obedient to what I ask of you. Can you do it?”

Gyoza's voice was so calm that it was scary. The senior didn't look at her as she spoke, it seemed more like a request than an order.

"Yes,"

Was the brief response, Manaow did not know the reason for the request, but it was not a problem for her to obey this person's orders. She was defeated from the first time she saw her. She was willing to do anything just to be close to her, doing something like that was acceptable for this girl with whom she had felt love at first sight. Gyoza put out the cigarette, threw the filter in the trash, and sighed deeply before turning and returning to the room.

“Wait a moment please, I'll wash my face and teeth. Then, I'll take you to the bedroom.”

“Well, my brother will be here to pick me up soon.”

“Oh, it's fine.”

A small phone vibrated in Manaow's pocket letting her know that her brother had arrived. Manaow leaned forward to look out the balcony and saw Mafueng's car parked below.

“My brother has arrived.”

“I'm fine. I'll walk you there.”

Gyoza grabbed a large jacket from the Faculty of Engineering and put it on over her pajamas before taking her room keys and access card. As they walked there was only silence between them. Gyoza had a calm expression and indifferent eyes. That made Manaow have a deep feeling of guilt in her heart while she could only hear the noise of the elevator. When she was about to leave, she had to stop when Gyoza grabbed the hem of her shirt first.

“Can you promise, Manaow? That you will simply believe in my words, no matter what I say, I just want you to believe me.”

Manaow did not turn to look at Gyoza's face, she did not know the expression that she had on her face at that moment. She only knew that at the end of her words, her voice trembled slightly.

“I promise.”

Gyoza's small hand reached out and grabbed Manaow's hand before walking out of the elevator like this, touching the key card and then opening the glass door. P'Fuang was waiting for her in the car, Gyoza came over to take her Junior, and when she rolled down the car window, Manaow felt that little hand squeeze her hand tighter.

"I thought you were sleeping with someone. I didn't know you were with one of your seniors.”

Mafueng greeted her younger sister. She had the same piercing eyes as Manaow. As they stared at her, the corners of his mouth raised slightly. It was a smile that she didn't seem to like very much, it seemed so familiar. Could it be that Manaow was his sister?

“Hello, I didn't know that Manaow was your younger sister P'Fueang.”

“Do you know each other?”

Manaow looked at his brother's face alternating with that of the person who held her hand tightly because she didn't know they knew each other.

"I know her very well,"

Mafueng interrupted.

“Come on, naughty girl, get in the car. We have matters to talk about.”

He opened the car door and tapped the steering wheel with his finger to make his sister hurry up and get in the car.

-P'Fueang, everything that happened will be handled by myself as superior and leader of your faculty.

“Okay, I won't interfere with your duty but what I have to talk to her about now is something about brothers. I hope you understand.”

Mafueng gave him the same smile. And of course it was that smile that Gyoza hadn't liked..

“P'Gyo, see you later.”

Manaow gently bid farewell to her superior before the car window closed. Gyoza looked back until the car passed the bedroom door, her small hand squeezing her wrist. She felt like she was about to lose something important again and she didn't want it to be like that.

It was a really quiet day because it was Saturday. It was a day when most students didn't have classes, but she did. And it was also the recovery period. How many times had she missed class? Had it been three? And besides, she had not taken the midterm exam. She could only hope that the teacher did not verify her name, otherwise, she might have to drop that course, Because she would not have the right to take the exam if your study time was not complete.

Gyoza arrived at the school building even though it was already past school time, it was already 1:00 pm. She wasn't going to study to make up for it or anything like that, she just wanted to meet someone she knew would be waiting for her.

[Student Administration Organization Room]

"I thought you weren't coming,"

Said the tall figure leaning against the window frame, although she hadn't even greeted her yet. It seemed like he was up to date with everything that happened.

“P'Pure, have you seen the clip? I wanted to come and talk about it.”

Gyoza immediately opened the topic. She didn't want to dwell on the matter.

“I have seen it. So how will you handle it? She has made a serious mistake and although there will be no legal repercussions, the freshman's mistake created quite a few problems that could affect the Comet generation. Additionally, she is participating in the contest to be a faculty representative. How will others view our faculty if we remain silent?”

The older man's sharp, half-closed eyes left her breathless.

“Do you want to hear the story from his mouth? At least then Manaow could make some excuse.”

“No, I want to find out from you and that's enough.”

Gyoza told her superior the whole story while Pure nodded, understanding what she was saying and looking her in the eyes without softening his attitude.

“In conclusion, it is consistent with the content of the clip. Manaow lost her mind because that boy said something bad about his superior. I understand that she wants to protect her elders from him but fighting was not the solution. And that's wrong too,”

Pure finally concluded. He already knew how everything had happened but he wanted to know how Gyoza would handle herself.

“About Manaow's guilt, you should know that I also have some guilt for not taking good care of her while she was in that place. If you want to punish her, I will also accept her punishment and if she is asked to resign from the contest, I will also request my reluctance from the Wak. I don't do it as a negotiation but to take responsibility for what happened.”

Pure stared at Gyoza who had never wanted to be part of the Wak but had done so because of a promise. Gyoza had always done a good job. As for being close to Manaow, she couldn't criticize it because it was a personal matter just like how it had happened but he couldn't just ignore it because

so many eyes were on them waiting to know if the junior would be punished or not..

“It's not so serious that you have to leave everything, if you have any other way to apply a punishment you can tell me. I think leaving the Wak and removing Manaow from the contest would be excessive.”

“I would like to apologize on her behalf. P'Pure, you can't punish her. According to the rule, the third year does not have the right to punish the first year until you are a senior and there is still time for that. I must be the one to do it but I will not apply any punishment because part of the fault is mine.”

Gyoza said what she thought. And that made him let out a sigh. Pure had already predicted that Gyoza would have to do that, it was like a deja vu event. This kind of incident had happened before, yes, in fact it happened last year when she received the punishment on behalf of that person.

“There will be a meeting tomorrow. I have already requested permission from the teacher and there is a question of punishment that will be done according to the request. But do you know what it will be like? The punishment won't end until it's over. I can't help with that.”

Pure looked at the young woman in front of him again. They were both extremely worried. Only he had no right to protect her from her. I know it very well.

“So, excuse me. I have made an appointment with Thida..”

Gyoza raised her hand to say goodbye to her superior as always while noticing something that was wrong...

“Gyoza...”

“Yes?”

Gyoza stopped. Just as she was about to open the glass door.

“Why do you have the gear around your hand like that?”

His sharp eyes looked at the small gear pendant that dangled from the thin leather strap on her wrist.

“I think I shouldn't have it on my neck, it's better that way.”

She smiled at him before leaving the room. So shouldn't she be hanging it around her neck? Maybe because then he would be close to her heart and that was no longer possible.

"It's strange that you came before the agreed time,"

Said Thida, who had just opened the glass door to enter and greet her friend who was looking distractedly out the window, as if there was something that had her very confused and not knowing what. do.

"You should be happy that I rushed to come. I know the matter is important and I couldn't stay waiting in the room.”

Gyoza turned around and made eye contact with her friend before smiling tiredly. The small figure walked towards her friend close to her and threw her entire body towards her to hug her.

“You are tired?”

A slender hand gently rubbed the head of her friend. Thida was the only person in the group of friends with whom she could really reveal that side of her where she was herself as a small, weak and fragile girl.

“I'm so tired I can't hold back my tears, Thida.”

A small voice trembled, being difficult to control. Thida let Gyoza cry like that, no comforting words or questions, just the warmth of her palm gently caressing the short hair of her close friend as long minutes passed.

“If I blow my nose on your shirt, are you going to hit me?”

Her voice was muffled as she asked, causing Thida to pull her friend's head away from her chest before ruffling her hair confidently.

“Want to die?”

Her fierce eyes behind her red-rimmed glasses looked at her friend as if she were comforting her heart as if to say that it was okay to cry. Thida took her hands, so she could sit on the long sofa so she could ask about whatever she wanted to know.

“What do you want to ask? Now I'm ready to respond.”

Her eyes were swollen and red as she looked at the fierce abode of her friend without having to wait long before Thida spoke.

“During the last few days, what was the reason for your depression?”

There was nothing to feel uncomfortable about directly asking why it was something Thida would normally do.

"I'm sorry for worrying you because of what I'm going through,"

Gyoza leaned down and rested her head on her friend's lap, her eyes wide and glaring fiercely behind the frame of her glasses at each other. Thida was an observer, so she knew the worry in her eyes.

“I am reconsidering my feelings, I have changed Thida, I no longer feel the same and I am giving my heart to another person. I feel guilty, I feel bad and I'm confused.”

“Do you feel bad for the owner of the gear you were wearing around your neck?”

Her eyes kept trying to find the gear she was hanging from her neck, but she couldn't find it.

“I won't hang it around my neck anymore.”

Gyoza raised her wrist towards her friend who saw a thin leather strap on her wrist.

“Now I have confidence in the answer I will give you.”



“Right now what I'm worried about is how you will act because you like this girl, Gyo.”

Thida wrinkled her eyebrows until her forehead was wrinkled. Warang's speech at noon still echoed in both ears

“Are you afraid that I won't dare punish her because I like her?”

Gyoza said, blocking her friend's throat. Her eyebrows furrowed in slight dissatisfaction.

"You're talking as if we don't know each other,"

A clear voice said angrily. She stood up from the lap of the friend of hers that she had been leaning on.

“Well, it's normal for me to think about it. I heard you slept with her yesterday.”

“Thida! What are you saying?! You say it like I lost to her. She just lost her key and it was too late so I let her stay the night and that's it.”

To be honest, now Gyoza's mood was starting to get a little more irritated.

“Where did you get this news from?”

"Warang,"

Thida answered again.

“How did Warang know? I haven't talked to her yet, or...”

Gyoza's heart fell into her eyes, completely lost thinking about what she had seen.

“She just wanted to wake you up to go to school.”

Thida looked at her friend's face, who had understood immediately.

"But nothing happened,"

Gyoza quickly corrected.

"So, she's mad at me? She had warned me not to be too close to Manaow because I'm a P'Wak. Damn, both the clip and Warang's story make my head hurt and I feel like vomiting."

Gyoza rubbed her face, exhausted.

"I think it is. You should talk to her."

Thida looked at her close friend who was calm, cunning, knowledgeable, scheming and aware of everything but she was never aware that someone close to her was heartbroken. She knew how much Gyoza cared about Warang, but it was just her feelings as an important friend. She was very afraid, afraid that the relationship in the group would be bad if these two people disagreed or if Warang told her what she felt.

"I probably need to talk to her."

The small hand pressed the phone, but there was no response, so she decided to send a message to her friend. They must speak calmly. One has an impatient fire and the other is total cold. I don't want to imagine the clash of both.

"I sent her a message telling her to come here. Will you stay and wait?"

"No, it would be more appropriate for you two to talk to each other."

Of course, if Warang confessed her feelings to her. How would she act if she stayed?

"And what will happen to Manaow? Have you been talk to P'Pure yet?"

Thida changed the subject.

"Yes, I've already thought about what I'll do. I was the cause of that matter, I must take responsibility. Don't worry about that."

“Okay, I'm done with my worries about your problems. You must find a way to fix everything yourself. Please calm down a little about Warang. She just worries.”

Now what had Thida worried was not the issue of Manaow's punishment but rather how the conversation between the two close friends would turn out.

“Why do you seem so worried about Warang?”

Gyoza raised her eyebrows suspiciously. Thida had repeated the matter with Warang so many times that she felt there was something more.

“Nothing. I'm just worried. I'm afraid you'll fight.”

"I think I'd better come back now."

Thida made a gesture as if she was about to leave.

“AND?”

Gyoza looked at her friend in disbelief.

“It's not necessary, it's fine if you stay. The cold voice of the person who just opened the door and entered made Thida unable to walk. She really hadn't been able to escape in time. She looked at Warang's face. She knew that the bomb was definitely going to fall in the room..

"It's a good thing you're coming so quickly so we can talk."

Gyoza turned to talk to Warang. She had no intention of hiding her feelings from the group of friends she was already close with. She wanted to be as clear as possible so she would just tell her but she wanted to wait a bit until Manaow was no longer a newcomer because otherwise she would probably be the target of many people everywhere..

After talking to her own brother Manaow began to wonder while following his brother in the school building why his brother had to go deliver a paper. She sat waiting for him in the gardens behind the building. Gyoza's way of

acting when they said goodbye still bothered her. Why had she told him that in the elevator? And why had she squeezed her hand like that. Thinking about that, she remembered the gear in her hand. Whose was it? She had looked at his brother to see what kind of gear he had but he didn't have anything hanging around his neck.

“Where did your gear go? I was lost?”

His brother only responded

“I left it in someone's hands, I don't know if she lost it or not.”

The voice that responded seemed to feel amused making Manaow purse her lips at his older brother. It wasn't unusual to give the gear to people you liked. That was like a translation. Manaow couldn't help but think about whether... he finally got his gear... Would he dare to give it to Gyoza? She felt embarrassed just thinking about it. Manaow walked around the garden until her eyes noticed the little red pig parked next to the school building.

Her long legs quickly walked towards the building, getting faster and faster as she climbed the stairs. Her heart felt very fast, she missed her even though they had been apart for less than two hours. After a while, she forced herself to stop in front of the glass door of that secret room. Before pushing her....

“It's a strange relationship between you and Manaow. The faculty looks bad because it is rumored that you have something to do with it and that is why she will not be punished. If that happens, the honor of the P'Wak will be destroyed. I warned you before but you still took her to bed. I saw it with my own eyes. What did you do last night that kept her awake and you couldn't make it to school? I am very disappointed in you Gyoza.”

The long, heartbreaking sentences that came out of Warang's mouth made Manaow freeze at the door. When the seniors realized their presence, Thida was quite surprised and Gyoza's face seemed very pale.

“I... I'm sorry.”

A shaky voice apologized. The glass door closed before they could catch her. Gyoza shook her head in disgust as she took a deep breath to fill her lungs and try to compose herself. She couldn't take that anymore!!

“If you want to understand that, it's up to you! If you want to yell all those bad guys at me without hearing the truth from my mouth, it's your business, Warang!! I have nothing else to talk about,”

Gyoza shouted in Warang's face before running after Manaow, leaving her friends behind.

“I think you spoke too harshly to her, Warang. You're just her friend. And it's a strange relationship. Isn't it true that you like it too? So your feelings towards Gyo are also strange. I can't be on your side because you are not being reasonable. After saying that,

Thida walked away from her, leaving behind the tall and motionless figure of her friend. Her soft face at that moment was full of tears. Was it because she was jealous that she spit out such bad words? Or was it because Gyoza never turned to look at her? Manaow closed the door and left, knowing that she was the cause of Gyoza being seen in a bad light.

“Stop! Stop now! You can stop?!”

The sound of her feet running behind her and her familiar voice calling her made Manaow stop walking although at first she just wanted to run away from there when she heard who had stopped behind her.

“Don't think too much about what Warang said. She's just angry about last night,”

Gyoza tried to reassure the other person.

“How can I not think about it too much after I know that everything P'Warang said is true.”

Manaow breathed deeply again, turning around to face the face of the P'Wak who was out of breath because she had run after her.

“I like you P'Gyo.”

It was a confession of love mixed with various emotions, and that made Gyoza unable to do anything but stare at the girl in front of her as if her voice had been completely absorbed by the air around her.

“I don't like you like a Phi, I like you like a lover. I like you in that way where I want to hold on to you but my feelings are giving you a hard time. I'm really sorry for causing bad things to you.”

Her hoarse voice trembled with emotion, her throat constricted trying to hold back the tears so they wouldn't come out. “

“Now I regret that I like you even though I know it's impossible. Love between women is strange, right? As P'Warang said. I'm so sorry, I'm sorry that my feelings for you are strange. I have to go.”

Manaow walked away without being able to say more and with tears on her cheeks because that confession of love had been very painful. Gyoza couldn't respond to her feelings right now, if only she didn't have the mask on, things would be easier. If only she had the courage to stop for once the person she loved so cowardly.

# ①③

## SOMEONE IN THE SHADOW



In a faculty chat group whose members were first-year Electrical Engineering students-a total of more than 80 students-received a message from the first-year director saying that there would be a meeting at 4:30 p.m. asking that everyone gather in the activity area wearing black t-shirts, pants and sneakers. It was undoubtedly a meeting due to the video released. There would definitely be a discussion with the faculty leaders although the messages in the chats were encouraging for the person in question.

["If it were me, I wouldn't just hit him."]

["Even less with such insulting words. Why wasn't she there at that time? She would hit him."]

["If she will be punished we will share the responsibility too. Don't think too much now."]

["That piece of shit is weak. A new lady at my branch hit the floor, haha. Alright. We will share the punishment."]

Manaow scrolled through messages like this from friends as they spoke in the faculty's group chat after the announcement was made to bring students together. There was no denying the closeness that had grown between them due to various activities they had done together since the beginning of the semester. They all attended cheer rallies where they had been punished countless times, No matter how much she hugged her neck while running,

playing sports, she was always happy that her friends were by her side. But being punished together even though only one person made a mistake, didn't make her feel good at all.

“All friends understand what happened. So you don't have to stress,”

Said Jom who was reclining and playing with his phone on the bed, comforting her.

“I don't want anyone to share the punishment with me. It's just my fault.”

Manaow sighed. She lit a cigarette and smoked it while she was in the bedroom.

“Hey, that doesn't look at all appropriate for a woman. The damn room is a disaster and you. smoke in it..”

“Do not complain. I didn't ask you to be my friend, you chose it.”

Manaow threw the ashes of the cigarette into one of the glasses that was probably a glass of liquor. Everything had been a disaster since the night before.

“That's why they asked me to come with you because I was in bad condition, silly! If your heart is broken, don't open your mouth.”

His face had traces of a beard and his mustache trembled slightly. She received a phone call from P'Fuang, who asked for help so that she could go see her close friend that she was in serious trouble. By nature, Manaow was actually an impatient person. She did things without thinking. She just couldn't control herself. That was the girl's constant story.

The day before, she almost got into an argument with a convenience store employee who refused to sell her alcohol. She wasn't even 20 yet, so he had to fix things by buying alcohol because she was older than her. What a rotten dog!!

“I'll stay away from P'Gyoza. I won't make her suffer again because of me.”



“I hope you can do it. You've only been away from her for a day or two and you're already so restless that it drives me crazy. I'll pretend I think you'll walk away. Let's see how long you can last.”

The sarcastic man told his good friend that she was lighting a second cigarette. By the time she could give up, she would probably have lung cancer and she would have died!!

At four-thirty the first-year electrical engineering students had gathered. There were more people in the activities area than at any other time, probably because everyone knew the reason the elders called for them to go and that was to receive the punishment along with their friend. The reason was known to the elders because whenever they met they knew that all of them would receive their punishment together. The sky was gloomy as if it was about to rain. The second year brother ordered the first year to organize everything. As always, the lines were lined up according to the students' identification, even though it was an informal major meeting, but the atmosphere that day was more terrifying than ever due to the angry expression of the seniors.

“I need them to be aligned. But they are still doing it slowly! First year, hug your neck and sit down. Now!”

The P'Wak, a large man that Manaow remembers by the name of Beer, says the same phrase several times. The first years approach and raise their arms to rest on the shoulder of the person next to them and begin to do what they were told. Their leg muscles were much stronger than when they first entered college.

“Count louder. Is this all they can do? Haven't you eaten yet? Start again.”

And although they shouted and counted at the top of their lungs, it was still not enough for the P'Wak who used the same command again. Although Manaow said that she would give up, her eyes were still searching for the small figure leading the second year. She had had to wait a bit because it probably wouldn't be the most appropriate but Manaow was looking for her while she was still being punished. She felt worried about Gyo.

“Sit down.”

P'Beer ordered the first years to stop flexing and stand in arranged lines with the same speed as when imposing the punishment.

“Today is the first time that you will meet with the fourth years. You probably already know why they have to come see you in person. This is why one of you created problems and fights embarrassing the faculty.”

Manaow felt guilt wash over her. Although all of her friends said they were willing to take the blame together, she didn't want it to be that way. Therefore, she raised her hand in a pose to ask to speak even though the elder did not order it.

“I didn't order you to lower your hand.”

P'Beer walked and stopped in front of her but she continued to insist.

“I want to be the only one who asks for forgiveness.”

“I told you to put your hands down. If you keep pushing, your friends will also have to take the punishment with you. Is that what you want?!”

P'Beer shouted out loud. Manaow lowered her hand and clenched her fists and her teeth tightly until she formed a straight line with her mouth, feeling the anger building up but if she couldn't control herself, her friends would also have to be punished. She couldn't let that happen so she told herself that she had to hold on and keep her emotions in order. The atmosphere around her was filled with unease. Silence covered every molecule of air until she began to feel difficulty breathing. At that moment, the sound of footsteps was heard: it was a group of people who came to break that silence.

But unease spread when Gyoza followed a group of older men that Manaow was unfamiliar with and entered the activity area along with P'Pure who was wearing a crimson shirt that was beginning to fade. It was obvious that this group had been using them for many years.

“First year, these are the fourth year seniors. Everyone, pay your respects,”

Gyoza ordered the young people. The sound of greeting echoed throughout the activity area. One of the fourth years was tall and dark-skinned. A handsome and sharp face stepped forward and introduced himself.

“My name is Ikkyu. I am head of fourth year.”

A brief introduction, but he made the first years' heads cringe. Some kind of radiation radiating from the older man's body. This person was different from the second year Wak, Gyoza or even the third year man, Pure. They could feel that this man was not ordinary.

"Usually, the fourth years don't interfere with the activities of the first years, but this time I heard that some of you caused a fight and caused...our faculty to be frowned upon."

Deep eyes scanned the rows until they stopped before the tall figure of Manaow sitting in the middle of the row.

"Manaow, get up."

The tall figure of the younger man stood up, with piercing eyes looking at the older man who was ordering without fear.

“Were you the one who had problems with a boy from a different group?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you know that your actions affect your generation?”

Ikkyu looked at his tall younger sister, who was almost as tall as him, with a small smile on his lips. Apparently that boy didn't take things lightly.

“Now I know and I only ask for forgiveness.”

Manaow spoke without avoiding his superior's gaze in the slightest, and that made her friends couldn't breathe because it seemed like she was about to fight with the senior.

“Punishing you is not my job.”

Ikkyu raised the corners of her mouth and smiled. Pure had asked him to put on a big drama that day to save the name and reputation of the college,

“Yeah! It was just an interpretation, and the characters had to act real, with real pain and take responsibility for their own actions and what had really happened. Life was like that, everything that followed was a result of Manaow's actions.”

“Come here Gyo.”

Gyoza came out and stood in front of the older man. The entire courtyard was silent. The second year leader's face remained completely calm as if she was ready to receive the punishment.

“I know that you, Gyoza, were also involved in the incident that day, right?”

The tone Ikkyu used to ask sounded casual. Just like her posture making Manaow's skin crawl due to the older man's tone.

“Yeah.”

“You're a second-year leader, so I'm baffled as to why you let this happen. Why didn't you do what was necessary to preserve the reputation of our faculty? How do we teach the younger ones to do it then!!?”

His voice did not become louder or more aggressive in any way. She was soft, but it felt like a strong criticism from the senior making Manaow's tears begin to flow. This elder was even more impressive than P'Pure because he hadn't needed to shout to oppress the younger ones. Although he had a soft voice and a calm smile, he could exert strong pressure on those present.

“I'm sorry.”

Gyoza bowed her head and apologized, although it was not her fault.

“I will take full responsibility for this matter myself. Just me.....”

Gyoza emphasized the words at the end of her sentence. This is because if she didn't do it, the rest of her classmates would have to receive her punishment along with her, which she didn't want. Ikkyu smiled again. She couldn't deny that her beautiful face decorated with a smile was very attractive to look at. But there was a trace of evil in those eyes. He nodded accepting Gyoza's words and then turned to the first-year student who was holding her breath waiting for the punishment to be announced.

“I hope you heard that your second-year senior will take responsibility for your actions for you. I hope you see the value of this act and don't make the same mistake twice, because the person who will bear the blame for you will be her.”

His dark and beautiful face turned towards her younger sister again, as she stood at his side. about to announce her punishment.

"Gyoza, as your superiors, I would like to impose your punishment to maintain the honor and dignity of the faculty."

Ikkyu paused for a moment.

“The offense was so serious that I could order you removed from the position of leader, since simply punishing me by making you do squats will not be enough.”

At this moment, all living beings in the activity square were listening attentively to the punishment.

"How do you think I should punish you? Since you're a leader everyone trusts, it probably can't be a simple punishment. It must be proportional to the crime that was committed.“

Ikkyu pretended to think and began to walk..

“What generation are you?”

He walked and stopped in front of the younger generation and asked.

“E66.”

“That's a good number. Maybe 66 laps around the dusty field would be enough to make up for the mistake.”

The dusty field Ikkyu was talking about was a large university football field.

“I would like to order second year Gyoza to shake her head and run across the field. There is as much dust as in your class. Now!!!”

The sound of the major's announcement had ended. Manaow, who was standing, raised her hand asking to speak again.

“Allow me to help you!!”

This type of behavior always occurred when there was an order to punish an elder who had acted badly as a show of spirit and showing responsibility for one's own actions, ensuring that everything could be in harmony again. Emphasis was placed on the rivalry between seniors and juniors, which was the essence of freshmen activities. Even though they told her to sit down, in the end, the first year still insisted on receiving punishment along with her elder, only this time it was different.

“I ordered a punishment for Gyoza. It's none of your business, sit down.”

It was the first time Ikkyu used a shouting tone.

“I won't sit down. If this is really a welcome activity to create unity and love between the elders and the young as you want but you don't let me help P'Gyo, it means that you are just punishing her for satisfaction. That has nothing to do with the reputation of the faculty!!”

The atmosphere in the place began to tense when the second and third year seniors began to get agitated remembering that a similar event had already happened the previous year and on that occasion it had not ended well at all. Someone had had their badge torn from their neck and thrown into the water before the eyes of the entire faculty.

“Gyoza!! Haven't you taught your juniors to be respectful and obey the words? Now the punishment will be double for you!! As had been said before. When the first-year juniors made a mistake, it was the second-year juniors who bore the burden.”

"Sit down,"

Gyoza ordered the young woman.

“But P'Gyo...?”

Manaow was still stubborn because she knew that this was her fault and the only one who should take responsibility should be her, not Gyoza.

"Didn't you make a promise? Will you not believe my words or will you break your promise?”

That was the first time Gyoza had yelled at her. Manaow clenched her fist. Tears of repression. began to flow because she couldn't do anything to help her, it had only made her burden Increase.

“We would like to get permission to help her, Khun!!”

All the first years stood up. Now Manaow was not fighting alone. She had friends who were willing to serve her punishment at the same time. Her tall figure turned to look at her friends behind her who seemed to back her up.

“Juniors.”

Ikkyu turned his eyes to look at the boys who had gotten up together. Her bushy eyebrows furrowed, making her beautiful face look even more attractive. The atmosphere in the activity area became increasingly intense.

“Well, if you guys really want to help, that's fine, I won't stop you. Go run around the field but if even one of you fails to complete 67 laps, Second Year Wak will be fired!!”

The oldest fourth year said his final words, before Manaow approached and grabbed Gyoza's arm to whisper:

“I won't let you suffer the punishment alone.”

Before she could answer her, Manaow ran out and dragged Gyoza by her arm.

“Let's go to the dirt field. If you can't run, I'll carry you myself.”

Gyoza ran after Manaow. Her eyes opened and she looked at the person holding her hand. The smile she gave her seemed to say that she would be by her side no matter what. Manaow was breaking down the walls of her heart to the point of being at her feet. A group of almost a hundred people running through the university's main football field attracted the attention of students from other faculties. At the edge of the field there was a car. The nurses were stationed and prepared for any unforeseen event that might occur. Seniors from both the third and fourth years of the faculty, including the second years were standing looking at the juniors who had stood up to receive the punishment along with Gyoza.

“I didn't think they would do this to join together.”

Pure said next to Ikkyu, who was standing looking at the boys with a shining smile and piercing eyes.

“I think N'Manaow can make the entire generation of the faculty be friends and help each other. You really have to respect this first year girl.”

"So, P'lk, are you really going to let them run 67 laps? It's not just anything.”

“We'll let them run ten or twenty laps first so their heads can cool down and calm down a little. Then I will order them to stop slowly. They are still very young and must learn not to argue with their elders.”

Although he said it like that. But he couldn't hide his smile at all, admitting that the second year boss taught the younger ones quite well. She was such a harmonious model that it was enviable.



"Uh... I'll stop before I can't breathe. I can not take it anymore..."

The small figure fell to its knees with one arm, breathing heavily, its face flushed with blood pumping throughout its body while its hand was still held by Manaow refusing to give up even though it was about to faint. P'lke canceled the punishment order after just 15 rounds because he could see how the boys couldn't take it anymore. It was a shame they couldn't complete the entire race! At this time, only Manaow and Gyoza were on the field.. Gyoza is determined to complete all 67 rounds. She wouldn't stop until she completed them. A P'Wak had the duty to defend the honor of the faculty. She couldn't allow anyone to talk behind her back. She wouldn't allow it. Just another ten rounds, just needed a little patience.

"Are you OK? You better take a break."

Manaow pulled the girl's arm to make her sit on the ground. Her sharp facial features looked up at the dark sky. It was already night and it was about to rain. But the second year girl's nod was still one of refusal. She had to finish her punishment. A bright spotlight light began to shine brightly from the four corners of the dust field. At the edge of the field, we third and fourth years were still waiting while their second year friends crawled in as the sky was getting dark.

Only Gyoza was still clinging to keep running. She still planned to run to complete the circle. How could she let Gyoza walk alone like this?

"Let's move on, there are only ten rounds left."

The rain was falling, the girl was running in the lead, holding hands, not wanting to let go, where did she get her strength from? To be able to run like this, Manaow had trained because of basketball by running up the mountain behind the university every day, leaving many fools while she followed the Wak who was still holding her tightly. Hands that are still held tightly should release after 67 rounds. Would it be possible to become the owner of this pair of hands? Could you wait for a moment that the other person would allow it when you talked to her about her feelings?

"Did you eat buffalo? Where did you get the strength from? You ran around the dusty field 67 times."

Thida and Jubjib helped her little friend as she reached the side of the field. The owner of the red glasses only said that it was like a bear that ate bees.

“And look, your body is covered in mud from the top of your head. Gyo, go back to your room and wash up. And take medicine too. Was it worth doing all this in the rain?”

"You complain too much,"

She responded to her best friend's words, She barely had any strength left in her two legs, she was too tired to walk on her own, she could only throw herself on her friend's shoulder while her eyes looked at Manaow's tall figure that she had all her friends around her. She had let go of her hand after holding hands for quite some time. She wanted to clear things up, but at that moment she really couldn't. Could Gyoza believe her words? Thida took her to sit on a bench next to the field and saw the look in her eyes. P'lk looked before nodding suggestively and leaving with his friends, as they had finished administering the punishment. End of story No one would say anything bad about the faculty and their dignity would not be affected. To the many people who came to ask about her condition, she really didn't feel anything. She was so tired after that that her legs could barely support her.

“I'll go get a car and take you to the bedroom. Your little red pig, I'll have someone else carry it to the bedroom for you. Wait here first.”

Gyoza accepted and looked at her as she walked away from her towards a group of friends who were close to her. In the field it was raining a lot and everyone was soaked. But she didn't see Warang. Or maybe she had been too hard on her the day before? Her round eyes were unfocused as her brain thought about the other person. Her small hand grabbed the hanging gear. This type of situation had already happened before. Back then she didn't have the courage to take on as much responsibility as she did at that time, if she had been brave enough she wouldn't have ended up in tears. In the darkness that covered the area after the floodlights went out, Gyoza felt as if a pair of eyes were watching her. Under the round, blurry frame of her glasses she squinted as she looked at the dark corner next to the school building, not far from her. The shadow of a tall, familiar figure was standing there!

“Will you come back now? I'm going to go look for a car. If you walk, you probably can't take it anymore, right?”

“Oh, I thought you went to get the car. I can not walk.”

“Oh, earlier when you took the senior's hand to run I didn't see that you were tired. Even when they canceled the punishment you kept running but now you almost want me to carry you, you're a fool,”

Jom mocked her friend with a face full of annoyance, but she agreed to walk and take a car to pick up her friend near her.

Since she started running until now, several hours had passed, and it had already become night. The friends and seniors from the faculty had already left and there was almost no one left at the edge of the field, but Manaow could still see Gyoza from the corner of her eye. She thought that maybe this might be the right time to get her answer. At least she wanted to know how Gyoza felt about her and if she was willing to accept her love.

Gyoza walked towards a dark corner next to the school building, and Manaow, feeling curious, slowly followed her, trying not to make any noise, although her heart was racing, thinking about why she should do that secretly while following her. After a moment, Gyoza disappeared into the shadows. Someone was standing and waiting. There was someone there who looked very familiar, Manaow couldn't see that person clearly, it was an angle that was covered by the shadow of the school building. And he was too far away to hear the conversation between those two people.

She couldn't help but think back and wonder why she was there. That was very rude and seemed to have a great lack of common sense, Because of her, the rational part of her junior came out and she had the intention of turning to leave there but the scene in front of her made her feet stop at that moment. In the darkness, Gyoza was hugging that other person who was taller. A small sob was heard. Gyoza was crying!? That person hugged the smaller one before...kissing her.nThat was like cold water being splashed on Manaow that her body began to feel numb. That felt worse than when she ran through the incessant rain.

The light of the moon that had just emerged from the misty clouds filtered through the shadows to show the face of that person. She was someone who was very familiar to the junior. Her hair was tied in a high ponytail and her face was beautiful and sharp.... It was P'Pure.....

"One more week until midterms and you still haven't stopped inviting me to the liquor store?"

Jom was complaining all the time but became his friend every time he invited him over.

"I invite you to be polite. You don't need to come."

Although she has created stories there before, Manaow likes the atmosphere of that store more than any other store. In fact, from that restaurant you could see the bedroom where Gyoza was staying. Manaow remembered well which floor she was staying on and the location of that room. She could

be seen from there when the lights came through the curtains and sometimes, if she was lucky, she would even see a faint shadow through the curtain. It was really crazy to have to do that just to see the shadow of someone I missed so much.

Manaow had accepted P'Tanwa's offer to work part-time as a singer so that he would be willing to forgive her about what happened earlier because he knew she could sing and play guitar because the clip of her talent show when she went on stage at the freshys contest had been shared countless times on social media until Thanwa saw it

"I came because LookTan came with me,"

Jom replied with annoyance. On a normal night it would be just the two of them. But tonight LookTan also asked to go with them since she said she wanted to relieve stress before the midterms. But it was actually because she had a little obsession with Manaow. It's not that she couldn't intuit what her friend felt about her and although she was a wonderful girl, her heart already belonged to someone else, Manaow thought it would be best to act like she didn't know anything until their friendship could heal.

After the punishment ended that night, almost a month had passed and Manaow herself barely spoke to Gyoza. Although they talked, it was more a matter of work. The fresys Competition had been postponed to be held together with the Sports Event after the midterms were completed. For some reason the university did not announce that first year activities had been temporarily suspended because it is almost time for exams. Probably because they didn't work together. Therefore, Manaow rarely saw Gyoza. In fact, she intended to stay away from her superior. The image in the shadows kept running through her head over and over again.

“Manaow, will you sing tonight? I came because I want to listen to you. Please sing a song,”

Said LookTan. Her sweet face was flushed and her eyes began to water due to the effects of the alcohol.

“What song do you want to hear? I'll sing it to you now.”

I just want to know if we didn't have him, would we love each other? Or is it just me who is dreaming?

So far away that you gave me hope

I just want to know if you break up with him, will we love each other?

Don't leave me waiting and dreaming.

But if you do not want

Don't let me think about that.

“Why did you let LookTan get drunk like that, Jom?”

Manaow complained. When she finished singing the song, she returned to the table and found her so drunk that she knew she would now have to help her back to her bedroom.

“I told her not to do it, but she didn't listen. What did you want me to do?”

She wanted to tell Manaow that the girl's condition was because she liked someone who didn't seem to care about her but in the end she could only

sigh before speaking.

“Then, what are we going to do? She'll stay in your bedroom, right? I won't be able to enter the dormitory or the guard will definitely scold me.”

Manaow shook her head angrily.

“Maybe we have to put her to bed in the room but you have to stay with me. It will be better than if only the two of us stay.”

“Can't! The guard is very fierce. If I come back late, he won't let me in. Besides, you are a woman. What does it matter if you are left alone?”

Jom was also staying in a dormitory and had to return quickly before it was time to close the building so he could only accompany them and leave them outside and then quickly leave. Manaow lifted her friend's unconscious body into the room thinking about how heavy she was. Since she was so drunk, she almost had to carry her to her own bed, which was a bit difficult because she herself had also drunk quite a bit of it. She put her friend on the bed before turning around while she lay next to her, dizzy and with her eyes closed.

Her mind began to wander until the image of two people kissing in the shadows flashed through her head. Was that really true? Were those two dating? They probably couldn't do it. They were both leaders of their year and due to their hierarchy they could be punished. Why couldn't she stop thinking about the matter, even though a full month had already passed? A little over a month into being so close now she didn't know if she could continue like this.

“Manaow, you are a very good person. Even though I tried with all my might, you just stayed lying next to me.”

The sound of Look Tan's voice woke her up from her reverie of thinking. What was it that she had said!? Before Manaow could react, she felt a weight on her body and when she opened her eyes she saw her friend straddling her. Confusion swirled in her brain for only a moment before she

could process what was happening and understand that.... LookTan had pretended to be drunk!!

“Why are you doing this?”

“I just want to be close to you. I want to be able to see myself in your eyes.”

The other person's hand began to fidget, trying to move until she managed to touch Manaow's abdomen through the black shirt she was wearing.

“I'm not a good person at all. And if you don't stop, I can't guarantee your safety after that,”

Manaow said with a smile.

“It probably doesn't matter. I'm really not a good person. I can do anything to get you to pay attention to me.”

Her voice was a little shaky at the end, but she was still able to control it and finally smiled.

“Even if you were just a sex friend, could you accept it? I already have someone in my head even though I like you. Do you know that?”

A hoarse voice mixed with the smell of alcohol asked, sharp and thoughtful eyes looking at the girl who was currently straddling the bed.

“Yeah. I like you.”

Even if you know who the person in your heart is, when she said she could do anything, you had to believe that she would do everything to be with her.

“I'm a bad person. Aren't you afraid of regretting it?” -

Manaow continued to discredit herself in case it helped her regain her composure.

“If I was afraid of regretting it, I wouldn't be here.”

“Don't come crying later.”

The tall figure turned around and straddled the other person's thin body, pressing that body until it was lying on the mattress that sank with the movement. She was a bad person. She admitted it. Was it cruel of her to think of using this person to erase someone from her heart? Well, she never once said that she was a good person, so what? Manaow didn't realize that she was doing something she would later regret. White light was interspersed with streaks across the sky, some parts still completely dark as dawn approached.

Her sharp eyes were still open and completely still, staring at the white ceiling. Even though she was exhausted from her sexual encounter, she couldn't force her eyes to fall asleep, she was too distracted to sleep. Manaow got out of bed. Another body slept as she walked away to light a cigarette and inhale the dark smoke, releasing her frustration into her lungs. After doing so...she wanted to hit herself in the head as if what she had done to her had done nothing to make her forget the person she always had on her mind.

The more you try to replace someone, the more you miss them until you can't stand it. Because? Even though she knew that Gyoza had someone else she couldn't get over it. She didn't have anything clear and she thought that the only way she would be if she had the answer she was looking for from Gyoza about how she felt about her. Maybe that way it would be easier to let her go, right? The more she thought about it, the less she could stand it, so she went into the bathroom, got dressed, wrote a note and put it at the head of the bed, leaving a message before leaving. Manaow didn't expect things to be so bad, she just wanted to go and see even from afar the bedroom, even if she could only see from the room.



MEMORIES THAT HAVE NOT ARRIVE



3.15 A.M.

The numbers on the clock face said that the sky was still dark. Only the orange glow of the streetlights shone as long legs continued walking down the small alley that was strangely quiet as the day approached. Although the date of the midterm exam is getting closer and closer, the road to the university that never slept because there were students who spent their time reading until late at night and where many times, you could even find something to put in your stomach to recharge late at night, it seemed to be too quiet and lonely, unlike her heart that was screaming frantically that she missed her so much that she was not able to sit still and feeling much more anxious than the previous nights.

“Why couldn't I calm my heart? Trying to replace her with someone else didn't work. What could help you improve it? The only thing she wanted more than anything in this world was to have Gyoza.”

That was it, just being able to sleep holding her hand like that night would be enough. With sharp eyes and closed eyelids, she inhaled the cold air until it filled her lungs before releasing a deep sigh. Suddenly, she couldn't help but think of her friend's body that was naked and still asleep in her bed. It was something that shouldn't have happened, Manaow knew it, she had always seen LookTan as a friend since they had met, two months before. She thought they could be good friends but what had she done? Although LookTan had pretended to be drunk and she was the one who had seduced

her, even if she was clear enough when she said that she was just a sex friend, she couldn't solely blame LookTan, when she herself was the one in serious trouble..

If she had to be punished, she would accept it. LookTan's love was an unrequited love. Manaow had acted selfishly by using her friend to erase the painful image from her head. LookTan for her part had used her body hoping to receive the love from Manaow that she longed for. She knew it was wrong but she still did it... Now that she could think about it, there was nothing she could do to fix it. Manaow stopped in front of a five-story building that was the residence of the person who had caused her distress to the point that she had to crawl there to look.

That person's balcony was dark making her only able to curse herself in her heart for the stupid things she was doing. A cool wind blew and she had to cross her arms tighter around her chest. She felt a little angry at herself why she had refused to wear a jacket. Her tall figure wrapped around her shoulders because of the cold. She looked towards the balcony of the fifth room. She should be sleeping right now, if you count the time, she has only known Gyoza for a little over two months, but with the activities they had to do together,

Manaow felt that there was something that was squeezing her chest and making her feel better and better with Gyoza. Was that love? Probably wasn't... it was too fast!!? So it was crazy to leave the bedroom to go look at the balcony of the room what was that? Love taste or infatuation? She didn't want to find the balcony of the room, what was that? Love, taste or infatuation? She didn't want to find the answer at that moment. All she knew was that she was getting so anxious that she felt like she would go crazy. Manaow let out a sigh because she wanted to relax,

I wanted a clear answer. When she confessed what she felt she began to shake as they looked at each other seeming as if they were both reflecting the same type of feelings. There was silence as if no confession of love had ever been heard from her mouth, or perhaps uncertainty was the clearest answer. Gyoza was dating that older man. The two kissed in the shadows and she must have felt uncomfortable at the confession of love even though they already had a boyfriend but couldn't reveal it. Her thin lips curved into

a stretched smile, mocking the feeling of being upset mixed with self- pity. At that moment she couldn't help but think that another person's actions were much clearer than any words.

She didn't feel the same. You should get out of there. Get away from that feeling and get away from the person who didn't love you. She was about to leave the area in front of the bedroom where she had been standing for a long time, when the round light of a motorcycle headlight hit her and made her squint. She raised her hand to block the bright light that hurt her eyes.

“Manaow Why are you here?”

The voice came from that motorcycle.

“Do you live in this bedroom?”

Manaow avoided answering the question, looking at the large bag her friend Aoey was carrying with textbooks. She looked like she had just returned from private lessons.

“Oh yeah.”

“What subject was the tutoring for to arrive so late?”

Mathematics I, I'm weak in mathematics she showed an expression of obvious tiredness.

“I spent the whole night taking private classes with a large group of people, but I didn't learn much. Staying would be a waste of time so I decided to return. I plan to go up to my room and try it myself again,”

“Do you want us to give you private classes?”

Manaow offered. Mathematics was her favorite subject.

“Tonight is fine, but can you stand it? Are not you sleepy?”

I'm fine. I slept all day. So I don't want to waste time. There are many other subjects waiting.

Aoey walked to the glass door and pressed the card to unlock it. Manaow followed her fellow faculty member. Anyway, she didn't want to go back to her room and since she had met her friend, she accompanied her to the elevator and went up to the fifth floor, the same floor where Gyoza lived.

“Oh, you don't have a roommate?”

Manaow asked as the elevator took them.

“When the school year started I couldn't reserve the dormitory in time. So I came to stay here alone and most of my other friends stayed in the dorm but at the end of this month I'm moving out to go live in another dorm with Rung.”

“Oh yeah?”

The elevator door opened and they walked towards the room where she was staying, it was right next to Gyoza's room.

“P'Gyo, one of the Wak, lives in the next room. We have crossed paths sometimes. Sometimes. her face is a little scary, don't you think?”

Manaow remained silent. Being so close to Gyoza, I couldn't help but feel that she missed her. The sky was already bright and Aoey almost fainted on the pile of papers with math exercises that Manaow had given her to practice integrals, functions, derivatives and collisions that made a mess in his head. Manaow, she got up and stretched to get rid of her tiredness, she came to give me private lessons although even that had helped her to practice the lessons herself. In a few days there would be the midterm exams. In reality, she had not yet started reading and should start taking her studies more seriously and stop thinking nonsense.

“I saw in the group talking that at 7:30 tonight the second-year students would be giving private physics classes. You will go? They reserved a room in the building for their friends. There must be a lot of people going. They say there will even be people from other faculties giving private classes.”

“Hmm? Maybe it would be interesting if we could drag Jom with us. It will be fun. Maybe I'll stop being so stupid.”

Aeoy let out a gasp when she heard the sarcastic words said about another friend.

“I think they are very kind. They also have exams and generously reserve time to give us private lessons.”

"Yes, kind,"

Manaow responded absently while her heart couldn't stop longing for the person next to that room.

"I'd like to go out and smoke. Can I use your balcony?"

“Clear.”

When the owner of the room allowed Manaow to go out to the balcony, there was a slight fog and fresh air making her unable to feel free, on the contrary, it made her heart still stunned.

“P'Gyo is very kind. Normally, a person who is an older brother must be fierce, right?"

“But I want it to be fierce.”

“I don't want her to be nice to other people. Can you be nice to just one person?"

In her head, images of the night she had slept in Gyoza's room flashed. At that moment, the feeling of being close was so good but now everything had become strange. It seemed as if they didn't know each other. Her sharp eyes looked towards the balcony of the next room. There was a wrought iron with a pointed end that was attached to prevent the two rooms from meeting each other. But if a person used some tool they could cross. She would only run a small risk of dying.

Manaow took out a pack of cigarettes from her pocket and put one of them in her mouth. When she was about to light it with a Zippo she failed to light her cigarette. She tried several more times and a small spark appeared. It was starting to show up a little bit, but not enough. It was probably time to go buy a new one. Her slender fingers froze when they heard the sound of the door sliding into the next room. A small, familiar figure emerged. Manaow hid behind the ornamental vines that hung against the wrought iron fence.

She appreciated why Aoey was a person who loved trees because there were so many that could hide her completely.

Gyoza was out smoking! That seemed so strange to her. Previously, Gyoza didn't smoke, or had it just been a stressful few days because of how close the exams were? Manaow secretly glanced at the other person through the decorative vines. Her heart was simply pounding seeing the face of the person she missed the most. Gyoza seemed paler than her the last time they saw each other and her eyes were so dull that she was scared. For a long time, those round eyes were lost in the distance, although she turned for a moment and got a good look at her. The sad expression on her face made her very afraid.

But apparently Karma was about to catch up with her because at that moment, Manaow's toe accidentally stepped on a beer bottle that was piled up on the wall.

“My God, why didn't you save it and throw it away!!!”

Manaow dropped and squatted on the ground, she put her hand to her mouth, almost holding her breath, everything she did was the work of her own body, But why was she hiding? She hadn't done anything wrong, it turned out that they coincided when she too had gone out to smoke. Gyoza squinted, looking for the source of the sound coming from Aeoy's balcony in the next room but since she wasn't wearing glasses, she couldn't see clearly. When she couldn't find anything, she didn't pay any more attention to it. She put out the cigarette and threw it into a small trash can before sliding the glass door to enter the room. Afterwards, she returned to the room and lay on the bed, closing her eyes, until she fell asleep, letting her thoughts flow. They had barely spoken for almost a month.

Although she had wanted to talk to her, she hadn't. Her bond seemed to be over. By returning that gear necklace to its owner, her heart was freed. Only duty united them. But will the other person wait to hear her answer? She had remained

silent, she had not attempted to contact her. If she was telling the truth about her liking her, why had she disappeared? The round eyes opened and looked at the pile of books and study sheets scattered on the floor of the room. Who said she could wake up and read a book? How could I remember the content in the morning? Why can't you remember? Her mind was so distracted that her concentration was scattered and she could not understand what she was reading. She had already given up her intention to read, it really wasn't the time.

Her fair young face was pale and drawn from lack of sleep under a large pillow. Her eyebrows furrowed as an image of a person's face appeared in her brain. Is this called nostalgia?

"Why did you have to drag me out? If you wanted to come, you could do it alone. Hey..."

Jom moaned loudly as he followed her close friend entering the elevator of the second building of the Faculty of Engineering

"Aren't you a fool at physics? I'm too lazy to sit down and explain everything to you. We come here so you can learn. Plus you can listen to me teach."

The owner, 178 centimeters tall, got out of the elevator that had taken them there. They reached the third floor and he led his friend to the room the second-year students had reserved for tutoring night, Manaow greeted other friends before choosing a seat in the middle of the room.

"I have no hope that this will work. The only thing I'm good at is playing with D Dog, a little dog,"

Jom said, sinking into his chair.

“I'm afraid you will raise fish instead of dogs. If you get an F, don't complain. Here's the study sheet.”

Manaow handed the study documents that the second-year students handed out from the front of the room to her friend:

“I'm just acting like a good friend. That's how kind I am.”

“Oh, I really appreciate you, friend!!”

College friends were gradually arriving to reserve seats. As the appointed time approached, a group of second-year students walked around handing out study sheets. Manaow started looking for her friend LookTan but she didn't find her, maybe she wouldn't attend the tutoring, she thought as she remembered what had happened:

“I will not apologize.”

Manaow had gotten out of bed while the other girl was sleeping, the sheets wrinkled from recent activities. She had taken a t-shirt and put it on before lighting a cigarette, how many cigarettes had she smoked? She didn't mind counting them in the last few days.

“I don't want an apology. You haven't done anything wrong. I let things happen.”

Said the person with her naked body lying on her side. After giving a response in a calm voice, it was impossible to predict her feelings.

"This will be the first and the last time anything happens between us,"

Manaow said, reiterating her intention once again. Of course, the other party didn't say anything in response. Those were the last words between them. Manaow closed her eyes and relaxed, exhaling with a strange feeling that was spreading in her heart. It was like a drop of ink that had soaked the fabric. She didn't feel guilty, but she did feel conflicted, as if she had done something she shouldn't have done. She wasn't sure how long, Manaow sat with her arms crossed over her chest and nodding her head at the



conference table in that tutoring room. She felt very uncomfortable. Her neck hurt. She hadn't slept for over 24 hours. She was also amazed that she was able to stand. In fact, if it hadn't been for taking Jom, she probably wouldn't have joined the mentoring program. Because she didn't have any problems with physics anyway, it was because she had to force herself to stay like that and she turned to look at her friend. A close friend who seemed to listen attentively to the beautiful older sister who taught freshmen at her college.

The second-year girl used a pen to scribble formulas on the blackboard, passing on the knowledge she gained to the younger generations. P'Lada was good at physics. But Manaow was very tired. It would be better if she went out and stretched her legs a little. The tall girl turned to nudge Jom and spoke softly to express her intentions and pointed at the exit door. The boy nodded in acknowledgment before turning her attention back to the study sheet. Manaow secretly felt annoyed by her over-concentration in studying but it's nice that her friend was interested in her studies.

Although it would be even better if that interest was shown when the teacher was teaching. But perhaps what he was most interested in was the sweet figure of the sweet-faced senior who was smiling in front of the class!! The ground floor of the school building was filled with matching wooden benches and tables, Manaow walked over, sat down on a long bench, and slumped on the table. She really didn't want to accept that she was too sleepy but still she had agreed to go to the tutoring. But the reality is that in part, she expected to see it. When she saw Gyoza's friends, her eyes couldn't help but search for the small figure of the person she missed but she didn't find it even though almost all of her friends had. Maybe she was sick. That morning she had seen that her smiling face was paler than ever.

“P'Ploy, could we stop? I can't take it anymore, I'm going to vomit.”

Her face sank as she looked at the Applied Probability textbook. There were many questions written on papers scattered all over the floor about a problem raised by a beautiful senior. I wasn't good at that! She really wanted to say it. She didn't like statistics or probability topics!!

“Finish this last question. Then we will rest.”

Her voice was calm. Gyoza responded only with a nod. Sharp, thin eyes that were behind glasses that she had to wear when reading or using a computer, looked at the younger girl who was silently complaining. The thin hand holding the pen was writing down a summary of the course content in a small notebook, because she knew that the girl who was complaining didn't like reading long things. Therefore, she chose to make the summary in an easy-to-read and easy-on-the-eyes version.

“Is that the latest? Promise me it will be the last thing,”

The girl complained again and that made the senior look up from her and look into her eyes that looked a little swollen asking her for a promise.

“Why do you always want me to make promises and that spoiled girl face always wins me over?”

“I promise. This will be the last thing we do tonight.”

After the senior's promising words were finished, Gyoza lowered her head to perform the task with her heart much happier.

“I'm done.”

After fifteen minutes, the young hand handed a piece of paper with small letters carefully written in front of the older one who was sitting on the sofa. The little girl's usual bed in the second room served as a private space between her and this necessary guardian. While her friends had the opportunity to hang out together and take care of the freshmen by tutoring them in a room on the third floor, she was dragged to stay there.

“Don't feel too happy. If you make a mistake, you must correct it,”

Ploy said in a cold voice. She saw Gyoza showing signs of being nervous, packing things into her bag, and that made the little girl instantly smile, but she prayed that it wasn't a mistake because she didn't want to fix it again. She was so drunk on numbers that she really wanted to vomit. Gyoza

secretly glanced at the sweet face of the senior who was reading her fine print. She was so excited that she almost held her breath. Ploy who had noticed the girl's behavior could only smile secretly in his heart. What was it that excited her?

“Okay, you did well. Go back to the dorm and do the practice questions frequently for when you have a real exam. You will get used to the questions.”

Ploy returned the paper to the owner.

“Here is the summary of this topic, I wrote it for you.”

A thin hand handed a small notebook to Gyoza.

“Thank you. P'Ploy you are so cute.”

He sent himself a bright smile. And that made the senior's eyes blink. Pretty? A thought ran through his mind before he shook his head gently to dispel it.

"I'll go then. Will you go with me?"

"You better keep waiting."

My brother is tutoring some of your friends. When I'm done I'll go back to him. Can I still use this room?"

Yeah. Anyway, before leaving, she locks the room and leaves the key in the same place.

"Okay,"

Ploy responded before rearranging his extended legs on the couch. Because his brother was also a tutor, it was likely that he would finish a little late so he would sleep for a while while he waited although he didn't know if when he woke up, he would have finished already.

“Be careful when taking the red pig back to the dormitory.”

Ploy took out a thick quilt and covered herself up to her chest, watching Gyoza walk towards the door before closing her eyes in exhaustion. He didn't notice Gyoza walking towards her on the couch again.

“Thanks for everything as always, P'Ploy.”

A soft voice spoke with warm lips pressed to the older girl's cheek. She was so stunned that she did not dare open her eyes to look, knowing very well that when she opened her eyes, it would have vanished because it did not exist. After giving her a kiss on the cheek she left the room. Her thin eyelids opened, shedding some tears that wet her cheeks through that kiss. Why did one-sided love have to hurt so much?

Because it was rainy season and the weather was getting colder and colder, she couldn't help but get a tingling sensation in her nose making her feel uncomfortable. She felt like she was about to catch a cold, she simply approached her friends in the third floor tutoring room. It was a duty of the elders to make appointments to teach the younger ones. The seniors had to take care of the younger ones. But she had been left out of that tutoring because Thida had seen her symptoms and had sent her to rest. The small body slowly walked down the stairs with a frown on her face, a little upset that her friends had sent her back to her dorm. She wanted to go out with her friends, she didn't want to be alone. In fact, she didn't like it because when her brain wasn't busy with something, she would go back to thinking about a particular person.

Therefore, it would be better not to be alone so she decided to go tutoring with her friends. At that moment she could see Jom, Manaow's close friend, but she did not see the tall figure of the other person in the room. I wanted to see her, I just wanted to know she was okay, that was all. She let out a soft sigh and stepped out into the quiet hallway beneath the school building before her eyes widened as she noticed a tall, slender, familiar figure sitting with her head resting on a long table.

It must have been illness that caused her heart to beat irregularly. She squirmed and trembled and before she knew it, she had already walked towards the body slumped against the table. She was sleeping... Her clear eyes observed the sharp facial structure of the person she had not expected

to meet. Gyoza silently sat on the chair, placed her arms on the table and looked at the person sitting in front of her watching the sleeping girl's face. Her closed eyelids hid beautiful brown eyes, eyes that always stared at her with a meaningful expression that she never tried to hide.. That's right... her eyes had long ago told her how she felt, showing every feeling inside her even before her mouth spoke to her, she was the one who decided to pretend not to see it. Only out of weakness, confusion, and self-doubt. But now she was sure. Safer than ever, the bonds that had held her were removed, the gear had been returned to the owner as she had promised.

“This heart, don't throw it away until you're sure, keep it for now. If one day you meet the person you identify with and you think they are the right one, then you can return it to me.”

She had found that person. It was just that she couldn't tell her what she felt so that she would know because of the weight of her responsibilities. A small feeling of guilt still lingered in her heart, it was really selfish.

“I'm sorry Manaow, but I can't answer you yet. I can't feel this Can you wait for me a little? Can you wait until there is no position I need to hold? When that day comes I will not hesitate to say that.... I don't feel different from you.”

“Wake up! What are you doing sleeping here?”

Her close friend's voice was heard waking her up. Manaow had severe back pain. The cloak covering her fell to the floor as she stood up from the chair where she had been asleep.

“I just discovered that you have this kind of tastes.”

Jom took the fabric and looked at it, the soft cotton fabric was a shawl with a hood in the shape of a pink bear and it also had ears.

"It's not my thing."

Manaow denied.

“So you are covering yourself with a cloth that is not yours, but belongs to someone else?”

Jom waved the cloth from side to side. The faint, familiar scent coming from the fabric made Manaow hurry to retrieve it.

"Oh, it's mine, I just received it."

Jom looked at her in disbelief. But he didn't talk more than that.

“Before you woke me up. Was there anyone else here?”

Manaow looked left and right to look for the owner of the cloth but she couldn't find it and asked her friend.

“There was only one corpse here. Because the other friends are dying on the third floor there.”

His sharp face spoke rudely pointing to the upper floor where his college friends were now almost dead. Physics really was brutal

"So how did you get here? Did you get down before the others? Are you going back?"

“Oh, I can't. I'm very sleepy. Let's go back. I have to take you to the bedroom.”

Jom gave him a way out and Manaow looked around the first floor hallway again. That cloth definitely belonged to Gyoza. She remembered the smell in her nose. But where had the owner of the cloth gone? A slender hand took a piece of soft cloth and inhaled it. The nostalgic smell filled her lungs. A feeling of fullness swelled in her chest why... Gyoza kept worrying about her.... Right? The first day of midterms had ended, Math I had been passable, a tall and slender figure in a student uniform was covered by a very cute black long-sleeved shirt with a hood, standing cross legged leaning on a pole, waiting, to her friend in front of the exam room. Her shoulder-length pitch black hair was roughly tied in the middle of her head,

while she was playing with a pen in her hand while her head was far away from there.

“Hey!! Hello, benefactor.”

The sound of greeting and someone's palm gently caressing her shoulder brought Manaow back to consciousness causing her to show a smile on her face.

“Hey, were you able to finish the exam?”

“Oh, I couldn't do it all. But it's better than not being able to do it at all. If I didn't have your tutoring, I would definitely be in trouble. Thank you.”

“Ah... it's good that I could do it. You do not have to thank me. If there is anything else I can always help you.”

“Are you here waiting for Jom?”

“Yeah. Time is almost up and he hasn't left yet. I guess he's finishing up so he can get an A in his math class.”

The two girls laughed softly with words of impossible things before their eyes sparkled as they looked at the third and fourth year students who were walking out of the adjacent examination room. Midterm grades for upperclassmen were very important. The higher the rating, the more difficult it would be to move up because the divisor was higher. No wonder the seniors take the exams so seriously, as could be seen in their expressions and the worried look in their eyes as they left the exam hall.

“How are you? Were you able to take the exam?”

The tall figure of P'Pure approached to greet them. His sharp, sweet face smiled widely in good humor. He seemed different from other elders who didn't have a good expression on their faces. Manaow already knew that P'Pure was a good student, he received a good grades badge from the

president every semester and also studied on a scholarship without having to pay tuition.

"I could do it,"

Manaow smiled back, although in her heart she was envious of that boy. She wasn't jealous of the other person's ability to study, she was rather jealous of what she had achieved and that was getting Gyoza's heart.

"There are still many issues ahead. Anyway, work hard. I'll be leaving now,"

Pure smiled broadly in his typical manner before saying goodbye to the juniors and walking straight to find Ikkyu, a fourth-year student, who was waiting for him.

"That's so good. Look at those older guys. They are so cool!!"

Aeoy gently placed her hand on Manaow, making her feel ashamed of what she was feeling.

"Since when have you flirted with him? You are in serious trouble."

Manaow smiled wryly and looked at her dreamy-looking college friend with bright eyes that stared at the older man who shook his head at other third and fourth year students who were standing shoulder to shoulder in front of the PR board. Aeoy was such a pretty girl but she couldn't achieve anything with that boy because the owner of the third year Wak's heart was another second year Wak.

"The day when P'Ik met P'Pure and you and P'Gyo had to run, when I walked to look for something to eat at the market in front of Dor Nai Chan I followed the two eldest to the entrance of the dormitory. The other one was very handsome. As for the other person, he has a sharp and sweet face. Hey, his face could be an image from a young adult novel."

"Wait...what did you say?"



"Just now, I said that after completing the punishment, I followed him to the bedroom."

"Um...yeah, as soon as I finished the race I walked back too."

How was it possible that Aeoy had seen P'Pure walking back to the dorm with P'lk when she saw the person with Gyoza in the shadows!!!?

"Come on, let's go back,"

Shouted Luktan and Rung, who had just left the examination room.

"Okay,"

Aeoy turned to respond before turning around and saying goodbye.

"I'll go now. See you later,"

She said that, she ran towards her friend who was waiting in front of the elevator. Only for a split second did she and LookTan lock eyes before each looked away. Since that night they had not spoken again because the other party deliberately avoided confrontation.

"Did you and Luktan have something to do with it? You both seem different,"

Asked Jom, who had left the examination room just in time to see the previous incident.

"No,"

Manaow lied to his close friend and acted like it was nothing, it wasn't really something other people should know. It was not because she was afraid of losing her credit, but that the other party would suffer more damage.

"Are you sure?"

He asked again, not believing the answer.

"Oh, you're really asking a lot of questions."

Manaow pretended to be angry when her friend asked her to repeat herself. Then, she pressed the bag on her shoulder and walked towards the elevator.

"Let's go back now. I'm hungry. Are you going to get an A or not? You took the exam until the last minute. I've been waiting my whole life."

Her mouth pretended to complain to divert the conversation from the topic her close friend wanted to discuss, so she forgot to pay attention to the road, colliding with someone and causing the textbooks the person was carrying to fall to the ground.

"Oh!! Sorry, I didn't move carefully."

Manaow hurriedly bent down to pick up the book and apologized for her own carelessness.

"It doesn't matter, I didn't realize it either."

The tall girl in the student dress responded without hesitation. She also bent down to help Manaow pick up the books from the floor.

"Very sorry."

Manaow returned the book to the senior she had bumped into and had just had the opportunity to see the other person's face clearly.

"Thank you,"

The senior said with a sweet smile before walking away, leaving Manaow speechless and with her eyes widened in surprise. That senior from just now looked like the third-year leader of the faculty. It was like they were the same person!!



The sky at this time was not yet clear, the clouds had gathered together floating low along the mountain range at the end of the rainy season, the weak sunlight shone through the dust particles flowing with the wind that began to be colder, sending the message that winter was returning. The midterm exams were passed with great difficulty for the first-year students. It was the first time they encountered a real exam on campus. They probably knew them but they were so different from when they were in high school that they couldn't compare it. The scores that came from the physical exams did not accumulate points to help determine the course of their lives as students in college.

After the exam was completed, the results were released gradually over the next two weeks. The results of who will have the letter W on their academic record were announced. Or there may be some people who have achieved intermediate scores and take the average along a red line up to eight. But they intended to fight and improve their score in the second half of the final exam. For the academic record to avoid the letter W and risk your life with the letter F, serious students willing to work hard will find success there. In order to be clearer, you could probably get by with a D or, if you're lucky, it could be a D+, but not everyone who fights will survive. In that war there will always be casualties. Having an F on your transcript does not mean the end of your life.

“Are your test scores okay?”

A voice asked, breaking the silence making the girl surprised because apparently she was so distressed that she had not heard P'Pure's footsteps.

“You arrive without making any noise. What happens if I fall from the balcony due to fright?”

Gyoza did not answer her question, rather, she scolded him for scaring her. She was looking at the mountain range behind the university, where the leaves had now started to turn brown. Before she arrived P'Pure, she was thinking about something about everything that had happened to her since she became a student at that prestigious university. In just over a year, she had changed her so much, so much that she could barely remember her past feelings about him.

"I didn't know second year Wak could get so scared,"

The senior person joked, tilting his head to look at the younger one with the same eyes that had always looked at her; one that reflected adoration and irritation at the same time. That day, I had made an appointment with her in the hallway on the fourth floor of Building 17, which had a total of 3 classroom spaces. It was a modern four-story building with a semicircular shape and spacious areas. A tall basement building next to a large plaza that the students here affectionately call the Teletubby plaza because that plaza had a small hill that if you looked back and forth was covered with grass similar to the place where said program took place.

Although the grass in that courtyard had yellow areas and other green areas because students usually use them as a training field. The grass had been trampled until it turned yellow and some parts dried out. That place was the point that the university used to organize large entertainment meetings. It brought together freshmen from all faculties and activities were organized to welcome the freshmen to become children of Phra Pirun (Buddha) and thus fully receive the official class of the university.

Every year before the closing of the activity there would be a ceremony to present the rice grains designed by the winners of the contest that year. Every year the pattern of the rice grains is different giving confirmation that you are a student of this generation. In the activity you can participate with

your friends of the same generation. Whoever does not participate will not receive the gear from it. There will be a procession to accommodate the class year numbers and the university abbreviation, they will light candles and sing the university anthem to close the activity that will have a photograph taken from a high angle by the photography club.

That was the reason Pure made the appointment for Gyoza to go there that day. They had to see everything from the same angle that the photo would be taken in order to organize the layout. Gyoza and Pure walked to the other side of the fourth floor hallway. The place was deserted because it was a Sunday morning and there were no classes. Gyoza neighborhood overlooked the grass field surrounded by mounds and was large enough to accommodate thousands of people. That field was where she herself had been part of a group of people holding candles at the closing ceremony of last year's cheerleading activities and where souvenir photos had been taken. The training line was number 71 with the abbreviated English letters of University. The round eyes looked at the tall figure of the third year student shaking his head. He looked down and concentrated on the paper and pencil in his hand. Images of some people overlapped. as she stared at him.

If only P'Ploy had a clear jawline and sharp facial structure like P'Pure, this pair of twin brothers would be even harder to tell apart because of how similar they were.

"Seeing me like this makes me think you miss Ploy,"

Said a soft voice, still calmly concentrating on the diagram in front of him. Gyoza lowered her eyes when she was caught staring. It was very embarrassing that she could read her mind through her eyes.

“Phi, do you know that it's rude to read someone's mind like this?”

A clear voice said scolding him to hide her own shame although in reality it was rude to think about another person being with someone. Pure didn't mind the younger girl's mild scolding, on the contrary, her eyes lit up as she looked up and looked clearly for a moment before looking back at the grass below like before.

“Stop feeling guilty. It was only a matter of time before you returned the gear.”

His piercing eyes angled to meet her gaze. The words were said in a serious but calm tone. The story of the little junior and her twin sister, who she had always known from beginning to end. It's good that you dared to speak frankly. Do not think too much. Her sharp eyes focused on the page again.

“Phi, is it possible that you are a shapeshifter? How can you really know the details of my brain like that?”

Gyoza said jokingly as she felt better knowing what she thought. He was a quiet man. Staying there next to him made her feel comfortable. He was like an older brother who he could trust, although at times he could be secretly cruel. He had a demon hidden inside him and it was best not to let it out because it would be as terrifying as any terrible thing one could imagine. She herself had seen him like this once before. She only went once and she would like it to be the last time in her life.

“What happens if I say yes?”

His large hand folded the thin notebook she used to write her sketches into her pocket. She dropped from the cement edge of the balcony she was sitting on before, leaning her face closer to his. Gyoza was bewildered and her back was pressed against the wall.

“That means I can know everything about what you are thinking and worrying about.”

“TRUE?”

A soft voice whispered in her ear. Sharp eyes that could be seen up close looked at her face with an unreadable gaze, a warm breath brushing against her fair cheek. The familiar smell of the elder in front of her made her heart tremble. It wasn't with excitement or shame. It was panic!! Did P'Pure know every corner of her heart? His sharp facial features receded with his back turned to avoid Gyoza's eyes.

“About your promise that day, I think you have fulfilled your part. If you resign from your position now, I wouldn't mind.”

It had been his fault that such a heavy burden was placed on Gyoza even though she was just a child, she had to accept the pressure from both within the faculty of the elders she admired, and she had to endure honor, dignity, and honor, appearance of the branch alone.

“You can leave now, I understand that the weight of wearing this mask is heavy and exhausting. I know that because of this you have lost your freedom and I know that you did not want to do this from the beginning. I'm sorry I forced you to accept this position.”

Yes, Pure was the one who had used their agreement back then to keep this girl by his side, close to his body, close to his eyes, using the love and trust that his college friends had for him. It had been an obligation for her to accept the position of responsibility that she held. She was a Wak who had never failed. She had always done well, but now her duty prevented her from achieving her freedom. Freedom to have that feeling called...love.

But Puré was not a demon who could read human hearts as Gyoza said. He was just his older brother, the older brother who didn't think about his own sister, the selfish older brother. Who had used her position of power to keep her in sight. He and Ploy weren't really that different. That person used his own heart to contain her with confusing feelings, but now that gear had been returned to its owner. It was her freedom's turn to be returned.

“I will free you from Wak's position. If that's what you want.”

The soft voice conveys the listener's pain. The body of the man occupying the third-year Wak position trembled slightly. A stream of feelings swirled around his body, creating an uncomfortable, confusing and shocking atmosphere. Silence enveloped the couple. So quiet that you could hear the chilling whistle in your ears from the light breeze blowing. The round eyes behind the frames of the glasses stared at that broad back with an indescribable feeling. If there were no duties to bear, no honor and dignity of faculty to protect, she would once again be the same Gyoza who could do anything and not care about anyone's eyes or words. She would love

whoever she wanted and she would be loved without feeling guilty or ashamed.

Gyoza had her mouth tightly pursed as she reviewed her own feelings in order to find the answer in her heart. And she finally got that answer.

"I'm sorry, P'Pure..."

Gyoza said after remaining silent for a long time. She walked in front of her superior. Her eyes opened and looked directly at him, without avoiding them. That was a decision she had made.

"I refuse to resign from this position just because you want me to leave."

Gyoza responded with a bright voice, breaking the awkwardness that had formed earlier. There was no trace left. Her small hand reached out to grab the older man's arm, approaching him, looking at the sharp-faced, long-haired man, giving him a cheeky smile.

"Don't think for me. I've worked with you for so long, how could I easily let you go? Oh... Now you have a new and beloved daughter."

She spoke loudly, leaving Pure stunned by the change of emotions without being able to keep up with her. His dark eyebrows raised, his thin eyes looked at Gyoza's fair face. The little girl was pretending to have a smug expression on her face that made her feel a little upset. Gyoza was still Gyoza. She had had the opportunity to retire but she had still decided to stay. It's okay, she could do whatever she wanted.

"I can't really be much help. Lately, Warang has done such a good job that she deserves a reward unlike "someone" who is late in her work while licking her wounds."

The words came out with a mocking smile. P'Pure's mouth was as sharp as scissors!! Gyoza grimaced as the words pierced her heart. She knew that Pure could do it all. And that there was nothing she could hide from this person. But there was no need to tell him things that way. The more he saw



that smile, the more it made her feel upset. She wanted to take a knife and stab him straight through her heart,

“How did Warang become your beloved daughter?”

Gyoza was indifferent and refused to accept her own story, pretending to blatantly talk about other matters.

“Did you forget about....?”

The smaller woman tightened her grip on the older man's arm, swinging it back and forth like a child seeking attention.

“Besides, what does this have to do with her?”

Pure knew that Gyoza was distracted by other matters. He remained silent, without answering her questions, following the girl's game. Even though his face was so tense because he could barely contain his laughter, he burst out at the childish sulking of the person with a high position.

“Heyeeee!!!! Answer, don't stay silent, answer about...”

"Let go of my arm, silly girl, stop holding on to my arm..."

Gyoza was still hanging on the arm of the person she respected. She was like a baby monkey clinging to her mother. It was an image that Pure didn't even want to think about. If a freshman encountered this situation, what would he do? The reputation of the college that was painstakingly built with both hands would be destroyed. Gyoza looked at the smile of the elder she respected with hope and comfort that she had made the right decision in choosing to walk that path even though she had just reached a fork in the road that would lead her to another path. There wasn't much left of her duty. And she didn't want to abandon him halfway. Thinking about it, her relationship with Manaow developed too quickly. So much so that she didn't know if what she felt was what she believed. Therefore, she would spend a little more time and let things slowly follow their own path, without rushing. She would use this time to show her heart what she truly felt.

If the words that night had spoken about her true feelings then Manaow could wait until she was ready. There were only two more months left and that time would be proof that..... Her love confession that day was not just a whisper.

“How were your midterm scores?”

“If you still think of me as a friend you shouldn't irritate my ears with that phrase.”

“Wow, don't be so crybaby.”

“I'm not complaining, it's just that... There is no need to talk about this.”

Manaow looked at the smart-mouthed person who was so stressed that her head was full: the midterm exam scores had come out and all the subjects had been completed. Jom, a great person who loved sleeping in the classroom more than anything. I already knew what it was like to be in the education system. She knew what would happen if she left him. He had tried to resist but, it was certain that if he continued to live a quiet life, his dear friend would definitely end up withdrawing.

“Guys, look, the Fresh Game sports calendar has been published.”

Kawee's voice called everyone to gather in the middle of the classroom. That day, they had class with Professor Rachata but she had had an urgent meeting and during those hours of study they couldn't help but have free time, it was a waste of time to just go back to the room, so they dedicated their time to waiting for the next class in the afternoon in the living room.

“Our group is at a great disadvantage.”

“Well, we have few women for the competition. There aren't enough athletes who are good.”

“Hey, hey, don't look down on the women on campus. Right here we have one that went and hit a man. Don't you remember?”

This is a phrase that causes laughter among friends from the entire faculty. Manaow smiled at the corner of her mouth when she heard the mention:

"Wow, these guys, when are they going to stop making jokes about this?"

A tall figure walked towards the center of the group of male and female friends standing looking at the calendar of competition.

"Come on, let me take a look,"

A white hand said to her friend Rungnapha, who was from the same faculty.

"Ai, you are already participating in basketball and also in the rookie contest. People will think that our faculty is sending just a big, muscular man in a wig to participate in the contest."

Rungnapha said, blocking her friend's path as she removed the post from the hands of the faculty's most accomplished female representative. It wasn't that she didn't want to win at sports but she was worried about her friend, she didn't want her to exaggerate her efforts,

"Oh! It's true! But my body meets the requirements of an engineer girl; appropriate and tough."

Manaow responded to her friend sarcastically, making the other friends laugh.

"Our women are strong. They are as strong as transformers."

"Don't look. You two will soon be separated la la la la....."

The smart men responded well to each other's jokes by singing a part of the engineering cheer song that the elders had just taught her to sing when she had attended the most recent unofficial cheering rally, or as they called it, entering the black collar. With increasing closeness, the pronouns used to refer to each other were used interchangeably.. That wasn't as polite as when they first entered school. The number of people in the specialty was not as large as in other specialties, so they had quickly become close, especially because the number of women studying engineering compared to

men was minimal. There were only about three girls while in other faculties the number of people was three or four times more, especially those in administration.

“I'm sure the girls are very strong, so ladies, don't give up on those from other faculties.”

"They'll do it right,"

Kawee interrupted with Rungnapha staring wide-eyed behind him, and before he could speak, the girl from the freshys pageant walked in and blocked the way first.

“You have to believe me, Rung, I can do it, we can win.”

It was not because of her words of confidence that Rungnapha softened, it was rather because of the spark in her friend's eyes that made her weak that allowed Manaow to write her name on almost all the sports lists that were not tied in schedules.

“Do not lose. If you lose, I'll throw you to the ground.”

The young friend's apprehensive words did not scare Manaow even if she was the faculty mother. She was a woman who showed all her charm...

“Here it is, the third year reunion book. What do you want so much?”

Jom, he threw a handmade book with an oversized crimson cover at Manaow.

“Thank you.”

She received a book from her friend that compiled information of all the students of the Faculty of Engineering in all fields, which will be prepared in batches. What do you want it for? Which third-year student do you want to know about? She asked curiously, because previously Manaow had continually asked her about that book since the midterms.

“About anyone. I just wanted to see him out of curiosity.”

His eyes widened and he did not answer his friend's question. Although Aeoy had her suspicions, she left the matter alone because she had something else she wanted to ask him.

"Ai Naow,"

She said, taking a breath before opening the topic of conversation.

“Yeah?”

“Is something wrong with LookTan?”

The ambiguous phrasing of the question made the person being asked gasp, wondering how he could know or if LookTan had told him something. Manaow was in shock because of that matter.

“Hey! Why do you look so surprised? What's happening? Answer me. I've noticed how things are strange between you two, I've seen you avoid each other for months.”

Wow, why was he asking so directly? Although he had always been like that. Her heart raced.

“No problem. All it's normal. I'm not avoiding her. Why are you...?”

She used a high-pitched voice to draw out a long sound at the end of a response sentence but the more she listened, the more Aeoy became sure that there was a problem between Manaow and LookTan. When she had asked the other girl, she refused to tell her anything and now Manaow was also refusing to do so. But she couldn't believe any of them!!

“I don't know what problem you guys have but I definitely think it didn't start with her because I know she cares a lot about you.”

Aeoy chose to speak indirectly, knowing how her friend felt about Manaow. Her face was a little darker. What should I do? Would she have to take responsibility as a lover to make amends for what she had done? But at that time they had already agreed, although she already felt that her own

thoughts were very selfish. It had been two drunk people that had resulted in a night of sex.

“There is no need to worry. I'll clarify it myself.”

Manaow promised her friend although she herself still didn't know how she would solve that problem. Student clubs in all faculties were busy again when two major activities were postponed at the same time. After the sports event, FRESHY DAY and FRESHY NIGHT later, all the students dispersed to do their own homework and had to divide into teams to practice for the cheering contest, sports practice, main practice. Both real and joke protagonists, large groups with many people, such as the administrative team, did not feel worried. But the Faculty of Engineering, which only accepted a small number of students in each class, made everything a little tiring. Every first-year student in the college took on at least one responsibility.

For their part, the athletes had to be leaders, they had to practice and the stand-ups had to be ready. Gyoza looked at the paper that listed the names of the athletes in each category. Someone's name was scrawled in nervous handwriting on almost every type of sport.

“Crazy girl! I don't see the need to do this at all.”

She complained to herself but her mouth showed a smile making her cheeks widen a lot just by seeing that person's signature. She didn't know why she felt good. Maybe it was because even though they hadn't seen each other face to face, that signature meant that she was somewhere nearby. The club rooms of all the faculties were together in Building 9, with clear glass dividing each faculty room, with the TAO (Student Administrative Organization) room being the focal point. In fact, being alone with her own group would not be so exhausting but with P'Pure, that good boy had also been elected president of the student organization and had taken on all the responsibility including coordinating the presidents of other faculties. Each branch sent representatives to join the team, both small and large teams, to help drive the work so it could be completed successfully. Although there were many people, there was still a lot of work to be done.

The charming Pure did not hesitate to delegate some work to people close to him. (Sisters who were not blood) and Ploy (real sister). His eyes shifted to the two twin brothers who were arguing about the topic of the Freshy contest stage. It felt as good to be together again, the three of them, as it had in the past.

"Khun Gyoza,"

A voice shouted, making the girl look away from the twin brothers.

"I'd rather you interject the Ai than Khun Khun Beer."

The name at the end of the sentence was emphasized in a heavy tone along with a piece of paper thrown at the person in front of her like a pair of friends mocking each other would do.

"Oh!! Just like that, do they have to physically hurt me?"

Beer, one of the electrical engineering Wak used her strong hand to push her little friend's head until she ended up staggering. When she saw her friend's angry look, she laughed and enjoyed the joke. Sometimes Gyoza couldn't help but wonder if it was because her older friends didn't notice her or didn't see her as a girl. Every time they joked together they seemed unafraid of her getting hurt. When she was a freshman, the seniors always used to say when they attended pep rallies:

"Please take care of your friends."

EITHER...

"Men also take care of their friends."

Because there were very few women who studied at the engineering school, the elders instilled in men the care of women. So what was it that she encountered every day? Boys who were trying to intimidate her!!

"Stop making fun of me and tell me what you want, idiot."

Pronouns from the era of King Ram were dug up and used when the person being teased started to feel bad. Beer stopped teasing her friend before putting on a serious face again.

“Ai Tham, the Wak of industrial engineering, I asked you when they will collect the signature books of the juniors because apparently everyone has already finished collecting the signatures. The sooner you pick it up, the sooner you can plan the day you will run with your team. These juniors' activities will finally end. They have been very tired this year. I do not know a lot about that.”

The end of the sentence became a private complaint from the Wak. They had to pick up the signature book that they gave to the juniors to search for the signatures of the seniors and thus they would check how much effort they had made to follow the orders, even if the search was not completed as ordered but at least they could still see the effort that was being made. Getting a gear was not an easy thing. Her light eyes darkened as she remembered her first year. There were good and bad things, but probably the redeeming thing was the friendships made. The worst would be....

"Anyway, tell me the day you want to do it so I can tell her,"

Beer urged, cutting short the thoughts of her friend who was silent.

“When will our oldest have the cheerleading meeting again?”

“The day after the sports day we have to attend the meeting and it will be our last time.”

“Ok, let Tham know that I'll pick up the black cover book this time. So if Tham and the other seniors want to plan our team running event, let them write the plan and present it to P'Pure. I'll take care of this one myself.”

"Whatever you say,”

Beer admitted before turning around to finish her business.

Although the animation meeting of the Faculty of Engineering was divided by specialties to facilitate its control and supervision, there would be a



traditional race or what is called a gear march that the entire group would have to run together.

“Do you already have a plan for the race?”

A third-year boy approached to ask the young woman at her desk.

"Well, this year the plan is to run very fast so that the race ends soon,"

The girl responded, not knowing if her fatigue was physical or mental.

“You do not have to worry. I will review the documents for this project before sending them to the dean.”

“Oh, that matter does not need to be resolved. Warang already took care of it and also took care of the sports project. Didn't they talk about it?”

The man who used to know everything suddenly had a strange expression on his face. Had he missed any news or not? Silence, no response, as if he were talking to the wall. They had definitely gotten into a fight and that was a big problem. This was what Pure's brilliant brain was able to evaluate when he saw Gyoza's behavior.

“Do you want me to talk to her?”

"It's not necessary, if she doesn't want to talk to me then let her go, you shouldn't force her to do so."

Her small hand took the documents she was still reading and put them in her pocket. She took out the keys from the Little Red Pig before saying goodbye to all the seniors who were busy with her work in the engineering club room.

“I'll leave now.”

Gyoza walked towards Ploy to say goodbye before leaving. Pure could only blink at her looking at her.

“What's wrong with your junior? Why is she so upset?”

Ploy approached and asked his older brother.

“Life things. She probably can't help her,”

Pure concluded before walking away from her, leaving her twin sister looking confused. Gyoza fell onto the bed feeling empty, strangely empty. On the one hand, there was the person who was her dear friend. The other person was the person who made her heart flutter from the first time she saw her. How should she handle that? Why was her life and her relationship with the people around her so ruined? Everything was tangled and messy, no matter how much she tried to fix it there seemed to be no end. She reached out and picked up the wooden box that was placed at the head of the bed and looked at it in confusion feeling heavy and tired, the corners of her mouth raised in a smile because of what had happened. Hadn't she been the cause of all those problems?

Her slender fingers unlocked the wooden box to open it. Two guest books were kept in that box, one of them was wrinkled and covered in pieces of transparent adhesive tape. It was as if it had been destroyed. It was badly damaged but was repaired with meticulous care until it regained its shape again. The other book was much newer. It was white and clean, with only a faint letter indicating its owner's name in the bottom corner of the cover.

“Can you sign my name for me?”

“If you want to get my signature, what will you give me in exchange?”

“What do you want me to do? I'll do anything.”

Gyoza grabbed a pen and held it, pausing to think for a bit before placing the pen on the first page of her notebook.

Kaniknan // Waker#2's signature was carefully written due to the promise that had been made. The handwriting was a little messy when she wrote something at the end of the signature.

“I have kept my promise.”

Gyoza stared for a long time at the sentence she had just written. Was the good girl who obeyed her orders still the same?

[1] This is because the different faculties were not created at the same time. Some colleges that were founded together with the university will have the same lot as the year the university was founded. Students who participate in the activity will receive two models. is the college version AND the college class, right now, the class the college is applying for is class 72, but the class Manaow will receive in the future is class 67 (Gyoza Run College 66, college class 71).

# ①⑥

## STARS ON THE GROUND



Spotlights shone in all four corners, dispelling the incoming darkness. The rhythmic sound of drums resonated loudly throughout the outdoor court where basketball competitions and freshys sports games were held.

“Again !!!!”

The leader of the cheerleaders gave quick orders in a strong, firm voice in the style of engineering students. The order came with the sound of a loud stomp on the dais, encouraging the rhythm of the drums, actually calling it a stomp would not be accurate, it would be more accurate to call it jumping and throwing herself to the ground with all her force.

“EE!!-EE!!-EE!!EE!!EE!!”

“The tribune will not give up. Don't stop, step, step!!”

The loud sound ended with the release of the specialty's main cry. The leaders of the Faculty of Engineering are all men with daring dance moves. Shouting to get applause from the cheering crowd like in all sporting events. The two stands facing each other were completely occupied. One area for the host of this competition while other stands were free areas for students from other faculties to sit waiting to watch the Women's Basketball Final competition between Electricity of the Faculty of Engineering and Faculty of Administrative Management.

“Has Naow arrived yet?”

Namo, a girl, tall and tanned and who had been chosen to be the captain of the women's basketball team in Electrical Engineering, asked anxiously when she realized that there was no sign of the girl and that the time for the start of the competition was getting closer and closer near. There was no one on her team who was good at basketball, most of them were just people who played well without breaking the rules but the ones who got the main points were her and Manaow.

When the team was formed, they were simply competing for fun, without giving importance to the rival team, but as time went on, everyone came together to help the team get to this point. It wasn't because their team was at God level in any way but because almost all the majors competing have similar teams but only few people who can play well.

For example, women's basketball is not popular but the logistics majors have seniors who have joined in to help compete each year without breaking the rules. Because according to these, it is not established that the athletes should only be first-year players, but in their specialty, the older brothers will let the younger brothers compete against each other and the older brothers will not offer to help. They will only help as appropriate as companions on the sidelines.

“The game is about to close, just wait a little. She called me to tell me that right now she's looking for someone to play with. You can come in later,”

Rungnapa informed a friend. Deep down, she was also uneasy. To be honest, she really wanted her major to get a sports championship trophy. All that time she had only gotten second or third place. The older students simply felt ashamed of them. On the other side, Manaow was about to take the decisive shot, if this shot made her opponent miss, she would win, ending the game. Her thin eyes searched for gaps in her opponent's weak points that she could barely find, she took a deep breath before exhaling slowly to relieve the tension. A gasp stuck in her throat as with a flick of her wrist she sent the ball flying with speed. The rival was able to receive it by very little and the counterattack of the back and forth of the ball was repeated. At the edge of the field there was silence with a tense atmosphere.

Only the sound of the racket moving in the air could be heard as the ball was hit hard while long steps were taken that made sleep creak due to the friction of the rubber sole of the shoe.

“It's okay to make mistakes but I want to win.”

The voice in Manaow's head screamed. Her opponent was really good. She tried to get her way with points to beat her, but this person from the economics department was still able to score and counter.. But there had to be some way!! Just as her last thought occurred to her, Manaow saw the gap in her opponent's steps. Definitely unable to back away in time, a smile appeared at the corner of her thin mouth. Manaow bounced completely before flicking her wrist and hitting right in the center of the opponent. Even if the other party tried to resist the hit, they couldn't do anything to prevent the ball from flying over the net.

The whistle blew along with the final score, closing the women's badminton final match in which the electrical engineering team won the championship position as they desired. Manaow gritted her teeth to contain the sharp sensation coming from her ankles. The descent from the jump caused her some ankle problems as a loud cheer could be heard from the side causing her to rush out of the gym before she could even walk over to shake hands with her recently defeated opponent in accordance with good gym etiquette, sport spirit.

“Thank you, the game just now was really fun!!”

A hoarse voice shouted across the court. The economy badminton player could only raise two fingers and return with a sweet smile. How long will it continue to spread its charm everywhere like this? She felt sorry for her friend who had fallen in love with a person who was nice to everyone. Aeoy shook her head, her face falling as she dragged her tall friend off of her by her neck with her hand.

“Hurry up, the basketball game has already started. Namo is very upset because they are in terrible trouble.”

The sound of this announcement made Manaow hurriedly walk to the parking lot and straddle the back seat of her pretty motorcycle.

“We are going to win the championship.”

The friend's gentle voice made her mouth twitch, before she bounced off, carrying the girl to the field on the other side of the university. Loud cheers that could be heard carried by the wind making her feel indescribably excited. The blood inside her was boiling with adrenaline, this was her last show and she wanted to give it her best. She wanted the owner of the message she had received to be happy and above all, she wanted that special prize that the other person had promised to give her.

“Tomorrow in the basketball final, put in all your effort.”

“I will do that. Thank you. If I win, will you give me a P'Gyo reward?”

“If you win, there will be a prize.”

“Don't forget to come cheer at 9 pm. I'll wait to get the prize.”

That had been the green app message she'd received in the middle of the night the day before that had made her heart race. She had thought that Gyoza would forget about her. She was afraid that because of the confession of love that night... Gyoza would hate her and she would not be able to look at her round eyes again.

“We arrived!! Good luck.”

It was not yet time to stop completely. Manaow was quick to jump out of the vehicle almost without letting it stop, earning a gift from her friend. At that moment, she ran towards the destination as she hurriedly waved her hand and said goodbye to her. It has always been like this. She sighed wearily and looked at the handle bag she was hanging from the handlebars. It was likely that if she didn't change out of her clothes they wouldn't let her compete. Manaow she was crazy!! She would have to hurry up and run to give the shirt to that forgetful person.

Manaow ran to the edge of the field. The scoreboard showed the team's score. Theirs was inferior to those of its competitors by many points. He hurried to go straight to P'Lalin who was a second-year senior in charge of the team.

“P'Lin, please let's make a truck for me to enter.”

"Uh, okay,"

Lalin told the referee to ask for a change of player. Manaow hurriedly took off the thin sports shirt she was wearing. Only half of her body was left in a sports outfit that exposed the thin muscles of her stomach without caring about people's gaze because she was in too much of a hurry. She had always thought, What was the point of being ashamed? She didn't have voluptuous breasts and her sports shirt revealed nothing.

“P'Lin, can I borrow your shirt?”

She asked about her basketball jersey.

“Yes, let me give it to you.”

When Lalin turned to see her she could see the girl next to her and immediately screamed

“Woow!!!! Why don't you change properly? You're just standing here taking off your shirt.”

“What's the matter? You're a girl.”

Although her mouth was about to criticize her, her eyes couldn't help but admire those fine, muscular curls. Would she be attracted to other women? Even though her mouth was scolding her, her eyes couldn't help but admire her muscles wondering if it was possible that she was attracted to another woman.

“But what does it matter? She had to hurry me up.”



Manaow didn't realize how much they had become the target of people's attention. How many people were there in the field? Thin eyes scanned the stands, searching for someone she wanted with all her heart to be able to see. She did not see Gyoza in any of the stands, whether it was her Major's or the group's. Maybe I wouldn't go.....

“Naow Naow, your shirt.”

Aoey ran frantically to hand her the shirt, letting Manaow take it and put it on before touching the hand of Rungnapa, with whom she made the change.

“Do not lose.”

A voice said next to her ear. It was the same voice as the girl to whom she had confirmed that she would compete in almost all types of sports. But why did she sound scarier than usual this time!? The white hands held her knees, panting, trying to cool down the heat inside, and feeling a sharp pain. Her ankle showed more and more signs of discomfort and hurt so much that she had to grit her teeth to suppress it. It was a competition where her concentration was not on her body because she was too busy looking up to face the opposing team. That was the second time she felt that sharp pain in her ankle. The first had been during the final moments of the previous badminton match, but even so, the team's score had improved a lot, almost to the point of being able to equal it. She wanted to win... but it seemed that her strength was failing her.

“Damn, what the hell is wrong with you? Get up, come on!”

The strong voice of the team captain shouted, accompanied by a scolding look.

"Oh, I'm sorry,"

Manaow shouted before turning your attention back to the game.

“What are you waiting for?”

Manaow laughed at her own thoughts before sending the ball she had in her hand towards the backboard, hoping to improve her score. The ball hit the opposite side and bounced back into the hands of the rival team, causing Manaow to run back to the defensive line again.

“My God, it didn't turn out the way I wanted!!!”

At the moment when she was blocking the seniors of the opposing team, the big shoe of one of those seniors kicked her in the shin with all its force, causing her to lose her balance and fall to the ground. The referee called her foul and they whistled to collect the foul, It was necessary to kick with the injured side!! Really crazy!! The stadium was tense when the penalty was scored but at that moment, at the edge of the field, the once loud cheering died down as someone appeared. A faint, familiar smell wafted on the gentle early winter breeze, causing Manaow to turn and look at Gyoza's stall, dressed head to toe in a proper student uniform, over a student camisole. The sound of her heels sounded loud according to the rhythm of her walking. Not only was everyone in engineering standing there silently, Manaow herself stood still and looked at the figure walking towards the podium. Her heart swelled until it was filled with the presence of the person. I wanted to be my strength....

"Well... The first years pay tribute to the second years,"

Gyoza took the lead before a first year student on the stage raised her hand to greet the P'Wak, her face still. There was some tension in the air since they didn't think Gyoza would go to the game.

“Hello, Phi.”

A greeting voice sounded in unison. Gyoza raised her hand to greet her juniors before smiling. A smile that no first year had ever seen before. Meanwhile, there was another person who had initially felt very happy to see her but had begun to feel dissatisfied due to the jealousy she felt at seeing Gyoza smile like that since... That smile was hers. She was jealous!! Jealous of everyone and of the smile that she had only shown her before.

“Cheer up with great enthusiasm!! Everything seems so calm. Why don't I listen to them?”

A sweet and clear voice resonated strongly. An order with a sweet voice that had never been heard before caused the sound of the drum to sound again. Loud applause and cheers rang out along with smiles of relief but the thought that they were about to be kicked out of another important show. Gyoza walked over and sat next to Lalin while Manaow returned her interest to the game. Competing again with the same heart that was broken before, but now is about to explode with hundreds of fireworks. She had to win no matter what! Because she wanted to receive her reward!

The final whistle sounded in the fourth quarter. The scoreboard was displayed in dozens of digits with only a small difference between the two teams, causing loud applause at the electrical engineering stand. Manaow gasped as she scanned the stands, hoping to see the happy expression of the person who was supporting her in the competition. Empty. The seat next to Lalin was empty. Only the female chaperone could be seen who was talking to a group of boys from the men's team who would be competing in the next competition. Manaow tried to look in other areas before her teammates rushed to jump and hug each other, forming a group. The girl is covered in sweat as they congratulate each other but due to her injury, she was unable to bear the weight.

“Get your sticky body off me now.”

The command line was not serious and did not reach the ears of the person who was being scolded. A wave of joy continued to come. It was true that the smiles of the team's friends made Manaow feel good. But above all she wanted to see again that special smile that only Gyoza had. Near the court, about to play, was the men's basketball team. The sound of the drums and the group's cheers still continued loudly, but she hid behind the shadows about to leave. Manaow for her part couldn't help but continue searching with her eyes to demand her agreement but it seemed that there was no one. Her beautiful facial features pouted in disgust.

“Naow.”

A call came from Lalín, the captain of the team to Manaow who was about to pick up the phone and send a message in the chat to claim her prize but had to stop when a white paper envelope was handed to her making her feel confused...

“They left this for you.”

“What is this envelope?”

Manaow asked curiously.

"How am I supposed to know?"

Lalin replied before walking back to the edge of the field as usual leaving her in the shadows behind the cheering stands.

A thin hand opened the envelope. The letters were fine, written in small, clear handwriting. The essence of the short message made her smile widely.

“See you at the Dao Bridge.”

That night, the sky was completely dark with large black clouds that completely obscured the stars. The streetlights barely shone along the long, steep road that led into the foot of the mountain behind the university. The Dao Bridge was the highest point of that small road. There was a three-way intersection that led to a beautiful white building called-Sritham Building. The path to the Sritham Building from the Dao Bridge was a dangerously steep slope. Students could not use that route to walk because the street behind the university was devoid of pedestrians at night and with trees on both sides of the road. Due to all this, a disturbing and lonely atmosphere was created.

But Gyoza made arrangements so that they could meet there. Manaow walked along the path towards the steep slope that descended between the Sritham building and the library.

As she walked she could see that a short distance from the second building of the Faculty of Engineering, there was a small figure of someone standing there at the highest point of the road. Gyoza still in full student uniform; black pencil skirt and fitted student shirt. Her hair that had been short when

they had met now reached her shoulders. She had taken off the crimson camisole that she was holding over one thin forearm and in her hand was a white plastic bag from a small convenience store.

“Why did you come out first? Why didn't you wait?”

Manaow complained a little to alleviate her embarrassment and bad behavior. It had been almost a month since they had seen each other up close. So, if she felt nervous how strange would she be? She was right in front of..... The person she confessed her love for!!

"Come sit here and let me take a look at your ankle."

Gyoza didn't answer the question. But instead, she gave the order and Manaow, who was still confused, quickly obeyed. The tall figure fell to the side of the road, moaning softly at the pain in her ankle before stretching out her legs for the senior to check on. At that moment she couldn't help but wonder how she knew her leg hurt. Gyoza took off the younger girl's big pair of slippers and saw how her ankle had swollen horribly so she took out of a bag from a convenience store she had brought the cold massage medicine and an elastic bandage to wrap her ankle. The fact that she had left before the game ended had been precisely to buy those things, was the thought that came to Manaow's head.

“Why didn't you ask someone to replace you in the game? Even knowing that it hurt you, you forced yourself to play.”

A scolding sound came from a small mouth. That didn't scare Manaow, on the contrary, she felt incredibly good to notice that Gyoza cared about her and took care of her. Her sharp eyes looked at the soft, clear face that received the dim light of the orange street lamp. The eyes behind the frame of her glasses were focused on bandaging his ankles.

“I was worried, why did you leave me waiting for so long?”

Those words of regret made the round eyes look up and meet again. A spark of guilt was clearly shining in them why it might have been that Gyoza couldn't have gone but she still decided to make that selfish request.

“I'm sorry I was late. The dean called people from the student club to urgently meet about a freshman event that was about to take place and suddenly he wanted to make an appointment with me.”

Manaow nodded in understanding. This was why Gyoza had gone in full uniform and Manaow looked at the hands that were collecting medicines and putting them in a bag first wondering if she should claim her own reward.

“And now what happens to my prize?”

The white hands extended towards Gyoza making her feel completely upset seeing her so she used her small hand to hit her with all her strength for trying to demand her prize. What a naughty girl!

“Hey!! My leg hurts and I still had to compete. I deserve another award.”

“Oh!! It hurts, P'Gyo. If you keep hitting me I'll end up hurt.”

Her expression of exaggerated pain was exaggerated. But Gyoza the more the junior talked the more upset she became, she wanted to push her down the steep mountain so she could find out if she would survive.

“You're so annoying. Do you want the prize or not?”

Her eyes under the frame of her glasses looked at the cheeky young woman.

“I won't give it to you now.”

“Come on, come on...I forced myself to play because I really wanted to win the prize you said you would give me. Please give me my reward P'Gyo. I was training hard all month.”

Her sweet words and pleas while blinking intensely made Gyoza burst out laughing. She probably felt that she was smiling more widely than she had in the last two months. It was good to be able to smile like that again, good that Manaow was still waiting for her.

“Where is the prize?”

Manaow looked around and couldn't see anything else in this area besides trees, grass, rocks, sand, and black paved roads.

“What are you looking for? The reward that will be given is not an item.”

“Hey??? It's not a thing, so what is it?....”

“What are you thinking when you see me like that?”

Wait a minute! Her eyes opened towards the minor. What was she thinking? Crazy girl! The young girl's cheeky tone and facial expressions that seemed to be overthinking caused her full lips to curl up, casting glances up and down until the person waiting for a trick showed a disappointed expression on her face.

“Well, you said it's not an article. So it will be an action, right? Whatever you are going to do, do it now. I will sacrifice my body for you.”

Manaow smiled happily, puffing out her cheeks geritly, so that Gyoza couldn't help but squeeze her cheek gently.

“Don't think too hastily.”

She quickly corrected the strange thoughts that had been sent. Manaow's eyes, whose cheeks were pinched, she raised her hand to caress her own cheek, gently, her hand as heavy as ever, never changing. The last time she pinched her brought tears to her eyes.

“I don't see the need to harm the bodies of others. I was only telling the truth when I said I would allow you to do whatever you wanted with my body. I just wanted to play a joke on you, I already knew you wouldn't do it.”

“Still, Manaow!!”

Gyoza raised her voice, her thin hand making a motion to hit the cheeky girl to let her know good and evil once and for all. Although her mouth was full

of scolding words, she couldn't stop smiling. Oh, crazy girl, why was she behaving like that? Gyoza thought that she had to control herself or else she would end up dragging her into the forest to eat her.

“Don't hit me, I give up.”

Manaow raised her hands in surrender. Gyoza lowered them and tried to contain herself by trying to count to one hundred, avoiding playing along with the girl who was provoking her at that moment.

“If you speak rashly again, I will leave.”

The girl gave her an ultimatum. She couldn't stand it. Her heart was too excited and she was being tempted by the girl so hard, that she probably wouldn't be able to control herself.

“Wow...I'm just joking a little. I miss this, don't you? It's been a long time since we saw each other.”

The taller girl winked at the senior before leaning down and touching her face while at the same time rubbing her arm as if begging for her attention and making Gyoza have to take the opportunity to distance herself at that moment.

“Do you still want the prize?”

She asked again with a stern voice.

"Okay, okay, I'll be a good girl. I will no longer be stubborn or naughty.”

Gyoza looked at the fake good girl indifferently. She wanted to believe her but realistically she couldn't quite do it but they were already there and Manaow should receive the prize for winning the contest like she asked for.

"Come, I'll take you to see the prize,"

She said before walking towards the dense trees on the side of the road. The path was straight so this raised many questions in the younger girl's head that she had no idea what Gyoza was up to.



“P'Gyo wait a minute, where are you going?”

Was she really going to take her to the woods on the side of the road?

“Follow me, don't talk too much, I'll take you to see the stars.”

“What star? There are no stars tonight. The sky is very cloudy.”

Manaow pointed at the cloudy sky, refusing to follow her. Gyoza looked at her with disgust before returning and dragging the irritable girl to the back of the bushes together.

“What stars!? What stars!? When I say I sacrifice my body, I was joking. You know, right?”

Manaow was having all kinds of crazy thoughts that kept her busy and careless before Gyoza passed those bushes and came out to look at a sea of stars. Thousands of orange stars in front of them. An aerial view showed the lights of an oil factory located not far from the university, it was illuminated by small lights densely filling the area like stars. Seen in the night sky the only difference was that it was an orange light. Some were white, others alternated, but in that position they looked like a sea of stars in the dark Gulf of Thailand.. Why had I never known before that there was such a beautiful sight that could be seen from this angle?

“Beautiful, right? That's where the name Dao Bridge comes from. If you look from the road, it will be completely blocked by the teachers condo building. But before that building was built, this kind of view could be seen from the Dao Bridge, but now you have to walk a bit to see it.”

Gyoza sat on a large rock on the mountain, although the moccasins she was wearing made it difficult for her to see it. walk on the ground. The gravel was not very convenient. Manaow looked at the picture and thought about the time Gyoza took her to the beach while they work. She made her feel differently about this person. She was able to see a side of things that other people had never seen. She was very grateful that she allowed people like her to see this side of her.

Long legs walked towards that place sitting on the empty space next to her. Her eyes gazed aimlessly toward the sea of stars, allowing her heart to be healed by the wonderful feelings that arose. Both remained silent, listening only to the sound of each other's breathing and letting the beating of both hearts be heard. The voice in her heart was screaming at Gyoza that she won't let this opportunity slip away to be clear and honest about how she felt. That would be the only chance she would have to respond to Manaow's feelings and get what she really wanted.

“About what you told me the other day... Is that really how you feel?”

A sweet voice broke the silence. Manaow was shocked as she secretly looked at the face of the person who was speaking. She didn't expect that Gyoza would bring up that night's topic so a feeling of shame came to her mind unexpectedly. Why was Gyoza asking like it was nothing when she was about to collapse? Manaow tries to control her breathing to make it as normal as possible but her ears could hear a ringing and her heart had raced.

“Now I'm starting to feel insecure that I like you...”

The response made the listener's heart race. Gyoza stood still for only a few seconds before Manaow finished her sentence.

“Now I think... That I probably love you.”

The words were spoken firmly before the voice faded into the mist of the night. The only thing left was an irregular heartbeat and the piercing eyes of a person who had just revealed her feelings. She looked deeply into the soft eyes behind the frame of her glasses. The faint orange light of the sea of stars reflected on her transparent lenses, but she couldn't hide the flickering traces in her eyes. Once again, Manaow took the initiative to remove the round glasses that she used to think were suitable for the person in front of her, but at that moment they were very annoying because she wanted to have direct eye contact without lenses blocking it making it even more difficult to control.

Perhaps it was because of the atmosphere that she was feeling that her dream had finally come true that night and that if she had ever dreamed of

holding a star in her hand, at that exact moment, she felt like she had it in front of her. The shadows cast on the ground showed two figures connected by the softness of their lips. The kiss was soft, sweet and lasted a while before they broke apart. Gyoza had a slight feeling of guilt due to the younger one's gasping due to lack of air. But at the same time it caused a smile at the corner of her mouth to rise in happiness.

"Let me kiss you now. Tomorrow night, I'll come to hear how you feel about my P'Gyo."

# ①⑦

KANIKANAN EE1



“Keep your head down!!”

An aggressive voice shouted in the open courtyard that was used for the Electrical Engineering pep rally. The cheers from Electrical Engineering intimidated the new freshmen who sat opposite each other in applauding positions. No one thought that a senior like this would have scolded them. On the schedule, it only said that they would attend a camp at the university for a week to learn the basics. When parents took their children to the residence halls, the seniors were there to warmly welcome them and help them carry their belongings to the residence halls. With cheerful smiles, they assured their parents that they would take good care of the juniors

That was clearly a hoax!!

The first-year students lowered their heads, avoiding the sharp gaze of the third-year student who stood tall and proud in front of them. However, there was only one person who refused to obey the orders. In reality, the time had not yet come for the third-year students to participate in that activity. The cheerleading rally was to welcome the new freshmen from the first week of basic adjustment. This was a task for the second years to train first year students and be disciplined according to university regulations. They had to know how to honor and respect their elders. In short, let the second years take charge since their age difference wasn't that big and they didn't put too much pressure on the juniors.

But there was a problem...

Ikkyu, an older, tall, dark-skinned man. The owner of a handsome face and piercing gaze, he approached and stopped in front of a small figure sitting in the row. Sharp eyes looked at the smooth and clean face that was stubborn and he was unwilling to listen to his orders.

“Stand up.”

The small figure stood up as ordered. Only the round eyes behind the frame of her glasses showed no respect towards the dark-skinned elder who was standing with his head slightly raised in front of her, her smiling face only showing an expression of complete boredom.

“Tell me your name and password.”

“Kaniknan EE1.”

Ikkyu sighed softly. He was the president for the third year!! And she couldn't help but wonder why that little freshman wasn't afraid of him!!? First he hid his displeasure under a serious face, questioning the young woman who refused to follow orders in a firm voice.

“I ordered you to keep your head down!! Why didn't you follow orders and disrespect me? You are disrespecting your elders!!”

“I respect you but speaking without looking at other people's faces is considered rude. That's basic etiquette, don't you know? Or your elementary school teacher never taught it to you.”

The young rebel responded with a firm and confident voice without paying attention to the plight of her fellow branch members who were beginning to get restless. She did not feel any of the symptoms of her classmates and many of her elders were stunned by her response to the president. They didn't know whether to call her crazy or what. He was the third year senior leader!! Just like the second year student said. She was stubborn and difficult to deal with. There was not the slightest surprise that the second

year couldn't handle this short brat. Ikkyu was silent. for a moment before smiling cruelly and firmly!

“Junior! I don't care what the basic etiquette is. But here the major's orders are considered Impossible to disobey. Whatever I say, you have to do it. The fact that you disobey my orders. means that you are disrespecting the elder. This time I won't give you a punishment because the second years will take your punishment. Apparently I didn't teach them correctly. Second year, hug your necks, you will be punished, do it!!”

The second-year leader, as well as all the second-year students, hugged their necks and began to sit down obediently following the senior's orders. It was always like this. Any mistakes made by the juniors were the responsibility of the seniors because the seniors were meant to teach the younger ones. When they made a mistake, it was the elders who had to take responsibility for those actions. This might seem unfair, but it was to ensure that young people learned. The seniors would always blame the juniors and this would continue in every generation.

The strong bonds between elders and minors, affection, attention and relationships between peers were things that they should foster as elders. Whatever happened, they had to make the juniors feel it. Although it might just be a dramatic performance, and even if they had to play cruel roles that made minors hate them, it was a task that was passed down from generation to generation. However, currently, those rules were being broken and high authority was being challenged. No matter what, Ikkyu had to deal with that brat...

“Nong Gyo Kaniknan EE1!!”

“Basic training camp.”

He looked at the sentences printed in large black letters on the three or four sheets of paper listing the various camp activity schedules, before breaking into a sinister smile. Where on the calendar did it say there would be a confrontation? I had heard that the Faculty of Engineering at that university was still using the SOTUS admission system, but I wasn't ready to deal with it because the semester hadn't started yet and I was still a new student.

Was there some problem that caused her to be separated into another room? Was the air conditioning really broken? After returning from the branch integration activities, she went to that room alone even though she already had three or four friends, they separated her to stay alone in this room.

The sky was dark and silent. I was looking at a big black spider in a glass jar. Her staring at him just in case because she was a little scared. Yes, she just put the spider in a jar. Before, she had been in a small corner of the closet, enjoying the thrill of weaving a web. Unfortunately, from that moment on the spider would no longer have freedom because it had been trapped. In the small back closet hung four sets of student uniforms that her mother had diligently ironed. The bag contained clothes that were neither too big nor too small. Inside were four sets of clothes and basic necessities such as soap and shampoo, which were prepared for basic camping needs.

The room was a good size with furniture such as wardrobe, table and bed. The bed was a good size and at the back there was a closet. In a corner of the room, a table with a lamp. The four corners were separated for privacy. It seemed like she would be left alone in that room, which was very private. And the more she looked at the empty bed, the more terrifying it seemed.

“Come on... Don't be stupid, Gyoza. You're just going to sleep alone. It's not that scary... Right?”

She tried to cheer herself up, although her voice didn't sound very confident. She at least had the spider as a friend of hers. She saw the spider in the glass jar that she now had stopped panicking.

“What would be a good name?”

She lifted the jar so she could clearly see the eight-legged creature inside the jar. Her face was cute, the fur on her legs looked very soft.

“Your name is Fluffy.”

A knock on the door broke the silence. And that scared her enough that she accidentally dropped the glass jar that she had in her hand on the floor. The sound of glass falling and breaking was heard and Fluffy, being free, used

her eight legs to run towards the door that was about to open. A woman about her age entered the room.

“Hey! What happened? What was that noise?”

The tall, slender figure that had just entered froze in front of the door for a moment. The eyes behind the glasses frames widened in surprise before those long legs approached the one standing helplessly in the middle of the room. Ahh!! That girl was going to step on Fluffy!!

“Stop! Stop right there. Do not enter!!”

Gyoza hurriedly shouted to stop the tall figure who immediately stopped her feet in the air. Her face was confused and her body swayed back and forth, trying to keep her balance so as not to fall. It was a funny show to say the least, but I didn't have time to laugh. If she had been a little slower, Fluffy would have been crushed under the girl's feet..

“Because!? That!? Why is there broken glass?”

“You're going to step on Fluffy!!”

“Where is Fluffy!?”

She didn't have time to answer the question yet when the newcomer followed her gaze to her new eight-legged friend on the floor of the room. There was only three quarters of a second of silence before the tall figure opened his mouth and screamed, jumping out of Fluffy's path to freedom. The tall figure jumped towards Gyoza and hid behind her, paying no attention to the broken glass scattered on the ground.

“Get her out of here!! Creepy, twisted eight-legged creature aaaaahh”

“Can you stop screaming? What are you afraid of? Is it just a spider? Right now, what you should be afraid of is the blood on the ground!!”

“Ahhh! Don't worry, this is just human blood.”



“You scream too much, look at your wounds. Did you go through broken glass just because of a spider? You are crazy?”

“You're the one who's crazy. What woman catches spiders and keeps them? Plus, you gave her a name that doesn't suit her. Fluffy? Have you seen too many movies about spiders being friends with people?”

“She's very pretty. Just like her hairy feet. It's also fun to play with.”

Gyoza is talking to a girl who stepped on broken glass on the floor because she was afraid of spiders and had gotten wounds on her skin. She had to admit that the spider was his roommate. Yes, having a spider as a roommate was probably less bad than being alone, although it was a little unsettling.

“crazy!! How can you find it cute? I'm your roommate, if you want to keep it, make sure that thing doesn't escape again, okay?”

Narrow eyes with long, curled eyelashes behind large glasses looked at the new glass jar on her desk, Fluffy's new home.

“Your name is Gyoza, right?”

There was no need to say how he knew her name. There was a sign that said "Gyoza" written in black marker on the bedpost.

“You read it, my name is Gyoza.”

She looked away from the badge and looked at the person in front of her.

“By the way, what's your name?”

I hadn't seen that girl's tag anywhere.

"Ploy,"

The injured woman simply responded, as if she really didn't want Gyoza to know her.

“Poy?”

“No Poy! Ployyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.”

The owner of the name looked at her with an annoyed expression, apparently fed up with the ongoing fight to correct her name with other people. It was annoying.

“Okay, Ployyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.”

Gyoza let out her voice jokingly,

“But, are we in the same year? Because I did not see you?”

Although she was nearsighted, she wore glasses. This tall woman would catch her attention, why didn't she see her? Plus she was very tall. She had tanned skin and short, shoulder-length black hair. Gyoza didn't remember seeing her before. Did she never pass in front of her or was her myopia increasing?

“No wonder you haven't seen me. My name was listed in another branch and I wasted a lot of time trying to sign up for the right faculty. I arrived late and couldn't join the group. But I heard about your brave act. How could you go and punch him in the face like that without fear of being punished?”

Ploy was currently talking about the root cause of why she got separated and ended up in a room at the end of the hall that was quite isolated. The reason was because she dared to confront the president, who was a third-year student.

“Well, we were just talking, but then he ordered me to lower my head. It didn't make sense, I couldn't find any reason for it. Plus, he was yelling at me. Why not speak kindly to your junior? I don't see the need to shout.”

“Ah, you are very brave to do that. You are not afraid? He is in his third year.”

“And what happens if it's a third year? I respect you as an elder, but I will not follow unreasonable orders. They are different things. Respect is

respect.”

"Maybe you have a reason why you haven't told us yet?"

“When will you tell me the reason for lowering your head? Never is late to do it.”

“This is due to SOTUS. Refusing to follow orders will cause your friend to face consequences as well. If that happens, the relationship will not be good.”

“So that means that if we don't follow the SOTUS system, we won't have friends to hang out with. So does SOTUS create harmony or division? Wow, I'm tired now, I'm going to shower and sleep. Tomorrow I have to get up quickly and face the battle with the elderly again.”

Gyoza cut the conversation short, she was too tired to talk. To be honest, she felt a little annoyed because this girl kept saying that she was stubborn... Should she let Fluffy wander into her bed? Gyoza had a wound care kit that he used to treat Ploy's wounds and then took a towel and pajamas and entered the bathroom without paying attention to the person in his room. However, out of the corner of her eye she could see Ploy walking towards the balcony while she was talking on the phone. She seemed fine, she didn't seem hurt.

Gyoza came out of the bathroom wearing bear pajamas. She was shivering because the water was very cold. Why didn't the dorms have water heaters? Weren't they afraid that the students would freeze to death?

“Cold?”

A simple but charming voice came from above her head. She looked up to see in annoyance the face of her roommate, who was now smiling widely on the second floor bed adjacent to hers. Wasn't there another bed? Why did they have to sleep next to each other!! She seemed like she didn't like this girl's face and her bright eyes behind those glasses.

“Um.”

She responded in a calm voice before climbing onto the bed. Maybe she should move her bed tomorrow because tonight that would be impossible. This bunk bed was too high. Climbing up was a struggle and falling seemed like a sure way to break his neck. Oh, the woman's legs hurt, how could she climb? And how could she shower without getting her wound wet? Why should he care about that girl?

Shit, you better sleep, Gyoza thought as she opened the soft blanket that her mother had prepared for her, then covered her entire body to avoid her roommate's gaze. If she could go up by herself, she should be able to go down too, right? She was now an adult, she was in college and had to learn to take care of herself. Gyoza peeked out from under the blanket because he could feel the pressure of something being transmitted. Although she couldn't see it, she could still feel it.

“Aren't you going to shower? The weather will get colder at night.”

In the end, she gave up. Gyoza was actually a very kind person.

“I want to take a shower, but my feet hurt, Going up is easier than going down. I can't go down the stairs.

"Jump,"

She responded coldly to the wound.

“You are crazy? My feet hurt, can't you see?”

Ploy lifted her long legs to show her her bandaged leg. Who dressed her wounds so beautifully and flawlessly?

“If you want others to help you, learn to ask nicely.”

“Ah... Khun Gyoza, please help me get out of bed, okay?”

Although she felt a hint of sarcasm in those words, in the end she reluctantly agreed to help the person with the injured leg get out of bed to go take a shower.

“Slowly lower your leg. Step on this part of her,”

She extended her hand to help her lift her leg off the bed. With such a big body there shouldn't be any problem with the height of her bed but for her with short legs, maybe it would be much more difficult. Thin legs wrapped in gauze slowly touched the stairs. She stepped carefully so as not to press the weight of her body on the wound. Her toes rested gently on the top steps of the bunk.

“Hey!!/Wow!!”

The tall figure, who was having difficulty maintaining her balance due to the slippery steps, slipped and leaned against Gyoza and the wall of the room. Gyoza's hand grabbed her arm, making sure she didn't fall.

“Something happens? Does your wound hurt?!”

"Sorry, I just slipped."

Luckily, the ladder to her bed was against the side of the wall. Otherwise, both would have ended up falling and even though the tiles were made of rubber, the fall would still be painful.

"Don't try to climb with sore legs."

Gyoza suddenly felt a little irritated. Once you're down, don't go back up. If you fall, you will become a sleeping beauty glued to the bed. That you want?

“Oh...”

The thin lips opened as if she wanted to say something but in the end she remained silent.

“Your parents worked hard to earn money to send you to study. Why didn't you think more?”

“Oh...”

“If there is anything I can help you with, tell me.”

“Oh...”

“Why weren't you careful? You even ran and stepped on broken glass.”

Gyoza looked at the wound that seemed to be bleeding.

“And look, your wound has opened.”

The scarred person's slender finger touched her lips, stopping her from ranting.

“Stop scolding me, roomie. Sorry, I wasn't self-aware, I just didn't want to bother you. Let's just say I'll bother you more often from now on.”

Soft words came out of Ploy's mouth who had her slender, lightly freckled face just a few centimeters from Gyoza's face.

Her eyes were very beautiful. It seemed like she had seen eyes like this before, but.... Never this close!!

“Uh... it's okay, it's also my fault that your feet hurt.”

Gyoza seemed to shrink. She didn't dare breathe hard. She was afraid that her faces would get closer than this. Why did she feel uncomfortable being around a woman?

“Thanks for your help.”

The taller figure limped away. Finally Gyoza breathed again. Maybe it was because they were just getting to know each other, so that made her feel that way, right? Yes that was it!

She would never get so excited for a woman!!

“Today I will distribute autograph books. These books are no less important than the name tags you wear around your neck. Take care of them, they affect your acceptance as freshmen. Alright everyone, listen carefully!”

Her voice was calm, but had a high pitch as she spoke those instructions into the silent room. At this moment, all the first years were focused on what the third years would announce..

“I will order you to request the signatures of all your fellow faculty, including all second-year students, within this basic training period of the camp. If even one person fails, they won't get their gear but to be honest, it won't affect your life much, it's just that you will be the first group of Electrical Engineering without class.”

He finished his request with a malicious smile. Hearing the order of the third year leader, P'Ikkyu, there was silence for a moment before the silence turned into sad screams. Of course, the freshmen were now restless. There were only 6 days left until the adjustment period was complete. It is not that it was difficult to collect the signatures from the first year, but those from the second year, although they participated in this basic adjustment activity, were dispersed, each playing their respective roles, unlike the first years who were all together. Yes, they were part of the activities, but they also had to prepare for the post-adjustment exam. They didn't see a way to succeed.

“It's just a gear, if we don't get it, what's the problem? Why is everyone so stressed?.”

Gyoza said it casually on the second night of the basic adjustment camp. In front of her was a lamp for reading books. What should be the concern was the post-adjustment examination, not the collection of signatures or obtaining signatures from sophomores and seniors. That didn't make sense.

“Um, I understand that it's hard to get the signatures of all the second-year students, but you should at least go and ask your friends for them.”

Her roommate with a sore leg responded from the bottom bunk, to whom she was currently placed on the floor.

“No, that's just a waste of time. I'll use that time to do something more useful. We have four years to get everyone familiar. There is no need to force everyone to do something in these 7 days of basic adjustments.”

“Being stubborn won't get you anywhere, you know?”

There was a touch of tenderness in her roommate's voice.

“Naughty, stubborn and selfish like that, be careful, no one will want to be your friend.”

She turned to look at the intelligent person who had just verbally stabbed her. Ploy, she was a human being who had many friends, right? She was very friendly and loved by her friends. In the afternoon, in the canteen, the crippled girl crawled to the canteen. She was always smiling, her smile was everywhere. Just looking at him made Gyoza feel upset.

“There's no need to make friends if you can't see the goodness and beauty in someone. I would prefer to avoid friendship just because it violates the SOTUS system,”

She responded, slapping the book she was reading. She turned off the lights and climbed into bed, paying no more attention to her talkative roommate. Even though she came up with the naughty idea of letting Fluffy wander around her bed.

"I know there are some of you who disobey my orders."

His deep voice echoed throughout the courtyard. Who was that? None other than Ikkyu, the third-year president, standing tall, hugging himself, with his cold gaze fixed on him as a group of first-year students bowed before him.-

“Because? I told you to go ask the sophomores for autographs. And that you asked for autographs from those in the same class. Is that beyond your capabilities? All this is done so that we know each other better. Until the end of this academic year, you still have to do many activities together until we graduate into the fourth year of study. We still have to depend on each other. You want to be alone? Don't you want friends?”

Ikkyu stopped his speech and looked at the boys who had their heads bowed. Everyone became completely silent after hearing that sarcasm-filled scolding. Before those piercing eyes suddenly stumbled and stopped on



someone's white face behind the frame of her glasses... Damn, it seemed she would go after the troublemaker again.

“You.”

The eldest approached firmly and stopped in front of her again,

“Please show me your signature book.”

Was she a fortune teller or what? She saw that the notebook was clean and white as if it had been bathed or mixed with detergent. Those piercing eyes stared at her knowing that the only person who didn't obey her orders was probably that short girl. She took the guest book from him and gave it to another of the boys who also wanted to know if she had disobeyed P'Ikkyu's orders, what would this person do?

“It's blank, clean, there's not even the name of the owner of the notebook. What does this mean? Kanikanan EE1.”

The voice calling her name grew louder towards the end. A notebook emptier than the knowledge she displayed in her mind, letting her friends in her field see it.

“Do you think I gave you a notebook for fun? You have to go get the signatures of your friends and elders to get to know each other. You didn't get the signatures of the elders, I can still understand that. However, here you don't even know the name of one of your companions. Or do you not see the importance of interacting? Will you concentrate on studying, not looking for anyone, or having friends? If you think that by studying at university you can be independent, go ahead. I'll see if you can survive!!”

The older man's insults made her face go numb. But why the hell does not having names of friends in the book mean that she didn't want to have friends or older people on her faculty?

“How do you know I don't know any friends?”

She looked up and looked at the calm face of the elder who was much taller than him. The previous words still echoed in her ears, full of pent-up anger waiting for the moment to explode.

“Keep calm, Gyoza.”

She tried to suppress her emotions so as not to act in an uncivilized manner but she didn't know how to let herself belittled. She reminded herself and regained her breathing that had quickened due to her anger. After the situation calmed down, she continued speaking amidst the complete silence of her friends and elders who saw the scene in front of them.

"What made you decide that the fact that my notebook didn't have my friends' names on it meant that I didn't know anyone? Even though my notebook is white and clean, I may know more friends at the branch than some people whose notebooks have hundreds of names.”

Her words brought a smile to the third year's mouth. A smile that seemed like a defiant smile.

“Try it, show me what you said. Don't just talk.”

The amused eyes staring back at her seemed to have the words 'You Can't Do That' written all over them.

“Freshman year, flip your name tags! Now!!”

All the freshmen followed the seniors' orders without evasion, even though they knew what would happen next.

After everyone covered their name tags it was their turn to show that they weren't just words.

“Stand up.”

Ikkyu walked over and motioned for a woman to stand up. The curly-haired girl stood shakily, looking at him with eyes that looked like they were about to cry. That was nothing unusual. The current situation was too stressful.

Gyoza secretly saw many of her friends sitting with their heads bowed and tears in her eyes.

“What is your friend's name?”

Gyoza was silent for a moment before calling out to her friend.

“Suay.”

That certainly wasn't bad, because she had a unique hairstyle like this that wasn't difficult to remember.

“You, turn the label with your name.”

Those trembling hands slowly turned the name tag over, and there was written 'Suay in black marker.

“Sit down.”

Ikkyu turned around and told Suay to sit down. Then he looked for the next victim.

"You,"

A friend pointed out and once again, Gyoza answered the name correctly.

“You.”

This time you are a cute little friend whose name Gyoza also knew. Ikkyu pointed to her friends and several elders. Gyoza knew everyone named by her name. She didn't seem strange, because she was the one who collected her friends' homework to send them at the end of each lesson. She met almost all of her friends in one day. Most of the seniors she named Ikkyu were seniors who took care of the juniors in the dormitory.

The more she answered her friends' names, the more humiliated Ikkyu's face became. More than half of her friends appointed to prove that what she said was true, until she suddenly ran into one of her other friends.

“Get up.”

A tall friend, who had white skin like a person of Chinese descent, stood up from the line. Those half-lidded eyes and calm face of hers looked at her blankly.

“What is this friend's name?”

For the first time, she made a great effort to rack her brain and think of this person's name. She wanted to remember that girl's name, but she barely could. Her confused expression caused Ikkyu's long-lost smile to stretch to the corners of those thin lips of hers.

“Don't know.”

The smile disappeared, leaving behind the cruel face of the one who had just won.

“I want your name tag and your guest book.”

The woman, whose name Gyoza did not remember, reluctantly took off her name tag and handed it to the president. Ikkyu took the name tag and the book, before opening it to see the detailed signatures on the book.

"Don't you have the name Kaniknan?" Maybe it's your fault for not bothering to meet someone who doesn't care to know your name."

He made a scathing comment to her friend, but she came back, stabbing her in the heart and making her feel guilty. Since they don't want to meet each other, it's not necessary to have this notebook! The final words resonated powerfully, accompanied by the purple notebook that was torn apart and then thrown to its owner. The small pieces of white paper flew, making Gyoza feel guilty.

“Thanks to you, your friend no longer has a notebook to sign. And I'll keep this tag with her name until you're done. You two can sit down now.”

Her friend sat in her chair. Although she was nearsighted and couldn't see that face clearly, it was clear enough to make her feel too guilty to even

apologize. Gyoza did not sit down according to the cruel elder's orders, but instead went out of line. She bent down to pick up the pieces of paper that had fallen to the floor amidst the shock of the people in the faculty, including that cruel superior.

“I want to get my friend's name tag back. What should I do?”

She stood in front of the person who hurt her friend's feelings, holding a piece of paper with both hands to suppress her emotions. She couldn't fix what happened, but she would try to make something of it. She would tolerate no more than her stubbornness hurting others. Ikkyu's previously serious face showed surprise.

“Do you really want it back?”

A large hand raised her name tag in front of her face.

"That's a little difficult."

The corner of her mouth lifted in a sneer with a loud laugh in her throat.

“If you can show me your gear within the remaining 6 days of this basic customization, I will return this name tag to your friend.”

“But you won't receive your class until the end of the activity. And there are still months to get it!!”

Gyoza immediately protested after hearing that impossible order. A loud commotion broke out throughout the branch.

“I'm not saying it has to be yours. It could be anyone's. I don't care how you get it. Steal, take, beg. You'll do anything to get that gear, okay? But there is a penalty.”

Ikkyu gave a cold smile to the second-year students,

"All the second-year students are my juniors. I have the right to punish them if they can't keep up their gear.”

“Just showing you is enough, right?”

“Yes, just show me.”

This time he felt that the cold smile made him afraid.

“If I can do that, you have to apologize to my friend.”

All that could be heard now was the sound of the wind rustling. No one expected any first year to be so crazy as to challenge the senior president's authority like Gyoza did.

“If you think you can do it, try it. But if you can't do it, you and your friends won't have a chance to touch his gear!!”

Ikkyu walked away after describing what he needed to accomplish in order for an apology to leave his lips. That agreement, along with the mocking smile, suggested an impossibility on Gyoza's part. The activity ended, and when everyone returned to their dormitories, she was the only one left, frozen in place. The guest book that had become a piece of paper was held tightly with trembling hands. Her dam of tears was about to collapse. She forced herself to swallow the lump of feelings that came down her throat with difficulty until she felt as if her throat was clogged. It wasn't out of regret or anything like that. It was a combination of guilt and anger. She knew this was bullying. The plan was complete, Ikkyu brought another person in order to make her feel guilty. The pressure was increasing, she knew it, but it was very difficult to force herself not to follow the game she had laid out. Gyoza had never felt so guilty before. She had never felt that following her own reasons could destroy someone's feelings so much. And maybe she wouldn't have felt anything if her friend from college hadn't tried to be strong so as not to make her feel guilty.

“You.”

I use the pronoun instead of her name. If I could have remembered her name, none of that would have happened. She ran after the tall figure when she realized what she had to do. The tall figure stopped walking and turned

to look at her. They were both silent, for a moment there was a strange feeling.

“I'm sorry, what's your name?”

She narrowed her eyes as she looked at Gyoza. Her eyes were as calm as her responsive expression and her tone of voice.

“My name is Warang.”

“Gyoza... Gyoza... Gyoza!”

A palm landed firmly on her thin shoulder, surprising the owner of the body and bringing her back to her consciousness after being immersed in memories of the past.

“Hurts!!”

The person who was hit turned to her friend and gently rubbed her shoulder with her hand. Did she want to kill her!?

“Do not complain. Why are you always sleepy? Maybe you would reduce your sleepiness a little...”

Gyoza sighed softly before turning away from her friend's critical gaze. What was once a casual reprimand had now turned into blah blah blah that she barely spent time listening to. In almost two years of knowing each other, she had heard Thida scolding her about her dream many times. But this time, her discomfort wasn't just due to being sleepy. That was because the current situation triggered memories of the first day she entered college and the week of adjustment that had been the root cause of the chaos in his life today.

The large plaza in front of Building 2 of the Faculty of Engineering was a regular branch meeting place. The Recreation department was teaching a final song to the minors. Every time there was a recreational activity, it was followed by chaos on the part of the senior leaders. This had become common place. The freshmen already knew this. There were good-hearted

elders, sweet elders and those with brutal faces. This always happened in each generation. To be a senior you had to be strong, you had to be quiet, your face had to be fierce, your body upright. and your voice strong.

Instantly, her sweet face turned bright red. The blood surged as images of the previous night's events flashed through her mind. A first year girl confessed her love for her and snatched a kiss from her the night before and she had to respond to her that night. In addition to being passionate, shameless and flirtatious. Would she also be clingy? If you can't call her girl, what should she call her? Her thoughts were critical but her face was red. She had her mouth full and smiling, so that her friend next to her narrowed her eyes in amazement.

Thida looked at the person who smiled lightly and then smiled widely with wandering eyes. What else would make Gyoza smile like that if it weren't for the girl clapping to the song in line? The sharp eyes behind the bright red glasses frame looked at the face of her friend who had the title of senior president. Her pessimism had disappeared and a bright smile returned to her sweet face once more. It didn't matter that her friend was happy, but didn't she realize that there was someone else suffering in the darkest corners of her heart, struggling with a secret love? Thida kept secrets from her two friends, one seemed to be going in a promising direction while the other seemed to have no way to heal the pain of unrequited love. What was more painful than secretly loving someone who already loves someone else?

“Have you spoken to Warang? Is she still angry with me?”

The question that just came out of the source of the problem's mouth made Thida feel surprised. She thought that Gyoza was so angry at Warang that she didn't want to know what happened to her. But she was wrong. The tone of the question, although calm, could be felt with concern. She clearly sounded worried. And how will Thida respond to her friend? Could she tell her the truth about Warang's condition which was so bad that she couldn't see him, or would she tell her that she was fine so that her friend would feel calm?

“Did you not hear what I asked you?”



While Thida was lost in thought, her little friend's short legs stopped her fragile body in front of her. The round eyes behind the frames of her glasses flashed with distaste, staring into her face. It didn't matter when she tried, it wasn't something that could go away.

“I thought that being a boss you would get all the answers. Didn't you get everything you wanted to know, shorty?”

Thida bit her lip to contain her anger at her friend before sending her slender finger to hit the spoiled person's round forehead. I wonder if you have overcome your anger towards Warang. Ask her herself!

Unable to finish the sentence, Thida grabbed her friend and turned her around. With a well-calculated angle and distance, she pushed Gyoza that she was not positioning correctly. The power of a push combined with unstable two-inch high heels caused Gyoza to stumble, bounce, and end up in the arms of her silent friend who had just approached. This happened precisely, following Newton's law of rapid motion and without causing any significant damage. There was no need to master physics, Thida's playful nudges got her friend pushed off just in time.

“If you think about the force  $N$  plus the direction of the vector that you calculated correctly, let me tell you that you calculated wrong. If she hadn't come earlier, this little girl would probably hit her head on the ground.”

The serious-faced person responded in a calm voice before pushing the person in her arms back to return to her close friend. Just by looking into her eyes, Warang knew what Thida was thinking. Thida opened her mouth in a daze and stared at her light-bodied friend of hers, before immediately running away before the little girl regained consciousness.

“You two are evil for using me as a physics experiment!”

Damn, Thailand's future national engineer almost died because of physics.

“How could you push me like that? What would you do if my face hit the ground? Look, look where I'm standing. You can see? These two-inch-high shoes could kill me, Thida.”

Her finger pointed toward the high heels she was wearing, her voice whining, but Thida wasn't interested in listening.

“Shut up, naughty boss. At least you know Warang isn't mad at you. If it wasn't like that you would have ended up on the ground.”

Gyoza's eyes widened, looking at her friend with great disgust. But she was too lazy to continue. That calm-faced robot too. She should be the one who was angry at the foul-mouthed person who said bad words to her. She still hadn't forgotten her. What was the point of her being so cold and not even looking at her? Gyoza was displeased, her eyes behind her round glasses looked at the back of her tall figure who had already turned away from her to ignore her.

“Well, just wait and see Warang, you'll definitely be the one begging me!!”



The first lights of winter always arrive late. If you wait, you will have a cold night. The more you look ahead and wait, the more time passes without problems. She was completely satisfied with every breath she inhaled and exhaled. Waiting every second like a clock that kept moving, unable to force his eyes to sleep, the wait for an answer became long. Would the confession of love that had come from the bottom of his heart reach that person or not? Would waiting for that answer end in emptiness like before? Many thoughts were confusing and finally it was time to get up and get dressed to go out as she had said. The day she will become a full-fledged student. That night she would have to go on stage at the FRESHY <Boy and Girl> contest according to the promise she had made.

The agreement that had been made was about to be concluded. It was a binding agreement. from the first time they saw each other, the first time they touched each other, the first time the blood pumped throughout his body, the whiteness of his brain, the unconscious trance that arose when he looked into those round eyes, the eyes trembling that had captured his heart until that moment. If you are not the one experiencing these types of emotions, you are likely to think that it is absolutely unreal. Who would be crazy and fall in love with someone they had just met, right? But that was something that had actually happened to her.

Love at first sight, just by making eye contact. But why did I have to make the appointment at 3 in the morning? Weren't you worried about what might happen to her? What a cruel bastard!! Engineer Leading Thailand to glory.

Engineer is the Heavenly Combination Blood Clan Lord Vishnu. He is stronger than anyone....

The sound of singing echoed in the wide courtyard in front of Building 2 of the Faculty of Engineering while the sky was still a dark blue. Her petite, slender body looked flawless from head to toe in a well-fitting white student shirt, paired with a long pencil skirt just below the knee. Small, slender legs swinging on shiny black leather loafers. Embroidered with a dark red gear symbol indicating the position of the Wak. Gyoza stood still with her arms crossed looking at the rows of people in front of her singing the Faculty of Engineering anthem. The lyrics resonate like an oath.

We create we continue we fight.  
For the blood type, for our flag  
We pride ourselves on honor and discipline.  
We love we unite we are we unite...

Her face was clean and expressionless, with a slight blush on her cheeks from the crisp air of the early winter morning. Her eyes were round, not covered by glasses as usual. Her gaze was so calm that they seemed a little scary.

Manaow noticed this every time Gyoza attended official cheerleading meetings and didn't wear glasses. When Gyoza wasn't wearing glasses and smiling, the ferocity on her face increased fivefold. Even though Narip looked down on him, she sailed towards Marawi.

The engineer sacrificed his flesh and blood.  
Chasing the enemy  
Maintain honor forever.

(Song: The Blood of Vishnu)

With a slow walk, a small figure stepped forward and stopped in front of the row after Vishnu's blood song ended, the little girl maintained a firm and constant aura from head to toe, which was intimidating, making the young people bow their heads.

Today is an important day. The day they officially become college students. I have to praise them for behaving in a disciplined manner and following the university rules. Although some of you are a little off base. The soft eyes focused on the culprit who was standing in the middle of the row with a big smile on her face. Oh...why would I say that in front of friends and older people? Manaow raised her hand and scratched the back of her head to get rid of her embarrassment, while her friends turned to look at her.

“Your spirit in taking the blame together, even though you were not guilty demonstrates the preservation of the honor and reputation of the branch that is evident to the entire university.”

The praise from the Wak that they had never received before made the first years smile proudly at the sweet compliment, but it only lasted a moment before she said another sentence that made that smile disappear.

“But don't be too happy to have received the medal. The university does not guarantee that you will receive teaching equipment and you will not receive it until you have completed the course. If you can maintain this discipline until that day, the student club will announce the traditional operating schedule.”

That calm voice and smile clearly made the freshmen sigh in disappointment. Gyoza saw her and held back a smile. She could only tell herself that she shouldn't laugh because the president had to show seriousness.

“I'm sorry for making you leave before dawn but I wanted us to check the rules to make sure you don't do anything embarrassing at the FRESHY DAY & FRESHY NIGHT opening ceremony. This morning, I and the elders will once again inspect your clothes.”

With that, Gyoza gave orders to the younger members to organize the lines.

“First year! Line up in order!!”

“Yeah!!”

The voice of the president's orders and the young people's responses sounded loud. The freshmen ran to the front of the line for the upperclassmen to come up and check them out.

“Male students, the tie must be well worn. All buttons must be fastened. Student pants must be black. They should not be tight. If there are any problems using them, I ask them to come back and change them, or leave the activity. Bracelets, belts, watches, everything must be removed.”

Beer, the eldest, shouted loudly as she walked, checking the order. Meanwhile, Thida walked with her hands behind her back, walking along the row of young girls.

“Female students, clothing must be buttoned, pleated skirts must be mid-knee length, student shirts must not be tight and must be worn carefully, white sneakers without prints, no jewelry. Keep everything in order. If someone breaks the rules, you have to change your clothes again or you have to leave the activity. We cannot allow undisciplined people to participate in this sacred ceremony.”

The sacred ceremony of becoming a son of the Phra Phirun, with green blood, under the roof of the same great tree. The line of first-year Electrical Engineering students began walking toward the ceremony area as the blue sky began to show sunlight rising above the horizon. There was a line of freshmen, flanked by a line of upperclassmen. A woman with a calm face, delicate and toned, walked upright with her hands behind her back. Her voice moved with the rhythm of her steps, increasing the sense of wonder. Because soon the sacred ceremony would begin.

The Phra Phirun Area was a circular plaza where in the middle there was a metal statue of Phra Pirun in the shape of a Naga with waves of foam rising from the surface of the water surrounding its base, making Buddha stand out as if he were standing on a dragon swimming in the sea. Next to the fountain was a prominent and elegant flagpole shaped like a grain of rice at the entrance to the stairs leading to the street above. Each elder organized their young people in a circular formation that surrounded the fountain. The female students were placed in the inner circle, while the male students were placed in the outer circle. The large number of freshmen, more than a

thousand, caused layers of circular arrays to overflow onto the grass field outside.

The Buddha worship ceremony would begin immediately with the Chancellor leading the prayers and was complemented by offerings: flowers, incense and candles. The aroma of candles and incense smoke spread like fog. Manaow was in the women's row at the end. Her sharp eyes tried to find someone in the thick incense smoke. She finally saw the small, familiar figure walking towards where she was standing. Wasn't she the only one who thought about it?

Is this little girl looking for her too? Gyoza stopped and stood next to her. The clear voice speaking near her ear made Manaow's consciousness disappear.

“Pay attention and show respect, or don't you want to end up at this university? If so, how can I take care of you?”

The little girl leaned forward and whispered to her. Even though she was wearing shoes with two-inch heels, a gust of warm air touched her ears before disappearing with a slight smile appearing on her sweet face. What did Phi Gyo had said mean? Phi Gyo wanted to take care of her, right? Is this the answer to last night's confession? Manaow wondered to herself as she watched as her thin back had disappeared. Leaving only doubts and a beating heart. After the ceremony of worshiping the Buddha, the next activity was to give alms to the monk with dry food. Seventy-two monks were the equivalent of the university class number. The goods used to provide services were goods prepared by elderly people. Several men came to help carry the bags to do good deeds as they walked behind the monks and some separated to clean the ceremony site first. Meanwhile, it was the women who gave alms of dry food.

Those piercing eyes looked around again. Where did the little girl go? She was very fast. After losing sight of her for a moment, the little girl disappeared with the incense smoke. The tall figure continued to back away and accidentally bumped into someone, causing something in the basket that the person had prepared to give alms to scatter to the ground.

“I'm sorry, are you hurt? Things fell.”

Manaow quickly picked up the objects that had fallen to the ground and placed them back in the basket. She didn't have time to pay attention to who the person was. She thought she might be a friend of some sort because she was also wearing a long pleated skirt and white sneakers.

“It doesn't hurt at all. There are other pains that are much worse than this.”

Hearing that sweet and familiar voice, the white hand that was picking up the items to return them to the basket suddenly stopped. Her sweet face and eyes that were always smiling, now looked at her with empty eyes. Long light brown hair, loose curls, dyed a deep black color that looked strange. The tip of her sharp nose was red and bruised, as if she had cried a lot,

“Lukthan...”

Manaow said in a low voice. She never realized how much the person in front of her had changed. The sparkle in the eyes that was there before is now no longer there... A small hand reached out and grabbed the object from Manaow's hand but by the time the tall woman regained consciousness Lukthan had already moved away.

Since what happened that night, Luktan had been avoiding her. She had to admit that previously she didn't care much about the topic. But after that day, while talking to Jom, she tried to find a way to talk to Lukthan. But due to her busy activities and P'Lada calling her to train with Ali for the FRESHY competition, it turned out that she had completely forgotten about Lukthan until that moment when they had accidentally bumped into each other and she knew that this time They had to talk.

“Lukthan, wait!!”

She ran down the steep, paved path of the park. Many people walked slowly towards the street below, which was the place to give alms to the monks. Manaow ran after Lukthan until they reached a small store, or as the students called it, a Coca-Cola store. And she watched the girl disappear down the street toward the bathroom. She brought her long legs closer to



follow her in that direction. However, her sharp eyes saw someone sitting on a stone horse in the shop. It was Gyoza's small body leaning down to caress her own feet.

While going to look for someone, she had encountered someone else and while chasing someone else, she found the person she was looking for. What was that? It turned out she had been there the whole time.

"P'Gyo,"

Manaow exclaimed, before asking,

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

"For these shoes that bit me. The heel of my shoe came off when I went over a manhole cover, so Lada lent me this pair and look, they hurt the back of my foot,"

The girl grumbled, straightening up to sit up. Her face was contorted with pain.

"Um, shoes that bite."

Manaow's casual response didn't make her superior recover any bit.

"Yes, they bit me. See, until the back of my ankle turned red."

Not only did she solve the game of irritating responses and gentle hitting, Gyoza played by handing her shoes to get back at her. Manaow showed such a stern expression that Gyoza had to secretly smile.

"Hey! Why did you let your shoe bite you like that? Just throw the shoe away,"

The junior shouted when she saw the wound and she was about to throw the shoe into the grass that grew next to it.

"Do not do it!! These shoes belong to Lada, they are also very expensive. If you don't want beautiful Lada to scold you, bring them here."

The slender hand quickly grabbed her friend's shoes before they transformed, in snacks for dogs that played near the store: Coca-Cola. When she got it back, she pretended to use it as usual, but the person in front of her started screaming.

“What are you doing!! Stop, your feet are already damaged. Why do you force yourself to use them?”

“Ah! I have to use them. Do you want me to walk barefoot?”

“P'Gyo, stop being stubborn and wait here calmly. I'll be back soon,”

She ordered in a stern voice before getting up and walking towards the store. Hey! How dare she give orders to her eldest? She was the leader everyone was afraid of, but that girl dared to give orders to Kaniknan! Gyoza could only complain in her heart. But she was still sitting there with her eyes wide open. Where did she not dare to go while she was waiting for her? In front of the Coca-Cola store, Manaow turned her head back and looked at the little eldest sitting on the stone chair.

She looked at her superior as if she were a good girl, sitting quietly. But her posture was like that of a child being scolded.

Manaow walked towards the stone chair again, carrying two bags. A bag seemed to belong there. She had bought it to give to the monks. The other bag contained a bottle of cold water, a small handkerchief, and some bandages.

“Put your foot here, I'll put a band-aid on it.”

Not only was it something she said, her hand also took off the shoe from Gyoza's foot and took a handkerchief soaked in cold water. Carefully, she gently cleaned the wound but even so, she caused the injured person's face to distort.

“Hurts? If it hurts like this, you don't need to be stubborn.”

The heavy-handed person tried to be light, slowly and carefully covering the little woman's wound with a bandage. Then she did the same on the

other side. Gyoza silently looked at her sharp face that was concentrating on putting on the bandage. A smile appeared at the corner of her mouth as she saw her serious expression. Manaow was an impatient person, but she tried to remain calm and focused, tending to her wounds carefully and delicately. It's just a minor matter, but why couldn't Gyoza stop smiling?

“Ready.”

“Thank you.”

Her eyes looked at her own feet. What was she following? Should she walk barefoot to give alms to the monks?

“Here, put on my shoes.”

Manaow took off her white sneakers before putting them on Gyoza's little feet. She was small and her feet were too. Manaow's shoes were bigger than Gyoza's feet.

“Hey no! And what are you going to wear now?”

“You don't need to worry about me. I'll hold P' Lada's.”

Ignoring the injured person's protests, Manaow grabbed the problematic shoe and held it. Her other hand pulled the arm of her upper one to lift her up.

"Come, let us give alms to the monks together so that in the next life we will be born together."

Her beautiful, sharp face leaned down and smiled at her elder. Her eyes shone, making the blood pump in Gyoza's heart. But that sweet smile only lasted a moment. When she heard the next sentence that turned into a mocking comment, her face turned redder than before. Not out of shame, but out of anger!

“However, P'Gyo, please take a lot of milk to give to the monks. Maybe the rewards in this life will affect your height in the next. This way you'll get the same height as everyone else,”

She joked as she grabbed a carton of milk and handed it to Gyoza. Before she knew they were making fun of her, Manaow had already started walking. Was she waiting to be hit?

“Bad girl!.”

The little voice chased her, a little annoyed. She dragged her sore feet along with her oversized shoes. Are these shoes or paddles? why were they so big? They prevented her from reaching the other woman. She wanted to put the carton of milk in her mouth to get back at her. The long legs fled only a short distance and no matter how hard she tried to run, Gyoza couldn't catch up.

Manaow found it amusing to see how she tried to keep up with her. Manaow couldn't help but smile. Why was the eldest so sweet? Her laughter echoed in the seemingly deserted area. Manaow momentarily forgot why she had come here. But a pair of small eyes looked at the scene in front of her through the tall bushes, while tears ran down her fair cheeks. Her slender hand gently touched the side of her long skirt. Those joyful smiles were never thanks to her. Why wasn't she the one there? Why did she meet her before anyone else? Why did she go to her superior before entering her life? Why wasn't she the person Manaow loved? Although she already gave her her body and heart!!

While other classmates went to do fun activities, Manaow and Ali were taken by Lada to practice walking on the actual stage of that night's parade. Actually, before that event, Manaow agreed to participate in the competition with Gyoza because there was already a selection of faculty representatives. She should have ended it there. Who would have thought that in the end she and Ali would be elected representatives among eight people in the engineering faculty? What a stroke of luck! So, they had to compete on such a big stage!

“You two are ready.”

Both must pass Lada's half-lidded, smiling eyes looked at her sculpture with pride and confidence. She admitted that Gyoza, her friend, had made a wise decision by choosing them both as representatives. Both Manaow and Ali

had not only beauty but also skills that greatly satisfied her. From the first round of selection of faculty representatives, Lada was confident that Manaow and Ali would definitely be selected and now had a chance to achieve the title of Freshy Boy and Freshy Girl in college.

“With respect to your performance, don't forget that you should feel confident, okay?”

The beautiful eldest asked as she looked at them.

“Is there anything else that worries you.”

“P’Lada...”

Said Ali, who still had his bowler hat covering him as usual as he stammered:

"I'm worried... This scenario has more people than the first one. I worry that I will be so nervous that I will forget what I have to do. The stage is very big and there are so many people. “

Ali expressed his concern to his superior.

“Do you have a girlfriend, Ali? If you have a girlfriend, tell your girlfriend to come to the front of the stage and just look into her eyes. When you answer questions, she looks at the judges' faces. It's not difficult,”

Lada replied with a smile, making the young man's face turn red. Was he embarrassed because his older sister was beautiful or because she didn't have a girlfriend?

“I don't have a girlfriend, Phi. Even talking to girls is difficult. It's too difficult for me to try to seduce girls,”

He answered timidly to her superior.

“What should we do? I think we've lost touch with a lot of people since the first day we met. Hmm...”

Lada raised her hand to rub her chin as she made a thoughtful expression, before speaking.

“You wear glasses, right? Are you shortsighted? If you go on stage, you might not wear contact lenses. This means that you don't have to focus on anyone because you can't see that many people are looking at you, so you won't be nervous anymore. However, you have to be careful not to trip on stage. Is that useful enough?”

“It's okay, Phi. If I don't see many people, that will reduce my nervousness. It is a good idea. P'Lada, where did you get it from? It's a good resolution to this problem.”

Ali smiled widely at the idea that occurred to him.

“Haha, I have a friend who always uses this method when she has to stand in front of a lot of people. Also, that girl's eyesight is very bad. Luckily she can still walk,”

Her sweet voice spoke as she laughed at her friend. Manaow, who at first did not pay much attention to the conversation between the two, now listened with her ears wide open to the beautiful eldest's response. That sounded familiar. And then she understood, that was why she never wore glasses when cheerleading meetings were held. Lada turned to look at her smiling young woman and gave her a warning.

“Manaow, the things you need to bring to the stage for the competition, make sure everything is checked again so there are no mistakes.”

"Yes,"

Manaow responded firmly to her superior's order.

“And Ali, the friends already put their clothes on the stage. First you cover yourself with a cloth, so there is a little surprise. At first I thought it wouldn't work, but fortunately the jury gave their approval. Anyway, we will split up after this, and I have prepared a meeting point. After the pep party is over, the two of you will run to the locker room to drop off your

things. Don't be late. Senior leaders from other groups also participated in this meeting. If you are late, you will be scolded.”

Lada looked at her beautiful watch. It was almost four o'clock. The final activity of the singing lesson lasted approximately three and a half hours. Because there was an activity where the older ones gave surprises to the younger ones, making the final meeting of joy beautiful and impressive. It was time to start the cheerleading activities. Manaow and Ali joined their friends near the main stage as they walked down the hallway they had passed earlier past a row of elderly people, both men and women, standing with relaxed expressions, forming a line on either side of the path, which led to the activities area.

This made Manaow feel a little strange and nervous as she walked through this tunnel of seniors. She raised her hand and greeted the elders while she felt a mix of nervousness and respect, and Ali did the same. There were hundreds of seniors lining up to welcome the new juniors, creating an atmosphere full of friendship and tradition. The lineup was arranged in a strange way, which piqued Manaow's curiosity, although she didn't think much of it considering it was the final cheerleading meeting. It seemed that the layout of the poster this time was unusual, perhaps influenced by the uniqueness of the closing event. In the middle of it all, there was a raised platform with two masters of ceremonies urging the freshmen to quicken their steps as the ceremony was about to begin.

Almost half an hour had passed and the sky was beginning to turn red with the soft orange glow of the afternoon sun, ready to hide behind the horizon. The freshmen gathered in a group, creating a calm atmosphere that enveloped the room where more than three thousand people had gathered. When the two presenters walked off the stage, there was silence for a moment before movement emerged from the entrance of the main building. An older, tall, light-skinned woman, dressed in an impeccable blue ceremonial uniform, walked in the procession. She wore symbolic ceremonial clothing with long black hair, carefully combed and tied in a ponytail in the back. Her sharp and beautiful facial features created a striking presence as she carried the flag, Phi Pura confidently led the

procession in front of older men and women, each of whom held silver and gold trays, and followed them with a dignified and elegant posture., representing a strong and united step.

They were the leaders, who revealed the symbolic emblem and opened the way for the students to invoke the royal emblem. This ceremony was more formal than before. The first-year students watched the procession pass in front of them until they reached the first row followed by name bearers with flags of five groups of various colors, divided according to the colors of each faculty. The group flag leader was the senior leader of each group. You could see the bracelets each senior was wearing. Only the Faculty of Engineering had women carrying the faculty flag at the ceremony. A small figure carried a crimson flag with a yellow gold gear symbol in the center.

Although she did not look as strong and muscular as the flag bearers of other groups, the high heels of her shoes did not make her look inferior. Her face was completely calm, showing no signs of fatigue from having to carry the heavy flagpole. Manaow wondered, among other senior leaders, why Gyoza had to carry the flag. Before her doubts were cleared up, she realized that it was because the third-year student of her college, P'Pure, was assigned to an important position.

There were three positions: President of the Student Administration Organization, President of the Engineering Student Club, and President of the Electrical Engineering Department. So, Gyoza should take over this task instead of P'Pure. Each aspect of the role was interconnected, forming a complex of responsibilities and values. Two large gold trays were placed in a small plastic box until it overflowed, the inside of the box lined with green velvet. Holding a specially designed coin pendant in the shape of a grain of rice, the pendant displayed a serial number with a different design each year. Everything placed in front of the ceremonial tent. At the end of the procession, the heads of the five faculties walked in separate lines, surrounding the first years.

The bosses immediately created a certain oppressive atmosphere. A calm, upright expression with her hands behind her back. It was a very intimidating sight for a freshman. Manaow looked over the heads of her friends at the center of the stage. Gyoza in the role of senior president was



very different from Gyoza, whose feet had been bitten by her shoes the day before. She couldn't believe she was the same person. The wind she blew caused the black hair that fell over her shoulders to fly around her clean cheeks. The round eyes that were not behind his glasses looked calm and still. Her face scared the young people a lot. However, when Manaow saw her, she couldn't help but laugh as she thought of Lada's words. But the person standing in front of her, due to her absent-minded behavior had to issue a warning.

“Shh! The ceremony will begin soon. Shut up Manaow.”

A white hand rose and covered its mouth. Her laughter was probably so loud that it reached the ears of the fierce-faced senior president she was on stage. Gyoza narrowed her eyes and looked at the row where Manaow was sitting. When her eyes saw the source of her voice, she stared at her. Manaow should be scared, but she didn't know why she liked the image of her so much. Although Gyoza had a fierce face, she looked very sweet. No matter what face she made, she was cute. Her eyes were round, cheeks light, mouth small, she looked sweet and cute. She didn't know why other people thought that Gyoza had a fierce face, even though she was clearly cute. Oh, was this what was called feeling lost?

P'Chai, president of the College of Commerce, led the singing of hymns in praise of the monarchy, followed by the university's national anthem, a royal composition awarded to the Institution. The voices of more than three thousand people rang out, creating a powerful and harmonious chorus that resonated throughout the area. When the university anthem was sung, the overflow of emotion gave people goosebumps, a sensation that was felt every time the national anthem was sung.

The opening anthem concluded and the next segment involved a symbolic-massacre. Five freshmen, under the command of the senior leader, performed this ritual. In reality, this was just a recreation. The cheers and chants of the university had been taught many times before to new students. It was all in good fun and calling it a massacre was more of an exaggeration than a literal interpretation.

It seemed that the third-year leaders of each faculty were really harsh not only with their loud voices but also with their strict disciplinary actions. The freshmen sang the same song over and over again, and any mistake caused the entire group to have to stand up, hug each other, and then sit down again. The flat, wide terrain might seem gentle, but its subtle slopes and descents made it a challenge.

The elders surrounded the first years, enforcing discipline, and any attempt to adjust their posture was met with scolding. The dynamics of animating involve a constant effort to stay in line on an uneven surface. The experts of the discipline seemed to have an impressive presence, making everything even more demanding, both physically and mentally for the newcomers.

“You have been practicing singing for more than two months. Why can't they sing in unison?!”

“What we teach doesn't make sense to you?!”

“If we teach them, they should listen. But they talk among themselves, never bothering to listen to what the elders say every day. They do not respect their elders.”

“Come to the animation meeting. Can they still dress like that!? No matter what group they are in, order will never have discipline. It's annoying and embarrassing for the whole group!!”

“We used to do activities like you, it was a tradition, a good tradition that was passed down. Our generation had many more difficulties than yours, but we still managed to overcome it. So what is this? Why are they so incompetent?”

“They can't sing together. Where is the unity, where is the harmony? It's like they can't find a sense of solidarity.”

“Ask a representative to answer a question and no one steps forward. Is this what you call enthusiasm? Really disappointing!”

It was the same as in the SOTUS system. They didn't say bad words, they were rude or unintelligible. They cursed in such a respectful way that it hurt even more. Freshmen punished with the unusual punishment at the university had to stand and sit in numbers three times greater than the entire student body. This means three times the number of students at the university, that is, 362 times sitting and standing. This causes fatigue and many almost fainted. Some were even taken to the medical tent located at the edge of the field. Even though the punishment was challenging, no one was willing to give up this punishment.

“Whoever knows they can't do it, don't force it.”

“We cannot be responsible for your life!!”

“If you can't stand it, leave!! We don't need heroes here.”

“Nurse, look here.”

"Anyone who pretends to be hurt doesn't think we're stupid, but I don't care if you try to take advantage of your friends." Forward!!”

P'Chai's voice echoed throughout the field. As he walked along the row of young people who were trembling because they were afraid of being scolded. But not Manaow. She often heard her voice. Her concentration was on where Gyoza had gone. Before the sound of her thoughts ended, there was a subtle smell of someone floating on the wind, making Manaow, who was carrying out her punishment, stop and turn her head to look at the source of the familiar smell..

“If you can't, don't force it. Didn't you hear what they said? We will not be responsible for your life.”

A slim figure dressed from head to toe in a student uniform, with an armband marking the president's position on her arm, stopped in Manaow's row. Her voice was cold, although she didn't seem worried, she actually wanted to help. Gyoza actually felt a little worried about the young woman she was talking to. Manaow didn't know who Gyoza was talking to because there was a person in line that she couldn't see well.

“Get out of line. You're going to faint, nurse!!”

The sentence was uttered while calling the nursing unit, Gyoza was used to support the body that was about to fall... on the verge of unconsciousness even though it was against the rules, because the president could not touch the young people attending the cheerleading meeting. If young people experience symptoms, they would simply call paramedics to help them. However, because the incident in front of her was quite sudden, she had to break that rule.

"Don't bother me, I'm fine,"

A high-pitched voice hissed. With both hands, she pushed the small woman and because of this, Gyoza lost her balance and almost fell. Seeing her in that situation made Manaow let go of her hug and immediately ran to catch her just before she fell and hit the ground.

“Hey! What did you do to her?”

Manaow scolded once she realized who had done it. Lukthan's face was pale as if she was going to faint, looking back with hard-to-read eyes. It was a mix of anger and disappointment. Her feeling sad, hurt, jealous and full of hate before her body collapsed to the ground until the nurse who had just arrived had to hold her up and carry her off the field.

"P'Gyo, are you okay?"

She asked the person in her arms in an anxious voice.

“I'm fine. You can go back to your row.”

The little girl forced herself to let go of the arms of the person who lifted her, feeling a slight pain in her right ankle because she almost fell before. Gyoza ordered her to return to her own line. She still had those shoes that bit her feet. Why did she use them again? Especially now that her leg hurt. If it weren't for where they were, she would drag her out of the field. Her piercing eyes looked at Gyoza, who was forcing herself to walk towards P'Oun, the senior director of the Faculty of Economics. She first whispered

something in her ear before leaving the field. Manaow could see that her legs were hurting and she was trying to force herself to walk gracefully like a high-ranking leader. Manaow looked behind the small figure until he was out of sight, he could only hope that the small person wasn't stubborn at all.

Finally, the last burst of training ended with a shake of the head. Everyone recognized the skills of the first year. They were ordered to sit and rest comfortably while the elders around them had already left. The emcees returned, along with members of the recreation team who brought snacks and water to give to the youth. Manaow was restless and confused. She looked and searched for the person she was worried about.

After collecting the snack wrappers in a black bag, the head of the cheerleading meeting and the representatives of the five faculties returned to the stage. However, this time, Gyoza's shadow was not there. Only four older men were present. This showed the severity of her injuries, right? So she couldn't return to the ceremony. The senior officers returned with a new appearance, the tension that had once been visible on their faces now replaced by a surprisingly friendly demeanor. The tight-fitting student uniform was replaced with red pants and a bright pink T-shirt with a flamingo print that read:

Sophomore loves freshman'

What was happening here!? Laughter echoed throughout the field, with the elders, nurses and various units, enthusiastically joining the ceremony, gathering around the younger ones, hugging them. P'Pure, the head of the Student Management Organization was the one who answered the questions of the first-year students.

“We have accepted them as our little brothers. Now we want all of you to also accept us as older brothers,”

Said his beautiful face with a smile. He almost made many young women melt into the ground.

“We will shout boom so that they accept us as older brothers.”

All the freshmen were stunned by those kind words.

“All adults listen, shout boom, get ready!!”

“Ready!!”

The response of all the adults was harsh. Manaow looked around, looking for the person she wanted to see, but couldn't find her beautiful face clearly showing disappointment.

“Wait! Let's do it together. Wait for me!!”

The clear sound of someone shouting came from behind the row of hugging seniors. The small figure appeared, fitting into the third year leader's arms, standing next to P'Pure. She pulled the tall Pure's shoulders so she could hug the neck of the older one closest to her, due to their height difference. She also didn't wear heels and on her ankle, there was a dark cloth wrapped around it. Such childish behavior made her older siblings and friends, including the freshmen, burst into laughter. What is this? Is this the fierce senior president!?

“Okay, P'Pure you can start. I'm ready,”

A voice chattered, not caring about her loud laughter. Her once fierce face seemed to smile in a way she rarely saw. Or was it that the senior president isn't actually as scary as they think? Thunderous applause, more than seventy times, resounded loudly during the first years surrounded by elderly people. Some people were so moved that tears came out due to their mixed emotions. The activities they did were very demanding and exhausting, studying, exams, playing sports, cheerleading practice, attending meetings, being scolded by older people, facing ridicule and pranks. However, they had to admit that everything the elders did, whether good or not, whether they liked it or not, was worthy of sincere gratitude for fostering this friendship.

It was the business of the elders to come and guide them, ensure that the younger ones are well dressed, accompany them to make the branch activities a success, provide them with mentoring and ensure safety.

Whenever an event is held, seniors must arrive two to three hours in advance to prepare the venue and junior activities. Although they are often scolded and sometimes do not like their tasks, young people will also bring some difficulties to their elders. However, the system of welcoming young people as if they were family was not bad at all.

If there were negatives, it was most likely due to the way it is implemented, not the system itself. Fortunately, these freshmen met a good system and upperclassmen who supported them, turning it into a beautiful friendship under the glow of the university shield held in the hand, singing the university song together under the golden light of the torches, under the words

"Brothers at the root of the Nonsi tree."

The spotlights that had dispelled the darkness in the four corners of the field had now gone out. Only the light of a thousand candles shining, gave off a dim light. It was darker than Manaow's eyes could see, trying to see the edge of the field where the little eldest was standing. Now she couldn't find that girl anymore. She disappeared from sight again. Why did this keep happening? Manaow's sharp gaze lowered with dissatisfaction. She was happy to always see her in front of her. It felt good to know what she was doing, to observe her expressions and actions from a bird's eye view and to have confidence that she wasn't going anywhere.

The voices of the elders announced that they would blow out the candles when they were preparing to enter the gear delivery ceremony. Thousands of candles were extinguished, plunging the area back into darkness. The only source of light at the moment was the dim light coming from the building, producing a beam of light that only illuminated the shadows. Manaow tensed as he heard someone's whispers and laughter. The darkness barely leaves anything visible.

There was a figure approaching. It was too dark for her to see who she was, but she correctly recognized the familiar scent. With hands larger than the person in her mind, she gently brought the small figure closer, holding it in the darkness.

“Time is over. P'Gyo you must give me an answer now,”

Manaow whispered softly. But the person in her arms simply remained silent as she tried to free herself.

“If you don't answer, I won't let you go anywhere. When they turn on the lights, everyone will see what we're doing.”

The threat that came with the power of the hug became stricter.

“You are crazy!? Let go of me!”

The smaller person struggled even more. How much can she escape from these powerful hands? Manaow hugged Gyoza even tighter.

“No!! Until you accept my love. I won't let you go,”

Her voice sounded reckless, but it seemed like she really wanted to do it. The wind and warm breath gently caressed her ears, making Gyoza feel ticklish. Her legs were weak and limp, the blood in her body was increasing for various reasons. She was afraid that someone would see them and she began to feel uneasy. The young woman's slender fingers dragged along her side, giving off a feeling of being electrocuted by a little static electricity.

“Let go, the lights will turn on.”

“Answer quickly so I can let you go immediately.”

“What do you want me to answer?”

“Just answer... Will you love me?”

Gyoza's breath, still under the command of her junior, stopped when a sweet request was placed near her ear. Respond quickly. The lights will come on soon. Her whispering voice was hoarse, her hug grew tighter, making Gyoza's heart beat faster. Why was she in this inferior situation!?

“I...I”



The word was swallowed in her throat when the light appeared again. The small body immediately stood up, managed to get out of the hug, then ran unsteadily to escape the dangerous person who had just done something bad to her heart. At first she wanted to mock Manaow in the dark, but in the end she did the opposite. She had lost many skills and she didn't know if anyone would have noticed. On the other hand, Manaow smiled happily at the small figure standing panting on the sidelines. She had managed to escape but she wouldn't do it that night.

Anyway, that night she would get the answer after having gone through such a difficult exam. And thinking about that made her feel shy.

# ①⑨

## FRESH NIGHT



Freshy Day was the first day when you became a complete student through various activities along with your peers. And you also officially received the university insignia. It was a proud moment. Although not large, this marks an initial and crucial step toward steady progress. The gear they received represented a reward for their sweat, effort, and dedication, making you proud to call yourself a student of that university, so Freshy Night was probably a well-deserved night of celebration. However, it may not be a fun night for everyone present.

Manaow sat at the back of the stage waiting for her turn to perform. Her heart was beating irregularly due to nervousness, although she didn't show it as often as Ali, Freshy's male colleague at the branch. Her body was tall and had muscles. Ali was dressed in clothes that were not much different from the usual one, but a little tighter, giving a powerful effect to the eyes of the viewer. Every day he looked more handsome. His sharp and sweet eyes were not covered by glasses, the light makeup combined with the contour of the face to shape it, not too much, not too little. P'Lada was experienced in applying makeup skillfully.

She carefully ran the brush over her face like an artist. Drawing brush strokes on the original canvas in the Makeup No Makeup plan, Ali looked handsome and clean-shaven like when he was born, his once-enlarged pores and acne scars gone, resulting in smooth, honey-colored skin. He wore his hair in a bowler hat with bangs, but it was combed down and wet. He looked like a model on the cover of a magazine, dispelling his young, nerdy

and educated image, there was no trace left of what he was before. Manaow only hoped that when he finished this job, his friend would find a girlfriend. This wasn't really too worrying, the worrying thing was that Ali wouldn't be able to return to a normal, happy life.

Behind the main stage on the dirt field used for activities, that night the upperclassmen had prepared large sheets of cloth to create designated areas. Once the competition was over, there would be a concert by a nationally renowned marching band. They needed to close the area for the artists' privacy, as adequate compensation for the exhaustion they would experience. Manaow looked around. Some of her new friends from other faculties were being prepared by her superiors. Some hid in corners and meditated to suppress their nervousness. Several people took photos with their friends. And some people were seen sweating and shaking, unable to control their bodies, among them was Ali. Her male companion Freshy. Manaow let out a deep sigh. Shaking the anxiety and heaviness from her chest, she lifted her head and breathed the fresh air of early winter into her lungs.

The sky above was a hazy blue with rays of orange light, clear and without thin clouds but without starlight. This place only had land, no stars!! That was a figurative motto she often heard her elders say, well... That was the truth. Looking up at the sky, there were no stars, the light was very strong, orange, too bright to see the stars. Those piercing eyes turned to look at the shiny black leather shoes she was wearing. Her thin legs scraped the ground and played like a distracted person. Could it sink into the ground and disappear now?

She didn't say it as a joke. She really wanted to dig in the dirt and get out of here because in a few minutes she had to go on stage for the Freshy Night competition as she promised the senior. Honestly, why did she accept it so easily at that time? Who pressed the button to turn off her consciousness mode? The deceptive words in a sweet tone, the mischievous smile, the very detailed features on that smooth face, or perhaps it was the round and lively eyes of the person that caught her attention, made her lose consciousness. She remembered the past, the moment in the central dining room of the university that cool afternoon.

Immediately, she had to raise her hand to cover her face, erasing her smile, when she realized that it was actually because of the older girl's full and slightly red lips. She knocked her unconscious until she accepted without thinking. Because I really wanted to try those beautiful colored lips even if it was just a dream. At that moment, what was her brain thinking? Because she was afraid that her body's arousal would be exposed, she said yes, to escape from her mind, an escape route she never knew was the deep hole in front of her. She dug a grave for herself. The great hole of love fell with a great crash, unable to re-emerge.

Over the past three months, she made several attempts to reach the mouth of the hole. Furthermore, the events that occurred under the dark shadows of that night were difficult to erase. She desperately tried to distance herself, looking for every possible way to get out of the hole, causing others to intervene, but her efforts only made the situation worse. In the end, only a hint of concern was seen and all efforts seemed in vain. She threw herself wholeheartedly into the pit, admitting defeat in her own heart. Lost by those loving eyes that looked at her, lost by the heartwarming smile that was always on display. She was struck by a voice that spoke carefully, by attention to even the smallest detail. Defeated by her teasing and playful gestures, she gave herself completely to the petite woman who was willing to accept the blame on her behalf. Although she didn't lift light weights, she carried heavy loads and was physically exhausted and often stayed up late to seduce her, she seemed defeated every time she saw her, but Gyoza never complained about her.

Perhaps for that reason, Manaow felt love at first sight just by making eye contact, it became a search of wanting to possess, wanting to have the right to be protected and cared for.

“P'Gyo, can you love me?”

A funny question in a funny situation, it doesn't seem serious, it wasn't intentional, but the feeling she got when she said it wasn't a joke was strange. If only at that moment Gyoza had agreed to let herself take care of her. If only the response that night had been a...

“OK.”

She felt so unlucky!! Why had it disappeared now? Was she hiding in a corner of the campus? Until now Manaow had not seen her again, even though she had promised to go see her before going on stage. That little girl was a fraud!! A little more, a little more.

“Hey!”

“Woow!!”

Her small body fell to the ground, the white flowers in her hands fell all over the grass, and she let out a soft cry as she used her hands to clean the dirt from her body. Her eyes behind the round frame of her glasses flashed with disgust at the situation. She blamed her own height for making it impossible for her to reach and pluck the flower.

'This is too high, damn...

Someone's footsteps rustled on the dry leaves not far away, Gyoza couldn't find the source of the sound. In the darkness where there was only a faint light from the field where Freshy Night was taking place. A tall, thin person stopped behind her before greeting her.

“If you know it's out of your reach, why do you keep trying? Isn't this excessive?”

A white hand was sent in front of her, with the intention of helping. She picked up the little woman who was standing on her lawn. Gyoza deliberately ignored the suggestive words of the person who had just arrived.

“How did you get here? Are you secretly following me?”

She asked non-seriously, but didn't get an answer. Her small hand stretched out to grab the other person's outstretched hand and help her up. In just a split second without thinking, the force of the pull made the small body go straight into her arms. Two thin arms hugged Gyoza tightly against her chest.

The small person who let the taller figure hug her spoke in a cold voice.

“Right now, it's over, you know.”

“I know.”

"Then why do you keep doing this?"

“I'm sorry.”

The early winter wind blew across the surface of the water, causing small ripples. Clearly approaching the cement stairs that led to the pool, a water retention pool next to the dirt field. Surrounded by orchards and trees on the university's experimental farm. If it was night, this place might be full of students who came to tend the farmlands and relax. But at that moment everyone was probably gathered in front of the stage: the Freshy boys and girls contest was approaching. The announcer's voice could be heard from afar, the dim lights of the contest stage could be seen through the branches of the large trees that surrounded the farmland, casting shadows.

The surrounding atmosphere was still moving, the gentle breeze accompanied the rhythm of relaxing music. However, at that moment, the tall figure hugging her brought calm amidst the serene silence. Only the sound of irregular breathing echoed above the ears. She could feel the tears of the person holding her, tears that used to be hers.

“Can Phi love Gyoza?”

This may seem like a declaration of love, but in reality, the person who said it did it on purpose to use it as a question sentence. Because the word "love" or an expression of love had been said before, or deep emotions had been expressed before. The face in front expressed an overwhelming feeling, with a facial expression that suggested heartache. The person who asked the question held back tears and bit his lip to suppress the lump in his throat.

“Just say it. It's possible or not, that's all, is it that difficult!?”

No matter how many hundreds or thousands of times she asked, she would never get the answer. The corners of her mouth lifted into a small smile, the tears she was trying so hard to hold back falling uncontrollably. A white

hand snatched the fine necklace from her neck before returning it to its owner.

“I'll return your gear. Don't give it to someone you can't love.”

Those piercing eyes stared back at her with so much pain that it made her little heart tremble even more. If she didn't love her, if she didn't truly care, she shouldn't be too nice to her and also not get involved in an unclear relationship.

“I apologize for not being able to love you right now. I won't ask you to wait but don't return my gear until you're sure. Keep it and if one day you meet someone you love and you're sure you can return it,”

Said Ploy. A larger hand reached out and squeezed the smaller hand, forcing it to remove the gear in its hand. Gyoza could only force a smile as tears rolled down her cheeks. Saying it like that meant she had to make peace. In the end, out of mere comfort, her tall figure hugged her. 1 year had passed since that night. In the same place, same position, same atmosphere, only the one who was shedding tears at that moment was not Gyoza.

“You are so cruel to take the flowers that we cared for together to give them to other people.”

Thin white hands reached out to pluck wild daisies from the high branches without making any effort. She just stretched out her hand a little and was able to cut them off easily. Unlike the little junior next to her who had to struggle very hard until she fell.

“Don't talk casually. When did you come to take care of them with me P'Ploy?”

Gyoza made a face in a bad mood.

“Once I came to help you water them. Don't act like you don't remember.”

Her handsome face bent down to take a closer look. If it had been earlier, it would have made Gyoza's heart beat and tremble. But now she could look at those sharp, beautiful eyes again without trembling. Those eyes had become eyes that conveyed direct meaning and whether she liked it or not, she could speak clearly.

“You only came once or twice, don't try to change things. Hurry up, it's almost time for the competition.”

Gyoza interrupted the conversation and grabbed her elder's wrist and led her out of the crop field.

"Yeah, I'm not a star like other people,"

Ploy pretended to say sarcastically.

“What star!? This place has no stars, no moon, only earth!!”

Gyoza held the hand of her elder, who was her first love, as they entered the area in front of the stage where there were many students. On stage now there was a musical performance by the University Band. A singer on stage performed a slow and meaningful song through a melodious voice, but the content of the song was sad and heartbreaking to the listener. Until the tears again lingered in the corners of her eyes. Those thin eyes stared at her hand held by the person leading the way, a slight smile appearing on her lips as she realized that it might be time to let go of that hand. The larger hand released its grip on her and she stopped, standing and looking back.

"May your love be better than you dreamed.  
I hope that person is better than me at everything.  
Let him love you,  
take care of you, stay by your side.  
Like I never did for you...  
Congratulations,  
little one.  
Finally,  
today you found someone you love more than me.



I sincerely apologize for my past lack of clarity;  
I will never be able to explain it to you explicitly.  
Let's hope and make no mistake.  
This is unlike anything you've experienced in the past.  
May this moment always be in your heart.  
Although I still only have you.  
And I can only love you as before... '  
I hope the person you choose loves you more than me.  
I'm sorry for selfishly keeping you in my place.  
I give you my heart to keep,  
although I don't even have the courage to tell you that I love you.  
May you be together forever,  
even if I haven't changed my mind.  
And I can only love you as before..."

(Song credit: "Khamyindee"  
Artist: Klear Lyrics: Rannaphan  
Yunyungpoonchai/Keeyaphat Phowongpraialert)

-

“Gyoza.”

Gyoza turned in response to the sound of the call, noticing the senior she had dragged earlier into the distance. Ploy stood still, watching her as if she were trying to form certain words. Gyoza saw her move her lips, trying to say something, but her words were drowned out by the music and people's chatter. Gyoza let out an annoyed sigh, as if to say, 'it's no use if Ploy talks so far away,

“I can't hear you.”

Gyoza tried to walk back towards Ploy, but suddenly she had disappeared from that place. The small round-eyed figure looked left and right, but she only saw other people. There was no sign of the tall figure that had once held her hand.

“Where had she gone?”

“Damn Gyoza!”

A familiar voice came from afar. It was Lada walking through the crowd looking for her.

“Did you see Manaow? I don't know where she went.”

“Hey!? Isn't she always with you? Have you tried calling her?”

Gyoza hurriedly hid the flowers she had prepared behind her back, because she would feel embarrassed if Lada saw them.

“I called but she didn't answer. It's almost time for her to show up.”

Said her beautiful friend, feeling anxious. She took the cell phone in her hand and made a confusing call.

“Maybe she went backstage? Why don't you come back and take a look?”

Gyoza said to encourage her friend. Manaow was not usually a careless person, she did not abandon her duties and disappear.

“Oh, crazy girl, wait and see, Gyoza. If I see her, I'll be the one to take a stick and beat your girlfriend until her feet are blue,”

Lada threatened, her pretty face contorted in frustration.

The stage lights came back on with the appearance of two soft-spoken, professional-looking presenters before they both introduced the competition.

“What is this? It's time to go on stage.”

Lada put her hand to her temple.

“I'll go backstage and ask to postpone the performance. As for you, Gyoza, find your lover and immediately take her backstage. You understand?!”

“Hey, wait a minute!”

Lada didn't sit still waiting for her friend to reject her. Her slender figure disappeared into the increasingly dense crowd, leaving Gyoza with her mouth open. And where should I look for the girl? Among the crowd, sharp eyes stared at the thin back of their slowly retreating junior. The warmth of the hand that had held her was still there, although only faintly, she could still feel it. There would never be a chance to hold that hand again. She couldn't reach that hand anymore. She might be different from Gyoza, a person who always does anything to get to the person she loves.

"Even though you know it's out of your reach, you still try. Don't you think you did something excessive?"

The meaning of those words was that, if you try something that is beyond your capabilities, perhaps you can try to reach out and take what you have lost, even if in the end it turns out to be a matter of seemingly nothing. But it's still better than doing nothing. Even if it just says "I love you."

“Gyoza.”

Ploy called, making the little girl stop, before turning to look at her. The round frames of her glasses reflected the colored light of the parade stage until her eyes could not be seen. Ploy took a deep breath until she filled her lungs, her hands clenched into fists to control the shaking due to nervousness.

“Just talk, talk Ploy.”

The voice in her brain came out with the words ordered angrily.

“I love you.”

She said. She really she said it. But it was not loud enough to send a message to the recipient. Gyoza's curious face clearly didn't hear what she said. Suddenly, a strange feeling replaced the previous madness again. Feelings of hatred in the face of selfish actions. Why did she feel happy? Why did just seeing her make her happy? It was all lies, envy, hatred and

she wanted to repress it. She didn't want Gyoza to become someone else's property. She didn't want to see those eyes looking at anyone but her. What a selfish idea, how could she still dare to look into those clear eyes?

Without waiting for Gyoza to come towards her, her long legs slowly retreated, before she ran, leaving the petite woman behind until she disappeared from sight.

“Don't be selfish anymore.”

Her long legs took her away from the hustle and bustle of the crowd. The cool breeze hit her face, causing loose strands of hair to flutter across her cheeks. In the end she ran away from her. Because she knew, she might not be able to look at Gyoza and use that kind of eyes to look at her. Ploy she stopped and stood motionless at the edge of the water storage pool for a long time before realizing that she was not alone here!!

The stage lights dimmed and stopped for a moment. A grand piano could be heard on stage, the keys of which were invisible in the darkness. The low murmur of the audience below was accompanied by a silence punctuated by whispered conversations. In the darkness, slender fingers gently touched the piano keyboard, producing a light and comfortable melody. The introduction before the song began received a joyful response from the audience, even before the singing began. The beat combined with a catchy melody made the name of the song easy to guess. The spotlight illuminated a tall figure in a classic dark blue suit, sitting elegantly behind the grand piano. Ali, with her charming face focused her gaze as she let her consciousness wander along with the music. Her appearance amidst the stage lights sparked cheers and applause before the sweet sound of the piano at the end of the introduction echoed through the silence, ending the interlude.

A large light shone on the figure standing on the other side of the stage, with long, slender legs peeking out from the hem of the dress. The smooth white skin lit up like a bright spark.

The hair that was normally worn down was now tied loosely at the back, leaving only strands of hair in the front combed carelessly to the side. Her beautiful face was decorated with sharp facial expressions. Her lips were

thin and covered in light lipstick. But if someone stumbled upon her, it was undoubtedly thanks to her penetrating eyes. The mischief that used to be there had now been replaced by soft, dreamy eyes. The pair of pitch-black eyes seemed calm. Eyes that conveyed a warm and gentle feeling. For a split second, the silence that had previously formed was completely broken.

A sudden, sharp sound pierced the air, catching everyone off guard. Her jaw was framed and she rested on the chin of a violin on the podium. Her slender fingers pressed the positions of the notes along the strings, his right hand grasped and adjusted the bow over the four strings. A gentle sway, a slight twist and a magical, sweet tone radiate. Her eyes narrowed in concentration, her body moving to the rhythm of the song, in sync with the melody. Both played their own instruments, performing popular songs of the time, each playing a harmonious role in the orchestration.

Don't Tell You was the song that Manaow and Ali chose to perform during the contestants' talent show. Both she and Ali were quite good at playing classical musical instruments because they had studied since high school. Although she was not good at anything, she was considered to have a special talent. As the song approached the middle, Manaow placed her violin next to a large speaker in the back, allowing Ali to move on to the next part of the song. Walking gracefully, she stood at the center of the stage and her slender hand grabbed the microphone. She took a deep breath and held it before exhaling slowly to get rid of the nervousness. Closing her eyes to the busy atmosphere in front of her.

Those sharp eyes slowly opened again, shifting her gaze to look ahead. Although she was surrounded by many people, it was Gyoza who she sought out. No matter where or when, she would always be the only person she would see. This time too, thousands of students, friends and parents stood in front of the stage, waiting to see the contests and concerts of famous artists after this, but Manaow only wanted to see her.

The subtle rhythm of the heartbeat seemed to function like a metronome, determining the tempo of the song. When her soft voice rang out, the audience's screams became louder again. Far beyond the public view, Manaow's eyes were fixed only on her, taking in nothing else.

'I want to be closer to you.  
I've been curious since I met you.  
My heart beats when I hear your voice.  
From the first day we met,  
I accidentally thought of you...

The silly woman who was running without glasses ran into her that day in front of the university building. Round eyes without glasses, like someone she has just woken up. Who would have thought that that person would actually be a senior leader in the second year?

Of course, none of her classmates had ever seen that side of her. That made her decide that the short woman was not an ogre. She wasn't as bad as everyone feared. However, it was she who thought wrong. Beneath the sweet smile filled with venom, there was a mischievous glint in her eyes that she didn't even notice. Did she not know what plan she had in mind? The problem the deal created for her had to be resolved by representing the faculty for today's contest, if that was a ploy to trap her, then Gyoza was successful.

As soon as I met you, I wanted to say hello.  
But when I don't see you, my mind gets confused.  
You're gone and I'm very worried about you.  
What will happen?  
I don't know if there will be someone there to take care of you or not...  
I almost forgot to breathe  
when you came closer.  
Just your smile makes my whole heart race  
I want to tell you so you can understand my feelings...

She was nervous and would die if she couldn't see her or find out beforehand that Gyoza was thinking about someone else. This depressed her for several days. Has she ever tried to get over her? But the slightest concern she received in return sent her back into the same cycle over and over again.

I want you to understand.  
I actually want to say those words.  
But I'm so afraid of regretting it if you can't accept it.  
You probably won't forgive those words.  
It's so uncomfortable to have to keep it in my heart.  
But I'm afraid that if I speak, I'm afraid I will regret it...'  
If you risk saying the word love even though you weren't sure yet.  
Could you yourself accept the answer...?  
Please help me cry.  
May our voice be strong enough to reach that person.  
May he listen to the  
strong voice in our hearts...!

The screeching was heard again before she finished her song. The small pleading voice accompanied by the young representative's charming smile melted the hearts of the audience very well. Not only did she have talent for music, but she was also good at singing.

But tell me right now,  
I don't know if it's too fast or not.  
I still don't know what you're thinking.  
If I say those words and he says no.  
If this is the case, I might as well leave.  
It's pretty good to have you close to me.  
Just hearing your voice not far away.  
It will hide my heart.  
How much it costs, I won't say...!'

The stage lights dimmed as the song reached its slow part. If it's a real song, the next part is a woman singing. But in this scenario the opposite happened. The deep voice and the sweet melody of the piano notes further increased Ali's charm, so that anyone who heard her would be enchanted.

Pay close attention,  
you'll know.

In my worries,  
what is hidden?  
What I don't know is what you think.....  
Let's take a good look.  
You may see....  
The truth is,  
what was I thinking?  
With words yet to be said...'

Manaow stomped her feet to the music. Her face was sharper than before.

I will save it for the day when I express my heart.  
Wait for that day,  
the day I'm sure.  
That day you thought he was right and you were ready to hear what was  
inside.  
I will tell you that I love you so you can be close to me.....  
I said I love you, did you hear that?  
If it's still not clear to you,  
you can listen to it again.  
Did you hear that I love you?"

(Song credit: Don't Tell You, Artist: Bedroom Audio. Lyrics - Kawin Sirinawin)

Those eyes seemed very far away. Did she see it? Did she hear it? It seems very far away. Will my short-sighted little sister be able to see it? The sound of the greeting startled Gyoza, who was daydreaming. With her eyes closed she looked at the person who greeted her. She saw a knowing smile radiate across her beautiful face. Gyoza smiled slightly at the person who had just arrived. Before turning around to see what she was interested in. Pure stopped and stood next to his junior and said nothing more. She simply looked at the stage where the first years were performing until she finished the first half of the show.

"I saw Ploy by the pool a moment ago. When I asked her, she said she followed you here. I thought you two were back together."



“Is P'Ploy back in the pool? At first she was with me, then suddenly she turned around and disappeared somewhere. Don't think I left your sister there alone, that's impossible!”

Gyoza said as she narrowed her eyes at the older man next to her. He thought about whether she should ask or not. In the end, she decided to ask:

“Did you talk to her?”

There was no need to explain what she wanted to know. The surrounding context made this conversation flow smoothly. It was as if the two people already knew what they were talking about.

“We talked a little. But you don't need to worry. I think you should let her take some time to accept that fact. She will get better on her own.”

Gyoza lowered her head and looked down. A slight feeling of guilt lingered in her heart. She looked at the situation with affection and pity because he knew that Gyoza was... Too worried, too worried about other people's feelings to carry so much burden on her shoulders. Why didn't she think about the fact that her small shoulders couldn't support much weight? Before thinking about others, she should think about herself.

On stage, the second half of the show was about to begin. A staff member appeared holding a guitar and gave it to a young man who was a representative of his faculty. Pure turned to the girl next to him. Gyoza craned her neck to look at the stage, and her hands held a bouquet of fragrant white flowers, apparently intended for that young girl,

“Come on, you can't see anything clearly here. Come on, come to the front of the stage.”

“No!! Wait, Phi.”

“Come on. What happens if your neck hurts when you look with your head tilted like that?”

The large hand grabbed the small wrist, before using its strength to drag it away, ignoring the small one's resistance or sounds of protest. Well, sometimes things like this require the use of a mediator. Otherwise, what's the point of having Cupid, right?

Pure dragged the little girl through the crowd with ease. The reputation of the two was well known and everyone avoided them and made way for them. Gyoza hurriedly put the small flower cone she had prepared into her shirt pocket. Oh...the flowers would be destroyed. And finally they reached the front of the stage. It was so close and exclusive that the people on stage immediately smiled because they could see it clearly. Gyoza lowered her head to avoid that look.

“It's finished. Regarding the song 'Don't Tell You', we both thought that the song from a while ago would be relevant to events in many people's lives.”

His handsome face turned towards his colleague.

“Khun Ali, do you already have someone you like?”

There were loud screams as his friends mocked Ali. Ali's face immediately turned red, before responding in an indirect tone.

“I have it... But I haven't told her yet.”

The timid man's timid response melted the hearts of the girls in front of the stage. Manaow smiled and accepted her friend's words before continuing with a sentence that caused screams so loud that she feared they would hurt their necks.

"Then tell her quickly. Don't be late, because I also want to tell 'that person.'"

Her sharp eyes stared into the clear, round eyes behind the lenses who was "that person."

His words announcing that there was someone in his heart made the girls' chests rise and fall, the loud voice shaking the sky. The mentioned person

could only curse inside, he didn't have to announce it to people, right? That crazy girl!! Smiles that could be called charming smiles were scattered everywhere until she felt annoyed. Why do the other children scream when they see that smile?

'This girl, you know? Yesterday I saw her changing clothes near the basketball court, confidently showing off her toned abs that were tempting enough to bite.'

"Wow, she has a good charm. Even though she is a woman, I will still accept her.."

"But she just said she already has someone in her heart."

"Can I have her in my imagination? It's not necessary to have it, just looking at it makes me happy."

A whispered voice that could be called a bit like a scream sounded in Gyoza's ears. She felt irritated when she heard those words, forcing her to suppress the frustration that was rising. Wow!! What right do you have to be jealous and possessive!!

"She is very sexy and worth watching."

"Fresh lady from our faculty."

It was as if a demon that read human hearts entered the body of the person next to P'Pure and did it while that person laughed. Gyoza was jealous.

"Stop talking!!"

Gyoza turned around and yelled at him. Pure simply shrugged, pretending to have a satisfied expression on her face. Having a small person next to her keeps the look realistic. On the stage, the new students of the college were about to perform again. Manaow grabbed the guitar and slung the strap over her shoulder, adjusting the height of the microphone stand to fit. She turned to give a signal to Ali, who was sitting

behind the piano, before beginning the introduction to the next performance.

“When we decide to express our feelings, we know that there will only be good people around you. Let's look at ourselves again. We are not great people. Not someone who has everything someone else has. All we can give you are words of love and words... I'm sorry.”

Finishing her sentence, the first piano note sounded and the audience screamed louder than before. There was only one voice in her heart that echoed in her ears. The person who received the message of love from her, who now looked at her with a deep and serious look. Aren't they just words of audience service? Because? Why did she feel like she was being told she loved her? Why was her heart beating so fast that she wanted to bounce out of her chest? Her heartbeat was so fast that she had to raise her hand to hold it. It was very difficult to control her heartbeat. This is what a person who has influence over the heart is called.

Amidst the loud shouts and cheers, no one knew that the person Manaow was talking about was actually standing at the front of the stage, next to P'Pure. The third year leader couldn't help but smile. His piercing eyes looked at his beloved sister. He felt affection for this little guy who did everything possible to maintain his image. His fair skin looked red as if it were about to explode.

It was rare that he could see this little girl blushing so shyly, so Pure couldn't help but pick up his cell phone to secretly take a photo of Gyoza. Any angle will do, especially when she looks at the stage sheepishly. Pure was ready to give the photo an appropriate title.

“Little older man and girl on stage.”

The name made sense. The girl on stage began to lightly scratch the strings of her guitar. Letting out a soft and slightly enveloping singing sound, she competed with the continuous, loud and non-stop screaming sound.

Only one person,  
I don't see anyone who has prepared everything.

Are there silk stars?  
If I want to make a request,  
Please help me,  
make me extraordinary with him..  
sorry for never being nice (sorry) because I never made you feel  
comfortable...  
As anyone can do,  
I'm sorry I'm not special (I'm sorry)  
I am the only person who loves you.  
This is my mistake.  
I can't take care of you...'

Manaow wanted to tell her that she was sorry for falling in love with her.  
That despite having done things that could have hurt her, from that moment  
on, Manaow promised that she would be much better than her and would  
always be the one to protect her and take care of her. Manaow said in her  
heart before the clear eyes of the spectator. Maybe at that time Gyoza didn't  
know. But one day she would. I hoped so.  
One day, Manaow would be a good person for Gyoza.

## ②⑥

PHIANGPLOY



“It's over, you know Phi.”

“I know.”

"Then why do you keep doing this?"

“I'm sorry.”

After saying sorry, the two people seemed to be talking silently, without making a single sound, a small familiar figure was wrapped in the other woman's arms. A tall girl with the same face as the man who was now next to her. They looked like they came from the same printing press. The difference was that her beautiful face was prettier than her older brother's.

She wanted to imagine jealousy from the image reflected on her retina, but the tears and sobs that were heard made the feeling diminish, because someone as irascible as her was surprised to hear that. Manaow turned to look into the eyes of P'Pure, the eldest at his side, wanting answers to the events that had occurred. But those piercing eyes under his dark eyebrows only told her to shut up. The two people in front of her were unaware of her existence. They were not aware that they were being watched.

Her sobs finally subsided. Gyoza moved away from her and her small hand reached out to wipe away the tall woman's tears. The silence only lasted a moment before they burst out laughing. Followed by the sound of them

speaking as if the previous incident had never happened, causing confusion to those who witnessed it. Manaow turned to see the older one's bright white face, as if she was glowing in the dark.

Holding the position of president of the Student Organization, Phi Pure, he had no doubt about this abnormality. Yes, they were twins and they definitely understood each other better than anyone else. After the white flowers were picked and stuffed into paper cones until they were full, the second-year leader took the younger twin's wrist and walked away from the field. Waiting until she was sure the two were out of earshot, Manaow turned and looked the older twin in the eyes. This time she was asking to clear her doubts.

“I know you're curious. But I probably can't tell you anything.”

The person who knew this refused and walked away from behind the bushes. Her long legs stopped her body at the edge of the pool before lowering herself to sit. Manaow choked when she heard those words. She walked behind the tall figure and sat down next to her. The elder's sharp eyes turned to look at the younger's face. She liked her pleading eyes and they made him give in and talk.

"I'll tell you everything I can."

She was also disgusted with herself for always giving in to looks like that, no matter who gave them. Were these girls so cute or is it because she was too kind? The curious young woman did not waste the opportunity, so she began asking questions based on what she already knew.

“P'Pure, is P'Ploy your twin?”

“Yes, she is my twin...”

That is information was already known. Manaow had started looking for the identity of the 'Shadow Man' in a yearbook with a red pillow-sized pillowcase, so she wasn't too surprised by this answer.

“And she was also Gyoza's first love.”

But the next sentence left Manaow paralyzed. It wasn't that she didn't know at all that the two had feelings for each other, it was clear from past events. It was just that she didn't think about it, that the person who felt it first was Gyoza.

“Are they dating?”

Are they really dating at that moment? She wanted to slap her mouth until it bled. Her mouth was so quick to ask questions like that! She was crazy! It was as if she could accept the answer herself. A part of her heart wanted to know, but the other part of her was afraid of the answer she would receive. Was it time to jump in the damn pool!? No, I don't want to know!

"Phi..."

Pure didn't need to respond. She didn't want to know anymore. The next sentence could only be heard in her mind, because P'Pure responded before Manaow could stop him.

“The two have never been together, neither in the past nor in the present....”

Luckily the answer was not what I feared. Manaow swallowed the question with relief.

“So what happened? What was that a moment ago?”

Clear, sharp eyes stared into her half-closed eyes, waiting for the response to come out of that beautiful mouth. There was only the sound of silence. She avoided his junior's curious gaze and looked at the surface of the water that had small ripples in front of him.. It wasn't something he should talk about. It happened thanks to him too. Manaow waited a long time to hear the answer. Before thinking about it her curiosity made her seem rude.

“Ah... P'Pure, I didn't mean...”

And he pretended to look away. She spoke in a normal voice, but she felt strangely uncomfortable. It was like asking something that shouldn't be asked. As if Pure himself also avoided responding. Seeing that his junior



had probably lost her curiosity, he turned to look at sitting next to him again a tall, thin figure, dressed in a full ceremonial student uniform with her legs crossed on the cement edge of the water pool, her beautiful face was decorated with light makeup.

Manaow was a young girl who thought according to her age. Her eyes were still clear, no matter how she felt, she expressed it without any complexity. Compared with a book, it may be a book that is not very common. What's in there? Easy to read, light, but so exciting that you won't be able to stop reading. It had a unique charm, so interesting to follow that you would end up angry when you finally finished it.

The content of the book was gray, the story was beautifully told so it was difficult to predict, the plot developed until almost the end of the book and we still couldn't find the conclusion. There would never be time to read this book to the end, it was as if the last page had been ripped out.

“You like Gyoza, right?”

A direct question came with a sharp look, leaving the young man stunned. Hey!!! Why was he asking directly!? Manaow didn't know how to respond to that.

“Why do you stay silent?”

Pure asked with a smile, but a smile that made the younger girl shiver. Manaow swallowed the saliva in her throat to get rid of the tightness. However, her superior moved her face further and further forward to urge her to give an answer.

“Okay, I give up. Now I surrender.”

Both hands were raised, showing surrender. And she also turned away from that beautiful face. Pure was too handsome. Too much to be a man, so much so that he was ashamed to be a real woman. Long jet black hair flowed loose from a pulled back ponytail, clearly framing her face. Her eyebrows were dark and beautifully outlined over sharp eyes with thick eyelashes. Bright white and red skin like that of a healthy person. The bridge of his

nose was thin in line with the tip slightly raised, the lips were neither thin nor thick, but full and plump.

“Ha ha...”

The sound of laughter in the older man's throat made the junior look at him angrily.

"Playing like this is cheating,"

Manaow complained.

“I wouldn't call it cheating. That's called taking advantage of the opportunity. Make it worth it!”

“Answer quickly, don't let me use a hard stick.”

“Yeah! Yes Yes. I'm in love with P'Gyo!!”

Manaow could barely respond when that sharp, annoying face seemed to get closer.

“Ha ha...”

A laugh came from his throat. Pure smiled as he saw his junior feeling embarrassed by her own words of confession. Her clear face was red and it extended to her ears.

“So, do you want me to tell you how to seduce her?”

The older man asked, pretending to ignore her rosy face. Manaow looked into the eyes of the questioner trying to notice his true purpose. That's right, in the eyes of the viewer, she wanted to know what happened before. No matter how I looked at it, P'Ploy seemed to still be in love with P'Gyo. Pure, her older brother, wasn't he thinking about helping his sister's love story? Why did he seem to care so much about her, who was her sister's rival for Gyoza's heart?

“I really want to ask, what does P'Pure think? Do you really want to help me or are you just collecting information to give to your own sister?”

Manaow gave him a penetrating look. Pure looked at his junior amused. It was not surprising at all that Manaow felt suspicious. If she were someone else, she should have helped her own sister. Who will help another person who is a rival of her sister? TRUE? But in her case, Gyoza was like a little sister who she loved and cared about as much as she did Ploy. In fact, she knew very well that no matter how much Ploy loved Gyoza, now Gyoza's heart was no longer with Ploy. How could that be a good thing? If she helped Ploy fulfill her wish, Gyoza would have to live in shame.

The silence lasted a while. Manaow held her breath and waited to hear the response. In her heart, the first thing she feared was that her words would make the third-year president angry.

“I just want Gyo to be happy. I want her to think for herself. If you can make her smile like that, then I'll be fine. But there is one thing I want to advise you. She is a person who likes clarity. If you love her, do something to make it clear.”

A deep voice spoke softly in the blur at the edge of the pool. Manaow silently looked at his sharp, handsome and beautiful face in the darkness. They were. both silent for a moment before that sharp face turned to him and said:

“Oh... I forgot, it seems that Lada is looking for you. She also seems very angry.”

His kind words with such a calm expression surprised Manaow. I was so unlucky!!!!!!! How could she forget her, that she would definitely die because of Lada!!! Pure smiled as he looked at his junior's changing face. He read her mind and smiled again.

“If you want to eat something, go now. I will reward you. As for the ceremony, don't worry, you will be given the honor and status of the new faculty representative. No need to worry about anything.”

Oh, I still wanted to joke. Why didn't Pure tell him sooner? In her mind they were just bad words. Because she herself was in operation. She could only say goodbye.

“P'Pure, you are really amazing!!”

Pure looked at his junior who ran away and disappeared behind the door, hoping to return to the competition in time. She was even afraid that if she was a little late, Lada, who looked good, would get angry. Her heart was not as good as it seemed. She could only hope that Manaow would use those eyes to charm Lada. Otherwise, she will be on Lada's blacklist. But she couldn't help but laugh when she saw Manaow's face when she heard Lada's name. It was so funny that the eyes looking at it seemed angry. Every symptom that appears like this is probably a trait of Manaow, it's not surprising that Gyoza chose to read that book..

A truly charming book.. His sharp face returned to the surface of the rippling water in front of him again. Letting his mind wander to the other books he was comparing. A book of which he himself was one of the authors, let's say that the contents were like this. Although it was completely involuntary. The book was titled Phiangploy.

Phiangploy was his younger sister. They were united since they were still embryos in her mother's womb. Yes, they were twins, born from separate eggs and different genetic material.

Socially, having twins is generally considered lucky, but for her family, who came from a Chinese lineage and settled in Thailand several generations ago, this was not the case. His family struggled, was not in a privileged position in those days, and he himself did not experience the difficulties and challenges faced by the older generation. He was born in a time when everything seemed complete, with only one thing missing.

Their mother died during childbirth, due to postnatal hemorrhage resulting from delivery of the twins. His father was very happy and jumped for joy when the doctor announced that his firstborn was a boy. Medical technology more than two decades ago was not as advanced as it was today, and determining the sex of a fetus was not as easy as it is now. On the day of delivery, the mother's body was weak, and when doctors warned her

about the high risk of having twins, endangering both mother and baby, she decided to take the risk.

When her eldest son was born, she triumphantly announced his arrival with a loud scream in the delivery room. Meanwhile, her youngest daughter appeared accompanied by sad cries and feelings of deep pain for the loss of his wife. Her father decided to blame Phiangploy, believing that his birth had caused the sudden death of his beloved wife.

His poor sister. He and Ploy were born on different days according to international time. Pure was born shortly before midnight on Sunday, while Phiangploy was born around 1am on Monday. Unfortunately, Phiangploy never celebrated her birthday because her birthday coincided with the day her

mother died. That day, everyone was busy with preparations for the annual benevolence. The reason for this action was summed up in the phrase: Yesterday she celebrated with his older brother.

It seemed like being Phiangploy made everything challenging, any mistake was a big deal and good performance was expected. Despite studying well, no matter how hard she tried, she would always be second in her class. She narrowly lost points to her own brother until she finished second and never received any credit. When she took additional Taekwondo classes, Phiangploy had to stay home simply because she was a girl. However, secretly in the middle of the night, he was the one who would teach her little sister all the lessons. To the extent his abilities allowed, he played the role of training partner.

Surprisingly, Ploy never showed any signs of being hurt by the prejudice she received. That face was always smiling, smiling, Ploy was always cheerful, unlike him. Since her father only cared about him, she had to accept the pressure and expectations placed on her. The two brothers knew each other better than anyone. Beneath her sister's smile and indifferent words, she could see Phiangploy trying hard to be a good girl, a desirable girl. One piece of luck that she received from God was that they were both brothers, they loved and understood each other.

As time passed, the actions of reckless adults created wounds in Phiangploy's heart without them realizing it. Beneath that cheerful attitude, those bright, sparkling eyes, she saw a small black hole. Anxiety built up in her heart. She was afraid that one day she would suck Ploy, and that day he had arrived. When they were about to graduate from high school, Ploy had a serious argument with his father about where she would attend college. Women should not choose to study at the faculty she wanted. But this time Ploy did not give up, she chose her own future. A breaking point occurred. And Ploy was no longer the same Ploy.

Phiangploy means enough, equal, like a jewel, a precious jewel. She said that she was not worthy of the name. Her sister asked him to call her Poy. She and she often introduce herself to others by the name Poy. Poy without translation, she couldn't find the meaning even in terms of language.

However, that doesn't mean Phiangploy doesn't care or pay attention to her father. Even when he raised her, she remained the same Phiangploy, always trying her best to be a good and fun daughter. She excelled in grades, behavior, and overall performance. It seemed that Dad was slowly beginning to open up, recognizing and appreciating her kindness. Everything seems to be going well until the name Gyoza appeared in her chat conversation with her younger brother.

Who would have thought that two brothers who loved each other so much would get into trouble because they both fell in love with the same girl? The rebel, who fell in love with her at first sight, met the persistent one who boldly introduced himself, seeking her signature in the crowded cantina. It turned out that she was the same girl who was his younger sister's first love. He didn't know if it was because of the invisible bond between the twins, just by looking into each other's eyes he could tell immediately. But this time was not like the times he had suffered prejudice, which he had accepted throughout his life. When it comes to skill, Ploy had no way of giving up. It was something that could be developed and that he could compete with. But when it came to gender, he couldn't change it. He knew immediately that he couldn't fight his brother.

And Pure himself also did not want to compete with his younger sister. This kind of competition was not a competition. No matter how many feelings he

had for the girl, he loved her sister more than anything. Taking a step back from his game did not give Phiangploy the desired results in terms of love that he had imagined. Although he changed his name to Poy, his true identity as Phiangploy remained clear to him. Phiangploy who did not want to disappoint his father, who refused to see the slightest disappointment in his father's eyes. Just being born as a girl was already a burden, and causing his mother's death only added to the misery. Can she accept that her father hated her even more? She could only look at her sister, holding back heartbreaking words and holding back tears.

He couldn't imagine what kind of looks and words his sister would receive if his father knew that the girl he and his brother brought home that day was the one he loved. How would the father feel if he found out that the girl he encouraged to be part of the family was his daughter's lover?

“I've told Gyo that I can't love her .”

One night, his sister came into his room and said those words to him. After that night, she never saw her sister's bright eyes again. In those eyes, she could only see black holes swirling inside her, Cold and emotionless. Unlike that night, as soon as the corner of his eye detected a presence appearing in the darkness not far away, he could immediately recognize who it was. In a split second, the strong pressure on her arm replaced the empty air around her.

She let her sister cry until she was satisfied. Poy rarely cried, this wasn't the first time she cried but it wasn't something that always happened. The reason he stopped Manaow from interfering in the previous incident was because he wanted to make sure that tonight Poy would really cry and feel like a normal person around him. The big black hole in his eyes was about to disappear. Only rubble would remain. The ruins of feelings welled up like tears. Pure let his sister hug him and cry.

Time passed slowly. The voice of the presenter on stage could be heard in the distance, announcing the participation of the contestants. Manaow must have returned.

"It hurts a lot,"

Ploy said, her voice shaking as she tried to hold back the sobs that rose in her throat like those of a child.

"I won't wipe your tears like Gyo did,"

he said, laughing,

"Were you secretly watching!!?"

Ploy made a surprised sound and walked away. Seeing his brother's face, a smile appeared on his face.

"I saw it by chance. I don't want to be a bother."

She used the back of her hand to wipe the tears from her face. By observing this weakness she knew that it was not herself.

"The little girl left."

A voice that pretended not to be depressed spoke to his brother. Those words showed nothing but a calm expression on his handsome face.

"Don't you want to hold back? You have more opportunities than anyone else. Why do not you do it?"

When Ploy looked at the older twin, she didn't seem bothered by the news she had just told.

"You love her too, just as I love her. You feel nothing?!"

The younger twin yelled at him, as if he were giving vent to his emotions. Pure grabbed her slim body and hugged her once more, his large hands caressing her long, shiny black hair. In a low voice, she whispered in her sister's ear.

"I love Gyoza, but above all, I love you more. I want us to look back at the times when we used to cry and laugh together, especially with Gyoza. How



many times do we cry with her?”

The eldest brother's words caused the turbulent emotions to subside. Guilt filled her eyes, causing tears to flow again.

“The words I said to her were very heartbreaking and now she is gone. You can cry and be sad, but you do want her back now. That is absolutely impossible.”

So selfish that Ploy cursed herself in her head. Gripping her brother's shirt tightly until it was wrinkled, she let her tears wet the white, mottled shirt,

“Let go. Let her go to meet the person she loves. If one day she is sad and wants to come back crying, that will be our day.”

“Ha, that's very kind of you. It's good that I never received the title of beloved son from my father.”

She gently moved away from the warmth of his brother's embrace, using a sharp gaze to take in that handsome face before the smile disappeared, adding a touch of emotional tenderness.

"In this we are very different,"

He said proudly while smiling. His big hand gently caressed her sister's head with a look full of affection, like she used to do. He was the kind of older brother who was willing to accept everything from his younger sister, too generous to the point of sacrifice. It was as if he had become accustomed to this behavior and had developed an altruistic streak. Couldn't he see it?

“Come on, let's see that they love each other. Fresh wounds like this should be washed with alcohol to heal quickly.”

Pure hugged her sister's neck and pretended to lead her towards the contest stage, as if her intentions were very good. But, no matter how she looked at it, Pure was clearly trying to tease her.

“No!! If you want to be a good monk, go for it! Who wants to join you?”

Ploy broke free of his grasp. She could accept defeat, but standing still and watching them was too much. It was true that women in engineering had to be strong, but her heart was not as strong as others.

“Then I'm leaving now. I want to watch Lada's show.”

She said it was great It still wasn't enough to spark his desire. Ploy looked down and shook his head, before looking at his brother's back as he slowly walked away. Hoping that one day she herself could become good without trying, just like her older brother.

# ②①

## DO YOU LOVE ME



Chaotic. This is what can define the situation that surrounded her. There were loud voices and chatter everywhere. Everyone doing their part. Nothing was still, everything was moving, until she felt dizzy. Backstage at the contest was complete chaos. With wide eyes, she looked at her friend from another faculty of hers helping her members get dressed, arranging their clothes, faces, and hair, to prepare to go out on stage.

And what was she doing standing here like this? It was true that the small space behind the stage did not suit him at all. She looked different. She didn't fit in at all. And she still had to respond every time a young man raised his hand to greet him before tensely walking past her. It was not only the young people from the faculty who avoided looking at her, not daring to look at her directly, but also the young people from other faculties.

“I'm afraid of that little leader P'Gyo.”

She just understood why her friends in the group liked to use what the Juniors said to make fun of her. But whatever made her friends think she was an intimidating president, she would stop the emotional storm. Gyoza was dragged backstage by Jubjib. Although she was not event staff, of course she did not have permission. But this friend was different, the control officer easily allowed her to go backstage just by saying...

“Lada will kill her.”

That's why it was allowed. The eyes behind the glasses narrowed in a corner not far away. Her beautiful close friend was scolding a tall young woman participating in the Freshy contest, who suddenly disappeared, which almost made her lose her job. It was great that she was able to come back in time to go on stage. Otherwise, she would definitely be hit harder. Gyoza saw her slender hand hit the young girl's upper arm several times. Although she was not very strong, she could feel a slight stinging sensation. Manaow turned and avoided the beautiful girl's small palm that hit her, with Ali standing still, simply looking at them.

“Yes very beautiful. Please help me not be punished.”

“Is the young woman injured or will she die?”

The pretty girl stood next to her and whispered the question quietly, so softly that she had to listen carefully. Her hair was thick and curly, gathered in the middle of her head. Her braces shined to the point of hurting her eyes because they were so conspicuous when she smiled. She was crazy! She smiled when she saw that Lada was very angry.

"It's hard to survive,"

Jubjib replied quietly.

“Help her, Gyo. Are you going to let Lada kill her? You can't do that before they receive the prize.”

“What makes you think that girl will win the prize?”

Gyoza looked at her friend.

“Well... her performance was really good. She should be guaranteed to receive at least one award.”

“Yes, especially when talking about 'that person', the public shouts loudly. So I don't know if the sound will reach 'that person' or not.”

As soon as she said "Jubjib," she responded by emphasizing the word "person" and looked her in the eyes knowingly. Making her cheeks brighter

and hotter. That girl was very good at teasing!!

“If I help her, you guys will make fun of me again!”

She wanted to argue and fight, but there seemed to be no way to win. Gyoza couldn't help but feel the heat on her cheeks. She turned to walk away from her, but the four arms of two of her friends stopped her.

"Help her first,"

One person smiled, showing the bright colors of her braces.

“You chose that girl, won't you help her? Aren't you a little heartless? I don't want to teach you, but when we are adults, we should be able to think for ourselves.”

They complained so much that she felt guilty, right?!!

“Yeah!! I can help her. Get out of the way. I will help her.”

Gyoza freed herself from her grip, then walked away from her, bumping into the shoulders of her two friends who shook hands and exchanged glances behind her watching how Gyoza walked towards a huge typhoon called Lada.

“Lada, that's enough. Her hands will be bruised.”

The senior boss's voice did not immediately make the storm dissipate, but instead weakened it to the point of depression.

Lada blinked, her eyes irritated as she looked at her friend, her thin arms raised and crossed over her chest in disgust. She took a deep breath before releasing it, trying to stay calm. Her sharp eyes looked towards the sound. She felt so happy that she accidentally smiled when she saw the clear face of the person who had come to save her.

“You don't need to smile!! Do you think Gyoza will help you? Did you know that you almost caused chaos in the entire faculty looking for you?”

Lada glared at her, making Manaow shrink again.

"I almost appointed Jaojom to replace you,"

She said, pointing to another young man sitting in another nearby corner. Jaojom could only give Manaow a mocking smile.

"I'm sorry,"

Manaow said embarrassed.

"It's good that you arrived at the competition on time, relax Lada. Soon, the two of you will go on stage for the question and answer round,"

Gyoza defended the wrong person at the wrong time. Not because she felt sorry for the person who gave her a look asking for help. But since Ali was still, he couldn't take any more pressure.

"Arg!! Child!!"

Lada said as she rolled her eyes before turning around and walking away to get rid of her annoyance.

"If I receive a reward, I will forgive you,"

A loud voice sounded behind the thin figure that was walking away from her, seeming to announce that, if they did not obtain the reward, she would definitely be slaughtered.

"Come on, get ready to practice answering the questions. Forget about Lada for a moment, she will get better on her own."

Jubjib put her arm around Ali's shoulders and pulled him out of the center of the calm storm. Meanwhile, he ran back to check on his beautiful close friend, hoping that her depression had already subsided.

"Then I'll go first. I also want to go see Jer Econ perform."

"People say they are good,"

Jaojom told her friend. Manaow nodded silently in thanks.

"I'm leaving,"

She said goodbye and patted her best friend on the shoulder to encourage her a couple of times, before turning towards her exit. Now only Gyoza and Manaow were left in the same place. The noise around was still loud, but the atmosphere between them was completely silent. Gyoza avoided the gaze of the tall girl whose head was bowed, but she looked at her silently. A strange feeling arose when they looked at each other, a warm blush on her cheeks accompanied by a palpitating feeling in her heart. When this girl confessed her feelings in front of thousands of people, embarrassment was inevitable, which was normal. At this point, even the simple exchange of words seemed difficult.

"Do you still wear heels? Don't your feet hurt? Come on, sit there. P'Gyo, can you rest your feet for a while?"

Manaow broke the tense atmosphere between them by starting a conversation about her sore feet before pushing her superior's back to make her sit in the corner, which was where she was before. sitting Jaojom. Until that moment, no one dared to make eye contact, and only when Gyoza couldn't stand the silence did she finally break the tension.

"I just discovered that you can sing, and that you know how to play the violin."

Yes, it opened with a topic that needed to be talked about for a long time, so that they wouldn't. have to endure the discomfort of remaining silent, Gyoza thought.

"Um, I got a part-time job singing at the P'Thanwa store. Three days a week. You did not know?"

Damn, she was clearly digging her own grave. Why did she never know about this? She was really upset with herself. Those penetrating eyes scanned her superior's face, noticing traces of discomfort as she bit her own lip. She felt a little bad now after speaking or even making eye contact. This was somewhat uncomfortable. This wasn't like the first time they met.

“Do you feel uncomfortable talking to me?”

Ah... Finally a sentence that went straight to the point. Those round eyes met her direct gaze once more, seeing a hint of displeasure in her junior's eyes.

“You just confessed your love to me on stage, in front of everyone. How not to be ashamed?”

Running out of patience to avoid it, the sweet voice asked with an expression like that of a child trying to hold back tears. Her lips were red from being bitten, her eyes looked at her as if they were wet with tears, her cheeks were bright red. She was cute and adorable when she asked questions sincerely. That made a smile appear at the corners of Manaow's lips. Her eyes that previously had a slight glint of disgust became bright.

“P'Gyo, do you feel embarrassed?”

Manaow felt so good that she had to raise a hand to cover her mouth and then turned to hide her expression. Gyoza felt so embarrassed but she didn't respond and instead avoided her junior's eyes. Once again, she used both hands to cover her face.

"I told the truth about how I love you, what the song said is also true."

The tall figure remained silent, then knelt in front of her superior, bringing her face closer to the two small hands that hid his hot cheeks. Gyoza felt a rush of warm air flow across the back of her hand, so close that she feared the people around her would become suspicious.

“Can you back up a little? Others will suspect.”

A muffled voice came from behind that palm.

“No! Shouldn't you answer me?”

Manaow got closer and closer,

“Please answer, very soon I will have to go on stage.”



“Earlier, when you said you would come to see me before going on stage, you didn't come. Now please tell me.”

It turned into a plea, before the large hand slowly took the small hand covering her face, pulling it apart and holding it. She then she looked into those eyes.

“Answer me.”

It was neither a desire nor a compulsion. But the voice that spoke was full of pleading, making the listener's heart beat faster and the hand held by the other person become sweaty. No one in the area was interested in knowing about them, perhaps because the corner was somewhat hidden from view. But much less in anyone's eyes, now Gyoza probably won't care about anything anymore. Because what she wanted was just this person.

"What answer?"

Asked a sweet voice, soft as a whisper.

“You like me?”

“Ohhh...”

“Fresy, the owner of the Popular Vote title, is smiling at me! Smile more, keep smiling, get closer to the girl. Uh... Closer. Good! I'll take another photo.”

The cameraman had already asked for another photo for the umpteenth time!

“Friend, do I have dry gums yet? “

The Freshy girl with the title Popular Vote asked her friend, even though she was being photographed while she showed her teeth. Not because she was crazy to smile and make fun of the man with the mustache, but because she was told to smile and smile again for the college magazine photo. She smiled until her gums were dry. She took so many photographs that if they

printed them all, they would probably cover the walls of the university. There wasn't even room for the lizard to perch.

“Do you want me to help you by smearing your gums with my saliva?”

Jaajom immediately responded to her friend's joke without wasting time thinking about it.

"No need, I'll do it myself."

Manaow used both hands to massage her cheeks.

“When is it going to be finished?”

Manaow complained why this had already taken a long time.

She had spent almost an hour where they had been taking group photos, single photos, couple photos, including photos of foreign friends, etc. Her shirt was soaked with sweat and her skirt was tight, making it difficult for her to walk. She was so upset!!

“Why did you choose to wear a student uniform on stage for the competition?”

“I wanted to be a good role model by dressing appropriately. I had to follow the university regulations, I wanted my friends to see that they could dress elegantly and still look attractive.”

That was the presenter's question when she saw the representatives of the Faculty of Engineering dressed in normal student clothes to compete, unlike other groups whose costumes were perfect, very impressive, creative and uncompromising. And Ali's response was so clever that Manaow wanted to present an award for his extraordinary friend. But was that true? No, they didn't want to be a good example. It was only because he tripped over the hem of the long skirt that was dragging on the floor. The dress sewn by P'Warang was torn and dragged from the bottom of the skirt to the hem. They couldn't find a new dress in time. There was only one option left. It was a normal student uniform. Although they only wore normal student clothes, the two of them got important positions. Manaow smiled

meaningfully, fully aware that the Popular Vote title he obtained was not based solely on his attire but on a final statement during the question and answer round that he surpassed the others.

"Manaow, what quote from a senior do you like the most?"

At that moment she remembered that she was very stubborn. She couldn't think of anything until she remembered a sentence from Gyoza.

"I came first as a senior, then you followed me as a junior, we got together as friends... How can I become your girlfriend?"

That's it, all the viewers voted for her as Favorite, giving her a lot of praise for speaking well and being an honor in itself. Their thin legs used the tips of their moccasins to scratch the grass and pass the time. The grass in the field was flat because it had been walked on by hundreds of feet. She was alone when she was caught by the girls' eyes. From time to time they caressed her until she was all bruised. Why are women today so scary? When will the staff let her go? Her beautiful mouth shrank, she almost cried. She wanted to beg P'Lada to come back first, but she still couldn't get over her anger. Although she won the popular vote, she ignored her. Furthermore, there were also answers that she must obtain. Know? If left too long, P'Gyo would have more time to think. And if she didn't agree to love her, what should she do?

But it seemed that the whirlwind wasn't just happening around her, other new students at the university were also in a state of chaos. He wanted to get out of here quickly, nothing mattered at all. Currently, Ali had transformed into Freshy Boy in Lot 72. Looks, musical talent, eloquent answers - everything was extraordinary. He wowed the judges and Ali absolutely swept his scores (thanks to P'Thida's much appreciated Freshy Boy intensive course).

"Ali, I want to go back to the bedroom. Go and beg P'Lada for me. Bring your sash into position to beg and smile sweetly. If she is still not kind, unbuttons your shirt, just two or three buttons. I guarantee you that P'Lada's heart will soften and she will let us go."

“That's crazy, don't you see? She's been in a bad mood since you disappeared. No, sorry, I won't risk it.”

Her beautiful face trembled in denial. She made the person who was thinking of the plan frown before her brain thought of something. An evil plan arose in her head.

“I don't want to do this, Ali. But you forced me to be evil.”

Manaow smiled happily, casting a fierce look at her friend, Freshy Boy's sharp eyes stared at the face of her brave friend, feeling paranoid until his eyes blinked. A tall figure approached, a little closer to the friend who had the title Freshy Boy. She wanted the words she was about to say to be a secret between the two of them. Even Jaojom, who was standing there staring at her friend next to her, had no right to know. The tall figure whispered softly in Ali's ear without standing on tiptoe. Their height is almost the same.

“The person you said you loved, if she knew that you dreamed about her every night, what do you think would happen? I do not want to think about that.”

Ali's eyes widened upon hearing that. How did Manaow know about that!!

"You wouldn't do that."

It was just a threat, her friend was just making fun of him. It was just not to be done, not to be done, Ali thought.

“No, I really will. But if you agree, talks to P'Lada. If she lets us go, I swear on the honor of future engineers, the story that you secretly love her will definitely never reach her ears.”

Ali looked worried. Until Manaow secretly felt guilty for using this method.

“When this is over, I will take revenge. Remember this, I'll get it back,"

Ali said in an annoyed tone, before reluctantly walking away, leaving her with a dry smile. I'm sorry, Ali, but it can't be helped. There is someone

waiting for me, I have to hear the answer from his mouth right now.

“What answer?”

Asked a sweet voice, soft as a whisper.

“You like me?”

Manaow eagerly awaited the response from those lovely lips. However, the curly-haired eldest went and interrupted the moment, telling Manaow to prepare to go on stage for the question and answer round.

“Oh! Are you two having a serious conversation here and I came to interrupt the moment?”

The intruder's eyes flickered between Manaow's face and that of her friend. Couldn't it have been five seconds later than this?! Manaow could only curse loudly in her heart, but she actually showed her a smile and replied:

“I wanted to talk to P'Gyo for only half a minute. I'll go right away.”

After Suay came out, she looked at the young woman in front of her again.

“Tonight you have to answer me. Promise me!”

However, Gyoza remained silent and refused to recognize the agreement. It was time for her to activate force mode.

“If you don't promise, I will confess my love to you on stage, so that everyone knows, including the elders.”

Gyoza looked into her eyes with a surprised expression. And her mouth was small, as if she wanted to say something, but Manaow was faster than her. A kiss was sent to block the words that were about to leave her mouth. It happened so fast that she almost didn't notice. However, it caused the recipient to remain silent for a moment.

"After the contest is over, wait for me at the pool,"

She whispered close to her clear face that was still dazed from the kiss.

“And promise me that you will answer my question soon.”

Manaow stretched out her little finger and forced Gyoza to twist it, making a promise to the person in front of her. Before Gyoza knew it, her second kiss had been stolen. The thief left immediately, but was still close enough to her to hear cursing behind her.

“Bad girl!”

Even the swear words were fun. Manaow was crazy about her superior. Building 20-Swimming pool. Reinforced concrete building, two floors with modern design, with an area of 3,107 square meters. The roof was designed with a pattern, resembling undulating waves. The first floor had glass windows on the sides, providing an open and spacious interior. This included registration desks and member locker rooms.

On the second floor there was a 25x50 meter swimming pool with a high ceiling. The walls are built with a reinforced metal frame and the concrete forms undulating waves, creating a unique and aesthetic appearance. Although it had open ventilation, the layout blocked views from the outside.

She seemed to know why Manaow asked her to wait here. Because this building was unoccupied, it was easy to get through and there were no guards. Usually, the guard was just going to supervise. However, there would be guard from building 13, the physical education building, which will be monitored in shifts. Gyoza rarely went to this building because she didn't know how to swim.

Jubjib once convinced her to take a swimming course. But she didn't like sharing the pool with men. Not because of physical shame, but because of fear of being ridiculed. She once organized a joint trip to the beach. Both specialties arrived once. Her friend Beer threw her into the sea until she was deeper than her head, but the water only reached her shoulders. They didn't know that she didn't know how to swim, if Warang hadn't pulled her out of the water first, she would have become a ghost watching over the sea there. When she thought that, she shook her head.

The dim light from outside shone through the vents, making the inside of the building less dark. The surface of the water still looks like transparent glass. Gyoza sat on the edge of the pool whose water was overflowing. She took off the shoes and the robe she was wearing, then piled them next to her and dipped her feet in the pool water. The noise from the sand field didn't reach there, it was so quiet. But that was good. That made him calm down for a moment.

How many times had Manaow said she loved her? She counted on her fingers, when she proposed, on stage, backstage, three times. Oh! There was another one in TeleTubbie land. A total of four times she felt the changing rhythm of the heart. Why was it so hard to say that she loved her too? Her eyelids closed. With both hands stretched behind her, her clean face took a deep breath to fill her lungs, before exhaling slowly.

“Because I love her, it's hard to say I love her. This love is very difficult to understand.”

Suddenly, the sound of a hollow metal object hitting the ground startled Gyoza, who was standing at the edge of the pool. When she looked back, she only found emptiness. Her hand moved to squeeze the glasses she was wearing and looked around her. A white foreign object almost hit her nose, before going limp and falling to the surface of the water.

# ②②

## PAPERPLANES IN THE POOL



A white paper airplane floated motionless on the surface of the water. Gyoza stood up, her round eyes behind the lenses scanning the entire area. Aside from the sound of the wind blowing through the vents and hitting her hair, causing it to flutter, nothing in her field of vision moved. There must have been someone else there besides her.

“Who owns the paper airplane?”

“Salt.”

Gyoza shouted a little louder than normal and could only hear her own voice echoing. Apparently someone wanted to play hide and seek. She already knew the person she needed to find.

“Don't be kidding. Show yourself. You don't want me to be the one to come after you.”

The small body gradually placed its bare toes on the ground and stood up as slowly as possible. Listening carefully to sounds other than her own breathing, her slender legs traced the direction of the exit behind her. There, on the lower stairs, was a small paper airplane and Gyoza picked it up. She looked left and right to find the owner. The sound of the glass door closing was heard, accompanied by the sound of footsteps running in the distance. Gyoza, who was barefoot, ran after the sound of footsteps in the distance. She forgetting behind the owner of the plane. But it was too late... I couldn't



see the person because he had already disappeared into the darkness. A path led to a wooded garden behind the building.

Her breathing was labored, small beads of sweat wet her hair, her small hand that held the white paper airplane trembled. She squinted and saw that the number 2 was written on the small wing of the plane, It was the second letter that the person wanted to send a message.

“Why do you like to complicate easy things!! You still have time to get rid of that letter!! I didn't want Manaow to go see the cards”

That's not something I needed to know.... A small white paper airplane floating in the middle of the pool, how to recover it? I had to think of any way that didn't involve jumping into a pool to get it. Just in time, out of the corner of my eye I saw a long-handled trash net. That was what caused the loud noise from before. Could this reach the paper airplane? The sound hit the auditory nerve as soon as Manaow opened the glass door that entered the pool building. Her heart was pounding, her long legs leaping up the stairs three or four steps at a time without thinking.

“P'Gyo!!”

“Uh...yeah...it's okay...it was just a little accident.”

Moonlight streamed through the vents and hit a small figure in the same student uniform, but soaked from head to toe, smiling at the sight. The round glasses she was wearing had been removed and were in the hands of her owner. A clear voice saying that she was fine with a surprised expression on her face made Manaow unable to control herself anymore. From her feet to her hands and knees, she was panting.

She stretched her body as high as she could, launching herself into her wet body. Squeezing her embrace with all the attention she had.

"Naow... your clothes will get wet,"

Said a dull voice, trying to get away. But those strong arms of hers squeezed her so tightly that the person she was holding could barely

breathe. The white hand pressed her wet head against her chest, rested her chin on it, closed her eyes, and breathed a sigh of relief.

Do not do it again

Her voice trembled so much that the listener was surprised. She tried to see clearly the expression of the person holding her, but she pressed her back so that she leaned against her chest again. The sound of heartbeat was fast and loud.

"Don't make me worry like this again, I beg you."

At the edge of the pool, drops of water continued to come out of her body. However, the person who was holding her was not willing to release her. Even though her body was soaked, her heart was still warm. Saying the word love over and over again was nothing compared to the feeling she was receiving at that moment. Is this what it felt like when you were around..... Someone you loved...

"Love."

"Hey!?"

What had P'Gyo said? She just misheard it, right? Perhaps because she was busy trying to relax her breathing normally, Manaow could hear the sound clearly. She moved her thin shoulders away from her so she could see the face of the person speaking. But the person under her control stopped her. The short person took a deep breath, before pulling on the collar of the tall person's shirt to tilt her down. Then she left her a warm kiss instead of talking, slow, soft, but not too deep. It was more than just touching lips. But a strange sensation ran through her body, the blood in her body sizzled like water in a glass heated by an alcohol lamp. The difference was that Gyoza was the lamp and she was the water in the glass. The water in the glass was too hot. She couldn't take it anymore!!

The hot mouth ran over the slender neck, feeling the drops of water on the dazzling white skin under the moonlight. She pulled out the hem of the student's shirt that was partially buried in her skirt and tore it off, then sank

her hand into the warm, soft skin beneath the wet shirt. Her hand rose to find the desired object. Two full breasts, held together by a small light colored bra, the breasts were white and barely visible through the opening of the unbuttoned neck. Her other hand brought her slim waist closer, pressing it against her shapely rear through the thick fabric of her skirt. The skirt she was wearing had been ruined by those big hands doing whatever she wanted. She moved to the edge of the fabric before raising the hem of her skirt according to her emotions.

“Naow, stop...”

A voice shouted, causing the fervor that had been raging to suddenly calm down like water being poured over a burning fire. The hand that was on her slim waist and the base of her bra suddenly released. Manaow closed her eyes, swallowed, stepped back and raised both hands in front of her face to show surrender.

“Lonsienro, I'm not used to you taking the initiative.”

The young woman lowered her head and spoke, avoiding looking at the person standing in front of her, because the student's wet uniform stuck and molded to her body. How could I stand to see that? It was too tempting. Gyoza gasped for breath. A strange sensation seemed to swirl around her body. Her heart raced violently and she was hot even though her clothes were wet.. There was silence between them. The moment was almost too much that even now the two couldn't look at each other. What should they do? She was the one who started first, she didn't know how to open sentences to talk to her junior.

Manaow broke the awkwardness between them by bending down to pick up her red robe and elder shoes. She then grabbed the little doll and they walked together.

“Come on.”

The big hand grabbed the small wrist tighter, before taking a step.

“Where we go?”

The incident that just occurred put Gyoza on alert. Manaow was not an innocent girl. No matter what she looked like, she was a cunning fox in cub form. Gyoza didn't want to be caught by her so quickly, although she says that she loves her but her physical feelings and emotional feelings are different for each person. But she was so dizzy that she wasn't sure if the wetness she felt was because she fell into the pool and got wet, or if she was actually wet from the love situation.

“Let's get you to take off your clothes.”

“Hey!?”

Let's... what? Hang on a minute!! What was I thinking? It must have been because the strong wind blew into her ears, making her hear such a thing. Stubbornly, she refused to follow her easily. Was she crazy or what? Who allowed this girl to hold her hand and easily get whatever she wanted?

“Why are you still? Come on, let's go change our clothes. I just want you to change. There should be some spare clothes in my locker.”

Her dark, beautifully outlined eyebrows furrowed as she turned to look at the wet person she had dragged along. Why did she have to make a surprised sound just because she wanted to change her clothes? But when her sharp eyes saw a small figure in a wet shirt, the undone buttons revealing obvious mounds, her skin red from the events that had just happened... she thought she had to be patient. No matter how much she wants to eat her superior, she have to be patient and don't act rashly or P'Gyo would definitely hate her.

“Hurry up and walk. Don't let the cold get to you.”

She quickly looked away from the interesting object behind her. She tugged on her small arm, urging her to come with her. It would be really dangerous if she didn't calm down in time. Otherwise, how would the two of them end up now? She didn't want to think about that. She used the flashlight on her mobile phone to sneak around, especially inside the building after study hours, it was something not to be done.

“P'Gyo, come in and change your clothes in the bathroom. I will watch.”

The white t-shirt and long pants were handed to the eldest to replace the wet ones, and she took the things in her hands before picking them up and smelling them.

“Hey! Why do you have to smell them? I haven't even put my pants on yet. As for clothes, I only wore them once after swimming. There won't be any smell.”

It was really annoying for someone who was a perfectionist. What was the importance of cleanliness? The last time she was in her room, she also did the same. Super organized, thorough in everything

“I'm just checking. There is no smell here.”

Gyoza shrugged, unbothered by the annoyed look her junior was sending her, before walking towards the bathroom at the end of the light from her cell phone flashlights. There was enough light for me to see inside. Large bathroom with changing rooms located in front of the room. The toilet and shower are separated into left and right zones, located up to the interior wall. In total there were more than ten rooms.

She moved far away from the tall person. The further away, the less light shone, the more she looked at the bathroom with the door open, the more goosebumps appeared on her skin. Hallucinations ran wildly through her brain. If she accidentally looked at something, what should she do? Her short legs walked quickly back towards her junior who was guarding the entrance.

“Oh, you haven't changed your clothes yet!”

Manaow turned around and screamed when she saw the older little girl in the same condition.

“Well... I...”

“What? Don't tell me you don't want to wear my used clothes.”

“No...”

Gyoza opened her mouth to argue.

“If not, then what!? Why do you keep wearing wet clothes? It will give you pneumonia.”

“Well... it's dark here, and....”

Manaow let out a deep sigh. So she was afraid of ghosts? If freshmen and other students found out, what would happen? Everyone feared the fierce, organizing and respected senior president and her prestige spread throughout the university, but she was afraid of something as small as a ghost that she had never seen with her own eyes.

“Why are you scared? Have you ever seen a ghost?”

Manaow crossed her arms over her chest, stood up straight, pressed her eyes downward, looked down like a man in control. That's how it is!! Moments like this don't happen often. The moment when the person in front of her looked like a child who was afraid of ghosts.

“Hey! When you go to the forest and you are afraid of tigers, is it because you have seen them?”

The round eyes behind the lenses stared at the naughty girl.

“You usually sleep alone, but I don't think you're afraid.”

“Well, that's my own room. I'm used to it, but I'm not used to it here!”

Gyoza tries to argue and Manaow decides to give up.

“Keep the door open, I will not do anything. Go to the first room, you don't have to be far away.”

If something comes up, I will be able to help you in time.

“What did you say! Surely no one will show up.”

“Yeah. Now, please change your clothes. Or do you want me to do it?”

The tall girl moved to get closer.

“No, no, I'll change it myself.”

The small figure quickly grabbed her clothes and entered the bathroom first. She also made sure to carry a shopping bag with a bouquet of flowers inside it because she didn't want Manaow to see it now.

"Don't look,"

She didn't hesitate to give orders to Manaow who shook her head furiously. If possible, Manaow would like to catch it, eat it, and then chew it until it is finished. After watching the small figure disappear into the bathroom, she turned around awkwardly, torn between the desire to see and the fear within her. She was a person, not a solid piece of rock; She would never forget that feeling. Manaow turned to the sink, turned on the water and washed her face, hoping the cold water would drown out the heat inside. There were faint sounds of Gyoza in the bathroom complaining about her wet clothes, but she just smiled mischievously in her heart as she thought about helping her change her clothes but she restrained herself. She heard distant growls mixed with echoes of footsteps. Wait a moment, to hear the sound of footsteps approaching. Someone was walking there!!

The thin hand grabbed the things piled up in front of the counter and turned off the flashlight on the phone, then ran to the first locker room where Gyoza was.

“Hey!! Naow.”

Manaow used her hand and covered the mouth of Gyoza who was still without clothes, writhing in her arms.

“Shhh... There are people walking around here. Be quiet.”

She whispered close to the small ear, leaving Gyoza in complete silence. Seeing her superior stop struggling, Manaow slowly removed her hand

from her mouth but did not distance herself from the small woman she held in her arms. Her ears heard the sound of echoing footsteps. The sound of the guard's boots, yes, she definitely heard it right. The sound got closer before stopping, she stayed silent until she heard the sound of the door opening and the flashlight shining.

They both held their breath. Manaow looked at the person leaning against the bathroom wall, Gyoza covered her mouth with both hands and her light eyes blinked. A beam of light flashed back and forth from the entrance for just a moment, before disappearing with the sound of the door closing, but the sound of footsteps could still be heard not far away. They both breathed a sigh of relief at the same time. Manaow's eyes were getting used to the darkness and he realized. something that didn't make any sense..

Gyoza was only wearing a thin white t-shirt, a small bulge protruding upwards showed that the person in front of her was not wearing a bra. And more than that, she was only wearing small panties at the bottom. Due to the closeness between them, her legs rubbed between those thin legs. So close to her that she could feel the wetness of her small piece of cloth. Wet and hot. The young woman struggled to look away, avoiding the small mounds that rose and fell to the rhythm of each breath. Those round, glasses-less eyes looked at her sweetly.

What!? She didn't see evil, right? She didn't think too much, right? No, she has too high an opinion of herself, doesn't she? If the person in front of her really looked at her like that, then she might not be the only one who wanted to be next to her.

The tall figure bowed further. One hand pressed firmly against the wall and the other hugged the slim waist tighter.

Warm breath blew across her cheek, before pouring into the crevices of her soft, white neck. Just a breath that touched the thin skin of her body made the person under her control tremble and start panting.

"Ah..."

A small moan was heard escaping from the throat.

"Shhh, don't make a sound. They'll catch us,"



She whispered hoarsely. She raised her hand to cover the small woman's mouth. She resisted the urge to test those small ears with her teeth, but gave in to the temptation before her.

“Yuck!!”

A small voice squealed, as she felt the softness of her tongue, accompanied by sharp teeth that gently caressed her ear.

“P'Gyo...”

Manaow, whose voice was hoarse with emotion, whispered softly. The tall young woman was about to begin teaching the next lesson. First lesson: Breathing. Next lesson: Lips... Hot lips touched the fair cheeks, touching one by one, the cheeks, the rounded forehead, the thin eyelids, the sharp nose, and the last point, the lips... The hand covering her lips moved away, before replacing it with her soft lips. She gently touched Gyoza's lips, pressing repeatedly, two or three times before she began to bite without holding back.

Manaow, who had much more experience, left her a soft kiss and then turned it into a passionate kiss by pushing her tongue into that sweet mouth. Until Gyoza realized it, she felt the bitter taste of the remaining cigarette smoke. The small hand rose gently, its fingers running over the broad shoulder, moving closer before carefully moving away. The fresh, minty breath combined with the taste of her nicotine almost devoured her. Manaow played with the edge of her lips, laced with sweetness. They lingered for a moment before walking away from her. She was still hugging that slender waist of hers tightly, with her face resting on her shoulder. The synchronized heartbeats of the two resonated. And tried to suppress her racing heart by breathing deeply, holding it before slowly releasing it. This was a method that Manaow often used to control herself when she was overwhelmed with emotion.

The other used both hands to support her own chest. Feeling the force of her heart pounding, confusion running through her head. Between relief and regret, which did she feel most?

“We're locked in.”

The young woman's words made Gyoza's throat close. After a disturbing incident when the guard entered the building, the two rule breakers hid in the bathroom, waiting until the footsteps calmed down before coming out. However, to their surprise, they found themselves trapped inside the building. Gyoza approached, shaking the glass door before looking at the thick iron chain she hung from the outside handle. They were totally locked in, there was no doubt about that.

“This building opens at 7:30. It's already 2 in the morning and we only have to wait a few more hours. Come sit back and relax. The person did not feel pressured and threw herself on the bench. She tapped her fingers on the table, looking at the senior who was now fully dressed, clinging to the glass door like a lizard against a wall.

“Come here. Why are you leaning against the glass door? Even if you could do that, you couldn't leave. Or can we contact P'Pure to open the door? He is the president of the student organization, it won't be difficult to get the keys to the building.

“No!!”

Gyoza answered out loud.

“Do not contact P'Pure.”

She would never commit suicide that way, because she would be ridiculed and suffer until old age. Believe me, asking that person for help will definitely come at a very high price in return. She had already acted lightly once before and she wouldn't make the same mistake a second time.

“If you don't want that, what should we do now?”

Manaow crossed her arms in front of her chest, feeling very depressed.

“This is because you made an appointment to come here. If not, she would probably already be lying in a warm and soft bed, she wouldn't need to be

wet and shivering like now.”

The older girl pursed her lips and almost cried. But the youngest just smiled amused. These exaggerated symptoms were too cute to worry about.

“Did you know that this was the first night I was going to sleep through the night after not being able to sleep because of work? I should rest tonight. “

Gyoza continued to grumble non-stop. The amused look turned into a look of affection, the corners of her mouth turning up beautifully, before Manaow headed to walk towards the eldest, the girl who began to complain.

“Oh... sleeping was a big problem.”

“Go to sleep. Now I will be your bed and your pillow.”

A larger hand grabbed the smaller wrist and pulled her up the stairs. The air there was good, at least it was more comfortable there. Manaow sat in a corner room, placed a large towel that she took from her locker, and patted it on her lap, signaling to the people who wanted to sleep. She could sleep using her lap as a pillow.

“Come on, aren't you sleepy?”

Gyoza smiled, observing the invitation gesture but obeyed without reluctance. Sometimes, surrendering gracefully and without hesitation is less exhausting and heartbreaking. Hugging yourself in the warmth of that acceptance feels better than the other way around. She had the belief that she loved her: for her warmth, for her affection, for her openness, for her courage to express her love openly and for daring to say that he loved her..Love from the first time they met.

The small figure crouched down, spreading its legs to the other side, using someone's lap as a pillow. She tilted her head and looked into the piercing eyes that seemed like a familiar vision from that day, when she heard this person's words of love. Manaow moved slightly to make the person lying on her lap comfortable. The warm pads of her fingers brushed the strands of

hair that covered her face. The street light outside the building shined faintly, but it could still show the tiredness of it.

“Get some rest P'Gyo, you've been tired all day.”

“You're tired too.”

Those round eyes stared at her. A small hand reached out and she touched the child's face with the tips of her fingers, brushing away strands of her hair. Manaow placed her hand on the back of the person's hand, caressing the skin of her face. But just for a moment, Gyoza seemed to remember something. She jumped up, trying to get something out of the shopping bag. Something white seemed withered.

"At first, when I picked it, it was in bloom, but now in your hands, it is withered,"

The little girl complained as she struggled to organize the withered flowers in a paper cup.

“Tomorrow I will buy a bouquet of fresh flowers, Naow. You worked hard and even won a prize for the faculty.”

The little hand wanted to put the bouquet of flowers back in the bag. She didn't want to give away this bouquet of slightly withered flowers.

“There is no need! I'll take this bouquet. P'Gyo you planted them and took care of them. This doesn't look like any other bouquet of flowers in the world.”

She grabbed the bouquet and smiled happily like a child,

"Thank you. I like it a lot. Are these wildflowers?"

“Yes, wildflowers.”

She tilted her head to look at the flower that had been snatched from her, but she felt doubts in her heart. She hadn't said a word to Manaow, she hadn't even had time to explain anything to her, so how did Manaow know

that it was she who planted these flowers? The round eyes behind the lenses of her glasses narrowed at the young woman in front of her. Her putting together all the images she received. Damn, at that moment she disappeared because she was hiding in a grove of flowers, right? Manaow!

“Why are you looking at me like that? I like it.”

It seemed like others were starting to notice the subtle change, their gaze had a hint of disbelief making Manaow raise her eyebrows, did she accidentally say something wrong? What you shouldn't know...

“I haven't told you that these are flowers that I planted myself. How do you know?”

A cold voice asked. A cold smile appeared on the older girl's face, leaning towards the sharp face that was smiling ironically, with a threatening look. Was she still willing to secretly watch and listen like this? I wouldn't do it again.

“Tell me how you found out. Don't lie, because if I find out you're lying, I'll get angry. And if I get angry...”

Gyoza stopped there, the tip of her nose just a few centimeters from the tip of the nose of the person in front of her, almost touching. If she doesn't tell the truth, you'll see, crazy child!

“Hang on a minute!! Don't get angry. Stop thinking.”

Her mouth told her to stop, her hands also reaching out to push her thin shoulders. Right now, she didn't want to know what would happen if Gyoza got angry. The only thing she knows is that she is not good, but very, very bad!!!

"Admit it, later I'll think about whether I want to be angry or not,”

Gyoza said. She sat back as usual, crossed her arms in front of her chest and waited for her response.

“I was looking for you. You had said that you would come see me before going on stage but I waited a long time and you didn't arrive so I went to look for you.”

“And then what?”

She was still squinting.

“I happened to see a red pig parked there. Then I saw a faint shadow. I thought it was you so I went to get closer...”

The person who defended herself did not realize how high-pitched her voice was. Such a sound made the person listening smile. Gyoza still had her arms crossed and listened to her junior's constant defensive chatter.

“But then I saw that you were with another senior and I didn't want to interrupt..”

Uh... well... OK...Information received. It was enough for her to conclude that it would be better if Manaow knew what she saw. So there was no need to explain anything at length because she had already seen it from start to finish!

“Do you know P'Ploy too?”

She took a deep breath before asking in a calm voice, pretending to look away. It was difficult to talk about the relationship between them. Especially when she had to tell other people.

“I only know her a little....”

“So what... Aren't you curious, don't you want to know, don't you want to ask?”

Manaow wasn't sure if the questions she received were direct questions that needed answers or if Gyoza was simply trying to test her feelings. Those half-lidded eyes stared into her face. Her eyes briefly reflected the light blue pond in front of her. The atmosphere was so calm and quiet that it was

almost scary. The things she thought about were as numerous as the water in a pond, but did she have the right to know?

“I have no right to ask at this moment. No, I don't want to be jealous or possessive. Can I have any of these feelings?”

It seemed as if the reserve of toughness had been broken. Manaow hated herself. She wanted to look great. She wanted to be someone calm and good at keeping her feelings in check. But in the end she was just a young girl who couldn't control her emotions even a little bit. By showing that Gyoza still cares about P'Ploy, she would feel hurt, like a child.

“Do you think I'm lying?”

Manaow turned to look again. The look she received from her seemed to convey a sense of vulnerability, making her feel even more uncomfortable. Gyoza was watching her, similar to how one would watch a naughty child.

“It's not that I don't believe you, it's that I want clarity in the relationship. When I get jealous I look like a child but in reality I still am but if you feel something for me...”

The larger hand moved to hold the smaller hand. Sharp eyes watched the heat transmitted through her skin, wanting only her own feelings to be transmitted to him. She wanted the person in front of her to know everything, everything she had, everything in her heart.

"I really feel something for you."

This wasn't just physical contact. She wanted that feeling to also go straight to Gyoza's heart. Sharp eyes looked deeply into the clear eyes, like drops of water flowing in them. Gyoza was a person with beautiful eyes. It was these eyes that made her give herself over to everything.

“I love you. I felt it from the first time I met you. And it's increasing every time, I want things to be clear between us. I want to make sure I'm not the only one who feels this way. I promise that in the future I will not be stupid and I will give an answer as it should be.....”

Her heart began to beat rapidly again. The blood in her body suddenly heated and pumped until her face turned red up to her ears. Small beads of sweat seep into her hairline. She was so embarrassed that her ears were burning. She tried to gather her inner strength before speaking.

“Let's be lovers. Let me use that status to take care of you.”

Gyoza felt the heat radiating from that hand. Her whole heart warmed with these words of love that sounded like a request. Manaow took her hand and pressed it against her cheek, tilting her head as his eyes never left hers. She didn't understand, she never understood anything. She didn't know since when she always saw this person. She didn't know when she accidentally revealed to her what was in his heart, a stubborn, arrogant, impulsive and quarrelsome person to the point of almost making the entire class lose its place. Going to university and not knowing how to take care of yourself. Taking off her clothes in front of hundreds of people. So shout it out and make sure everyone remembers!!

This kind of girl doesn't look cute at all. And because!? Because!? Why did her heart flutter with this person? Her body trembled with shame. Now was the time to say it.

“I like you too...”

The hand holding her cheek tightened, the corners of her mouth raised after the response she received before completely isolating herself from the next sentence,

“But right now, I can't be you.”

Manaow could not speak. She said that she liked her, but that she couldn't be her girlfriend. Is it because she was a woman?

“Is it because I am a woman?”

How do you muffle sound so it doesn't vibrate? She didn't know it either. She maybe she was just trying to contain it. She tried to hold back her tears until her throat choked. But it didn't seem to be effective.



“Not only that....”

A slender hand caressed her soft cheek that was wet with tears. Although her face was still calm, her heart was completely broken. She felt bad for making her cry. But the most important thing was that she didn't want to take advantage of her.

“I am still in the position of president. This makes me have to endure many things, among them the honor and dignity of our faculty. The form of love you once spoke of. Love that does not matter the gender, if it is true that is what it is, but the reality is different from other people's opinions. Also, I am in a situation like this, I don't want to hear insulting words, I don't want anyone to speak against our faculty..”.

“P'Gyo, do you care about other people's opinions?... Are you embarrassed to tell everyone that you have a girlfriend or that our relationship looks strange, like P'Warang said.”

The voice came out briefly because she had to hold back tears. She complained, she got angry, instead of trying to listen to reason. She pressed her hand against the back of her hand, causing Gyoza to act erratically. The fox, who was previously evil and cunning, had turned into a whiny cub. She hugged her and gently stroked the crying puppy's head, her loved one's tears would make her cry too. Gyoza tried with all her might to swallow her tears, Manaow buried her wet face in Gyoza's white t-shirt while the soft touch received from that hand hurt.

“I'm Gyoza, I don't care about anyone's opinions. Although we can't be together as lovers, we are people who love each other, right? Can you trust me for once? Trust the feelings involved. Believe me, I believed in these words. When I finish my duty here, I promise that I will love you, without needing to hide.”

And when the eyes behind the frame closed, the tears fell from the eyes and fell down the cheeks.

“There are only two months left. For now, let's pretend we're in love,”

She joked at the end of the melody. Her small hand gently pushed her junior away from her embrace, sending her a sweet smile with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

“Stop crying, Look, your eyes are swollen. It's not beautiful at all.”

She wiped the tears of disappointment from Manaow's soft cheeks. The sweet round eyes behind the lens frame looked deeply into the thin eyes of her lover. Ah... What if the two were lovers?

“And what can a person in love do? Go out to eat, watch a movie, listen to music. Can we share stories?”

Manaow used the back of her hand to wipe away the remaining tears. Although her voice improved after hearing the words-person in love her handsome face still showed a slight frown, reminiscent of a child crying.

“You can do anything, but let's do it quietly, avoiding curious people. I promise it will only be for two months. If time runs out, we will start again. Or what happens when your team is finished? When do you want me to officially become your girlfriend, Naow? Tell me and I will make it happen. I never broke a promise I made to you, you know? Look, I even signed your notebook.”

Gyoza tried to take something out of her shopping bag, but she couldn't seem to find what she was looking for. Do you think her bag could be like Doraemon's? It turned out that no matter how many times she looked for it, she still didn't get what she was looking for. Piles of various items were strewn across the floor, including wet paper airplanes. What's that? A paper airplane? Manaow's hand reached out to grab a piece of wet white paper that had been folded into the shape of an airplane. Or rather, I should say that it was like that before. It had been a plane, but now it seemed damaged, almost nothing remained in its original state. A small hand hit the back of his hand with a loud thud.

“Ah!!.”

Manaow quickly withdrew her hand, muttering in a low voice. Evil Gyoza adjusted her glasses, but since she didn't want to act, she put the wet paper airplane back in her bag. She didn't care about the items she couldn't find.

“I must have forgotten the guest book in the bedroom. Tomorrow afternoon I will show you the book. Anyway, after the guard comes and opens the door, you can pick up the book from my room.”

“Yeah. I like to go to your room. It is fragrant, clean and the bed is soft.”

After finishing speaking, she smiled until she narrowed her eyes.

“Where did the girl who was crying go?”

Surely those tears were just bothering her, who wanted to see them?

“Do not make fun of me. At that moment, heart really melted.”

“Just thinking about how ashamed you are to be in a relationship, tears naturally flow, but... You have promised me that when this is over, you will agree to be my girlfriend.”

“Yes I promise.”

A slender little finger extended in front of her. Gyoza shook her head at the girl's behavior. She couldn't help but smile, it was crazy that her heart was beating so fast at the girl who extended her pinky finger to her like this. But she was also willing to give her her pinky. An action that meant her agreement. Manaow secretly looked at her beautiful smile at the corner of that mouth that made her very possessive. She wanted to be the only owner of that smile. How long? How long would it take for sunlight to illuminate the sky? How long would it be before she could use the words: she is my girlfriend?

The cold winter air touched a thin towel covering the body, supported by the arms of a loved one sitting against the wall. Her arms wrapped around Gyoza as they lay on the narrow floor, using her chest as a makeshift pillow. The small figure was already asleep, but the thoughts tangled in her

mind made Manaow's eyes unable to close. Many things weighed on her heart, and the matter of Ploy was just one of them. However, this didn't seem to be a big concern. As night falls, both words and actions make it clear that things are not the same as before. However, the thorn that lodged in her heart was the paper airplane from before, more importantly, there was a faint trace of a pen mark that disappeared because the paper was wet, it hinted at a letter, which was clearly not from just anyone..

Then a fleeting thought slipped through her mind. Gyoza was a person who couldn't get up early and, if she wanted to take a look at the contents of the letter... she had to do it at that time.

## ②③

AS PROMISED



“You arrived early in the morning, students. Being a teenager is a lot of fun because your body is still strong. If I were your age, I probably wouldn't be able to handle it.”

The guard smiled under his beard with words of greeting when he saw the two students walk through the door of the pool building. He was surprised that anyone would use the pool at a time like this, when winter was approaching. The guard even had to put on a layer of sweater over it. The weather was colder than usual.

“Cold weather is perfect, man. Being students here we have to be strong.”

Manaow happily responded, yes!! Swimming on winter mornings was a way to train the body to be strong and durable in order to face the final exams in the next two months..... Aha. They were actually there because the guard had locked them there the night before!!!

“Good! Very good. Children today really like their health.”

The uncle, who didn't know the story, still smiled at them fondly.

“The weather is starting to get cold. Please take care of your health,”

Manaow interrupted as she squeezed the hand holding Gyoza before leaving the building area.

“It's so cold. Who would love to swim like that in the morning?”

Gyoza complained, her mouth trembling. The thin short sleeved T-shirt did not protect against the cold at all. But that junior had come out of the pool wearing a full ceremonial student uniform.

“Where did you park the little red pig?”

“Building 13 Parking.”

"Give me the keys, I'll drive."

A white hand opened and asked for the keys, but Gyoza slammed her palm against it.

“How can you drive with such a tight skirt? Get out of the way. I'll take you,"

She said as she hurried into the parking lot so Manaow had to chase her.

“I can do it, I can lift my skirt like this.”

Those weren't just words. Manaow acted inappropriately and pulled her skirt up to her thighs. Her skin under the shade of her cloth was so white and soft that her blood vessels could be seen, making her blood almost gush out when looking at it!

“Hey!! If you are a woman learn to be careful!! On the day of a sporting event, you once took off your shirt on the basketball court. Why are you that person? You don't show any kind of self preservation at all,"

Gyoza scolded, her face bright red. And that reminded her of her anger over the previous incident.

“Hm...Did you see it? At that time, you were there but you didn't appear on the field?!”

Manaow looked like she wanted to argue.

“There are people who take photos of sports scenes and publish them on the page. People see it everywhere, even in universities.”

Gyoza felt uncomfortable for no reason. She didn't want to continue the conversation, she simply crossed her arms in front of her chest and turned her back on him. She didn't want to admit that she was sitting there. Manaow was still wearing a sports bra at the time. That was clothes too, right? Or was P'Gyo dissatisfied with it because she's jealous? The random voice was very domineering. The jealousy expressed was so funny that Manaow couldn't contain it. No longer caring about anything, she grabbed the thin waist of the person who had her back to her before using her strength to lift her onto her shoulder.

“Hey!! Let me go. Let me go. Someone will see us. What are you doing? Let me go!”

"I won't let you go,"

The harsh voice still insisted.

“You were jealous, right?”

The gentle breeze next to her ears made the person she was carrying shiver.

“I'm not jealous, let me go.”

The small woman still resisted fiercely, gathering strength to break free from her bonds. But it didn't seem to have any effect.

“You're not going to tell me the truth, are you? Alright!!....”

The corners of her mouth lifted in a sinister smile. She carried her superior's body over her shoulder and headed towards the parking lot. Seeing the red pig parked in the distance, she didn't care at all about the powerful punch of her elder's fist.

“Manaow!! Let me go right now. Let me go!!”

Both hands hit the back of the person carrying it hard.

“Crazy girl, let go of me!!”

Before she could finish her words, Manaow released Gyoza on a long mint green berich located at the entrance of the parking lot. She rested her arms and legs on the backrest, keeping the loud and talkative person under control.

“If you're jealous, just say you're jealous. Is it strange to be jealous of the person you love?”

The tip of her nose was just a breath away from her face, causing the voice she had been screaming to suddenly disappear and return to her throat. Even now she didn't dare to breathe, her round, clear eyes met her sharp gaze for a long time, the gust of warm air that hit her face from such a close distance caused the lenses of her glasses to fog up and she couldn't see. but those eyes. Under the white dew, a warm and soft touch touched her lips. That's when she admitted how jealous she was of her 'lover',

“The elevator worked well this time.”

“Make fun of me all you want; In a moment I'll let you walk up to the fifth floor.”

The mocking person smiled, her long legs followed her superior through the steel doors, then she stood next to the hostess inside the elevator.

Previously, when she had brought Gyoza, the elevator had been broken. It was she who carried a girl with an injured leg up five flights of stairs, with the agreement that she could ask for anything. That could be the time to demand the promise of the future engineer who had taken her honor as collateral.

The steel box took two female passengers to the fifth floor and the steel door opened. Gyoza came out first, along with another young man standing right in front of the elevator with both hands full of things.

"Hello, P'Gyo,"



He said, raising his hand to the older woman who held the position of president. Her hands accidentally let go of the objects she was carrying and they fell to the ground with a loud sound spreading all over the floor. Gyoza's heart trembled. She recalled running into this young man several times. Her face must have looked familiar to her as a third-year college student, but she didn't expect him to be a neighbor. The junior room was three rooms away from the elevator. The door was open, several large boxes were stacked in front of the room. Including several other young people who joined there, both men and women, who were stacking boxes.

Gyoza raised her hand to return the greeting. She caught a glimpse of Manaow leaning down to help the young man lift his things. Gyoza chose to walk past a group of other young men who raised their hands in greeting and then entered her own room.

“Oh Naow, are you here to help me move things to the bedroom? He said as she looked down picking up her things, she looked up and saw her college classmate.

"Yeah, I heard you were going to change dorms today, so I came to help,"

Manaow pretended.

"You will help me move in wearing a full student uniform,"

He said, looking at his friend with an expression of disbelief.

“Oh!! Yes, last night I was exhausted. So I fell asleep while wearing this and woke up and thought: it's too late, I'm afraid I won't be able to help you in time. So I rushed out to help you and forgot to change my clothes. There is something wrong?”

“No thank you very much. I'm so glad you came to help me. Now put this down, come on.”

She handed the item in his hand to Manaow and then pushed the tall body towards the elevator. Gyoza let out a sigh of relief as she opened the door

and entered her room. A notification from the chat app appeared as soon as the door was closed.

[Wait a minute, I'll help my friend carry his things. I'll come later.]

An hour had passed when a knock was finally heard on the door. Gyoza walked over to look at the peephole, then her small hand opened the door and found a big eel standing in front of her room smiling happily.

“I'm already here.”

Manaow was wearing clean clothes. She came in, took off her shoes and put them on the shelf. Gyoza was still wearing the same clothes as the night before, the change of clothes that the junior had given her. Manaow wondered if she was waiting for her. She did not forget to go to the bathroom to wash her feet until they were clean for fear of dirtying Gyoza's tidy room that at that time was still maintaining cleanliness standards. It was as clean as ever.

“How did you go inside? Do you have an access card?”

"What do I have?"

Manaow waved the key card in her hand and showed it to the person sitting on the soft white carpet next to the bed. Now, I have taken over my friend's room.

“Hey?!!”

"Why do you have to look so surprised?"

Gyoza's expression clearly showed disbelief.

“So, because she moved out before her lease was up, she was at risk of losing her deposit on her room. I, who happened to want her room, proposed to buy her the room rental for half the price. They refunded the money and I got a new room for only half the deposit. It is equally beneficial.”

"Really!?"

She asked in a deep voice, as if she was trying to make her think again.

“Correct. It would be a shame if it were left like this. I really want to be close to the person I love.”

Those flirtatious words didn't make the 'lover' hesitate, but when the speaker mentioned transferring money to pay her friend, and even returning to her own dorm to complete the moving process, a situation was created where, despite Since she refused, she couldn't solve this problem in time.

“Being close to you will make my heart happy. It feels as warm as being at home with my mother.”

When she finished speaking, she buried her face in Gyoza's shoulder. Her hands moved, touching here and there. Stroking her hair and then touching her cheek. A moment later, she felt very dissatisfied. Two arms wrapped around her waist, holding her tight. Gyoza could only shake her head and roll her eyes. Slippery like an eel, fast like a rocket, hands like octopus tentacles.

“Up to you.”

However, even so, her heart was softened to the point of winning her. The old wooden box that always made Manaow curious about what was inside now revealed its secrets. Inside were two signed notebooks, one clearly her, as it was new and impeccable, untouched by use. However, another had signs of wear, as if they had been run over by bicycles and bitten by naughty puppies. As if her superior had taken it out of her mouth! Whose book was this?

“This is your guest book. I have signed it according to what I promised you.”

The small hand opened the notebook for her to see. The signature read- Kaniknan //Waker#2, written in black ink on the first page. It was definitely worth the wait. If that day she had not had the courage to approach her and

ask for a signature, today she would not have anyone to love her. Leaning down to look at her, she smiled. The autograph was hers and she swore that she would not give it to anyone else.

“Just a signature in a notebook?”

How about we sign it here? Anyway, the person who only had chaotic thoughts in her mind confidently opened the already wide collar of her shirt even further. She leaned down and playfully ran her finger under her collarbone, urging Gyoza to sign.

“Sign right above the heart and attach a note saying that this heart belongs solely to P'Gyo.”

As soon as she finished speaking, a palm hit her, causing red finger like streaks to appear on her white skin, accompanied by a groan.

“Ah! Why you hit me? What did I do wrong? Why are you evil? You don't love me as much as you used to, do you?”

“You want to keep bothering me. You want to get hit again, right?!”

Manaow mocked her, making Gyoza want to punch her once or twice more.

“Good people are usually bad. Evil...”

The childish tone accompanied by the effort to hold back tears created an endearing mixture of fragility. If you look at it from a kind perspective, it would be sad, but if you look at it from another perspective, it may seem quite annoying. Curiously, when she was with her, Manaow seemed to regress to the age of eight, full of twists and turns. This was different than when she was in the field, on stage, or with friends, where she seemed more mature than her age. However, when both were caught in a whirlwind of emotions, it seemed that Manaow was the one taking the initiative, as if she was dictating the course. Thinking about it, her cheeks suddenly became hot, feeling weak from the experience.

Unfortunately, if she touched this girl even a little, her head would become dizzy and she would be unable to do anything.

Her hands were also strong like octopus tentacles. She now she even she would move into the next room. If so, how long would it take her to escape from her fangs?

Manaow watched Gyoza put another guest book into the wooden box like before, she still had her own book in her hand. She looked at the fine, clear handwriting and doubt arose. The smell of Gyoza's room, the smell of her body, the smell of her clothes. The same scent she loved. Gyoza had had this notebook for a long time, more than two months, did it still have a pleasant smell? Therefore, Manaow picked her up and kissed her. Oh... Yes, it still smelled sweet. Mixed between baby powder and candy she didn't know if it was real. And what was this smell? All she knew was that it was delicious.

“You can't eat the notebook.”

A cold voice said with a calm look in her eyes. Manaow quickly put her notebook into her breast pocket before Gyoza saw her as someone even stranger. She just smelled it and didn't plan to eat it.

“I don't want to eat the notebook, I just want to eat you.”

After finishing her words, she got up and threw herself towards the person sitting on the bed. Manaow stuck all over the smaller person's body.

“Hey!! What the hell are you doing? Get up Noo!”

Gyoza shouted. With both hands she tried to push the shoulders of the person who fell on her.

“No, if you don't let me eat the notebook, then I'll have to eat you. Your body smells good.”

The tip of her nose twitched and she sniffed those soft cheeks.

“What are you talking about?”

The person under her command spoke in a low voice, looked away, and that face was bright red in an adorable way. When she was embarrassed she was very cute. Manaow actually just wanted to tease her. But now she became very eager to catch this girl and eat her.

“P'Gyo, you said we're lovers now, right?”

A hoarse voice asked excitedly. The smell woke her up. It was so sweet that the fire in her body burned brightly. She lowered her head until the tip of her nose caressed the warm skin of the curve of her lover's neck. The smell of Gyoza and the faint smell of cigarettes from the clothes the other person was wearing made her consciousness disperse and become nothing. It seemed like she had already enveloped that small body and her level of attention and self-control had almost been exhausted.

“Wake up Naow!”

Gyoza refused to answer. Her small body tried to escape from the person who was taking advantage of her.

“Then answer first. Answer to make me happy.”

Manaow held the little girl, pressing her body weight down instead of away, until the older girl's body almost sank into her mattress.

“Answer what!?”

Gyoza began to pant due to the power struggle. Until she realized that even though she fought, she couldn't fight Manaow's strength. She then stopped and took a deep breath. Then she felt it was the wrong decision and gave up. Fighting until collapsing from exhaustion was better than having to stay in such a terrifying situation. The once mischievous eyes now completely changed, and the expression was the same, the eyes were dark and dull. Like the sky on a starless night, only she could see the commotion behind the deep silence.

That was the first time she was afraid of the person in front of her. With just one look, she knew that this time she was serious. The breath of the person

she touched came in short bursts, flowing over her face until goosebumps broke out all over her body. One of her hands held Gyoza's wrist against the bed until it hurt, but Gyoza didn't even dare to complain or continue talking.

“Are we lovers?”

She asked in a low, hoarse voice that was almost a whisper.

“Yes... That's right.”

Gyoza's heart was beating so fast that it almost bounced. It was clear that she was afraid of having a heart attack.

“So... What can people who love each other do?”

Manaow's free hand began to move. Her slender fingers caressed the soft, clean skin of her cheek and brushed strands of hair that were longer than she had first seen from her face before taking the opportunity to remove her glasses, to Gyoza. Manaow likes to see her naked eyes like this. Bright eyes that were clearly visible without glasses frames.

“Answer, what can I do to you as a lover?”

Seeing that her lover didn't say anything and looked away from her gaze, she asked again, grabbing her chin to turn her head and look at herself.

“W... What do you want to do Naow?”

“Asking like that means I can do anything. What do you want to do ? I want to kiss you.”

She did it without waiting for Gyoza to give permission, because even if she keeps waiting she probably won't get the answer. Being concise and clear was the only way to achieve this. She did what her heart desired. The lips that still had the bitter taste of her cigarettes leaned down and only touched lightly at first, before mingling in a kiss with the force of suppressed emotion. Over and over again, she did it like she couldn't get enough. The need of the hour may be more than

just kissing. Her hands roamed over her small body, uncontrollably, before disappearing into her shirt.

“Ah!...”

A sweet moan came out when she touched the object hidden under her clothes. Manaow was not too reckless, she gently touched each part one by one. There was still some consciousness left, but the warm, almost hot skin of her body made it difficult for her to maintain it. Gyoza unexpectedly hid her form. Her chest was full and firm, the size of a hand. It was nothing small compared to her size. She had to punch herself in the mouth because a few days ago she had joked about doing good deeds with milk cartons.

Manaow shook her head to dispel the meaningless story before refocusing on something inviting to see in front of her. Her normally calm face was now as red as a tomato. The little hand that had been freed from her no longer pushed her. The petite woman used it to cover her mouth, suppressing the moan that was about to come out. But just for a moment, Manaow decided to lift the white t-shirt over her soft breasts. Revealing bright white round bumps.

Gyoza had very white skin. Although she was a little darker because the province where this university was located was a seaside province, the skin under the shade of the cloth clearly showed how good her skin was, so white and smooth that it dazzled the eyes. Especially when her bright white skin contrasted with the pale color of the top of her breasts.

Manaow suddenly tore the shirt and nothing was left. Her warm mouth immediately grated and swallowed until the body's owner trembled, accidentally letting out a moan that made the perpetrator happy.

“Ahhh.”

Sweet moans came out softly as Manaow explored the body. She clung to the honey-colored chest and, with half-lidded eyes, stared at the round eyeballs that shone with a mischievous glow. A warm passion was ignited and left no part untouched. Her fingers teased and explored, alternating between gentle caresses and firm squeezes, emphasizing the voluptuous



softness with deliberate intent. The recipient's face, a canvas of sensations, seemed to be struggling with an overwhelming experience. A face like that fueled Manaow's desire to the point of being almost unbearable. Can she get it?

“P'Gyo..”

A slender hand rose to wipe away the beads of sweat dripping from her hairline, flowing as if she were running a marathon. Conditions for the new dormitory had not yet been determined. Many boxes were cluttered throughout the room, carried by workers who had been deceived by Manaow. The workers were now crammed into five-foot beds, lying on the bed boards, while the beds were propped against the wall by Jaojom, Kawee, Ali, Namo, Rungnapha and Eoi, the previous owner of the room. Manaow plopped down to sit on the light-colored tile floor and looked at the people who said they were there to help move things into the new bedroom. But instead they slept in bed together. Oh, really!? The owner of the room was sitting on the floor, while her friends took over the bed!

“I'm very tired. In exchange, you have to give me food.”

Jaojom spoke loudly in the middle of the group. Followed by supportive voices from other friends.

“You always order food. Did you come to help me or do you want a free meal?”

“Hey, if we don't come, you won't be able to do this alone.”

Jaojom looked at the things piled up all over the room..

“That's how it is. If we hadn't come to help today they wouldn't have been able to do anything, supported another..”

The owner of the room let out a deep sigh when everyone agreed. Manaow closed the door, leaving the room unfinished. The seven people went down the stairs and got into a car that looked like a tin can, an old car that Jaojom had asked for from his father. The condition of the car, if we compare it

with that of humans, could be called obsolete. And you had to be careful when closing the door because it was scary that it would slip and get your hand trapped.

“Kawee, sit on Ali's lap.”

Rungnaapa pushed the body of his friend who held the position of class president and told him to come closer and sit on another friend's lap. Meanwhile, he himself sat on Namo's lap, a girl who looked masculine but looked pretty as always, sitting on the armrest, causing commotion among the big girls until it turned into a cute commotion.”

Rung, you need to lose weight, damn it! My leg will break!!”

“Watch your mouth! I'll share your chat in the group later so everyone can enjoy it.”

Noises were heard throughout the journey as the seven souls in the tin cart arrived at their special rice order stand. This place was a favorite among engineering students, famous for its generous portions that could challenge a buffalo's stomach. The rice served here was piled so high that it looked like a mountain. Although the portion was large, the taste was worth it for the price and quantity. Bibi, the owner of the store, was well aware of the enormous appetite of engineering students. Even when faced with a long line and a group of ten people ordering ten different dishes, Bibi managed it skillfully. There was even a time when a gang brought so many people, because of the aunt's words:

"No matter how many of you come, you can only order two dishes."

Yes, they had to be content with only two dishes. It was also because of the woman's interesting expression.

“If you can wait to eat then wait, if you can't wait then don't eat!”

After the seven people agreed on what to eat, with Eoi writing the menu on a piece of paper to send to Auntie, a great conversation began while waiting for the food.

“Until now there are still several lines that have not revealed the code. I have not found an elder who is like a God. What about you guys?”

Kawee opened the story.

“Oh, my superior is more difficult to understand than to decode. He often deceives me, deceives me. I also bought him a lot of snacks many times and wasted a lot of money too. Oh my god, I gave it to the wrong person. I tried to impress, but ended up giving the impression of cracks like the walls of an old building. Very disappointing, effort in vain,”

Eoi said as she held the spoon tightly in her hands, putting on a serious face as she spoke.

“My oldest is very good. He approached me immediately. So I can't feel the sensation like other friends who were passionate about looking for the senior of his dreams. But I'm still a woman, my dream is to have a handsome older man.”

“Huh...And look at my older Mo, he's so amazing.”

“If you want to call me short, call me 'Na'. Don't call me 'Mo'.”

I don't like that name-Namo spoke up and repeatedly said that he didn't like the name Mo because it seemed feminine.

"Oh, whatever,"

Rung said nonchalantly, then returned to the topic again,

"Phi Frame, the Freshy boy from last year, is very handsome. Handsome enough to make a cow and a buffalo swoon.”

He said while making a jealous face, while Namo had a sad face because she had a handsome and flirtatious older man, who made fun of Namo even though she was a masculine girl. Namo wanted to shout in front of him that she-she was a masculine girl, and that she liked women, but she didn't want to draw the attention of other older people in the code.

“And you, Ali? Have you met someone older that you like?”

Kawee nudged the friend next to her.

"Eh...eh... Mine is P'Lada,"

All answered in a low voice, with a red face.

“Oh my God... I'm so devastated. And you? Naow, have you found it? Who is your eldest?”

“Hey?”

Manaow answered absentmindedly, before she could pay attention to the question, Kawee had to ask it again.

“I asked you if you had found your code, your superior. Hey, we're looking for the code. Do you know something?!”

“Oh...uhhh...I haven't looked for it yet. Having a senior in the next room was enough; Whether I had a code or not, it didn't really matter.”

"Well, you broke things, didn't you?"

Namo chuckled, changing the subject when the topic of the senior code was dropped, leaving room for a new story.

“I heard from a fourth-year student who came to see the final entry in the black book.”

“It seemed like he was still not satisfied. He said we haven't sung in unison yet. And there are plans for us to practice singing again.”

Kawee, who received inside information, whispered gossip under his breath, while his friends, leaning over the table, gathered to listen. Except for one person, only one person remained sitting, uninterested in the news. Manaow already knew this, she learned this news from Gyoza beforehand. The person who should be more upset than anyone else was her because if

that happened, it meant that Gyoza still wouldn't want to use the word girlfriend until the end of the task.

“Well, I heard it took more than a year to get it. Then, in the second year, we ran back and forth and were scolded with the juniors. That's very embarrassing.”

“Shhh... shut up. Looks like the grown-ups are coming.”

Rung slammed her elbow hard into Kawee's stomach. He must have been very painful. A ruby red sedan pulled up in front of the stall, the first person to get out of the car was the beautiful P'Lada who was driving, followed by P'Jubjib and P'Suay. Before being followed by the second year leader, the first year disciplinary administrator, and lastly, a tall tall man with narrowed eyes and a calm expression as usual.

“Oh, the juniors are here too.”

Lada was in normal mode, without being aggressive, walking leading a group of friends to greet the young people with a smile. But people who have faced the bad side of her, like Manaow and Ali, are no longer crazy about that sweet smile. They were both more afraid. But Ali still liked her, no matter what fashion Lada does, good or bad, she still likes her.

“Hello.”

“Hello.”

Everyone at the table raised their hands to greet their elders in unison. The older ones also raised their hands to greet their younger siblings before walking away to the end of the stall. She passed a table of older men and the entire group also raised their hands in greeting. That was normal. Respecting elders was a habit. Although Gyoza had entered her second year, she still raised her hand to greet her elder as usual.

Manaow looked at the small figure walking behind her friend while putting her hands in her pants pockets. She couldn't forget what happened the day

before! Just when everything was about to explode, a knock interrupted the tension. The situation worsened when she was thrown onto the balcony. Behind the curtain, she heard a heated conversation between Gyoza and the person who had just arrived.

"I couldn't get in touch with you all night."

Her voice sounded angry. She thought it was P'Thida.

"My cell phone battery died. I could barely turn it on,"

Gyoza explained to her friend.

"And where did you go last night? You were absent because the concert wasn't over and you disappeared. We were really worried about you!"

Gyoza was silent for a moment, just a moment, before responding awkwardly.

"Sorry, I went back to my room. I was very sleepy so I went straight to sleep. You know how much I love to sleep."

No matter what she said, I knew she was lying. Even if Manaow was hiding there, only hearing voices and not even seeing facial expressions, she would still be able to detect the lies from her especially the ones told to Thida but she seemed to let it pass. However, Manaow felt that Thida was not the only one there. Her doubts did not last long when someone's hoarse voice suddenly revealed itself.

"We already saw that you are here, very comfortable and not suffering at all. Why should we panic? Come on, let's go back, we'll only bother her if we stay here."

It was P'Warang who went with Thida. Manaow didn't know if there was any problem between them. Because the word annoy appeared at the end of the sentence, there was a hint of underlying irony. This was not only sarcastic, but it also seemed disappointing. Friends sometimes feel disappointed in each other. That's not strange... Right?

# SPECIAL CHAPTER

## BEFORE BECOMING A WAK



The university cafeteria was full of students during the day, even though the semester had not yet started. This was due to various activities organized by the faculty, including basic orientation for freshmen and preparation of senior students for the upcoming welcoming activities for new students entering the university.

“So you accepted P'Ikkyu's request?”

A deep voice simply asked.

“Are you going to pretend to be a junior to fool the first years, Ploy?”

She felt a little sad about the news she had just learned.

“It's quite fun, isn't it? Dress up as a first year group?”

She asked nonchalantly, sensing something subtle in that calm demeanor. Bastard friends! But what can be done? She had accepted it. Furthermore, this was a decision she made alone!!

"Are you just thinking about having fun?"

The thin eyes rolled back, looking at her close friend who was putting rice in her mouth and chewing.

“You think too much. I'll just be a junior, fooling them into believing we're the same generation. Then I'll show a little enthusiasm and soften my behavior, that's all. You talk like I'm going to abuse them just for fun!?”

“When they catch you later, it won't be fun anymore.”

A simple warning sound caused her mouth to open slightly, her eyes to roll back in her head, and she saw her friend's handsome, oppa-like Korean face. Mafuang was his first friend in college. Although they are in different fields, he was closer to her than her friends in other fields. Maybe because they had a lot in common. If we didn't count Pure, his twin brother who had not yet returned from participating in the Work and Travel USA project, it was Mafueng to whom he told everything, including the story that he had just agreed to go undercover according to P's request. Ikkyu... But it seemed like he totally disagreed with this decision.

“When will Pure return from the United States? I heard that P'Ikkyu chose you as the second-year president of the engineering faculty. You and Pure are twins. Do you think you can easily fool newcomers when they see that you are exactly the same as him? Well, think again. What would the first years think about a duo of twins who were supposed to be buttery soft but weren't? Tell P'Ikkyu to find someone else to replace his plan, this is ridiculous!”

“No, I agree with P'Ikkyu. Pure won't be back until the new semester starts... I'll just let my hair down and wear glasses. That may fool your eyes. No matter how I look, there is nothing in common with Pure. Besides, it's too late to stop. I already did.”

Mafuang looked at the sweet, sharp face behind the large frames of her friend's glasses close. It was true that Ploy now looked very different, including his face, his freckles, and his skin color.

“What was up with the big glasses that barely covered the entire face? Where did you get these glasses? Even so, she did not approve of her friend dressing up to deceive young people, like a spy.”



She just thought in her heart that it was useless to argue about it. When her friend had left involved in the game!!

“Won't you change your mind?”

He asked again.

“No.”

“I warned you, okay?”

The soft last sentence disappeared along with the voices in the cafeteria during the day. At night the weather turned cold. Moonlight shone in the middle of the slab dormitory building that was designed in a central and open manner. At that moment the girls' dormitory was silent, as if he was the only one there. Gyoza sighed and rested her shoulders under a small iron pole, at the end of which was an old light bulb, which gave off a faint orange light, providing some brightness.

“What are you doing sitting here?”

A mocking voice broke the silence from behind, making her shudder slightly. Just for a moment while her brain processed it, she stayed silent like before and didn't answer the question. A tall figure in matching pajamas and pants with a striped outfit limped over and stopped in front of her. Her shoulder-length hair was tied back and she had now removed the large glasses she usually wore, revealing smooth, lightly freckled facial skin.

“I woke up and didn't see you in bed. I was worried so I went out to look for you.”

There was no response from the little roommate. Ploy focused her eyes on her pale face. Thin eyebrows over round eyes, frowning and turning away when she felt like she was being watched. She could only sigh and her hands shooed away the mosquitoes that were buzzing around her.

“It's getting late, let's go back to the room. The mosquitoes will kill you.”

“Umm.”

The brief response both calmed and angered her, but at least she knew her roommate had a big mouth.

“It's a shame that human relationships are so negative. It wouldn't be strange at all if the guest book was blank.”

Ploy looked up and laughed, but that made her little roommate frown even more.

“I'm not asking you to criticize me. Stop bothering me. Get up and let's go back. I want to think in silence and alone!”

Ploy's ramblings seemed to have an effect. At least Gyoza now spoke to her in more than one sentence.

“Ah, I give you a perfect 10 for that bad mouth.”

Two hands were raised in the air, giving a 10 by way of illustration. Gyoza's eyes filled with annoyance. She moved away from the metal pole she was resting her shoulders on and walked away from the annoying person.

“Where are you going?”

A thin hand grabbed her thin arm before pulling her up.

“I know that You're thinking of ways to find a senior's gear, right?”

Her clear face avoided the knowing look of the person who squeezed her wrist tightly.

“This is none of your business. Let me go!!”

She lowered her voice while sending her other hand to release the hand of the person who was holding her.

“I know where to find it.”

The bony hands, which were trying their best to free themselves from their bonds, stopped. Gyoza stared at the smooth face of her tall, thin roommate.

The corners. Her mouth lifted into a satisfied smile when she saw what she had just said. How many wishes could she get from the person in front of her?

“If you lie, I'll let Fluffy run around your bed.”

Her sweet, hopeful voice and no-nonsense gaze made the corners of her previously smiling mouth close immediately, Anything, but no spiders!!

“Shut up and let's go slowly.”

Gyoza silently followed Ploy, passing the dormitory guard who was asleep at the exit table. She and her roommate sneaked out of the dorm at almost midnight!!

“Ugh... I don't think we'll make it.”

Ploy sighed as they left the bedroom.

“How do we get there?”

A clear voice asked the planner. Sa Phra Phirun, also known as Emerald Pool, was a place away from the dormitory, on the other side of the university fence. There was absolutely no way to walk there in the condition his roommate's legs were in. Normally when they went out, they used the university patrol service. Or what is abbreviated as talai, which was a tram arranged by the university to pick up students.

“Don't worry, we will go on a white bicycle.”

A moment later Ploy disappeared into the parking lot. She returned again with a white bicycle provided for student services. The white bicycle was another symbol of the university.

“Hey!! How did you get it? It's on a chain, right?”

Her eyes widened when she saw that they were carrying an old white bicycle.

“What good is a rusty chain like that? Stop asking so much. You are losing your time. Come here. You'll take me there,”

One hand was on the side of the bike, the other grabbed hand and dragged her towards the small path that ran along the ridge behind the hostel.

“It still works, right?”

The uncertainty about her status was not to be shaken at all. There were better cars conditions, so why not choose one?

“If it's too much trouble, walk back to the bedroom.”

The bicycle thief turned around and yelled at her.

When she had no other options left, Gyoza was forced to sit astride this white bicycle seat that had been lowered because her legs were not very long. After that, the tall person sat in the passenger seat in the back, with her arms extended to firmly cover the thin waist of the female driver.

“Hey!! Take your hands off me. It makes me uncomfortable that you squeeze my waist.”

"No,"

The passenger firmly refused.

“If I fall and faint, what will you do? You won't be able to find the gear.”

Those words made her reluctantly let the person behind her hug her waist.

“If you fool me, you will meet the powerful Pukpui family. Be careful!”

Threatened Gyoza. The wheels of the bicycle advanced slowly, her feet exerted their strength to pedal like someone who has not ridden a bicycle for a long time, stumbling from left to right until he almost fell off the road. If someone were still awake and looked out one of the bedroom windows, they could see a short woman riding a bicycle with another tall woman. They pedaled slowly down the road under the bright moonlight, before

disappearing into the shadows of the trees.

A large earthen pond dug to collect rainwater stood next to the courtyard of Phra Pirun, a deity who was a symbol of the university that students and professors used to show respect.

The statue of Phra Pirun in the form of a dragon stood in the middle of the pond. The fountain was brightly lit, but this time it was completely dark. Maybe universities would help the country save energy, Gyoza thought humorously, as she parked her bicycle. At the entrance to Phra Pirun's courtyard, he followed Ploy across the brick-lined courtyard until she reached the stairs leading to the water tank.

“The gear of those who will not join the class will be thrown into this pool.”

A tall figure in pajamas and striped pants walked along the path next to the pool with his arms crossed. The moonlight shone on her sweet, sharp face. Although it was unclear, it was enough to see the calm look in his eyes that was different from anywhere else.

“Is there someone missing class?”

“Do you think everyone is willing to work very hard to achieve it?”

Sharp eyes turned to look at her roommate's face with a sneer.

“There are so many people who ask not to participate in the activities of the branch, ignoring university activities. These people live normal lives. Saying that if you don't join, no one will date you is not entirely true. After all, you have to be in the same class as everyone else. But if you choose not to join, the elders will not force you to join

"No,"

Gyoza denied immediately.

“Although I always cause problems, I'm still fine. I just want a reason for the order. They still wanted to participate in branch activities, which they said were "fun." Another thing, if I don't help my branch friends during

activities, it was like putting myself above other people. They work and I just go back to the bedroom to relax? No way, that's too selfish.”

The small figure was now standing next to him, eyes slightly squinted into the round moonlit eyes behind the glasses that reflected the moonlight, making them almost invisible when she spoke. However, her words, which expressed obvious sincerity, caused a subtle smile to inadvertently appear on Ploy's face. I was really just a girl.

“By the way, how do you know about these things!?”

Gyoza asked as if she had just remembered. They were both in their first year. Where did this stupid roommate get all this information?

“Well... well... I have an older brother who studies here. He told me everything. I'm tired of having to listen to that man brag and I'm going to die.”

The stuttered response didn't make the petite woman feel any better. The round eyes behind his glasses still looked at her suspiciously.

“Oh...”

“Do not look at me like that. It doesn't seem strange to me, I want to study at this university. I've been researching this for years, so I know about this stuff. Is that strange?”

She pretended to be shy to hide it. Letting others think she was embarrassed, she was excited about a new place to study. And this time it worked, Gyoza believed it. She felt relieved.

“So how do we get last year's senior gear that was thrown into the water?”

It was not necessary to look for a needle in a haystack. Finding equipment in large bodies of water is almost impossible. Go down and look for it? There is absolutely no way to do it. This was the Emerald Pool!

This name was due to its green color. All kinds of moss are mixed together like boils. If he fell blindly, perhaps he would die at the hands of the ghost

guarding the pool.

“You know how to take it, right? Aside from diving, of course.”

The end of the sentence was just a slogan. The little woman turned to ask the owner what idea had brought her there. But the person who started the story actually acted strangely.

“I don't know.”

“Oh well! Why do you talk like a cat like that? Weren't you the one who brought me here?”

Her roommate's response made Gyoza very angry. Her small, upright figure aggressively ran towards the larger person. But another voice interrupted before the angry girl could finish her sentence.

“I told you where to find it but I never said how. It's not my fault if I understood it that way.”

Both hands were raised in surrender looking at the petite woman with smoke coming out of her ears, her round eyes clearly showing the utmost dissatisfaction. Her small mouth pretended to say something, but closed several times. I wanted to scold her, but I was stuck on that fact. He didn't say how to get it. Gyoza turned around angrily and then kicked the nearby trees and grass to vent her frustration. Ploy could see that she was very angry.

“If you knew you couldn't get it out, why did you risk bringing me here!?”

She turned around and screamed. The expression in her eyes was clearly very angry.

“The reason I brought you here is to tell you that if you are not willing to participate in the branch's activities, you can leave. It doesn't affect your life at university at all. Second and third years do not force everyone to join. You don't have to do that.”

“I don't want to take advantage of other friends by not joining the branch and then letting them work alone. I'm just curious about the orders they gave. I didn't think the situation would go this far.”

The little girl who had already stopped venting her anger on the trees and grass went down to sit on the stairs, watching the shadow of the night moon splashing on the surface of the water, which rippled in the gentle breeze.

“Stop looking for the gear. There is no easy path. Go apologize to P'Ikkyu. Ask nicely and he'll return the tag with your name on it. Trust me.”

The tall figure wanted to sit next to him. But as soon as Ploy sat down, the little woman got up and left. It seemed like his words made her angry.

“Hey! Where are you going? Just listen to the end,”

Said a voice that chased the person walking back to the white bicycle.

“I don't want to listen! That's enough to fool me. Why should I apologize to him when I didn't do anything wrong? You just sleep in this pool and I'll go back to my dorm!”

Gyoza climbed onto the bike, her two small hands gripping the handlebars, before gathering the strength to set off with confidence. Ploy could only see the small shadow moving further and further out of sight. That little girl really left it there. She took a deep breath before looking at her own bandaged leg. It wasn't big, but it was deep enough. And if she forced herself to walk, the wound would not heal. But what could he do? She didn't want to lie in the dew while looking at this emerald pool. The long legs continued to limp along the small path paved with bricks. She followed a shortcut that would take her back to the dorms. How cruel you are, Gyoza!!

“Can we sit with you?”

Someone asked her while she was sitting in a crowded morning dining room where people were fighting for seats, the chairs and the stainless steel tables made shrill noises that prevented her from hearing the question



properly. But it was loud enough to understand. There were three or four of his classmates, of course, he remembered all their names, whether or not they had tags around their necks. Thida, the owner of red-rimmed glasses, pulled out a chair and sat down next to him without waiting for a response. The other three people who were together immediately followed her

“What should we eat? There are only a few food stalls open in the morning dining room,”

The cheerful voice of Suay, a curly-haired branch colleague, asked everyone sitting at the table.

“Whatever, whatever you buy. Also buy more just in case.”

said Lada, the beautiful girl, looking at the screen of your cell phone without raising your eyes. His face was enchantingly beautiful even in his relaxed posture.

“And what about you, Gyoza? I'll buy more just in case.”

Jubjib turned to ask the person sitting next to him.

“Ah...uh...no. I have a sandwich,”

She replied, pointing to the white grocery bag in front of her. What was happening with these people? Was this the way to make friends? Go and act as if you have already known each other before even though you have never said a single sentence. What strange people!! The third day of the Gyoza basic tuning class began. She was like any other 18-year-old girl who just started college and would be friends with other people.

One, two, three, four added up and it seemed to keep increasing. The other branchmates also seemed to want to join her in friendship but did nothing more than give her a smile. What has happened!?

"Hey, Thida, let me ask you something,"

The petite woman whispered to a new friend wearing bright red glasses.

“Yes.”

“I feel like I suddenly became more famous. It's strange, isn't it? Everyone seems friendlier. Am I imagining it?”

Her round eyes blinked from left to right. The class atmosphere that day felt different from previous times.

“It seems that the others want to chat, but they hesitate. Is there anything unusual about me today?”

“I admit that you are strange. But today you are not strange. Don't worry,”

Thida replied in a calm voice, the corners of her full mouth lifting in a smile. She could see that her little friend now had a confused expression on her face.

“I mean, before this, you were already a weirdo in the branch. What crazy girl dares to argue with an elder like you? TRUE?”

“Yes.”

“Ah... Previously we didn't dare go out with you because you caused problems.”

Her face darkened.

“But we still dare to take the risk with you.”

Thida turned to her three friends who were sitting some distance away. Jubjib and Lada chatted happily while Suay collapsed on the table and fell asleep.

“Because I know you're not a bad person. That was clearly revealed yesterday. In fact, if you learn to smile, other people will be braver when approaching you.”

Thida's two white hands grabbed Gyoza's cheeks and spread them apart, forcing her friend to smile.

“It's not difficult to smile like that. Please learn to smile!”

After saying that, she stretched her cheeks even more, making her mouth smile more than before.

“Oh! Silly!”

The little girl protested, moving away from the hand due to the pain, until she spilled tears. Were they close enough to dare hurt her like that? Her hand caressed her own cheek. Thida watched the movement in amusement before her attention shifted from the small person to the tall figure that had just entered the classroom.

"Hello Warang, come here,"

She shouted, waving her hand. Thida's voice caught the other girl's narrowed eyes. He held back his shocked expression for a moment before returning to his old self. The long legs walked down the hallway of the classroom, towards where the group of friends were sitting.

“So you two are close now?”

Whispering, Gyoza asked as she looked at her tall classmate. She approached, her posture rigid as if she had a ruler taped to his back, his neck raised like a tethered crane, and his expression slightly displeased. Given that attitude, it was clear, though not particularly surprising, that she was responsible for her name tag being withheld.

“We have been studying in the same class since Mathayom 1. How can we not be?”

Thida responded indifferently because Warang had already approached them.

"Sit down, the last row is full,"

Thida said as she moved to stand up and tugged on the sleeve of Gyoza's shirt to get up and leave the table so the newcomer could sit inside.

Can you imagine what the rooms are like here? Think of it like a cinema. The only difference was that the classrooms would have extra-long desks. And the path between the tables and chairs was very narrow, so if someone wanted to leave they had to get in line. She didn't want to sit next to her. It sure felt strange. She should make Thida sit in the middle to separate them, Gyoza thought in his heart.

“You, come in and sit inside. I want to sit on the side.”

Warang gave the order and Thida followed easily. And now it was Gyoza who sat between Thida and Warang. Why did it become like this?

The awkward class hour passed slowly. On the left, Thida tried not to fall asleep. On the right, a girl with a silent face. As she was sitting on the side, she didn't say a word, with both arms crossed over her chest and her eyes staring straight at the front of the class, completely ignoring her surroundings. Including Gyoza.

“Negative human relationships' Someone's idle words floated in her mind.”

If she really is a human in a negative relationship, the person next to her is probably much more negative than her. If we compare it to a graph that measures human relationships, the X,Y axes, the leftmost X axis is Warang, the rightmost one is his tall roommate, Ploy. That girl was too friendly. But where was she sitting? Gyoza looked around, searching for the person in his mind. Whose body was that? Several people were sleeping on the tables at the back of the room. The night before she left her roommate at the edge of the emerald pool because she couldn't

She could suppress the anger in her chest. I wanted to let her go back to the bedroom alone and let her break her legs. But she was still a little fascinated by the way the girl behaved all the way to the bedroom. It wasn't far away. Yes, her legs were long. Just a few steps and you would arrive. Because of this, she felt stressed. How was I supposed to get the gear out of the pool? She looked at the strange human she called her friend and couldn't help but sigh. It seemed that the years of happy and peaceful life he dreamed of were far away.

“How are you?”

“My feet hurt a little. Phi, you never told me I would be living in a room with that furry eight-legged creature,”

Ploy reported as she complained, she didn't seem satisfied enough with the job she had been assigned.

“I don't care about your feet. Please report the problem.”

“Everything is happening according to plan. She wasn't as evil as you thought, Phi. A little stubborn but it's acceptable.”

“Um, so you took her to the pool?”

“Yeah. I didn't accept the offer to drop my class just to tell you that. The girl is stubborn but, she's a pretty good person.”

“Um, that means she hasn't stopped looking for the gear. Have you told her where to begin?”

“No. She doesn't even look at me now. She was very angry because I took her to the pond. Until now we still haven't spoken a word.”

“You are right to be angry.”

“So what should I do next? Will you return the name tag to Nong Warang?”

“Tonight. But I wonder what Gyoza will do next. We still have time. Here, have this. Save it if you're sure the girl is fighting enough for her generation. You just need to find a way to deliver this gear.”

Ikkyu handed the equipment into the hands of her high junior. Ploy accepted the gear Ikkyu gave him before turning the gear pendant to see the seal code indicating who it belonged to.

“There is no gear. This is someone's from last year. I was trapped in a container in the TGO room, so they did not take it out to throw it in the pond.”

“Wow...I thought you'd be willing to sacrifice your own gear, Phi.”

“Hey!! If the gear has a code, the owner will also be penalized. Furthermore, not I want to bully the second year students too much. I'm sorry for them.”

“Hey? Do you feel sorry for the second years? I've seen freshmen being naughty and sophomores being punished until their legs went numb.”

“I had to be realistic. The girl would not have believed it if the punishment had been lighter.”

Ploy looked at her superior's face and smiled wryly.

“Phi, you are very kind, you know that?”

She said her last words before turning around and leaving the meeting place hidden from view. The freshmen didn't know that, the cruel senior in their eyes turned out to be the one who was secretly helping behind the scenes all this time. It was funny why the juniors would never find out. But, just as a window had a hole, a door had a lock. A secret place that you can see it doesn't exist.

Her round eyes stared at the back of the tall figure who had just walked away. Who would have thought that the pain of needing to urinate was so intense that it made her run to the bathroom in the middle of class, I would tell her this secret!!

Ploy was a senior in disguise!! Gyoza already felt that something was strange. Turns out that was her plan and P'lkkyu got to play an important role. She played cruelly with her and made her cry. Did you know she was a crazy senior?

Then a mischievous smile suddenly appeared at the corner of her mouth. The plan to obtain the gear was developing step by step in her head. Why did you have to wait for that Ploy will find a way to get her? Whether it was true or not, she had to accept it first. P'lkkyu himself said that he did not care about the method. Gyoza would steal the gear and show it to him!!

End Of The First Volume.

