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*Credit to the Original writer;**SixteenSeven*

ONE

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At that moment, the atmosphere was cool, a product of the electrical storm that had occurred less than an hour ago and that made the late summer weather not so suffocating. Canvas shoes splashed against the puddles of water that had formed on the pavement. Police sirens and fire trucks that had previously arrived at the scene flashed in the darkness. Dozens of officers were discussing what had happened while calling out to the newcomer with a serious expression.

Police Lieutenant Tul Techakomol, also known as Lieutenant Tul walked through all those officers before arriving at the crime scene. The police badge that she hung around her neck was raised for the area guards to inspect and then she lifted the yellow and black tape that delimited the place to enter. The scene was a car accident involving a sports car that had cost tens of millions of baht just a few hours before. A fire had destroyed the car. Tul had received a report of the incident, despite the rain pouring down, the victim's life could not be saved..

The smell of new scrap metal mixed with the flesh of the corpse until Lieutenant Tul even had to raise her arm to cover nose..

Suddenly.

Het white hand had to take out the mobile phone from her pocket that had started to ring, it was a young man she had known since they were in the same high school,

"Second Lieutenant Jew."

And with the tips of her fingers, she touched the green button to answer the call.

"Eer, where are you?"

"Did you arrive at the crime scene?"

Both the tone of voice and his sentences had never displeased her. The closeness between her and Jew was enough to overlook the Phi and Nong system that all the elders managed.

"Since they called me to inform me, can you come quickly?"

Due to their long-standing friendship, Tul only felt close to Jew. She kept looking around as she spoke, bowing her head to all the passing officers.

"Do not know anyone."

"Look for Phi Earth, he's an officer who used to study in the same class as me. He now himself must be at the crime scene. You can try walking and looking for it."

Jew recommended to the person on the other end of the line

"You better hurry up and get to the place as soon as possible. I'll give you another five minutes."

“Wait, Phi Tul. There must be someone from the Institute of Forensic Medicine, she's probably there right now...”

Jew couldn't finish his sentence. Instead, the young lieutenant pressed to cut off the call from her subordinate, feeling distressed and exhaling through her mouth to dispel the cold before taking long steps towards the burning car.

Tul leaned over to look inside the car. The smell of burnt flesh from the corpses touched her nostrils. It was so intense that she had to put her hand over her nose. Even if she had seen many cases one after another, she still hadn't gotten used to the smell. After taking a quick look, she checked the condition of the corpse. The skin was so burned that red tissue was visible in some places, but the face seemed to be the most damaged area to the point of not being able to identify who the deceased was.

Her eyes moved to the gear shift of the car with many burnt cigarette butts piled up in the ashtray. It was obvious that the deceased was probably a smoker. Maybe that had been the cause of the fire. The suspicious point for Lieutenant Tul was the seat belt strap that covered the body. The lock still looked tight, there were no signs that the deceased had attempted to release it, the car door was completely closed and there were no signs of attempting to force it in order to survive.

The lieutenant frowned, putting the gloves on both hands. She reached inside the door before opening it to inspect it. She discovered that the driver's side window had been rolled down completely. It hadn't shattered like the other car windows after being hit by the force of the fire.

“Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant Jew contacted me to tell me that you had arrived at the crime scene.”

The police officer entered to pay his respects to Lieutenant Tul who looked away from the corpse and nodded.

“Allow me to inform you of the results of the preliminary investigation.. The unidentified deceased died due to burns. It is assumed that what caused death came from the fire caused by cigarettes and perfume spray.”

“Fragrance?”

“Yes, we found a bottle of perfume on the floor of the car. It is ready to be sent to the medical examiner.”

Earth of the forensic police division showed him a zip-lock bag containing a burnt perfume bottle that had changed shape. Tul reached out and took it to check it. Its mark could still be seen, which should help with the investigation.

“Is it a spray perfume or something?”

“Yes, I suppose he must have accidentally sprayed the perfume while smoking.”

"So it caught fire and spread throughout the car?"

The lieutenant muttered to herself, frowning as she thought about the possibility.

“But strangely, he didn't try to escape. The window was open, the seat belt was securely fastened. What if there was some other reason he couldn't get out of the car? What motivated his behavior?”

“The intense heat caused the tendons in the forearm joints to contract, causing the corpse to bend and lift like a boxer would. No wonder the corpse's expression is that of someone who didn't try to fight.”

Tul turned around to look for the source of the voice of the person who had said a long medical prayer. She then saw the girl crouching slightly to be in the line of sight of the burned corpse without showing fear or disgust. The woman took out some rubber gloves and put them on.

“Have you already taken photos?”

“Yeah.”

Lieutenant Tul was not sure who that person was but assumed it was part of the forensic department that she did not know. Knowing this, she thought it

would be best to let Jew drag her around and introduce her to the entire department so she wouldn't feel confused.

“Was the car door already open like that?”

She raised her head and asked in a calm and emotionless voice. She made Tul feel like a student who had just realized that she had forgotten to bring her homework after the class teacher asked the students to do her work.

“N...No, that is Tul's job, who is in charge of reviewing the accident scene.”

Phi Earth frantically answered the question, both out of fear of the cold gaze and out of consideration for the lieutenant who had just arrived at the crime scene and had to take responsibility for that case, but she had to tell the truth anyway.

“You should consider the treatment at the scene first. What happens if you open the door and move the corpse?”

Her eyes were as fierce as a hawk as she looked at the lieutenant who was standing with her mouth open, about to respond but in the end she couldn't say anything because she knew that what she had done could really change the situation.

"Anyway, I have the photos, there shouldn't be any problem."

Earth tried to offer a helping hand. But the coroner wasn't interested in those excuses and she took something out of the bag. Tul saw that it was a cotton swab that the woman then inserted into her nostril.

“What is she going to do?”

Tul's response came when the cotton tip that had been removed from his nostrils was shown to be full of soot mixed with blood. The coroner put it inside a test tube and then closed it tightly.

“The cause of death could have been inhalation of large amounts of smoke. It is likely that due to the falling rain that the fire spread. Did you take a photo in this part or not?”

“Wait a moment.”

The forensic officer hurried out to search the camera for the photos he had taken, leaving Tul with the bossy woman who had been pointing her finger and giving a lot of orders since she had arrived.

“You say he died from inhaling smoke. So it means that she still could have had time to escape from the car, right?”

“In practice, it is difficult. The cause of the spark was cigarettes and perfume. The explosion may have occurred in the blink of an eye before flames engulfed the car making it unable to escape in time.”

The same young woman spoke with a confident expression before straightening herself to her full height. She is about the same size as Tul. She opened her mouth to ask questions from so close you could see the tiny freckles on the tip of her nose and right cheek. Her hair reached her shoulders and was dark brown, just like her eyes, which gave off a stern look. Her face was as white as a child's, showing no emotion, giving the appearance of being a mysterious person but that seemed to show her some interest in the person in front of her.

Before she could do anything, the woman moved closer. The police badge hanging around her neck was pulled up to read the message on it.

“Police Lieutenant Tul Techakomol, Central Investigation Bureau. Criminalistics department.”

The owner of the name almost stopped breathing the closer the same pair of eyes came to make eye contact with her.

“You don't have to be a police officer to know this. Even in the first science book it comes.”

The painfully true phrase was said before the woman walked away, leaving Tul unable to move as if her feet had been nailed to the floor.

“Hey you!”

Tul hurriedly walked directly towards the girl who was currently talking to other police officers. But before she could get into trouble, Second Lieutenant Jew, who had just arrived, rushed to block her path, not really knowing why her superior looked so angry.

“Stop, stop! Where are you going? Phi, calm down first.”

“Who is that woman?”

Tul almost wanted to throw Jew, even though he was several inches taller than her.

“Like a woman?”

“That person, the person who talks to the Earth group.”

Jew turned around and found out the reason why the newly arrived police officer from the investigation agency was so upset.

“Did you meet Dr. Ran?”

“Who?”

“The doctor from the Institute of Legal Medicine, I told you on the phone. Doctor Ran, she always handles autopsies, maybe she is a little mean but in terms of talent, she is really hard to match. I really can't believe she's only a year older than me,”

Jew said showing how famous she was but Tul couldn't accept that even if you were very talented she had a bad attitude.

“What did you say her name was?”

Her eyes were still trained on the woman in a cream-colored suit that reached just above her knees. She couldn't tell much about what kind of person she was, even if they had just had a confrontation, the truth was, it made her feel dissatisfied.



“Dr Ran. Phi, you should have recognized the last name of her father who also works at the Institute of Forensic Medicine. Her name is Che-ran Chanthanasatien.”

Lieutenant Tul picked up her watch and walked in front of the autopsy observation room.

“How long until it starts?”

“I don't know, actually right now the forensic institute is closed Phi. This is considered a special case due to the urgency but they must call the rest of the team, otherwise Dr. Ran will have to do it alone.”

Just hearing that name made Tul's eyebrows furrow slightly thinking about what had happened an hour earlier at the crime scene and she felt distressed again. The reprimand that was given in calm words had a greater impact on her than if she had been yelled at or harsh words had been used. She hadn't even finished speaking when the sound of quick footsteps coming down the hallway caught both of their attention and they turned to look.

A woman hurried in. At first she didn't realize that there was a person leaning against the wall. At first, she jumped and stood up straight as if she had met a commander. But when the woman turned her face, Tul realized something. She was as beautiful as a diamond in the forensic academy. Her walk was like in romantic movies. When she turned to face the two police officers, Tul felt like Jew's breath had stopped.

“Lieutenant Jew Are you responsible for this case?”

“Y...yes. Did they call you for this case Mae?”

Jew, she stammered, not being the same as always. The muscles on her face looked strange because she seemed to be trying to hold back a smile. Tul looked at him with pity.

“Yes, Ran called me to help because she had to do a DNA test and...”

“Ah...this person is my superior. She was recently transferred to the Central Investigation Department. Her name is P'Tul.”

Jew hurriedly introduced his Senior to the beautiful forensic officer.

“What are you going to... Hello Tul, you can call me Mae.”

The appearance of intimacy between the forensic officer and the second lieutenant made Tul think that after finishing her shift, she had to make fun of him a little, for secretly liking that girl.

“Very well Mae, when can the autopsy begin?”

Maethinee checked the time on her wristwatch as she turned on the light in the living room. It's time, you can go and wait in the observation room. I'd like to go get ready now. Two policewomen entered the observation room following her instructions. Forensic duties that Jew already knew well. Although he looked up and down while he said goodbye to the girl who had come in to prepare for the autopsy.

The victim's lifeless body had been wrapped in white cloth and was lying on the bed in the center of the room. Soon the door on the other side was opened and the small figure of a forensic doctor that Tul was seeing for the second time that day appeared. For a moment she looked at her through the glass before turning away, saying nothing, acting as if no one was standing there.

“She is completely different from the other doctor.”

Tul gritted her teeth. Jew just laughed.

“Dr. Ran is like that, Phi. But she is very good at her job.”

"It must be that working with corpses means I can't establish human relationships."

The lieutenant could be scathing but unfortunately she didn't notice when the door to the room opened again to reveal a young man dressed in a

surgical gown ready. to begin the autopsy. Zhao Jiu reached out and pressed the microphone button to greet the newcomer.

“Hello Bank, are you on duty tonight?”

The owner of the name nodded slightly, with a smile that seemed a thousand times friendlier than that of the girl next to him, making Tul abandon the idea that the people at the forensic medicine institute were unfriendly. It was just one specific person who acted that way.

“There is only one person who is conceited.”

Tul crossed her arms, keeping her eyes on the young doctor, unable to believe what Jew was saying about her qualities. The corpse had more than 50% damage. The body had begun to decompose from the scorching heat. The only part of the forearm, which was in a boxer's position, could not be lowered to the body. Because the gas station owner did not notify in time, the officers arrived later than usual, and that always made the job difficult.

“At one seventeen hours (01:17), the autopsy begins.”

The medical examiner said before standing still in front of the victim. Before long, the young assistant took the camera and pressed the shutter to collect the photos on the state of the corpse before the autopsy began. Tul watched Doctor Ran's every movement, her small hand carefully touching the body of the corpse. Her thin lips were telling what she was finding so that Bank, the medical examiner's assistant, would take note.

“The hair is completely burned and the epidermis destroyed. The fingertips and nails are completely burned. The legs were less burned. The outer layer of the skin is charred.”

According to Dr. Ran's words and what she had seen, the victim's legs had suffered less damage than her upper body. Both legs were still intact, causing the medical examiner to find some anomalies in the right ankle. She moved it slightly so everyone could see clearly.

“I found a tattoo of a cloud on thr right ankle. With a tattoo like this, identifying the deceased should not be difficult. Regarding car registration, what do you think? Could you find it?”

"I'll get in touch, Phi."

Jew showed his mobile phone screen with an incoming call from "ProHack Phu" before hurriedly pressing the call to receive the urgent information.

“Phu, can you get me the car registration?”

The owner, who was one hundred and seventy centimeters tall, looked into the eyes of his fellow police officer with an expression of amazement and shock at what he had heard.

“Can you confirm about the tattoo? I'll send you the photo, um...Send me the car registration again by mail. That's fine thanks.”

Lieutenant Jew hung up the phone with an uneasy expression on his face. He hurried to send a photo of the corpse's tattoo taken from the monitor in the observation room for further examination, at the same time receiving a new email that he himself had requested. Before Tul began to protest, Jew handed him his cell phone which showed an email full of information from the owner of the vehicle where the tragedy had occurred.

Tul quickly looked at the victim's name, realizing it wasn't just anyone. That was easy to guess, why a person who had a supercar could only be the son of some millionaire.

“Wasan Siriwat, twenty-six years old... The second son of Siraphop, owner of a film and television media business. He has another daughter who owns a record label.”

With what was written in the report, Tul let out a sigh when she learned the name of the victim. In a short time, the news of the death of the young man, heir to high society, would spread across almost all news channels until they definitely could not face it.

“It's probably a big problem, Phi. The reporters don't know about it now, but tomorrow... I don't want to think about it.”

No one needed to tell him, Tul could guess the situation while looking at the photo of a once handsome young man. His hair was bright blonde and matched his face. If she remembered correctly, she had seen this man in the entertainment news headlines often. It wasn't pleasant news, he was a womanizer, he had had an affair with a female star and he also liked to party. If only he had stayed that way and not in his current state.

The notification sound on Jew's mobile phone rang again, this time it was two pictures placed side by side with the same tattoo to confirm the identity of Khun Wasan Siriwat.

“They are images from Wasan's IG. He got this tattoo last year. It is confirmed.”

“Has anyone notified his family yet?”

“I have already told the inspector. Tomorrow morning, he will inform you himself.”

Tul looked at the soulless body that was about to undergo a dissection process. It was the first case she had had to take on less than a week after moving to work at the Central Investigation Department and it made her feel worried. But if she couldn't handle those pressures, she might not be able to move forward.

“Scalpel.”

Dr. Ran said as she received the scalpel from the assistant. She slowly exerted force with her small hand, pressing the knife from his chest to his abdomen. Her skin had already been partially burned making the procedure not too difficult.

Fortunately, the heat was not enough to damage the internal organs as much as it should have, although some parts had shrunk a bit and lost their original size when placed on the scale.

The occupants of the observation room watched as internal organs were removed and dark blood samples were taken for analysis. The young doctor's skill was quite impressive. The more she watched the procedure, the more Tul respected her ability to erase the insulting words from her mind. For the coroner, it was fortunate that she was still able to collect a blood sample. She drew a dark liquid from his heart into a clear glass tube which was carefully handed to the assistant.

“Send it to Mae for substance analysis. Leave a DNA sample for family members to test if they wish.”

“It is not necessary to do DNA tests, we can identify from tattoos and from the license plate registration I can know who the owner of the car is.”

Tul pressed the microphone to communicate with the staff inside the autopsy room.

“The name of the deceased was Wasan Siriwat, son of Siraphop..”

“It seems that the lieutenant has a lot of confidence in herself. If the police keep working this well, there won't be a need for an autopsy, Bank. It's a shame we're going to lose our jobs.”

Such a scathing sentence without relying on blasphemy made Tul clench her jaw. She didn't know if the face under the mask was hiding a satisfied smile or not, but it seemed that the one who couldn't hide the smile was the junior police officer who could barely raise his hand to cover his mouth.

It was almost three in the morning when Dr. Ran left the autopsy room after stitching the incision on the deceased's body to finish the job. At the same time, Lieutenant Tul used her elbow to support the young man who had fallen asleep while he waited to be awakened.

“What is the conclusion?”

“We believe that the cause of death was exposure to toxic gases in large quantities, causing the body to not receive enough oxygen. We have sent samples to check, blood and lung biopsies to look for toxins that the

deceased may have inhaled. Test results will be announced tomorrow morning.”

“Wait? You spent a lot of time taking the tests and still can't confirm the results? This is no different than when at the crime scene she said he died from smoke inhalation.”

Lieutenant Tul protested at not getting the necessary details to help her case after waiting for several hours. At that moment, Ran could no longer extinguish her anger and the other girl's impatience.

“My duty is to verify the facts until the result is issued in the morning, I cannot confirm anything 100%. If the police want other evidence to confirm their own assumptions, why don't you go out and do your duty?”

“Doctor!”

The young lieutenant intended to continue arguing but Jew pulled her arm in time to stop her as it seemed that neither of them would give up.

"Let's go home, Phi. There is nothing more we can do today.”

Jew tried to persuade her. In fact, since working with Dr Ran, she was always cold and didn't really form relationships with other people. Most people avoided accusing her as directly as Tul had just done. She couldn't deny that her superior had had every intention of annoying the doctor.

“Bank told me that you had a problem with Lieutenant Tul. Why?”

Maethinee asked during the process to examine the blood results from the last test that they were so urgent that Ran had to call her. Looking at the situation, it was possible that they would have to be together for the rest of the day. Although work was over, being friends they intended to spend the night together. Mae was one of the few people who could meet this girl who seemed to have no emotions.

"I don't like her."

It was short and simple. Saving words but I knew the other person got the point.

“Did you tell the teacher that you're not going home?”

Mae changed the subject. She didn't want her friend to be in a gloomy mood after the post-mortem examination and her argument with Lieutenant Tul. At that time, she was wearing a hamster-print neck pillow, which did not match the image that the entire forensic institute regularly had of her.

“Um, I sent a message to tell him. And you?”

“I left a note for my mom.”

"I mean, have you told Lieutenant Jew yet that his case left you sleepless?"

“Damn, what are you talking about? It's just a job.”

Mae cursed at her friend who used the police officer's name to make fun of her but she didn't seem to care at all what she was saying as she hid a smile under her pillow after joking with her friend about Lt. Jew who everyone knew about that he liked to see Mae in a special way.

For Ran, it would be better if Jew didn't have a certain annoying police friend. Just thinking about the face of the arrogant lieutenant who had questioned her work with scathing comments and accused her without reason was reason enough to be crossed off her list of nice people. She could only pray that in the next case they wouldn't have to work together.

Tul felt like her head had barely touched the pillow a minute ago when her alarm started going.

“Do you want to sleep a little more? I heard you come back at three in the morning.”

Tihn asked with a soft voice. Seeing her sister's unlikely state of being able to get up made her feel compassion. Her eyes remained closed but she hurried to sit up no matter how sleepy she was.



“Can't... “

"I can wake you up in a little while longer,"

His good brother expressed his concern again. Secretly, he sometimes felt guilty for having to wake her up but it was she herself who asked him to do it to avoid being late for work.

“It's okay, I'm awake.”

Tul lifted the blanket, got up and silently entered the bathroom to do her personal things. I kept thinking about when I could sleep again, but because of work I couldn't really do it, I could only look forward to the day off to get some rest.

“Don't fall asleep in the bathroom.”

The sound of his older brother's screams reached the bathroom, causing the person who was standing falling asleep with a toothbrush in her mouth to wake up again. She rinsed her mouth, washed her face and eyes. That morning, Tul intended to return to the scene of the previous night's crime because there were things that seemed very suspicious to her. The autopsy results had not been clear, which made her want to win that battle even more.

Tul, who was wearing casual clothes with a white vest over her shirt, left the bedroom. The aroma of pork porridge filled the kitchen causing a soft protest from her stomach to quickly find food. Tihn, wearing an apron, was breaking a hard-boiled egg into a bowl while his sister sat in her seat.

“All you can eat.”

Tul looks at his brother who was pouring the black sauce over the hard-boiled eggs followed by some pepper. Then, he brought it in front of her. There was also a bowl of congee and fried pork. His brother's culinary skill was at the level of opening a restaurant, but it was no wonder why P'Tihn often worked as a hotel chef.

"What else could I expect from the cutest housekeeper,"

Tul said before putting the porridge into her mouth. The heat level was just right, but it could cause her tongue to swell if she ate too quickly.

"Eat slowly, blow first."

Her older brother was upset to see the girl in that state and rushed to get a cold water in a glass and handed it to her immediately.

"What appened yesterday? Why did you come home so late?"

The topic of discussion at the breakfast table was often related to the cases for which Tul was responsible. The night before, Tihn believed that his younger sister would return home on time, but her sister had called him to tell him that he did not have to wait for her for dinner.

"It's because of the forensics. I had to wait for the autopsy results, they couldn't confirm anything, it was a waste of time."

The more she thinks about it, the more resentful she felt that she had never met a medical examiner who refused to support the work of a police officer.

"What kind of corpse was it?"

"He was using perfume while smoking in the car. The fire then engulfed him and he did not escape in time. Do you know me? That's also a headache. Yesterday it was a good thing that it was too late to be surrounded by journalists, but today I think I won't survive."

After finishing speaking, Tul picked up a hard-boiled egg and swallowed it completely when she saw the clock that was hanging on the wall. The young lieutenant stood up, grabbed a bag, and slung it over her shoulder.

"I'll leave first, I have to hurry. P'Tihn, I think I'll be late again today."

"Oh... okay, be careful."

Tihn looked at his sister who was walking in her favorite pair of sneakers and smiled at her. The girl turned and said goodbye once more before leaving the house where she and her brother lived.

## ②

### TWO



The Lieutenant began the morning approaching a gas station located in the middle of nowhere far from the scene. The highway was just a through road with no resting place except for an area so desolate that the grass grew into a small forest and the houses were located several alleys away. The young lieutenant only had that gas station as a clue for the investigation.

Another glass of American coffee that she had stopped to buy on the way was finished before throwing it into the trash. No one had approached her, so she had to cough a little to get the attention of the guy in charge who was playing on her cell phone.

“Nong, I'm a police officer.”

The police badge hanging from her neck was raised to show it to him.

“I have something to ask about a person. I want to know if you have seen him or know him. Tul showed him a photo with a serious face of the victim's identification card on her cell phone that she gave him so that he could see it better before she spoke.

“Oh.... this guy, why?”

“Last night, around 11:00 pm This man's car caught fire and he couldn't escape. He died instantly. We found a perfume spray and a lighter that probably caused the electrical spark.”

Tul had to tell the details of the case. She couldn't help but sympathize with the boy when she saw his face. It was difficult for young people to face this type of tragic news where people died due to terrible events. Apart from her fellow police officers, only with P' Tihn could she talk about these things even if they were eating.

“He is dead? Well. I filled his gas tank once. I remember it because of the Lambo.”

“Once? A lot of time has passed?”

“Well, a month ago. I remember my hands were shaking. I was afraid of breaking his car.”

The boy was silent for a moment as he thought about the incident involving the man before continuing.

“My friend who has now resigned had a problem with this person.”

“What was the problem?”

“He was smoking while refueling'. He had the car window open while he smoked. My friend approached him to ask him to stop and that man slapped him.”

Tul looked as if she hoped what she heard wasn't true.

“That seems like an exaggerated reaction, doesn't it?”

“I'm telling you the truth Phi, I'm not lying. My friend's face was bloody because he was wearing a ring. After the slap, he threw away two thousand in bills for the gasoline and walked away. When I think about it, it was a terrible thing.”

Until that moment, Tul already knew that the victim was not a kind or understanding person, but no one deserved to die. As a law enforcement officer, Tul had to investigate the truth.

“Does this gas pump have surveillance cameras?”

“Yes, there is one there.”

The boy pointed to the 24-hour convenience store with a camera recording the area in front of the gas station.

“And there is a front of the dispenser at each point.”

“Can I look at the security cameras?”

Lieutenant Tul followed the witness to a small room where the manager had an old computer installed. Videos from 6 CCTV cameras installed in front of the convenience store were projected on the screen to get a picture of the footpath and road outside. Tul quickly pointed to the upper left corner of the screen.

“Let me see this camera.”

"Yes, Lieutenant."

The manager who had volunteered manipulated the CCTV to enlarge the image from that camera and fill the screen. All images of the events of the previous night had been recorded. An hour before the accident, almost no cars had passed the gas station. That neighborhood was just a passageway to the main road. Especially in the middle of the night when it wasn't common to see cars passing by.

A white hand took out a vibrating mobile phone in his pocket and slid his fingertips to answer it before putting it to his ear.

“What's happening?”

[Phi, we have more information about Khun Wasan.]

“OK tell me.”

Tul's ears split in two, listening to what Jew had to say as she watched the CCTV footage.

[Yesterday before the incident Khun Wasan had a birthday party at Deemai Thonglor Pub with his friends at 8 pm. We contacted them to find out who they are but looking at the time until the incident, he should have been in the pub for quite some time and then he went away.]

“From Thonglor to the Bangna. Trad line takes about half an hour. Especially late at night when there is not much traffic.”

[About that, but when we received the notice it was 11:40 now I'm thinking why did he go there?]

“Where is his house?”

[Their condo is near Ratchada on the opposite side of where all of Phi happened.]

“Here, Phi, this car.”

The same boy's voice caught Tul's attention. The CCTV tape stopped as soon as the luxury sports car could be seen at the petrol station.

“Jew, wait a minute. I'm at a gas station near the accident scene. If there is any progress, please let me know.”

[Phi how long have you been away? We may have to go to the forensic institute. The reporters already know...]

Once again, Lieutenant Jew did not finish her sentence, when the line had already been cut. Tul looked at the car on the screen as she noticed a certain abnormality. Her eyebrows furrowed and her lips pursed as she looked at the number in the lower right corner indicating the time. It was 10:24, about an hour before police received the call. Where did the deceased intend to go before heading to where the incident had occurred and where he died?

“Please allow me?”

"Sure, Lieutenant."

Facing the computer desk, he held down the mouse to continue playing the CCTV footage while using fast playback.

After about half an hour, there was no sign of the deceased's car returning. Until about twenty minutes before receiving the notification, the luxury car appeared on the screen again.

"That's it, it's here again, Phi,"

The younger man said excitedly, because everything seemed exciting to him.

"At 11:16 p.m., about twenty minutes before receiving the report, he returned to the scene of the accident. The most likely time of death is then between approximately 23:20 and 23:30 pm before we were notified."

Tul's brain processed all the events in her head quickly.

"Where did he go before the incident? And why did he return?"

Tul recalled the information received from Lieutenant Jew that he had left the Pub in Thonglor, but did not return to his own condominium but had driven to the outskirts of Bangkok. There was also the matter that two boys had seen him in the area before, indicating that there was somewhere he visited regularly.

The lieutenant resumed playing the video and doubled her speed again to reach the moment when the Wasan's car was expected to explode. There were no unusual incidents on the road in front of the gas station. There were two night shift employees sitting at the small dispenser counter, one was asleep and the other played on the phone until 11:28:32 minutes according to the CCTV recording.

Both of them were startled and stood up suddenly...There was an explosion sound. That was the moment Wasan died at the scene of the accident.

"Those two kids said they heard an explosion and then police cars,"



The store manager said. The video continued playing. Both employees returned to their seats when nothing happened after that. The service station continued not to receive customers and no cars passed by either. The atmosphere returned to normal until Tul noticed a person walking in front of the bomb.

“Who is this person?”

I use the mouse to point to the mysterious figure who was wearing a hat that obscured her face.

“Don't know. At that time there are usually no people walking.”

A suspicious person walked around the edge of the closed-circuit television camera, since the first time Tul thought it was unlikely to be any accident when obtaining that information. Things were getting stranger and stranger. Especially the behavior of the deceased who had driven such a long distance to the gas station. Why had he parked in a lonely alley to smoke? Or maybe the deceased hadn't been the one to do it and someone wanted him to look that way.

Tul let the videotape continue playing as she watched that person walk near the gas pump. There was another car going in the opposite direction but other than that, nothing seemed wrong. She watched until she saw the police cars and fire trucks passing by. At this moment, the mobile phone rang again. This time he wasn't Jew but a number Tul didn't know.

“Hello....”

Just by hearing the first sentence the young lieutenant felt upset because she recognized well that sweet and somewhat hoarse voice like that of a husky that said:

[The results of the toxicological tests have been released. The forensic institute does not have a delivery service so you have to come and collect the results on your own.]

There was only one person in the world who had been able to bite her and not let go since the first day they faced each other and who also didn't have the necessary manners. Without letting Tul answer anything, the woman had already ended the call. That kind of attitude was her bad habit. Tul hoped it was just a case of them having to agree why more of them wouldn't be a nice thing.

## FORENSIC INSTITUTE

Two black European vans stopped in front of the forensic institute building capturing the attention of journalists who were hungry for information after learning about the story of the death of the third heir of Sirapob, the famous businessman.

More than half of the country's entertainment media had the place surrounded in their vans. It was necessary to call guards and some police officers to stand in front of the road and prevent journalists from reaching the businessman. The father of the deceased when the door of his car opened and flashing lights blinded the man who was wearing a suit. Dozens and dozens of questions like machine gun bullets were said by all the news agencies that tried to approach but were being prevented by police and guards.

“Khun Sirapob, how do you feel about the news about your son?”

“Is it true that before his death Khun Wasan went to a pub around Thonglor. Was he drunk while he was driving?”

“Do you think this news will affect your company's actions?”

The reporters' questions went unanswered. His face was stern and the old man refused to look anyone in the eye who crossed his path. With the help of the guards, he hurriedly walked around until he was able to enter the forensic institute building, not wanting to waste time with the media who were ready to spread malicious news that could affect business in the future.

Meanwhile, the police were in charge of preventing irrelevant people from entering the building.

“Khun Sirapob! Already you arrived?”

A senior police officer, also known as Inspector Pichet, head of the crime department of the Central Bureau of Investigation, came in half walking, half running welcoming the high level businessman who had assets worth hundreds of billions of baht.

“First of all, I would like to express my condolences for what happened.”

The inspector bowed his head to greet the old man in front of him, ignoring the sight of people passing by in front motioning to his subordinates to do the same. Some relatives looked like they had not been received in that same way.

“Are you responsible for my son's case?”

“Uh... I have a subordinate who is in charge of this case. I am waiting for the investigation report but when I found out that you were coming, I came immediately to attend to it.”

A flattering tone was hidden in every word. Although he was not responsible, the woman in charge of it had given her a report the day before that helped her deal with the businessman who was influential at the national level. Meanwhile Jew pursed his lips secretly as he looked at his boss's back.

“I came to take his body for the ceremony.”

“Yes, the autopsy has been completed since last night. I'll send one of my subordinates to follow up on this with the medical examiner.”

The police officer nodded his head knowingly before turning around and giving orders to his subordinates to urgently fetch the autopsy officer. Jew grabbed the policeman's arm and asked him to leave it to him. Meanwhile, the inspector extended his hand in another direction, inviting the

businessman to sit down and rest before the forensic doctor arrived.

Inside the laboratory of the Department of Forensic Toxicology of the Institute of Forensic Medicine, Dr. Ran sat reading the results of the poisoning test of the victim on whom she had performed the autopsy the night before along with photographs of various tests that remained inside the car, including many cigarette butts in the ashtray, lighter, and spray perfume can that had been burned out of shape.

“How are you? Were you able to write the report?”

Maethinee returned with two cups of coffee. After working all night together, Doctor Ran did not respond immediately. She turned the page and read the next page.

“He died from inhaling a large amount of toxic smoke. The concentration of gas in his bloodstream was enough to cause immediate death. His windpipe and lungs were filled with dust particles,”

Ran muttered to herself. What the tests showed hadn't been much different from what she thought. However, there were some anomalies so it could not be concluded whether it was an accident caused by negligence or a situation created to disguise the murder.

“Not only that. The blood alcohol content was eighty (80 mg%) over the legal limit and methamphetamine was found, that's not a good combination.”

Maethinee even let out a sigh. Personal opinion often did not match the work and its ethics. She didn't like to think badly of the dead, but the more they examined the more likely it was that his death was related to his behavior. Doctor Ran did not comment. I was baffled by the pre-autopsy photograph of the deceased, the shirt he was wearing was charred to the point of being stuck to his skin, but on the other hand, the jeans that one

would initially think would be burned due to the fire were not damaged as they should have been, be.

The next photo was of the interior of the car that was completely destroyed by the fire. Typically the seats were burned to just the steel frames with just a few visible parts of the interior foam while the leather upholstery was burned to damage.

“Mae.”

“Yeah?”

“Could you please check the deceased's clothes and some of the leather on the car seat as well?”

“Ah, yes.”

Mae didn't understand why she wanted to check those things and what it had to do with the cause of death. Her friend used to believe in intuition. Cause and effect were always her way of seeing things and she had to be able to explain the facts. Maethinee, she thought that perhaps her suspicions could have a real origin.

“Can I ask you a question? Why do you want me to check it? Did the police ask for it?”

Ran thought about the lieutenant's arrogant expression, trying to find a contradiction about the victim's cause of death. She didn't settle for the assumption that it was an accident like other police officers.

“It wasn't Lieutenant Jew as you think.”

“Could you stop joking?”

At that moment... They knocked twice on the door of the forensic toxicology room. The theory that when you talk about someone and they show up, it seemed to be true.. Lieutenant Jew tried very hard to contain her smile when he saw Maethinee, as she had guessed that if Dr. Ran wasn't in her office, she would be in the Forensic Toxicology Department.

“Dr. Ran, now Khun Wasan's relatives came to take the body for the ceremony.”

“Dr. Bank can handle that matter. I will send the autopsy report to the police and prosecutor.”

The doctor clarified because the forensic process was finished and the rest of the procedures had to be done in the legal department responsible for continuing to investigate the case.

"I think you should go out to meet the inspector."

Jew looked from left to right to check that no one was eavesdropping. He covered his mouth and say what he was thinking.

“You should go and show your face.”

Ran looked through round glasses. Generally, her assistant, Dr Bank, was the one in charge of delivering the body to the relatives. But having such an important visitor, she wasn't surprised to be asked to do it herself. The young doctor decided to follow Lieutenant Jew to see the deceased's relatives who were waiting.. A pair of beautiful eyes looked at them quickly enough to foresee the events dhe would have to deal with.

In the place, there was the inspector I had seen before, a policeman, her assistant Doctor Bank and not far away, Khun Sirapob Siriwat sitting on a large sofa. The other person there was a very tall man in a suit who seemed to be a bodyguard watching in case anyone tried to attack his boss.

“Dr. Ran is here,"

Lieutenant Jew said briefly, making way for the woman who bowed her head slightly to receive the guests as a ceremony.

"I thought the doctor in charge would be Rakkit,"

The inspector said of the doctor. The inspector mentioned the forensic doctor who was better known in the investigation circle. This is because the deceased was the heir of a famous businessman. It was important to the

institute that a respected doctor perform the autopsy, but unexpectedly, the person who had done it was a woman he rarely worked with.

“There was no one at school last night. That's why I'm the one handling this case.”

Cher-rán said in a calm voice regardless of the words that seemed to despise her abilities and talent just because she was a woman. At that moment, the inspector seemed to say something to the tycoon Sirapob who waved his hand carelessly.

“I came to carry my son's body for the ceremony. The autopsy is complete, right?”

“Yes, but...”

“Do I have to sign something to take the body? Bring the documents right now.”

The young doctor focused her attention on the expression and eyes of the father who had lost his son, but he did not seem as sad as he should have been. He acted as if he had gone to pick up some merchandise. He just wanted to sign and take it. Was the charred body that had been lying on her autopsy table since the night before worth less than the man in front of her?

“You don't know the cause of death, do you?”

The man sighed making everyone's heart heavy.

“No.”

"Well, since I haven't told you what the cause of his death is, at least..."

Dr. Ran narrowed her eyes at the inspector, whom she had not seen at the scene the night before but who was currently sitting next to the victim's father as if he were responsible for the case.

“The police should review the report, in case there is something that affects the case.”

Lieutenant Jew and Doctor Bank were standing next to each other and even swallowed a large amount of saliva as they looked at the woman's beautiful face as if thinking.

"Okay, now you're in trouble."

"I already knew the news because someone called me to inform me. My son went out almost every night partying with other drunks. The car exploded because of his own ignorance, right? That's why I had to come pick it up here. Right, doctor?"

Silence fell after the longest sentence came out of Wasan's father's mouth. How unfortunate! There was not even a hint of sadness in his eyes. Rather, he seemed to be annoyed that he had to waste his time going there.

"It is true that the forensic cause of death is assumed to be inhalation of a large amount of toxins in the smoke. Your son still had blood alcohol above the legal limit. But he was still able to drive a distance of more than ten kilometers,"

The doctor said eloquently. She looked at the old man indifferently. And he looked at her too.

"But we still cannot rule out witnesses and other evidence, it is the police's duty to investigate beyond the results of the autopsy."

The senior police officer did not dare to intervene, but he cleared his throat. He didn't think he would have to deal with that extreme situation either. But it seems like he wants to end this as soon as possible. In addition to business competitors and matters within the same family that would be able to upset him, it seemed that there would also be a female medical examiner who dared to go against his demands. Khun Sirapob stood up and walked firmly towards the girl who did not even back away or apologize for what she had said.

"The car fire was caused by my son's negligence. Don't waste my time anymore."



Cher-rán looked at the indifference of the deceased's father who turned to give instructions to the inspector who seemed very willing to please him.

“Tell your subordinates in charge of this case that I do not suspect the cause of death and that I will take responsibility for all damages caused.”

“Yes sir. I will do that.”

The report in the doctor's hand was tightly clenched. For the first time she felt that she couldn't control herself but her gaze remained calm as the man turned to look at her.

“Can I take the body now?”

“Of course, my duty is finished.”

At the end of her speech, Dr. Bank volunteered to take two of the companions to the morgue. The Dr. Meanwhile tried to contain her feelings so, she bowed her head slightly as a courtesy towards the older person before walking away from her without looking back.

“That's not right, I'm the one in charge of the case. Why didn't you wait for me? Make sure they don't take the body yet. I'll be there in ten or twenty minutes.”

Lieutenant Tul hung up the phone before throwing it into the passenger seat feeling upset. From previously driving at a speed of 90 kilometers per hour, she began to accelerate to the 120 mark, because her subordinate had called to inform her that the relatives of the man who died in the car fire the night before were about to take the body to carry out religious ceremonies. But there were still many loopholes for Tul to Investigate. The new evidence she had just found near the crime scene could change the course of the case..

A black car stopped in the parking lot in front of the Institute of Forensic Medicine, the young lieutenant hurriedly got out before running towards the building where dozens of journalists were still in front of the door. She

decided to walk behind the building that had been suggested to her the night before to avoid being interviewed by journalists.

But it was too late. Two large black vans were driving slowly out of the Institute of Forensic Medicine, passing in front of her, with Inspector Phichet and the police following another officer and Lieutenant Jew who was standing to escort the guest who was so important.

“What is this? Has he taken the body yet?”

Lieutenant Tul approached the three officers who let their efforts go to waste. Everyone turned to see her.

“Khun Sirapob, wanted to take his son's body to perform the ceremony. The autopsy has now been completed.”

"But the investigation is not over yet,"

Tul argued almost immediately, even if the person she was arguing with was the head of the criminal department she was under.

“The exact cause of death was inhalation of toxic gases to the point of lack of oxygen due to his car catching fire from spraying perfume while smoking. He touched fits. There will be no further investigations.”

The Inspector said in a determined tone, but Lieutenant Tul, she shook her head refusing to accept it.

“What is the reason why the deceased drove ten kilometers? Do you already know, inspector? Today I went to check the CCTV cameras of a gas station near the accident scene. The deceased arrived at that place hours before. And after a while, he passed by again and that's when everything happened,”

Said the police woman, remembering the evidence she had found that morning. There were too many suspicious points to close the case.

“Plus there's Wasan's strange behavior. Why did he have to park in a deserted alley to smoke when he could have just opened the car window to

smoke without having to park.”

“Stop talking nonsense, Lieutenant. Don't think for the dead. Evidence alone is not enough to prove anything.”

“But... “

Inspector Pichet raised his hand to stop her from continuing.

"It's good to investigate, Lieutenant, but don't cause any more trouble. Since the relatives don't suspect the cause of death, what right do policemen like us have to intervene?"

“Because of the laws. If it is an abnormal death, the police must intervene, right?”

“It was an accident. That's enough, Lieutenant. By this afternoon, write a report on this case and send it to me.”

The senior police officer gave an ultimatum. He approached and put his hand on Tul's shoulder.

"Close this case, believe me, you don't want to mess with Sirapob.”

A thick hand gently patted her shoulder twice before ignoring her. Tul she was stunned at the unacceptable order. She looked down at the ground and clenched her fists, what she had just heard made her feel bad. As if she had no honor and dignity. She now understood how the rich and powerful were the ones in charge. Money hungry cops were disgusting. And the cowardly police officers were pathetic too.

Lieutenant Jew waited until the inspector had walked out of sight before taking a step toward Tul who had not moved. The boy knew how Tul felt. It was something he had had to deal with since they were police cadets together. The connection system could overcome any effort. Taking on such an influential person would not have much success because in the end, more was what moved the world.

“Phi.”

“I'm going to continue, are you with me?”

Due to their long-standing friendship, Lieutenant Jew accepted without hesitation.

“Yeah. What you said really seems suspicious. We should continue investigating. And about the cause of death, the pathologist came to a conclusion that you should listen to.”

“Where is the doctor?”

“Dr. Ran?”

"Yes, take me there."

Tul grabbed the young man's sleeve and pulled lightly for him to take her.

On the mezzanine of the Institute of Legal Medicine, Cher-rán watched the two lieutenants walk back to the building. From the beginning she had intended to stand and watch the movement of the corpse as it was taken away for the religious ceremony, but when the large van disappeared, the lieutenant she had met the day before arrived to speak with the chief inspector of the department.

They seemed to be having a small argument, although they couldn't hear what they were talking about, but Ran could guess that it might be related to the case that the lieutenant had stubbornly objected to the previous night, saying that it wasn't just any accident. It was as if she was looking at herself, who had interacted with Khun Sirapob less than an hour before. In that arrogant face, she could see the weak justice system she faced filled with influential men within society. All through the expressions on her face when the inspector walked away from her.

She didn't think about taking sides but she herself found suspicious points in Wasan's case causing her to request that a friend help her verify it again. She was not interested in ingratiating herself with Tul but if the results of

the examination of the clothes and leather seats were as she thought, it would help facilitate the investigation of Lieutenant Tul's case.

“Have you slept at all since last night?”

A loud voice was heard to scare the one who was trapped in her own thoughts. Cher-ran bowed her head slightly towards Master Rakkit, the senior head of the Institute of Forensic Medicine, the Dr. who had worked there for many decades and who was considered a consultant to the Institute.

"I've slept a little, Master,"

Ran responded, although the person in front of her didn't seem very convinced of what she was saying.

“Don't overdo it. Otherwise people will say that your father makes you work overtime.”

The older man said jokingly as he looked into the building, wondering what Dr. Ran was focusing on.

“I already know it.”

Master Rakkit nodded. His face was kind and he had a smile unlike his daughter which made everyone think they were like polar opposites.

# ③

## THREE



Cher-ran did not rest again according to the doctor's advice. Working all night seemed to have become a habit, so she didn't look forward to sleep as much. Ran walked while she massaged her neck that hurt a little during the walk back to her private office where someone was already waiting for her. The lieutenant straightened up as soon as she saw the person she had intended to see. The two people who had a fight the night before met for a few moments before Doctor Ran looked away.

“I just learned that although the investigation is not complete, the coroner was happy to return the body to his family.”

The words were quite hilarious, with a humorous tone, but the person listening was not laughing. Doctor Ran looked at the person she had accidentally seen arguing with the senior police officer. Before she realized that the person in front of her didn't deserve it, it seemed like there would be no way for these to have a good relationship with each other.

“I'm done with that. There's no need to keep the body, other than that, it's the police's duty but....”

This time, Doctor Ran didn't even look away. Being as close as they were at that moment, she realized that she was smaller than she thought.

“Apparently you will not continue with the investigation due to the demand of the one who has a lot of money.”

The lieutenant's expression changed and she realized how much the doctor's words had pierced her heart. The lieutenant placed her hand on the edge of the door, preventing the smaller person from easily escaping into the room.

“I'm not that kind of police officer.”

Both her voice and her eyes were different from how they were at the beginning and her response was full of harshness. There was a feeling of guilt, her thin lips pressed tightly, but Dr. Ran kept her apology from her and did not say it. She backed away from her, grabbing the lieutenant's wrist so she could no longer block the entrance to the room.

"Go ahead,"

She said, probably in a not very welcoming way, but with the image, the phrase confuses the woman..

"Aren't you going to investigate the case? The results of the autopsy report are these.”

Although in the past, they had never said good words or more than a sentence to each other, the need to work together was inevitable. Lieutenant Tul entered the private office of the forensic medicine doctor who inside was like any other. In the corner was a work table and behind it a bookshelf filled with dozens of textbooks and folders. A computer was seen on the table. There was a small bookshelf in the corner, arranged so neatly that the lieutenant began to feel like she was in the wrong place.

“Aren't I coming with you, Jew?”

The room owner who was taking the document from her desk asked.

“He told me that he would go to the forensic analysis room first and then we would meet.”

Ran was aware of the lieutenant's hidden agenda, but chose to remain silent. She showed her a toxicology test report document that she herself had just read that morning:

“Sit down, I still have to write more autopsy reports.”

The young lieutenant had not expected such an invitation but took a seat on the sofa across the room. The report was not entirely different from what she had expected after learning that Khun Wasan had attended a small party at a pub in Thonglor before his fatal accident. Both the alcohol found in his blood and the drugs seemed to be above normal.

“I can assure you that before his death, the deceased was hanging out with his friends in Thonglor before driving towards the accident site at around 10:30 p.m. The gas station's CCTV camera was able to capture the image. He first passed by and later drove back to the alley where the accident occurred around 12:00 pm. So we can assume that the time of death can be limited between 11:20 pm and 11.30 pm.”

The lieutenant spoke about her own assumptions based on the evidence found. There was a moment of silence in the room. When Tul looked up she did so at the same time as Dr. Ran who hurriedly turned her head towards her computer screen to print the autopsy report. Tul could hear the noisy keyboard as the doctor typed.

“Lieutenant.”

“Try again.”

Ran sighed, wondering if this police officer would stay for more than five minutes.

“I want the... 'Lieutenant' to look at the deceased's clothes.”

Tul looked at the page as instructed. The shirt was burned to only a few scraps of fabric, unlike the jeans, which had received very little damage..

“The victim's clothing was damaged, as well as the leather seats on the passenger side. But I still can't come to a conclusion on some things so I want you to check it out.”



“About the pants, is it possible that due to the rain, the fire burns unevenly?”

The young lieutenant remembered the weather at the time of the accident that they had heavy rains for a short time that was also called 'the scattered rain'.

“That rain didn't even put out the fire right away. It may be enough to help control the fire, but before that, the fire spread for some reason.”

“What do you mean?”

“It could be gas, oil or... perfume alcohol.”

“Do you mean that the deceased put on perfume and accidentally sprayed the seats?”

Tul thought that would be strange behavior on the part of the deceased. Plus, driving in a secluded alley just to smoke and put on perfume after a night of partying didn't make sense.

“I still can't say. It's just a guess.”

“But now you're telling me..”

Cher-ran looked away from the computer to see the lieutenant who seemed very upset.

"Only this time because we work together."

Tul shrugged. After having the opportunity to have a good conversation, she found that the other party was not as bad as she thought. At least not as bad as the day before. Perhaps because of the need to work together, but even so, the exchange of important information for the investigation would be more effective than investigating alone.

“Do you think it's possible that someone created the situation to make it look like it was an accident?”

There was a moment of silence until Tul thought she was about to be hit as she responded with a hasty conclusion.

“CCTV camera footage of the bomb also captures the same image of a person passing by suspiciously at the time. of the incident.”

“So what?”

“That road is on the outskirts of the highway. At that time hardly any people pass by. Doctor, could it be possible that this person was a suspect?”

Cher-ran thought for a moment, she didn't want to feel overwhelmed about things that hadn't been proven because of the word 'Could' why it wasn't a word that was in her dictionary. However, she could not be indifferent to that theory because after having spoken with her father, things seemed quite strange. The belief that there is no father who does not love or wish the good of his children in that family would not be applicable.

“If there is a suspect, the police should investigate that..”

“That shows that you agree with me, right?”

Her voice sounded enthusiastic, and the police's eyes looked like a flame burning all the time. You could say that the order to stop the investigation did almost nothing to Tul's plan. Ran did not answer that question immediately. She looked at the autopsy report on the computer screen.

Cause of Death: Fire Accident.

Mode of death: asphyxiation due to inhalation of toxic smoke in large quantities.

In a temple in central Bangkok, the funeral ceremony for Wasan Siriwat, heir to one of the country's leading businessmen, unfolds according to the

host's needs. As the deceased was the son of a businessman who owned a TV and film channel and a participant in the entertainment industry, as was Chao Sirapob, there were many journalists and members of the industry who joined as guests even though the funeral took place carried out urgently.

The funeral prayer went off without a hitch. The tycoon Sirapob had requested the cooperation of the police to help prevent those involved from interfering and causing disturbances at the event. Therefore, the journalists were only in an authorized area for those who wanted to be interviewed about how the family of the deceased felt but no journalist had access to the information they wanted.

A large SUV was brought to the parking lot within the secondary area of the temple where about a hundred vehicles could be parked. The two police officers who were dressed in black examined themselves inside the car to check that they were dressed correctly. Lieutenant Tul managed to carefully fold the sleeves of the shirt while the tall young man did his best. He wore a black suit over a white shirt which was enough for them to blend in with the rest of the people.

“Oh, Phi, the perfume I found in Wasan's car is the same one that P'Ju uses so I brought it for you to see.”

Jew turned around and grabbed a spray bottle of the same brand of perfume from. Wasan man who was one of the few pieces of evidence found while Tul took him to see him.

“Try a little, Phi.”

After receiving permission, Tul opened the cap of the bottle and sniffed the aroma from the nozzle before gently spraying the perfume on her wrist. It had a fresh smell like floating water droplets. Unfortunately, she turned out to be the cause of the tragedy that befell Wasan, the man at the funeral they had attended..

"Can we go now?"

Tul began to feel anxious again as soon as she got out of the car along with other people who had arrived almost at the same time. They walked into the event seeing familiar faces because they were famous people in the entertainment industry. Jew came in and hugged Tul's neck as if he were a friend of the same age and said the same sentence that comforted her on the way.

“You can come in, Phi. my father is inside. It doesn't matter.”

The Jew's father was a local politician who knew the tycoon Sirapob. Lieutenant Jew rushed to call her father to tell him that he wanted to go to that event even though he had refused to go to the party he had asked him to go to as the son of a politician. Jew didn't like parties. He didn't want to show a smiling face, raise his hands and show respect to the elders. His father always tried to force him but at that moment and due to his work, he had to attend to accompany Tul, wondering if he could resist even with that beautiful shirt that Tul had lent him and that had never been worn. All this, because the case for which they were responsible had suspects and it was possible that those suspects attended the funeral.

“Who were the friends of the deceased who were with him in the pub before the accident?”

Jew opened the small notebook he always carried with him to write down information about witnesses and suspects.

“This information was obtained from the IG of a friend of Wasan, who posted photos in the pub that night, but almost immediately deleted them after hearing the news. There were five people, including Khun Wasan. The first, Belle Thidapa, the deceased's girlfriend. She went home before everyone. The second person, Techin, was photographed by a friend when he was drunk and fell asleep at approximately ten thirty after Wasan left. The third person, Pokpong, was the one who took Techin home. The fourth person, Maethee, from what I can see, this person is probably the worst...”

“Because?”

“Something strange happened Phi. Maethee and Wasan got into a fight in the pub. Even the employees had to separate them. Someone took a clip and posted it on Facebook because they got into a fight and bumped into him but neither of them apologized.”

Lieutenant Jew used her fingertips to slide across the mobile phone screen and open the video clip that was taken when Wasan was still alive. Tul moved closer so she could see the video more clearly. Two men were engaged in a fight when the other friends approached to separate them. The sound of music inside the entertainment venue was so loud that it was impossible to tell who was speaking.

“You said the deceased's girlfriend went home first, why?”

“I don't know yet but she must be sad. On IG she has both posts and stories talking about her boyfriend.”

Jew opens the Instagram account of Belle, the victim's girlfriend. She had posted a series of photos that were taken with Wasan accompanied by long farewell texts. Tul clicked to look at the IG stories and discovered that the girl had taken a photo inside the ceremony room about ten minutes earlier.

“She's here.”

“It's okay Phi. If the bride is here we should go in....Phi? Phi?”

Jew had to turn around and push the person who was supposed to follow him because since she was not invited, without him she couldn't enter. He was also a policeman, he saw how at that moment Tul was looking towards the large door where the host stood up to welcome an elderly person. Tul was unfamiliar with the face of the elderly person who was standing talking to the tycoon Sirapob, who had come to receive the guests in person. But there was a young girl who was standing near the two elders; Dr. Che-ran in a long black dress which made her look very good. She wasn't wearing her glasses like she was when she was working at a forensic institute, which allowed the lieutenant to clearly see her sweet face.

“That person is Master Rakkit. He is a regular consultant at the forensic institute. He must know the tycoon, so he came to... Oh, Master Rakkit is also Dr. Ran's father, Phi. But you probably already know that, right?”

Jew asked casually because when he entered the coroner's office, he noticed that she and Tul seemed to get along well. Even if in their past encounters things hadn't been entirely pleasant.

“No, I didn't know she was coming.”

"Oh, I thought you knew."

Libra shook her head, maybe it was wrong not to ask, and she herself didn't say that she would go to investigate. Watching the doctor and his daughter enter the event to pay respects to the deceased, Jew pushed her again to bring Tul back to her senses.

“We'll just go in and stay seated. Follow me.”

The guests took their seats as the time for the funeral prayers approached. While the pair of police officers were sitting in the back row, trying not to attract attention.. Tul was trying to tilt her head to look forward. Passing by the heads and shoulders of the people, she saw that Chao Sirapob was sitting in his seat in a calm position. The powerful man who tried to rush everything to close the case even though his son had just died from an unknown cause, had an indifferent expression on his face unlike how bad his wife looked. She seemed to have been crying since the news and she was ready to cry at any moment. Her eyes were red and swollen as her other son, sitting next to her, comforted her.

Although she didn't follow entertainment industry news, she knew enough to recognize the other son of tycoon Sirapob. A young entrepreneur who was just starting out and was energetic. H had started a record label and is doing well. He also had just married a beautiful actress at the end of last year. Compared to the behavior of Wasan, his younger brother who did not want to work, it could be said that they were as different as the sky and the abyss. The trending news on social media that was emerging said that Wasan's death was not so sad for the Siriwat family.

“It's better to sit in the back.”

"You're not going out, are you, Belle? What are you doing?"

“I will go out to pose with two thumbs up for reporters to take photos and write news like 'Wasan's friend's face who seems to be medicated'.”

“Shhhhhh shut up.”

The group of people who had just entered and occupied the seats in the front row made a noise so loud that the lieutenant could hear every word. The two police officers turned to look at each other with the idea that there was no need to search for witnesses and suspects when they threw themselves voluntarily stood in front of them.

“Why did you allow reporters to enter the temple?”

“He didn't let them, everything just got out of control.”

“Who would want their son's death to become news?”

"Do you really think he cares? He seems relieved that he's dead.”

The person about whom the negative comments were being made was the same man who didn't seem to care about the investigation into his son's death. Even the person next to him had to elbow the person who was talking to make him stop.

‘Why should I remain silent? It isn't true? He was such a troublesome boy.’

"You, I think you should stop talking now."

The man who yelled at his friend lowered his voice. He turned left and right, afraid that someone would hear him. But Maethee didn't care. This man looked bigger than the photo on her Instagram and didn't maintain much etiquette in the public area. He placed both arms on the back of the chair, taking up space, not caring that he was invading other people's area while his friend tried to silence him. From what Tul could remember from IG, which Jew had just shown her, his name was Pokpong, a person who

was always more careful with his words unlike Maethee. He was careful with what he said because he was afraid that the reporters would hear something and affect him. Techin was accepted by his friends only because of his father, who was a council member-level politician who had risen unusually high in recent years.

Maethee calmed down and took a stainless steel bottle of liquor from a branded leather case. He drank indifferently even though he was inside a temple and at his friend's funeral.

"Come on, Belle, I know you're having a hard time but you know you still have us."

He handed the silver bottle to the only girl in the group who hadn't spoken until then. The view from the front row made Tul unable to see the expression on her face. She may have been sad about losing her loved one so suddenly that she couldn't accept it. The drink of the man who spoke was still extended towards the girl to see if she would accept but when it was not accepted, he reluctantly removed his hand and took the bottle of liquor to drink alone.

"By the way, isn't it true that Wasan went to Belle's house before she died?"

Techin who had been silent for a long time, he asked with curiosity and fear that what he wanted to know was not something he should know. The three of them, even Belle, who didn't even move when Maethee offered her the bottle of

liquor, were acting abnormally, lowering their heads and both of their shoulders began to slouch. The two police officers turned to look at each other, what they heard answered the question of where the deceased had driven before the accident. He had gone to his lover's house.

"What the hell are you asking here?"

The politician's son was startled when they yelled at him, but he was so brave that he still thought to ask.



"Just out of curiosity, didn't he die near Belle's house when he went to look for her after their argument in the Pub?"

"It's true, but Belle didn't open the door."

Pokpong was the one who answered that question instead of Belle because he knew very well the guilt that the person who had just lost his lover had to carry to defend herself by answering his question.

"Belle wasn't wrong for not forgiving him, you know?"

Maethee took the opportunity to comfort her with the expectation of being close in the way he had always wanted but something didn't seem right.

"But if Belle had agreed to go out and meet him, maybe he wouldn't have died."

"Can you shut up, Techin? Don't act like you know what could have happened. You could barely stand up because you were so drunk, your friends had to take care of you when you fell asleep."

Maethee pointed his hand at Techin's face to make him shut up. The people in the second row turned to see who was fighting because the dispute had even been heard over the chanting of the monks.

"I'm just telling the truth."

"Haven't you shut up yet?"

"Stop you two!"

Finally, the person who had been sitting silently for a long time had to shout at the top of her voice. The elders began to look at them with scolding eyes, sobbing, but Belle didn't care if anyone complained or if she herself explained what had happened crying.

"Here we are at Wasan's funeral. Can we just honor him one last time? If I didn't open the door when he came to look for me last night it was

because... I didn't know what mood he was in and if... he wanted to reconcile or... just do his will.”

Belle sobbed, unable to continue. She was wrapped around Maethee's shoulder and pulled into his embrace. Although she did not want to talk about that topic and she only wanted to hide her face so that no one could see her, when Techin spoke so rudely, she could not remain silent.

“They should come out for air.”

Everyone agreed with the suggestion that the funeral prayers be completed because they couldn't seem to sit there calmly until the end. The four of them stood up and walked from their seats. Pokpong didn't even turn to look at anyone. The lieutenant who had been listening for a long time thought about following them but Jew grabbed her arm and stopped her.

“Are you going to follow them?”

"Isn't that the reason we came here? Stay here, keep an eye on Sirapob, I'll be right back.”

The area behind the temple pavilion used for the funeral was quite empty, journalists could not go there to take photos or seek information. Lieutenant Tul saw four people occupying a marble table under the shade of a tree. Maethee continued drinking liquor from a stainless steel bottle while she smoked with two of his friends. Except for Belle, who doesn't seem ready for anything at all.

“Uh... excuse me, I'm a police officer, were you friends of Khun Wasan?”

Everyone looked at Tul and couldn't help but wonder if she was wrong until she pulled out her police badge to show it. Afterwards, she put it in her pants pocket and she sat at the head of the table even though no one had invited her to do so.

“What business do you have with us?”

“Just now, I heard what you were talking about, I didn't want to eavesdrop but I was sitting in the row right behind you.”

Tul tried to explain as she looked at everyone but although she didn't get a satisfactory answer, she continued speaking.

“If you don't mind, I would like to ask you about that night.”

"What do you want to know, officer?"

Tachin, the heir of a politician, was the first to ask again while the rest continued to look at each other asking for opinions with their gaze until they finally nodded and agreed to cooperate..

“Can you tell me about the events of that night in detail?”

“Last night we met at Thonglor from 8 pm Wasan said he wanted to drink alcohol, so we all agreed to meet, but after a while, Belle asked to leave first.”

Pokpong said and then turned to look at Belle, the woman he had mentioned and who seemed to be the most connected to Wasan's death from the information that Lieutenant Tul had heard moments before.

“I wasn't feeling very well. I told you from the beginning,"

Belle said.

“So you went home first.”

“Yes... I took a taxi back at 9:00 pm, I arrived home almost at 10:00 pm.”

“And after that... What happened in the pub?”

The lieutenant turned to the three young people, especially seeing Maethee who seemed not to care about the suffering of other people due to his actions. At that moment, he did not dare to look into the eyes of the police, in front of him, his mouth tightly closed, not saying a word, but looking away with suspicion and fear of doing something wrong.

“Later... Maethee asked Wasan to accompany Belle but he refused.”

"And then the two started fighting,"

Techin added indifferently and without being interested in whether or not this matter would affect his friend. The testimony gave more weight to the idea that Maethee had had a problem with Wasan before he died.

“I just...I didn't want Belle to come back alone and he was her boyfriend, he was the one who had to drive the car to take her. Even if he was drunk and couldn't drive, he shouldn't have let her go alone in a taxi.”

"To be honest, I think that was a two-person problem and you shouldn't have intervened."

Besides Techin, Pokpong was the other person who didn't agree with his friend's actions. Maethee looked at the two friends realizing that he didn't have anyone on his side so he turned to look at Belle but he didn't even look at him..

“Yeah, guys, they just blindfolded themselves and pretended not to see what he did to Belle.”

It could have been because his friends turned their backs on him or because of how much he had drunk that Maethee blurted out something that shouldn't be revealed which is why Belle quickly turned to look at him with shocked and terrified eyes.

“Don't tell me you've never seen a bruise on Belle, it wasn't the first time Belle didn't want to go out and Wasan didn't care. But you decided to close your eyes and cover your ears because of his father.”

Maethee looked at Techin, the son of an important politician who was looking at his hands at that moment.

“You...”

Pokpong did not look away and faced Maethee's words that he said in front of Tul.

"You're just a lazy idiot who takes orders. It wouldn't be so bad if you followed Wasan."

In the midst of the fragile relationship between friends that had been broken at that moment, Tul could see the bruises on Belle's face that, even with makeup, revealed traces of Wasan's actions. Belle knew that if she continued there, she would be questioned and more truths would come to light. So she got up to get away from her. Maethee also got up to follow her, but not before looking at his friends as if to say that their friendship would never be the same. He followed the only woman in the group, leaving those who had remained silent for several minutes before someone began to speak.

"Maethee loves Belle. She should have known, Lieutenant."

The answer to Lieutenant Tul's doubts made her think that Maethee's behavior was quite clear as to what she thought of the deceased's lover. Because of this, both men had become drunk to the point of fighting the night of the incident. It could be said that the man had very probable cause to be a suspect.

"After what happened, what did they do?"

Tul turned and asked the two people who were still sitting. They were silent for a moment, thinking about the things that had happened the night of Wasan's death.

"After separating them, Maethee went out to smoke a cigarette. Wasan, he sat drinking with us for a while before telling us that he was leaving."

Pokpong said that apparently he was the only one aware of the events of that night because he had not gotten drunk.

"At that time, Techin was so drunk that he fell asleep. The atmosphere became tense so we split up and headed home. I was the one who had to take Techin home."

"What time did they separate? What time did Tachin get home?"

“Ah...we left at approximately 10:30 pm and I left Techin at home at 11:00 pm.”

“But at that time, Khun Techin was drunk and unconscious?”

“What's wrong Lieutenant? Do you suspect me? Ask him what time he was home,”

He turned to ask his friend sitting next to him for help, to which he nodded.

“I woke up in the condo around 11:00 p.m.”

“So Khun Maethee... Can anyone confirm this?”

The lieutenant continued asking. Even at that time, it seemed like everyone's relationship was broken, but at least it could help confirm each other's innocence. But Pokpong shook his head:

"After we separated, I didn't know where Wasan went."

The sound of someone's cell phone ringing in the silence accompanied the sounds of monks chanting from inside the ceremony. It was Pokpong, who took the cell phone out of his pocket. His expression changed for a moment when he saw who had contacted him.

“Sorry, I have to excuse myself to answer this call, it seems I have an urgent job.”

Tul nodded looking at the back of the person who had just gotten up and walked towards one of the pavilions of the temple. Only one person remained sitting there, Techin, who was preparing to smoke in a relaxed manner, turning on the lighter, making two soft clicks.

“Is it true that Wasan was smoking but it was because of perfume that his car exploded?”

Techin asked, making a deformed grimace to which he received an affirmative response with his head as if in his head he was imagining what had happened in the car.

"Accidents happen all the time,"

He muttered before filling his lungs with cigarette smoke, expelling gray smoke floating into the air.

"Speaking of perfumes, the one you use, Lieutenant, seems very familiar to me."

The words didn't seem to make sense and made the young lieutenant think and she leaned in like a tiger seeing its prey.

"You say my perfume seems familiar to you. Do you remember where?"

Techin was surprised when he heard the question about something he thought would be unrelated to the case.

"Uh...last night, maybe?"

"Last night? When you were with your friends?"

"Mmm, yes, but I don't remember who used it."

"This perfume is the same one that Wasan used, are you sure that... That..."

"It wasn't from Wasan."

The answer he got made Tul even more unable to understand. Her eyebrows furrowed. How could that be? It could be that Techin was so drunk the night before that he didn't remember whose perfume it was. But his tone seemed very sure. But then... the next sentence made Tul know that what she had once taken for granted had now changed and she would have to start over.

"He doesn't use this perfume, he was my friend, I knew him well."

The lieutenant hurried to go in the opposite direction of the temple pavilion where Pokpong had walked but found no one. She also saw no sign of Maethee and Belle. Tul hurriedly pressed the phone to dial Jew who was still at the event with an anxious look. She continued walking while her

gaze searched the surroundings where the light was ceasing to shine no matter how dark and lonely it was.

“What's wrong Phi?”

Jew whispered as the monk continued praying.

"Jew, are Maethee and Belle there?"

“Belle came back a while ago. What's going on?”

“Alone? Didn't Maethee come back to her? And Pokpong?”

“Only Belle came back. Another thing... Sirapob got up but I don't know where she went. I lost sight of him... Now the monk has finished praying.”

Tul ran her hand through her hair. She had thought that Maethee had left to accompany Belle but he had not returned to her. She also didn't know where Pokpong had gone so urgently.

“If any of them return, let me know.”

“Wait, what's happening outside?”

Yes at that moment Tul had almost cut the call to hide behind the temple fence where she saw a man walking around. She walked around the temple hall and headed to the parking lot on the other side. It was possible that he just wanted to avoid reporters and that no one knew he was leaving.

“Jew come out and meet me at the car now.”

“But Phi...”

Tul hung up the call, not waiting for the other party to find an excuse before quickly following one of the suspects to the parking lot. From there, Tul could see twice as many journalists as she did when she arrived, surrounding the temple entrance. The man in question took advantage of the moment when the cremation prayers were about to be completed. The host and the guests. at the ceremony were busy distributing the food, so he



escaped from everyone's sight. Except for Tul's, who continued to the car and verified that the accused was about to escape from his hands.

Lieutenant Jew left the temple at the same time that she was trapped among the army of journalists who were in front of the temple hall. The car's engine was started and the headlights began to shine brightly as a sign that the boy was about to leave.. Tul even cursed why she didn't know what to do but before getting even more angry, the sound of the remote control opening the car rang not far from the place where the lieutenant was secretly hiding. Tul could see the fragile body of the girl who had also attended. to the funeral

while collecting some things from her car. Her instincts ordered her to move more than her thoughts. In less than a split second she made contact with Dr. Ran.

“Doctor, get in the car.”

Frightened, the medical examiner turned around and pushed the person who approached quietly using what she had learned in her self-defense classes. But she can't be compared with an elite police student who has studied martial arts. Tul defended herself from twisting her wrist to prevent the coroner from breaking a bone. Fortunately, Ran saw another face before she pulled a pen out of her pocket and stabbed her.

“What the hell are you doing! I thought she was a thief!”

"Then call the police. The police are here.”

Ran looked at the person who looked disturbed feeling confused but at that moment, a car passed by and the light from the headlights was bright enough for Ran to see the face of the lieutenant who seemed so impatient that if she didn't hurry there would be dire consequences..

“I didn't bring my car. Can I borrow your car?”

The most pleading voice Ran had ever heard came from the arrogant mouth.

“Please, otherwise I won't be able to follow him in time.”

“Get in the car.”

“But you...”

“I told you to get in the car.”

The lieutenant, who was about to open her mouth to say something, swallowed. She immediately grasped the meaning of Doctor Ran's words and hurried to get into the passenger side. The owner of the car would be the driver who would take her to follow the suspect who had just left the scene.

# ④

## FOUR



Around 9 p.m., traffic began to visibly slow and a small red mini SUV slowed to a stop as it reached a red light. Luck was still on their side because the car they were secretly stalking was still parked in front of them, not so far from the intersection that they couldn't follow them in time.

Passengers leaned forward to recognize road signs and know where they were going. Where was that car going? Furthermore, if they traveled a short distance from that crossing, they would leave the Bangkok area towards the suburbs.

Although Lieutenant Tul did not believe the suspect was aware of this, she found a way to escape. Because the police, other people and the deceased's relatives were not interested in taking action. But she couldn't help but worry about important evidence and witnesses. Tul would never let the suspect escape, otherwise she wouldn't have invested in asking Dr. Ran to help her with certain tasks at that time. If you didn't want to use the word request, you had to change it to ask for their cooperation.

“I didn't think this red car was driven by you. Since I left the temple I could see it.”

“If you are not satisfied, you can get off and take a taxi.”

Dr. Ran replied, making the passenger feel that she should take care of her words. But a little later, the woman she was leading curled her lips as if to say it was a joke. At this moment, Tul's cell phone screen glowed brightly

as a notification appeared. When she clicked to look at it, she discovered that it was CCTV footage capturing a man leaning against the elevator.

“Maethee...”

The time number in the lower right corner of the image was recorded as 11:20 p.m.

<Zhou Yi>

Maethee's condominium CCTV. He arrived at the condominium almost at 11:30 p.m. At the same time she received a report that a car had exploded... It was in a different direction than the crime scene. Did that make him not suspicious? Tul swept her eyes and read Lieutenant Zhou Yi's message. ensuring that the suspect they were tracking at that very moment was the real villain. The car moved again when the light turned green. This time, Dr. Ran kept her distance and tried not to drive in the same lane as the suspect's car to avoid attracting attention, but without allowing herself to lose sight of him.

“The results of substance tests on the clothing and the seat next to the person have shown that the same substance, that is, ethyl alcohol, which is an ingredient in perfume, was sprayed on the clothing in large quantities and also on the cushion next to it to make sure the fire will spread throughout the car...”

“It's a murder. The culprit sprayed perfume and set fire to the inside of the car,”

Tul concluded based on Dr. Ran's information. She knew that this person was very intelligent and cold-blooded enough to commit such acts. The image of the man walking past a petrol station and what she saw on the CCTV camera clearly reinforced that. This was the culprit who returned after committing the murder.

“But why are you so sure that the person we are following is the suspect?”

“I sat down and talked to the deceased's friends, one of whom was his girlfriend. Her house was near the crime scene. And that is where the deceased intended to go to see her but he was killed before he could do so. A person had a fight with the deceased, but he returned to the condominium and there is now a CCTV camera image. As for the other person... he is an important witness that the criminal plans to use as a witness for himself.”

Ran turned to look at the Lieutenant's face, which did not have the carelessness and arrogance she had felt before, but instead seemed as serious as if she were a different person.

“The perfume that was in the deceased's car was not his perfume, but rather the one that the witness had perceived the night before... it is possible that it was because he was with that person at that time... The witness states that this was the one driving the car.”

As she looked at the suspect's car, without losing sight of him, she remembered all the events until she began to reconstruct the events. The car they were following was the same one captured on CCTV camera in front of the petrol station near the scene of the incident after setting fire to Mr Wasan inside his car in cold blood.

“All evidence and witnesses point to... Khun Pokpong.”

The further they went, the more buildings began to appear on both sides of the road and the suburbs began to disappear from sight. Khun Wasan's funeral ceremony that afternoon ended successfully, Jew informed him. Journalists rushed to interview those involved, including the father, but there was one person who was not there at the time. Tul urged Jew to quickly issue a search warrant and if possible, an urgent arrest warrant be issued because he knew where Khun Pokpong was going. The car's speed began to slow and the turn signal came on. Lieutenant Tul read the sign out front before her car turned, wondering why she was there..

'Ladarom Center for psychiatric patients'

The entire entrance road to the psychiatric center area was quiet and without people. Visiting hours were about to end because it was getting late.

Dr. Ran turned off the lights in her car as the suspect got out of her car. Pokpong walked towards the Ladarom Center building without realizing that he was being followed.

“Doctor, are you in a hurry to go somewhere?”

“If I had to go somewhere in a hurry, I probably wouldn't come here.”

Dr. Ran's sarcastic response made Tul burst into laughter.

“I was worried why we will have to wait until he returns.”

“Alright. I can stay.”

If we didn't count Jew, who normally worked with her, Tul wouldn't have dared to ask anyone to accompany her there, much less have to stay and wait for the suspect to come out. A person like Tul, she didn't want to take advantage of anyone, no matter how negative the first impression was. She wanted to find an opportunity to compensate the medical examiner for her time, effort, and even wasted gasoline.

“After this, I will invite you to eat.”

“Is the police salary high?”

"Enough to buy you lunch,"

The lieutenant argued, immediately secretly a little upset that she were belittling her salary. Although, it really wasn't much, but it was a lot more than the minimum wage in the entire country. The level of a police lieutenant probably wouldn't allow her to be insulted. Due to the darkness of the night and the two people in the car not wanting to be the center of attention, they turned off all the lights. Tul, she didn't notice the small smile of the person next to her who had bothered her on purpose, until the lieutenant responded like a little child.

The two remained silent for a while. Khun Pokpong, reappeared half an hour after that. His dark gray tie was slightly loosened to allow him to

breathe easier. The suspect in the murder of his friend walked in front of Dr. Ran's red car without realizing that he was being watched by the police.

“Are you going to continue following him?”

“I want to go in and get information about why he came to the psychiatric center.”

Lieutenant Tul said, still without taking her eyes off the man who had already gotten back into his car.

“But do not worry. I told Lieutenant Jew to send someone to meet him at his house.”

The Khun Pong's car made a loud engine sound and its headlights illuminated the road before finally driving away.

"Come on,"

Lieutenant Tul unbuckled her seat belt and was about to open the car door when she turned to another person who was still sitting there.

“Do I have to go with you?”

“Two heads are better than one.”

Ran sighed but unbuckled her seat belt as the lieutenant ordered her out of the car. The building the suspect entered still had its lights on, indicating it was not closing time yet. Tul walked out, followed closely by Dr. Ran. The sign in front of the building said:

'Inpatient ward'

Lieutenant Tul did not have any information about the reason for Pokpong to go there. It could be that he has an acquaintance or family member who is receiving treatment for a mental illness. Maybe something so urgent had happened that that was why they had made him leave the funeral. It may or may not have been related to the case but it was still better than coming back empty handed.

A police captain walked into the building. She took out a police badge from her pocket and handed it to the officer at the counter so that he would understand the purpose of what she was about to say next.

"Hello, the police officers from the Central Investigation Division have something to ask about the Khun Wasan Siriwat case,"

Tul began to speak in a firm tone and as serious as a different person. When they first worked together, they had had some disagreements and arguments because their way of thinking didn't quite coincide. Ran couldn't help but follow her until she saw the real work on the other side.

"Do you have a problem with the police?"

The officer responded cautiously. He didn't dare make eye contact with the young lieutenant. He directly closed the big book open on the counter and put it away.

"We followed a man here from Khun Wasan's funeral. He entered this place and just left moment ago. He was a tall and thin man. He was wearing a black long-sleeved shirt and a dark gray tie. Do you know him? Why did he come here? Who was he looking for?"

Tul kept her tone serious and had eyes that told you that she was willing to discover the truth. It took the Ladarom Center officer a long time to think of the answer. He stood up and looked in another direction until he finally said no.

"I'm sorry, but we need to protect the identity of our patients. If there is no search warrant from the court, we can't really say anything."

"Are you saying it's related to the patient at this facility?"

Normally. Tul's partner on those jobs was Jew, who was in charge of being the nice one, but at this moment, it was Dr. Ran, who was there to ask the questions so directly that the officer clearly panicked.

"Anyway, I can't really give any more information."



The officer began to use a firmer tone. He didn't want to get in trouble with the police, but he had to refuse for other reasons that he couldn't explain.

“At least give me information about who Khun Pokpong visited here.”

He continued asking Tul without stopping, placing his arms on the counter. Her eyes focused on the interlocutor who did not even dare to look at him

“We also have some rules to protect the interests of patients...”

“And did you know that interfering with police work is a crime?”

“I...”

Dr. Ran grabbed the other person's forearm so that she would regain her composure and not get even more angry.

Finding out the truth was a good thing, but acting like that could get her into trouble.

"We'll come back with a search warrant."

It wasn't just a threat. Tul really intended to do that. The young lieutenant decided to turn around and leave the building without being able to know who the suspect had gone to look for there..

“Can you try to find out from Khun Pokpong's family?”

Cher-ran followed the other person and gave her some advice. She didn't think about blaming anyone for what had just happened because she didn't want the lieutenant to get upset either but if she weren't such a persevering police officer, it was likely that this case would have been closed according to the deceased father's commitment order.

“It will take more time.”

“Pongkarn Siriwat.”

Tul looked at the smaller person who suddenly called out a person's name,

“Who is it?”

“Pongkarn Siriwat is the person Khun Pong came to see. That name was written in the visitor's sign-in book that the officer hurriedly took when he discovered who you were looking for but you can see him.”

Cher-ran spoke in such a low voice that it was difficult to guess what she was feeling. But the information obtained was useful enough to provide a spark in the lieutenant's body that had almost been extinguished, causing her to burn again. Tul couldn't contain her joy, she raised both hands and touched the other person's white cheeks while she squeezed them.

“I was right to bring you doctor! Your eyes are incredibly fast! We have to immediately inform Jew so he can help us find him.”

Lieutenant Tul's excitement could barely be contained. She took out her phone and immediately contacted the junior police officer as she walked towards the parking lot, refusing to wait for the female doctor to walk who at that moment, was still standing. in the same place holding her cheeks as anger flowed towards her to the person who had dared to touch her.

"You act like a little girl..."

Her lips murmured, as she crossed her arms over her chest and walked behind the lieutenant.

After his second son's funeral was over, Khun Sirapob refused to give any more interviews to the media and ordered his subordinates to bring home his wife, who was heartbroken over the loss.. He would personally stay to see off all the guests at the temple even though he knew that these people would say behind his back that 'The troublemaker in the family had died and his father would no longer have to clean up his messes.'

A large black van was waiting next to the temple pavilion, where there were no journalists looking for information to add to the story. An older man with

abundant gray hair, but with a style as impeccable as his elegant suit, walked towards the car where someone was already waiting for him to open the door for him to take a seat because it was already time to go home and rest after a day where he had had to deal with funeral arrangements. Until the day he died, he still caused problems for his father.

“Khun.”

"Save it for now, we'll talk about this tomorrow."

The boss raised his hand while still resting his eyes.

“But this matter is really important.”

The sound of breathing filling his lungs before giving up was heard as he opened his eyes and looked at the personal secretary curiously. Her skin unconsciously crawled because she knew he wouldn't bother him if it wasn't something really important.

“The Ladarom Center informed me that today the police showed up seeking information about Khun Pokpong.”

“What are you saying?”

“Today, Khun Pokpong left the funeral before finishing praying. The police followed him to the Ladarom Center and were asking who he had gone to visit.”

The explanation was so clear that Sirapop remained silent as his white and gray eyebrows furrowed.

“Did anyone say anything to the police?”

“No. But the police said they were going to come back with a search warrant to continue the investigation....”

Before he even finished the sentence, a laugh sounded in his throat, as if he were so superior to everyone else that no one could follow his game. The influential tycoon stretched his legs and sat in a comfortable position. No

matter which police officer it was, they couldn't trace the woman's origins back to him.

“What did he do that the police were following him?”

“He says it's related to... Khun Wasan.”

Khun Sirapob was silent for a moment before gently shaking his head, feeling upset at what his son Wasan had done. Creating a story that would never end.

“If I tell the police about his sister, I would be stupid.”

“Younger sister?”

[Yes, brother and sister... The information about Pongkarn that I found says that she studied until the third year and dropped out due to personal reasons. After that, none of her friends knew where she had gone. Her social networks are not updated, but since she was not a person that anyone liked nor did she have anyone who was close, no one looked for her.]

Lieutenant Jew's voice came through the mobile phone that was on speaker. Ran also heard everything. The two were returning to the city, meanwhile, they received information about Pongkarn who had asked him to look for Jew.

“I don't like this at all.”

[Ah... This may be just one person's opinion, but I tried to talk to a person who had commented on Pongkarn's IG, so I found out that when she was studying, she always liked to have luxury brand bags for brag to her friends. Every time a new iPhone came out, she bought it first. When she went to eat on a fancy rooftop, she took pictures every time. Necklaces, bracelets and anything like that cost about 100,000 baht, so her friends were upset.]

As she listened, she couldn't help but frown. She turned to look at the driver, but she didn't make any comments, but she had the same expression on her face.

“So what? If she is rich then she seems a bit boastful. I don't see anything wrong with it.”

[But the friend found out that Pongkarn's condition was actually not good. Her parents died when she was a child, she lived with relatives and her older brother...Khun Pokpong, but I don't know where the money to buy expensive things comes from, so her friend thinks she has a sugar daddy...]

Tul even raised her hand to press against her own temple that hurt and throbbed, she didn't want to judge anyone just because the way people grew up was different. It is possible that she wanted to complete things that she was missing, such as love and finances. Especially knowing that Pong had always taken care of his younger sister, it made Tul think about him and her older brother.

Until that moment she had discovered that Pongkarn had become a psychiatric patient who had to undergo treatment, which made Tul think that not everyone was as lucky to have the same good opportunities. However. Tul still did not know whether or not Pong had participated in the Khun Wasan case.

“Thank you very much, that's all for now.”

[Wait a minute, Phi. Are you really with Dr. Ran?]

The young woman's voice changed as if she were a different person. Jew stopped talking about work and his voice became joking and playful according to his normal demeanor.

“Yes because?”

[I thought you said you didn't like her and that...]

Tul cut the call before the young man could speak and Dr.Ran could hear since the speaker was on. She then hurried to put the mobile phone in her bag.

“You don't like me?”

“No, that's...”

Sigh

“Well, but now I don't think that way anymore.”

“I have nothing to say.”

From the tone of her voice it was enough to know that the doctor was not interested in continuing that conversation. It was true that their first impression had not been the best. The two didn't get along very well, because one was impetuous police officer and the other was a neat forensic doctor. But when they had the opportunity to work together with mutual opinions, the feeling of antipathy disappeared.

When the inside of the car fell silent again, Tul took the time to review all the information she had found, thinking about how the stories they had discovered were connected. Khun Pokpong was the number one suspect and his sister's matter seemed to be hidden from the outside world. She found out that she was a mental patient. Perhaps, Pong's motivation went beyond being the puppet of a rich heir.

If what was questioned was true. Tul would have to turn to the person who probably knew the matter best.

“Doctor, do you think there is still someone in the place?”

“I don't know, but they're probably all back. The prayers were about to end when we left.”

Tul thought for a moment before making a decision,

“Doctor, can you park ahead or can you wait to go through the red light first.”

“Where are you going?”

“I'm going to continue investigating.”

“Now?”

“Well, the inspector asked me to come and demand a report on the Khun Wasan case. If I still can't find evidence or witnesses today, it's probably all over.”

The young lieutenant unbuckled her seat belt, preparing to get out of the car. Although she was still confused by the other party's impulsive actions, Cher-ran slowed down and parked the car on the side of the road. The doctor knew what would happen if she left her alone. She had already seen an example of her impulsiveness when they were in front of the man from the psychiatric center.

“Are you sure you don't want me to go with you?”

If Dr. Ran had been the same as before, she wouldn't have allowed this lieutenant to get into the car from the beginning, but tonight, she accidentally asked when the other person had already gotten out of the car.

“Yeah. Next time I'll invite you to dinner. I won't bother you anymore tonight. You drives home carefully.”

After saying that, she closed the car door and said goodbye. People like her thought and made decisions for themselves and didn't listen to anyone, no matter what they said. Cher-ran slowly drove the car away from the place where she had left the lieutenant, still looking at the woman in the rearview mirror with a feeling of apprehension.

A European car worth tens of millions was parked in front of the fence of a house in an urbanization and the young woman's state of drowsiness had not improved since she left the funeral. Worse still, the relationship between

the group of friends that she had been fighting for years had completely broken down and Maethee did not think about amending her words in front of the police. He didn't even care that his behavior might be aggressive enough to look suspicious. He only cared about how long it would take Belle to accept the passing of the man who had abused her both physically and mentally.

"We're here,"

Maethee said after remaining silent the entire way. He had volunteered to send Belle home because he was worried about her mental state.

"You'll forget it soon."

Belle didn't respond, she unbuckled her seat belt before opening the door to get out of the car without saying goodbye. Maethee did not even dare to protest because he had already caused enough trouble at the funeral that day to dare to do anything more. The only thing he could do then was keep an eye on her before leaving but for a while. He looked at the girl he secretly loved since before she had decided on another boy.

Maethee's car slowly disappeared from sight and Belle waited for the people in the house to come out and open the door for her. She didn't want her parents to know who she was back with. Maethee was not much better in the eyes of adults than Wasan because he was the son of a politician who had a history of being involved with drugs. By simply being friends with the powerful side and having the support of news agencies under the direction of tycoon Sirapob, what was illegal became legal and could be lost. Everything that happened was related to power: all the elites in society supported each other.

Belle rang the doorbell again as she waited several more minutes and kept looking through the fence to see why no one had come out to answer the gate yet, so she wasn't careful enough... The dark shadow on the fence was just a shadow at first, but suddenly, it appeared behind her. The woman immediately turned to see who it was and almost screamed if she hadn't rushed out to where the bright light of the house could show her face.



“Lieutenant!?”

"Sorry for scaring you,"

Lieutenant Tul smiled ironically. She had arrived five minutes before the girl. She had been about to ring the doorbell but she first noticed Maethee's car approaching the house.

"Is there anything else I need to talk to the police about?"

Belle asked, her tone uncertain.

-I”There is. This is Wasan.”

Belle let out a sigh, not hiding the bruises that appeared under her arms when she ran a hand through her hair that were testimony to the treatment she received from the now deceased man. Wasan was a person with a violent temperament, unable to control himself to the point of hurting others, Tul did not want to aggravate the pain of losing an important person, however, it was necessary to ask what exactly had happened?

“How long have you and Wasan been together?”

The woman bit her lip before answering:

“About nine months.”

“Do you know if Wasan had a girlfriend before that?”

Tul reached into her shirt pocket to make sure she didn't forget to record on your cell phone.

“I never asked...”

“I understand...”

“But he told me anyway.”

“Can you tell me about it?”

It was probably the worst moment of her life, Tul saw tears begin to well up in both eyes as she asked for this information. Tul began to think about whether asking that was correct or not. Not sure if she did the right thing, the young lieutenant took her own handkerchief and handed it to the deceased's girlfriend. At that time she was a victim of violence.

“It's okay if you don't want to tell me.”

She seemed a little reluctant to tell her. But suddenly it seemed that the courage to do so came from the person who had traumatized her both physically and mentally and was no longer in this world.

The scream that did not return even a hint of sympathy was heard by no one except the person who had been violent and who did not intend to stop. A body that was completely damaged by the blows was lifted with enormous force while Belle begged him to stop between sobs. Unable to understand the words, her lips split until they smelled blood.

But Wasan refused to stop there: a rough hand squeezed her cheek so hard that his girlfriend couldn't say a word. Instead, Wasan shouted uncontrollably:

“Remember it well. Don't even think about judging me again if you don't also want to go to the asylum, like my old girlfriend's bitch. You understand?”

# 5

## FIVE



*Warning: The content of the episode features violence, murder and dead bodies.*

Flames appeared to surround the car worth tens of millions of baht, which would soon turn to ashes. The same was true for the young man who was trapped inside, unable to even attempt to escape from being burned alive. The hot fire quickly spread throughout his body and he felt excruciating pain suffering from suffocation in the last seconds of life. In the darkness of the night, a person stood a short distance away, the only light coming from a pile of fire showing that person's satisfied expression. His eyes watched as a soul was about to perish before his eyes. He deserved it. He wanted him to die in agony so he could equal the pain he had caused other people.

The person who committed the murder in cold blood came out of that place, the sound of thunder was so loud that the vibrations could be felt. Although it was raining, it was too late and there might not be enough to help put out the fire without anyone being able to save the life of the man trapped in the car engulfed in flames.

The Central Investigation Bureau was in a state of tension. A police lieutenant had been able to arrest the real murderer in the Wasan case who

died during the fire of his car and which was considered great news that could not be hidden from the ears of journalists. Many of them had had to take time to deal with the army of journalists eager for facts and the name of the policewoman who had managed to bring the murderer to justice. No matter how chaotic it was, inside the interrogation room, the accused was so calm that you could feel the cold air from the air conditioner hitting your skin. Sirapob had been arrested with evidence and witness testimony that accused him of a serious crime.

In front of the interrogation room was the lieutenant who was able to discover the truth about the case and even though she had already caught criminals many times, when it comes to revealing or forcing the other party to confess, Lieutenant Tul still felt so excited that her hands were almost always sweaty. When she opened the door, she saw the defendant sitting in front of a long table.

The wall on the left was completely black glass, unable to see the other side. But the observers in that room would see every action and hear every word the young lieutenant would say during the interrogation.. Lieutenant Tul placed the case file on the table. After collecting evidence throughout the night it was enough to arrest Sirapob and make him confess. But since they took him there, not a single word had come out of the mouth of the man who took his friend's life. Tul looked away from his face which made it difficult to guess what he was thinking.

The tape of the video that was to be filmed of the interrogation began to play. At that moment, she began by taking out a picture of the case file to put it on the table while using her fingertips to bring it closer to the person sitting in front of her so that she could see clearly.

"This is the black Ford Focus, license plate 2n\$4647 that was captured on CCTV from a gas station near the scene shortly after the fire,"

The lieutenant said in a firm voice. She was aware that she was being watched from the observation room. At least Inspector Pichet who had given the order to end the investigation of the case saying that it had just been an accident but that at that moment he was listening to the results of the investigation.

“And this is the photograph of you, passing in front of the same gas station after the incident.”

The second image was placed side by side while Pokpong had been silent and had not denied any evidence.

“According to Techin's testimony, your friend said that you took him home at 11 at night (11:00 pm), so why...”

Her index finger touched the two photographs with the time number in the upper corner right.

“Why did you and your car suddenly appear on the scene at the same time?”

It was important evidence that the person could not deny, he looked at the images from the two CCTV cameras without saying anything. The young lieutenant took the third image that she did manage to finally provoke a reaction in the person. A perfume bottle deformed by the burn was the third photograph, before the lieutenant took out a sheet of paper from the file where he said that the forensic institute examined and found the presence of contaminants in leather seats and remains of the deceased's clothing.

“We found a bottle of perfume in the deceased's car. It is a spray perfume that contains ethyl alcohol. Forensic investigators discovered that there were remains in the car seat and on the deceased's clothing. It's strange that a normal person would spray so much perfume unless he wanted to make sure the fire spread throughout the car. And also on Wasan's body...”

It was not common for criminals to remain silent, but most of the time they tried to exonerate themselves. Lieutenant Tul secretly observed the behavior of the accused who did not even open his mouth, lowered his head and listened to each accusation with a bitter look in his eyes.

“But don't look at one thing... The perfume you use is not the same perfume that Wasan uses.”

Pokpong just laughed. Tul was silent for a moment, stunned by the defendant's first response. His voice was hoarse at first because he had been silent for a long time.

“I know, police, I know I didn't consider it... It should have been one imported from abroad. The cheap perfume I wear makes my nose wrinkle when I smell it.”

An expression of disgust appeared on his face. This was clearly evident when we think about the events that occurred.

“Then why...”

“My sister used to buy it for me.”

Her eyes changed again when she mentioned the third person: she was Khun Pong's younger sister, whom Lieutenant Tul had found in a psychiatric treatment center. And everything went as expected. She had to keep in mind that the main motivation of the accused was actually her sister.

“Your sister?”

“Pongkarn once asked me about the perfume I would buy for a friend. So I recommended that one. The price was very expensive for a student who had no income yet, but in the end she bought it for me.”

When referring to his beloved younger sister. The young man's strength seemed to have collapsed. He rested his arms against the table, exposing the handcuffs between his wrists. Bitterness and sadness appeared in his eyes again.

“At first I didn't know who that man was, until I took him drunk to the car and found a bottle of perfume in him. I asked him if he used it too. Do you know what he answered me?”

Tul remained silent and listened attentively.

“He said: someone gave it to me and you know I don't use cheap things. I don't know if they could give me a rash.”

Defensively, he laughed again with pity because of his fate and that of his family. He was clearly struggling to survive in a society divided by caste and being under the power of a person who had a higher status and was willing to oppress those who were inferior at any time if they harmed him.

“At that moment, I found out that the person my sister was secretly dating was him. But until recently I was too cowardly to prevent it. I never saw my sister again because she avoided coming to see me since he hit her and left her covered in bruises all over her body. Her mental condition was getting worse and worse. Until one day she ran away... to look for him.”

The defendant collapsed, her face pressed into the palm of his hand. A sob was heard in the silence inside the interrogation room and Tul felt sorry for them, knowing that she had to be impartial when investigating the case.

“But Pongkarn... She seemed lost, she couldn't remember anything, I asked questions that she didn't answer, she just kept saying his name. Pokpong was sobbing so hard that she couldn't speak properly to grasp the meaning. I reported to the police that my younger sister was attacked until she lost consciousness. I did my best, but... You know that right? The case was silenced... Nobody followed the story... Nobody talks about... The news agency that came to interview me didn't have anyone write about it because she was... controlled by his father. All the media are...Until now,”

Tul had nothing to say except let the accused vent. Every sorrow came to light. Tears welled up in his eyes but he didn't care. A box of tissues was handed over by the young lieutenant.

“Until he finally came, talked to me and asked me to keep it a secret and to help send Pongkarn for treatment until he recovered...His father was the one who organized everything and cleaned everything up for Wasan who just did stupid things every day...but I accepted it. I agreed because I wanted Pongkarn to have his usual life again... I thought Wasan would behave better. But when I started seeing bruises on Belle's body like the ones I saw on my sister's body I knew....”

His voice was filled with rage and anger as his eyes changed.

“As they say, people can hardly change.”

After the accused confessed that he had indeed committed the crime, the investigation ended.

The police went and detained him to face further legal proceedings. Khun Pokpong paused for a moment before leaving the room. He turned to the lieutenant who had done everything she could to keep the investigation going until the right person was arrested.

“If my sister's case had gotten a lieutenant like you to take charge, maybe things would have turned out differently....”

Even if he was not a person who had to face terrible things, he still had the feeling of hope. Tul sighed heavily and turned around to put all the documents in the file and took out the hard drive that stored the interrogation video files from the camera, but as soon as the young lieutenant left the room loud applause from a person from rhythmic way that could be heard although not exactly with admiration,

“Wow, what an impeccable investigation. The accused confessed on his behalf, without hardly having to press anything.”

The owner of the sarcastic congratulatory phrase came from the same person he applauded. Tul turned to look and saw a woman she had never seen before. She looked a little smaller than her and was wearing a formal suit, every inch of which was perfectly fitted. Looking at it, I realized that she was probably not a police officer from the department, but rather someone from another department involved in the legal process.

She extended her hand like a foreigner would do when wanting to say hello, Tul looked at her face smiling but giving off an unfriendly feeling. But in the end she agreed to hold her hand too. Her right hand was squeezed so tightly that she couldn't help but squeeze it in return.

“Prosecutor Thiwa. I came to take over this case in court.”



A feeling of distrust radiated. Until Tul had to search her brain a lot to find a good answer that would not allow the other party to attack again like at the beginning.

“I didn't know that a prosecutor would have to come, I just found out from you.”

“It's an important case.”

Her expression made it difficult to guess what she was thinking. Prosecutor Thiwa could cause anyone to feel confused seeing the hostile smile and her raised eyebrows.

"The police called the prosecutor to look into the investigation... well, he is the heir of the tycoon Sirapop, I guess the department was very busy with this case." TRUE?,"

“Not really.”

Tul chose not to share the details of the fact that only a handful of officials were following the case. Although the inspector objected, she remained stubborn and headstrong until she was able to close the case by arresting the real culprit.

“By the way, I've never seen your face before, Lieutenant. Did you just move?”

“Yeah.”

“But you must have been working with N'Ran. I just read the autopsy report and saw that she was the one who performed the autopsy on this body.”

The pronouns used by prosecutor Thiwa towards the forensic doctor made her wonder if the two knew each other to the point of calling each other with such intimacy. But there was no time to respond as this woman walked closer until their shoulders were almost touching and she patted her gently, as if it were a word of comfort from a veteran of the legal profession.

“Don't be fooled into thinking that after solving an important case you will shine. The more cases involving influential people like this, the more careful you have to be. I just want to warn you as someone you will work with in the future. By doing things without thinking and not being careful, one day you might run into a problem... and I hope that that day you don't take the unfortunate Dr. Ran with you...”

"The case has changed! Young man sets fire to a high-end car and reveals a story of revenge | Evening news, Thai state"

"It wasn't an accident! Police arrest man for burning young Wasan |  
"Amaren Ko Krasae"

"Responding to the conflict The murderer takes revenge on Wasan for once attacking his own sister until she lost consciousness, but he did not receive justice | News Search News"

The hottest news headlines appeared on the forensic pathologist's computer screen in her private office. She took time during the day to read news that is of interest to society during this time. She tapped the tip of her index finger to select the first news item before moving her eyes to read the details through the square-shaped glasses frames.

"The accused Khun Pokpong Srinam, 31, said he had tried to report the matter several times that it was a case of physical assault. Miss Pongkarn Srinam, the younger sister, had not made any progress due to alleged silencing by the news agencies due to the tycoon, the young man's father. Although she came to help with the expenses, Khun Wasan did not show any remorse because the accused had questioned the work of police officers and the duties of the media. Furthermore, the family members were victims of violence which caused widespread criticism..."

A knock sounded on the door while Dr. Ran had not yet finished reading the news. She looked away from the computer screen just as Maethee opened the door and walked in with two hot Americanos from Starbucks.

“The case is now closed-who played an important role in the detection of foreign substances also followed the news.”

She left the friend's glass she had ordered where the barista wrote on the side of the glass:

“Nhu Ran.”

“What it is for you?”

“It's cute.”

She shrugged, not caring that her friend gave her an apologetic look. She just wanted to add a little tenderness to the life of a coroner, no matter how much she didn't like him, life still needed a cup of coffee.

“The tycoon has been greatly affected by trends on social networks. You can check the trends on Twitter.”

Without speaking, Maethee handed her mobile phone to her friend so she could look at her Twitter timeline where they were talking about the latest news on the High Society case through the hashtag #The tycoon closes the news # The police serve the rich #Ban the SRTV channel that has many mixed opinions.

The majority did not approve the murder but did not ignore the physical violence that occurred. Many people questioned the work of police officers and the deficiencies in the functions of the media that were controlled through influential people in the country. When someone started to open a matter like that, they couldn't escape being unearthed... Especially if it was a problem of political intervention supporting the big capitalists...

They say that as times change, people's channels for receiving news become faster. In the blink of an eye, social trends attacked the Siriwat family and demanded that the murderers be punished according to the law.

“This case affected many people. The older ones probably won't be happy about this at all,”

Maethee stated before taking a sip of coffee while her friend read Twitter messages until she had enough and decided to return the cell phone.

“Actually, the lieutenant was ordered not to continue with the case when the family objected.”

“This could be bad. Because the police are also greatly affected.”

Everyone knows that for many government agencies the image of the organization is the most important thing. Perhaps trying to uncover the truth about Lieutenant Tul was not satisfactory to the police high command, as Maethee said.

She didn't know what would happen later because apparently, doing your duty honestly could get you into trouble.

“I'm worried. TRUE?”

“Because?”

“By Lieutenant Tul. You were the one who went with her, right?”

I had said it a little jokingly and I didn't know how accurate it would be because days before Ran had said that she didn't like the new lieutenant who had been assigned to the Central Investigation Division but the next day she cooperated and helped drive the car carrying the other party to investigate the case. Apparently her opinion of Tul had changed.

Che-rán did not respond. She pretended to continue reading other current affairs, but not a single letter entered her head.

Inspector Pichet of the Crime Department summoned Lieutenant Tul to meet the afternoon of the same day after the investigation. She received orders from above to punish the subordinate disobedience although she had been asked to stop investigating because the deceased's family did not want it to be done but still, what the lieutenant had done had been the right thing... however, because of them the elderly could suffer rejection and condemnation from society.

“Inspector, did you call me?”

Lieutenant Tul entered the room, immersed in a strangely gloomy atmosphere, and the inspector let out an undisguised sigh.

“I’m simply going to assign a case to the lieutenant.”

Unexpectedly, the police outside speculated that the young lieutenant might be reprimanded, suspended or transferred for tarnishing the image of the police. Tul walked to approach the desk, thinking that she probably thought too much and gave the inspector a dirty look.

“Two days ago a man reported that his daughter had not returned home since Wednesday night. At first it did not bother him because his daughter normally stayed at her boyfriend's house. But the next day in the afternoon her boyfriend came to look for her. He said they argued the night before and so far she still hadn't responded, so he went to the house to make up. Then he discovered that she was neither at her house nor at her boyfriend's.”

Inspector Pichet explained the details of the case while Tul opened the report documents. There was a photo of the young woman who disappeared. She was a beautiful girl who had makeup on and her hair dyed light brown. Her name was Miss Yardpirun Nongyao. She was 18 years old and was currently studying at the Professional Institute in Hotel Management. The father and boyfriend tried to contact her but couldn't. Then, they asked a friend with whom she was studying to obtain a vocational certificate and discovered that she had not spent the night at a friend's house nor had she attended school. Then the father came to report to the police that his daughter had disappeared.

Her white hand flipped through the pages to find more information, but she couldn't find any details other than the names of the missing person's father and boyfriend. Even according to the testimony of her classmates and teachers at her high school, no one had seen her since the day she disappeared. No one knew how she was dressed that night. There was no CCTV footage or any other kind of clue.

“Her father announced a search on social networks like Facebook and there were some who shared it on Twitter, but they have not yet been able to

locate her. I'm entrusting you to help me take charge of this case, Lieutenant.”

A hand reached out and touched her shoulder, giving her two gentle pats as a word of encouragement. It was very different from the inspector's expression and eyes that he did not dare to look into the other person's eyes. Before leaving the room, she let the young lieutenant read the details of the new case she was responsible for so she would know where to start first.

It was hard work again. The case file was closed, collected and kept near her body. She turned around and left the inspector's office, the exterior was of the type of a small office with several desks lined up. Some of the police officers seemed to have turned their heads from the front of the room when Lieutenant Tul appeared.

Without much thought Tul returned to her desk, just in time as Captain Dan approached. He was one of the police officers in the crime department, but being about two years older than Tul, he was about to be promoted to inspector soon. Since he moved to the agency, he had seen him on several occasions because he was a friendly person and it was easy for him to get close to people.

“The inspector said that there was a case for which you had to take responsibility, Lieutenant Tul. How can I help you?”

“It's a missing persons case. A teenager disappeared from her house for three days...”

“Don't tell me the division has already taken this case.”

Captain Dan looked as if the other person had a serious illness and needed some kind words of encouragement, but Tul didn't really understand the words.

“Because?”

“If it were me, I would reject it. Lieutenant, listen to me carefully. I've worked longer than you...”

He said in a lecturing tone. Like an old man.

“Missing persons cases are difficult to close. It is not the duty of the Crime Department like ours. Refer the matter to the Missing Persons Information Center and let them take care of it. That way, we can take care of other cases. Do you want me to talk to the inspector?”

Lieutenant Tul turned to the police officer, who was almost four inches taller than her and knew that the other person had the best wishes for her professional advancement but Tul did not want anyone to decide for her.

"I don't care, I'll take care of this case myself. Thank you very much for your advice.”

Tul smiled a smile that looked more like pursed lips. Her eyes smiled not so well before walking in another direction with the case file to look for the junior police officer. Although she knew that maintaining relationships between coworkers was something important and indispensable if she wanted to be promoted quickly, especially if she had accidentally done something that conflicted with a senior police officer making everything more difficult, she knew that if she just avoided work and She chose to work only on cases that could promote her own development. How could she be known as a police officer who worked for the people? She had to do this for herself.

It's not that Tul doesn't know what people are talking about behind her back, but neither that nor her actions really mattered to her. The first day she stepped foot in the Central Bureau of Investigation, the entire department knew her even before she could introduce herself. This was why the surname Techakham was the same surname as Police Lieutenant General Techak Techakham, the commander of the Central Investigation Police whom everyone respected. Although no one knew how Tul was related to him. It was never announced to anyone and even the commander had not even revealed that he had daughters or granddaughters.

Two lieutenants headed to the Saranrom village area. A community of houses built side by side on several blocks and in many alleys. In the second alley, lives Mr. Chaiyot Yodcharoen, the father of the missing person. There was a sedan parked in front, the condition of the house was old and dilapidated, there was no doorbell to ring and Lieutenant Jew had to use the method of yelling at the owner of the house.

“Anyone here?”

Lieutenant Tul pricked up her ears and heard the sound of the television coming from inside the house before it faded and everything was plunged into great silence for a moment before the door to the house opened and the figure appeared. of a dark-skinned man, a slight paunch from not exercising, his hair was sparsely white as was his beard. Furthermore, his crow's feet made him look older as if he were in his late fifties.

“Hello, who are you?”

His hoarse voice greeted her politely and humbly.

"We are the police, we have come to ask for information to find N'Namfon,"

Lieutenant Tul responded, raising the police badge with her name to show her identity to the relative of the missing person. Mr. Chaiyot nodded as if he had been waiting for many days for the opportunity to speak to the police.

“Yes, I just asked my daughter's friend to help me post an ad on Facebook. But still no news.”

“According to the report you filed with the police, she disappeared on Wednesday night and did not attend school for the entire three days, from Wednesday to Friday, which is today. Nobody's found it yet, right?”

“That's how it is.”



“It means that she may have been missing since Wednesday, when you thought she had gone to study.”

“It is possible, police officer. I thought she had gone to school.”

“How were she dressed to leave the house? You can remember?”

“School uniform. Before leaving she refused to have breakfast or anything she would take her to..”

“Do you usually take her to school regularly?”

Lieutenant Tul wrote it down in her notebook while she made a voice recording through her mobile phone. She looked at the sedan car the man had and wrote it down in her notebook to keep it since it was possible that it was that car he used to take his daughter to school.

“It's not frequent, sometimes they call me to drive for the company. I work as a driver. But if I have free time, I usually take her...”

“How does she travel to school? Bus?”

“Bus number twenty-two. From the front of the village to the front of your school.”

An old man walked towards the road in front of the village. Lieutenant Tul knew which one he was referring to because she had seen him when they first arrived there. Maybe they could contact the transportation organization to look for clues. Or look for where bus line number twenty-two began. In case the driver knew anything about the missing girl.

“Normally, after school, does she come home right away?”

Lieutenant Jew took the initiative by asking some questions. Mr. Chaiyot stopped to think for a moment before shaking his head slightly.

“No. She always returns at 8:00 pm, almost 9:00 pm. And she tells me that she is going to a friend's house. Sometimes she don't come back because she stays at her boyfriend's house.”

“Where is your boyfriend's house?”

“Wanida Soi Floor, Lieutenant, you cross the overpass and after there, you will find it not far from the 7/11.”

She walked back to the front of the street. Tul stared at the younger police officer who knew where to go next just by looking into her eyes. From her attitude, she knew that the interrogation and work of the day would not end soon.

“I... argued with her because she said she wouldn't come.”

A teenager was sitting astride his motorcycle while he gave a statement to the police. His behavior did not seem very conscious. Sometimes distracted and stuttering. He could also easily smell the cigarette aroma. It was obvious that perhaps he was a young man who had not been raised properly by the family and was not prepared to become an adult.

“What time was the discussion?”

“I don't remember, maybe 11:00 pm? She kept raining and was unresponsive. I thought she was asleep.”

He sobbed loudly after finishing speaking before turning the other way to spit on the ground. Luckily, the two police officers had encountered a lot of people so they were not too surprised by the attitude of this witness, especially the fact that he did not seem distressed by his girlfriend's disappearance.

“So, some days she came to sleep with you. Where did they stay?”

"In my room,"

He answered indifferently.

“On the floor?”

“Yes, I live with my parents and my two younger sisters. Sometimes she comes to sleep with me.”

It was almost impossible to imagine how the narrow room could fit six people into it, but they probably did until it became common place. The boyfriend of the missing woman made Tul not ask to avoid thinking about the image she had of herself when she was a child. Her to be with the family father, mother and brother in the apartment like them. But after her parents divorced, she and her brother had had to move to live with her mother's relatives.

“Did she tell you where she was going yesterday?”

“Don't know. I didn't ask... Damn James! Where are you going? Wait!”

Before I could finish the conversation, he suddenly shouted so loud that it could be heard three alleys away as he called a friend who was passing by on a motorcycle, immediately starting the motorcycle and preparing to drive away without saying goodbye to the two police officers who were there. They were there stunned,

“Hey, wait a minute, we're not done talking yet.”

“I...I don't know anything else.”

He didn't say anything. Two hands waved carelessly. The sound of the motorcycle's exhaust was loud and if it had not been for the fact that she was busy with the missing girl case at the time, she would risk it by modifying the equipment and not wearing a helmet. Tul almost wanted to hit him over the head with a notebook when she realized that this time it was almost impossible to continue the interrogation.

A man searching for antiques among a pile of garbage to sell and earn a little money to support himself and his family, leaned under a bridge over a steep, grassy canal, littered with the remains of plastic bottles that people threw

If you were patient and had a little luck, you would get items that could be worn like shoes or a hat. At that moment, he could see a large suitcase and ran towards it as if the contents were a treasure. The middle-aged man intended to lift it but he miscalculated his strength because it was so heavy that he could not lift it.

The inside was probably full of clothes he could give to his children and wife, the man thought optimistically. When he realized he couldn't lift the suitcase, he dragged it out of the brush. The suitcase was so heavy that she couldn't help but wonder if it contained something else instead of clothes.

Finally he was able to put it in the truck he was carrying and decided to open it. The stench that made her vomit was the first thing she noticed. But the image of the figure inside the suitcase would stay with him for the rest of his life. The man could only scream at the top of his lungs as he fell backwards and retreated, fear taking over his heart.

# ⑥

SIX



*Warning: Episode content features violence, murder, and dead bodies.*

A few raindrops fell against the window, causing a loud noise in the silent room. The cool early morning air made the person sleeping so comfortably in bed not want to wake up but then, the sound of the phone next to the bed vibrating made Tul frown. She had the sensation of having barely touched the pillow with drowsiness pressing on her head and eyelids that could barely open. Her white hand searched for the source of the noise until she could grab the mobile phone..

Her face fell onto the soft pillow, not wanting to wake up before her cell phone vibrated again to let her know that the person communicating with her was persisting in his attempt to bother her. The lieutenant squinted her eyes, which could barely fight against the light of the screen, to see who appeared on the screen of her phone and who had come to wake her up..

<Lieutenant Jew>

Tul took a deep breath as if trying to catch her breath and hit the 'answer' button before raising it to her ear.

“Bastard. I was writing the report. Do you know how long I slept?”

Tul put down the phone to check the time.

“It's five o'clock!! If the matter is not important, you will be...”

[It is important. Its a big problem. I will send you the location. You have to be there in twenty minutes. Captain Dan is on the scene right now. I saw that the journalist had also arrived.]

“If the captain is on the scene, why else are you calling me?”

[It's an important case, Phi.]

There was silence on the other end of the line for a moment.

[Someone found a body in a suitcase. They probably submerged the body in water... Because it's completely swollen, I saw that the foot part was cut off because it probably didn't have room for them anymore...]

Jew told him that she felt guilty for having prevented her superior from eating breakfast.

“Okay, see you at the scene.”

[You're going? Phi...]

Tul hung up the phone before the other party could finish speaking. She threw her cell phone on the bed, hurriedly got up and grabbed a towel to take care of her personal business for the morning, it didn't take long for the young lieutenant to put on some jeans, t-shirt and jacket on top of her.. She tied your hair roughly, and she grabbed the police badge that was hanging before leaving the room, a rustling sound from below informing her that her brother had also woken up.

"Oh, why did you get up so early?"

P'Tin saw her sister coming down the stairs and couldn't help but ask. He was about to prepare breakfast while he watched the daily news on television.

“I have to hurry out, you don't have to make me breakfast.”

“Is there a case?”

Tihn asked, watching as the young woman walked over, grabbed a pair of sneakers from the rack, and put them on. Like a cap on the wall that she hung on her and put on her head.

“It's still raining outside. Be careful.”

“Yes, I'll leave now P'Tihn.”

Tul pulled the brim of her cap tighter on her head but before opening the door she turned around and walked back to the kitchen counter. The News Program was reporting on a politician's corruption but the sound of an engine came from the front of the house causing her to walk away but not before reminding his brother that his talented younger sister was going to work.

“Let's move on to the tragic news.”

The news announcement began and Tihn removed his hand from the kitchen and stared at the television screen that showed a crime scene, where there was a censored area of what seemed to be a body in a large suitcase

“The body of an unidentified young woman was found lifeless. Her body was put in a suitcase and initially the forensic experts determined that she had been dead for three days.”

A black SUV pulled up behind a police car near the scene of the incident that Jew had sent him the location of. The young lieutenant got out of the car, trampling through the swampy areas filled with water from the rain that had recently stopped falling, walking through the Thai crowd who wanted to know what was happening there. Among them was a group of journalists who arrived first in the area. Lieutenant Tul held up her identification sign to a police officer whose duty was not to let anyone enter the scene of the incident before she passed through a black plastic tape with yellow trim.

“Oh, did you come too, Lieutenant Tul?”

Captain Dan, who was in charge at the scene, approached.

“What do we have here?”

The young police officer looked almost four inches taller than before when he had the opportunity to tell the story of a shocking tragedy that was nothing compared to the cases for which Tul had been responsible. As a senior police officer, he was able to show examples of his work and control the situation at the scene by letting the young lieutenant see.

“Forensics are investigating at this time. We still don't know who the deceased is. The state of the naked corpse makes it even more difficult to examine. "Lieutenant, you're lucky you don't have to deal with such a difficult case."

Captain Dan used a hopeful tone as usual with the irritating phrase that Tul tried not to take seriously and followed the police officer in charge of the case to the scene of the incident. The bad smell that spread throughout the area was what Tul felt first. The body had been removed. The suitcase was carefully laid face up with a white cloth and the forensic medical officer was recording images with a camera. Nearby, she saw a familiar-looking woman crouching in front of the corpse, inspecting the preliminary evidence found. Her mouth twitched, as she gave orders two officers were asked to take photographs and make notes based on her words.

“That woman is Dr. Ran. Dr. Rakkit's daughter I worked with her once...”

“I know her. We worked together on the previous case,"

Tul intervened before the captain finished speaking as he approached. The condition of the corpse made her frown and she almost turned away because what she saw made her not want to think about the reasons someone might have had for doing something so brutal. That was beyond human. The corpse was naked, its skin pale and white, but it had repeated bruises all over her body; the body had begun to decompose from being underwater for a long time. But the worst thing was that both of her feet



that were next to her body had been cut off without being taken away. Tul saw Dr. Ran hold the corpse's face and move it gently.

“A corpse with a broken neck.”

“Broken neck? Did she die because her neck was broken?”

Dr. Ran tore her eyes away from the corpse. She looked at the person who dared to intervene in the examination she was doing but when she saw Lieutenant Tul's face, she was not surprised. It had been another time, it was likely that she would have scolded her like she did in the first case.

“From my assumption, the bruises we see on the neck are footprints. The deceased was strangled.”

The medical examiner grabbed the victim by the chin to lift her up so that the police could see the areas of bruises caused by the fingers where in some places there were scattered nail scratches.

“But her neck was broken. It's likely that the culprit tried to manipulate her body so he could put it in a suitcase and it was necessary to break off the part of the head that didn't fit,”

Dr. Ran said clearly in a serious tone different from the dull look in her eyes... From what Tul had seen, she looked away and turned to consider the corpse's footprints again.

“The same goes for both feet, the culprit must have wanted it to be able to enter. That's how I can see it... break it to put it in the suitcase.”

Tul said with great sensitivity in her voice because even if she was a forensic officer who had seen many corpses, the inhuman brutality was too much to bear.

“This suitcase is so big. The person who left it there must have noticed something wrong....”

“I have ordered officers to collect evidence from CCTV cameras at all locations along the canal where the images were captured. At least we know

where the current is coming from. If she died less than three days ago we will be able to determine where she could have been."

Captain Dan spoke at length about how he would proceed with the case he was responsible for.

"But first we can identify the deceased person. It will facilitate the investigation, right?"

"Forensics can take a long time. You may have to..."

"They won't take long,"

Dr. Ran argued before the policeman could finish speaking. She stood up and her eyes looked towards the two police officers.

"Her teeth can help confirm a person's identity. If this woman has been dead for at least three days, it is possible that her relatives have reported her as a missing person and we can confirm this with the dental information that her relatives have provided us."

The young captain forced a wry smile after receiving a blow to the face until she couldn't find a reason to refuse. She turned to order her other subordinates as if she were not discussing the investigation of the facts of the case with the medical examiner. Tul continued standing there but after hearing what the doctor said, her eyebrows knitted together with anxiety seeping into her heart.

The missing person... had been dead for at least three days...  
Tul looked at the unfortunate victim's face, which was covered in bruises, and three days of immersion in the canal water had caused her skin to deteriorate to the point that her face could not be identified. Hopefully this wasn't an unfortunate coincidence.

## FORENSIC INSTITUTE

The coldness of the autopsy room to maintain a constant body temperature was nothing compared to the general atmosphere that was heartbreaking: the naked body of the unknown woman who was found dead inside a cheap suitcase was placed on the base of the bed awaiting autopsy. Not far away, in the observation room, were Captain Dan, who was in charge of the case, and Lieutenant Tul, who asked to continue observing that time as well.

"It is very difficult to know how old the deceased was,"

The young lieutenant said in a solemn tone, looking at Doctor Che-rán who entered the autopsy room with a gown over her prepared for work.

"Actually, if we had a more trained autopsy doctor, we could find out. I usually work with Dr. Sorawit..."

Tul turned sharply: if it weren't for the fact that she wanted to pursue the case, she wouldn't want to work with such a narrow-minded person.

"In the last case, Dr. Ran found the perfume that the murderer used to start the fire and also collected blood from the heart even though the body had been burned to the point that there was almost nothing left. Let's wait and see."

Captain Dan cleared his throat. He said something that sounded like the words any doctor can do it, but Tul didn't listen. Not wanting to argue with him when the autopsy was about to begin, Dr. Ran was standing there looking at the victim's ghostly body, causing Tul to close her eyes. Likewise, each side took an oath to do their part to speak on behalf of what the deceased had left behind as much as possible,

"At seven twenty-seven (07:27) the autopsy began."

At the end of the forensic doctor's words, the sound of the camera shutter was heard. A flash of light shone as Dr. Ran inspected the corpse's pale skin and any visible signs of bruising. Che-rán gently held the head of the deceased whose neck bones were broken, making it no different from a

jointless doll. The most important thing was that her neck area is pale and has bruised fingerprints, which was the cause of death. The killer used his enormous strength to kill his victim before hiding her body.

“Fingerprint bruises around the neck.”

Dr. Ran deftly moved towards the victim's head, carefully opening her dark blue lips as well as the corpse's eyelids, left and right, before giving the assistant a note of what she had found.

“There is bleeding under the conjunctiva. This is due to broken capillaries in this area and is believed to be because the deceased was strangled.”

“Doctor can you determine the age of the victim?”

Tul, who was sitting in her chair, asked, through the microphone of the monitor in the observation room because since she was at the crime scene she had had a bad feeling.

Just a moment ago, the police officer that Captain Dan used to identify the victim through the AFIS system did not find the victim's fingerprint information in said system base.

Che-rán used force to open the corpse's mouth again. The assistant quickly grabbed the overhead light and lowered it to help examine the mouth and teeth for abnormalities. Doctor Ran was speechless for a moment before speaking about what she saw.

“Her upper front teeth are crooked. She's probably twenty years old or younger. Please give me a cotton swab.”

Tul clenched her fists tightly after hearing the answer: the young woman, no more than twenty years old, had died no less than three days ago. The identification had become so tight that she didn't want her premonition to come true.

“What caused the teeth to break?”

Captain Dan asked as he pressed the microphone. Forensic officers were collecting DNA evidence from the body's mouth. There was a moment of

silence before Che-rán answered the question based on her own assumptions.

“There are many reasons. It could have happened before her death, or it could have happened while she was being attacked. We'll check any DNA that might be present.”

Dr. Ran answered clearly, easing the policeman's doubts. She took the cotton swab that she collected from the material to place cheek cell DNA samples for corpse identification that was similar to a test tube and then gave it to the assistant who is closest to her.

“Send this for DNA testing.”

The external examination of the corpse continued amid the tense conditions of the observers. The body was covered in abrasions and bruises. Especially around the hips where there were three scratch marks on each side of the victim's waist that looked like someone's fingers trying to pull something out. Dr. Ran tilted her leg inward and saw a bruise caused by friction on both sides. She sighed and closed her eyes. She was silent for a moment as she reflected on what happened.

“They tore her genitals. She...was sexually assaulted.”

Tul raised her hand to ruffle her hair, turned around and returned to where she was before. Looking with pity at the face of the victim who had been treated with such depraved behavior, Dr. Ella felt sorry. She gives a sample of vaginal secretions to an assistant to examine for suspicious stains.

“Give me the nail clippers.”

The equipment Dr. Ran needed was delivered immediately. Nail fragments cut from the victim's fingertips were placed in transparent envelopes and sent to be examined for evidence that could help find the criminal. Assuming that the victim defended herself; It was possible that the attacker's DNA was attached to her fingernails.

The autopsy reached the most shocking part of the case; the feet that had been cut off. Dr. Ran examined the joint between the ankles where the killer had cut. The perpetrator's inexperience showed that he was not skilled. The cuts were repeated until the flesh and bones inside were crushed. It was likely that the perpetrator did not intend to commit the murder in the first place. Because he miscalculated the size and cut the feet to accommodate it, it was probably not planned.

“The culprit is right-handed.”

The forensic doctor's words quite surprised the police officers who were observing. Captain Dan raised the microphone to his mouth before pressing the signal to communicate with the person inside the autopsy room.

“You can be sure?”

“There was a fingerprint like bruise just above the ankle. When the criminal was about to cut, he used his left hand to hold her leg and...cut with his right hand.”

Che-rán pretended to hold one leg and make a cut with the other for everyone to see.

“Holding your legs while cutting uses a lot of force, similar to strangling.”

“It doesn't help much. There are already more right-handed people than left-handed people.”

This information is not helpful at all-Captain Dan still has no confidence in working with this forensic doctor.

“Even if that's the case, a little information is considered information that helps in the investigation.”

The young police officer crossed her arms over her chest and shook her head. She observed the post-mortem process which was completed with the inspection of her external physical state. The body of the deceased was cut with a small knife. The length extended from the neck to the lower

abdomen. Tul saw the seriousness in Dr. Ran's eyes under the mask. If it were before the first case they worked on together, it was likely that she would act the same way as Captain Dan.

But not after chasing criminals together. Additionally, Dr. Ran helped and provided information that was very helpful to the case. How could Tul not trust her?

“The hyoid cartilage is broken.”

“Broken larynx.”

“Hematomas under the skin of the thyroid gland and carotid blood vessels.”

A flash of light shone as the deputy took photographs of the neck area while another officer took notes of every detail discovered.

“I found it, Captain. The DNA matches that of one of the missing people in the registry.”

A police officer entered the observation room with a file in his hand, Tul walked over and scanned the important information without delay. Just seeing the two-inch photograph of the victim in the corner of the document made her heart almost reach her ankles because what she had sensed all along was bad had actually happened. Beautiful face, dyed light brown hair. She wore a student uniform from a vocational institution.

“Yardpirun Nongyao, eighteen years old, is she the missing person in your case?”

She didn't need Captain Dan to repeat it, but she felt like she was breathing heavily. The DNA information found matched so it couldn't be from someone else. Her eyes, always dark, returned to the autopsy room. Her head of light brown hair and her facial features were so messed up that she was almost unrecognizable. This time was very different from the first time she saw him. Their eyes were filled with pity and hopelessness, but they had not yet found any clues to the search. Instead, it was discovered that she had turned into a corpse.

“Doctor... We have identified her. I will contact relatives to come pick up the body.”

Tul was grateful to Captain Dan for the first time since they worked together that she allowed him to be the one to inform the doctor.

“Her name is Yardpirun Nongyao, she is 18 years old and lived with her parents. Three days ago, her father reported her missing from her house since Wednesday. No one had any idea where she had gone. Until now they found her body, proving that...she died since she disappeared on Wednesday night.”

The atmosphere inside the Institute of Forensic Sciences was quite tense. Tul went out to sit outside after contacting Ms. Yardpirun Nongyao's only relative to come pick up the body.

The autopsy results revealed that she died of hypothermia, asphyxiation due to strangulation. After taking her life, the attacker hid her body, cut off her ankles, put her body in a suitcase and threw it into the canal.

The young lieutenant was lost in her own thoughts. My brain is completely dizzy and I still couldn't think of the cause or clues that would affect the outcome of the case. She had begun to spread the information that the body found in the suitcase was the same as that of the eighteen year-old girl who disappeared from the house of her father, who was heartbroken waiting for her daughter to return home.

They brought a cup of hot coffee to the lieutenant who was sitting staring at the ground. The smell of black coffee reached her nostrils and hot steam rose in the form of white smoke. Tul looked up and saw who the supporter was who was handing it to her. She saw the young forensic doctor who had performed the autopsy.

“Do you prefer it with sugar?”

Tul shook her head and murmured a thank you in a voice so low that she could barely hear it but she couldn't be talking to anyone because there was no one in that hallway. The environment was quiet enough to even hear the



sound of sighing. Che-rán nodded and sat next to her sipping the hot coffee in silence.

“Doctor.”

“Yeah?”

“Why did you become a forensic doctor?”

Maybe because Tul wanted to think about something else and both of them had been silent for a long time that she thought of opening a line of conversation.

“I’ve seen my father do this work since I was a child.”

“Master Rakkit, right? I saw him at the funeral.”

Che-rán nodded, taking some time to think about the answer.

“When I was a child, I liked being asked at school about my father's work with corpses. I never understood it at first until I had to ask him. I later learned that it was a profession that worked with the police to find evidence and the cause of death. Just like the police I was going to look for clues but from another direction.”

Tul listened without interrupting her. The only thing she knew was that there were still very few people in Thailand who wanted to study a career as a forensic doctor. When she found out that she was part of the medical examiner's department she couldn't help but be surprised. She was very interested in knowing why she chose to work in this profession.

“But you have to work with corpses.”

“The person who died cannot say anything.”

“I have to speak for them based on what they left me.”

Her voice softened as Tul could feel, who turned to look at the beautiful face that had red marks from wearing a mask for a long time. The eyes that

were once serious in performing her duties now seemed vacant and flickering. Maybe there was some reason for her behavior but Tul didn't reproach her for anything. She knew that the doctor had opened up a lot to her. Following her own path while adhering to the principles and ideas that she had always believed in was considered a charm. Tul also had that same thing.

“What's wrong with you, Lieutenant? Why did you want to be a police officer?”

“I...”

But what was Tul's response? Doctor Ran didn't have the chance to find out. Maethinee, a forensic toxicology officer, was looking for her only close friend until she found her, but she didn't think she would find her sitting having coffee with Lieutenant Tul.

“Ran, now Yardpirun's father has arrived. Do you want to go talk to him? Lieutenant, we can go together.”

The two quickly got up with almost empty cups of coffee. Dr. Ran threw the glass into the trash while Lieutenant Tul drank it all before throwing it away. Tightening her robe, she hurriedly followed the two forensic investigators, whispering so they couldn't hear them.

“I called and you didn't answer. I came secretly to sit and have coffee with the lieutenant.”

Maethinee's arm was shaken freely.

“I just forgot.”

“Namfon, Namfon, wake up. Namfon, wake up and come see dad. Namfon... Why didn't you come home that day? Because? Why didn't you let daddy pick you up?”

A pitiful cry from the deceased's father filled the room. Mentally tired, he rushed towards the body that was wrapped only in a white cloth revealing

the face of the daughter who would never recover. Tul remembered him well even though they only met once. A man in his fifties with a harmless demeanor who talked and continued to cooperate in the search for the missing daughter but was likely not

“It's my fault. I should have refused to let you leave the house. It was my fault for leaving you soma... it's my fault.”

The father's voice almost faded away. The tears fell drop after drop. His daughter's face was pale and ashen, and everyone present looked with pity until the old man began to collapse to the ground, the forensic officer who was closest to him had to hurry in and support the body. Che-rán looked at the man who had lost his daughter alternating with the face of a soulless body that could not feel anything. Only some traces remained that are transmitted to those who receive messages from deceased people like her.

# 7

## SEVEN



*Warning: Content contains grief, drugs, domestic violence, sexual harassment and child abuse.*

Someone knocked on the room door before it was opened almost immediately without waiting for the owner's permission. Inspector Pichet looked at the subordinate who had just been transferred from the Central Investigation Department under his care for less than two weeks. Lieutenant Tul had gotten into trouble by being targeted by influential people from the first case she took responsibility for to the point of having to downgrade subsequent cases. But somehow, Tul seemed to attract trouble like a magnet. An ordinary missing person case had suddenly turned into a murder case causing quite a stir in the news.

"What's wrong, Lieutenant?"

"Inspector, I would like to obtain permission to join the investigation of the Namfon case,"

The young lieutenant said clearly, ignoring the worried expression on the inspector's face.

"But Captain Dan is already in charge. Yesterday I assigned the case to the lieutenant, if not yet..."

"I already went to the area and carried out the interrogations,"

Tul intervened before his boss without giving her time to finish speaking.

"The additional information obtained is that I am walking towards bus stop no. 22 who takes her to school. I checked it with the security cameras. at the bus stop. She came to the front of the town and I discovered that she actually didn't take the bus but a taxi. We check the license plate to find that taxi rank."

CCTV footage found by Tul captured Ms Yardphirun when she was still alive, waiting for a car outside a bus stop. Inspector Pichet looked at the lieutenant, feeling half amazed and half admired that her subordinate could report on the investigation she had just assigned her. She was different from some police officers who took their time and therefore the case took a long time to close because sometimes the investigation could be affected by not revealing details from the first moment. But it was not surprising that Lieutenant Tul, the person who once revealed the truth of the case of a tycoon's heir causing influential people in the country to be questioned by the people, was eager to take responsibility for the case that had been assigned to her...

"This matter must be discussed with the captain himself. After all, he is handling this case."

"Don't worry. I already spoke with the captain before coming to ask your permission, inspector."

The inspector secretly sighed. How had the person assigned to the disappearance case suddenly been the same person who would have to participate in the investigation into her death?

"Alright. You can participate but you will be under the orders of Captain Dan, do you understand?"

Tul returned to the Forensic Institute after being allowed to take over the case. Upon casually entering the building, she saw Boss Thitipong, the

deceased's boyfriend, and Jew while the boy was being interrogated. She then quickly walked towards him without delay.

“Did you bring him here?”

“Yes Phi, I brought him for the interrogation. But first I had to bring him here to take a sample of his semen.”

Jew said, grabbing the thin shoulder of the young man of no more than eighteen years old to prevent him from moving away from him. He did not seem upset or expressed regret over the passing of his girlfriend, on the contrary, he seemed confused and unconscious, as if he could not stay in his place.

“Have you ever had sexual relations with your girlfriend?”

Tul asked about the possibility of detecting Boss's semen inside the deceased's vagina. The young man looked at the two police officers before nodding.

“When was the last time? Do you remember?”

"Who would remember..."

He shook his head,

"But it definitely wasn't that day. I'm telling you, I didn't see her. I really don't know anything, Phi."

"Let's check it first and we'll know,"

Lieutenant Tul nodded to the junior police officer to take one of the suspects for a sperm test as required by forensic investigators. This case was aggravated due to the age of the victim. After abusing her the murderer had ended her life, he hid her body and this made it much more shocking. If they let too much time pass, the credibility of the judicial process would be affected. In the eyes of the people it would decrease even more. Being the one who had taken responsibility for the case along with Captain Dan,

giving justice to the victim was what Tul had to do. And it had to be as soon as possible

“Lieutenant, you were the one who came to see me at my house, right?”

An elderly man with dark, sun-kissed skin approached a police officer he knew. Tul realized that the corners of his eyes were red from crying so much. An unshaven beard and sporadic gray streaks appearing in his hair. The smell of cigarette smoke lingered. The man bowed his head so that Tul almost bowed too.

“I didn't greet you this morning, having. I'm sorry.”

“It doesn't matter, why haven't you left yet?”

He lowered his eyes as if he was worried

“The doctor asked me to also take a DNA test.”

“Because?”

“About the semen stains they found on my daughter. She will check mine too.”

Mr. Chaiyot's response made the lieutenant frown. It was understandable that forensic agents were required to collect evidence in these types of cases without exception. But in this case, Tul thought it was a little unreasonable to rush to see a person who had just lost a family member less than a day ago.

“If you feel uncomfortable..”

“No problem, I'll be happy to cooperate.”

Tul secretly sighed as she headed towards the direction where Lieutenant Jew had just taken Yardpirun's boyfriend just now.

“You can follow this path. In the first room on the left you will find the person who came with me to see you the other day.”

"Thank you, Lieutenant,"

Mr. Chaiyot bowed his head in gratitude in a state of fatigue as it was certain that he had not rested for many days. He seemed more worn than the last time they saw each other. Tul stood up and watched as the old man walked hunched over in the direction she had indicated while she felt disgusted thinking about the person who had given that order to the victim's father. The sound of hurried footsteps along the long hallway stopped in front of Dr. Che-Ran Chanthanasatien's room, as she knocked on the door several times but did not wait for permission. Lieutenant Tul opened the door and ran in, wanting to clarify the matter she had just learned..

"You asked for the exam for Namfon's father, right?"

Che-Ran looked away from the computer screen to look at the person who was asking questions.

"Yeah."

"Why did you do that?"

It was no different than expected. Lieutenant Tul looked upset. So much so that she could say that emotions were above reason and effect.

"Well, I know why. I know they need to examine all the men involved with the victim. But he is the father. A father who just lost his daughter."

"But you should already know that there are things we have to do."

"I just want you to better understand the relatives of the deceased. At least you were able to give him time to process it. Not that he's an immediate suspect."

Tul put emotion in her voice. Enough to understand that the other party takes her work seriously. But she didn't think she would be so hard as a rock to ignore the feelings of those who had suffered a loss. Che-rán stood up and left her desk walking towards the person who had entered. Her eyes were indifferent and it was difficult to guess what she was thinking. It was



like the first time they had seen each other in the Wasan case. She stayed very still, although it had been a few days since they drank coffee together and talked, at that moment it seemed like she barely knew her.

“Sympathy does not help the investigation progress. The inspection will do it. Confirming the innocence of each one means that we will reduce the number of suspects... Isn't that our duty?”

“I think you are too used to this profession and that is why the feeling of losing someone is probably too difficult for you to understand.”

The young lieutenant noticed a gleam in her eyes as soon as she spoke. She didn't want to insult her but she hoped she could understand how her family felt at that moment. Without meaning to cause harm, Tul had said even crueller words than Dr. Ran.

“Everyone has lost someone before.”

The voice that was heard softened until Tul felt guilty.

“For the family, finding the guilty and punishing them is the most important thing, right? Otherwise, it will be engraved in their hearts forever.”

An apology was something Lieutenant Tul did not say, as if a knot of pride covered her mouth, her initial anger disappearing when she heard Doctor Ran's explanation. Her expression and her eyes changed... Even if you are someone who has no ability to read other people's feelings like Tul, you could tell that the other party was sad. Silence permeated every molecule in the forensic doctor's office until it was uncomfortable. Ran was the first to look away. She walked past Tul to the door of her room which was still open.

“Please, I invite you to continue investigating the case. If there is any progress I will contact you. Now go away.”

Her voice was the same again but Dr. Ran seemed to be moving away. Even though they had thought that they would work well together in the end, Lieutenant Tul was still the same person that she used to insult from the

first minute she saw her and that she used her own emotions to address. Even if she said something at that time, it would probably just be an excuse. Tul agreed to leave Dr. Ran's room. If there was one person who made the same mistake over and over again, it would definitely be her.

The two policemen arrived at the Hia Sunthon taxi garage in Lieutenant Jew's big SUV after receiving a report that they had found the taxi garage that took Namfon from the bus stop. The wide area was full of yellow and green cars parked in rows, in some areas there were blue cars, some red cars, mixed together, hundreds of cars, Tul did not hesitate to hold up a sign to prove that she was a police officer to investigate the case, and was invited to walk inside the waiting room to see the owner.

Hia Sunthon was an older man with a plump figure, dressed in fine silk and wearing a gold necklace worth several baht, showing his prestige and status. He ordered the boy to serve the lieutenant tea. The two were waiting for the person who rented the same taxi that picked up Namfon that morning to meet them.

“Sit comfortably, don't worry. Did you know that after the police contacted me, I ordered someone to look for the driver? I know him well Asak rents a car here. It has been six months that he drives in the morning and delivers in the afternoon without lack of money. People are born and must be diligent or they will die of hunger.”

The owner of the workshop invited them to talk even about unnecessary topics. They had to listen to it. The two lieutenants nodded as if they were listening attentively and did not want to interrupt him. Jew never even took up drinking tea again when Hia Sunthorn started boasting about the medicinal properties of Chinese tea that had been around since Grandma Agong's generation.

The moment Tul thought she wanted to excuse herself and wait outside so they wouldn't have to hear how to run Hia Sunthon's taxi garage business, the door opened, followed by an old man in his forties who still didn't look very old. even though he had a beard. Or rather, he was wearing a blue shirt, the common uniform of a taxi driver.

“Asak, it's good that you arrived. These people are police officers and you want to talk to them sit down.”

Hia Sunthon patted the empty sofa to the left of her. The man was obviously uncomfortable approaching the owner of the workshop, but he did not dare to offend so he approached to sit face to face with the police officers.

“Hello, we are currently investigating a murder case. so I want to know that. Can you remember this woman's face?”

Lieutenant Jew was the one who asked according to the record she had prepared and posted a frontal photo of Yardpirun, who had been missing since Wednesday before she was found dead in the early hours of Saturday morning.

“Last Wednesday, you picked up a woman at the bus stop in front of Saranrom Village. It's herTalk now! I just saw the news this morning! Poor thing, instead of going home to see her father, it shouldn't have happened... You were the one who picked her up in the car. Why didn't you say a word to me?!”

The two policemen did their best to ignore Hia Sunthorn's excited voice. Surprised to be involved in a murder case that was already front page news.

“Yeah.”

Asak, the taxi driver, took his own hands to stop them from shaking.

“Even though the girl was sitting in the back and I was driving in front of her, I still remembered her. Dyed light brown hair, student uniform from a famous vocational institute in the area. But that morning.... She didn't ask me to take her in front of the institute like she should have.”

“Where did you take her? Can you remember it?”

"I..."

The man of about forty swallowed,

"I left her in a condominium near Rama IX."

"Did you talk to her during that time? Did you ask why she didn't go to school?"

Tul was able to intervene before the junior police officer could ask about the name and location of the condo. But it turned out that Lieutenant Tul's seemingly ordinary question caused the taxi driver to let out a sigh that sounded like a sob. He leaned across the table as if he wanted someone to forgive him.

"I didn't ask. It really wasn't my intention."

"Asak, what did you do? I'll have to install security cameras in every car."

"I...I... I didn't really do anything, boss."

When they pressed him to answer, it became even more difficult and he had symptoms of confusion.

"I saw her wearing a school uniform. Then I asked her if she wasn't going to study. She told me that she had to go to work and earn good money, we talked and I found out that her job was a student job... I didn't really understand what it meant. I think she was like one of those ladies in waiting."

Large beads of sweat fell on the sides of his temples even though the air-conditioned room was cool.

"I'll ask you... How much would you charge if you let me put my hand under your skirt?"

Lieutenant Jew seemed to have something putrid under his nose, while Tul lowered her head to suppress her emotions.

"And how much she would charge if I undid the top button... but I didn't do anything else when she refused. I'm too old for that, I just want to return to my children and grandchildren. Furthermore, this condominium is for rich

people, people with a lot of money. That's all I really did. Can you look at the dash cam?"

A deep sigh came from Lieutenant Jew. Even Hia Sunthorn, the owner of the taxi garage, remained completely silent as they listened to the misfortune that had been committed by his own employee, although it did not seem as serious as physical harm, or taking another person's life, if he had proposed something like that. It was just as bad.

"Why did they take my son to take semen and urine samples?"

Che-rán heard a loud commotion before walking towards the lobby of the forensic building. She saw the image of a middle-aged woman scolding a police officer. Two or three officers surrounded her. Her eldest son, Boss or Thitipong, was sitting with his head bowed at a police checkpoint.

"Madam, please calm down. We have to confirm that Boss is truly innocent."

"So what does this have to do with you, police? Wouldn't it be better if you took that time to find out who killed that person?"

"Regarding the case, we will investigate it again. But now Boss is accused of using drugs."

The policeman tried to calmly explain to his mother while Boss stood red-faced, clenching his jaw and suppressing his anger for a moment. He had had many problems in his life until it reached the point of not being able to bear it. Financial problems, rent, work. Then there was the matter of her mother's husband who was an alcoholic who spent his money on bottles instead of helping each other earn a living. This life was too difficult to bear. There was no need to wait for his son to be arrested because he was addicted to drugs. As soon as the pain erupted into anger, her mother jumped up and hit her own son until the officers could not stop him in time.

“Why would you take drugs? Where did you get the money to buy drugs? I'm barely paying the motorcycle payments, I'm not even finished. Where will I get the money to pay your fine? Go to jail, you ungrateful son of a bitch!”

“Oh! Mom, it hurts... oh!”

Boss raised his arms to protect himself from his mother's furious beating. He didn't care that the police had to back him up so as not to hurt his son. She fell to the ground and began to cry miserably. Che-rán turned her eyes and looked in another direction. She was in no position to be able to get involved or resolve the situation that was before her. The duty of a forensic pathologist was to verify the facts to support police work. Of course, as the person who had performed the autopsy, she was the one who made the decision to ask the police to take those samples as happened with Mr. Chaiyot which had caused a problem because he was a father who had just lose his daughter.

But she couldn't rule out anyone as a suspect until she had proof of their innocence. She couldn't feel sympathy or pity for anyone. The person who should have known this rule best was the person who walked into she office. She shouldn't have become friends with a person with that attitude, the doctor thought.

The condominium-The 9-was located in the Rama 9 area, next to an area of department stores and subway stations. It was also designed with contemporary architecture. Therefore, it was not strange that the price of each room was too high for the average person. Lieutenant Jew even tensed up a little when he had to back up his car trying not to scratch the Porsche on the left or the Maserati on the right. The two police officers entered together into a reception room that was larger than a shop. She couldn't help but look around and before she could regain her composure, the staff at the counter greeted them.

“What is the reason for your visit?”

"We are from the police,"

Lieutenant Tul raised the police badge she was wearing around her neck to show her identity before speaking about the purpose of going there.

“We are in the process of investigating a case and would like to ask for cooperation from the condominium to help turn on the CCTV cameras last Wednesday morning.”

“Contact the legal entities department.”

“We really arrived at the right condo, right?”

Lieutenant Jew whispered softly so that only the two of them could hear as the front desk staff used the business phone. Tul shook her head so that her subordinate would not speak further. She knew that it didn't matter how much money someone had, that didn't exempt them from committing a crime.

“This way, officers.”

After hanging up the phone, a girl in a skirt suit led the way. The two police officers walked down the hallway to a room with a sign that said, "Authorized Personnel Only." They opened the door and were shown to where the security guard was waiting inside. Lieutenant Tul couldn't help but lose sight of the dozens of television screens showing CCTV images in every corner of the condominium.

“Did anything unusual happen at the condo on Wednesday?”

The CCTV operator asked as he rewound the recording to the day and time the police wanted.

“We have discovered that Miss Namfon was a murder victim and the body was put in a suitcase. And she was here Wednesday morning.”

Tul was used to the panic on her face after she explained the nature of the case. It was not strange that ordinary people were aware of the news of a murder and the concealment of a corpse that made the front page that morning.

“This is the front of the lobby on Wednesday at 8:00 am.”

The image on the TV screen appeared in front of the reception room they had just walked through. At the counter there were only receptionists and residents who came and went sporadically. The video was sped up at the request of Lieutenant Tul who watched it while waiting to see the girl she was looking for. Until at 8:24 am, Yardphirun appeared on CCTV.

“She's still in her school uniform.”

Lieutenant Jew told what he saw. It was true that the young woman was wearing a school uniform, she had approached the counter to ask before she disappeared for a while in a corner of the hallway, she had returned in a black dress, looking more mature than she had before.

"I would probably take someone's job in this condo..."

Tul said, pursing her lips as she looked at Namfon sitting on the couch waiting for someone. After a while, an unidentified man approached and guided the girl to the front of the elevator.

“Can you go ahead and look? Are there security cameras in the elevator?”

The guard complied with the police's request. The narrow rectangular interior of the elevator allowed the camera to capture the man's face more clearly. He barely had any interaction with the young woman in the same elevator. It was as if they had met by chance and had never met before. The number she pressed was the forty-fourth floor. When the two exited the elevator, the officer immediately cut the image to the CCTV camera on that floor.

It was just that the capture distance was too far for the two lieutenants to focus their eyes to see which room Namfon was taken to. But it wasn't a problem when the door opened and only the girl came in... But the same man came out and called the elevator to return to the ground floor, without having any further interaction.. Did it have something to do with her or had it just led her there?



“Can we know who the owner of that room is?”

“In that matter, the police should contact the legal personnel department. But a search warrant may also be necessary due to the privacy of the room owner.”

"Then we want to watch until Namfon comes out again,"

Tul emphasized clearly in her own words, so the guard sped up the video ten times faster to see if she came out of there intact or if it was that person who had killed her. The CCTV recording continued at such a rapid pace that few people walked past the camera to enter and exit their rooms. But Lieutenant Tul's eyes were still fixed on the room Namfon had entered since morning. But until the digital numbers indicated that it was 7:00 pm, there was still no sign of anyone entering or leaving the room.

“Do you normally rent for the whole day?”

Jew began to say, raising his hand to massage his fingertips into the eyes that began to hurt on their own. Tul rested her eyes by looking away for a moment blinking rapidly after staring at the screen for too long until the number in the corner of the screen read the time 22:03:09. Tul almost elbowed the young man who was next to him so he could see the CCTV image on the forty fourth floor. The door to the room Namfon had entered in the morning opened. The girl left alone in a normal state. Everything seemed fine but on that occasion...the owner of the room followed her.

The young man was wearing a mask that covered almost half of his face. He walked with his arms around the girl's frail figure to the front of the elevator. The two treated each other like a sweet couple, chatting and teasing until Tul almost forgot that Namfon had a real boyfriend in her neighborhood. When she thought about it again, that was her job. And the young man was the one who hired her. The young lieutenant understood the situation surrounding the spectacle.

The camera captured the inside of the narrow rectangular elevator they had just entered but they couldn't contain themselves even though the place they

were in was a public area where someone might come to see them. The man began to run his lips over her face and shoulders, and the girl looked embarrassed. Before the two people's actions began. She went too far when the man took off his mask and pressed his lips along her cheek.

“Can you go back and press stop?”

The tape was shown to Lieutenant Tul. When she took off her mask, the tape was stopped just in time to capture his face clearly. Lieutenant Jew first hurriedly took a cell phone photo of him, but meanwhile Tul was thinking about where she had seen his face before, this man. A loud knee-slapping sound was heard from the security guard.

“I remember seeing that face somewhere! The police just came and I just saw them!”

“Who is he?”

The officer who turned on the CCTV camera grabbed his mobile phone to search for an evening news program online. But then Tul's cell phone rang.

“Who is the goddess of forensic medicine? Is this the name you have Dr. Ran under?”

Tul said nothing and pressed to answer the phone immediately in case the forensic team had found new evidence. She respected the other party for being able to differentiate their duties even though they had arguments before, even if the random sounds they heard sounded colder than before.

[The results of the analysis have come out confirming the identity of the person from the sperm.]

“Here it is, officer.”

“What does it say?”

Once again, the lieutenant was able to separate her auditory perception in two directions. Her eyes were fixed on the phone screen in Lieutenant Jew's

hand and the facial cleansing foam advertisement with a male celebrity as the presenter.

[Does not match either Mr. Chaiyot or Boss.]

'It's the facial cleansing foam that JJ chooses to use'

The young actor in the picture said in a cheerful voice. He was smiling so widely that you could see a dimple on his right cheek. His eyebrows were thick and unique. Even his hair had a different shape than the CCTV camera image. But the overall composition of his face clearly confirmed that they were the same person. Jew was able to stop in time on the last shot where in the background was the young star's signature along with his real name and surname.

JJ - Jakrin Naknawa

# 8

## EIGHT



*Warning: Content may involve dead bodies, loss, sex, family problems and physical abuse.*

Arrest of "JJ-Jakrin" involved in a shocking case. Evidence was found of having taken N'Namfon to the condominium on the day of her death. Police officers arrested JJ Jakrin Naknawa, 23, a bright-faced young actor, with video evidence from a CCTV camera inside a condominium that captured him along with N'Namfon Yardpirun Nongyao, the victim of a murder, rape and concealment of the body that had caused a great impact on society.

Read more details in the news link.

Shocking! JJ, a young actor from a famous channel, is being accused! CCTV captures "Nong Namfon" with him but he denies raping and murdering her.

It can be said that it was news that shook the industry to the point that the channel had to come out and discontinue the drama. "Likhit Rak Kham Phop" which was being broadcast when "JJ. Jakrin" became a suspect in the "Nong Namfon" case. Initially, the young actor denied being involved with the murder-rape But he actually invited Nong Namfon to the condominium as if she were an acquaintance.

Read more details in the news link.

A young actor is a suspect! The case of Nong Namfon going up the condominium: they kissed in the elevator before the woman died. The favorite young actor of the moment, JJ "JJ Jakrin", could not get away from the evidence of the camera. CCTV footage was captured taking "Nong Namfon" to the condo throughout the day before they were caught kissing again in the lift later that night. The police suspect that it is related to the death of Nong Namfon. However, the young actor still denies it.

Read more details in the news link.

At the Central Headquarters of the Investigative Police, hundreds of media outlets came, including high-profile news, crime news, and even entertainment news, waiting for the arrival of the young actor from the famous channel involved in the case. Many eyes were on the summons to hear the charges, interrogate him and possibly end up in prison. It was not only the journalists, but also the fans of "JJ-Jakrin" who had gathered to cheer the young actor by insulting the officials and police. Some held signs with his name on them, others cried with disappointment. Police controlled the group of fans to stand in the designated area. They were worried that if the young actor arrived there would be a small disturbance at that time.

Police Lieutenant Tul was waiting for the suspect's arrival in front of the headquarters building, watching how the situation developed in the case under her responsibility. Once again she had to deal with the fame of those involved in the case, which of course directly and indirectly affected the investigation as it was a target of interest to people in society.

It involved people who had influence over people, whether for support or opposition. The case required great responsibility that did not allow you to be distracted from social trends.

“Arrive!”

A journalist screamed loudly and noticed that a large black truck was approaching the area where there was a fence. The flashes of dozens of cameras flickered throughout the car even though it had not yet parked. Loud screams asking to see 'JJ' from fans mixed with the sound of crying requesting that the police investigate the case in a fair way for their favorite star. The police department's black van was parked in the area controlled by

officers. They installed a barrier to provide a path into the building. A split second seemed like too long. It was as if time had slowed to a near standstill when the car door opened. The police officer who detained the suspect got out first, followed by JJ Jakrin, the young actor who barely resembled the beauty she saw on the big screen.

He didn't wear makeup. His hair was not combed well, his lips were pale, his eyes were dark, as if he had not slept. Instead, he was wearing a smart suit, although the top button of his was undone, as if he wanted to look disheveled.

“P’JJJJ!”

"You didn't do it, did you?"

“Nong JJ, is it true that Nong Namfon is the girl you called to come to your condo?”

“Is it true that you refused a DNA test to prove that you were not the one who raped Nong Namfon.”

“JJ, please answer...”

“JJ didn't do it!”

Upon entering the building, flashes continued to flash, microphones and voice recorders pointed as close as possible to the young actor, barriers barely containing an army of journalists until police officers rushed to prevent anyone from reaching the suspect. that he should not answer journalists' questions or the shouts of angry fans. But not a single word escaped the young actor's mouth. Both eyes looked at the ground the entire time as he entered the building. He didn't look at the journalists or his own fans.

The suspect and dozens of officers entered the building. The young actor was taken to an interrogation room, followed by Lieutenants Tul and Jew from the investigation department responsible for the case and as the people who had managed to find clues for the case.

"I didn't think there would be so many Phi days,"

Jew complained because of the noise outside that was so loud he almost wanted to cover his ears. But fortunately the sound did not leak into the building, otherwise he would become very nervous.

"I stopped watching dramas since police school, so I don't know anyone but I have heard that his first drama had good ratings. There are many Thai and foreign fans, he has no shortage of advertising work."

Said Tul, based on what she heard from her older brother, P'Tihn. But since he opened his own bakery, he sometimes left the TV on while he was in the kitchen, so he knew J Jakrin a little.

"But in this case, the evidence is overwhelming. I don't know why fans still defend him when he committed a crime."

"They believe that their idol is the best just because of how he looks."

"Especially as a man, it's not strange at all. I've seen people in the men's industry make a mistake and suddenly go back to work because there's such a fan club waiting for them."

Jew shook his head at the obvious injustice in society.

The day before I had tried to read some #'s news threads on Twitter and at least eighty percent were full of people cursing Mr. JJ for committing a crime, but the rest, although fewer, still supported him and did not believe the information published in the media fighting for their idol. The question would be, if you don't believe the evidence the police already found, who will you believe? Some of these cases were so serious that Lieutenant Jew found them difficult to understand. He saw a young and handsome actor involved in a case of sexual assault on a woman. It was not necessary to comment because people in society had a very distorted logic and did not seem to want to change.

"Hello, we meet again."

Tul remembered this voice well. The way she spoke seemed like she was trying to show that she was happy, but in reality she was very irritating. Turning around, she saw a young woman in her thirties dressed in a tailored suit that looked impeccable. After being warned about taking responsibility for an important case surpassing the previous one, the young woman still did not like the person in front of her.

“Did they call the prosecutor Tiwa?”

But Lieutenant Jew didn't know anything about this either. She greeted the prosecutor, who was a familiar face in the legal industry, unlike Tul who had just moved in, she was immediately greeted by officials from almost every department.

“Yes, Lieutenant, it seems that you are only attracted to cases that the public is watching a lot. The previous case was about the heir of a tycoon. In this case there is a famous suspect.”

The prosecutor's smile was more similar to the Joker's than a friendly one. Tul smiled back and responded.

“I just found evidence that could be related to the victim's death, so I had to call him to question him.”

“But it's still dangerous. Security camera footage shows that she carried the victim into the room and brought her down safely.”

Prosecutor Tiwa gestured with her hand from top to bottom according to the sentence she spoke.

“But the evidence of whether he was the rapist and murderer is not entirely clear.”

Once again, the person in front of Tul pointed out a loophole, which made her feel like she was being thrown out even before she had requested a court order so she could cite JJ Jakrin as a "Suspect". But once this matter came to light ears of the journalists, it was difficult to control that the media



gave him a negative color, causing society to interpret him in a way that understood that the young actor was already an "accused."

"We will be careful with the investigation."

Tul promised. Libra promised that at least there were still people who remembered not to just follow social trends, although she didn't want to admit that Prosecutor Tiwa had good intentions. After preparing for the interrogation, Tul walked towards the observation room together with Jew but what she saw at that moment made her feel very unhappy because she saw how one of the police officers took a selfie with the young actor who raised two fingers in his head. peace sign and smiled at the camera.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Tul's voice was so harsh that the police officer barely managed to put his cell phone in his pocket. Lieutenant Jew shook her head in disgust as he went in to invite the boy into the interrogation room along with his lawyer. As for Tul, she scolded the police officer for his inappropriate behavior, not caring that the inspector had entered the room.

"He is now suspected of murder. It's not a celebrity who can come and ask to take a photo."

"I just wanted to take a photo to show my daughter. She's following these stars..."

"But you're a police officer. You should think more than anyone about your duties. There are people who are really hurt and lost by this case. It's not about us taking photos with the suspect. If other people saw you, what would you say to them?"

Tul stared at him and did not back away. Even if Dawit, the police officer in front of her was older if he did something inappropriate he had to be warned.

"Come on, it's okay. Leave it already. Dawit, go away."

Inspector Pichet tried to cool things down because he knew this subordinate's personality well and knew that Tul would not give in. He wanted to rush to find the criminal and punish him so the inspector had to cut things off and that is why he gave orders to the policeman to leave and not intervene further in that.

“What's happening? Why all the scandal? Captain Dan entered and joined them along with the prosecutor as he had volunteered to take him to observe the investigation.”

“Nothing, let's get started, okay? You're ready?”

“Let this time be Lieutenant Tul's duty. I have to stay with the prosecutor. Are you ready, Lieutenant?”

A thick palm caressed the shoulder of the person who was trying to control her emotions from the previous incident. Tul nodded. She thought it would be great to be the interrogator herself because the person who found the evidence to arrest this suspect had been her. A large computer screen showed CCTV images from all four corners: Lieutenant Tul, who had just entered the door, appeared in front of the suspect, the lawyer and Lieutenant Jew, who was acting as an assistant in the interrogation. But behind Lieutenant Tul's back, there was a person sitting in the observation room who said:

“How do you think this interrogation will end, Captain?”

Captain Dan shook his head. His eyes looked through a large mirror where he could see the people in the other room and he said, "It's difficult." The evidence that he is a murderer is too weak.

"Oh, so you let the new police take over, right?"

Prosecutor Tiwa used a tone filled with so much sincerity that she didn't know if she intended to confront him or was simply joking, until Captain Dan cleared his throat and muttered a soft denial instead of an excuse...

Tul confronted the suspect, who was then called in for questioning. The introduction was made while on the right was the famous lawyer that the agency had sent to handle the case sitting next to JJ. The young lieutenant tried to contain herself but felt a little self-conscious. She opened the laptop she brought with her and started talking..

“At ten minutes past twenty-two (10:22 am) the interrogation begins. I am Police Lieutenant Tu Techakomon, who is leading the interrogation.”

Tul opened the audio and video recording section, during which all ten fingers were placed on the keyboard, preparing to write various statements of this investigation.

“Mr. Jakarin, today you come as a suspect in the murder of Miss Yardphirun because there is important evidence that you were with the deceased last Wednesday, May 8, do you accept this accusation?”

Sharp eyes looked towards the suspect who had a weak expression on his face. He turned to look at the lawyer next to him who nodded in response before the young actor gave him a single nod that he almost didn't notice.

“But I didn't kill her..”

“How did you know the deceased? Can you tell me about that?”

Tul chose to let the rejection enter her left ear and pass through her right ear as if it were just a passing wind. Every suspect always said this so the police were already used to this kind of thing but they had to base it on the evidence and not just what the suspect said

“On the days when I don't have a call, I want my friends to come and stay with me in the room. Then my manager contacted her.”

“So, Nong Namfon agreed to go with you as a companion. Is that correct?”

"Yes,"

Answered a beautiful face. His lips pressed together tightly as he felt the pressure.

“I do not have many friends. The more involved I got in the industry, the less I hung out with others. I just broke up with my girlfriend two months ago, so I asked my manager to contact me to find me a woman.”

“This is the first time you see Nong Namfon, right?”

The young actor shook his head without making eye contact with the police officer.

“We had seen each other three times... That day was the third time.”

The two police officers even turned to look each other in the eyes when they heard the young actor's response. Tul took her hand away from the laptop, leaning back in her chair and crossing her arms over her chest as she stared at the person in front of her with expectant eyes.

“Before that, did you have other dates with students? Have other people come more than once or twice?”

He shook his head again. From some angles, JJ Jakrin looked no different from any ordinary person. His handsome face seemed tired and full of worry to the point that he could barely maintain the appearance of a bright-faced young man with unique and attractive dimples. However, this person worked in the entertainment industry, perhaps... the image of a man who felt guilty for what he had done at that moment could be something he expressed.

"intentionally" so that others would sympathize with him. Not including the influence of being famous in society that he could help reduce guilt. But Tul told herself that she would not be easily fooled.

“Was there something special between you and the deceased?”

The young lieutenant continued to ask questions that the suspect in front of her could not answer clearly.

“For example, you two like each other. Or they had a nice conversation...”

The questioning became too personal, prompting the lawyer, who had been silent from the beginning, to whisper something to his client.

“You have the right to choose not to respond. I'll take care of it myself.”

Lieutenant Tul allowed discussions between the suspect and the lawyer, although inside she felt conflicted. If it was in accordance with the law that was outside the control of the police, protecting and defending the client, especially if it was a famous person, then the testimony had an important role that would greatly affect the outcome of the case. Tul, she understood it very well.

“So can you tell me something about Wednesday and what you did during the day?”

The young lieutenant took a step back and asked again with sharp eyes that narrowed before the suspect she remained silent for a moment before letting out a sigh and beginning to recount what happened.

“That day was free and it was not full. I didn't want to leave and so I asked the manager if he could cal...”

JJ kept her eyes on her hands clasped on the table, her voice sounding different than anything she'd heard before. There was something hidden with some tainted feelings that other people couldn't easily understand.

“To Fon to the room along with something to eat. Then I went back to sleep for a while, and when I woke up late in the morning, we sat, ate, and talked about general matters, about Fon's life and mine. It was like an emotional adjustment to suffering. Fon said that she hadn't gone to class because I called her and that made me feel very important. That's what made me like it...”

Everyone in the interrogation room remained silent and listened attentively. JJ was silent for a moment as he thought. He took a deep breath before continuing.

“The reason I called the girl at first was because I was waiting for something to happen but before doing anything, I like to talk about her personal life and why she had gone to do that job. I like to ask everyone the same questions because I want to know. But Fon was different from other people. It was like we both had similar problems and we could comfort each other...”

“Is that why you stayed to see her the second and third time?”

The young man nodded slightly, pressing his face down more than before to prevent the others from noticing the tears beginning to flow.

“I admit that there really was something with Fon every time we met. That night there was something... Until 9pm when she complained that she didn't want to come home. But anyway she had to return because she didn't want to have problems with her family, plus her boyfriend started arguing with her over her chat. She finally looked upset and wanted to go back, so I offered to take her back.”

Tul wrote down every word of the confession and recorded it on a laptop. From what the suspect admitted, he had had sexual relations with the deceased, which was consistent with forensic evidence that said there were semen stains found in the corpse's vagina. Both the confession and the evidence indicated that Mr. Jakrin once had a deep relationship with the deceased and apparently he had been her last person before she was murdered.

“What happened during that time? After the images we saw on the CCTV cameras.”

“Fon said that her boyfriend kept picking meaningless fights over the chat. She kept writing answers along the way, so we didn't really talk much... When we got to her house, she told me that she didn't want to come back and that she wanted to stay with me. So I said, well, would you like me to take you for a ride...?”

“Did you agree?”

The head that was tilted so far that it was almost close to the edge of the table was swaying slightly.

“I parked the car and waited a long time in case Fon changed her mind. In the end, Fon was afraid of getting into trouble with his father, so her decided it was better to return home.”

“Did you park the car? You mean in front of her house, right?”

“Yes, Fon got out of the car and walked towards her house. You can inspect the CCTV of the area around 11:00 p.m. You should be able to see my car.”

“We have checked. In that area, there was only one security camera in front of the convenience store. Also, the darker it gets, the harder it is to see the cars,”

Lieutenant Tul said based on evidence she had previously found when the police investigated whether she had returned home or not. She had checked with the cameras during the night during the day but there were no traces of the girl.

“Do you have a camera in your car that can confirm what you say?”

Lieutenant Jew, who had been listening for a long time, asked but that made the young actor's face break even more.

“My car's front camera doesn't work. It seems that the memory was full and nothing was recorded, I had already told the police.”

“So, can you tell me around 11:00 pm after you left the deceased in front of her house until 3:00 am when the condominium security camera captured the image that you had just arrived... Where was it? what were you?”

Without saying anything, Tul turned and made a suggestive gesture to the younger police officer who was near him, taking out the photo obtained from the CCTV camera and placing it on the table. The digital time number in the lower right corner said it was around 3:12 a.m. when Mr. Jakrin returned to the lobby of his residential condominium.

“I...I went for a walk alone.”

Lieutenant Tul raised her eyebrows at that response. She looked at the lawyer who was still sitting silently, not thinking about contradicting the client's words or telling him to stop talking before he put himself in a difficult position. She had to show evidence to back up what she was saying.

“Did you continue driving alone? That's all?”

“Yes, first I returned to my own house... A house where no one lived, my father and mother are abroad, so I didn't enter. I sat in the car for a while, smoking a cigarette, thinking to myself, and then I left the highway, stepping hard on the accelerator, I was going very fast. Maybe there will be a speed trap.”

Lieutenant Tul considered what he had heard before asking her closest subordinate for help:

"Jew, please contact the Highway Department to see if there are any cameras that have captured images of Mr. Jakrin's car driving on the highway between 23 :00 and 3:00 in the morning.”

“Yeah.”

Lieutenant Jew stood to her full sixty-inch height. He left the interrogation room to contact and find evidence to confirm the suspect's claims.

Lieutenant Tul, who was still sitting in the same place, turned around and looked at the young actor like she did before.

“But... Can you tell me why you chose to drive at that moment?”

For the first time, Mr. Jakrin looked up, but he didn't make eye contact with anyone as usual, his handsome face looked towards the wall where a single light bulb was hanging. Tul, waited calmly for the young man to be ready to answer the question.



“I thought about what Fon said. She told me that her family was not a safe zone for all children, so she reminded me of myself, who lived alone in a condo since high school with the money my parents sent me. I've seen my parents' faces countless times until they felt like strangers... since I entered the industry, everyone thinks they know me well, but no, no one knows how lonely I feel when I'm alone. I come home crying after my schedule ends almost every day because the room is too quiet. That's why I called Fon to come over, talk, have a drink and save me from falling asleep alone.”

If that were a script it should be one that would take a long time to memorize, but JJ Jakrin also said it with a sensitivity hidden in his voice that the listener almost came to believe was true. Tul absorbed every phrase and every word for a long time. She leaned down and summarized the main points she had gleaned from his testimony in her notebook, keeping her eyes wide open and reading what she had written. It suddenly occurred to her that there were some parts that were still unclear.

“About what the deceased told you about not wanting to return home and what she said about the family not being a safe place for everyone... Could you give me more details?”

Tul asked which made Lieutenant Jew turn to look at her because it was almost a question that detracted from the investigation into this suspect but he was able to understand that was to take a step back and look. On the other hand, it was possible that only the inspectors in the observation room did not understand. Where exactly did the young lieutenant in charge of the interrogation want to get at?

“Fon said she had problems at home. But I don't know why she didn't tell me. She only said that she accepted the job because it paid well.”

“But her family doesn't really need money.”

“I also asked her about this. But Fon said she didn't want to ask her father for money to use.”

Tul frowned. She could not help but think of the contradictory statements between the young actor and the father of the deceased who had the image

of the person who lost his beloved daughter and was being searched for from the day she disappeared from home until he was left heartbroken when he found his dead daughter. All that was eroded by the words from the mouth of the young man, who met the deceased only three times. She had told him that she didn't want to come home because she had problems with her father.

The most important thing in the duty was to listen to the opinions of both sides and use the circumstantial evidence that had been obtained to refer to who was telling the truth and to what extent. Even if she felt that what the young actor said was not a lie, it was just one person's point of view and the deceased could not confirm it.

“Did you have any contact with the deceased after that?”

“No, we do not exchange LINE or personal numbers. I could only call her,”

The young actor said in a firm voice. Whether what he said was true or not, the police did not find the deceased's cell phone or wallet to confirm that she was in contact with anyone. But all suspects have already handed over evidence to officials for examination. Furthermore, Boss Thitipong, who was the boyfriend according to testimony that there was an argument with the deceased around 11:00 p.m. but other than that, no one had been able to contact her

“She was found dead on Saturday morning. Have you seen the news about her?”

Mr.Jakrin was silent as if thinking for a moment before nodding.

“I saw it.”

“Did you not consider coming to report or give a statement to the police?”

The lawyer coughed lightly to interrupt, moving from where he usually sat with his back straight on the chair and resting his arms on the table to communicate with her.

"I'm sorry, police, but I haven't seen any evidence that indicates he committed the murder."

Lieutenant Tul shifted her gaze from the suspect to the lawyer sitting on her right. Interrogating a suspect or accused was not an easy task for the police. But it was twice as difficult if she turned to a lawyer to help him defend himself and protect him from answering questions that could have negative consequences on the defendant's defense in court.

"With evidence from the condominium's CCTV, it is clearly confirmed that Mr. Jakrin was with the deceased the night before the murder and there is no evidence to confirm that he took the deceased to the front of the house."

"We came here as suspects. If the police want to say that he committed the murder, they need to find evidence to prove it. If not, what charges will the prosecutor order?"

The lawyer replied in a stern voice, expecting the police to back off, but Lieutenant Tul stared at him and refused to take his eyes off her.

"Anyway, we still have to wait for photos from the Highway Department to help confirm his innocence. Therefore, here, right now, you are still one of the suspects that we have to interrogate in order to continue collecting evidence for your consideration as to whether you have committed a crime or not."

The atmosphere in the interrogation room was quite tense, increasing every second, and Tul was not lenient towards the lawyer who was in conflict with her in words and actions..

"There is another accusation that perhaps you did not know about but according to the law we have to take action against your client."

Lieutenant Tul continued when no one interrupted her.

"At first I also made the mistake of understanding that she was eighteen years old but in reality she was seventeen years and ten months (17 years

and 10 months) about to turn eighteen, she would barely turn eighteen in two months.”

The young lieutenant looked at the man facing the accusations.

“That was when you had sexual relations with the deceased. She was not yet eighteen years old. And that's what you lost when you are accused of pedophilia..”

“In this matter, we ourselves have evidence to explain.”

This time, the lawyer's side did not allow the client to defend himself. He opened the folder that he had brought with him and took out a document, a sheet of paper that was placed on the table in front of Lieutenant Tul.

“This is the website of a recruitment agency that Mr. Jakrin has contacted through the Manager, Lieutenant, have you seen this?”

His finger pointed to the photo of a young woman with an beautiful face and dyed light brown hair wearing a dress that showed off her skin. At a glance it was easy to understand that she was in her early 20s, but as Lieutenant Tul remembered well her face, the more details on the side made it clearer who she was.

Nong Namfon (20 years old).

NV - Newbie, cute, small, good at pleasing.

“This young woman had falsified her profile stating that she was 20 years old. So my client thought she was of legal age. Therefore, saying that my client has committed the crime she mentions could not apply because she had no such intention.”

Anyone could see that the lawyer had prepared well in her defense and reduce the punishment from heavy to light. Lieutenant Tul once again kept her back straight as she was hit back.

“I am aware of that. But the lawyer himself probably knows very well that those who perform an obscene act or purchase services from someone

underage will receive the same punishment whether you know it or not. Even if he was part of the elite of our generation.”

Simply being able to interact with a well-known lawyer who deals with famous people is enough to pass the test. Prosecutor Tiwa even said in her mind as she watched the interrogation. Although sometimes the lieutenant seemed to try to play the young actor too much. Forensic pathologist Cherán walked down the hallway of the building until she arrived in front of the forensic medicine room where she had been summoned. Her slender fingertips pressed a six-digit password to enter the interior, which was restricted only to officials.

“Ready?”

The visitor's question caused the forensic officer to look up at the mold of the tooth which was similar to what could be seen in general dental clinics, except that it was bare plaster and the gums were not painted red as we are familiar with, even the shape of teeth that were not beautifully aligned as most dentists dreamed of... and the upper front teeth had clear pin marks.

"Yes, Nong Namfon's tooth print is ready as you requested, doctor,"

The official said, moving away from the table and placing the mold in front of Dr. Ran so that she could easily examine it.

“Is it true that the deceased could have bitten the attacker before dying?”

“It's an assumption. But the body of the deceased was submerged in water for a long time, causing the criminal's DNA to fade to the point that it could not be detected. Therefore, we need tooth prints as evidence because only bite marks were left on the attacker's body.”

Dr. Ran explained carefully as she examined the pin marks on the front teeth.

“But whose teeth marks will you look for? From celebrity JJ?”

“He is one of the suspects. I would have to include him too.”

“I saw the news that today he went to be interrogated at headquarters. Do you want to contact the police so they can help you search for the body? That policewoman you're close to.”

There was no response from Dr. Ran making the official worried that perhaps he had said something meaningless. Everyone working for the Forensic Institute knew well that Dr. Ran was not a very talkative person. Almost no one talked to her about topics other than her work. Except Maethinee the beautiful woman from the Forensic Toxicology Department.

“I'll contact you soon. Also includes photographs of dental x-rays. In case we need to use it.”

“Yes.”

It seemed good that at least Doctor Ran did not express her dissatisfaction. But if you listened to her cold voice and expressionless face, it was even more uncomfortable than being scolded directly. Che-rán left the testing department room, took out her cell phone from the pocket of her robe. She scanned with her fingers to find the names of the police officers whose most recent phone calls were recorded.

Pol. Lieutenant Tul.

The doctor hesitated for a moment. Although she was once dissatisfied with the insults from that side, she had to separate personal matters from her work. The call waiting tone only rang twice and the other party answered.

“I would like to ask the police to help search Mr. Jakrin's body for bite wounds because it is possible that the murderer was bitten by the victim during the fight to resist before dying.”

[I'll check it soon.]

The other end of the line responded easily.

“If it is found or not, please call me back.”

[Wait a moment, doctor...]

Che-rán continued without removing the cell phone from her ear. For a moment she thought that maybe she wanted to talk about something else with her. At that moment, Dr. Bank, her assistant doing the autopsy, came over and saw her.

“Nong Namfon's father contacted me to claim the body. Will you go see it?”

“I will do that. If there is nothing else, I will apologize first.”

Dr. Ran turned around and spoke to the person on the other end of the line who remained silent until there was no chance to speak. She put her cell phone back in her pocket before following behind the attendant to find the deceased's relatives who were waiting.

The young lieutenant gasped loudly when she heard the call disconnect. It seemed like she had to muster up the courage to personally apologize to the doctor if she wanted to work with her again. It could be even more chaotic. She didn't want to act as if nothing had happened before, it was awkward to communicate verbally. But deep inside her heart she felt guilty for the things she had said while she was angry.

“You did it very well.”

Captain Dan walked up and put his arms around her shoulders like brothers who had been close for a long time. With a tone that sounded like it had been helpful during the previous investigation, even though she had consulted with the inspector that Lieutenant. Tul was being too lenient and listening to the suspect and needed to be more forceful in her accusations to show that they, the police, they were superior.

“The forensic investigator called me and asked me to help look for Mr. Jakrin for bite wounds that may have occurred when the deceased resisted, I'll have to bother you with this, Captain.”

Tul slowly moved away from the arm she was unwilling to allow to go around her shoulder. But what the coroner wanted to see was something that worried the young police chief.

“Several days have passed. If he had really been bitten, the wound would have healed well.”

“From what Dr. Ran told me, the deceased bit so hard that her front teeth were knocked out. It is also possible that the wound may still be there or that it may have become infected if he did not receive treatment.”

Tul confirmed firmly. But instead, the person in front of her was not willing to cooperate and was suspicious of the doctor who made the assumptions of the corpse's autopsy with whom she rarely worked.

“You should know one thing: we do not work for the forensic experts, they are the ones who should support us, not give us orders so that we can run to test the suspects.”

Captain Dan's feet and hips showed his dominant body language.

“When have they not helped us?”

You could feel the bias hidden in every word, Tul began to feel anger increase.

“We can request a search of the suspect's body, whether we find it or not, it will help confirm if he is the one who did it or is innocent. But if you can't make him captain, I can ask someone else. Staying here arguing is a waste of time.”

“Wait a minute, Lieutenant Tul.”

The discrepancies in attitude toward work bothered Captain Dan. He knew in his heart that this police lieutenant would never listen even if you made a loud noise that everyone else would have to turn to see.

"What are you looking at, Sergeant?"

She shouted at the young police officer in a heated mood before following the other person, not caring that they would look at her. It was known throughout the police department that Police Captain Dan began pursuing the commander's daughter as soon as she joined the department. He



approached her with the expectation of giving himself the opportunity to advance in the police force.

Furthermore, it is considered that Tulle's appearance matched everyone's specifications. Even though she had a stubborn personality and dared to clash with those with higher power in a way she didn't care about the serious consequences she would have. The young police officer had assumed he could control her into compliance because he had more experience, but everything went wrong.

Ms. Yardpirun's lifeless body had been preserved in a corpse-like state until the Forensic Institute's examination was completed. She received stitches for the wound. Her feet were replaced and she was placed in clothing that her father had brought to the officials preparing to carry the body back to the appropriate religious ceremonies. Mr. Chaiyot, the father of the deceased, dressed in a black silk robe, was talking to the officials when Dr. Che-rán entered. The doctor humbly raised her hand in greeting to the adult who bowed when he saw her.

“Is everything okay, doctor?”

“Everything's fine. If you complete the paperwork, you will be able to get Nong Fon back immediately.”

A man in his fifties turned to look at the table covered with a white cloth on it, his eyes still full of mourning, mustache, beard, gray hair, sparse, and his crow's feet made him look even older. Little beads of sweat stuck to the sides of his temples. Even though the building had the air conditioning on.

“To this day I still wake up and walk to my daughter's room to wake her up. I couldn't accept it, doctor. Who would have thought that a father would have to come to the funeral of his own daughter?”

It was a sad phrase told from the mouth of a man who lost his daughter prematurely. Che-rán did not say any words of comfort because she did not want to create prejudice in his heart. Both in terms of sympathy and on the negative side, as Lieutenant Tul previously criticized for it. The other day,

her friend told her that Mr. Chaivot had appeared as a guest on a news program.

He received overwhelming sympathy from the people of the society. Especially when circumstantial evidence indicated that the young actor JJ Jakarin was involved in Namfon's death, public opinion therefore went in the same direction, condemning the star and offering kindness to the girl's father.

"If there is any progress in the case, we will inform you,"

Dr. Ran promised. In that she could fully help the family of the deceased. But for a split second, there was a flash of fear in the old man's eyes before he looked away and fixed his gaze back on his daughter.

"Is there still something you need to follow up on? I thought that actor had been arrested by the police."

"Today they took him for interrogation. But there is still other evidence that needs to be found."

"Stop!"

Suddenly he screamed loudly, noisily filling the room. The pose that showed his anger was different from how he had seen him a few moments before.

"How many times will you send my daughter to her condo? And yet...he raped my daughter! he is a trash of society."

"Calm down first. The police are proceeding in accordance with legal procedures."

While Cherán was trying to convince the other party to relieve his anger. The ringing of the cell phone rang so loudly that she had to excuse himself from answering it, assigning Dr. Bank, the assistant who accompanied him, to take over and continue the conversation. Lieutenant Tul, who I had just

spoken to earlier, was the one who called. Her slender fingertips pressed to answer the phone before speaking in a calm voice.

“Did you find any teeth marks?”

[No...]

The other end of the line seemed disappointed with her own response..

[There are only bruises. Right at the waist that happened while she was filming a drama where she scraped herself against the edge of the pool. He also has a medical certificate that proves it.]

“It doesn't matter, we still have tissue fragments from the victim's teeth, but the investigation may take some time.”

Che-rán heard a response from the other party's throat and then there was silence again. It was awkward for a moment before Lieutenant Tul continued talking about the progress of the case from the police side

[We also found evidence that on the night of the incident, between midnight and three in the morning, JJ went for a drive on the highway. The Department of Highways just sent pictures of the car's speed detector to us. It could keep him out of being accused of murder...]

This assumption was so probable that the doctor herself could not say much on the matter. It was true that the semen stains on the corpse's vagina matched Mr. Jakarin's DNA but this was only evidence that they had sexual relations, not murder as had been alleged. If the investigation ended like this they probably wouldn't be able to do much.

When she thought about the previous incident with Mr. Chaiyot, the father of the deceased expressed his anger after the arrest and his anger towards the negative people in the society and also cursed the young actor until almost cutting off Che's future in the industry. Che-rán worried that such discontent could affect the legal process. Especially with the police in charge of the case.

“Dr. Ran, let's move the body.”

Once again, Dr. Bank followed her out, Ran nod nodded before saying goodbye to the lieutenant who had been silent for a long time.

“I probably need to hang up first...”

[Okay, if anything progresses, I will call you quickly.]

The voice that responded was so soft that one could feel the tiredness hidden in it. Che-rán pursed her lips. Maybe you should say something to this coworker to alleviate some of her concerns. But in the end only words remained...

“I will do the same.”

The mobile phone was successfully hung up. Dr. Ran put it back into her bag, shaking her head slightly, leaving the matter behind as there were other things even more important.

She had uncovered new clues about the case as JJ Jakrin could have been isolated from being a suspect with evidence confirming his whereabouts during the time period of the alleged murder. The actor drove at high speed on the highway and no injuries were found that could have been due to the deceased's bite. It was possible that the investigation would have to go back and start over.

She might have to wait for the results of the analysis of the tissue found in the victim's teeth, which could take a long time. If the results showed that it was not a piece of flesh from the victim's bite, the investigation would be delayed and the perpetrator would not be caught... Dr. Che-rán returned to the room where officials were preparing to remove the coffin from the building. She saw the back of Mr. Chaiyot, the father of the deceased who was standing not far from her when he entered to inform her of the progress of the interrogation of the young actor although she was afraid of disappointing him and provoking a new attack of hysteria. However, she couldn't help but tell it. The doctor approached to talk to the man again but

she noticed that on the silk shirt on her back there was a trace of sweat as if she had just done a hard workout.

“Mister.”

The doctor spoke to the older man but the other party had no reaction, probably because he were watching the officials lift his daughter's coffin.

“Mister.”

Then he turned around she had to walk away when she saw those eyes full of anger that she had never seen before and it was so creepy. Large beads of sweat dripped down his face, tip of his nose and neck, she couldn't help but wonder why his body was sweating so much. And second time, Cherán reached out to touch the shoulder of the deceased's father but when...

“Is something wrong with you?”

Dr. Ran acted kindly fighting that gaze while still feeling confused and shocked.

“No problem. I'm fine.”

“But you're sweating a lot.”

“I usually sweat a lot.”

Mr. Chaiyot responded with pale and trembling lips as if he had a high fever. But instead, he tried to suppress his pained expression before turning that shoulder away from the eyes that were looking at him suspiciously...

“Excuse me, doctor.”

The deceased's father said goodbye before following the four officers who were transporting the coffin with his daughter out of the building. Che-rán watched his sweat-soaked back walk away with many questions that arose after seeing the reaction and attitude that was so different at the beginning that there is hardly any image left of the kind uncle who used to be humble all the time.

# 9

## NINE



*Warning: Episode content features physical abuse*

On the table were dozens of photographs, all taken during the autopsy of Miss Yadphirun Nongyao, who was covered in bruises all over her body. Her pale skin had finger marks appearing on her neck that were already known to have caused her death. There were images of her feet that had been cut off, as well as broken front teeth, suggesting the victim may have struggled before dying. A thin hand took a photograph of the feet that had been cut off, to observe them further. The initial assumption that the perpetrator was right-handed was not wrong. In the image you could see a bruise in the shape of four fingers holding the leg and the thumb inserted under it.

Seen from either side, the perpetrator used his left hand to hold the victim's leg, while with his right hand he held the knife to cut her ankle. Even so, Che-rán still felt that perhaps he had missed something during the autopsy. After seeing the strange reactions and gestures shown by Mr. Chaiyot, she couldn't help but wonder what was missing. However, since Mr. Chaiyot was left-handed, her assumption was ruled out..

Due to the type of work she did, Che-rán was an observant person who liked to pay attention to the people around her. Looking at the old man, Che-rán realized that he was left-handed because he had seen him use his left hand to hold the pen and also when he picked up the phone.. Previously, Mr Chaiyot and Boss Thitipong, the deceased's boyfriend, had been named

suspects. However, the results of the analysis of the sperm stains found in the corpse's vagina did not coincide with that of any of those people.

The police then concluded that the case was one of murder and rape, prompting the investigation to turn to JJ-Jakrin, the actor who was discovered to have been with the deceased all day before the horrific incident occurred. He also admitted to having sexual intercourse that resulted in the discovery of sperm stains in her vagina, which was consistent with the forensic examination. But unable to find any evidence to confirm that he committed the murder, the investigation may have to start over. The knock on the door did not distract Che-rán because she already knew who the person was who had come to see her that afternoon.

Maethinee arrived with two glasses of hot Americano like she did every day. A glass with "Che-ran" written on it was placed on the table next to a photo of a corpse wound, before picking it up and looking.

“About the rape, can we prove it?”

Mae asked why the autopsy results that her friend had to present to the police could conflict with the suspect's alibi, because Che-rán had previously said that the deceased's genitals were torn and bruised inside, which could indicate that she was sexually forced. Che-rán shook her head, got up from the sofa she was sitting on, walked to the table to take the documents and handed them to her friend. Mae quickly looked at it and read it, her expression slowly showing a hint of astonishment.

“I emailed Dr. Honda, asking if there were any cases where the genitals were torn but it was consensual sexual intercourse. The answer was that no, no matter how serious the damage was, it could not be proven that it was rape.”

Che-rán mentioned one of her friends from Japan, whom she met from an exchange program she had done some time ago. They had recently gotten in touch to exchange ideas about medical knowledge and forensic examinations.

“Well, what if the man just tried too hard and the woman just accepted?”

“Although our examination found no traces, that does not mean that she was not raped. In short, the results of the forensic examination cannot be proven.”

Che-rán summarized all the information received from Dr. Honda, her Japanese friend. The results could exceed expectations and challenge many people's perceptions if the report is phrased that way. However, that was the truth.

“This will clear JJ of his status as a suspect, right?”

“Um... but he could get in trouble for child abuse anyway.”

“I saw the lawyer talking about the age that the deceased had entered on the website. She said twenty years old, so that gave JJ the wrong idea that the victim was not a minor.”

“Although he did not know it and misunderstood it, he is still guilty because the victim was actually a minor.”

Che-rán frowned thinking about such a confusing law.

“Do you speak like the lieutenant?”

“What lieutenant?”

Che-rán asked harshly. She felt a little upset when she saw Mae smiling a little mischievously.

“Lieutenant Tul, she was confronted by the lawyer but was able to defend herself. The interrogation room seemed almost court level.”

“Do you now work praising the police? How much do they pay you?”

Che-rán couldn't help but be a little strict with her friend. The last time she talked to Tul, she was no longer angry with her, but that didn't mean she could let her friend bother her with that person.

“No one pays me. You just don't seem to like it.”



“Do I have to be like you and Jew having it? How many times a day do you talk to him?”

It was her turn to make fun of her friend and the police officer who had liked each other for months. However, no one had ever started a serious relationship, they kept going back and forth, which made them a topic of conversation between the forensic team and also the police department. Mae couldn't argue, pinching her friend's arm and immediately removing her hand when Che rán wanted to retaliate.

There was a small bakery in a rented commercial building located in a busy area with many people traveling through throughout the day. Inside, the aroma of freshly baked bread combined perfectly with the aroma of the various buttered croissants carefully arranged on the shelves. Next to it was a dense cake, tempting enough to try. But the delicious cakes or the simple but contemporary shop decorations were not the reason many people came. Many young women decided to stop by hoping to catch a glimpse of the bakery owner's beautiful face.

"Grilled chicken pot pie with white cream sauce,"

Tihn handed a paper bag of bread to a teenage girl who was laughing with her friends. Before leaving the store, they had to take a selfie with Tihn and the package of cakes they bought so they could tell people on social media. Tihn didn't mind the fact that most customers came for reasons other than her baking skills; At least he made the store famous. Although the rent increased almost every month and he had to pay the salaries of her two employees, she continued to make profits.

However, that day, one of the employees was on sick leave and the others were on lunch break. Therefore, for a time, Tihn had to run the store alone. The man stretched when there were no more customers in the store. A television hanging on the wall showed the evening news. Since no customers had entered the store yet, he probably wouldn't bother anyone too much so he grabbed the remote control and turned up the volume until he could hear the news anchor.

'Yesterday morning, JJ-Jakrin was released on bail. After interrogation, the police withdrew the accusation against him for the rape and murder of 'Nong Namfon' due to lack of evidence. However, additional charges of abuse of a minor have been filed. The journalists questioned lawyer Tum, who denied all charges. They also presented evidence that the deceased had falsified her age on the website...'”

The newscast showed the photo of a famous lawyer known for defending celebrities, actors and famous people in the entertainment industry. He gave a brief interview to a reporter before cutting to a video of the young actor leaving the police department refusing to be interviewed. The police prevented the crowd from reaching them.

“Police Lieutenant Tul Techakomol is a member of the Central Bureau of Investigation and was the one who obtained evidence and made JJ-Jakrin a suspect in the 'Nong Namfon' case. The police reported that she followed legal procedures and upon finding evidence she made the arrest. She insisted that she was not scapegoating anyone.”

From being in a comfortable position, Tihn immediately stood up. His expression changed when the TV screen showed his younger sister giving an interview to a reporter. She seemed to be able to control her thoughts well and was mature enough to answer questions but he could tell the stress Tul was experiencing. On the other hand, the media played an important role in indicating which way the wind should blow. Although previously they attacked the young star so that she really had nowhere to stand. This time it was Tul's turn,

“The lieutenant who made the famous boy a scapegoat' and was now the target of public attacks.”

Inside the Investigations headquarters building, official working hours had already passed. There were no longer police officers on duty and the light bulbs went out little by little. Almost all the floors went dark, leaving only the criminal department office with the lights on. There was one person who still refused to return home. That wasn't something strange. Generally there were police officers who stayed because there were cases or

complaints that were still pending. One of them was Lieutenant Tul... To make up for her mistakes, that was something she had to endure.

Tul looked at the whiteboard that she and the investigation team had written together on the Namfon murder case. Her death was traced to every suspect and person involved. Except the line linking to JJ-Jakrin's photo was crossed out with a big note that said "Removed from suspect status."

The evidence found was not solid enough to justify his arrest and according to several media outlets, it had been a waste of time. It was revealed that the deceased was working as a companion and that that day she had been with the actor all day. They had slept together and had sexual relations, which caused sperm stains to be detected in her uterus. And at night, when the girl returned home, the young actor admitted that he had accompanied her, causing her to interfere with the investigation process based on that testimony.

The lights in the criminal department room went out behind the lieutenant who had decided to go home. The entire hallway was quiet, but there were two officers working. Tul nodded her head to greet the security guard who was on night duty. While the façade of the building was free of the dozens of journalists who had been there that morning.

As Tul walked to the parking lot, not far from the building, a red Mazda pulled in and parked. She stopped on the side of the road as if he intended to go pick someone up. She remembered who the owner of the red car was, because she had asked for help to follow the perpetrator of the previous case. And Tul was almost thrown out of the car when she complained that the color red was too flashy.

At that moment, the doctor from the forensic institute got out of the car. She didn't realize that the lieutenant in the distance was watching her. Perhaps Dr. Ran one to contact the Central Bureau of Investigation regarding the case she was handling. Tul hesitated for a moment, wondering if she should come and greet her or not, but she stopped herself from leaving her when she saw someone approaching the doctor.

Prosecutor Thiwa, who had probably just finished her legal business, came down from the building. The two people greeted each other and looked at each other very closely. For a moment, Tul wondered: How long had they known each other? She then remembered when prosecutor Thiwa said about the previous case that she was very close to Dr. Ran and also warned that Tul should not drag Che-rán into any trouble.

The red Mazda started up again and drove away from headquarters. Tul did not come up to greet them, the young lieutenant shook her head slightly to get rid of the absurd idea that the doctor did not want to see her. She would keep this apology to herself and say it when they had a chance to talk.

Lawyer Thiwa and Dr. Che-rán arrived at the restaurant along the Chao Phraya River as planned. They had planned to have dinner together but due to their jobs they had missed the sunset view. However, the beautiful atmosphere inside the restaurant made up for it all. The waiter brought them to the table that Thiwa had previously requested. In front of them, they could see a panoramic view of the river bank with the temple and palace in front, reflecting the soft yellow light of the calm river, pleasing the eye.

“It's beautiful, right? The wind is also fresh. I have been to this restaurant before with other prosecutors. The shrimp dumplings here are really delicious, I think you will like them.”

“Ask what you want.”

Thiwa turned around to order first the menu she recommended as the main course. Followed by the restaurant's famous grilled tuna pasta with cream sauce. Fried pork belly with fish sauce. Tom Yum Prawns with tender coconut and Fried Calamari with salted egg sauce. Grilled river prawns and grilled scallops with cheese, one serving each. If Che-rán had not stopped first for fear that the two would not be able to eat it all, perhaps the prosecutor would have ordered more food.

“Do you have any wine recommendations?”

“I recommend Pinot-Noir wine. It's light, not too heavy and goes well with the food you order.”

"Okay, we'll have a bottle,"

Thiwa said in conclusion. She handed the menu back to the waiter, who bowed humbly before leaving.

"I probably won't be able to drink much. I have to drive."

"I don't see anything wrong. If you can't drive, I'll drive for you,"

Thiwa said to persuade her. The cool breeze from the Chao Phraya River blew. The sound of live music in the background invited them to relax. Soon the waiter brought two glasses of French red wine and poured them before it was time for dinner. Prosecutor Thiwa perceived that it had a mild flavor with a hint of berries, very suitable for drinking.

The different dishes that had been ordered were served one by one on the table. Che-rán barely had to stretch out her hand when the person in front of her placed fried pork and fried squid with salted egg on her plate, enough to accompany her rice. The wine itself also combined so well with the delicious dishes that Che-rán did not hesitate to praise the person who took her to that place. Thiwa didn't let the atmosphere between them become boring. Amid the silence, she shared strange stories in the courtroom that even provoked laughter from the woman who rarely smiled at anyone.

"Seeing you laugh like that makes me happy."

"Well, you like to tell serious stories and make them funny. I feel guilty for laughing."

Her sweet and beautiful face turned slightly red due to the alcoholic effect of the wine. Thiwa smiled widely. From time to time she would invite Che-rán to eat together to help relieve the stress of work. They avoided discussing unresolved legal cases for fear that this would cause concern.

"The problem is over. When I look back, it seems funny. But when I was faced with that situation, at that time, I didn't know how to overcome it."

Che-rán did not respond, she looked down at the tip of her fork as she absentmindedly stirred her food. She slowly let Thiwa's words sink in, trying to push aside thoughts about the events in the Nong Namfon case that were still unsolved.

The possibility crossed her mind that crucial evidence in the form of bite marks had been presented to the police, indicating that the deceased may have bitten the perpetrator. What if they still couldn't find any other suspects to prove they were guilty?

As for the old man who was acting strangely, it was as if there was something suspicious about him that made Che-rán unable to stop worrying about him all day long. The evidence pointing to this was even more compelling than that of the famous actor. His reaction to the slightest touch on his shoulder, responding with pain, hinted at something. Although he was left-handed, that did not make Che-rán stay calm.

“What's happening? Are you stressed about this case?”

The prosecutor asked, without mentioning anything that she would make the food on the plate unpleasant, but if the doctor wanted to exchange items to vent the doubts in her heart, it should be enough to help each other.

“For Nong Namfon's father, he looked strange today when he came to pick up his daughter's body.”

“Strange how?”

Che-rán told Thiwa what had happened. Her closest friend listened. She didn't interrupt with a question mid-sentence, she nodded her head in response, frowned hesitantly, before remaining silent after listening while she was deep in thought.

“Have you reported this matter to the police?”

Thiwa's first question was really disturbing. It was just a guess that arose from her doubts. Furthermore, the police officer who handled this case previously criticized her for not being understanding towards the relatives of her deceased.

“Not yet, but I have reported the bite marks. Police must immediately investigate other suspects.”

“I'll try to tell the police to investigate further. There is a possibility that he is a family member,”

Thiwa concluded. Every one of the hundreds of cases she had tried in court involved domestic violence. If the laws of this country were still too weak to deal with this, then it was necessary to provide justice for the victims who had suffered physical and mental trauma and for the perpetrators.

Morning traffic on the highway was no different from daytime traffic, the red lights on the highway were counting down. There were dozens of cars stopping to wait for the traffic light to change. One of them was a black truck belonging to Lieutenant Tul. Her fingers tapped on the steering wheel, her eyes staring out of the car as she was lost in her own thoughts. The night before, upon returning home, Tul spent hours talking to her older brother who was worried about the news circulating about her. The situation was so serious that her brother was worried it would affect her work. Tul had to explain to him that there was nothing to worry about, and it was almost midnight when she finally managed to convince him.

Tul woke up at six in the morning after just a few hours of sleep. She immediately gave orders to the police officers of the investigation team to go to the crime scene and investigate additional evidence and witnesses of the Namfon murder case. From the neighborhood where the deceased lived, to the statement of JJ-Jakrin, who admitted to having taken the deceased to the front of her house.. Maybe there were some things she missed.

Her cell phone rang and the name 'Lieutenant Jew' appeared on the screen causing Tul to immediately answer the call.

“What's happening?”

[Phi, I have new evidence.]t

The young man said hurriedly.

[Someone reported seeing JJ-Jakrin's Porsche the night Nong Namfon was murdered. The car was parked in front of the alley, he remembered it was an expensive car. At first the witness didn't care, but he saw it on the news.]

“And did that person see the deceased?”

[She said she didn't see anyone. It was around 11pm and she was the only person walking in the alley. Even more suspicious, her house was only two houses away from the deceased's house. If JJ had really accompanied her Most likely he had seen her.]

Lieutenant Jew said her initial assumption.

“But according to what JJ said about him taking her, at 11 at night... If he really wanted to kill her, he wouldn't have gone there. Didn't Fon walk to her house?...”

Tul she couldn't think clearly, her head and eyebrows were together. She released the gear and prepared to move the car just as the light was about to turn green.

[According to JJ's testimony, the deceased told him she didn't want to come home. If it were me, I'd probably go somewhere else.]

Jew helped her think from her own perspective. She listened to it, she thought about the things she knew about how on certain nights the girl didn't come home.

[The deceased's boyfriend. Maybe he met up with Boss for a sleepover. He notifies the police that he went to the area to confirm that she really entered the alley of Boss's house. She searches the dash cams of anyone in the area or the CCTV from the front of the house. I'll go alone to see Boss.]

Tul ordered as her car began to exit the intersection that was quite busy in the morning.

[Okay, Phi, Boss has been sent to the observation center. I can go with you...]



“Alright. Just inform me when you have new evidence...”

Tul concluded before hanging up the call and throwing her cell phone on the driver's seat. She turned on the turn signal to turn the other way. Her tires screeched loudly on the road as she hurried away.

“Can't you contact him?”

“Yes, he didn't answer the phone.”

Dr. Banks stood in front of Dr. Che-rán's desk to report on the progress. The department had assigned him to handle the case since morning. Secretly, he often felt guilty, although Dr. Ran did not complain about anything.

“Alright. I'll contact him later.”

Che-rán allowed his assistant to leave the room while she thought of a way to contact the person she suspected for his strange behavior the previous day. If she remembered correctly... That day, it was the first day of Nong Namfon's funeral. It was possible that the only family member was busy arranging the funeral, so he did not have time to answer the call from the coroner's officer.

She planned to ask the police for help in investigating Chaiyot, the deceased's father. She also knew that the police had found crucial evidence confirming that actor JJ-Jakrin had taken the girl to her house. However, because the witness who had just reported did not see Nong Namfon, the police could not confirm whether she was dead or still alive at that time. Still, there probably wasn't enough time for the actor to commit the murder and dismember the body; certainly no bloodstains were found on his European sports car. Furthermore, he had no motive to commit the murder.

If this suspect was eliminated, all that remained was a fifty-year-old man who lived in the same house as the deceased. It seemed as if Che-rán wanted to go to his house to check whether there were bite marks on her body or not. The call waiting tone rang dozens of times before disconnecting when no one answered the phone. Che-rán did this five times until she stopped contacting Mr. Chaiyot, who probably did not feel

comfortable answering the phone. She turned to call Maethinee and ask her to come with her to see the man.

“Are you busy? Go out with me.”

Lieutenant Tul arrived at the juvenile detention center, where Boss Thitipong, the deceased's boyfriend, who was one of the suspects, was located. It was later discovered that his involvement with drugs led to his placement in the rehabilitation detention center. Previously, Tul had arrested several children under the age of 18 for committing various crimes. Most of them grew up in an environment without proper guidance, and often committed acts of crime and broke the law. Boss was no exception, often hanging out with friends who led him astray.

Drug-related cases used to be a major concern of the younger generation. But this was no different from addressing the root of the problem, because these children were just pawns in that circle. It was strange that the legal system had not thought to investigate the source. Even big sellers could get away with enough resources to justify their actions, leaving the blame to fall on the individuals themselves. They did not have to face the cold and gloomy life of a prison cell like small-time drug dealers and users.

And the drug problem was still not solved. Often, when youth were released from a probation facility, they were given the opportunity to commit the same crime twice instead of changing their behavior, thus creating an endless cycle.

Tul sat down and waited for the officer on duty to take Boss. Shortly after, a young man entered with his head bowed. He looked different than before he was sent there. He had short hair and looked like a public school student. The beard that he originally had on his face had been shaved off. He was wearing a blue tracksuit and shorts like the other boys Tul saw in the front field. Although his appearance looked better, he couldn't help but think that the rules there were enforced and non-negotiable.

Boss approached with his shoulders hunched and sat in front of the young lieutenant with his gaze a little lost.

“How are you? Are you OK?”

Boss just nodded. His look showed how it affected him to have to be away from his family and the neighborhood where he used to live.

“I have something to ask. Please answer honestly, okay?”

Tul used a softer tone. She learned from experience that she had to talk kindly to kids who had problems and that perhaps conflicts could arise at any time. Boss responded so deep in her throat that it was almost inaudible. He began to sit up and shake his legs. Tul opened the photo that Jew had just sent from her cell phone screen. It was a picture from a CCTV camera in front of a house on Soi Mee Suwan 24. The owner of the house was an elderly woman whose house had been burgled and goods worth hundreds of thousands of baht went missing. Although she made a police report, unfortunately nothing was done. Therefore, CCTV cameras are installed in case the thief returns so that it can be taken as evidence.

But on that day, the police had to do almost... When the CCTV camera in front of his house captured Nong Namfon walking around midnight, heading towards Boss Thitipong residential alley. As embarrassing as it was, since the police never responded to the old lady's theft report, Tul really wanted to thank the owner with a small gift. Because she had helped the police find important evidence that will affect the outcome of the case.

“This is a CCTV image of the front of the house near the apartment where you live. Can you tell me if Fon went to your house or not at that time?”

Boss's face turned pale when he saw it. He shook his legs harder and clenched his fists, but still said nothing.

“That night, Fon had just returned from work and didn't want to go home. There was only one place where she often went to stay. You told me yourself, do you remember?”

Tul continued to advance with phrases that made him feel oppressed. Boss looked at his hands, opened his mouth as if to speak, but no sound came out.

“I...if I tell you, will you hurt me?”

Tul shrugged slightly.

“If you don't tell me, I'll hit you harder. What do you think?”

This threat turned out to be quite effective. Boss raised his hand to wipe his face vigorously. His eyes looked like someone who wanted to cry. He finally said almost everything.

“Well, Fon came to see me. She was very confused why we had been thinking about Line before, but suddenly she came towards me. I chased her away because I didn't want to see her.”

“And then what? Fon gone?”

“No, at first she didn't want to leave. She sat waiting in front of the room for a long time. When I saw her, I got really angry, so I went out again to scare her away.”

Boss said about what happened that night. His legs shook harder with fear and worry. His nails dug into the flesh of his hands.

“But I didn't expect Fon to die. In the morning I went to see Uncle Yot and he told me that Fon was not at home. So I thought she was sleeping at a friend's house and came back immediately.”

For the first time, Tul saw the regret shown by the boy who was known as the deceased's lover. He raised his hand to rub his scalp. He was red-faced and clenched his fists. He seemed like a child who still didn't know how to deal with her feelings.

“Can you tell me why Fon didn't want to come home? Did she have any problems at home?”

“As far as I know, she didn't really want to stay home. She didn't want to ask her father for money, so she accepted a special job two months ago. But she refused to say that her real job was prostitution.”

“It is not a prostitution job. They are called 'Rent Girls'. Customers will call based on the rate they want. And even if she rejects the job, the client has no right to force her,”

Tul explained, trying to give the boy a better understanding. Tul didn't mean that what Namfon did was right, especially since she was still a minor. However, she just didn't want anyone to look down on the poor girl. Boss gave no sign of understanding what Tul said, but he didn't refuse to listen. He stayed looking at his hand, until Tul had to return it to the desired point again.

“Is there anything else about the history of the Namfon family?”

“Uncle Yot, he's Fon's stepfather. Her mother just died two years ago. I don't know what her family was like. If you look at him, Uncle Yot seems like a good person, although sometimes he looks strange,”

The young man said, clearly imagining in his head an uncle in his fifties who seemed kind and harmless.

“Does it seem strange sometimes? Can you tell me something about it?”

Boss was silent for a while, as if he was thinking.

“When I started dating Fon, he said that his father was dissatisfied and that I was a drug addict. Every time I took Fon home in the middle of the night, I could see Uncle Yot waiting at the door. He looked at me without blinking and harassed me a lot.”

Tul frowned as she listened to the strange behavior that Boss described regarding Fon's father. At that time, there were two people talking about the relationship between father and daughter, not following the same pattern that Mr. Chaiyot had done before with the police.

“Oh, there's something else too. He wanted to force her to install GPS on her cell phone so that her father would know where she was, but Fon refused. And she recently surprised Uncle Yot by putting a camera in her

room. When I asked him, he said he just wanted to know what his daughter was doing. Don't you think he's crazy?"

An unexpected action by the man who called himself Father caused an expression of disbelief and disgust in Lieutenant Tul without hiding it. If the situation were like this, the deceased would surely not want to return home and meet her stepfather, because she felt insecure. So she chose to avoid it by staying the night at her boyfriend's house or spending the entire day with the young actor who hired her. But in the end... She still had to return home, a place that did not give her security.

[Evidence of Mr. Chaiyot's whereabouts on the day of the incident?]

"Yes, do you have anything?"

Tul closed the car door as soon as she sat in the driver's seat. She quickly fastened her seat belt before starting the engine and preparing to leave the observation center. Her hands slowly gripped the steering wheel, her eyes focused on the rearview mirror as she put the car in reverse, waiting for a response from Jew.

[He said he had been asleep since 10:00 p.m. There were no witnesses who could confirm this because he was alone at home.]

"Boss said that he often took Fon home late at night and that his father was always waiting for her. It's strange that he slept that night."

The young lieutenant started using wireless headphones while she drove. As the circumstantial evidence, including all the testimonies, was gradually pieced together, she couldn't help but feel upset that she had believed the old man.

[P'Tul, there are reports that the gun used in the incident was recovered.]

"Where did they find it?"

[In the same canal where the body was found. But the place is quite far away, almost ten kilometers. A machete wrapped in cloth, with traces of

blood. With the luminol reaction, fingerprints were found on the handle of the machete. Currently is being sent for forensic examination.]

Jew reported. The development was as reported by police officers who were sent to the area near the canal. Lieutenant Tul grabbed the steering wheel with excitement when she heard that.

“Today there is a funeral at Nuan Suwan Temple. I'll go there.”

[Wait, Phi...]

Tul immediately hung up the phone and then stepped on the accelerator to make the car move at a faster speed than before. Her fist hit the steering wheel hard. She regretted it at the thought of her protecting the old man from having to undergo a DNA test because she was the one who lost a family member.

A red Mazda arrived at Saranrom Village, Soi 2. Che-rán saw a sedan parked in front of two-story house number 285/4. According to the information, the owner of the house was inside, and not in the temple to perform the funeral of his daughter as he should have done.

“He's probably in the house. I'll try to call him first.”

Che-rán took off her seat belt and prepared to get out of the car. Mr. Chaiyot's suspicious behavior made her go to him at the funeral. However, distant relatives said he had left because he was not feeling well.

"I'll go down too,"

Mae said in a worried tone. Along the way Che-rán explained her assumptions, both her mode of action and her motives. This made Mae even more reluctant to let her friend go out and confront the man alone.

“Alright. Let him think that I came alone. You better wait in the car. If something happens, you can ask for help in time.”

“But...”

Che-rán opened the door and got out of the car without listening to her friend's advice. The small figure walked in front of an old sedan parked in front of the house's rust-colored fence. Mae took a deep breath at her friend's stubbornness. She had her cell phone ready to contact Lieutenant Jew if something really unexpected happened. On the other hand, Che-rán looked for the doorbell to call the owner of the house. Until he realized that the door of the house had been left open. Meanwhile, she in her heart felt a little worried. But Che-rán shouted in case the people inside could hear her.

“Is Mr. Chaiyot at home? I am an official of the Institute of Forensic Medicine.”

Unanswered. Cherán tried to listen, but she didn't hear any sound coming from the house, so she tried knocking again.

“Mr. Chaiyot...”

This time the door opened wide and a dark-skinned man in his fifties came out and stood at the entrance. He was still wearing black silk clothes after returning from the funeral. His condition seemed worse than the last time they saw each other. His face was pale and his lips were dry. He seemed very surprised. Not many people came to visit his house. And that person was the doctor who performed the autopsy on his daughter.

“Doctor, what's wrong?”

His voice was hoarse, it no longer sounded friendly. But he looked tired, as if he had just run a few miles.

“I couldn't contact you. I previously went to see the cemetery, but the people there said that you weren't feeling well and that you had to go home and rest.”

“Why contact me? Is there a problem?”

“No, but we have a lead that could be important evidence, so I would like to ask for your cooperation,”



Che-rán spoke in a low and clear voice, sounding convincing in her own way. Mr. Chaiyot looked over the doctor's shoulder, as if to see if there was anyone with her.

“What clue?”

“Are you willing to undergo a forensic examination? We can do it today.”

His expression showed a hint of dissatisfaction, but he tried to suppress it:

“Today? It's my daughter's funeral. I just came home to rest for a while and then I will return to the temple in the evening.”

"However, we really need your cooperation,"

Cherán insisted. She had to prove that Mr. Chaiyot's act of grief had nothing to do with the death of his daughter. For the first minute, Che-rán thought she would be turned away, and that she would have to ask the police for cooperation in helping to bring Mr. Chaiyot away. But then she saw the man nod his head in response, half annoyed.

“Then let me change my clothes first. Would you like to come in and wait inside?”

"Okay, I can wait outside."

Che-rán raised her hand, refusing to enter the house. She stood up and watched as Mr. Chaiyot's back disappeared inside. He was sweating so much that his silk clothes were soaked like the day before. There was nothing wrong with him, he just seemed unhappy. As Che-rán watched, Mr. Chaiyot's body moved the entire time she stood and spoke, as if in pain. By guessing the symptoms of the disease, as a doctor, there was a possibility that the other party had an infection from a certain wound on his body.

If that happened, in addition to being an important test, Chaiyot would also need immediate medical treatment so that the infection did not become so serious that it could endanger his life. The sound of glass falling and

breaking could be heard from inside the house, causing Cherán to jump slightly before raising her neck to try to see through the half-open door.

“Mr. Chaiyot, what happened?”

There was no answer. Che-rán screamed and asked again in fear..

“Alright? Please reply.”

The silence that answered her question was even more terrifying than any answer. She figured the high fever might have caused her to faint, or maybe he hadn't eaten. Che-rán hesitated for a moment before deciding to open the door and enter. Mr. Chaiyot could be in danger and as a medical professional, patient care was a priority. Cherán heard a moan before reaching the edge of the door of the house. Mr. Chaiyot was sitting on broken glass scattered on the floor. A drop of blood could be seen on the wound on his arm.. Che-rán ran towards him, careful not to step on the broken glass, and found the old man crying in pain.

“Let me see the wound.”

Che-rán supported Mr. Chaiyot's arm to examine the wound. She took out the handkerchief she was carrying in her bag to apply pressure and stop the bleeding.

“The wound is not that deep. Do you have a first aid kit? Saline is fine too.”

"It's on the shelf next to the television,"

He answered hoarsely, his breathing labored by sweat. She pointed to her with his uninjured hand. Che-rán got up and walked to the shelf next to the television. Her eyes saw a large backpack full of items leaning against the wall not far away. She kept the questions she wanted to ask in mind as she returned with a saline solution to clean wounds and a first aid kit. She knelt down next to the old man again and could feel the warmth of his body, which was unusual for ordinary people. He had red eyes and the edges seemed dark. Che-rán pulled the injured hand again, before starting first aid.

“Sir, do you want to go to the doctor? Seeing your condition, maybe we should let the doctor take a look.”

“I went to the clinic near my house. The doctor only gave me paracetamol and anti inflammatories.”

“I think it's better to go to the hospital, in case there are other symptoms. Besides, you're sweating a lot,”

Che-rán said indirectly. He looked silently at his tense face. The man clenched his jaw tightly as if enduring the pain. It wasn't just because of the broken glass, Che-rán secretly noticed that he often secretly moved his right shoulder, as if he wanted to relax his sore muscles.

“It's hot today. I am a sweaty person. It's normal for me,”

Mr. Chaiyot argued. He moved his hand as Che-rán finished stopping the bleeding and washing the wound. When he thought he was okay, he slowly used his injured hand to pick up the broken glass and put it in his other hand.

“Be careful. Do you want me to help you?”

"It's okay. I can do it myself."

He refused again, picking up all the broken glass on the floor before getting up and walking to throw it in the trash. Cherán looked at the figure of the old man walking in the other direction. The simple white T shirt they had just changed seemed wet with sweat. But Che-rán saw something else besides the sweat. It was a faint red mark on his right shoulder.. The same side that Che-rán touched gently before, but that made the man tremble in pain.

And more than that. Just now, he also used his right hand to pick up broken glass, even though his hand was injured. Was it possible..... That Mr. Chaiyot was skilled with both his left and right hand... If so, then that would help answer the assumption that the perpetrator used his right hand to cut off the victim's leg..

Che-rán immediately got up and took out her cell phone to call her friend who was waiting in the car. But before her finger had time to press the call button, she could see in the reflection in the mirror attached to the wall that Mr. Chaiyot was standing behind her raising his cane and preparing to hit her with all his force.. The small figure was able to dodge him for a split second due to her survival instinct. The sound of breaking glass was loud due to the blow of the large stick, which made the doctor's heart beat rapidly.

The moment she turned to face the person who wanted to take her life, fear infiltrated and ate away at her. Mr. Chaiyot looked at her with cruel eyes. The whites of her eyes were red with fever, and that made it even more terrifying.

"You know too much,"

He roared viciously, gripping the staff tightly in his hand, lifting it and swinging it again. But due to his illness, his body had no strength. Che-rán was able to turn around and dodge it again, but the tip of the stick hit his arm, causing his cell phone to fall. Cherán didn't have enough time to calm down, she tried to ignore the pain in her forearm where the stick hit her. He had to find a way out of this situation. The man walked towards her, raised his cane and prepared to strike again. Che-rán quickly grabbed the object closest to her hand and threw it at her face. And when she saw an opportunity, she kicked her legs with all her might until Chaiyot staggered and her gun fell from the assassin's hand in cold blood.

Mr. Chaiyot used what physical strength he had left, ran towards the smaller body and pushed it against the wall. Che-rán used her strength to defend herself, but she could not resist the strength of the burly man, so both hands strangled the doctor's neck.

“The same expression. Your eyes look the same, you look scared. Do you still dare to do it again!?”

He remembered the fate of the young woman who was murdered by his own hand. His anger-filled eyes were still red. The tight grip on Che-rán's neck made her breathing slow. Che-rán opened her mouth, trying to breathe

hard, but it seemed like she couldn't take it anymore. Just before everything went black, the image of her father appeared in her head, along with her mother who died when she was little.

Che-rán also thinks about Maethinee, her best friend who was willing to help her with everything. Did she not know if Mae would be upset because she had been in this house for too long? And the image of the woman who protested against her for examining the man who was said to be the father of the deceased also appeared. If the lieutenant knew the truth, Che-rán didn't want her to feel guilty for making the wrong decision.

However, the hand that had been tightly squeezing his neck suddenly let go and caused Che-rán to fall to the ground. She took a deep breath until she coughed and the tears flowed freely. Her face flushed red from the momentary lack of oxygen, her senses barely registering her surroundings. What happened? Who came to her aid in time? Her heavy eyelids slowly closed, but she was conscious enough to hear the noise someone made.

“Doctor, call an ambulance, someone is hurt! Doctor, open your eyes, don't faint yet.”

Her palm lightly touched Che-rán's cheek, with the intention of trying to bring her back to moment ago. Her thin lips moved slightly, intending to say a few words, but no sound came out consciousness. Che-rán could see the face of the same person she had been thinking about.

“Lieutenant Tulle.”

# ①⑩

## TEN



*Warning: This chapter contains sexual abuse in the family, physical violence, murder.*

The smell of alcohol that filled her nose was the first thing Che-rán felt when she regained consciousness followed by pain in her throat, which made her immediately remember what had happened to her. This was the first time the medical examiner had almost died from strangulation. It was fortunate that she could have survived. And she also had the opportunity to try to process where the damage occurred to her internal organs. For example, if she swallowed saliva it hurt like she was swallowing a thorn down her throat, so the effects would most likely last at least two weeks.

“Are you awake? The familiar voice of her friend demanded, turning her to face her. When she turned her head she felt pain in that area, so Mae had to run to hold the injured person.”

Mae's expression looked worried as her tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Don't be dramatic,"

Che-rán said, her voice hoarser than before and her throat still sore. She wanted her friend not to feel sad or worried.

“You...”

Mae usually hit Che-rán's arm lightly whenever they argued like girls. But this time she was afraid that she felt more pain than she did before. Then she could only complain in a low voice as she sobbed...

“Suddenly you enter the house without waiting for me. When I turned around, you weren't there. Fortunately, Lieutenant Tul arrived in time..”

Che-rán did not argue a word about her own negligence. She trusted one of the suspects to the point of not considering the danger she would be in. It finally happened...she almost died if it weren't for the person who had come to help her just in time. If it weren't for her, Che-rán might never have had time to wake up and receive treatment at the hospital.

“Other police officers... did they go too?”

The woman's expression was pained as she tried to force herself to ask until she had to be forced to drink warm water from a glass that was served to her to help prevent her throat from drying out.

“When they attacked you, only Lieutenant Tul was there.”

Mae put the glass full of water that was given to the sick on the little table next to the bed.

“She also went to see Mr. Chaiyot. When she heard the sound of the mirror breaking, she immediately stormed in. And with a single blow, the villain fell.”

Although Mae talked too much, it was almost impossible for Che-rán to remember the events that happened at that moment. She only knew that the hand that was strangling her at that moment slipped from her neck just before her breath ran out. She thought that the person she went to help must have great strength to defeat the fat man in a short time.

“You should thank her, you know?”

Che-rán did not respond but did not blame her friend who continued to praise the police. There was no reason not to be grateful to the person who

came to save her life in time. Furthermore, she was also a person who did not want the other party to be overwhelmed with guilt if someone else was in danger. Because Lieutenant Tul was that kind of person, a person who will suffer the consequences of her actions.

“She came to visit you and left an hour ago.”

“Who?”

Surprisingly, Che-rán had the answer in her heart, before Mae could express it again.

“Lieutenant Tul stopped by here before solving the case, but you were asleep drooling while she saw you.”

Laughter continued while the sick woman gently hit her on the arm as punishment for making fun of her. She emphasized in a firm voice that she wanted to rest a little longer before secretly raising her hand to wipe the edges of her lips and see if there were any saliva stains there.

Mr. Chaiyot Yodcharoen was charged with murder and mutilation of corpses, which shocked the entire country, especially since the previous suspect was a young actor. New evidence was then discovered that confirmed the actor's innocence before police were able to catch the real kill shortly after. The brutal killer's wrists were handcuffed. His face had wrinkles due to his age. There was not the slightest regret for what he had done. His rough fingers rose to scratch his chin, which had a fine white beard. In the silence of the interrogation room the sound of handcuff chains could be heard. He seemed unfazed by the insults and abuse hurled at him by the angry crowd that had gathered in front of the police station since he got out of the car. A little chaos ensued as the perpetrator hoped that he would receive the maximum punishment in court.

However, that was just the beginning. Lieutenant Tul took on the task of questioning the suspect after Chaiyot received treatment for an infected wound that had left him suffering for several days since the incident. Chaiyot refused hospital treatment for fear of being discovered and his condition gradually worsened. As a result, his physical condition worsened



to the point that he was almost untreatable, Forensic experts determined that the wound on Chaiyot's right shoulder that he tried to hide from public view was a human bite mark. It was confirmed that this matched the teeth prints of Nong Namfon, the murder victim. Additionally, tooth fragments embedded in his skin further reinforced important evidence about who ended her life.

"Broken teeth,"

Mr. Chaiyot began to laugh maniacally before his face suddenly became expressionless for a moment.

"I almost fooled the police."

A disdainful tone radiated along with an expression of hatred towards the only female police officer who came to his house to arrest him. She helped the medical examiner escape her clutches before taking her last breath, as did his daughter. His face showed swelling and bruises from a strong blow that he never thought would come from a woman.

"Although there were no fragments of the deceased's teeth, we found the knife with which you mutilated the body, accompanied by a statement from a witness who claimed to have seen the victim return to her house before disappearing."

Tul said, trying to suppress feelings so as not to show her anger because she had defended the murderer and caused her to argue with Dr. Ran. When she walked in and saw Dr. Ran being attacked, she immediately threw a punch at the killer's face until he passed out. Luckily, she was able to refrain from acting beyond reason. Another reason was because of the mall body that collapsed on the ground at that moment. If something happened to Che-rán, it would be all her fault.

"Is the witness the addict's son? Who would believe him?"

He started to laugh again,

“Wouldn't he be lying? And you, as a police officer, even believed it. Also engaging the actor with this kind of confident attitude?”

“We also found a luminol reaction in your bathroom. It is believed that it was used as a place to mutilate the victim. Even though you tried to wash it, the blood stain still didn't disappear.”

Tu continued indifferently no matter how much she was provoked. In the end, all the evidence officers found linked this suspect to the crime scene. He couldn't escape. There was no reason for Tul to get angry according to the wishes of the person in front of him.

“If it weren't for that damn doctor who knew too much, the police definitely wouldn't have come to see me.”

He said out loud as if he had a superior card in his hand. Both bound hands, raised from the table, made a choking movement in the air.

“I should have strangled her to death and sent her to hell for making things so messy. Do you know what that damn doctor looked like when she was crying and begging for her life?”

The young lieutenant clenched her fists tightly until the tips of her nails dug into her palms, but if she acted incorrectly at that moment, the situation would not improve at all. Worse still, using force against a defendant during interrogation was not something the police should do.

“You also have an additional charge of assaulting an officer in the performance of their duties. And we also found a suitcase containing clothes you had packed and a cell phone with a search history for 'Hidden Routes in Mae Sot District'. We assume you would run away after the funeral.”

A cell phone packaged in transparent plastic was placed in front of its owner. The search history through a website appeared on the screen before the lieutenant saved it again.

“Did you have any reason to do it?”

Mr. Chaiyot leaned back in his chair, eyes wandering, staring at the empty walls of the room and refusing to answer any questions. Even the provocative words he had previously said towards the police interrogating her no longer came out of his mouth. The accused handed over the evidence. Not to mention that the confession that came out of his mouth could influence the court decision. So he chose to remain silent for the moment.

"Why did you kill her?"

For the first time since the interrogation began, Tul could see the pain in the suspect's face and eyes hidden behind the mask of hatred, there was a hint of admiration for the beautiful girl he had cared for since childhood. He put both hands on the table, took a deep breath, and began to speak.

"I raised her even though I am not her biological father. I love her and cared for her as if she were my own flesh and blood. When she was little she still let me hug her and kiss her. But as she grew up she distanced herself from me, it hurt me a lot because she was no longer the same as before."

Tul let the sadness and hatred that had long been suppressed in his mind permeate the air. He allowed the other party to release the pent-up emotions and burdens in his heart.

"When she was fifteen or sixteen years old, she had a boyfriend who was a drug addict who had no future. I warned her, but she said that I was interfering too much in her affairs."

He buried his face in his palms, holding back sobs until his shoulders shook.

"I didn't know who was the best person for her life."

Tul blinked, feeling a mixture of pity and anger. The man in front of her was someone who couldn't differentiate between expressing love and violating personal boundaries, perhaps even crossing the line to commit sexual harassment. Because of this, Nong Namfon felt so insecure that she tried to avoid him, even running away to sleep somewhere else. She didn't

want to depend on her stepfather's money either, so he pressured her to do the work.

“You installed a hidden camera in your daughter's bedroom before she discovered it. But when the police searched the house, we found it,”

Tul said as she took the hidden camera, which was packaged in transparent plastic like the previous mobile phone. It was a small camera that forensic officers found, hidden on a bookshelf in Namfon's room.

“I just wanted to know what my daughter was doing.”

The same answer I had heard before. Lieutenant Tul was unable to bear to listen to him anymore. She took out a tablet containing video files from the hidden camera and showed footage that Mr Chaiyot had recorded.

“The camera angle you secretly set violates your daughter's rights in a private room that should be her place of privacy. She did not change her clothes or lie down on the bed because she felt like she was being watched.”

"So what's wrong with that? Fon hadn't talked much lately, so I wondered what she had been doing secretly or if she was perhaps doing drugs because of that addict.”

“You don't understand anything at all, huh?!”

Tul slammed her hand on the table with a loud sound at the stubbornness of the man who refused to admit that he was the reason the girl died.

“Even if you are her biological father, you have no right to do that.”

“Why don't I have rights, police? I am his father, I raised her with my own hands!”

Mr. Chaiyot responded in a louder and more aggressive voice. He also stared at the young lieutenant and was not willing to open his heart to listen to what the lieutenant had to tell him, believing that what he had done until now had been right, even if it was wrong in the eyes of other people.

“When she grew up, she would definitely have a boyfriend. I would never forbid it, but I was just worried. I was worried!”

He repeated, splashing his saliva all over the table.

“I was afraid that the police would arrest my daughter if she went out with that addict, so I felt heartbroken because she accepted a job as a prostitute. She prostituted herself with a man she didn't know! Do you think I would accept that?!”

If he weren't the perpetrator, perhaps Tul would feel sympathy for this father who felt lost. But those words would no longer deceive her. Especially when she heard the next sentence, which made Tul even more disgusted with the man in front of him.

"It was my turn,"

He said, his eyes shining, a spark of madness burning inside him as he stared at the wall as if imagining something he had dreamed about for a long time.

“Her body was given to her drug addict boyfriend, and also to that celebrity bastard, shouldn't she give it to me too? Because I was the one who raised her. That was the gratitude she should give to her father, right?”

That was not something acceptable. Tul closed her eyes, suppressed the urge to attack him, and grabbed him by the neck. Once again, this distorted and delusional mentality had destroyed the life of an innocent girl. And it wasn't enough that she wanted to escape the hell she once called home. That heartless killer had taken her life just because she didn't comply with his wishes..

How many children were still in slavery when they were sexually abused by family members without any officials or organizations to help them? They had to grow up in an environment where they could not resist physical contact from adults. Even if they innocently know they feel insecure, they could suffer mental scars they couldn't bear. And this could go too far and cause tragedies like this case.

“I had to do it, I had to do it. Fon began to disobey his father's words. She lately she liked to argue with me. That was because the man had a bad character. They wanted to take Fon away from me.. It was his fault for changing my daughter,”

He continued, blaming the crimes he had committed on others without remorse.

“But it's okay, now Fon doesn't belong to anyone anymore.”

Mr. Chaivot started laughing silently, as if he had water stuck in his throat. He looked crazy and disgusting.

“Fon, her father's beloved daughter. Dad couldn't bear to see her lost. Dad did all this for you. Dad did it for...”

Before those selfish words could finish, a loud bang was heard on the chair they were pushing. Tul immediately lifted the assassin's neck and glared at him angrily. Her hands gripped the collar of his shirt tightly.

“Stop considering yourself his father! You are not the owner of your daughter's life, you have no right to anyone's life. You are a disgusting, selfish person who tries to take advantage of your family. Have you ever asked your daughter if she was embarrassed? Did you ever notice when she almost didn't want to call you 'Dad!'?”

The door to the interrogation room opened, Lieutenant Jew and two other police officers rushed in and freed the suspect from Tul's clutches before the attack could occur. Jew took her superior's arm and said words to calm her down, although he understood why she was so upset.

“Not only did you take her life, but you are still imagining her body!? Pretending to cry in front of the corpse to fool the agents. Don't tell her you did it for her. You'll spend the rest of your life in prison, you moron! If you hadn't existed, her life wouldn't have ended like this!”

Tul swore to herself that she would do everything possible to inflict maximum punishment on the old man. The press conference announcing

the arrest of Chaiyot Yodchareon, suspected of the murder and mutilation of his own daughter, took place in the conference room of police headquarters. This happened amid intense scrutiny from various media and the public who wanted to know the truth about the case, causing shock throughout the community.

The camera flashed as the police chief walked in and took his assigned seat with a name tag in front of him. Captain Dan, who was leading the investigation, had the privilege of leading the press conference on behalf of key commanders who were unable to attend. Sitting on both sides was the team of detectives in charge of the investigation, among whom was Lieutenant Tul who had just finished the interrogation a few hours earlier.

It was not surprising that at the press conference there were young police officers who were trusted to speak to the media. But, on the other hand, few people knew that Captain Dan's outstanding performance in this case had only been limited to giving the interviews. With Captain Dan's youthful appearance and stature, compared to other police officers on the force, his overall image, including his imposing demeanor and physique, naturally attracted the public's attention.

Additionally, his authoritative presence and voice made him appear trustworthy, earning him public respect as a spokesperson. He delivered his statements in a way that covered each topic according to the script he was given. Until a reporter asked the forensic officer about the assault case, Captain Dan was silent for a moment, looking at the female police officer sitting on his right.

“Yes, let me tell you that the police have worked together in a coordinated manner. I have assembled a team to investigate, gather evidence and consult on the best course of action.”

“Considering the incident involving an officer from a forensic institute who was injured, it was caused by lack of communication or negligence on the part of the coroner, which put her in a life-threatening situation. Fortunately, police officers were able to help in time. She is now safe and receiving treatment in the hospital. However, we apologize for causing public concern regarding this case. Thank you.”

Attributing the situation to a personal error shocked the media present. It was known that before the killer was captured, rumors circulated that a forensic officer had been seriously injured. However, the police were not responsible simply because he did not participate and this could undermine the credibility of the investigation team's work.

“Hello, I am Police Lieutenant Tul Techakomol and I request permission to clarify this matter. As everyone knows, the Central Government Investigation Bureau and forensic institutions must continue to work together. The question of the police not being responsible for the attack on the coroner must therefore be set aside.”

The media became excited again when the only female police officer at the podium suddenly spoke into the microphone. At first, Tul was reluctant to talk to journalists, especially when she had previously been attacked for arresting JJ-Jakrin. However, she could no longer bear to hear the twisted feelings that blamed the victim for the attack.

“Initially, the Forensic Agency assumed that regarding the teeth marks of the deceased, it was believed that the victim bit the perpetrator while defending herself. The coroner went to check whether there were bite marks on Mr. Chaiyot's body. But she discovered that the perpetrator tried to flee, which caused her to be attacked. The fault of the Investigation Department for delaying the investigation should be considered. However, we would like to thank the Institute of Forensic Medicine for the important evidence provided. That is, tooth prints of the deceased were found on Mr. Chaiyot's right shoulder, which led to his arrest this time.”

When she finished conveying her opinion, she quickly put down the microphone. Although she contradicted what the officer had said before, she was determined not to allow them to distort the truth. Of course, this made Captain Dan dissatisfied. He seemed very disappointed in the middle of the press conference, but he had to contain his emotions and not show it. He thought that Lieutenant Tul wouldn't cause any trouble because she normally never spoke in front of the media. After finishing the press conference in front of the media, Captain Dan took long steps towards the person he wanted to talk to.



“Why do you say that? You should know what journalists are like. We should have consulted each other before revealing anything.”

Commander Dan spoke loudly, making the police who wanted to pass have to go the other way. There was only one person who was not afraid even though he was many times bigger than her. Lieutenant Tul glared at him, without backing down.

“Still, it's better than avoiding responsibilities. Isn't it our fault?”

“The police did not give orders for forensic experts to go to the area!”

“The coroner informed us from the beginning about the teeth marks on the perpetrator. If we had lowered our pride and quickly organized a body search, we definitely could have caught the suspect. And maybe no one would have gotten hurt.”

Tul argued indifferently. If only this arrogant man had tried to look back and see his mistake, he wouldn't have caused such a fuss.

“Even if someone gets hurt, it's not the police's fault. The forensic expert didn't know her job and didn't wait for orders to send an investigation team. She went to the area herself without telling anyone. She herself had to bear the consequences.”

“Do the police know their job or are they just waiting for orders? The bad guy was already preparing to escape and we might have a harder time catching him! It's our fault if the criminal escapes. And it's also our fault that the doctor was attacked. Please just accept the consequences of your wrong decision. Otherwise, don't tell anyone you're a police officer, it would be embarrassing.”

Tul left immediately because she didn't want to waste a second of her time talking to him again. He left Captain Dan standing there angrily who clenched his jaw as he was once again defeated. Tihn narrowed his eyes at his little sister who walked by before the store closed. Even though she managed to catch the real perpetrator, Tihn still didn't see a glimmer of relief in her. She became involved in the case when Mrs. Yardphirun

disappeared, until it was discovered that she had become a corpse. His younger sister searched almost tirelessly for other evidence to link the accused. But like he said... He knew his own sister's personality very well. Tul must have felt very guilty for letting the perpetrator go around and hurt innocent people. Her sad expression was visible from the moment she entered the store.

“I want to order chocolate croissants and egg tarts.”

A bag of bread wrappers was placed on the counter. Tul looked away from the mouth-watering freshly baked bread before returning to get what she had ordered.

"There is no need to pay."

Tihn said as his sister took his wallet and paid for the bread.

“No, although my brother is the owner of this bakery, I have to pay for it.”

“Take it. You must be buying a lot for the entire department, right? There's no way you can eat it all by yourself,”

Tihn said as he returned the money to his sister's hand.

“Phi you will lose almost three hundred baht.”

“Do you know how much profit I made today? Only three hundred baht, it won't cost me anything.”

His older brother said with a raised eyebrow, which made Tul laugh after having few hours of sleep. She didn't tell his brother who he was going to give all the bread to, so he thought she would give it to her police friends. But she actually intended to pay a visit to the sick woman. Tul left the bakery with a paper bag full of croissants and egg tarts. The night sky was painted a shade of blue as darkness fell, mixed with the deep orange of the setting sun.

Because his older brother chose a place full of people passing by, it was not strange that both sides of the street were full of other shops. Many people

stopped by to shop before returning home. Tul was standing near a pedestrian traffic light, waiting to cross the street to her car parked in front. She looked carefully at the paper bag she was holding. There was a part of her that was worried about whether the sick woman would like this bread or not. The other part she feared had bought too little. She had previously learned from Jew that Mae was a close friend of Dr. Ran, who had been taking care of her.

Vehicles passing on the road stopped moving as traffic lights signaled pedestrians waiting to cross. The young lieutenant followed the others across the zebra crossing to the sidewalk on the other side. But instead of going to her car, Tul stopped in front of a flower shop. The front of the store was filled with bouquets of bright red roses, bouquets of sunflowers, various flowers packaged in pots, and many other flowers that attracted the attention of passersby. There was nothing wrong with giving flowers to visit the sick person and also as an apology.

“At first you may feel pain in your throat when swallowing saliva. However, after a few weeks it will improve. After you are discharged from the hospital, I will give you pain relievers, anti inflammatories, and massage medications to apply to the painful area. Tonight, get some more rest before heading home tomorrow morning.”

The doctor explained to her the condition of the patient for whom he was responsible after stopping by at night to check on her condition. But this caused the person who wanted to go home to protest.

“There's nothing wrong with staying one more night.”

“Yes, but I'm bored here. I sat down and lay back, there was nothing to do. I thought I might come back today,”

Che-rán grumbled to her father who was watching her that night. At the Institute of Forensic Medicine he was a respected advisor, so Che-rán had to address him with respect. But when they were alone, as father and daughter, the pronouns they used to greet each other changed to something more informal.

"After all, even if you return home, I won't let you go to work,"

Said Prof. Rakkit. He looked at his daughter who was frowning angrily. Neither her father nor her closest friend would let her leave the hospital at all. They kept asking her to rest until she recovered. Seeing this, the father himself began to worry when he saw his daughter interested in working. When she has time left, she investigates further into her field of work. Rakkit himself was not an old-fashioned person who did not want her daughter to have a good partner to support her. But it seemed like Che-rán didn't really care about anyone at all, except Prosecutor Thiwa and Mae, who had been close to her for a long time. It would be great if she Che-rán could take care of herself to the point of not needing anyone in her life. However, if this incident happened again, and was even worse than this, it would be impossible for the father not to feel worried.

“The Central Bureau of Investigation refused to allow journalists to interview Mr Chaiyot Yodcharoen, the suspect in the murder of his daughter Nong Namfon. 'Mr Chaiyot was detained at Khlong Prem Central Prison this afternoon and is not eligible for bail.’”

A television news program currently reported on the ongoing judicial process of a case that is currently being closely followed by the public. This included footage of police removing the defendant from the building amid an angry crowd. Police Captain Dan also confirmed that police were not aware of the forensic officer's visit to the area where she was attacked. But of course, Mr. Chaiyot received additional charges for assaulting her.

Professor Rakkit took the remote control to change to another channel so that his daughter would not think too much about the news where she was being blamed for her own negligence. In the live broadcast of the press conference about the arrest, the police denied their responsibility in the attack on Che-rán, of course the people of the Forensic Institute were very unhappy, especially him, both as a counselor of the institute and as a father. Until a policewoman spoke at a press conference to defend her daughter.

Maybe she was an acquaintance who used to work with Che-rán. She also looked familiar and the professor thought he had seen her at the Forensic Institute.

“Ran, I forgot to ask you something...”

But when the father looked at his daughter, he discovered that she was already asleep. This was probably due to the strength of the medicine he had just taken after eating, coupled with the accumulated fatigue even though he was still talking earlier. Professor Rakkit took the remote control and turned off the television so that no sound would disturb his beloved daughter's sleep.

Suddenly someone knocked on the bedroom door. It was probably Mae who said she would come back to visit her after work. The man got up from the couch to open the door so the guest could enter. But that wasn't Mae.

The person standing in front of him at that moment was the policewoman at the press conference who was speaking on behalf of her daughter. Her hands held a small bouquet of flowers and a paper bag that could have been delivered to a sick person in this room.

“H- Hello, I'm a friend of the doctor...I mean Ran... My name is Tul. I'm the police officer who used to work with her.”

Her shy expression and slurred words were not entirely normal for Tul since she was generally not a person who got nervous when talking to adults. But the person in front of her was Ran's father who she rarely saw.

"Come in, but Ran just fell asleep,"

Professor Rakkit said, sounding as friendly as many people said. He moved away from the door to allow the lieutenant to enter the room. Tul bowed as she humbly walked past the older man and made a beeline for the sick woman sleeping in her bed.

“Have you eaten something? Would you like a cup of coffee?”

"It's Okay,"

Tul declined in a polite tone before handing him the paper bag he had in his own hand.

“I bought a lot of croissants and egg tarts. Professor, you can eat it first. It will be very tasty while it is still hot.”

The patient's father was given the package purchased at the bakery and showed his delight with a thumbs up as a sign of reassurance. Rakkit smiled with wrinkles due to his age, thanked her before inviting the young lieutenant to eat together. Tul was forced to refuse again, because she could eat her brother's homemade bread at any time. Her only intention was to bring her to the sick woman.

“I'll save the bouquet for you. If Ran wakes up, I'll tell her.”

“Oh- Oh.. yes.”

Tul carefully chose a bouquet of sunflowers and daisies according to the positive meaning of the flowers. Although it was not delivered directly to the recipient, it was not unfortunate because it was his father who received it. Tul raised her hand to scratch her cheek in embarrassment. From the beginning she thought that buying a bouquet of flowers was nothing strange. Now she felt very nervous.

“Too bad Ran fell asleep.”

“Okay, we'll see you at work soon.”

“My daughter never bothers you, right? If so, I'm sorry,”

The professor said with a smile because he was fully aware of her heroic deeds while working as a doctor. Che-rán never opened a way to continue a good relationship with anyone until everyone began to see her as someone who they were to avoid rather than approach.

“No not at all. The doctor is a great person and she makes my job easier. I am very grateful with her.”

'And I'm the one who should apologize...'

The last sentence was not pronounced by Tul, but was said through eyes that looked at the sick woman who was still sleeping unconscious despite

the loud sound of people talking, like a child who was fast asleep. Her slender, beautiful eyebrows were not arched like she used to see them at the Forensic Institute. Her sweet face, which was difficult to see smiling, seemed relaxed, without work worries. Tul accidentally smiled when she saw that different side of Ran.

Her eyes drifted to the soft bandage on the patient's neck. Her anger towards the person who had hurt her was no match for the guilt that filled her heart. Tul intended to apologize for what happened, but on the other hand she thought that it might be a good idea that Dr. Ran was asleep when she arrived because she still didn't have the courage to apologize to her.

“I have to thank you a lot today for what you said at the press conference.”

Professor Rakkit thanked him heartily. But she Tul thought that she was not worthy enough to accept it.

“No, the police and forensics work together. We must take responsibility together.”

“I thank you as a father... Apart from Mae, Ran doesn't have many friends. She's glad someone else came to see her. If Ran wakes up, I'll tell her who came to see her.”

The older man's warm and sincere smile helped Tul not have to blame herself. Although she secretly was a little worried about what she said. At least if it wasn't a negative feeling, she was glad to give him the opportunity to try to understand each other.

Lieutenant Tul stayed longer, unable to resist the coffee Ran's father served her. After talking about other things, it turned out that they got along very well. It was almost eight at night when Lieutenant Tul had to excuse herself to leave. Curiously, after several hours, the sick and sleeping person did not wake up. Professor Rakkit offered to escort her downstairs, although Tul refused.

As soon as she heard the sound of the door closing and the sound of their conversations fading out of earshot, the sick woman, who everyone thought

was fast asleep, slowly opened her eyes. She looked around the room to make sure no one else was there except her. It wasn't that she didn't want to face Lieutenant Tul, it was just that she had a strange feeling when she heard a familiar voice having a friendly conversation with her father. If we don't count Thiwa and Mae, who had known each other for a long time, there were very few people who could talk to her father by making her laugh.

The small figure moved to lie on its side, eyes staring at a bouquet of flowers placed on the table next to the bed. The sunflowers were a striking yellow color with white daisies around them. Her slender hand reached out to take the bouquet of flowers and looked at it thinking about who had bought it. She hadn't been her father, much less Mae. A sweet smile appeared on her face as she looked at the small, scribbled card.

'Get well soon'

Since the card was written like this, I could guess who it was. Che-rán put the bouquet of flowers back in its original place, not wanting her father to find out that his daughter had accidentally woken up. If he asked her about the lieutenant who had just arrived, she probably wouldn't be able to answer how close they were.

The patient lay down again, trying to repress the good feelings that little by little were rising to her heart. As someone who rarely opened up to anyone, Tul was the first person who tried to approach her. In the previous meeting they had experienced several conflicts, which made Tul clearly show her desire to do good this time. Next time, maybe she would be the one to approach. Although she hadn't decided how to do it, she just didn't want Lieutenant Tul to have to be nice to just her.

Che-rán opened her eyes to look at the bouquet of flowers again, a smile appeared on her face without realizing it. At least the lieutenant's flower picking skills were not bad.



# ①①

## ELEVEN



*Warning: This chapter contains dead bodies and blood.*

Prosecutor Thiwa plays her mobile phone to pass the time while waiting for the patient to change her clothes. Previously, Professor Rakkit asked him to help him bring Che-rán home while he had a meeting with the Institute of Forensic Medicine committee along with Maethinee who had been involved in a toxic substance case that needed to be clarified. The person closest to Che-rán was Thiwa, who had been close to his family since childhood. The curtain separating the patient's bed had opened, motioning Thiwa to look away.

“Shall we eat first before taking you home?”

“I want to go to the forensic institute. I still have to write an additional forensic report.”

Thiwa had anticipated this but Rakkit himself had given strict instructions that he wanted his daughter to rest for the day. But everyone knew that the only thing on Che-rán's head was work.

“The report can be written at home. Anyway, you have to go home today.”

“I haven't been in two days, there are many things to do.”

Sensing the stubbornness of someone younger, Thiwa could only sigh. Che-rán was so dedicated to her work that Thiwa didn't even think of getting in her way. Because aside from having to waste time arguing, she still wouldn't win.

“Let's do what you want. If the guy asks, you'll have to take responsibility.”

Although she threatened her by mentioning her father, Thiwa knew that the professor himself might not be able to stop his daughter from doing the same. Thiwa helped the newly recovered person check her belongings to see if she had forgotten anything. And she was a little surprised when she saw Che-rán take a bouquet of sunflowers from the vase on the nightstand, even though the flowers had started to dry and really deserved to be thrown away.

“Did Mae buy them for you?”

Thiwa named the most likely person first, but Che-rán didn't seem to have thought about the answer beforehand. She had a blank expression on her face, silently looking away, which made Thiwa know that she was not good at lying at all.

“Yeah.”

Thiwa pretended to believe that. She didn't want to wait for the answer either. Regardless of who was the owner of the bouquet of flowers, it was quite annoying that it had brought a small smile to Che-rán's sweet face.

Tul arrived at the Forensic Institute in the afternoon after investigating a suspect who was sent to prison awaiting trial in court. Currently there was still a process of collecting all the evidence to send it to the prosecutor to file a lawsuit. Therefore, the young lieutenant had to contact and request a report with further evidence on the deceased's teeth. Evidence against the perpetrator of the crime was obtained directly through a verification process in accordance with the principles of forensic science.

“Oh, Lieutenant Tul, what are you doing here?”

The owner of the name turned her head when she heard a greeting as she entered the building. Maethinee, the forensic toxicology officer, walked towards her with a different expression than when her friend had been attacked. At that moment, Jew had to stay by her side, not far from her, to comfort her and not blame others for her own mistakes. But when Tul saw the smile on her beautiful face, she could guess that there would be good news.

“I went to ask for a forensic report.”

Tul could accidentally see the mocking look in Mae's eyes. Just like Jew saw her like that when she raised her hand to volunteer to go to the forensic institute.

"You were the one who made her run out of the hospital because she hadn't had time to write a report."

Her tone sounded more mocking than any punishment. Tul raised her hand to refuse, but the beautiful doctor immediately mocked her when she saw her embarrassed reaction.

“It's a joke. Dr. Ran just arrived. She's probably already in her office. You can go look for it there.”

She initially had no intention of asking Dr. Ran for the forensic report because she thought she might not be out of the hospital yet. But when she heard that, she felt a little nervous. Before, when she went to visit, she didn't have time to talk because she would fall asleep first. But it seemed this time they would really have to face each other.

After separating from Mae, Tul walked down the hallway and recognized Dr. Che-rán. The young lieutenant heard the sound of people talking even before she turned the corner of the main hallway. Her stomach reacted slightly, not because of the pain but because she heard the voice of someone she knew.

“People only look at his face but don't know his heart. I saw that he seemed like a good person. In fact, he was faking and deceiving people all over the

country.”

“It can't be helped. There wasn't enough evidence to point it out in the first place.”

“That's right, just like the sperm stain, it turned out to be JJ's. It didn't belong to his father or his boyfriend, so the police didn't target his father.”

A forensic officer and Dr. Ran, who spoke, did not notice Tul approaching. Ran herself was reading a report on the clipboard she had in her arms until she noticed someone approaching. She raised her hand intending to take something out of her coat pocket, but she discovered that she didn't have it with her.

“Does P'Art have pens?”

“Ah... I think I have...”

They handed her a pen. But when she was about to take it, Ran noticed the sleeve of the person holding the pen. A dark-colored jacket that was different from the lab coat uniform of the forensic institute. A pair of beautiful eyes looked at the owner of the pen. The face of the person she had been avoiding seeing since the day before made her heart pound. Before any of them could look away from her, Ran murmured a thank you in a voice so soft it was almost impossible to hear. She took the pen and wrote her signature on the document as requested.

“The policewoman at the press conference... Lieutenant Tul, right? The lieutenant is the hero here... Initially, the forensic team wanted to make a statement that contradicted the police. How could they say the attack had nothing to do with the police?”

The voice of the forensic officer broke the uncomfortable atmosphere without realizing it.

“It was a misunderstanding and inadequate communication. The police are to blame because the investigation progressed slowly.”

“But fortunately Dr. Ran is not too serious. Or if?”

"P'Art talks too much,"

Said Che-rán, persuading the kind clerk to say no more than this. The clipboard was returned to him after Che-rán finished signing.

“You came to take the forensic report, right?”

"Wel... oh... yes."

Tul was surprised when Che-rán suddenly turned towards her. Her cold tone still made her feel like an elementary school student who had forgotten to do her homework and would soon be scolded by the homeroom teacher. The look in her eyes made it difficult to know what she was thinking. Dr. Ran's presence made the lieutenant almost stop breathing. The pen was returned before the small body turned around and walked in another direction.

“Follow me.”

Che-rán turned around and called to the lieutenant who was still there in silence. Tul nodded and bid farewell to the other forensic officer, then hurriedly followed Dr. Ran. There was no conversation on the way. The only thing that could be heard was the sound of footsteps in the hallway and the small of the doctor's back in the lieutenant's eyes. They both had things they wanted to talk about. But she kept it in her heart because she didn't know how to form sentences. Maybe Tul should ask about whether she was already healed or not. They walked to the front of Che-rán's private office, but before the lieutenant followed her into the room, the little woman stopped until they almost collided.

“The office is a bit messy. Wait here a moment.”

Che-rán explains her reasons for not letting her in. Tul nodded, willing to stand and wait, although she was a little surprised. Because as she remembered her, Ran was far from the word disordered. If such a clean room was considered a disaster, what would happen to Tul's bedroom,

which looked like it had been hit by a typhoon? On the other side of the door, Ran secretly sighed because she was sure that the person outside couldn't see inside the room. Immediately, she approached and picked up the bouquet of dried flowers that was on the table, she turned around looking for a place to hide them so that they would not be seen. She didn't want the lieutenant to see that she had brought the bouquet of flowers from the hospital.

Che-rán speculated about the possibility that Lieutenant Tul was making fun of her. So she didn't want to make excuses to waste time. Finally, the bouquet of dried flowers was placed in a large drawer at the back of the work desk, before the owner of the room made a sound to allow the person outside to enter.

Tul looked around the room and didn't feel the chaos that Dr. Ran mentioned. Even the bookshelf was slightly dusty and the pens were neatly placed in a box on the table. Maybe she has some things that she didn't want others to see.

“This is a report on teeth marks. read it first.”

Tul was given a forensic report on the mold of the teeth which she accepted and opened to leaf through. There were X-ray images of the deceased's teeth, pieces of teeth that were broken because they were embedded in the perpetrator's flesh, images of bite marks on the right shoulder that matched the marks of the victim's teeth. And the last page was signed by the person in charge, Dr. Che-rán. If it weren't for this woman, Tul wouldn't know how to get a report as complete and detailed as this.

“Thank you, police work is much easier thanks to you, Dr.”

“Now it's just the two of us, you don't need to pretend to praise me.”

“I'm not pretending...”

Che-rán almost forgot how serious the person's eyes were. This time, Lieutenant Tul intended to use those eyes to tell her that the praise she had just said was not just meant to please her. The person who was not good at

expressing herself gave in to that look. She pretended to turn around and took the pen on the table, although she had already finished signing.

"Doctor..."

Came a deep voice that made the hand holding the pen stop suddenly, waiting to hear:

"I'm sorry, I often criticized doctors a lot."

After speaking, Tul's heart almost wanted to skip a beat. She was relieved because she had admitted her mistake in front of Dr. Ran since she had wanted to say it for a long time.

"I didn't know anything when I investigated. I almost ruined the job."

"No, I also have to consider the feelings of the victim's family."

"No, the doctor's actions were correct. Sooner or later, we would still have to investigate. And to be honest, without yes, perhaps the investigation would have gone nowhere."

It turned out that both of them wanted to accept responsibility instead of blaming each other for their mistakes like when they fought. Eventually, Tul decided to look away because she was embarrassed to admit her mistake by making direct eye contact with Dr. Ran.

"And I want to apologize... For insulting you. Perhaps, we still would not have evidence linking the murderer. Furthermore, the perpetrator could have fled and things would become even more chaotic. But because of what you said about the last test, the police were finally able to arrest him."

Che-rán felt her cheeks burn, perhaps spreading to her ears. Someone who normally only spoke in an annoyed tone, when she had the chance to speak kindly, she felt that it was too much.. The pen in her hand was scribbling absentmindedly. Fortunately, the tip of the pen did not press the surface of the table, otherwise it would be scratched..

“You once told me that doctors would act as substitutes for those who died. You did a good job really.”

The atmosphere between them had changed to the point that she could feel it becoming uncomfortable. Not even the speaker herself believed that she would be able to arrange the words well enough for others to understand them.

“Me too... I should thank you.”

Che-rán decided to leave the pen in her hand because she felt that she was too distracted. But she still did not dare to look at the lieutenant's face and spoke in a low voice, difficult for Tul to hear.

“Doctor, what did you say?”

Tul swore she didn't mean to interrupt. She leaned slightly in case the other person's voice could be heard more clearly.

"Thank you,"

Said the sweet voice,. a little louder before.

“Thank you for coming to my aid in time. If it weren't for you, I, I would have...”

"It's good that you're okay, doctor."

Tul smiled widely again. But she felt a little worried when she saw the thin scarf that covered her neck. But at least Dr. Ran had no other worrying symptoms. Che-rán walked away from the work desk a little, thinking she should look for a topic to discuss, but there was no conversation between them after that. Curiously, the silence between them was no longer as awkward as before. Instead, they felt more relaxed, especially after clearing up some misunderstandings about her different points of view. They also had themes where both parties helped each other, leaving a significant impression that was enough to create a better feeling in their hearts. At that



moment, Che-rán thought that it was just a feeling of wanting to thank Lieutenant Tul for being kind to her.

The sound of a cell phone ringing broke the silence. Tul responded to a call from her subordinate, who asked her to hurry up and bring the results of the forensic report to headquarters after he made fun of why it was taking so long.

“I have to go now. They asked me to hurry up and bring the documents.”

The doctor nodded. She looked at the back of the lieutenant who was about to leave the room. but she stopped in front of the door as if she remembered something.

“Are you free tonight?”

The person who was asked unexpectedly did not have time to respond because Tul continued talking, leaving her no room to think.

“I promised to treat you to lunch since the previous case. If you are still willing...”

Tul raised her hand to scratch her cheek. Her nervous expression made Dr. Ran smile slightly and turned her face away so the lieutenant wouldn't see her expression.

“Have you been paid yet, Lieutenant?”

“Yes, it doesn't matter if you eat a lot, I can handle it.”

Che-rán almost couldn't contain her laughter when she heard Lieutenant Tul's annoyed tone. She even admitted that she didn't need to think of a way to deny it.

“If it's after five, I'm always free.”

Even kindergarteners could understand Dr. Ran in seconds. Hearing this, Lieutenant Tul smiled widely and happily. Even before leaving, she repeated several times that at 5 p.m, she would come pick her up in front of

the building. Ran was suddenly left alone in the office, sitting with a small smile that then turned into a big smile. It took her a long time to adjust her expression to her original state.

On the sixteenth floor of the Central Research Bureau building, inside the largest room behind an open teakwood door, there was a huge difference compared to the outside office. The living room was well decorated, showing the owner's taste with a set of teak wood chairs with gold frame and leather upholstery. Not far away was a statue of Buddha in a prominent place, as the surrounding walls were decorated with images of revered monks, reflecting a strong spiritual foundation.

Not only was it beautifully decorated, but it had also been maintained and swept without signs of dust, even though the owner of the room rarely stayed in the office. The large work desk only had piles of documents piled on top of it. Other than that, there was almost nothing there, if you don't count the carved wooden boards that were visiting.

'Pol. Lieutenant General TechaTechakomol'

Commander of the Central Investigation Police.

Big Techa stood looking out the window, admiring the beautiful view of the city from the top of the building, which made the senior police officer instantly relax. Suddenly, the sound of a loud knock on the door disturbed the peace, but it didn't anger him in the slightest. Rather, it seemed as if he had been awaiting the arrival of this visitor beforehand. Police Captain Dan entered and stopped a good distance away, before saluting and introducing himself.

“Sit down.”

Big Techa invited him to sit first on the teak wood chair. Captain Dan bowed and sat in a chair, keeping his back straight facing the largest Commander of his division.

“How is your day, uncle?”

It was a topic of conversation almost every time they had a chance to talk. The young policeman understood it well. The reason was that an elderly relative who had the same surname as him was a former politician who was once Minister of Justice. He was also the one who had provided the opportunity for his nephew's career to be as fluid as it had been up to that point.

“The uncle is fine. Last month we saw each other at the uncle's daughter's wedding. You seemed strong as always.”

"Okay,"

The sentence seemed somewhat indifferent, but the more it was said in a low voice, the louder it sounded. Techa just wanted to ask about people who hold high positions and influence. He left a long pause before getting straight to the point:

“Why he had called Captain Dan there.”

“I sent your name to the inspector appointment order. It will probably come into force at the end of the year.”

“Thank you so much.”

“It's a reward for your hard work. I heard a big case just closed. It must have been difficult.”

Once again, Big Techa pretended to show concern for the lower-ranking policeman. He was also not sure how Captain Dan, who was not a direct descendant of the former minister, could sit in his teak chair.

“It was exhausting. There were many suspects but almost no evidence pointing to anyone. When we found evidence against him, we were almost in trouble, but Captain Dan could handle it well.”

He spoke with humility and neutrality, without revealing too much about the case. Because he himself had little participation in it.

“I heard there were problems at the press conference. What happened?”

Of course, the incident was talked about throughout the base. Captain Dan's face was a little upset, but Big Techa didn't notice it.

“There was a slight conflict, I...”

“Let's not let something like this happen again. Nobody wants the police to get into conflict because they will lose credibility in the eyes of the public. Especially with the captain who will become an inspector as if the point of calling him to the office was objectionable.”

The young police officer lowered his head and accepted his mistake, without making any excuses.

“But who are the police?”

The question surprised the listener. Captain Dan realized for a moment that the commander probably didn't see the press conference. But he probably heard it from someone else.

“My co-worker.”

“What's it called? Actually...she has to undergo a disciplinary examination because she has damaged the image of the police. There is no respect for senior police officers to the point that they dare to get into conflict in front of journalists, we cannot accept it.”

Captain Dan, who was initially evasive, did not know how to respond. It wasn't that he wanted to protect her, it was simply that no one at headquarters knew that Big Techa had never mentioned that he had a family member within headquarters. The surnames of both clearly indicated that the two could be of the same lineage. And if the Commander tried to trace the policewoman's history, he would be able to find out immediately. It didn't take long for Captain Dan to think that his answer might make the other party dissatisfied.

“As head of the investigation team, I myself will assume full responsibility for disciplining her. I will be the one to warn you.”

The commander's wrinkled face showed no emotion. Although the temperature in this spacious room was cold, she felt uncomfortable and stuffy.

“That's happened before. Do you know how many times I had to go out to eat with Mr. Sirapob? How many times did I apologize to make him feel calm?”

The commander referred to the case Mr. Wasan experienced at that time. The heir of an influential businessman in this country was secretly murdered. The family did not want to continue with the investigation once the case was closed and said that it was an accident. If the police dug deeper, they would reveal the rottenness of the justice system imposed on a group of people. Of course, this would cause great discontent among all influential people, especially Mr. Sirapob.

“This time I have your respect, Captain, but please take good care of your men. Don't let something like this happen again. Otherwise, what will the public think of police officers like us? Do you understand it?”

That same day, in front of the Forensic Institute building, the road surface was wet due to the rain that had fallen earlier, always disappointing those who were hoping for clear skies. But the weather turned out as expected, when the sky after the afternoon rain shone with a light pink color. The wind blew strongly, bringing a refreshing roma to the nose, making the police lieutenant smile as she stood next to her black SUV, waiting for someone she had promised to have dinner with that night.

The young lieutenant did not go home to change her clothes as suggested by Jew, who was an expert at asking girls out. Although Tul refused to do so because they were only going out to eat together, she was now fixing her clothes. She rolled up her jacket's sleeves up to her elbows, tucked the inside of her shirt into her pants, and put the police badge she wore hanging

around her neck into the car. The clock showed five in the afternoon. Tul's mind began to feel restless. It was the third time she looked at herself through the car window before realizing that the person she was waiting for was coming down from the building.

It's not like Tul had never seen Dr. Ran as she took off her uniform and lab coat. But this time she looked different. Dr. Ran was wearing a loose beige shirt and white shorts, looking polite, cute and harmonious. She walked with Mae, who laughed meaningfully as she greeted Lieutenant Tul until someone next to her pinched her arm gently before Mae waved goodbye to her and walked in another direction.

Che-rán felt like she made a mistake by letting Mae date her even though she wanted to hide it. However, she couldn't hide because Mae had stronger connections than her in the police department. Lieutenant Jew had probably told Mae everything before she could. Tul stood up and waited until the smaller woman approached. She could only tell in her head that Dr. Ran in her casual clothes looked cute. She meant it, her short shoulder-length hair made her look younger. Her face was beautiful and cute. Tul just realized that she was wearing light makeup and accidentally glanced until the other party looked away. She had completely forgotten the greetings that Lieutenant Jew had carefully taught her.

“Whose car should we use?”

Her thin lips covered in lip gloss asked first, bringing Tul back to consciousness.

“...We'll take my car, it's parked here.”

“Um, can we go?”

Lieutenant Tul nodded, thinking that perhaps she seemed foolish at that moment. Even as she stood and watched Ran open the car door, she realized that she must be the one to open it. But it was too late, so she couldn't help but go around the car to the other side. The atmosphere in the car was no different from when the two were together in the office that morning. It was a relief to let the silence do its work. A soft aroma wafted into the nose of

the person driving. Another thing Tul noticed was that the doctor had sprayed perfume on herself. This was different from during work hours, perhaps the doctor thought the smell would interfere with her work.

From time to time Tul glanced at the woman sitting in the passenger seat. She turned on the car radio when she realized she forgot to turn on the music. The silence was replaced by loud music in the background that changed the atmosphere. The road ahead seems good, the traffic was not as heavy as it was every day at night. The sky began to darken as the sun set.

“Doctor, what do you want to eat?”

The lieutenant opened the conversation when the car stopped waiting for the traffic light at the intersection. She herself had already thought about a restaurant, but she wanted to ask if the talented doctor would like to eat something special.

“It depends on you. I can eat everything.”

“You get in my car and you don't know where I'm taking you, aren't you afraid at all?”

That naughty person couldn't help but mock.

"Honestly, you should be the one to ask for help, Lieutenant."

That sentence made Tul laugh out loud. For days she felt guilty and wanted to apologize to clear up her discomfort. She now felt relieved. It was like being herself.

“Doctor, have you ever eaten cool Vietnamese jub?”

Tul asked as she started her car after the traffic light turned green.

“I've only tried guay jub. I've never tried Vietnamese before.”

“Do you want to try it? I know a cool Vietnamese jub restaurant on Phra Athit Street and have eaten there before. The soup is so delicious that we don't need to add anything else. That being said, I want to eat it.

Additionally, they also have many other menus. We can ask for anything. I give them five stars.”

Che-rán secretly looked at the face of the person who boasted about the delights of the cool Vietnamese jub. Her lips moved like a charlatan. She couldn't help but smile when Lieutenant Tul said,

"I've already said all this and I have to take you there to eat. Now I'm very hungry.”

Tul laughed as she realized she had said too much.

“I think hot soup is also good for the throat. It still hurts, right?”

“A bit.”

Her voice was so soft that Tul could barely hear it. Although the driver's gaze was still fixed on the road, Che-rán turned her face towards the side window because she did not want other people to notice her current expression. Does the other party show concern because they want to do good? She had invited her to eat. And a few days ago she visited the hospital. Therefore, the good feelings that formed in Che rán's heart were probably natural because someone cared about her. Che-rán tried to think what was happening.. she doesn't feel the same about Thiwa or even Mae. It was probably because she had known them for a long time. Until she got used to the little things she received from the people closest to her. But not from Lieutenant Tul. Still, she accepted that affectionate attitude, without rejecting it or closing herself off in any way.

The Phra Athit Road area was located along the Chao Phraya River. The darkness of night began to descend to surround each area after sunset, replaced by the soft yellow glow of the shops and street lamps. The weather was still cool due to the rain that had recently stopped. The closer you were to the river, the more wind it blew, so the area wouldn't be as hot. The parking lot was a little far from where they wanted to go. Lieutenant Tul and Dr. Ran had the opportunity to take a walk on the sidewalk. Tul acts as a temporary tour guide and told her about the interesting things about the



area, from restaurants to museums. Che-rán herself listened attentively. In the past, she rarely went anywhere. She only leaves the house if someone asks her to, so she didn't know the route.

“Sometimes there are events in the park. I usually stop by during the Loy Krathong festival and the lights are really beautiful. It's a little quiet today, but the atmosphere was good.”

Lieutenant Tul pointed towards the garden. She looked shady and worth a visit. Some people came to spend their time relaxing, spreading mats and sitting on the grass under the shade of trees. There were also those who jogged and exercised at night. Che-rán looked in the indicated direction, interspersing the face of the person next to her while she waited for the traffic light to cross the street together.

“After eating, do you want to go for a walk?”

Tul turned her head to look into a pair of beautiful eyes. It was only a split second before Dr. Ran hurriedly turned the other way, pretending that she was looking at the man speeding in her car.

"It would be good to take a short walk,"

The doctor said as she watched the pedestrian crossing light turn green. Desperate and not wanting to be accused of spying on her too often, Che-rán immediately stepped onto the crosswalk to walk the other way. But in an instant, a motorcycle horn sounded so loud that it hurt her eardrums. Her thin forearm was grabbed and she was pulled back to stand on the sidewalk just before the motorcycle hit her.

“Are you OK? The light has turned red and he still refuses to stop. Can you look at the road while driving?!”

Tul asked Che-rán in a low voice so as not to cause her even more panic, before turning to scold the motorcyclist who was speeding away from sight angrily, her tone different from when she spoke to Che-rán. Che-rán murmured quietly that she was fine and invited Tul to cross the zebra crossing together. The lieutenant still decided not to remove her hand from

Che-rán's thin arm, as if she was afraid that something unexpected might happen.

The sweet aroma of pork bone soup immediately wafted out as soon as they entered the restaurant. Lieutenant Tul arrived at this restaurant with Jew after the interrogations. At that moment they were both very hungry because they hadn't eaten anything since noon, so they tried their luck to find a restaurant to eat. And the cool Vietnamese jub on Phra Athit Street did not disappoint.

Tul managed to finish a large plate of guay jub in the blink of an eye. Meanwhile, Jew ordered one more dish because the food was too delicious. And to make sure it wasn't because of hunger, another day the two of them went to this restaurant again. They were so in love the second time that the restaurant owner recognized them both. And this time, maybe because it was not with Jew but with a beautiful woman, she made the guy, the owner of the restaurant, make fun of her.

“Hello, lieutenant. Oh, today you brought a beautiful girl to accompany you.”

The person who was greeted smiled wryly while standing upright. She tried to look at the doctor who gave the restaurant owner a big smile and a slight nod.

“Thank you.”

Oh... Tul wanted to tell her how pretty she looked but she wasn't going to.

“Alright. You can look at the menu,”

The uncle said, raising his eyebrows to mock the lieutenant before leaving. Che-rán used the pads of her fingers to tuck a strand of hair behind her small ear, so that it wouldn't fall into her face as she leaned over to read the menu. She seemed so excited that Tul, who saw her, wanted to tease her again. Furthermore, her attitude when she praised her uncle just now made her see the other side of the doctor as well.

“I think you will have a very big bowl, doctor.”

“Is it because I came with you? You seem close to the restaurant owner.”

“If Jew had come, I would definitely chat with the guy until the store closed. That day they seemed so close that they couldn't stop talking.”

She said while the doctor smiled at her.

“We should come with Lieutenant Jew, he will go with Mae. And I with you.”

When Dr. Ran realized what she had just said, silence enveloped the dining room table. An uncomfortable atmosphere ensued. She looked at the other people who had not responded because she was lost in thought about herself.

Both parties clearly showed signs of embarrassment by avoiding eye contact and changing the subject. Tul took charge and suggested ordering cool Vietnamese jub, tailored to the doctor's preferences. She knew Dr. Y knew that Ran didn't like spicy food and liked chicken bones. As for her, she ordered the usual with extra pork dumplings and toppings because she was starting to get hungry.

A plate of special cool Vietnamese jub had filled both of their bellies, so they opted to walk to the public park along the Chao Phraya River. The fresh wind blows and touches the skin of her face, inviting them to relax. From here you can see the Rama VIII Bridge, the soft yellow light reflecting on the surface of the water as if it were painted on black paper. The two walked slowly, taking in the atmosphere. The long chairs by the river were completely empty. Then, Tul invited Ran to speak, the wind blew strongly and blew her hair over her sweet face.

Tul accidentally saw Che-rán smoothing a strand of hair behind her ear. Time seemed to stop for a moment and she almost stopped breathing too. Before those pair of beautiful eyes of hers turned to look at her, she had to look away from her quickly.

“Uh... Doctor, how are you going home? Do you want me to take you?”

The lieutenant quickly found something to talk about.

“You can take me to the forensic clinic. I don't want to leave my car there because I don't have another car to get to work.”

"Oh..."

Lieutenant Tul nodded her head just as she did when she was waiting for other people to get into the car. At times it felt like a computer that wasn't working properly. She always stuttered and didn't know what to talk about. That bothered her a little. Nobody said anything for several minutes. Tul, who didn't want the others to get bored of the silence, thought about finding something to talk about again.

“Should you take the medicine after eating?”

“Ah... I almost forgot.”

With that said the doctor took out a bag of medicine that she had just received from the hospital. Tul watched her open the package of medicines that she had to take one by one. As if she realized something was missing, the policewoman suddenly stood up and said,

"Wait here, I'll be back in a moment.”

Che-rán looked at the person who was running towards the main road, passing parks and commercial houses where several stores were located. She wondered if Lieutenant Tul had forgotten something at the restaurant. But not long enough to guess the answer, the lieutenant ran back with a bottle of water. She seemed a little out of breath but she was still smiling widely when they met again. Her white hand twisted the bottle cap and inserted the straw correctly before handing her the water bottle. Che-rán murmured a thank you under her breath, drank some water, and took three pills after eating.

“I forgot to buy water. What will you do if the medicine gets stuck in your throat?”

Tul scoffed again. She sat in her previous spot next to the doctor, looking at the packet of medicines between them. Che-rán was still drinking water to hide her embarrassment because Tul was suddenly being nice to her... Several times she tried to maintain her stance of not paying attention to other people, but it seemed like she couldn't get over it. Does Lieutenant Tul also do these things to other people? Che-rán simply did not want her actions to be misinterpreted.

“Do you also have ointment to relieve pain?”

Lieutenant Tul took the opportunity to take an unopened analgesic ointment.

“Um, I use it when I have pain.”

“Doctor, do you still hurt?”

Her voice was so soft that the listener could feel it. Che-rán did not respond immediately, her hand went up and touched the scarf that covered the bruise on her neck. She frowned slightly as pain suddenly appeared in the area she touched the bruise on her neck. She frowned slightly as pain suddenly appeared in the area he touched.

"A little..."

Dr. Ran is not good at lying even though her face is very expressionless.

“You have to apply the medicine even if it doesn't hurt much.”

I didn't know who the doctor really was. Although Che-rán's job was not to treat sick people, she had studied medicine before. She knew how to take care of herself so as not to get sick. Even so, she agreed to listen to the lieutenant's words. She took the medicine from Tul's hand and opened the cap before removing the scarf around her neck to apply the medicine to the sore area.

Tul looked with wide eyes at the bruises that contrasted with the white skin of her neck. Many feelings were deeply engraved in her heart. First, she felt

angry at the person who hurt Che-rán. Secondly, she felt guilty for carrying out the investigation slowly until this happened. If something worse than this had happened, she probably wouldn't be able to bear it herself. She didn't even know if an apology would be enough. Thin fingertips applied the cream to areas that were painful to the touch. Because Che-rán couldn't see her own neck if she didn't have a mirror, so some were covered and others weren't.

“Let 'me help you.”

Once again, Lieutenant Tul submitted a request so that it would not be rejected. The tube of painkiller returned to the police's hand. Tul put some cream on her fingertips and then asked Che-rán to look up so she could rub the medicine on her neck area. Tul applied the cream to the bruise as gently as possible from one point to another. Che-rán simply tilted her face slightly to the other side as she remained still, not daring to move. She watched the person applying the medication until she lost consciousness when they were just an inch away.

Time seemed to slow down. She still couldn't understand what the trembling in her heart meant. Che-rán did not dare to look at Lieutenant Tul's face while she finished applying the medicine. She could only murmur a thank you under her breath.

The park was silent, the only thing that could be heard was the sound of cars driving on the road. Although it was soft, Tul could still hear the sweet voice. Then she smiled at the thanks she heard clearly. She watched the doctor wrapping a thin cloth around her neck before both parties looked at each other and tried to understand the good feelings in their own hearts.

“Should we go back?”

The doctor nodded, then the two walked together towards the parking lot without speaking. They took turns looking at each other's faces in silence and sometimes made eye contact. There was no discomfort or embarrassment at all.

On another morning, after a night of heavy storms, the atmosphere turned cold towards morning. It was difficult for anyone to leave a warm blanket on their soft bed. The roads were still wet and some areas were under water. The green grass and trees were dripping with drops of water. Below the settlement, the land plots no longer need to be watered for a while.. In the seven-story student dormitory, everything was functioning normally as usual. However, if there was something abnormal that surprised those who saw it, it was someone's arm poking out of the bushes. Upon closer inspection, they realized it was the body of a person. His body was wrinkled, his eyes wide and unblinking in the rain-soaked atmosphere. The injuries, especially to the head, could have caused his death.

It lay not far from the statue of Cupid that was expected to contribute to the beauty of the garden surrounding the bedroom. Even though it had been washed away by rainwater, there was still fresh red blood scattered on the white concrete surface. It seemed that no one could erase the terrible events that occurred in this place.

# ①②

## TWELVE



Warning: This chapter contains blood and dead bodies.

The voices of dozens of police officers could be heard trying to close the crime scene area to outsiders, even asking for the cooperation of residents who were trying to take photographs with their mobile phones. The frightened voices of witnesses were also heard speaking of the terrible state of the corpse. But since the location was a dormitory near the university, they quickly concluded that it was probably a student who jumped from the building. The first witness to find the body was a resident student. In this dorm, the room was on the third floor, just above where the body was found. It had a balcony to see the trees. But when he looked down, he noticed something unusual on the ground. It was an image that would stay with him for the rest of his life.

"I... at first I thought it was a doll or a mannequin..."

The young man stammered, his panic still not gone. This was the first time he saw a corpse:

"When I looked closer it turned out to be a human, I thought he was asleep there, but... but his eyes were open..."



“Did you hear any noise last night, like something falling or did you see something on the balcony?”

Lieutenant Tul, who was in charge of this case, arrived at the scene immediately after receiving the notification. She wrote the students' testimonies in a small notebook, in addition to recording audio with a cell phone that she kept in her jacket pocket.

“No, last night it rained so hard that I couldn't hear anything. I was doing homework in my room.”

“What time were you in your room, until you fell asleep and when did you see the body?”

“I returned to my room at 7 pm. I stayed in my room all night because I had to finish a task. When I went to bed, it was almost 2 in the morning. I usually wake up at six in the morning, and it was ten past six when I went out to the balcony to look at the trees.”

“Okay, thank you very much.”

Tul wrote when the witnesses testified about him. Perhaps she would have to question the students in each dormitory upstairs where the body was found to see if they heard anything unusual besides the sound of thunder. She had to follow up carefully because she did not want to come to the conclusion that it was a case of suicide. After a brief inspection, Lieutenant Tul began to see that more and more people were going to witness the situation. Journalists from various agencies began arriving at the scene and attempted to cross the dividing strip to enter the crime scene. Lieutenant Tul hastily turned around to give orders to the other officers to keep away people who had no connection to the body. As more people gather, the situation will worsen because the body of the deceased had not been transferred.

“Doctor, is it finished? The journalists began to arrive.”

Lieutenant Tul walked behind the emergency curtain installed so that other people could not see the state of the body. Dr. Che-rán was crouching over

the body, performing a preliminary autopsy to determine the cause. Nearby was her assistant, Dr. Bank, who was photographing minor or severe wounds on the body, as well as bruises on the victim's face.

“I think it would be better if you went to control the people so that they can't come in to take photographs. Or do you want to take my place here?”

Che-rán spoke in a calm voice, without any emotion, although her words seemed sarcastic. Lieutenant Tul only smiled at her because they began to be close from the day they went out to eat together. But during work hours, Che-rán was still a person who took her duties seriously, just like the first day they met.

“This bruise was not caused by a fall from a high place; please take a photo. It is possible that he was there before he died.”

Ran touched the pale skin of the corpse's cheek, pointing to the dark purple area in the curve at the corner of the mouth on the same side. Before pointing out another cheekbone that he had the same bruise, with the sound of the camera shutter ringing loudly from time to time.

“Was hit?”

“It's possible. We have to do more checks, have you ever had contact with anyone? Because I also found a wound here...”

They lifted the sole of the bare foot so that the police could see the wound, before continuing to explain,

“There was a wound on the sole of the foot, possibly from a fracture. We should go see the room...”

“We have already gone to ask the boarding house officer, Lieutenant Jew, he is the one who went up to see the deceased's room. Maybe it hasn't been long.”

“Okay, the cause of death is believed to have been a fall from a considerable height, the head hitting the base of the cast, causing the left

side of the skull to be crushed. The victim most likely died instantly.”

Said the doctor when summarizing the initial autopsy at the scene. She pointed to a decorative garden statue that was about two feet tall. The lieutenant looked with horror in her eyes. No matter how many corpses she had seen, she still hadn't gotten used to the blood stains and various brain fragments that were scattered across almost every part of the Cupid statue. It seemed so confrontational that it was scary, although the rain that fell the night before helped eliminate it.

“Can you estimate the time of death?”

Tul looked at the hands touching various organs of the corpse to notice the hardening of the muscles throughout the neck area. Both of her hands moved down to his waist and hips, before Ran gave her the answer.

“The rain caused his body temperature to drop faster than usual, but I think he died less than six or eight hours ago. It should be between 11:00 p.m. and 1:00 a.m.”

“Looking at the surrounding witnesses, this dormitory should have many students coming and going. But it was raining, so none of the students went out or heard anything.”

“Yeah.”

Dr. Ran turned to look at the lieutenant who supported her assumption,

“In any case, I prefer to take the body to forensic medicine for an autopsy before the exact time of death can be confirmed.”

“Phi, I found the deceased's room and his full name.”

Lieutenant Jew arrived at the right time after trying to make her way through the neighbors and the army of journalists that was slowly arriving. She opened the notebook in her hand and flipped through the report he had researched himself.

“Third-year student at the Faculty of Economics at Paweenakorn University. He was staying on the fifth floor, room five zero three two (fifth floor, room 5032). We have now contacted the family. I also went to ask the next room. She said that around 10:30 pm she heard the sound of an argument, but because of the sound of the heavy rain, she didn't really know what was being said, so she ignored it.”

“The sound of a fight? He had some bruises. Could it be that he was pushed down during the fight?”

At the end of the question that came out of Lieutenant Tul's mouth, Che-rán stood up and reflected on the possibility of what happened. Of course, falling from a height due to the Earth's gravitational force was the main cause that caused the body to change shape. However, the next question that arose was: did he jump off the building, commit suicide, or was he pushed by someone?

“The way he fell was facing the building, and his body was lying face up. I had read previous research and thought that... Those were the characteristics of the jump itself.”

“But... That could mean that he could have been attacked before trying to jump.”

“I don't want to rule out the issue of assault, but if he had been pushed or thrown out of the building, his body would have been facing the outside of the building. Anyway, I want to see the room first before making assumptions.”

“We can go up to the deceased's room. Doctor, do you want us to go together?”

Lieutenant Jew noticed some changes between her superior and the doctor. They seemed to get along better than ever since the two went out to eat together. Tul almost didn't tell Jew that he was curious to hear about her date. But during work hours it was not appropriate to tease them, so he could only keep it to himself for the moment. Police and forensic agents had cleared the crime scene. Tul refused to grant an interview to reporters

because she was conducting an investigation, before following Lieutenant Jew, Dr. Ran and other officers to the fifth floor.

The dorm elevator was small, so it couldn't accommodate many people. Then Jew told his superior that she go to the doctor first. Lieutenant Tul stood still, trying to breathe as gently as possible next to Ran, fearing that she would accidentally get too close and attract the attention of her colleagues, especially Jew. Ran seemed much more relaxed than her. Or perhaps it was because of the cold aura that spread around her, which made others not dare to mess with her.

When they reached the room, Jew, who received a spare key from the building's owner, opened the door and entered. This was a building with a higher monthly rental price than other places. Therefore, the interior conditions were designed to resemble a condominium in the heart of the city. The kitchen table and medium-sized refrigerator were near the door. Next door was the living room, with a sofa leaning against the wall. The thin screen TV was located on the shelf table.

Tul took the opportunity to open the refrigerator. There she found dozens of cans of foreign brand beer lined up. There were also several large bottles of mineral water, almost no food, not even an egg. It was assumed that the deceased was probably a person who drank a lot and did not care much about his own health.

“There's a balcony there. Looking down we will see exactly where the body fell.”

Lieutenant Jew pointed to the sliding door next to the couch before turning to open another door that was between the television and the kitchen table.

“This door is a bedroom, inside there is also a bathroom.”

Tul walked past the couch to the balcony and slid the glass door out. There wasn't much space on the balcony, it was also a place to put the washing machine, the air conditioning compressor and had a clothesline to dry clothes. The height of the railing was about one meter from the ground or

slightly above the waist, it was considered quite intimidating for those on the upper floors.

“The place where the deceased fell was right on the balcony, no more than three meters from the building.”

Ran stepped out onto the narrow balcony and leaned forward to see where the body was. Lieutenant Tul, who turned around, was immediately surprised to see that her faces were less than an inch apart. They were too close. This surprised Tul a little before a pair of beautiful eyes looked at the lieutenant's behavior in confusion.

“Phi, I found a bag of medicine in the nightstand drawer.”

Lieutenant Jew's voice came from inside the room, drawing both of their attention. Tul invited the doctor to enter first. Jew left the bedroom with a plastic bag containing two or three types of drugs. He handed it to Ran who was definitely an expert at it.

“This is fluoxetine, which is an antidepressant, and this is lorazepam, which helps with insomnia. These medications are prescribed. I think he probably visited a psychiatrist for some time. If we try to contact this doctor, we might discover something else.”

Tul walked over and reached out to take the packet of pills so she could easily read the doctor's name.

“Dr. Montree Laohawanich, Dulyavej Hospital, please contact him.”

Lt. Jew first photographed the two labels on the medications before leaving to contact the investigative unit to look for additional evidence. The people who were still in the deceased's room were still thoughtful. Despite finding antidepressants in large quantities, Lieutenant Tul still couldn't come to a conclusion. There were several points of view to consider. Additionally, there was no explanation for the bruises on the victim's face and wounds on the soles of his feet. No sharp objects or broken glass were found in his room.

Suddenly Lieutenant Tul's feet touched the floor of the room that should have been flat, but felt uneven. She knelt down, inspected the area, and found that the wood-paneled floor had a depression as if something heavy had hit it before. Tul raised her head to look at the nearby television. She could see faint dust on the TV table. However, there was a small circular line that did not have any dust on it, indicating that something had been placed there before. Tul stood up and walked towards the trash can near the kitchen table. And interestingly... There was a trash can, but there were no trash bags inside.

“Something happens?”

Che-rán asked when she saw Tul's frown.

"Something must have fallen of the TV shelf,"

Tul pointed to the place she had just seen.

“Maybe it's a vase or a large glass. If the deceased dropped it and broke it, it would be strange if there were no fragments of the vase left in the trash. There aren't even garbage bags here.”

Che-rán thought about the assumptions she heard.

“It is impossible for a person who is thinking about suicide to throw the trash in his room first.”

“Yes, it's possible that someone did that. Someone must have thrown away the garbage bag with the fragments of the broken vase..”

“Nan, wait a moment.”

Lieutenant Jew's voice was heard outside calling for someone, but the one who appeared at the door was a girl in a school uniform that Tul had never

seen before. Judging by her facial expression and nervous attitude, she looked as if she had run into that room. It was possible that the girl was someone close to the deceased, a close friend or lover.

“N'Nan.”

Che-rán passed Lieutenant Tul's shoulder walking directly towards the student who still seemed to not be able to believe what was happening.

“Are you P'Ran? Is it true about Nat? I didn't arrive in time when they took him away...”

The girl said, with tears streaming down her face, and Che-rán gently patted her shoulder, showing concern. The use of pronouns, names and direct actions showed her closeness, including Jew letting the girl into the location the officers were investigating.

“They know each other?”

Tul asked that she did not know this girl and wanted to clear her own doubts. She looked back and forth between Lieutenant Jew and Dr. Ran.

“I know her. She's... Mae's little sister. She knew she was studying here but not that she knew the deceased.”

Jew looked at the girl she already knew as she lowered her head trying to hold back her sobs until her shoulders shook. She was like other people who had difficulty accepting the news of the death of someone close to them.

“So... You're her friend, right? EITHER...”

“I'm a friend of Nat. I tried to contact him because he had morning classes. But he didn't answer... Normally he always answers, so I called a couple of times... then... someone answered the phone and I discovered that he...”

The sad person's voice was shaking, but Lieutenant Tul could still understand her.. She gave the poor girl time to calm her screaming before approaching, leaning slightly so that they were at eye level with her.



"I'm sorry about your friend."

She said softly, pausing to make sure the other party was ready to speak.

"Do you know if... your friend had a problem?"

"I know."

Nan nodded.

"Were you in contact last night?"

The girl nodded again. The tears were still flowing but she took a deep breath before continuing:

"We were talking about Korean idols who just posted photos on IG. We were close because we liked the same group... So we talked about it all night, we sang together on the phone. But after that, we didn't talk anymore

"Your friend didn't call you?"

This time, she took some time to think, her tear-stained face trembling gently.

"No. I was reading a book so I didn't have my phone on her... But Nat didn't say hello or post anything on IG."

"And before this incident, had your friend ever thought about ending his own life?"

Questions like this seemed to increase the pain of someone who had just lost a close friend. Guilt arose because she could not save her sick friend.

"From what I had seen, Nat... he was really depressed. But I never thought he wanted to die..."

The sound of her sobs grew louder until the lieutenant raised her hands to hold both sides of the girl's arms. Che-rán stroked her shoulder gently to comfort her, making sure she didn't sink into deeper sadness.

“If you can't stand it, that's fine for now. We'll wait until you're ready...”

“No, I am not ok. It's just...”

Nan took another breath, pressed her lips tightly, and decided to tell the police.

“Nat didn't want to hurt herself to die... But, if something caused her death... he thought it would be better...”

“That shows that he never thought about...”

“Never...”

“I want to ask one last question. Do you know who your friend was with last night?”

Nan frowned slightly as if surprised by the question, before shaking her head in response to say that she didn't know.

“Okay, thank you very much. Jew, first take her to rest.”

Lieutenant Tul nodded, telling him that he would take care of the girl. Cherán separated from her, letting her calm down because she had just lost her best friend. In her heart, she was still worried about Nan. She didn't know how to tell Mae about this matter...

“The feeling of wanting to die but not wanting to commit suicide... What does that mean?”

Tul asked the doctor who was standing next to her still looking at Jew's back as he took Nan out.

“The passive death wish is not as strong as the desire to commit suicide. What she meant was that he didn't want to hurt herself to die, but rather he felt that if something caused her death it might be for the best. How to fall asleep and never wake up again, or get hit by a car. Something like that.”

There were still many other things that could not yet be answered. Her hunch was that the deceased probably did not commit suicide. Although most of the clues point in that direction, there was always something contradictory that made the lieutenant retreat. She was halfway between suicide and being attacked to death.

### Forensic Institute»

Maethinee walked quickly down the hallway to the waiting room of the deceased's relatives, to wait for the autopsy to be performed on the body. Nan got up as soon as she saw that her sister had arrived. Because these sisters were born almost eight years apart, Mae felt as if she was more like her mother or guardian. When Ran called and told her the news of the student who fell off the building, she revealed that she was Nanthicha's friend, her younger sister.

Nan was still linked to the case because she was currently the last person who had contact with the deceased. However, because they lived in different dormitories, both the CCTV cameras and the guard in front of Nan's dormitory confirmed that she did not leave the dormitory. That is why the police suspected that this young woman had never visited the deceased before the incident. She herself also said that she had only been reading books in her room.

Nan told her sister how she was questioned by authorities and how other police officers questioned her further about the signs of depression her recently deceased friend was showing.. She insisted that the night before Nat had given absolutely no signs of wanting to commit suicide. Furthermore, when Nat's parents arrived at the forensic institute, the police took them to get more information.

“If there are bruises on my son's face, it means he was hit! Even the next door neighbors heard the sound of the fight, right? Find that person! Look for the person who pushed my son from the balcony!”

The father's voice echoed, drowning out his mother's sobs. Losing a child is something very difficult to face. The parents' hearts were further broken when they realized that someone might have hurt their son, causing him to finally decide to end his life by jumping from a five-story bedroom, resulting son, causing him to finally decide to end his life.

“Do you know who that person is?”

“How could I know! As a police officer, it's your job to find out. You guys should take care of this matter as best as possible!”

"Do you know if Nat met anyone last night?"

Mae, who had gathered information about this case, turned to ask her sister. Family and close friends of the deceased believed Nat was attacked before being pushed from the balcony of her own room. However, the police had not found any clues as to who the perpetrator was because there were no witnesses present at the incident. Nan stayed silent, looking down as if searching for an answer, her mind spinning as she tried to make sense of everything. Despite her efforts, the loud voices of the people around her continued to disturb her already confused mind even more.

Thoughts about Nat, the ones she thought were most relevant, kept repeating in her head, but she wasn't sure they had anything to do with this incident. Finally, she made the decision to tell her sister, who was the first person to hear the story.

“Lately, Nat seemed to be updating frequently on Twitter and IG, like someone with a broken heart. But when I asked her, he said he was only interested in movies and music. But at that moment... I saw photos that looked like they were taken with someone he didn't know. I couldn't see her face, only her hands and shoulders were visible. When I asked him. Nat said he was a guy he found on Tinder.”

“Have you told the police about this?”

“No... I don't know if it's related or not. I don't even know who that guy is...”

The girl's eyes still showed deep sadness, even though there were no tears. The footsteps of a group of people approaching were heard, led by a doctor in a dressing gown, ready to perform an autopsy. She was accompanied by her assistant who carried a document on a clipboard to request the parents' signature before beginning the procedure.

“Wouldn't you come, the lieutenants?”

Dr. Ran asked, looking through the glass panel and looking towards the room where the police were talking to the deceased's parents. Neither Lieutenant Tul nor Jew were there although they should have been there to await the results of the autopsy.

“It seems that first they have to look for evidence of broken glass, they will come later.”

“Doctor! I beg you... My son has never had any problems. Something must have happened. Someone did this to my son, you should have seen it by now.”

As soon as he learned that the doctor who would perform the autopsy on his son's body had arrived, the father ran out of the room to plead. The old man knelt until Che-rán had to bend down to be level with him. Supporting the old man's body so that he could stand properly.

“We will do our best. The autopsy may take a long time, the family can go home first. We will inform you of the results later...”

“I can wait, but you must help me, that wound on my child's face...”

“Doctor, please help us. Someone must have done that to him. I beg you...”

His heartbroken mother also begged, creating a feeling of reluctance in Dr. Ran wanted to ask the family about the antidepressant medication they found. If it were her previous self, she would have asked directly... But after that day, when Lieutenant Tul said that she should think about the feelings of the person she had just lost... Che-rán could only listen.

“We will carry out a thorough inspection. But we may have to rely on other evidence that police are investigating to help determine his death. However, we will do our best.”

After obtaining approval from the deceased's relatives, an autopsy would be performed. The young man's body was taken to the operating room. Che-rán stood still, solemnly lamenting, paying her respects to the soul of the deceased, promising to do her duty to the best of her ability to convey what he wanted.

“The name of the deceased was Natthawat Rangprasert, twenty years old and one hundred and seventy-five centimeters tall. It was a fall from the balcony of a fifth-floor room that caused his death.”

Said the medical assistant, Dr. Bank, reiterated brief information about the deceased before beginning the autopsy. Che-rán nodded in recognition and then approached the edge of the bed to take a good look at the external wound.

“There are bruises on the right cheekbone and the corner of the left lip. The bruises are believed to have been caused by a blow.”

“His fingers gently pressed around the bruise that was beginning to change color from dark purple to deep black, indicating that this injury had probably occurred shortly before the incident.”

When she went to the deceased's head, an open wound showed significant damage. It was so serious that one could immediately guess that it was the main cause of death. Che-rán used a small flashlight to see any signs of damage. She looked into the hole in the skull, so deep that muscles attached to the skull and brain tissue could be seen inside.

“They crushed his skull. The depth is three centimeters.”

The sound of the camera was heard as the assistant followed her to take the photograph. The instrument Che-rán used to measure the depth of her wound was placed on a tray with used tools. After his head, she moved to

his neck, holding his face with both hands, slowly moving his back and forth.

“Neck movement is normal.”

The right forearm was another sign of severe visible damage. Normally both of his arms were straight, but on him, they were bent and deformed from the fall and hitting the ground.

“The bone in his right arm was broken. Are the x-ray results available now?”

The medical assistant responded as he pointed to the x-ray of the corpse. An enlarged image of a broken forearm and a crushed skull was taped to the board so the doctor could explain:

“I found a fracture at the end of the humerus, almost protruding from the flesh.”

“Has he hit his arm?”

Said the assistant who had just taken a photograph of the bent forearm. She also wondered herself, seeing the bruises on his face, maybe someone attacked him before he died..

“If he had been hit, there would be obvious bruising on the skin, especially around the broken bones. But there were no traces of weapons, only small abrasions that seemed to have occurred due to a fall from a great height,”

Cherán explained, overcoming suspicions that there could be another possible scenario. Therefore, it could be concluded that the deceased may have fallen during an argument. Furthermore, there were still wounds under the feet of the deceased whose cause had not been found. Was it sharp objects or even broken glass in his room? The lamp above the bed moved to illuminate the soles of his feet so Dr. Ran could check the wound. She found a small object was buried in the flesh.

Ran took it and placed it on the tray her assistant had prepared. It was an opaque white ceramic shard no more than 3 millimeters long. The object was quite sharp and was buried in the wound on the sole of the foot.

“This is probably a piece of ceramic. Maybe it came from a glass or a vase,”

She said, thinking about Lieutenant Tul's words. An object was missing from the TV shelf, perhaps it fell and broke before the victim accidentally stepped on it.

“Keep this evidence and please give me the ruler to measure the wound.”

The tool to measure the length and depth of the wound was handed to Ran who took a short time to accurately indicate the numbers.

“The wound measures three point five centimeters long and five millimeters deep... Can you call Lieutenant Tul for me now?”

It was getting late, the sun was out and shining brightly, burning the entire area. Hot steam began to come out until people decided to hide in the shadows. Except for two people not far from the bedroom. Although the sweat was flowing profusely and the smell of the garbage was unpleasant, Lieutenant Tul did not pay attention to why she should find the missing items in the boy's room. She initially asked the owner of the residence for permission to look for trash in the garbage dump behind the building, but no vases or broken glass were found. Tul began to expand her search for her and contacted Jew to help her find all the garbage cans in the neighborhood.

“Phi, couldn't you have thrown it somewhere further away?”

Said Lieutenant Jew, who was rummaging through a nearby trash can. Judging by the look on her face, he was starting to lose his temper.



“If the deceased himself threw away the garbage, he would have thrown it behind the bedroom... But if not, it means that someone threw it somewhere far away. We have to find it.”

Tul analyzed based on the possibilities. Whoever the person was, it was likely that he had been involved in the death, either directly or indirectly. The sound of her cell phone from her pants pocket caused Lieutenant Tul a little annoyance, who still couldn't find the broken glass. She removed the rubber gloves from her hands before taking out her cell phone to answer the call. But her irritated mood seemed to lighten when she saw who was calling.

'Goddess of Forensic Medicine'

“What's wrong, doctor?”

[The fragments on the soles of the victim's feet were made of cloudy white ceramic. I found them embedded in his flesh. If you find them, bring them here.]

“Alright.”

[Where are you looking?]

Che-rán did not hang up, she asked about the other party's progress.

“I couldn't find anything in or near the bedroom trash can.”

Tul sighed without hiding it. Beads of sweat dripped down the sides of her temples. Another hand continued to pick up bags full of trash like buckets, cans, water bottles, liquids spilling out of glasses. The stench filled his nostrils until he felt nauseous.

“If I were your doctor, where would I throw it?”

[If it were me, I would throw it away from the deceased's bedroom.]

“True... Or maybe I would just throw it on the side of the road. If he was driving, he could have thrown him.”

The lieutenant couldn't think clearly. If she could, she would spend all day searching. But if It was a waste of time, she would slow down the investigation.

[Have you tried narrowing your search? The item was most likely dumped on the side of the road, not in the trash.]

"Yes, I'll try,"

Tul agreed, she had to look for It immediately because she was afraid that it was a garbage truck to collect the waste.

[Good luck.]

The words spoken brought a small smile to the listener's face.

“Um, thanks.”

Lieutenant Jew looked up from the trash bag, frowning in confusion at the sight of her superior, who had probably lost her mind smiling at the trash as if she had discovered something very nice. But for some reason, Jew wasn't in the mood to tease her in the middle of a pile of garbage, under the scorching sun that made sweat run down his back and a pungent smell that assaulted her nose. The sound of a passing motorcycle engine made them look away from the trash can. A garbage collector passed by them with his cart. Lieutenant Tul looked at the car to see if there was any broken glass there. But then her eyes saw cans of beer packaged in different plastics in the cart. It was a foreign brand of beer that was rarely seen in convenience stores. However, Lieutenant Tul knew the image of the beer brand by heart because she had seen it before on the refrigerator in Natthawat's room.

“Please stop the motorcycle!”

She ran out screaming for the garbage cart to stop. The scavenger uncle seemed surprised to see that the person who asked to stop was a police officer who asked to search his trash. Before she could explain, the police grabbed several cans of imported beer and asked him where he got them from. Since it was not something he was used to seeing, the scavenger uncle

remembered it well. Tul offered to buy beer cans that could have belonged to the deceased to keep as evidence before running to the garbage dump the man mentioned.

The location was not far from the dormitory where the incident occurred, but was somewhat hidden from view because it was located on the side of the road, not next to a residence or store. Tul walked over and turned one of the trash cans around, taking out all the bags inside and unpacking them until she finally found fragments of a white ceramic vase. Both the part of the vase and the small pieces that were broken had blood stuck to the edges. In addition to the vase fragments, a bouquet of flowers was also left in the same garbage bag. It was no different than what I expected... In the deceased's room, important evidence was missing that someone tried to hide.

She had finally found someone, she finally found it.

# ①③

## THIRTEEN



*Warning: This chapter contains body surgery*

'After finding important evidence that helped confirm what had happened the night of the incident, someone went to see Natthawat in his room before he died. And there was an argument that probably caused the vase on the TV shelf to fall and break.'

Lieutenant Tul tried to organize in her own head the events that should have occurred. If the assumption was correct, it could be said that the person was trying to hide evidence that could be directed at him. Therefore, there was a possibility that the incident had not been a suicide but a murder. The police officers immediately returned to look at the bedroom's CCTV cameras that could have captured someone's image. However, things did not go as expected, because the camera was not working.

“Broken camera?”

“Yes, there are only cameras that capture images of the motorcycle parking lot, because helmets are often lost there. But as you can see, apart from the students who live here, there are no suspicious people.”

Tul looked up and watched the video from the security camera on the front wall of the bedroom, hoping to catch a glimpse of someone's face or detect any suspicious behavior. However, there were only students coming and going in and out of the dormitory building.

“Phi, could it be someone who lives in the same dorm? If we try to interrogate everyone...”

“It is possible, but the possibilities are slim. Last night it rained so hard that an umbrella was useless. If he stayed here, he wouldn't bother throwing the broken vase and flowers far away. He'd probably just throw them in the water or a trash can behind the bedroom. Furthermore, he appeared to know the deceased because there were no signs of forced entry, indicating that it was very likely that he let him in. Also, there was an argument that occurred before he died.”

“There is something more suspicious, Phi. We didn't find anyone's fingerprints in the deceased's room,”

Jew said of the information they had just verified. His face showed concern because he was worried that his team had missed something important, which caused the result to be that. The deceased's own fingerprints were also erased, which should have been in several places, for example on the door handle.

“Then it is more than clear that someone erased the traces that he was here with the deceased. Jew, let's go to the Forensic Institute. Dr. Ran is doing the autopsy. She should have time to help investigate further.”

“Phi, there is one more problem.”

When Lieutenant Tul was about to turn around and leave the dormitory building, she stopped to look at her young subordinate. When she saw Jew holding his breath and narrowing his nose, she understood what she meant.

“The smell is terrible. How many trash cans have we dug up? How many battlefields have we crossed...?”

The Forensic Institute was immediately notified of important evidence that could lead to the possibility that someone was involved in Natthawat's death. Che-rán carefully checked the nails of both hands again, just in case

he had defended himself. Che-rán opened her pale right hand and found a bit of skin tissue stuck under his nails.

“Skin was found on the nails of his right hand. He supposedly grabbed someone's hand so hard that his nails dug into it,”

Che-rán explained as she checked his other hand but found no similar marks. The camera flash lights up when the assistant pressed the shutter button to take the photo. Nothing was found on the nail of the left hand. I will scrape it for DNA analysis.

The skin under the deceased's fingernails was sent for forensic examination to verify his personal identity. Dr. Ran began to prepare to check the internal organs, starting with the head wound, which showed the most significant damage. Previously, her assistant had shaved the deceased's hair to facilitate the autopsy. With a sharp scalpel. She carefully cut the scalp from the left temple, along the midline to behind the right ear. Then gradually both hands gently roll the top of the scalp downwards, covering the face almost half. Although she took a lot of time, she tried to be very precise in her actions to honor the deceased.

The sound of an electric machine echoed throughout the room. Dr. Ran used a saw to cut through the skull, removing the brain mass and placing it on a prepared stainless steel tray that was used to check the damage in detail. There was black blood clotted around the area which had been a product of what hit her head and shattered her skull.

“The frontal lobe of the brain is very swollen and bruised. The veins are torn, there is bleeding under the meninges.”

The two police officers arrived at the forensic institute almost an hour later. Previously, they had stopped first to shower and change clothes because the smell was very strong and unbearable. Lieutenant Tul turned the corner of the hallway, trying to remember which path led to the autopsy room. However, there was a group of people waiting out front, including Nanthica, the deceased's close friend whom she had met that morning. As for the other three people, Tul suspected that they were Natthawat's parents

and elder brother, who immediately turned towards them as if impatiently waiting for something.

“You're the lieutenant who is handling my son's case, right?”

Maybe the father heard stories from close friends about the case.

“Yeah.”

“Nan told me that you have already worked on a murder case of a father and his son and managed to catch the real culprit. I beg you, please help get justice for my son. He definitely didn't commit suicide.”

“We will do our best. We will notify you if the investigation progresses.”

Tul did not directly explain the details of the development of the case for fear that the information would be leaked to journalists, causing the investigation to be interrupted.

“Lieutenant, I have something to give you. Tee quickly brings the envelope... I want to give you this...”

The old man, who was still of working age, took a brown envelope and immediately put it in Tul's hands without warning.

“Please take it.”

Tul frowned, opened the envelope in front of the donor, and found a stack of bills inside. The young lieutenant sighed loudly, folding the envelope before handing it back to the donor.

“I can not accept it.”

“Please take it. I beg you to please help me...”

His rough hands pushed the envelope towards Lieutenant Tul. He feared that if the police did not agree, it would mean that he would not help the best she could in his son's case. Tul took the hand of the old man who had lost his relatives and returned the brown envelope with a firm warning.

“It is the job of the police to carry out investigations. That's why I'd rather not accept it. Excuse me.”

The glass door of the autopsy observation room opened. Tul, who had just separated from the deceased relative, walked around very angry, unable to get rid of those thoughts. Since when had it become common to give money to police officers when they wanted a case to go to trial? Ella couldn't blame a father who had just lost a family member, she understood that the old man did it because she wanted justice. But her fault was the behavior of the officials who accepted bribes. They had become so brazen that they eroded the entire integrity of the system.

Lieutenant Jew, who came in later, understood her superior well and constantly tried to imitate her kindness. That's why he wasn't surprised when Tul refused to accept bribes from the victim's family. As soon as Tul left, he spoke to the deceased's family so they could calm down. He stated that the police will definitely do their best even if the investigation backs down. I didn't want them to understand that if they didn't offer bribes, then this case probably wouldn't move forward. However, Jew had tried his best to persuade them to believe it, so he wouldn't move forward. However, Jew had tried to persuade them to believe it, so he had to let them understand it that way.

“Please give me the pliers to cut the ribs.”

A voice from inside the operating room called to Lieutenant Tul to refocus on the problem at hand. The autopsy proceeded to his chest and abdomen. The large pliers cut through the ribs with the great force of an expert. No matter how many times she saw it, Lieutenant Tul still greatly admired the doctor.

“Both lungs are normal.”

They took his heart out of his chest. Dr. Ran weighed him and also his lungs before taking a sample of her blood to be sent to the toxicology department for examination. Ran looked towards the observation room and saw that Lieutenant Tul had arrived.



“Is there anything else?”

“Apart from the broken skull and arm bones, other internal organs were not damaged, including the ribs and spine. It's within normal limits,”

She answered what she found after hearing the question from the room that was only separated by a large glass wall. Their relationship seemed to have been improving since the day they met. However, after adjusting their understanding and overcoming previous divisions, the two returned to performing their roles professionally. Dr. Ran carefully placed his stomach on the tray. With a precise incision, she cut in half to examine the deceased's last meal. After spreading it, she only found an unidentifiable cloudy white liquid. She examined him visually and by her sense of smell, she suspected that she had not eaten anything for six to eight hours.

"I can't see anything he ate, there was nothing left,"

Commented Banks' assistant. He leaned forward and looked at the liquid in the stomach.

“But it smells like alcohol. Maybe he drank before he died...”

“Yes, there were eight beer cans in the garbage bag we found. That was probably his last meal before he died. There was also a row of beers in her refrigerator,”

Lieutenant Tul said into the microphone, telling her about the evidence that the police had just found.. Che-rán did not respond immediately. She used the tip of a knife to drain fluid from the stomach into a glass tube.

“It is possible that we find other substances in the stomach. Please tell Mae that the deceased took antidepressants regularly. They may also find those medications. The deceased was likely taking medications to treat his mental illness and drinking large amounts of beer. Which could have caused dangerous side effects for the body.”

In the final step of the autopsy, Che-rán returned the organs to the deceased's body before carefully stitching the wound. She ordered her

assistant to periodically cut the suture thread on the wound. The blood stains around the head were cleaned and the serious wound was closed so that the condition would return to the same as before. Although it took more than an hour, Che-rán was able to do it alone until the end.

The body was taken to a side room, giving the family a chance to see it and grieve. The screams of the father and mother echoed as they looked at the lifeless body of their son, who left this world prematurely. Che-rán took a step back and stayed away to give time to the family. She saw Nanthicha, her friend's younger sister and also a close friend of the deceased, standing

silently in front of the door. Che-rán approached, touched the shoulder of the crying young woman and offered her the comfort of an older sister. After a while, Che-rán entered the observation room where Lieutenant Tul was waiting for the results of a brief autopsy to consider the various evidence obtained.

“The cause of death was a fall from a height, as we thought. The worst injury was to the left side of the skull, which was crushed, causing a subarachnoid hemorrhage. That caused instant death,”

Che-rán explained, just as she had said previously at the crime scene. It was just that the autopsy confirmed that that information was a fact. That wasn't just a guess. It wouldn't be a big deal if he died from falling from a height. They had yet to find out what had happened before the body was found.

“And about the bruises on his face?”

“She was actually beaten before he died. However, it is possible that the person who beat him was not involved in his fall from a height because there were several cases where the deceased was not healthy, both physically and mentally, until he decided to commit suicide.”

“But the perpetrator will remain involved until we know who he is. We cannot rule out the possibility of murder,”

Lieutenant Tul stressed. Her loud voice was influenced by many suspicious behaviors. This included throwing trash around the room to hide evidence

such as broken vases, and her having the time to erase fingerprints to hide her fingerprints. Those were things that she still didn't understand.

“Until we have the results of the toxicology test and the DNA test of the skin we found in the nail hole, I can't say anything more. But if you look at the way he fought, scratching with his nails, he might not be able to resist that person's strength. Maybe he was a bigger person.”

“The deceased was one hundred and seventy-five centimeters tall. If he were taller, he could be a man. There were also no signs of having been assaulted in his room. It could be someone close or someone he trusted who came into his room.”

Che-rán nodded as she was relieved that they were able to narrow down the search for the suspect, making their job easier while they waited for the forensic results. However, before they could separate and perform the duties, the doctor noticed something strange about one of the lieutenants that she hurriedly removed her hand from her when she was about to take off her jacket. Che-rán reached out and grabbed Tul's arm, holding it until she saw a long wound clearly visible on her white palm.

“When did you get it done?”

“When I was searching in the trash I found a glass, but it slipped and I didn't grab it in time.”

When she heard that in a deep voice, she felt like she was being scolded. She herself did not dare to remove her hand from her.

“But I already rinsed it with water when I took a shower at Jew's house. It still stings.”

“If you don't take medication, it can cause inflammation and infection. Do you want your hand to be cut off?”

“Doctor.”

"I'm not kidding,"

Dr. Ran said, interrupting the lieutenant's argument. Lieutenant Tul remained silent, thinking she would return to headquarters to treat her wound, but Ran led her by the hand towards the observation room.

"Blank, if something happens, I'll be in my office. I'm going to bandage the lieutenant's wound,"

Che-rán told her assistant who was standing in the hallway. Although he seemed surprised, the man nodded and looked at the backs of the two people who were walking together until they were out of sight. Banks had worked with Ran for many years, he just discovered that she could also empathize with other people.

Tul felt like she was entering Ran's private office too often. However, the equipment in this room was still tidy at all times. Tul fell onto the sofa, following the orders of the owner of the room, who went to look for the first aid kit behind the table.

"When I see things like this, I always forget that doctors used to study medicine."

She began a conversation when she saw the small figure return and sit next to her. She placed the first aid kit on the living room table, opened it, and took out the tools and bottles of medicine used for minor injuries.

"All the doctors who perform autopsies at the forensic clinic are doctors. There's no need to be afraid."

She soaked a cotton ball in saline water until it was absorbed and then rubbed it gently to clean the wound on Tul's palm. The wound is swollen and red due to inflammation. Tul accidentally held her breath because she was afraid it would hurt. Unexpectedly, Dr. Ran was able to treat the wound more gently than she thought.

"Have you ever had a live patient?"

A slight smile appeared on the sweet face of the doctor who accidentally felt entertained by Lieutenant Tul's superficial joke.

“There have been cases where the victim was still alive and was only physically injured. But I have never dealt with a patient who couldn't stop talking.”

Tul pursed her lips tightly, remaining silent as if she had just been scolded. Therefore, the atmosphere around the room became silent and time seemed to stop. Only the doctor's small hands moved to treat the wound. She soaked a cotton swab in alcohol and rubbed it in circles on the wound, before beginning to apply the iodine solution. Ran's every action was secretly observed by Lieutenant Tul without her realizing it, not knowing how much time had passed but Tul didn't want anyone knocking on the door and bothering her, so much so that she didn't notice when she started bandaging the door, wound in the last step.

“Don't let water come into contact with your wounds.”

“Umm, thanks.”

Lieutenant Tul moved her carefully bandaged hand. She didn't feel the sharp pain like she did before. She wondered, how would she shower that night? But maybe that wasn't a problem. After that, the two of them started to feel trapped in the room together for some time. They were also afraid that if they accidentally made eye contact, they would behave inappropriately. Tul's mind worked hard to find topics to talk about, although she couldn't get away from work, it was better than letting silence create an atmosphere like this..

“Then... I'll start researching from the university. Both through friends and teachers.”

“You can try asking N'Nan more. By now, she should feel better and be able to cooperate.”

“But his parents apparently had no idea that their son suffered from depression. The evidence we have now suggests it could have gone both ways. But the family believed their son was murdered.”

Tul expressed frustration by almost accepting a bribe to get help from the deceased's family, who were convinced his son was murdered.

“Maybe because they are in a state of loss, that's why they refuse to accept the truth. This is the first step we usually express when we suddenly lose someone close to us. However, we have an obligation to investigate the facts, not follow anyone's instructions or feelings. One day they will surely accept that reality, whatever the outcome.”

Tul looked at the person who had just scolded her with astonished eyes. She began to secretly think about the person who had thrown the broken vase out of the deceased's room. Most likely, he was the one who carried out the attack and murder. But she could not ignore other facts such as that the deceased was depressed, she used a lot of drugs and was addicted to alcohol.

“I have to go. If there is any progress, I will call you,”

Tul tried to use kinder words, silently watching the doctor's expression on whether to reject it or accept it positively.

"I'll call you too."

Although they didn't make direct eye contact, the slight smile on her sweet face made Tul smile. Lately she saw Ran frequently which somehow made her days better.

aa sun@nl @mossthanapat

TW: suicide

Today, a student jumped off the building and committed suicide. The university tried to prevent the media from accessing the news. The page updates general topics, but does not mention anything about the case.

Nobody talks about the real cause. How many lives must be lost with educational institutions far from humanity?

#StateLeaderUniversity

NongFilm @FilmtotheMoon

“How strange, when I arrived before going to class, I discovered that in the dormitory next door there were students who jumped off the building last night. I saw police and journalists as I passed by. But when I got to university, everything was quiet. Nobody mentioned it, life went on as usual. It's sad that the university seems to be acting this way.”

shibuya @Yue9055

It is worrying that a university whose students jump off buildings every year does not reflect on itself. The stress of studying and exams, coupled with mostly abusive teachers, pushes some students to the brink. Even when someone dies, teachers continue teaching as if nothing happened. This society is very toxic.”

#StateLeaderUniversity

Too much sky @ging\_sann

It is true that after a few days things calm down even though there are students who throw themselves off buildings. If it weren't for a few, I wouldn't have the courage to speak. Although the students who jump off the building every year are their students, the university doesn't care and just keeps silent. #StateLeaderUniversity

SugauloTa-@JinJaeBeer

An economics student died this morning by jumping from a building. But I haven't seen anything new. Universities have a reputation for covering up news. In college none of the professors talked about it. Not everyone respected him at all.

u0. @nattynat

Why if there is news of students jumping from buildings, there will always be comments saying 'poor parents, they raise their children to be grown up and only ask them to study'? Why can't they just forget it? There is no feeling of sympathy for the deceased. We don't know what someone has to go through. Maybe he was under pressure in college? If you don't know anything, stay silent. #StateLeaderUniversity

There were several people online, especially on the Twitter platform. I was currently paying attention to the news of a student who jumped off a building this morning causing the hashtag #StateUniversityBeginning to become a top trend overnight because they did not reveal any information about the students who fell from a height. That's why most people had opinions in the same direction, that is, suicide due to educational and family pressure. Although the deceased did not leave any message.

The university responded to the incident by not spreading the news to the broader community. They tried to remain silent and asked the media for collaboration not to mention the name of the institution if it was not necessary, because the deceased did not die in the university area but in her dormitory. Both teachers and staff agreed that what happened to the student was not due to her studies but to a problem in her personal life. Therefore, the university had no involvement.

Lieutenant Tul was not complacent. Although the university was uncooperative, she collected testimonies from people who had interacted with the deceased. Including the teachers who had taught him. Everyone thought the same about Natthawat; He wasn't that introverted, he didn't have an different behavior than other people. He was good at socializing, studied well and did various activities. However, his grades began to drop, which may have caused him stress, but no one thought that he would reach the point where he would think about committing suicide.

However, the only close friend who was always with him was Nanthica, because she also liked Korean idols. She liked to go to concerts together, chat with each other or simply speak the same language. No wonder they were closer than other friends. Therefore, his death remained a mystery,



there was still no evidence to confirm who was the person who came to meet him on the night of the incident.

Tul arrived at the headquarters in the morning, greeted the investigation officers of the crime department before reaching her desk. She was closer to the coffee pot. The young lieutenant leaned back in her chair and read the statements of each witness interviewed. Police Captain Dan, who saw her, walked towards the person who had just arrived. He looked left and right, making sure there were no agents nearby. He reached into his jacket pocket, pulled out a brown envelope, and placed it on Tul's table.

“What is this?”

Tul was a little surprised when someone suddenly came and gave her an envelope. Captain Dan simply nodded for her to take it.

“This morning Natthawat's father and mother stopped by. They wanted to give you a gift for helping them investigate this case, so I accepted it and brought you.”

That was no different from what she had seen in this brown envelope, from a few days ago. The envelope was now in front of her again. Tul tried to contain her emotions so as not to explode. Even the police officer who was to be appointed permanent inspector of the Criminal Department turned out to be the promoter who allowed him to accept bribes.

“I refuse to accept money from them.”

"Nonsense, he intends to give, we accept it without losing sympathy, and the work will also progress."

The cheeky words came out of the man's mouth, as all police officers did. Tul understood that the victim's family wanted the investigation of this case to be expedited; What's more, they may have been surprised when the university showed no response to the student's death. They were afraid that his son's case would be ignored, so they would pay bribes to the police to keep the case going. But still, that was not something Tul could accept. She will not accept any bribe.

"Why don't you just tell them I'm investigating, Captain? I will also update them periodically. It would be better if you didn't accept the money."

Tul tried to control her anger. She moved her eyes and looked at the police officer who was now on top of her.

"How can we refuse? Accepting this money will not cause any harm. The deceased's own relatives handed him over; I don't think there's anything wrong..."

"How can it not be bad? We get paid for the work we are supposed to do, instead of taking bribes. Or are you so satisfied with bribes that you think that the salary alone is not enough to eat?"

Captain Dan lost face when they responded with hurtful words. He once again had to lower his head to accept the ridicule of a person he did not know how to live with.

"Well, everyone has their own principles. I'll tell you, no matter how high their rank is, no one will be able to refuse this money. Learn to close your eyes, close your ears, or you will end up having problems."

Captain Dan concluded in a teaching tone before turning around and walking away, leaving the bribe envelope on the table and refusing to take it back. Tul leaned back in her chair with extreme fatigue.

It is not surprising that, in the eyes of the public, the police profession is very bad. Lieutenant Tul sighed, not knowing what to do with the bribe she didn't want. In the end, she realized that she was just a cog in the system. Even if there were some police officers who shared the same opinion, if they did not rise up to oppose it, both sides would still be subject to deep rooted problems. She was therefore very different from the police officers who conspired to cover up the situation and allowed irregularities to become commonplace.

The ringing of her cell phone helped wake Tul from her troubling thoughts. She was currently waiting for news of progress from the Forensic Institute.

And the person who called her at that time played an important role in helping Tul eliminate the negative power.

“How are you doctor?”

[The results of the food control have come out. Two thousand six hundred and forty milligrams (2,640 mg) of the alcohol he consumed were found in his stomach, so the level of alcohol in his blood was greater than sixty milligrams percent (60 mg%) of the contents of his stomach. The time of death was probably between 11:00 p.m. and midnight.]

“This coincides with the testimony of the witness who heard an argument. Around 10:30 p.m. Previously, the victim was probably drinking a lot of beer and arguing with the suspect.”

[What worries me is that he was taking antidepressants and sleeping pills with beer, which is very dangerous. This could cause his death. I don't know how many times he had done that.]

Ran attempted to predict the deceased's drug-taking behavior followed by alcohol consumption. If he felt depressed, drowning in his own depression to the point of not being able to lift his eyelids, it was possible that he was taking the medication at the same time to overcome this condition and drinking beer to relax his emotions and thoughts, until he became addicted.

“Nan might know about this.”

[Not even his parents knew about his depression, I'm afraid Nan didn't either.]

On the other end of the phone she seemed so worried that Tul could feel it.

“What about the DNA test on the skin in the nail space? Have the results arrived yet?”

[Now.]

The sound of sheets of paper turning over reached Tul's ears.

[Although he was very young, another person's DNA was found underneath. Literally between his fingernails. But he did not match the father, mother and brother of the deceased. Even Nong Nan does not match either.]

In the lecture hall of the Faculty of Economics of Paweenakorn University, Associate Professor Dr. Thana Sanguanwong, or who is familiarly called Professor Thana, was giving a lecture on the international financial exchange rate system. Only ten people intended to take notes in the book, and several people used the recording method to listen. That was normal in class. Thana's students were often found dazed or sleeping peacefully. He had a way of speaking that was easy to listen to and understand and often told jokes that made you laugh. He was easily the students' favorite.

“Is enough for today. Next week we will begin presentations for the first four groups as assigned above. Please send the PowerPoint slides a day in advance, just as a reminder. Don't send them at midnight on Monday.”

Laughter echoed throughout the classroom as the students laughed at Professor Thana's joke. He knew his students well because, no matter what year they were in, they usually turned in their assignments on the due date. Professor Thana collected the books and documents he prepared for teaching. Some students came to say hello, say goodbye, or ask about previous lessons. He himself willingly gave the answer to what he had just taught a moment ago. The students one by one began to leave the lecture hall, but Thana looked at a female student passing by calling her first.

“Nanthica, wait a minute, let's talk.”

The other students who were still in the room understood what was happening. They had just lost a friend from the same class. And they knew that Nanthica was a close friend. They were together all the time. Nanthica could not refuse the professor's request. She waited until her other friends left the room to give them a chance to speak.

“How are you, are you okay?”

The tone of voice used sounded expressive, like that of a worried adult. Nan lowered her head and looked at the ground. Her mental state did not allow her to live everyday life without her friend. As final exams were approaching, she would probably ask permission to leave.

“I'm fine, professor.”

“If there is something you want to tell me, that's fine. Actually, today you should rest first if you are not ready to study.”

“Its ok teacher. I can go study,”

Nan responded with the same words she had said to the rest of her friends and teachers. Everyone went to express their concerns to the point that she felt a little uncomfortable. But she understood that everyone was worried.

“I understand your feelings very well. I once lost a friend because he couldn't deal with depression. I think you should try to find time for treatment.”

The professor gently touched him on the shoulder. At first she thought it was just a form of comfort. But after that, the professor did not let go of her hand, but gently squeezed her shoulder and held it there until Nanthica felt uncomfortable and tried to move her shoulder away from her thick hand.

“Eh, regarding the presentation, which group are you in? Is it Chanathip? If there is progress, I will send it to you. Let you read it first, maybe you have suggestions for your group.”

“Only fifty percent is finished. Maybe we will ship it next week.”

“Oh... but according to them they have made a lot of progress. You can send it to me so I can read it first. I'll help you.”

Nanthica just nodded. She lowered her head and looked at the ground again so as not to notice that the distance between her and her teacher was decreasing little by little. The girl decided to take a step back and say goodbye to her.

“I'll go first, professor.”

"Okay, see you next week."

A smile appeared on his face. When Nanthica turned around and left the classroom without looking back, Thana grabbed her glass from the table before walking out as if nothing had happened. The economics professor responded kindly to all the students who passed by him. As he left the building, he saw Nanthica, from whom he had just separated, sitting with a strange woman in front of a cafe. She seemed to be conducting an interview or exchanging questions. What's going on? At this point, there was a possibility that the person was a journalist. Professor Thana decided to go to them to see if the girl needed help.

The woman whose name she didn't know immediately looked up as he approached. Nanthica was a little surprised to discover that she had been followed there. But Thana didn't notice because she was too busy paying attention to the strange woman.

“Hello, I am a professor at this university. Something happens?”

“Oh... that's perfect.”

The lieutenant took the badge that she hung around her neck to introduce herself. Thana gulped as he realized that this woman was an undercover police officer.

“Police Lieutenant Tul Techakomol, who is in charge of the case of Natthawat, the student who fell from the balcony of his room. Professor, are you willing to testify too?”

“Sure, but I can't stay long. I have a dinner date with my friend.”

“I won't be long.”

The lieutenant indicated to the professor to sit in front of her. She secretly glanced at Nan, who was drinking the iced tea from her, not making eye contact with the professor at all.

“Previously... Professor, you knew Natthawat, right?”

“Yes, I've been teaching him since second year, and Nanthica too. We get the chance to meet often. One semester per subject, that's all.”

He chose to be calm and tried to use the right words.

“Did he ever come to consult you about something other than his duty?”

“Um... I don't think so. He's like other kids who only ask me about things in class and hand in assignments. But if you ask me if he seemed like a guy who thought too much, I don't think so. I never saw him distracted during classes. His homework is also in good condition. He also used to have fun with his friends, right Nanthicha?”

Tul noticed the body language of Professor Thana, who leaned forward to ask the girl sitting across the table as if they were very close. However, Nanthica's reaction was strange, she did not look directly at her teacher's face. Instead, she chose to look at the lieutenant as if she wanted to convey something important to her.

“Professor, you don't think he committed suicide, do you?”

“Not me.... I just didn't expect it. I heard it when the boys were talking, I thought Natthawa couldn't do that. I have to apologize, I'm already on my friend's chat.”

Professor Thana took his cell phone when he saw a notification message appear indicating that he was in a hurry to get to his appointment. He said goodbye to his students and the police who were still sitting in the same place, then got up and left. Lieutenant Tul narrowed her eyes and stared at the man's broad back until he was out of sight, unable to shake the doubt from her mind.

“There is something I want to tell you, Lieutenant. But, I don't know how much it has to do with this case...”

Nan said in a low voice with uncertainty, both hands clenched around the glass of iced tea that was beginning to have drops of water.

“What's happening?”

“Nat said that he liked Professor Thana since the second year... I don't know if he still likes him now, but...”

The girl pursed her lips, seeming hesitant but decided to continue,

“The professor's watch seemed very familiar to me. I think I saw it in the photos of the friend who said he met Tinder...”



# ①④

## FOURTEEN



“Thana Sanguanwong, Professor, Department of Economics, Paweenakorn University, graduate of Bodinsat University was studying for a master's degree in digital marketing at the University of Southampton, England. He had just received an annual scholarship for young researchers and was also appointed as associate dean. That afternoon he would give a lecture on Stock Trading Techniques for Beginners, which the faculty had prepared for students and outsiders to listen to.”

Lieutenant Jew reported a brief history of Professor Thana's education and work that Tul asked her to investigate after accidentally meeting the man. He was a university professor. Initially, Lieutenant Tul did not suspect anything about him, but after Nanthica's testimony, an important witness had said that he died because he fell from the balcony of his room a few days ago...

“Do you have any personal problems?”

“There are rumors among the students that some of them are quite impressed with him. He is handsome, intelligent and in his early forties. Many are interested in him, but he is just playing with it,”

Jew said. Turning the newspaper to the next page, his expression did not match the man's arrogant actions.

“But this information is nothing more than simple gossip. It happened about five or six years ago when he became a new teacher. He had a dispute with

a student who accused him of impregnating her. However, he denied it and insisted on a DNA test. He escalated to the point where the dean joined the investigation, but was ultimately released although he agreed to be responsible for the child's support.”

“He denied that you did it but still accepted responsibility for child support?”

Tul's eyebrows furrowed in frustration at the misleading conclusion. She thought about the impact that could have on the student and the child she carried, as well as the teacher who violated professional ethics but still had opportunities in the academic field until today.

“It seems that he agreed to pay to keep things secret. In the end, the faculty did not hold him responsible for anything. They tried to ignore the matter because he had research results almost every year, and other universities were also looking for him to teach. Wel... That's what it seems to have happened,”

Jew said, ending with a sigh. Living in this society, if you are not rich, you have to be talented and have people to support you, so that it can be mutually beneficial. However, if one has both, then he considers himself lucky to have been born in this country and to have the privilege of being forgiven no matter how many mistakes he makes, as long as there is enough goodwill to compensate for these mistakes.

“But we have not found any connection with the deceased, apart from Nong Nan's testimony.”

“From Nat's cell phone there was not a single conversation with Professor Thana. There was only one study chat group, and that night the last chat before his death took place. There was also a talk about Korean idols with Nong Nan.”

Tul remained silent, trying to organize various possibilities in her head.

“Could it be that... He was the one who cleaned the fingerprints in the room, took the broken vase and threw it away because he didn't want

anyone to know... That he went to meet Nat before? And if it was him, maybe he already deleted the chats and photos from his cell phone.”

Lieutenant Jew thought about his superior's assumption and nodded, accepting that it might actually happen.

“I know someone who could recover deleted chat history. Do you want to meet with him?”

The two police officers finally arrived at the Technology Crime Inspection and Analysis Division, also known as the Cyber Police, on the eighth floor of the headquarters building. In a different office from the crime department, the desk of Officer Dab Phu, the police officer known as Lieutenant Jew, had two large computer screens side by side, surrounded by a network of electrical connections like an expert. Jew told him that Dab Phu could find information obtained from social media and could also check a computer's IP address with just a few clicks.

"If you deleted the chat history but didn't make a backup, we won't be able to restore it,"

Said Dab Phu, distraught after checking the deceased's mobile phone that Jew had brought with him.

“If you delete the chats on your phone, are they still on the computer?”

“The two machines are connected to each other. If he deletes it on his phone, it will also be deleted on his computer.”

The young police officer ignored him again until Jew's shoulders slumped.

“Does the same thing happen with photos?”

“If the photo is deleted, it will remain in the trash for thirty days. But if it is deleted from the trash, it cannot be recovered. Let's see if he deleted it from the trash.”

Without saying anything, Dab Phu checked the cell phone again, but he did not find a single photo that could confirm that Professor Thana and the

deceased had had a secret relationship according to the testimony of an important witness.

"The witness said he saw the photos on his close friend's Instagram story,"

Tul said. She looked at the police officer who opened the Instagram application and was able to log in to the mobile phone owner's account. And of course, the IG story had been deleted. Furthermore, there was no history of publishing images related to Professor Thana.

"If there is no evidence to confirm Nong Nan's words, what should we do?"

Jew said, because the only evidence connecting the young faculty professor was an oral statement from a close friend of the deceased.

"Lieutenant, it seems that the deceased logged into another account. I think it's a personal account. However, the email seems to have been changed,"

Dab Phu said as if giving hope to the two. Lieutenant Tul rested her hands on the table and looked at the cell phone screen that showed another account called 'Privatenatthan'.

"Private... Natthan? Wasn't the late man's name Natthawat?"

"Can you log in to that account?"

Dab Phu, a police officer working through a computer program, immediately carried out the task. The deceased's mobile phone was connected to his large screen, projecting images for the two police officers to see. Tul understood that she was not a technologically savvy person, but compared to Dab, she felt like a kindergartener who was just learning how to use a computer. This was the first time she witnessed data being extracted through a program containing lines of code, which left her very surprised.

"This email is the current email used to log into IG."

Dab drags his mouse over the blue email address so the other two people could see it clearly. The email name is not similar or related to Natthawat.

Whether it's a real name, nickname, or last name, the email uses the name 'travis\_soton@gmail.com'.

“Who is Travis Soton?”

“It could be another name of the deceased, also a pseudonym.”

“If I log in to IG using this email, a notification will immediately appear in this email... Do you want me to continue searching for information, Lieutenant?”

That was a question that awaited the decision of the policewoman handling the case. Tul nodded to give him permission to continue the process. The sound of the mouse click mixed with the sound of the keyboard, rang simultaneously. The images of the programs on the screen flashed past his eyes. Lieutenant Tul couldn't let go of what she saw. Although this was very different from what she had seen in the movies, within moments they got the results she wanted.

The account appeared on the computer screen. The total number of publications was thirty-five images. The number of followers was zero. And it wasn't long, when she scrolled down when she could see photos that let them know immediately what the purpose of that account was.

It was a private account full of photographs of two men in various poses; just woken up, eating, sitting next to each other in the car. Each image showed an expression of love, holding hands, hugging, even kissing... One of the two men had a photograph whose face was clearly visible, it was Natthawat, who had just died. By taking photographs with the front camera of his cell phone, it could be deduced that he was the owner of that account, which he created to store stories between him and the person he loved, who was none other than Professor Thana, a professor at the Faculty of Medicine itself.

“Can you save all those photos?”

Said Lieutenant Tul, breaking the silence that had formed without them being able to talk about what they were seeing. However, before Dab took

the photo as instructed, unexpectedly, the photos that would become important evidence were slowly deleted, one by one, from the account page.

“What's happening? What happened?”

“As I said, an email notification will come to Travis saying that there was a double login, so the a owner of the email deleted all the photos on Instagram. He's probably afraid of being suspected now.”

“This shows that this email belongs to Professor Thana.”

“I'll try to check the email user's IP address, but don't worry about deleting the image. We can still get it back within thirty days.”

Thanks to Dab's thoroughness, they calmed down a bit. However, the gradual disappearance of images and posts on the account screen was a little worrying. It was like trying to catch a slippery fish that is fighting until it escapes.

“If someone else has access to the Instagram account, why not just delete the account? Wouldn't it be easier?”

“If the account is deleted, you could still log in again in less than thirty days. He probably feared that the police would check the deceased's phone and find it. So changing the email address and logging out would be a better solution. But you probably didn't think about how fast we were and that we would notice this, right? So he lets him clean everything until his fingers hurt.”

Lieutenant Jew analyzed the situation that could happen to the suspect. If it really was like this, he might be in trouble too.

"I managed to get his location from the IP address."

Dab Phu pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and his fingers drummed on the keyboard one last time. The screen showed a map with pinned locations, where she managed to verify the IP address.

“The user is now in the main auditorium, the Suriyawong Building of Paweenakorn University.”

Photographs taken at the scene by the forensic team were being carefully examined by Dr. Che rán, who focused especially on Natthawat's body condition. Her head turned toward the building, lying on her back, face up. Judging by the state of his body, it could be concluded that he himself jumped from the balcony, since there was no other evidence to suggest that he was murdered. The sound of her cell phone ringing amid the silence in her private office made Che-rán look away from the photo. The name 'Police Lieutenant Tul' appeared on the screen, calling her by phone.

“What's happening?”

[We have found the person who was with the deceased before the incident occurred, we will take him in for questioning.]

Learning from information. Therefore, it was no wonder that there had been many incoming calls from Lieutenant Tul recently.

“Who is he?”

[Professor from the department where the deceased studied. We found an IG account created by the deceased himself. There were only photos with the professor, similar to a secret account with a lover.]

Lieutenant Tul's response left Che-rán stunned by one moment. She didn't think the outcome of the case would be like this. Although she had never experienced it herself, that didn't mean she had never heard of it. The story between a teacher and a student has been around in society for a long time. Especially when some teachers are almost the same age as the students, so it is easy to lack ethics and discipline. Che-rán regulated herself appropriately, not letting her heart follow the ongoing emotions. This incident was another example of what should not happen again.

“This is the same person who threw away the evidence from the deceased's room, right?”

[It must have been him, because he changed the email address that the deceased used on the Instagram account. He logged in with his own email and tried to delete all the photos as soon as we managed to log into the account. Today, when I saw Nong Nan...She saw the same watch as the teacher's, in a photo. It is possible that the deceased posted it on the wrong account, so Nan suspected that this teacher had a relationship with his student.]

The instructions were detailed enough for Che-rán to understand the gist of the entire story. If that was true, then the professor should be arrested to explain what happened the night of the incident. It was no wonder that other people didn't know about the relationship between the two of them, because they hid it. Not even her close friend, Nanticha, knew.

“If they can take him, I'll have to ask him for a DNA test too. Skin tissue between the deceased's fingernails may be his.”

[Um, but doctor...]

The tone came out soft, like she wasn't sure, until Ran had to ask her if she had any serious problems.

“There is something wrong?”

[Although the evidence points to the Professor, I'm still thinking about what you said... He may not have killed him. An argument may have occurred, but the deceased may have been shocked at the time and decided to jump from his balcony...]

Uncertainty echoed in every word of her voice until Che-rán could feel it. Tul had previously arrested a young actor on suspicion of murder, but in the end it turned out that he was not the perpetrator. Following this incident, several media outlets attacked the police for making the actor a scapegoat. And almost all real criminals were not punished.



Che-rán understood Lieutenant Tul's feelings of guilt. Maybe it would be a good idea to accept what happened as a lesson that she should always remember, if it makes you not dare do what you should do.

“Although he was not the one who did it, he fought with the deceased and caused him physical injuries. This could also be the main reason that made the deceased decide to commit suicide.. And another thing...he's still a suspect because he's cleaned up the scene. He also hid his fingerprints so the police wouldn't find him. I think the lieutenant did the right thing. Now, go find it.”

Hearing the words on the other end of the phone made Tul's confidence increase.

“Do your job as you should. If there is anything else, we will find the answer together.”

[Um... Thank you. If there's anything else, I'll let you know, doctor.]

“Wait... Good luck..”

The doctor almost forgot to give the words of encouragement she had just learned to say, hoping that good things would happen to Lieutenant Tul. Che-rán will begin with the lieutenant's hopes and her own.

“I can not hold it anymore.”

As soon as the major hung up the phone, Lieutenant Jew began to speak. He didn't mean to eavesdrop on the conversation between the two of them, but they were in the same car. Plus, since he was sitting so close, he could almost hear about seventy to eighty percent of it, most of it work-related. But he felt that there was something hidden in the phrases and tone of voice they used. His superior once said that he didn't like Ran but now he was smiling widely after talking on the phone.

“What's happening?”

The trapped person pursed her mouth and turned her face away from the car window.

“I know, since you ate together, things have improved, right?”

“Well... Um, we were just talking.”

"From what I can see, it's more than that,"

Jew said in a long, mocking voice. He really wanted to see the face of the person who always said he didn't really like Ran, but right now he was driving and had to keep his eyes on the road.

“Nothing more than that. Just talking about work, you can hear it, right?”

“Yes, Phi.”

"Um..."

Lieutenant Tul responded barely audibly, not wanting to hide the fact that she had been having hidden reasons lately. These days, just by hearing her voice or seeing her sweet smile, she felt that there were good things waiting for her but she didn't know if one day Ran's trap would fall with no possibility of getting out of it.

This afternoon, the Faculty of Economics of Paveenakorn University was giving a lecture on the topic. “Stock Trading Techniques for Beginners” in the main auditorium of the Suriyawong Building with Professor. Dr. Thana Sanguanwong as a special speaker for this session who would share investing techniques. Behind him was a projection screen almost as wide as a small movie theater, projecting illustrations. A lecture was given which the young professor had carefully prepared. This auditorium had a capacity of more than one hundred seats that tilted downwards, so that everyone could clearly see the speakers on stage.

The atmosphere was no different from teaching in class, because Professor Thana was a person who knew how to talk and persuade. There was also a strategy to attract people's attention where the young professor gave the people in the room the opportunity to ask him questions.

Nanthica was sitting in a corner of the auditorium. As a student at the Faculty of Economics, she needed to attend just to verify her name and not have points deducted. Her eyes fell on Professor Thana, the man her friend had liked since the first day of school. But she never knew of the unfathomable connection between the two of them. Many questions arose in Nanthica's head about the Professor's watch. She remembered seeing it in a photo her friend posted on Instagram. Was it really Professor Thana? If so, had they been in a relationship for some time? And if that's true, why was the Professor acting like nothing had happened? Why did he keep smiling as if he didn't feel anything about Nat's death?

The microphone that had been distributed so that the audience could ask questions to the professor, was now in the hands of a branch member sitting next to Nanthica, who wanted to ask the handsome professor. But when she wanted to read her question, Nanthica took the microphone from her friend's hand and stood up.

“Oh Nanthica, my student, do you have any questions?”

Said a deep and pleasant voice with a soft smile that could be seen from afar. Nanthica put the microphone to her mouth. She didn't want to believe that her teacher pretended to be a kind and friendly person. How could she be so indifferent to the loss of a student?

“There is something I want to tell you, Professor...”

Nan controlled her voice so that it did not tremble.

“I thought about when my friend always came to your class. If he were alive, I'm sure he would be here listening to the conference, sitting in the chair next to me and probably holding a microphone to talk to you, but my friend will no longer have the opportunity to attend again.”

The entire auditorium was silent as they heard the words that came out of the young woman's mouth. No one had time to pay attention to the expression on Professor Thana's face, who was still standing on the stage. It was difficult to explain how he felt.

“My friend may have been suffering from depression, but he still had things he wanted to do. He was trying to live his life while maintaining some happiness... No matter what trouble Nat went through, he was always alone... I just want to ask everyone not to act like nothing happened. Even though Nat is no longer here, I don't want everyone to forget that he was once our friend...”

The silence continued to do its job even as Nanthica lowered the microphone and placed it next to her. The friend sitting next to her raised her hand to touch her arm, hoping to comfort her. Several people turned to Professor Thana to see if he had any way to deal with this. For a moment, he looked like he wanted to leave the auditorium, but he finally tried to smile in front of hundreds of people.

"I understand your feelings about losing a friend,"

He said, without any emotion in his voice. He was like an amateur actor reading a script,

“But our lives must go on. Of course, we will live our lives for those who have died. I'm sure Nat doesn't want us to get caught up in regret.”

But then, the words that Professor Thana was trying to force himself to say were interrupted when the large doors of the Auditorium opened. A young woman, Professor Thana remembered was an undercover police officer for the investigation entered the room. Sharp eagle-like eyes scanned the man standing on the stage, before approaching without paying attention to the voices throughout the auditorium asking:

“Who was that person?”

Lieutenant Tul raised her police badge to appear in front of the accused. She wanted the professor to know that she had gone to arrest him.

"Khun Thana Sanguanwong, we must question him as a suspect in connection with the death of Natthawat Rangprasert,"

Tul said in a strong, clear voice. Two police officers accompanying her ran towards the Forum to arrest the professor from the Department of Economics.

"No, you can't do this to me!"

"You have the right to call a lawyer or legal advisor, but we have to detain you for questioning."

His beautiful face no longer showed its usual calm. As soon as the two police officers who were holding him wanted to take him away, he withdrew his arms and distanced himself, not allowing anyone to touch him.

"You can't do this. I can sue you."

His lips trembled, his glasses fell off. The bridge of her nose was filled with sweat even though the air conditioning was very cold. Lieutenant Tul took a deep breath. She took out her cell phone and showed a photo of the evidence in front of the suspect that she refused to hand over.

"We have photo evidence on Instagram that confirms that you and the deceased were in a relationship. And we also discovered that the email address used to log into your account was yours."

Although he was a person who could control himself, Tul could also see a hint of fear in his eyes. He could only open his mouth, but no sound came out.

"Travisoton email. We discovered that the name Travis was the name you used while in England, and Soton is an abbreviation for the University of Southampton, where you graduated. We also found out that you used that email to log in and delete photos that were evidence. But sorry, we found it first and all the evidence has been preserved."

Lieutenant Tul spoke loudly, without spaces, so that no one could interrupt. She gestured to the officer detaining the suspect to take him back for questioning.

“We consider him a suspect for interrogation, not a murder suspect. He still has the right to call a lawyer; If you can't hire one, we will provide one for you.”

A rumor quickly spread that the police had arrested a young, well-known professor at the Faculty of Economics for questioning in connection with the death of a student. The videos taken of when the police arrived entering the large auditorium full of students and others teachers to take away Professor Thana, went viral on social media. Online commenters bombarded the young professor with speculation about his relationship with the student.

The university remained silent, offering no response even to the demands of student groups and social media trends. Additionally, the university's history of hiding bad news began to come to light, including a scandal involving a pregnant student. That problem had been resolved, as Professor Thana had brought great benefits and prestige to the university through various research achievements. However, in this case the university could not help.

The young professor was taken to the interrogation room of the headquarters building, accompanied by his lawyer, who immediately received an urgent call. Thana remained silent and his attitude seemed relaxed. His gaze was not fixed on anything in particular; Instead, he floated, studying the empty, gray wall in front of him. The sound of the doorknob rang loudly as the same police officer entered the room.

“Eighteen minutes nineteen (18:19), the interrogation begins.”

Lieutenant Tul pressed the video recording button on the camera placed on the table, before opening a file that compiled the suspect's history, including various evidence related to all the photographs in the case. Tul took a photo obtained from the deceased's personal Instagram which Dab was able to recover. Every image of the relationship between the two men was clearly visible.

“These are photos taken from the deceased's personal Instagram. The deceased posted a photo with you specifically. Can you explain the relationship between the two of you? Were you and Mr. Natt are more than a teacher and a student? Because it is very different from the testimony you gave yesterday.”

Thana looked at each photo without emotion, closed his mouth and did not respond to Lieutenant Tul's questions.

“According to our conclusions, this is not your first case. You had a romantic relationship with a second-year student, in 2017. You was once summoned by the dean for an investigation because you got one of the students pregnant. But you managed to get out and still a teacher until now.”

“What does this have to do with that?”

His voice sounded different from his original personality, which made Tul think he was polite. He had his eyes downcast, staring at his own hands resting on the table, refusing to make eye contact with anyone.

“And furthermore, the Dean already investigated and determined that I am innocent. That student framed me. So what did I do wrong? What it has to do with this case, I don't know.”

“This will help you remember what you have done in the past. And that your closeness with the students has gone beyond the limits is an unethical action.”

“Well, don't try to fool me why all those students approached me. Maybe it was because of my appearance, as you can se... Maybe I was too friendly with the students for them to think I was playing.”

He raised his hands, as if to show that he was out of her control. Lieutenant Tul tried to suppress her emotions and not allow herself to participate in the other party's game of deflecting and denying her own mistakes. Her fingers slammed the photo on the table, so the investigation returned to the relationship between him and the deceased,

“Your reasons may be reasonable, but to me, that behavior is still unethical. What you did with the students is related to the Natthawat case. Like with this picture that clearly shows that you are dating him.”

A document was taken out of the file and placed on the table. They were the results of the DNA test they had just received from the Forensic Institute.

“DNA test results from skin tissue found under the deceased's fingernails match your DNA. There is testimony from a next-door neighbor who heard the sound of an argument from inside the deceased's room at 10:30 p.m. And we also have evidence confirming that you were there at that time. If we see bruises on Natthawat's face, then we assume that you two were fighting. Therefore, all evidence shows that you were the last person to be with Natthawat before he died.”

Lieutenant Tul looked at the expression of the man in front of her. Both his eyes and his expressions made it difficult to predict his emotions, especially when he didn't say a word for fear of getting hurt. That made the interrogation even more difficult. The evidence was also not strong enough to prove that it was this young professor who committed the murder by pushing Natthawat to fall from the balcony. What's more, Dr. Ran was still not sure whether it was a murder or a suicide.

“If you really had nothing to do with Natthawat's death, why did you hide it from the police? Also, you tried deleting the IG photos. Can you tell us the reason?”

When he refused to speak, Tul asked again. Little by little there was an awkward silence. Even the lawyer of the suspect he brought in did not open his mouth to defend him.

“Even if you don't admit that you went to see the deceased in his room, this tissue of skin under the nails that we found will be evidence against you. Currently, we have sent officers to re examine the deceased's room. If they find other evidence that helps confirm....”

“Okay, yes, I was there... I was there before he died.”



There was a moment of silence as Tul listened to the confession. The lawyer sitting next to her looked away, saying nothing to help protect the client from him.

“Do you admit to having attacked the deceased?”

Thana sighed recklessly. He seemed eager for what he was about to tell.

"He said he was dying and asked me to come see him."

His voice sounded like he was going to cry at any moment.

"He done that before. He takes antidepressants and sleeping pills, he takes them all at the same time with beer. The first time I went to see him he was so bad that I had to take him to the hospital."

The sound of the keyboard was heard as Thana began to tell what happened to him. This was the first time the police had received this information. His family and close friends did not know. Natthawat's behaviour was consistent with the results of the forensic medical examination and assumptions that he had consumed large amounts of alcohol along with antidepressant medication despite clear warnings not to take these two at the same time.

“And the same thing happened the night before that incident?”

“Yes... For that reason, I thought he was using the same old trick to make me leave. But when I got there, he was already drunk. The room was filled with the smell of beer and cans were scattered out there... We had a fight because he didn't want to stop, he even insulted me for not paying attention to him. I only tried to keep my distance when we were in college, but he didn't want to listen to me, so I stayed even further away from him. He started cursing, spitting at me and hitting me before I defended myself.”

“You defended yourself excessively. We also found two bruises on the victim's face,”

Said Lieutenant Tul, causing slight anxiety in the other party.

“Fights often become physical, which is normal. I did it because I wanted him to stop acting crazy. When I saw him throwing a tantrum again, I immediately left. That was the last time I was with him.”

Lieutenant Tul didn't take her eyes off the man, staring at him as she took another photograph of the evidence and placed it in front of him. It was a photo of a broken vase she had found in a dumpster outside a nearby shelter.

“We found fragments of a vase stained with the victim's blood. His leg was injured before he fell from the balcony. Did that happen when you two were arguing?”

Tul saw a flash of surprise in his eyes. This was the first time since she sat down and interrogated the man in front of her. He seemed tempted to ask the lawyer for help in case he changed his mind and admitted what had happened.

“Y... Yes, it fell and broke, but I don't know where he threw it.”

“Threw it away? How did you know she would throw it away?”

“Usually if something breaks you have to throw it away, right?”

"I don't think so,"

The young lieutenant immediately denied, narrowing her eyes like someone who has the advantage.

“Probably no one who wants to commit suicide cleans his room first and then throws the trash away; We found broken vases, flowers and beer cans in a trash container almost five hundred meters from the university residence. Do you think I would do something like that, on a rainy night?”

“That's just your assumption. He was probably the one who threw out the trash.”

“Other than the garbage we found in a place far from the bedroom, the forensic department found no fingerprints. They were completely erased.

Not only other people's fingerprints, not even those of the room's owner were left on the doorknob. It is impossible that the deceased erased them. It is more likely that it was done by someone who wanted to destroy proof of its existence.”

Large beads of sweat stood out on the sides of his temples, even though he was in an air conditioned room. Her dry lips began to close tightly again.

“Because of your behavior of trying to delete photos from IG, not giving us information about your relationship and about you going to the deceased's room... I think you still have something that you haven't told us.”

The sound of a heavy object hitting the ground was heard in the place where a student had previously fallen, a motionless person lying on the ground. He took a clipboard to document his findings and recorded a simulated fall from a height. Although the body fell for the third time, its position was still directed towards the building.

According to research Che-ran had read, there were various ways in which corpses fell to the ground from high places. The results that emerged showed that the deceased fell from the balcony. But other evidence around him raised suspicions, which led Che-ran to experiment in the same place with a dummy, whose height and weight were the same as Natthawat's.

Her assistant who accompanied her leaned her head out from the balcony of the fifth floor room, Che-rán told her to come down after experimenting for hours and it was already too late. Previously, forensic staff had tested the possibility that the deceased had been pushed or thrown from the balcony, but the results did not match the actual condition of the body, which put more pressure on the coroner's mind about how she should write a report.

Circumstantial evidence would have pointed to murder if the deceased had not suffered from a mental illness that would have led to suicide,. The sound of an incoming call rang from her cellphone. It was Lieutenant Tul who also contacted her before. Most likely, there was progress that she had to tell Che-rán about.

[He admitted that he came to the deceased's room and there was an argument. But he did not admit to throwing the broken vase. He also did not admit that it was he who erased the fingerprints in the room, and he also denied knowing anything about the deceased's death.]

"This way we come to a conclusion,"

Che-rán said as she looked at the lifeless mannequin lying on the ground. Several thoughts swirled in her head, trying to understand the reasons that led the deceased to make that decision.

“There is a high probability that... the deceased was the person who decided to end his own life.”

# ①⑤

FIFTEEN

.. ————— ·🌸· ————— ..

Crime-addict...8am.

“Do you still remember the news about a student who fell from the balcony of his room? Could it be that his family didn't believe it was suicide?”

“There was a strong odor coming from the young man's body and he had bruises on his face as if someone had hit him. Neighbors heard him arguing before the incident. Police then investigated who was the last person who was with the student and identified that person as the suspect who may have pushed the student from the balcony.”

“That person is a professor at the Faculty of Economics who had a secret relationship with the student who died. Some of you may have seen yesterday the video of the police entering the auditorium to arrest the speaker. (Before being released by the university) Of course, if there wasn't enough clear evidence, the police wouldn't have gone this far. I inform you that this professor had a previous case, he got his student pregnant but he was able to get away with it because the university did not take any action against her.”

“Therefore, it can be assumed that he was actually the person who went to see the boy that night and they had a fight. Could it be that he accidentally fell from the balcony at that time?”

“However, the important point that I will convey on this page is that the forensic team came to the conclusion that, the deceased decided to commit

suicide. It was neither an accident nor a murder. Although the police have a suspect and have clear evidence, do you think there is any reason for the forensic team to come to that conclusion?"

Phongsak Wachirawich:

How much money did the forensic team receive? Let's share with the police hahaha.

I like Reply

Noey Bs Butter:

Has there been any problem since the police announced Uncle Chai's case? This time the forensic team has concluded, without reaching an agreement with the police.

I like Reply

Namtip Pinmanee:

Let's talk first? Do forensics and police work in silence?

I like it. Reply

Make Winter:

I saw a tweet from a student who lived in the same dorm as the person who died. Yesterday, the agents went to carry out an experiment by dropping a mannequin from the balcony. Maybe someone from the forensic team. The person who died had a history of depression, right?

I like it. Reply

Chatchai Piya-ampon:

Male lecturer? Male student? naughty heart

I like it. Reply

Cherry Norasin:

Should we focus on that topic?

I like it. Reply

Chatchai Piya-ampon

Although the Forensic Institute's conclusion leaned towards suicide, Cherán had not been able to identify that the deceased's death was due to a fall from a high position, which could have influenced the outcome of the case. However, Cherán tried to collect as much evidence as possible, even simulating dropping the doll to the ground in various ways until the results obtained were that... The deceased was sitting on the edge of the balcony, before deciding to jump off and lie on his back with his head facing the building.

But as said, Cherán could only evaluate these possibilities and leave it to investigators to look for other evidence for further consideration. This was because the examination of the evidence on the corpse was not yet clear enough but it was still easy to work with forensic doctors like her.

The next morning, in front of the forensic institute building, several journalists were waiting since the conclusion of the Facebook page 'Crime-addict', which was followed by almost three million people, was leaked. It could be said that it was a great medium that could disseminate information to the public quickly, thus coming into conflict with police investigations. The reporters continued to ask the police the truth, which seemed to completely contradict them.

The medical examiner who was handling the case was ambushed by journalists as she entered the building. The questions that had been a hot topic the night before were aggressively thrown at her, leaving her speechless.

“Do you think the simulation shows a bias towards the assumption that the deceased jumped alone?”

“The family of the deceased does not believe it was a suicide. The police did not arrest the suspect until yesterday. Why does the forensic team believe it was a suicide?”

“The university has made donations to you. Is that true or not?”

Che-rán looked at the journalist who was asking questions as if they were assuming they were accepting bribes.

“Financial support has nothing to do with the truth of this case. We always respect the bodies brought here and the forensic evidence will be handed over to the police. Excuse me.”

With that, Che-rán quickly distanced herself from the persistent reporters, who were still holding microphones, and followed her until they reached the door that was open and fortunately security intervened to prevent anyone from entering. When she entered the building, Che-rán met someone else. This might be harder to overcome. She didn't think Nan would wait to see her. Nan, who was sitting with her sister Mae, immediately stood up and walked towards Che-rán when she saw her coming. The girl's expression had improved a lot since the first day of the tragic incident. Che-rán didn't know what he was thinking.

"Were you the one who said Nat committed suicide?"

Nan asked honestly, without mincing words. Mae looked Ran in the eyes. She believed that her friend could not deviate from the truth, even if she might affect the feelings of the deceased's close friends and family. Her younger sister went there because she did not want to accept the incorrect information that many social media users shared on the Internet without verification.

“During another forensic test, I discovered that there was a strong possibility.”



“The simulation could be wrong. Anything could happen. That night it rained, the wind was strong-...”

“I’ve tried it many times. And I did everything possible to reach the conclusion that best suits the real situation.”

Che-rán tried to speak calmly, looking into eyes that almost didn't want to believe her. Losing a close person can suddenly break anyone's heart, especially if their death is sudden and unnatural. Discovering the true cause can help resolve concerns and potentially lead to the arrest of those responsible if misconduct is involved.

Nanthica lowered her head, suppressing the feeling of hope trapped in her chest. She still didn't want to believe that her best friend had decided to commit suicide. A gentle squeeze on her shoulder let her know that her sister was trying to calm her down and make her feel better. Che rán herself took a step forward, approaching her.

“Listen to me, I respect all those who have died and I have never thought of distorting what they left behind. The evidence now available will be combined to be weighed again and uncover the facts. Trust us.”

Che-rán promised the girl who nodded without looking at her. Mae exchanged glances with her friend. She was grateful that Che-rán did not abandon the feelings of the deceased and never failed to fulfill the obligations that she had to fulfill. Mae always trusts that Ran would never let her down.

The Chinese restaurant inside the hotel welcomed Big Tech as a major client. The waiter bowed and led the high-ranking police officer to a private dining room where reservations had been made in advance and someone was already waiting.

“Mr. MP hello. Oh...you still looks young and strong.”

“Oh, Mr. Technician, I’m still look young, what about you?”

His body is very fit. The two men who were nearing retirement greeted each other with flattering words of praise. They shook hands like close friends who had just had the opportunity to meet again. A waiter entered with welcome wine served in the glasses of two influential people in the country.

“I apologize for making an appointment during the day. I'm afraid I couldn't find a time when we could meet.”

“Okay, okay... The parliamentarians might have something that needs fixing. What is the important thing that makes you want to see me?”

Big Tech gestured to toast in the air before drinking wine while he waited for the delicious food to be served. The two exchanged stories of each other's lives even though they knew the main purpose of that meeting.

Soon, the round table was filled with Chinese food, especially the Commander's favorite food. It included: Peking duck, crispy pork belly, sashimi and even the famous shark fin soup from a restaurant called 'Sae'. A waiter was ready to make sure both glasses were full of wine. As the food gradually disappeared from the table, the conversation finally turned to the main topic that Big Tech had been waiting for, after answering his friend's question about why a high-ranking police officer like him was still single until today.

“You probably already know that there will be elections in July for the Laksi district, right?”

“I know, I follow political news every day.”

“Our party is looking for a candidate whose qualifications and work are clearly visible. You yourself have served as a commander for many years and for decades as a police officer. All your work is admirable. The Executive Committee of the Party passed a resolution unanimously and authorized me to invite you to run for office on behalf of our party.”

Sentences that were filled with words of praise required the listener to avoid letting their feelings show on their face. Rarely did anyone go and it offered

the opportunity to sit in Parliament. The path to greatness was within his reach.

“I won't rush to get the answer Khun Tech. I just think that you have a suitable position in the party. Therefore, we are afraid that someone will come and take you before us.”

“Haha, no, I just focus on the many cases that happen almost every day, until I don't have enough time to contact anyone. Only you, who happens to have the same free schedule as me, have come to me.”

The laugh in his throat was loud. He did not accept the offer, but pretended that he needed time to consider it carefully. Both parties knew very well that the possibilities of collaboration were very high.

“I'm glad that our destinies coincided.”

“I'm even happier. Your party is full of intellectuals, high-level generals and successful businessmen. With such an alignment, his election victory in the previous period managed to attract many votes from the public, and that is very impressive.”

“We only lack one thing: a brilliant and charismatic police officer. That's all our party needs.”

The wine glasses were once again raised in the air to toast. Once again, their gazes met, conveying understanding of the unspoken implications. In the world of politics, having someone with significant authority to intimidate the opposition was extremely important. Meanwhile, Big Tech itself did not need to take the time to consider which path to take, because the road ahead was filled with prestigious and influential positions at the national level.

Inspector Pichet, head of the criminal department, seemed annoyed. He had been heavily criticized by top brass for delays in resolving recent cases and a huge backlog of unresolved cases. Furthermore, most of the internal

problems came from his own department. Since the last press conference debacle, where they were criticized for their mishandling of socially important cases, the responsibility had fallen squarely on their shoulders.

The longer it took, the more people would think the police were working too slowly. The inspector called to two of his subordinates, who were lined up in front of his desk. Both had to work, and those who were specially assigned were no exception.

“Lieutenant Tul, what case are you currently in charge of?”

"The case of the student who fell from the balcony,"

She answered in a loud and clear voice, which apparently made the inspector breathe heavily.

“It's just a case of a building falling. Why hasn't it been resolved until today?”

“There are several contradictory points in the evidence we have obtained, inspector. Plus, there's a suspect...”

“Yesterday you questioned him thoroughly, but nothing came out. If there is no evidence against him, let him go and close the case.”

The inspector gave strict orders not to allow Lieutenant Tul to argue. When he read the brief report on the case, it proved that the suspect was a professor who taught at a well-known university and had many commendable academic achievements. But he had no motive to commit the crime. If he were the one handling the case, it wouldn't take him more than two days to solve it..

“It's not that we didn't get anything. He vehemently denied everything even though there was evidence showing that he was the last person to be with the victim. And there was also evidence that it was manipulated...”

“Many cases occurred due to arguments and the deceased decided to commit suicide due to a broken heart. He also had a history of depression.

Wow, you make something easy so difficult!”

He tapped the documents on his desk with her finger so that the lieutenant in front of him understood the situation.

“There are some suspicious things. The deceased could not have thrown away his own garbage before committing suicide, and probably not....”

“You don't know what a dead man thinks! Our job is to look for valid evidence, not assumptions. Solve this case quickly! If you continue like this, I won't let you be responsible for any more cases!”

He shouted in a loud voice that filled the room as the veins in his temples swelled with anger. Lieutenant Tul just stared at the inspector's face, without avoiding his eyes because she felt that it was very unfair. But just as she was about to open her mouth to argue, Captain Dan stepped forward and stood in front of him before speaking in a firm and serious voice.

“Inspector, I would like to volunteer to help Lieutenant Tul with this case.”

“There is no need...”

“Two heads think better than one. Please, let me help you.”

Captain Dan continued to insist without turning around to ask Tul if she wanted help. Until she had to walk to get back to the front.

“I can do it myself. And this case will be closed today.”

“No, you'll probably take another week.”

The inspector visibly softened, raising his hand to prevent Lieutenant Tul from saying anything else,

“As you are a woman, you may be less firm in your decisions. Let Captain Dan help you, that's good.”

“Being a woman has nothing to do with decision-making. What time are we in? I...”

“When you have made more progress in this case, speak again. You must submit this case report tomorrow morning. There are no more objections.”

Tul clenched her fists tightly so that her emotions would not explode, either from words that belittled her or from her actions that ignored the facts of her case. This would allow the perpetrator to escape and not be punished. It would also worsen the situation of society.

Captain Dan was the last to leave the inspector's room. He was assigned to help Tul in the case of the student who fell from a balcony. After meeting with the deceased's family, his parents always denied that it was a suicide and the police wanted to find the perpetrator and compensate the investigators.

He often dealt with cases involving falls from heights. Hundreds of people who died from depression often took their own lives. Especially when there was an argument with her boyfriend. She ended the cases with the conclusion that they were suicides, without having to waste time and speculate much.

The person Captain Dan wanted to talk to was talking on the phone in the corner of the hallway. As he approached, he faintly heard that the policewoman had found new evidence.

“Send the video to my email. I'll ask the coroners to check the time of death,”

Tul ordered before ending the call with Jew. When she turned her head to see who was approaching him, she immediately turned away and did not want to speak.

“New evidence?”

Captain Dan followed him, not paying attention to his reaction.

"Um,"

Tul replied, annoyed.

“The dash cam of the car of a student who lives in the area captured images of Professor Thana's car entering the deceased's bedroom.”

“Didn't hr admit that he went to see the deceased before the incident?”

“The moment was not right. He claimed to have left there before 11 pm. But the camera caught him, around 11:30 pm. Back to the bedroom.”

“The evidence still does not say that he committed a murder.”

Captain Dan often used an intimidating tone, as if he was far ahead. Tul turned to look at the person walking behind him and speaking to refute him.

“Well, even if you verify it with the forensic team, what's the point?”

Captain Dan chuckled as if he was hearing a rude joke.

“Not even forensics can still predict the time of death, right? Do you have to go back there?”

“My way of working is to consult with the team as much as possible. If you want to help, please respect my way. I apologize,”

Tul said firmly as she pressed the button to call the elevator, which happened just in time to escape a conversation with someone whose work ethic didn't match her own. It was lucky that Captain Dan decided not to go through with it, because otherwise he could have trapped her in the elevator and forced her to continue arguing.

“The parents reported that their son had bruises all over his body, they found out this morning because the child was crying and did not want to go to school. When asked, he said that yesterday he was hit by the teacher for playing. The drums sounded loud, that's why the parents came to report, they went to the police and they want to sue the teacher, so they came to ask you to check the wound.”

Che-rán nodded after listening to her assistant recount the brief incident of the boy who went for a physical examination in the afternoon. In addition to performing autopsies on corpses, Cherán sometimes accepts cases like

these. Since the boy was only seven years old and quite scared by what he had done, Che-rán allowed the boy's mother to stay and comfort her son in the examination room.

"You can lie down on the bed. I need to check you, okay? You'll be fine, smart boy,"

Che-rán said, persuading the boy to obey. They lifted his shirt to check if he had any external injuries. Bruising was found, especially on the waist and hips. When she pressed lightly, the boy's body shook and made a trembling sound.

"Lie face down so I can see you."

The child's mother helped turn the little boy's body upside down as requested. They lifted his clothes again and she found a wound in the middle of his back. Che-rán asked permission to take off the boy's pants and saw so many bruises there, worse than on other parts of the body, that the boy's mother could not contain her feelings. Che-rán turned around and asked her assistant to take photographs of the wounds to keep as evidence, before dressing the boy again.

"How are you, doctor?"

Her mother asked, her voice trembling.

"It is assumed that he was hit with a hard, blunt object, not a stick, because the bruises were larger than that. Maybe a bamboo stick or a pipe..."

The boy was trembling, he looked at his mother, trying to say something quietly,

"Pp...pipe, teacher... He used a pipe to hit me, blue pipe."

The mother's chest felt tight until tears ran down her face as her son was finally willing to tell her what had happened. Che-rán watched with pity and empathy. She did not understand why teachers punished their students with so much physical violence, hurting a child. It was clear that this caused



pain and fear in the children, so going to school made them more afraid and they needed to understand how to behave differently.

“I'll write you a medical examination form and then you can take him to have his wound treated.”

“What will happen to my son's mental condition, doctor? This morning he cried continuously before I realized what was happening...”

The child's mother continued to ask. Just seeing the bruises on her son's body broke her heart. Seeing her son cry, shake, and not want to go to school worried her mother even more. Worried that it would affect her mental condition later

“The teacher's unreasonable punishment had an impact on his mental state, making him afraid to tell anyone. And he didn't dare go back to the teacher either. In my opinion, you may need to have more frequent conversations with him. He starts small, talk to him every day after school, observe how he feels and ask him if there is anything out of the ordinary. This will help you get through that moment.”

The mother thanked her repeatedly before leading her son out of the examination room. Che rán turned around and wrote a report about his injuries, where on his body and what they looked like. Including his opinion on the severity of the child's injuries. Meanwhile, the door to the examination room opened again and Blank's assistant hurried in.

“Dr. Ran, the results of the fingerprint test in the case of the student who fell from the balcony are now available.”

“They are? Please contact Lieutenant Tul,”

Che-rán said without looking at the person she was talking to because she was still writing a report.

“Lieutenant Tul is already here, she is waiting for you.”

The hand holding the pen froze for a moment, she slowly finished the report by signing her name at the bottom, and then handed it to his assistant to deliver to the child's mother.

“When you go out, tell Lieutenant Tul to come in.”

Previously, Bank was a little surprised when he saw Lieutenant Tul standing in front of the patient examination room, even though he knew who she was looking for. But when Dr. Ran heard that, Bank was even more surprised. The door opened and closed again as Che-rán leaned over to read the results of the fingerprint test she had just received. Her lips were pursed tightly as she thought about what had happened, before a knock was heard on the door and Lieutenant Tul opened it to enter.

“Are you working on a case?”

“Yes, and I just finished. Please take a seat.”

Tul sat directly in front of Che-rán's desk. The atmosphere in the waiting room was different from that in the doctor's office, but because she herself had gone during working hours when the other party was busy examining another patient's case, she stood waiting in front of the room. for a while..

“Did they hit the child? I just saw him go out with his mother.”

“Yes, a school teacher punished him with a pipe and hit him until he had bruises. The boy's mother saw it and went to report the crime..”

After hearing the brief details of the case, the lieutenant sighed. She saw that the child was hugging her mother's arm and she did not let go. She must have been afraid of what happened.

“This is not the first case that has occurred. I saw news about teachers who always punish children excessively. There may be many more that have not been published. Children may not dare to tell their parents.”

“Some children are afraid to tell their parents because they themselves caused problems with the teachers and were punished that way. Most prefer

to change schools.”

“The officials are like that, the police are like that, they are the same. If they violate discipline, they are simply transferred. But superiors choose to hide this problem.”

Lieutenant Tul raised her hand to scratch the side of her cheek as she looked at the document the doctor was reading.

“This is the result of a fingerprint test on the skin of the deceased. Because it is very weak, it takes a long time to examine it. Lieutenant, look at this first.”

Che-rán opened the document and turned to a page that took her longer to consider. She placed it on the table for the lieutenant to read it easily. There were photographs of the deceased's arms and hands when fingerprints were examined.

“Those are fingerprints of...”

“The fingerprints of the suspect the lieutenant detained match those of Professor Thana.”

"But he'll probably claim it happened during an argument."

Lieutenant Tul frowned as she thought of the interrogation period in which the suspect denied almost every accusation or invoked his right to remain silent. If fingerprints were found on the body of the deceased, she would perhaps have other reasons to deny this evidence

“Look at the fingerprints first, don't you think it's strange?”

Che-rán emphasized again while she pointed to a photograph of the deceased's hand, both from the front and the side, hidden fingerprints appeared on his skin. But when he saw Lieutenant Tul's confused expression, Ran stood up and walked around the table to explain.

“Usually when people have a big fight, they grab his arm and hold hands like that, right?”

Che-rán pulled the sleeve of her shirt to show her how. The lieutenant stood up before they took her hand and lifted her up. She tried to demonstrate it as an example, including holding the arm and wrist in different places to get a better image..

"Ah,"

Tul agreed, and continued telling herself to stop thinking about anything other than work.

“But if we look at the fingerprints on the skin of the deceased, especially those that are clearly visible, we will notice that the pattern of the fingers is reversed.”

Ran pointed to the photo of the document verified by the evidence verification department. Tul needed time to understand the fingerprints that appeared. That didn't seem to happen when the two were normally facing each other

“Completely backwards. Also... There are fingerprints on the deceased's right hand.”

“Yes, during the autopsy I found scratch marks on the palms of the hands. It is assumed that the deceased clenched his fists very tightly.”

Lieutenant Tul tested it with her own right hand and compared it to a photograph of a corpse's arm. Che-rán who saw this walked behind the lieutenant and tried to experiment according to the characteristics of the fingerprints that appeared.

“It is possible that he was trying to take something from the deceased. In this position, her fingerprints were clearly visible only on the thumb, below the index and ring fingers,”

Che-rán explained, giving an example of grabbing Lieutenant Tul's fist, to show a clear image.

“And when did he do this? When was the deceased alive or dead? Why did he do that? This phrase seems more like a reflection because it recalled the evidence and indirect words of the witness.”

Tul realized that she had gone to the Forensic Institute because she wanted to check the time of death to see if it matched or differed from Professor Thana's behavior when he returned to the scene.

“The time of death you mentioned was between 11:00 p.m. and midnight, right?”

“Yes, calculated from the amount of food in the stomach. To say that it is food is not accurate because he barely ate anything.”

Che-rán sighed. When they opened the stomach, it occurred to him that it contained a cloudy white liquid with a strong smell of alcohol.

“Dashcam video from a student living in the area captured Professor Thana driving his BMW toward the deceased's dormitory. Since not many students drive BMWs, he really stood out.”

Tul showed the car's dash cam video, which was sent to her email. The images were taken the night of the incident, under heavy rain. The environment was dark, only a few lights illuminated the area. The car's headlights allow you to clearly see the vehicle in front and the license plate.

“He entered the bedroom at 11:30 p.m.”

“This contradicts the statement that he left the deceased's room before 11:00 p.m. I called him for another interrogation tonight. If he still hasn't confessed, I won't let him go.”

Although the law said that suspects involved in the death could not be detained, either directly or indirectly, Lieutenant Tul could not let him go without getting anything.

“If I returned at 10:30 p.m., I still wouldn't escape suspicion. But why did he come back again?”

Che-rán asked while she made eye contact with Lieutenant Tul, who also couldn't find the answer. Both when removing the fist from the deceased and when returning to the scene of the crime. This period of time coincided with the death of the deceased. Whatever the reason, even if he was not the one who committed the murder, his behavior is quite suspicious. If he wasn't the one who pushed the victim off the balcony, he may have returned there to destroy evidence that could link him to the scene.

With the discovery of new evidence by investigators, namely the discovery of the suspect's fingerprints on the victim's skin, as well as footage from the car's front camera showing him returning to the scene after the claim initial he made, Thana Sanguanwong was called for further questioning. Despite his attempts to delay and claim inconvenience, he did not get approval from the particular investigating officer and the police were immediately dispatched to arrest him a second time.

Until now, approximately two hours had passed since Tul confronted the suspect in the interrogation room. All the evidence clearly showed that Thana was involved in the crime scene and his relationship with the deceased was more than just teacher and student. It seemed that things would not end as easily as expected. However, when pressed, the suspect managed to dodge and minimize his involvement.

“Does the fact that my fingerprints were there automatically make me guilty?”

Professor Thana chuckled as if he found it funny.

“We were fighting, my fingerprints, of course, would be on it. If he hurt me, wouldn't I defend myself? I scratch my face, of course I would grab his hand to stop him.”

“Holding your right hand with just your thumb and the bottom of your index finger? And also holding it from behind her? It is a very strange representation.”

The man turned his face, still considering a nonsense that he didn't need to say in this narrow interrogation room:

“If I really let go of his hand, maybe it happened while he was still alive. What is there to confirm? Did I push her or throw her to the ground? There is no evidence. Just because my fingerprints were stuck on the corpse's right hand, you called me again even though you had already questioned me?”

“Yes, if you admit that you had a fight, why are there barely any fingerprints on his body?”

“I didn't want to touch it!”

Thana said it firmly, emphasizing each word with great intensity. Lieutenant Tul was stunned by the expression of disgust clearly expressed by the other party.

“I told him clearly that we had broken up. I never contacted him again for a month, but he wouldn't stop. He kept threatening me, saying that he would kill himself if I didn't go there. And in the end what happened? I'm the one being questioned about his own death!”

The interrogation room returned to silence after the suspect expressed his emotions. Lieutenant Tul let some time pass, until she was sure that the suspect had calmed down a bit, she began to speak in a low voice.

“This will not continue if you tell the truth. Tell me, why did you destroy the evidence at the scene?”

Lieutenant Tul turned the laptop screen to look at the man sitting in front of him. Video obtained from a dash camera that captured images of the car entering the deceased's bedroom is projected on the screen.

“That's your car, right?”

As soon as the video played again, Lieutenant Tul pressed the space bar to stop as the video showed the license plate of the MW car '1ST677'. And it also had a digital number in the corner that clearly showed the time, it was 11:32 p.m.

“The time of the dash cam that your car captured says it was 11:32 p.m., then your car entered the deceased's bedroom.”

Lieutenant Tul immediately looked at the pale face of the suspect who saw the evidence. The lawyer who accompanied him felt compelled to take a closer look at the video as well.

“Yesterday you admitted that you left there at 10 pm, at the latest 11 pm, right? But in this video we can see that you returned to the scene. The time period overlaps with when Natthawat died, and you didn't tell us anything about it.”

Tul put the laptop screen back in its place. Her eyes turned to the man in front of her who was still hiding the truth, even though all the evidence was slowly destroying him until he could barely breathe.

“I would like to talk to my client for a moment.”

It was the first time his lawyer spoke after remaining silent throughout the interrogation. He asked for time off with investigators. Tul was silent for a moment before nodding.

“You know, right? That we can still hear you talking in this room.”

"Yes, I know,"

The lawyer said calmly. Before the lieutenant got up from her seat and left the room, leaving the suspect alone, he consulted with her attorney. Their conversation sounded soft, as if they were whispering to each other, heard from the microphone installed inside. Lieutenant Tul rested her hands on the table, refusing to look away from the large mirror that looked into another room. But the people sitting in the interrogation room couldn't see him.

"Since we've reached this stage, I think you should tell her."

It was evident that the lawyer was trying to persuade him. Professor Thana's expression was not very good, he seemed to have swallowed a pebble in his



throat.

“By hiding it, you could give in to the evidence and you will probably end up incriminated. This won't be good for you.”

The words that came out of the lawyer's mouth invited him to think of a way to plead guilty, but Tul had the feeling that there might be something more to it than that. Lieutenant Jew, who was sitting in his usual seat behind the computer desk to monitor the interrogation footage, grabbed his own cell phone before suddenly standing up, drawing Tul's attention.

“Phi, Dab Phu managed to recover the deceased's chat. It's just a part, but maybe it predates the incident.”

“Oh really? Can you send it to me?”

“I'm doing it now. Phi, can you take care of this yourself?”

Jew asked. They both looked at each other and nodded in understanding, before Jew left the room. With a five-minute break requested by the suspect's attorney, Tul returned to the interrogation room. Glasses and a bottle of cold water had been prepared for the people in the room.

“Let's finish talking.”

Lieutenant Tul placed the glass on the table in front of the forty-something man and poured water until the glass was full. Professor Thana drank it immediately because he was thirsty, while the lawyer sat with his hands resting on the table. When the glass of water was put down again, Lieutenant Tul began her interrogation.

“Can you tell us what happened? Exactly the night you arrived at the deceased's room, you quarreled with him and left before 11:00 p.m., but around 11:30 p.m you returned.”

Tul had never seen him so helpless before. His expression seemed different from the first time he met him. On the other hand, Tul felt sorry for the death of a student who was his ex-lover who could get him into trouble for

being a suspect and involved in this terrible event. It was no wonder that, in the midst of great sadness and grief, this man became very cold and selfish, as Tul had witnessed in their previous encounter.

"I..."

He finally said in a hoarse voice, even though he had already drunk a full glass of water beforehand,

"I came back because he threatened to jump from the balcony."

Tul frowned after hearing the confession with her own ears.

"I thought I couldn't do it. But when I came back, he jumped... As soon as I entered his room."

His voice was shaky and tired instead of pretending. Lieutenant Tul leaned back in her chair, still not 100% sure because what Thana said did not contradict the available circumstantial evidence.

"So what did you do next after the deceased jumped?"

"At first I wanted to call an ambulance, but... But I was afraid of becoming a suspect,"

He seemed to express his frustration.

"He threatened me. He said if I didn't go... he would jump off the balcony and make it look like I was the one who pushed him."

"How could he do that? Did you just believe it?"

"I was holding my hair, policeman."

Thana grabbed his own fist and raised it in front of his face.

"That's why I had to take the hair out of his hands."

The suspect nearly fell face down onto the table. He raised his hands above his head like a poor man who had to find a way to solve a problem.

"So you came back to destroy the evidence that you went to his room? Did you also delete the chat and also intend to delete your IG photos?"

"He deleted the chat himself. He probably didn't want anyone to see how he threatened me."

In the middle of the interrogation, a knock was heard on the door before the door opened. A tall policewoman stepped forward to deliver the final piece of evidence that could end the case. Tul took the paper and looked back to read it. Her eyes slowly returned to the man in front of her wanting to know what was in the lieutenant's hands.

"The chat our officers found, of course, confirms his confession."

The young lieutenant placed it on the table. It was a familiar LINE chat window, a conversation between two people, clearly filled with tension. The message from the deceased on the right side was almost solitary.

Nat.

Come back to me.

I said come back

I want to die

If I jump from the fifth floor, will I die?

I can not anymore

Do you really don't want to come back?

Teacher Thana

First stop acting crazy.

\*Nat.

[I have given up everything]

[I will never do this again.]

[I do not want to go back]

Lost call

[I want to die]

[I would die for you to see it]

\*Teacher. Thana

[Why are you calling?]

\*Nat.

[I'm dying]

[I thought it would all end like this.]

[But that's okay]

[I would die for you to see it]

[What will the police say next?]

[If the teacher is the last person with me?]

\*Teacher. Thana

[What will you do?]

[I'm driving]

\*Teacher. Thana

[You're crazy!]

[do not do it!]

\*Nat.

[too late]

A look of relief immediately appeared on Thana's face when he saw the message that helped confirm his testimony. That meant he could get away with being a murder suspect by default, and the bottom line of the case was that Natthawat took his own life.

“But you know something?”

After reluctantly allowing herself a brief respite, Tul continued her relentless interrogation, maintaining the tension the entire time they were in the interrogation room. Inserting a calming statement in the middle of this, she brings Thana back to the harsh reality that still persists.

“When you arrived, the deceased was still alive.”

“You are crazy? I saw him die, with his head crushed like that,”

He denied immediately but Lieutenant Tul looked back at him with a firm look in her eyes. Still, it was difficult to predict any emotion.

“If he had been dead, you wouldn't need strength to get the hair out of his hands. When a human dies, all of his muscles will relax until he can't even clench his fists.”

What Lieutenant Tul said made Thana's face look even worse than when he was cornered. But still, he could not evoke any sympathy for the cold-blooded man who left the body of the deceased lying on the ground in the cold rain.

“You would think he would be charged with vandalism of evidence or destruction of the scene, causing confusion for officers when investigating the case. But no... According to article three seven four of the law, anyone

who sees another person is in danger of death. Even if he can help but refuses to provide assistance, he will be punished with a prison sentence of a maximum of one month. or a fine of not more than one thousand baht, or both.”

The accused simply laughed at his sad fate. He stared at the ceiling light blankly. The confession that made him think he would receive the lightest sentence became evidence that bound him and he couldn't let go.

Heavy drops of rain fell to the ground and lightning flashed across the dark surface of the night sky with such violence that the ground seemed to tremble. The figure of a man appeared walking along the path. His leather shoes stepped into the puddles of water on the road. Although he carried an umbrella, it did not save him from the rain. What was even more surprising was that although darkness covered his visibility, he could immediately see a figure lying motionless on the ground not far from the bedroom. He couldn't tell if the figure was still breathing or if he had already left this world.

If it were someone else, they might have done something similar to what they were supposed to do, whether it was calling for help or calling the police or an ambulance. The serious injury to the crushed skull caused the man to turn around. The rain washed away the blood and the fishy smell appeared, making him unable to bear to stay there for even a second. But he had decided to do the things that brought him back there, he had to complete them. It wasn't about saving someone's life or calling the police. But it was negative evidence that he was involved with this body lying motionless on the ground.

That right hand tightly gripping his hair was the first thing he had to deal with. The economics professor struggled to open his clenched fist, trying to get rid of the stubborn hand. Although he could barely see, he felt as if his hair had completely escaped from his hands. When he finished, he got up and had to return to the room to clean up the traces that he had been there. Thinking so, Professor Thana walked away, leaving Natthawat's body lying in the same place, panting.

Heavy, cold raindrops hit his body and made him shiver. Pain filled eyes and a broken heart watched the figure of the person who had once been the heart of his life walking away from him. As the images of his happy days and nights flowed into his memory like replays of a movie, he continued to look at the back of the man he loved, who did not even look back, until his last breath.

Once the long interrogation was over, it was pitch black outside the headquarters building as Lieutenant Tul looked out the window. The suspect, Thana Sanguanwong, had been detained pending release on police bail. The charges were that he was negligent in failing to help someone whose life was in danger and he attempted to destroy evidence to the point of confusing investigating officers. Lieutenant Tul returned to her desk to write the case report because the inspector had ordered her to submit it the next day.

Because official work time had passed quite a while, the other officers had gone home, including Lieutenant Jew, who was asked to leave by her superior after finishing. All the lights in the entire room were off. Only one light bulb remained alive on the desk of the young lieutenant who had not yet returned home. She realized that she had not eaten anything since noon. But what could she do? If she had gone out to look for food, the case may not have been over yet. And the next day the inspector would probably punish her.

Someone entered her room, but since her eyes were still on the computer screen, Lieutenant Tul didn't notice and thought that perhaps there was another police officer or security guard passing by on a night patrol. But whoever was walking stopped near her desk. For a split second, Lieutenant Tul looked away from the computer screen and turned to look, her heart almost dropping to the floor.

"Lieutenant Jew said you haven't gone home yet..."

The sweet and pleasant voice confirmed that Tul was not blind. Dr. Ran stood in front of her holding a plastic bag as if she had just bought something. Until now Tul could only open her mouth, trembling, but no sound came out.

“He said that you hadn't eaten either so I bought you something.”

Che-rán didn't make eye contact with Tul, but when she knew that it might be strange to go there suddenly, she told him her purpose.

“Do you want to sit down first? Or do you want to come back immediately?”

Lieutenant Tul finally recovered her voice. She dragged another chair from a nearby work table for Ran to sit on first. Che-rán did not say or deny anything. She sat on the chair and silently watched Tul's expression as she was typing on the computer screen.

“Are you missing much?”

"Not so much,"

Said Tul. In reality there was still half of it, but the concentration was not in the same place, it could be that it took a while to print. The rustling of plastic bags could be heard as Che-rán took the food and placed it on the table. There was a sandwich, a bottle of cold water, and a package of M&Ms..

"Lieutenant Jew said you like to eat M&Ms."

Tul laughed. She raised her hand to scratch her cheek to ease her embarrassment. In her heart she criticized Jew for putting herself in such an uncomfortable situation, but she also felt grateful and wanted to give him a great gift. When she knew something good, she never revealed the secret to it.

“Thank you. I mean the case. If I don't solve it, you will be in trouble.”

“Working together is normal. Alright.?”

“You told me about the deceased's muscle relaxation. He wasn't dead when he hit him or when he jumped. That's why I'm suing Professor Thana for not reporting to the police or calling an ambulance.”



Tul let out a tired sigh as she thought about the interrogation she had just gone through. A light touch on her arm made Tul turn around and see Che-rán's thin hand touching her to comfort her. Tul raised her head slightly, looking at the pair of beautiful eyes that stared at her for just a split second, but it was enough to make her heart race. They both turned around, with slight smiles on their faces.

“Are you going to eat it?”

Che-rán tried to change the atmosphere by grabbing a sandwich that was on the table. But Tul raised her hand and pointed to the keyboard as a sign that she must first finish her report. And the smile never faded from her face. I had my hands really full. Che-rán was not an incomprehensible person nor a black-hearted person.

She removed the plastic wrap around the ham and cheese sandwich, before raising her hand to the mouth of the person who was finishing their job by biting into the most delicious sandwich in the world.

# ①⑥

## SIXTEEN



The doorbell was heard when a customer opened the door and entered a store. A young employee greeted him in a clear voice before turning around to rearrange the bread neatly placed on the shelf. The aroma of fragrant pastries invited customers to walk around looking here and there.

I had originally gone because I wanted to buy croissants, but it turned out that Che-rán opted to buy another dessert that looked delicious. There were so many pieces of cake that she chose that her tray was almost full. After that day, the day Lieutenant Tul brought her croissants and egg tarts to the hospital, when she took a bite, she was immediately hooked. She promised herself that she would go to this store to shop again if she had the chance. She remembered the name of the bakery because of the paper bag, so she took the time to stop by during her lunch break.

After entering the store, Che-rán couldn't help but feel impressed. In addition to the wide selection of desserts, the store also seemed clean, neat, and very well maintained. The doctor took two small slices of fruitcake and placed them on the tray to join the other cakes before walking to the counter to pay.

"Customer, are you interested in our new recipe? Toasted bread made with shokupan from Japan. You can try it first,"

Said the man at the checkout, asking in a low voice. It was normal to find friendly employees who talked a lot to persuade customers. Che-rán nodded and agreed to try. The bread was very soft and covered in butter, it had a

very sweet

flavor. So she was willing to be a slave to marketing and ordered one more piece.

“I'll warm up the croissants for you so they're ready to eat.”

Without saying anything, the man immediately took the four croissants and put them on a small tray, then put them in the microwave to heat them, before turning around to quickly operate the register.

“P'Tihn, are you attending to a client... O-Oh, doctor?”

Then, a familiar voice came from inside the store, making Che-rán turn to look. The unexpected meeting surprised Che-rán quite a bit. Especially when Lieutenant Tul walked out the staff door. Tihn looked at the two of them alternately. One was her younger sister and the other was a customer who almost bought all the cakes.

“They know each other?”

“Umm.”

Tul smiled widely, walking behind the counter to help her brother wrap the cake in a cardboard box.

“She is a forensic doctor with whom I often works.”

“Oh, Dr. Ran, right? My sister always talks about... Ah!”

Before Tinh finished speaking, she jumped up, grimacing as she grabbed her shin that had been kicked to prevent her from saying more.

“This is my brother. He opened a bakery here. Today I was off duty, so I came to help,”

Said the police lieutenant who at the time was working as a part-time bakery employee.

“I thought you were doing some secret work.”

“Oh no.”

Tul raised her hand to dismiss that thought. They both avoided direct eye contact and smiled shyly. The only one witnessed the subtle interaction was Tihn, who had already stored her question carefully in the back of her mind, reserving the opportunity to ask her sister later

The microwave made a loud noise after Che-rán's croissants finished heating. Lieutenant Tul wearing an apron and gloves to handle the hot object, a uniform that, by the way, Che-rán was not expecting, took the tray out of the oven and carefully placed four croissants on the cardboard to join them with the other cakes.

“You bought a lot. Do you like it?”

“Yes, my dad tried them and said they were delicious. He really likes that egg tart.”

“When you want to eat it, you can tell me and I can take it to you, so you won't have to come.”

Tul raised her hand to scratch her cheek and get rid of her embarrassment.

“Okay, I'm free today so I wanted to stop by. How much is the total?”

The doctor bent down, took out her wallet and counted the money.

“Three hundred and twenty baht. I'll give you our new recipe that you tried before for free.”

Tihn pressed the cash register, took a four-hundred baht bill from the doctor's hand, and briefly calculated the money he had received and the amount that should be returned.

“Your money is four hundred baht, the change is eighty baht. Thank you so much. If you like it, tell Tul to tell me about it.”

“What's wrong Phi?... Doctor, where did you park your car? I will accompany you.”

Tul took off her apron and hung it on the side railing, before taking out a plastic bag and putting the box of cake that Che-rán had bought inside. She pretended not to notice the inquisitive look of his brother, who wondered, since when did her employees have the service of escorting customers to their cars?

“Here. There is plenty of free parking.”

The noise sounded again when the door to the store opened. Tihn looked at his sister's mischievous back and was impressed with each of her attentions. She opened the door and let Che-rán leave first, then followed her. Tihn remembered the day when Tul arrived and sat for a long time in the store buying croissants and egg tarts. He thought that she would take it to the people at the headquarters. But apparently she had bought them from that doctor. Her older brother encouraged her widely, leaving in his mind the thought of teasing her younger sister another day.

The part-time bakery worker really provided good service by walking alongside the customer on the sidewalk, avoiding the midday sun by searching for things to talk about naturally. Che-rán had just found out that the lieutenant's older brother opened a bakery.

“P'Tihn was a hotel chef. Two years ago he opened a bakery because he wanted to make desserts.”

“He's very good at that. The cakes are really delicious. My father won't stop complaining because he wants to eat egg tarts from this store.”

“I can buy them for you and take them to you.”

She thought about the day she went to visit Che rán in the hospital. It turned out that she had talked with Professor Rakkit. She couldn't help but be a little surprised by the professor's kindness. Different from the person next to her who was fierce from the first day they met.

“My father loves it. Just yesterday he asked: did the lieutenant have any other case that I could help with?”

Che-rán said that by just sitting and talking for a few hours, he almost became his father's favorite human being.

“The professor's daughter has helped me a lot.”

The smile did not seem to leave her face easily, this time Tul deliberately turned her head to make direct eye contact with the person she was speaking to, as if she wanted to convey that the sentence she was saying was more meaningful.

Che-rán, for her part, gave up and looked away first, coincidentally when the two came across a red Mazda parked on the sidewalk. Che-rán took the car keys out of her bag.

“Have you had contact with Nong Natthawat's relatives?”

Tul asked before the sound of the car's unlock button rang. Che-rán turned to her, a little surprised that the lieutenant would ask that.

“I only spoke to Nong Nan. Today, after work. I plan to go to the funeral that will be held at Wat Saman Chai, near Samyan.”

“I can go with you? I have something to discuss with his family. I haven't seen them since the case was closed.”

After the closure of the case, criticism arose in the community after publications on social networks about the work of the investigators, which showed that they downplayed the seriousness of the crime by stating that it was a suicide, when it should have been considered a murder. Of course, the deceased's family was devastated after learning the truth.

“Clear. Do you want me to pick you up here?”

“No. I'm going to the forensic institute. What time do you leave?”

“After five. I'll finish the job and then I'll leave.”

After making an appointment in the evening, the doctor took the bag of desserts from Lieutenant Tul's hand and put it on the car seat. She didn't

forget to say goodbye before leaving, leaving out of sight the lieutenant who was still standing watching the Mazda turn down the road. Tul went home to put on a black shirt that looked more appropriate for going to a funeral. Around five in the afternoon she arrived at the Forensic Institute and waited in front of the building. It wasn't long before Che-rán came down from the building, dressed in a black jacket that covered the inside of a white shirt and dark gray pants, the same clothes she saw her in that same afternoon. The two had previously agreed to go in Che-rán's car. Seeing her, Tul took a step towards her.

“Don't you usually come with Mae?”

“She's in the laboratory. But maybe she will come later to take Nong Nan home,”

Che-rán replied, eliminating the lieutenant's curiosity because normally the two were almost always seen together.

Tul could smell a faint perfume like the day before when she took the doctor to eat late at night. If Tul had to guess, Che-rán probably wore perfume outside of work or when she was going to meet someone somewhere. Tul got into a striking red Mazda, with Che-rán as the driver.

“It seems like it's been a long time since I last sat in your car, doctor.”

“I remember someone complaining that I was driving a red car because they were afraid that the person I was following would realize they were being followed.”

Tul laughed as she remembered those days. She saw the doctor fastening her seat belt, turning on the air conditioning followed by the sound system announcing the news. Several minutes passed before she changed gears to drive to the temple where the funeral ceremony was taking place.

'This afternoon, crowd control police dispersed the Laem Wong Conservancy protesting crowd in front of the government building after leaders expressed that the government would accommodate capitalist groups. And the leader of the opposition party issued a statement about why

they were not listening to the opinions of the local population who oppose the construction of the industrial zone...”

“The villagers have been asking for this for years, and recently returned to ask the government for a contract. In addition to not listening, they also dispersed the protesting masses,”

Lieutenant Tul commented after listening to the news on the radio. She herself did not agree with the task force's actions.

“That's right... This government prioritizes capitalist interests before listening to the voice of the people, that's why it is like that.”

Che-rán agreed. She felt annoyed every time she followed political news. At times, she made her wonder and feel more stressed than calm. However, she could not deny that politics was a difficult problem and that they had to face it themselves.

'Police Captain Krittidet Kongthin, spokesperson for the Crowd Control Division, said they arrested 29 protesters blocking the road, including 19 men and 10 women...’.

“I think the police have gone too far, instead of negotiating first, they just arrested them. Right now, the police also look very bad...”

Tul complained. She never agreed with the fact that some police officers abused their power over the public or even discriminated against them. But it was frustrating that only her team seemed to be doing anything. Even if no one listened to them, what could the other units do if they stuck to the old traditions? The two exchanged controversial topics regarding the dissolution of the action group, the resolution of which was unclear.

Added to the heavy traffic during the afternoon rush hour, it took them almost an hour to reach their destination. Inside the Wat Saman Chai complex, full of parked cars, everyone came to participate in the ceremony held in several pavilions. When they parked in an empty spot, Tul got out of the car first and waited for Che-rán to take the bag from the back seat, before walking together towards the main pavilion.



Natthawat Rangprasert's funeral was held amidst the condolences of family and friends of the Faculty of Economics. People bought bouquets of flowers to express their condolences and some went to visit his deceased friend for the last time. Nanthica was the one who lit the incense and gave it to the newcomers; Tulle and Che-rán. The girl waited for the two to finish paying their last respects to the deceased and then, Che-rán looked at her friend's sister.

“Thank you for coming, P'Ran. Lieutenant, thank you too.”

Nan looked much better than when they met after the incident. She seemed calmer when she learned of her friend's decision to end her own life. Because in the end, Professor Thana was accused of destroying the crime scene and failing to help those in danger.

“How are you? Mae said you come every day.”

“I came after class. Today I met up with my friends from college,”

Nan responded, turning to the group of her friends who were also helping. In addition to the bouquets of flowers given to the family to convey her condolences, there was also a board containing photos of Nat from their time studying together, as well as the happy memories she had with her friend when he was still alive..

“The song that was playing was a Korean song, right?...”

Lieutenant Tul raised her head trying to hear the song that was coming through her ears from the speakers. It was an EDM melody that invited her to move her head to the rhythm.

“A song by a group that Nat likes. I told Nat's parents. I think he would like it.”

Tul agreed with this response. If family members wholeheartedly agree to play K-pop songs that the deceased liked, there was nothing wrong with that. At least in the past it was happiness for the one who had died. After paying their respects to the body, Tul and Che-rán walked until they found

an empty seat before beginning the Abhidhamma prayer ceremony. Just a few steps ahead, the sound of the South Korean band's music faded away and was replaced by prayers in Pali.

Tul watched the deceased's parents walk to take a seat in the front row, still enduring the pain of their loss. They accepted the verdict of the case, although at first they opposed it, almost not wanting to believe it. However, when various evidence finally came to light that confirmed the facts, they had to accept the truth without any discussion.

It was heartbreaking for parents who didn't know their child was suffering greatly or needed help but hadn't asked for it. The death of a person definitely leaves scars on those who are still alive. It's sad that they don't get the chance to make things right, and by the time they realize the cause, it's too late.

“Do you remember the boy who was hit by the teacher, whose wounds I checked?”

Che-rán said as if she knew what the lieutenant was thinking.

“The police have investigated. They discovered that the teacher ordered the boy not to tell his parents that he had been hit, or he would be hit again. But the boy's mother still blames herself for not paying attention that day. The night the incident occurred, she thought her son simply had no appetite, although in reality he was so hurt that he couldn't sit up.”

Lieutenant Tul sighed silently for the second time. She couldn't blame her parents for not noticing any changes in her son, because some things might seem small and were accidentally overlooked every day.

“It is difficult to say who is to blame. A child may have a reason not to tell. And some prefer to remain silent, especially if they are not asked.”

“Like N'Nat, perhaps it was in his nature not to want to tell anyone about his problem. Nan only knows that her friend went to the doctor because of depression. As for her secret relationship with the professor, maybe the professor didn't want her to find out about it.”

Che-rán spoke in a low voice so that only the two of them could hear.

“But his parents didn't know anything about depression. Poor him...”

“Nan saw that his friend was stressed over family problems. He has an older brother, although he didn't feel it directly, but he felt that he was being compared to his older brother. The older brother graduated with honors and started earning a salary of 40,000 baht in a pretty good company and for his part he plays the role of the younger brother whose grades always go down and in the end he put pressure on himself.”

Realizing this sad reality, Tul did not want to blame anyone anymore. Sometimes parents try their best to raise their children well, but in the end they discover that they are the ones who caused their children's suffering, which is really painful.

More than an hour after finishing the prayer ceremony, Tul still had things she wanted to give to the parents of the deceased. She had to wait until the other guests slowly left. Some of his relatives still remained, offering their condolences and chatting for a long time. Finally Tul turned around and told Che-rán to go back first, but Che-rán insisted that they should go back together.

Tul took advantage of the opportunity when the deceased's relatives said goodbye. As she approached, she did not forget to raise her hand as a sign of respect. Nat's parents recognized her as soon as they saw her.

“Hello, lieutenant. Thank you for her hard work.”

The head of the family reached out and touched Tul's shoulder, not expecting to meet her there.

“You are welcome. Actually, I have something to return to you.”

Tul handed the brown envelope she was carrying to the man in front of her. The rough hand accepted it, knowing that what was inside it was the money that he had entrusted to the police officer, who would pass it on to Lieutenant Tul who was handling the case of his son. He feared that his

son's case would not be thoroughly investigated, which made him think that he had to give the money.

“Lieutenant, please take it. I want to give it to you.”

The father insisted on leaving the envelope in the lieutenant's hands, although his demand was not accepted. Although she still couldn't accept it, he at least knew that the investigation team had done a good job in convicting the person who was a part of his son's death.

"I really can't accept it,"

Tul scolded in a firm voice, as she returned it to her hands.

“This may be a well-known practice, but it is actually not true... We receive salaries that come from public taxes. I want you to believe that I or other police officers will work hard without giving us money.”

Tul attempted to change the mentality of the deceased's father or perhaps also the mentality of the public, many of whom had little confidence in the ability of government officials to carry out their duties without having to accept bribes.

Sometimes this could be due to the negligence of the government agency itself, which does not provide empathy towards the community. This behavior was so ingrained that some people consider it acceptable. However, if there was no initiative to make changes or express opinions, it would never be possible to resolve this problem. The young lieutenant said goodbye to the deceased's relatives before leaving. Che-rán still stood in front of the pavilion with Mae next to her as she had gone to pick up her little sister.

“You can go back first. I'll wait for Nan in a moment,”

Mae told her friend as she refrained from teasing the two of them while they were in the cemetery. She already knew from the beginning who Ran was going with. So she wasn't too surprised when she saw Lieutenant Tul leaving the pavilion.

“Okay, I'll accompany you.”

"Shouldn't you accompany Lieutenant Tul? You go back first. Take care, lieutenant.”

“Hey!”

She really wanted to pinch her friend's arm like she used to do to make fun of her. Tul accepted those words, although she felt a little confused. She waited until the two said goodbye and then walked to the parking lot with Che-rán.

"Don't listen to Mae too much,"

Che-rán said when they had walked quite a distance. Why didn't she realize that her friend was acting as a matchmaker between her and Lieutenant Tul? She doesn't like at all that her friend always made fun of her.

“Jew also do the same. Although the two are not together yet.”

Tul laughed softly as she thought about Jew who refused to continue with her own relationship, while she was now observing positive changes in her relationship with the doctor. Jew always made fun of her until she secretly admitted that it made him happy.

The atmosphere inside the temple at night was not as calm as expected. The two found things to talk about as they walked together. Not just once, but the second time their hands almost touched. Tul began to struggle within herself, not allowing her hand to reach out too quickly to grab the doctor's thin hand. I wasn't brave enough to do it and I was afraid that Che-rán wouldn't like it. In the end, she only regretted it all the way home.

“You know nothing. You don't know his address. You don't know how long he's been missing, which is causing total confusion. How will the police do their job?”

The screams caused other officers in the room to search for the source of the sound. Police Captain Dan, who was about to be promoted to Inspector, confronts a man at the front of the room. The man was probably a victim who came to report a crime.

“They told me to come here, so I came. Why is there no progress?”

“The case file does not have any clues that we can investigate. There is no way to find it, just wait until they contact you. Or try to report him to the Mirror Foundation, that might be more useful.”

That random voice ignoring responsibility made Lieutenant Tul, who heard him, look at him with a critical look, but she would not interfere with Captain Dan's responsibilities. Lieutenant Tul stood up, not going to get involved, just go to the bathroom. She could see the expression on the face of the man who often argued with him, without any sympathy. But today she wanted to avoid it and not get involved with Captain Dan as much as possible.

Not only because of her irreparable work attitude, Tul also had to listen to other investigators secretly gossiping that Captain Dan approached her with other intentions. That drove her crazy. Who would want to end up with a man crazy about power, who discriminates, accepts bribes and many other things that Tul could not accept. Her past experiences were enough to make her understand Captain Dan's cruel nature, to the point where being her friend was almost unbearable.

After finishing her personal matters, Tul left the bathroom. The moment she left, something came in with such speed that she had to lift her foot to avoid it. Upon closer inspection, it was a remote control toy car. Tul felt lucky that she didn't have the chance to step on it.

“Piew, mom told you not to play. You almost hit Phi's leg, see? Next time, mom won't let you bring your toys anymore.”

When she raised her head, she saw a woman in her forties standing scolding her son, who seemed to be still in elementary school. The boy held a toy car

remote control with a long antenna wrapped around his head, while his little finger pressed a button to make the toy car return to its owner.

"I'm sorry, Khun. No matter how much I tell him, this child doesn't listen to me."

The mother immediately approached and bent her body. Tul, who was not angry from the beginning, simply raised her hands and repeatedly said that she was fine.

"If you don't listen, mom will call the police to arrest you."

"Dad is taking a long time. What are you doing? I'm bored."

The boy agreed to return the toy to his mother. He lowered his head, feeling sad because his mother scolded him and threatened to report him to the police. Meanwhile, the policewoman, who was not wearing a police uniform, simply stood up and looked at him with a smile.

"Dad asks about aunt. Don't you want to see your aunt again?"

While Tul tried to figure out what mother and son were talking about, the father returned to his family with his shoulders slumped. He was the man who had just spoken to Captain Dan moments ago and was probably about to tell his wife the bad news.

"There's no progress. I think we'll have to look for her ourselves. I'll try to contact the Mirror Foundation."

"Did you not tell him about Facebook? When was the last day she posted on Facebook?"

"I did, but he said the information was invalid."

The father, head of the family, sighed deeply, feeling physically and mentally exhausted. The more he thought about it, the words that reinforced it were that they would never find her.

"What about her workplace? It is written on their Facebook page."

“I called there before, but no one answered the phone..”

“Haven't you found your aunt yet? Can't the police find her? Because?”

Came the boy's strong voice. Inserting the concerns of parents who still did not know what would happen. Tul, who was still standing in the same place, heard what happened. She decided to approach and lifted the police badge that hung around her neck to introduce herself.

“I'm a police officer. Can I know what happened?”

Tul returned to her cubicle after listening to the man who came to complain but got no results. She approached Captain Dan, who was reviewing the file on the drug case involving him. She came so close to his desk that the young police officer raised his head to look.

“Oh, Lieutenant Tul, what's wrong?”

He asked, his voice softer than he had when he had yelled at others before. He wondered what problem Tul was talking about.

“About the man who spoke to you before, captain.”

Tul opened the topic without further ado.

“I spoke to him before. He said he couldn't contact his sister. Do you want me to be responsible for this case instead of you?”

Captain Dan looked away, as if he found it difficult to speak.

“He reported the case, he knew almost nothing. He didn't know where her sister lived, he didn't know who she was related to, he didn't know anything. When she reported it to the local police. she did not accept the report either because he did not know where his sister disappeared or where she was last seen. That's why they sent him here.”

“As I said before, missing persons cases are difficult to solve and that is not our job.”



“His sister stopped posting on Facebook since last week. He said that he sends her messages, but she only responds sometimes..”

“Already knew. That means she's only been missing for a week. I don't know why you bothered coming here for this. Do you think the police have too much free time? She shrugged, acting like it wasn't a big deal to worry about.”

However, because Tul still showed no signs of leaving, the sound of her deep sigh could be heard loudly.

“Okay, you can investigate. I'll leave the case to you, but let me tell you first that this is just a waste of time.”

“I wanted to do something to waste time. Thank you.”

The blackboard was filled with schematic sketches showing the sequence of events that occurred according to the actual time period, which could be deduced from sufficient testimony and evidence to link them. A photograph of the missing person was placed in the center of the board. She was a young woman from the northern region, with fair skin, with bangs covering her forehead, making her look younger than her actual age. She was thin and slender, and her name was written at the bottom: "Miss Patsamon Thongnak, 28 years old." Her brother reported to the police station last week that he had not been able to contact her for approximately a month.

“He hasn't been able to contact her for about a month, but the last update on Facebook was a week ago. What does that mean?”

Jew, who was involved in all the investigations into the case of the senior he had respected since he was in school, asked about the confusing information.

“Let me tell you a brief story about the missing person and his older brother. Miss Patsamon was born and raised in Phayao, she studied at Northern University. After graduating, she moved to work in Bangkok, so far it has been almost five years. Meanwhile, her older brother, Mr. Panlop Thongnak, graduated with a vocational certificate, became a technician and

opened a mechanical workshop in his hometown province, got married and has a wife and a son.”

Lieutenant Tul attached a photograph of the missing person's older brother. The photo was taken while she was talking to her family.

“The two brothers lived in different places but were always in contact. During vacations, Miss Patsamon always came home. Her brother knew that her sister had a boyfriend, but she changed her boyfriend quite frequently. She once saw a Facebook post of her having dinner with her most recent lover. She was dating a different person. He didn't ask at all who her sister was dating at the time and what his name was.”

Jew turned the page he was holding and saw a photo of the missing person's personal Facebook page that had been collected as evidence. It was true what was said, she posted photos of herself eating and traveling to different places with different men. There were three or four different people, but also at different times. She seemed like she was in a relationship with someone and broke it off when she felt like she couldn't continue. Perhaps this would be difficult to investigate.

“Khun Panlop began to suspect that his sister was acting strangely for a month. His sister hadn't posted on Facebook for about a week at that point. When he tried to call, his sister did not answer. However, one day her sister suddenly posted a photo of her having dinner at a restaurant. He then commented casually, asking who she was eating with, but his sister didn't answer. He simply liked the comment, unlike usual.”

A diagram showing the sequence of events included an image from the deceased's Facebook page, which showed someone had photographed her eating and she was smiling as usual.

“After that, Miss Patsamon posted photos every other day as usual, so that her brother wouldn't think about anything else. Until the birthday of her son or nephew, whom her sister loved very much, two weeks ago. Miss Patsamon used to say 'Happy Birthday' Every year, via video call. But that day she didn't call, so her brother felt something strange. When she tried to call her sister, she didn't answer like usual. That was the day when her older

brother felt strange about her younger sister's behavior. She continued to post on Facebook all the time, but there were no phone conversations, voice messages or even video calls.”

“But the really strange thing for me was, when it was her nephew's birthday. Didn't she make a video call as usual? Furthermore, when his brother called, she did not answer. But the next day, she posted photos of her trip on Facebook, as if nothing had happened.”

Lieutenant Tul pointed to a photo of Patsamon in the cat cafe with a smiling face like the day before.

“Her brother sensed something was wrong. He tried calling several times but his calls went straight to voicemail. After that, they couldn't contact her anymore. He tried sending messages through Facebook but got no response. So last week he decided to come to Bangkok and file a missing person report.”

“Why did he report this to the Makkasan police station? Does his sister live there?”

“That is our big problem. He doesn't know where she currently lives. In Makkasan, that is her old address. His little sister moved out a year ago, but she didn't say where she was moving and that's why the police didn't accept her complaint and sent him here. After a week, the case made no progress, so he came to Bangkok again today.”

Tul explained the main problem. Other police officers ignored the case because they did not know exactly when she disappeared and where she was last seen. Furthermore, various circumstantial evidence remained very vague, so it could not be confirmed when Miss Mon actually disappeared.

“What makes me curious is that for a whole month his sister didn't call, there were no video calls, there were only photos that continued to be published on Facebook. Maybe it wasn't her who posted them.”

Lieutenant Tul emphasized her suspicious behavior, such as forgetting her nephew's birthday, which she had never forgotten in previous years, and

refusing to take calls from her brother. This small detail was ignored by the other police officers, her brother tried to tell her but they did not want to continue with the investigation.

“As for your workplace, if you haven't worked for a month, there should be some kind of contact, right?”

“Ah, that's the first place we'll go. On his Facebook profile it says that she works at the Prawet Government Office.”

Upon arriving at the Prawet government office, where Miss Patsamon Thongnak works, the first problem the two police officers faced was not knowing which officer to contact. And the public relations department also asked to wait until the head of administration finished the meeting. For more than half an hour, Lieutenant Tul could barely sit still in her chair until she was called to the administration room on the second floor.

A middle-aged woman was wearing a well-tailored silk dress and her hair was styled like that of a Thai teacher. While she was waiting before, she saw from the entrance that the office closed at four in the afternoon, so she did not want to wait any longer. After showing her police badge and introducing herself, she placed the photo of the missing woman on the table in the case for which she was responsible.

“We're looking for someone we know works here. Her name is Patsamon Thongnak, do you know her?”

The administrative head took the photo and looked at it, taking a few minutes before responding.

“We have many employees and I don't really know them all. If we search the list, we should be able to find her.”

“Could you help me with that?”

The ring-filled fingertips slowly pressed the keyboard one by one to search for the name in the records.

“Patsamon Thongnak... She worked in the city department as a temporary employee. But she was punished and expelled.”

She said, showing the screen to the two police officers so they could see that her names were on the list, marked with a note that said goodbye to her.

“Is there a reason why she were fired?”

“You should try to contact the city department, it's on the fourth floor. But if she get fired, it's probably because she was undisciplined, she neglected her duties, or she refused to come to work.”

The two went up to the fourth floor, to the city department offices, following the woman's advice. At first, Tul was worried that she wouldn't get anything there. However, she was relieved when a department employee remembered Patsamon when she showed him a photo of her.

“I remember Mrs. Patsamon used to work here, but now she doesn't work anymore.”

“Do you know how long it's been since she's come to work?”

Lieutenant Tul asked, taking out her notebook to write the testimony. The employee took a moment to think, but a friend at the next table leaned over to help him respond.

“About a month ago, right? Suddenly she didn't come and we couldn't contact her either.”

“Yes, but storms are like that. They didn't say they were leaving, so we assumed they wouldn't be coming.”

The two women worked together to express their opinions based on their understanding of the position. In all government offices, if you want to work, you first have to pass the civil service exam, but apart from that there are also vacancies for non-permanent employees who are not civil servants, but are appointed to ease the burden of permanent employees.

“But I must say that it didn't help much even though I had been working here for almost a year.”

Tul couldn't help but get involved in workplace gossip.

“By the way, what happened to her?”

“At this moment she is missing. It's been a month since her brother reported her missing. As you said, she hasn't gone to work for a month.”

Tul explained the details to the two employees. She secretly noticed the surprised expressions on their faces when they heard news that was more interesting than a bunch of boring work.

“The government only has its address and domicile in other provinces, but does not have its current address. Then we want to ask if any of you know where her house is,”

Lieutenant Jew asked. The question made the two employees turn to look at each other and think for a moment because they had not been close to the missing person when she still worked here. After work, everyone immediately separated and went home.

“I found her at the bus stop. She was on the Prawet-Udomsuk bus.”

Another employee who approached participated in presenting evidence to the police. Tul looked up and saw the newcomer that he was the center of attention.

“That means she took the bus there and back. Is there anything else you can remember? For example, did she have a lover?”

The room was silent for a moment, but soon the employee who was the first to testify said:

“I'm not sure, but I saw a car coming to pick her up in front of the building. I don't know if I saw correctly or not... It was a black four-door pickup truck.”

“Yes, I remember. Once there was a man from the public administration department who came to make fun of her. But she didn't care at all. She said she already had a boyfriend, a police officer.

# ①⑦

## SEVENTEEN



The Institute of Forensic Medicine had a cafeteria located on the ground floor of the building so that staff, doctors and others could keep their stomachs full when they were hungry. Maethinee brought a bowl of noodle salad from her favorite restaurant and returned to the table where Che-rán was sitting waiting. It had become a habit for the two of them to eat together.

"By the way, haven't you seen P'Thiwa lately since she picked you up at the hospital?"

Mae asked about the young woman who was a prosecutor and close friend.

"I only see her from time to time because I don't have much time,"

Che-rán answered as she looked at her food until she heard the sound of forks touching.

"Lieutenant Tul has had opportunities to score points lately, hasn't she?"

The squid on the salad plate was the victim of a fork puncture. Che-rán stabbed it so hard that it made a jingle on the plate. Mae even laughed lightly at seeing her friend acting like a child. The day before her funeral, when she joked, Che-rán's expression was as if she had been struck by lightning.



“You used to encourage P'Thiwa. But she will be very sad to see you change teams.”

“Well, you put her in the friend zone. Should I support her?”

Che-rán smiled at her friend's honest words. Thiwa once opened up to her and expressed her feelings beyond the label of siblings who have known each other for a long time. Che-rán rejected her because she couldn't date someone she considered her elder. Thiwa accepted that reason and decided to continue playing the big sister role like she did before.

“You're not sending Lieutenant Tul to the friendzone, are you?”

"No, when we met, I wasn't even that friendly with her."

As soon as she said it, she couldn't help but think about the first case they had the opportunity to work on together. The lieutenant not only boasted about her experience at the crime scene, but also rushed to find the cause of her death, erasing Che-rán's negative view of her.

“I remember you said you didn't like it, now what? How does it feel to treat you with your own words, doctor?”

Mae's teasing will probably become a routine for Che-rán. She put down her fork to pinch her friend who couldn't dodge it. She wasn't really angry about her teasing, because she herself had previously teased Mae about the tall guy who followed her around almost every day. She didn't think karma would take revenge faster than a rocket when Lieutenant Jew brought someone to introduce her.

“I won't swallow my own words. If someone does something good to me, shouldn't I do something good in return?”

“Normally you don't care about that. Do you remember Dr. Phak who liked you last year? You rejected him until you had to say you liked women.”

“Well, I like women. I just don't want him to get his hopes up.”

The doctor shrugged slightly. Currently, she still had to meet and sometimes confront the man because they worked at the same place. However, she tried not to mix personal matters with work. It was a pity that the man was not prepared to understand it. Being rejected because she likes women could destroy his confidence as a man. He never greeted Che-rán again. What's more, he even told others that he suspected Che-rán and Maethinee from the Toxicology Department were dating because they was always seen together.

Maybe he needed to understand again that not all lesbians like all women, and that didn't mean that lesbians would suddenly change their minds and start liking men just because they saw someone trying to pursue them.

“But it doesn't seem like Lieutenant Tul is going to be in the friendzone. This shows that there is still more than 100% hope.”

“And you? Will you tell me about the continuation of your relationship?”

"I won't tell you, I'll wait for you to tell me first."

Mae smiled non-stop. Although she didn't speak at all, she didn't expect to have the opportunity to see her friend have good feelings for someone. She generally saw that Che-rán never opened up to anyone.

The public bus that picked up and dropped off passengers to and from Prawet-Udomsuk was parked on the side of Jalan Srinakarin, near a large shopping center in the area. The traffic was so heavy that you could hear the honking sporadically. Two policewomen investigating a missing persons case got off the bus when they reached their destination.

“This is the signal, Lieutenant. I see her coming down here every day,”

The driver shouted because she traveled frequently on the bus. Lieutenant Tul continued the investigation based on testimony from Patsamon's former

co-workers, who told what bus she took, from what point, and then back to where. Tul had asked all the drivers.

“Thank you very much uncle.”

"You're welcome,"

The driver said before Lieutenant Jew closed the door and the big bus moved slowly down the road. The two lieutenants turned to look at each other's faces as they thought that it was most likely that the missing woman lived near her and they would separate from her to look for her.

"Look at the stores along this sidewalk,"

Lieutenant Tul said, pointing to the convenience store next to the overpass, the high school, the chicken and red pork rice restaurant, the pharmacy, to the end of the bridge over a small river.

“I'll go in and ask the people in the complex. If you don't find any clues, go back and wait here.”

Jew nodded before walking towards his first target, which was a convenience store that was open twenty-four hours. Perhaps the missing person lived in this area and stopped by to buy something so often that the store clerk could remember them. As for Tul, she simply headed to the street next to the pedestrian bridge, where there was a resting place for motorcycle taxi drivers to take people to the complex.

Luckily for the lieutenant, if you look around, this neighborhood appears to be a densely populated residential area. Rows of flat buildings were lined up along the road. Looking inside, there was a marble arch where the name of the complex was. Therefore, the scope of the search was more limited and there was a possibility that Patsamon actually lived in this area.

“Hello, I'm a police officer. I want to ask: have you ever seen this woman?”

“Her face looks familiar to me.”

A motorcycle taxi driver called his friends to go see the photo in Lieutenant Tul's hand. They all frowned, trying to remember where they had seen the woman before, until one of them slammed his fist into his palm after remembering.

“I remember taking her to Seacon once. Maybe she lives in this complex because she left there.”

“What are the characteristics? A lot of time has passed?”

Tul asked again to make sure that the other party did not have the wrong person.

“Thin, very white skin...”

He stopped explaining because his friends were making fun of him, because he didn't remember anything but his white skin. Tul had to hold back and wait for them to stop.

“I saw her a month or two ago. She looked good, maybe she was traveling in the afternoon or at night.”

“Now that I think about it, I also saw her leave for work in the morning. She crossed the walkway and waited for the car on the other side.”

“Did you see it too? Why have I never seen her?”

“She left very early, what time did you get up? When you arrived, it had already taken many passengers.”

“And does anyone know how long she has lived here?”

Tul asked, interrupting the small fight that was taking place in the group. Silence returned for a few moments, before one of them spoke.

“I don't know, Lieutenant. There are many apartments in this complex. There are also houses. There are many people coming and going. I only remember the people I left behind.”

After thanking the motorcycle taxi drivers for the information, Jew came up with testimony from a convenience store employee who had seen Patsamon stop by and shop there regularly. However, he had stopped seeing her for a while. When asked about the time period, he reported that it had been about a month since anyone had last seen her.

Therefore, the scope of the search was Patsamon's residence on Kasemsuk Street, as confirmed by the motorcycle taxi driver and convenience store employee. The first thing they checked was the list of occupants or when they moved in, but they found no trace. Walking further towards the road, there was the village of 'Kasemsuk', the same name as the road, there was no one standing guard there, so Lieutenant Tul entered without asking anyone's permission.

Inside was a village of single-story homes, lined up side by side, with several separate alleys. The two lieutenants separated to ask each house if anyone had seen the woman in the photo. Tul walked towards a coin-operated laundry in front of one of the houses. In front of her, there was an aunt who was sweeping the leaves from the ground. Tul waved her hand to call her to come. When she tried to ask, she obtained information that she considered very useful.

"I know, I know, she lives in the house right on the corner before the intersection, next to the blue house,"

The aunt said out loud as if she wanted to be heard by the other neighbors.

"So, when did you last see her? Do you remember anything about what she looked like?"

"She is thin and had bangs on her forehead. When was the last time I saw her? Um... It seems like it's been a while."

She pretended to cross her arms in front of her chest, reviewing her own memories until she frowned. She finally reached out and touched Tul's arm, as if she were a child or a nephew.

“You should try asking the house next door. Both houses are rental houses and owned by the same person and she is known here. But what happened, police?”

“Her family could not contact her. Thanks for the information, aunt.”

Lieutenant Tul bowed her head politely before calling Jew, who was in a separate alley, to join her again. The two then walked towards a one-story house flanked by a blue-painted house. In one house there was an aunt standing at the door, and in the next house there was a middle aged man washing his motorcycle in front of his house. He saw the two plainclothes police officers wandering in front of the house next door and asked.

“Who are you looking for? There is no one in the house.”

He turned off the water tap on the hose and took the cloth he was carrying on his shoulder to dry his hands.

“How long has there been no one in the house?”

Lieutenant Tul asked, tilting her head to look at the house that had no vehicles parked in front of it, not even a sign that anyone lived in it.

“I've seen the house empty for a month. Then I thought she had moved.”

Lieutenant Tul took Patsamon's photograph to show the man:

“The person who used to live here, was it this woman?”

“Yeah.”

It took him a moment to think of the answer.

“But I don't think she's here anymore.”

“This house is for rent, right? Just like yours.”

“Yes, the owner of the house is the same. I have lived here for a long time with my family. Recently, the owner called me and asked for help finding

that woman because she did not transfer the rent on the house. So I thought maybe she had moved away.”

Perhaps this man was telling the truth, because if they combined the testimonies of several people, they implied that Patsamon moved her home or work to another place. Like the previous year, she moved away from Makkasan and did not tell her brother her new address. She seemed to be chasing someone who was one step ahead of her.

“If you moved house, you will definitely rent a truck to move your things. Have you ever seen a truck loading her stuff?”

Lieutenant Jew took the initiative to ask when he suddenly thought about it. And with that question, the man next to him shook his head in denial.

“Maybe but I've never seen anything.”

“Did the owner of the house come to check that she really left?”

“Not yet. But it will come at the end of this month.”

The middle-aged man's response finished. Lieutenant Tul asked for the homeowner's contact number to request permission to enter to inspect the home without a warrant. Both claimed to be police officers who were investigating. The conversation lasted a long time, but in the end the owner agreed because he also wanted to know the reason why the tenant had disappeared without a trace.

“The owner said the key is usually under the flower pot.”

Tul said asking her to check it immediately. When they checked, they found a flowerpot placed in front of the iron gate. It was in poor condition and difficult to lift due to the branches attached to it, but not a single key to the house was found underneath.

“There is nothing.”

[Oh, usually when someone moves, they leave the key in the same place. If not, then the key is still there.]

The rental house owner's voice came through the speaker which opened for Jew to hear. The two lieutenants looked at each other, as if they couldn't get in to check it out.

“Do you have a spare key?”

[Yes, but I'm in another city now. Are you in a hurry? Maybe you can call a locksmith to help you. I don't care.]

Once they got permission from the homeowner, they entered the fence to check if the gate could be opened. However, it turned out that the doorknob was locked and they didn't have one.

"We don't need to call a locksmith, I'll take care of it myself,"

Jew said before returning to the front of the fence to ask the same man, who was standing looking at them:

"Khun, do you have hair clips or paper clips? If so, you could be our witness while we inspect.”

Tul has just discovered that a politician's daughter, who graduated from the Police Cadet Academy with a bachelor's degree, had the special ability to pick locks. Fortunately, the neighbor had a daughter, so he gave Jew two hair pins as he asked.

Jew straightened the clip before beginning the steps. Tul watched as Jew inserted the long, straightened pin into the keyhole. He shook it gently to find the locking pin. This was a job that required a lot of effort and concentration so Tul did not speak to bother him. Several times, Lieutenant Jew cursed under her breath before trying again. Tul herself was starting to get impatient, so she walked back towards the neighbor who was already wearing her shirt. While she was waiting for her subordinate to handle the doorknob, she wanted to ask for more information, Tul turned to the man.

“Khun, does this woman live alone in this house?”



Where Patsamon used to work, a van picked her up from work. She also wasn't interested in other men flirting with her. And also the testimony of her brother who assumed that her sister could be in a relationship with someone.

“As far as I remember, she lives alone. But every now and then someone came looking for her. Maybe it's her boyfriend.”

Lieutenant Tul's ears perked up as she heard testimony similar to what she had previously received.

“Did her boyfriend come to see her? Was she driving a black van?”

“Yeah. A black Toyota pickup truck was parked in front of the house.”

“How often did he come?”

“Every week, the policeman sometimes stays here too.”

“Do you remember the registration?”

Unfortunately, the man shook his head in response, because he thought that there was no point in remembering the license plate of someone else's car. Tul thanked him. Although it was a little, she helped them a lot. At least she knew that Patsamon had been in a relationship with someone who drove a black four-door 'TOYOTA' pickup truck and often passed by this place.

“Have you ever seen his face?”

“He was a tall man with dark skin, similar to mine, but I didn't really see his face.”

“I did it!”

Lieutenant Jew heard a happy shout that made the two's attention divert to the house that was already open. Before entering, Tul told the neighbor that she could ask again later. She also called the owner of the house to tell him that they were going to go in and check the house, the witness being the man who rented the house next door, and the owner agreed.

“Please help me take a video as proof. You can use my cell phone. Lieutenant Tul handed over her cell phone to record the video. The neighbor took her cell phone to record a video, from the moment she crossed the threshold and entered. The state of the house seemed at first glance unusual. The testimony of many people suggested that she had moved on.

However, it turned out that all of her belongings were still there, intact, even valuables like the TV and refrigerator remained in place. Thick clouds of dust that settled on the surfaces of several pieces of furniture helped confirm that Patsamon had not been there for days or possibly months, according to testimony. Lieutenant Tul wrinkled her nose as she opened the refrigerator and smelled the smell of rotting food inside. There was a lot of expired food. The vegetables, fruits and meats were moldy. The boxes of yogurt and milk were expired, the leftovers, the bags of rice and curry she bought herself too. Tul decided to close the refrigerator after seeing quite a few things inside it.

There was dust on the kitchen counter, like in other areas of the house. The oil stains had hardened and there was no one to clean them. There were still several unwashed plates and a glasses in the sink. Tul carefully examined every detail until she found the receipt on the table. The ink was faded, but it was still clear enough to read what was written there.

The receipt showed a clear date and time, exactly one month ago from the date and time of the receipt. Details of their purchases included two packets of snacks, a packet of baked beans, fiver cans of sparkling water, a packet of cigarettes and a large bottle of white liquor. Tul speculated from this receipt that Patsamon likely purchased alcohol and snacks to accompany it that night. She put the paper, which could be important evidence, in a zip-lock bag. In addition to the date and time, the receipt also showed the name and location of a convenience store, which turned out to be the same store Jew had recently visited to ask questions.

Lieutenant Tul checked the sink and the cutlery holder on the counter again. She saw unwashed plates and glasses, which were probably used to drink alcohol. There were several glasses placed upside down, still looking good as if they had never been used before. Lieutenant Tul walked towards the

trash can located near the kitchen table. Inside were pockets of brand-name snacks, a can of lemon soda, and a bottle of white liquor, everything just as written on the receipt except for the cigarettes, which were not visible.

Tul got up, looking for an ashtray that might be somewhere in the house, but she couldn't find it. Is it possible that Patsamon did not buy the cigarettes for herself but for someone else? Then Tul simulated possible situations in her head. Patsamon went to buy something at a store in the evening and returned to drink alcohol and snacks with someone who was probably her boyfriend. After that they ate sandwiches, drank cans of soda and a bottle of liquor and then, that same night, disappeared without a trace.

"The clothes are still in the closet. The toothbrush, toothpaste, soap and shampoo in the bathroom are in the same place. Phi, this is strange,"

Lieutenant Jew, who had just returned from checking the dormitory, was quick to tell what he had found. Patsamon did not seem to have left. She seemed like she had returned home regularly but something had happened.

"Immediately tell the Forensic Unit to come check this place. Don't forget to ask for a search warrant,"

Lieutenant Tul ordered in a firm tone and without her usual sense of humor. Her heart was beating fast because she was afraid that something bad would happen.

"We need to form an additional search team to investigate more about her boyfriend who drives a black Toyota truck. I will call to request data from the cellular network. If her brother can call her but no one answers, there may still be a chance to find her."

Patsamon's disappearance made headlines in the morning when his brother, Khun Panlop, who could not wait for the police to take action to pursue the case, posted a missing person notice on his personal Facebook account. The post was then shared by thousands of accounts and someone also noticed Khun Patsamon's disappearance, no one was able to provide additional useful information to help in the search.

Lieutenant Tul reported the progress of the investigation to Panlop. The police officers took him to the rented house where his younger sister used to live, after collecting various evidence. Panlop confirmed that the clothes still in the closet belonged to her sister, the same ones she was wearing in the photo posted on Facebook. When asking more people in the neighborhood, especially who lived next to the house, they all gave the same testimony that they only saw a black van parked in front of the house, but no one could see the man's face. Furthermore, none of them remembered important events on the day of Patsamon's disappearance, as a month had passed since the incident occurred.

Lieutenant Tul strained her eyes at the CCTV video she requested from the store, which matched the date and time of the receipt found at home. She saw a thin, white woman with bangs taking snacks from the shelf. In the basket she was holding was the can of lemon soda she had had earlier. It didn't take her long to purchase as if she had already planned to buy something before returning to the cashier's desk. She ordered white liquor and cigarettes at the register and paid for them at the end.

However, when Patsamon left the store, she did not immediately walk home, but instead stopped and talked to someone in front of the store. Tul clicked the mouse and rewinded the recording to a previous moment. When I looked back at the camera at the counter, there was a man outside the store who had been standing the entire time. He was wearing a hat to protect his face from it. He was tall and burly and was wearing a white short-sleeved T-shirt. However, when she looked again, Tul could see that the edges of the sleeves of his shirt were dark. It could be a tattoo. But she couldn't see clearly what kind of tattoo the man had.

Patsamon, who finished paying and removing items from the store, stopped and spoke to the man as she handed him the plastic bag she took before they went inside together. Tul took a document out of her drawer and opened it to see a page that compiled all the posts from the Facebook accounts, both at the time the incident occurred and a year before it occurred. I wanted to see if she had any photos together with her current boyfriend or not. But Tul couldn't find her, there wasn't even a marital status set in her biography. Tul searched again until she found a photo of a man's forearm that Patsamon

was hugging tightly before taking a selfie. Tul then compared him to the man with the CCTV camera.

Strong forearms like those of someone who exercises regularly, thick hair on his arms, dark skin color due to the scorching sun according to the neighbor's testimony, and most importantly... There was a large tattoo protruding from his sleeve. The tattoo looked like a tribal pattern that was popular among men.

"The cellular network has been sending information from three months before the incident until now."

Lieutenant Jew walked to the table and placed the documents in front of her superior. Tul immediately picked it up and turned it over to find the approximate date and time of the last day seen by Patsamon, based on evidence from the convenience store's CCTV cameras.

"At that time, Panlop admitted that he contacted her after feeling something strange. The phone was connected but no one answered. The network information said that she was in Soi Nuanchan at that time. Could this be her new residence?"

Jew said about the unusual thing he found after reading the previous document, but Tul decided to remain silent and took her time reading the document for a long time.

"What if it wasn't her who used the cell phone but the person who was her boyfriend?"

Lieutenant Jew tries to help her superior make a decision again. This time, Tul seemed to hear what she was saying.

"Yes, that's right, send another team to look for Soi Nuanchan because during the last month she could have been in that area. Look for a black Toyota truck that could be passing through that area,"

Lieutenant Tul said without taking her eyes off the document. The tall woman seemed confused as to why they had to send another team

there. Then Jew lowered his head and concentrated on reading in more detail.

“That same day, Patsamon went shopping at 11:10 p.m. She called his brother once and the recorded location was Jalan Srinakarin. That was the address of her rented house.”

Tul showed a column showing the time of the call and the network location, before scrolling to the next column where her brother's number was.

“But at 01:34 in the morning, Khun Panlop called again, but the location of the cellular network was in Bang Kaeo, Samut Prakan.”

The two policewomen led a team of investigators to search for the missing woman in Jalan Bang Kaeo, Bang Phli district, Samut Prakan province. They were divided into groups of two people per team. They followed the CCTV footage along the road to see if there was any place where they could capture a black four-door 'TOYOTA' van passing by at the scheduled time to find out whether it had been the one who gave Patsamon a ride or not.

Lieutenant Tul and Lieutenant Jew were paired as usual. Starting from the main road, gas stations, mini-markets and commercial buildings with CCTV cameras facing the road. The difficulty lies in the late hours of the night, which makes it difficult to see the image of the black car from the road, although there were few vehicles passing by.

The search was narrowed when a second investigation team saw a black 'TOYOTA' van drive past the CCTV cameras as expected during the estimated time period. After reviewing the images from the rear cameras, they received confirmation that the truck was indeed traveling on the road. The investigation team then gathered to begin tracing the traces of the road. Unfortunately, as they drove down the road, the further they went, the fewer places had CCTV cameras. One of the restaurants closed after 10pm, so the CCTV cameras were not turned on at midnight. And no one in the area saw Patsamon when they asked people on the road.

“The truck that passed through this route was around 2 in the morning, right?...”

The owner of the grocery store continued to pay attention to the roads in his area. He was very familiar with road users, so he knew that not many people passed through this area unless they used it to avoid traffic jams in the city.

“I closed the store and went to bed at 10 pm, Lieutenant. But normally at night this street is very quiet, very few people pass by. There are no lights either, so it is very dark. But if you ask if there are cars passing by here, there are, but I didn't pay attention to them. I have reported this to the authorities many times but they refused to come install it for me.”

Lieutenant Tul raised her head and looked at the hand pointing to the lifeless street lamp. During the day she might not feel anything, but at night everything was completely dark,

“And is there somewhere to live in this area? Apartments or houses?”

“There is, but we have to go another way. At this intersection there are only a few houses, including ours... For the houses you have to go another way. If you drive a little further you will see housing on the other side of the street, it cannot be accessed from here as there are empty blocks of land blocking the road. If it's an apartment, you have to drive another two kilometers until you reach the main road there,”

He said, pointing his finger at various points.

"So there's nothing on this path?"

The grocery store owner thought for a moment as he looked at the street that stretched as far as the eye could see.

“There is a building, abandoned, just before reaching the main road. It was originally going to be a factory, but the contractor ran away before it was finished, so it has remained abandoned for more than ten years. Now it is a place that drug addicts use to party.”

“Phi, there are no trucks stopping in front of the road. You must stay on this road or turn around.”

Lieutenant Jew reported the progress received from the investigation team sent to check the CCTV cameras from the front exit point of the road, but they did not see the black TOYOTA van they were looking for. Tul tried to gather all the information, and had thought about the possibilities

“Let's see the abandoned building first.”

The abandoned building was not locked, only a sign said that no one could enter without permission. There was a path you could go on, but no one cared for it or managed it, so grass grew on both sides of the path. Once they got out of the car, they looked around carefully. After informing another investigation team of their plans to examine the abandoned building, they decided to enter. Inside the unfinished building, the entrance from the street was filled with tall, dense grass, but there was a narrow space for people to pass through. It seemed like it was a frequented entrance and exit for drug addicts as the store owner said.

Lieutenant Tul took the lead, walking carefully and using her hands to push away the grass that hit her face, until she reached the inside of the building. This building was only half finished, as the contractor had run away halfway. More than ten years had passed so it was in a deplorable state. On the brick walls were graphic spray paints, some vulgar insults, and rude advertisements from various institutions. Especially in areas full of dust and wood chips. There were used bags, used tires, condom wrappers, and black bras scattered around the area.

"I heard what you said, but I didn't expect it to be this bad,"

Lieutenant Jew spoke, feeling saddened by what he saw. They both agreed to separate and search the surroundings. Looking at the unfinished state of the old building that had been left to rot for so long, it was clear that no one wanted to venture too close. Tul passed by rooms that had no doors, some of the walls had not even been finished. She hadn't found anything strange, not even a trace left behind. There were just piles of wood, piles of sand, bricks and bags of cement that were probably left over from the construction..



There were broken bricks that were probably thrown by teenagers, judging by the fragments scattered near the walls and floor of the room, as well as bags of cement that had been opened so that there was gray dust scattered everywhere.

As she walked out from behind the building towards the street where they parked the car, she found the same situation at the entrance with tall grass everywhere. Tul noticed that there were pockets of cement left among the bushes, and some parts of the grass had been stepped on, bent and broken, unlike the path they had just taken to enter. Before she could investigate further, she heard the sound of an old engine and the screeching of brakes. Someone had come to take old things.

“Why are you here?”

Asked an old man with a hoarse voice when he saw Lieutenant Tul. She walked quickly through the tall grass and approached the old man who was loading old objects into his car. She introduced herself while holding her ID card.

“I'm a police officer, I'm here to carry out an inspection. I'm looking for someone who could come to this area...”

"Only people come in here who want to take something useful."

He said it without caring if it offended her.

“Do you pass through this area every day?”

“Sometimes, not every day. Maybe someone who comes here just wants to throw their trash around here. There is an old closet, an old television.”

The uncle pointed to the end of the path where there was a high wall. There you could see that there was a pile of garbage abandoned on the side of the road. It was an open area covered in grass. At that moment, Lieutenant Jew went to look for her through the back exit.

“Phi, I found this watch.”

Lieutenant Jew held up a ziplock bag containing a small, dusty looking pink Rolex watch. The ends of the stainless steel rope were twisted and bent, making it impossible to tie them normally.

“I was trying to see if it was from Patsamon or not, then I found a watch similar to the one she was wearing recently.”

Lieutenant Jew pulled out her cell phone and opened a photo of Patsamon, zooming in on her wrist. On her left side she wore the same pink watch, which was verifiable evidence. Realizing that Patsamon might be there, Tul gently patted Jew on the shoulder and praised her for doing a good job, before turning to the old man who seemed confused by what was happening.

“Dude, about a month ago, do you remember anyone who passed through this area? Like a black truck or a woman...”

“I do not remember. There are a lot of people coming and going from here. Like I said, some were littering, others were hanging out, but...”

He was silent for a moment, as if something was bothering him.

“A few weeks ago I smelled a bad smell. It lasted for several days and I thought maybe there was a dead dog around here, but I couldn't find it.”

As soon as she received this notice, Lieutenant Tul hurriedly summoned an investigation team to gather there and find the cause of the bad smell. She and Jew split up to search again. Not only on the ground floor but also on the top floor of the six-story building, to confirm whether these anomalies were found or not.

Lieutenant Tul went back outside and saw bags of cement abandoned on the grass. When she looked closer, she found that there were indeed bent blades of grass, although there were other shoots of grass growing back to cover the area. With careful steps, she ventured into the grass that grew long enough to reach her knees. The ground beneath her felt damp and wet, perhaps due to the puddles caused by the heavy rains a few days earlier.

However, suddenly, the softness of the muddy ground under her feet became hard as she stepped on something. Tul tried to use the balls of her feet to investigate what it was and felt a solid surface like cement. With the branch she picked up earlier, she scraped away the dirt, revealing a rough surface of plastered cement. It was several meters long and half of it barely adhered to the ground. This would not be visible from the front, as the grass was beginning to grow thickly, obscuring this area from view.

Lieutenant Tul tried to guess from where she was. This area is quite far from abandoned buildings. The surface and color of the roughly plastered cement seemed to have been made by an amateur, not an expert. It was almost impossible that it was from the same year that the building was abandoned. Her heart was beating fast again and her hands were sweaty because she was worried that the bad things she was thinking would actually happen. Tul called to Jew to come closer to the point where she was standing. Lieutenant Jew ran across the grass until she reached the cement floor beneath her feet.

“Call our team to come here immediately. Something's wrong down here... I'll call the local police.”

However, as soon as Bang Kaeo police officers arrived, an argument immediately broke out between the local inspector and Lieutenant Tul. They argued over who would be responsible for this case, since the building was within their territory.

“This case has been under the responsibility of the Investigation Department from the beginning. We will investigate it up to here.”

“However, I need to see the documents before they start digging. If they find a body, what will they do?”

The local inspector pointed to where Lieutenant Tul ordered the investigation team to start digging. They began removing the cement stuck to the ground after taking photographs as evidence.

"We're not going to dig now, we just want to make sure what's really underground,"

Lieutenant Tul explained because she didn't want to work hastily or in a hurry and cause damage to the crime scene.

"Anyway, we..."

"We will definitely send you confirmation documents. If something happens, we will file a request to take responsibility for this case ourselves. Because we are the ones who collected all."

"All the evidence related to this case."

The local police inspector cleared his throat and had to reluctantly agree. Lieutenant Tul immediately contacted Inspector Pichet of the Central Bureau of Investigation to request documents of responsibility for the lawsuit. However, after that, the investigation team called Tul from the cement plastering site.

"Lieutenant! There really is a smell here."

As soon as they made progress, Lieutenant Tul rushed over as the team attempted to dig a small hole to determine what was really underneath. The smell was so strong that they had to hold their breath while they dug.

"Enough, there's no more room. I will contact a forensic expert to come here. If we dig, it could cause damage,"

Lieutenant Tul ordered, making everyone stop. Her eyes focused on the small hole they had dug. Although it was not very deep, it seemed that there was something below the surface of the ground that was plastered with thick cement. Throughout the investigation she continued to pray, hoping that something untoward would not happen. But eventually it happened....

Not long after, a vehicle from the Institute of Forensic Medicine arrived at the scene. Lieutenant Tul stood and waited to report progress to the officer who got out of the car with her team. She was the last to get off and

approached the person who called her. Tul immediately said that there was something here.

“The local police helped block off this area. The research team dismantled the concrete surface and dug about eight inches to make sure there was something underneath. But other than that, we try to keep it intact so you can collect evidence.”

Che-rán noticed the worried expression on Tul's face as she avoided her eyes. Che-rán turned around and ordered the team with her to collect various objects around her before starting to dig. But Ran herself had not moved from her spot. She knew Tul was looking for a missing person because they had talked on the phone the night before. From the tone of her voice at that moment, she could guess that she didn't know anything about searching for the missing person. However, no one would have thought that something tragic would happen.

"You've done the best."

Che-rán touched Tul's arm hoping to comfort her. Tul kept her head down, trying to keep her emotions from controlling her above all else.

“When you're done collecting evidence, let me know. I'll notify the excavation team to continue.”

Che-rán nodded in response, still looking at the worried lieutenant, before joining another forensic team. Shortly after, the team began removing all the cement stuck to the surface of the ground, before digging the ground more than fifty centimeters deep until they found something resembling a blanket wrapped around it, the same length as the mouth of the hole. The stench was the first thing everyone in the area noticed. The agents tried to be more careful when digging so as not to damage anything and helped each other remove the cloth from the hole.

On a nearby field lay the bundle of blankets, before being cut open to reveal its contents. The gloomy scene inside the package was now visible to everyone around it, especially Lieutenant Tul, who diligently searched for the missing person and discovered that she had tragically become a corpse

buried in this hole. Officials from the Institute of Forensic Medicine entered to carry out their duties. They helped lift the body from the blanket and placed it on a white sheet that had been prepared in advance for an initial autopsy. When they opened the cloth, the state of the corpse could be clearly seen; the human remains were already in a state of decomposition, showing bones in various parts. On both arms, skull, cheekbones, eye sockets and nose, the flesh had completely disappeared, not even hair remained on the scalp. Upon closer inspection of the skeletal structure, it became clear that it was the body of a woman. Many small worms crawled on the bone remains, accompanied by a smell that spread through the area, causing several police officers to cover their noses with their hands.

And the only thing that could confirm that she was Miss Patsamon Thongnak was the clothes she was wearing. Although the color had faded a little over time, it was the same clothes she wore when she shopped at department stores.

“The clothes were full of holes. There were also blood stains on the clothing which were believed to be wounds on the deceased's body caused by sharp objects that were used to stab her. Around her collarbone and chest, there were a total of twelve wounds”

Dr. Ran checked the initial state of the body, while Lieutenant Tul watched. She preferred to observe the work of the forensic team rather than sit and rest or drink cold water like other police officers.

“The skull had a crack in the middle of the forehead, approximately three centimeters long. The weapon is believed to be a heavy object.”

The condition of the body demonstrated that the author had committed acts of brutal and vindictive violence against her. Lieutenant Tul took a deep breath and remained calm, unlike before the incident occurred. She felt a cold sensation on her hand, which made her jump a little. When she turned to look, she realized that it was Jew who had brought her a bottle of cold water. They had been investigating since the previous morning and barely rested, continuing to investigate tirelessly until they found the body.

Tul only accepted the water but did not drink it and continued to observe the autopsy.

“The temporal estimate of the time of death, if we look at the decomposition of the body, is that she died not long ago, less than three weeks. But due to the state of the soil here there may be parts that cause the body to decompose faster than usual. First we have to take her to the forensic institute for a thorough autopsy. Don't forget to take a soil sample from here for inspection.”

Che-rán turned to inform her assistant when she found no other injuries besides that one. In total there were twelve stab wounds and fractures to the skull and head bones in the center of the forehead. They had to take the body to the Forensic Institute to perform an autopsy. Che-rán stood up after ordering the other officers to continue. She saw Lieutenant Tul still standing in the same place in a daze, as she looked at that soulless body, not caring about anyone.

“Lieutenant....”

-....

"Lieutenant... Lieutenant Tul,"

Che-rán called her repeatedly until she regained consciousness and turned to her.

"Are you okay?"

The worried tone in the other party's voice made the listener nod and smile, not letting the doctor worry too much. Che-rán points to the unopened bottle of water to tell Tul to drink it. When Tul saw it, she quickly unscrewed the screw cap and drank it immediately. Having barely eaten anything since the morning, the cold water flowed down her dry throat, making her dizzy. Tul just realized how thirsty she was.

"You must take care of yourself,"

Che-rán reminded the person who was acting worried before walking away to join the other forensic officers, leaving the lieutenant looking at the small back.

“Are you going to the forensic institute?”

Lieutenant Jew asked hesitantly as he approached his superior. However, upon noticing his ambiguous sentence, she quickly corrected:

"I mean... Are you going to see the autopsy that Dr. Ran will perform?"

“I'm sorry? What did you say?”

“Do you want us to go now?”

“Yeah.”



# ①⑧

## EIGHTEEN



“The deceased was Miss Patsamon Thongnak, twenty-eight years old, unmarried. She was from Phayao province, she came to work in Bangkok for five years, and changed jobs twice before her death. She worked in the Prawet district office, with a temporary employee position. The family has come to confirm that it was her. The clothes she was wearing when she died also matched the clothes she was wearing in the store, which was visible from the CCTV camera.”

"It is certain that she died that night,"

Said Tul, continuing with the information provided by Jew. In her head, she still couldn't think clearly about the mysterious man who had a tattoo on her upper arm. Currently, the police had issued an arrest warrant, with various evidence indicating who she was. However, they did not know the license plate number of the black truck. Most likely, the area where she lived, specifically, had a population of more than forty-five inhabitants.

“The body did not have a wallet or cell phone. If we didn't look for it and no one found the body, it would have been difficult to identify her. Maybe she would have ended up as an unknown corpse. Her relatives probably wouldn't know where she disappeared.”

Lieutenant Jew sighed, but at least the search for her had not been in vain.

“The forensic institute found blood stains inside the house, in front of the television, where they probably drank alcohol. The perpetrator attempted to clean them, but a luminal reaction was still detected. After committing the

murder, the perpetrator most likely cleaned up the mess, took out the trash, washed the glasses, and then buried the body.”

Lieutenant Tul lowered her head without responding to anything. The fact that the victim had been dead for more than a month continued to pierce her heart. Because even if the search had started earlier, she wouldn't have saved her. What's more, the perpetrator did not show any remorse. He misled the victim's family and the police by posting a photo of Miss Patsamon on her Facebook after her murder.

Both hands rested on the dry corpse, precisely defining the words, skin covering the bones. Like the part of the skull that only left the skin of the face, because there was water and enzymes that made the flesh decompose faster than other organs in the body. She used a small flashlight to illuminate the area of the wound from above the eyebrows to the middle of the forehead. The skin was dry and stuck to the bones, with tear marks. Because her head was hit hard by a sharp object, Che-rán touched a measuring tape to determine the length of the wound, along with a bright flash of light from the camera to take a photograph and save it.

“The wound in the center of the forehead measured three point four centimeters (3.4 cm) long.”

The doctor's instrument remained as it was in the skull area. Che-rán narrowed her eyes at the rather deep wound.

“Is something wrong, doctor?”

Lieutenant Tul's voice was heard asking through the microphone. She when she saw Che-rán through the monitoring screen examining the wound on her head for a long time.

“The wound is serious enough to cause serious damage to the skull. This type of bone fracture can be caused by heavy objects such as thick wood or iron bars, combined with the force of a human hitting her head very hard. We can measure the severity of the injury due to the impact. It is likely that the frontal lobe of the brain has been damaged. Once the external

examination is completed, we need to use a 3D model scanner to obtain more detailed information.”

“He hit her? It seems as if the perpetrator grabbed her head and hit her against something...”

Lieutenant Tul's voice sounded low as she imagined the brutality the victim had to experience.

“If the perpetrator grabbed her head and hit her, the injury would probably more serious and could also cause the damage to spread to the side. But if she was hit with a blunt object, the area of impact would show clear signs of injury.”

Che-rán explained the different types of injuries that a victim can suffer. The brutality seen on her body was not the end, more than ten wounds decorated her body, especially around the chest and stomach. The murderer's cruelty was clear, her wounds indicated deep anger, she was stabbed repeatedly until the wounds were fatal. By comparing the stab marks with sharp objects on the clothing the victim was wearing when she was murdered, Che-rán found two additional wounds, and the total number of wounds found was fourteen. The wounds were five inches deep, while others appeared superficial and perhaps simply expressed emotion. However, one wound appeared to be aimed at a vital point, which likely caused her death.

“There was a point where they stabbed her near the diaphragm, which connects to the aorta.”

“The point that caused the death of the deceased, right?”

“Yes, the aorta is the main artery. Its job is to receive high-pressure blood from the heart to nourish organs throughout the body. If a tear occurs, even if it is treated immediately, there is still a death rate of up to eighty percent (80%).”

Che-rán answered the questions of the person in the observation room as easily as possible. For her part, Bank took a photograph of the fatal wound

and kept it.

“Please shed some light here, Banks.”

The young officer put down the camera and moved the light from above to illuminate where he had been told. The doctor wanted to see clearly that the corpse's skin had incision marks around the ribs. It was about two centimeters long and was cut from the bottom up. This was different from other wounds that directly penetrated the skin.

“Lieutenant, can you see it? The scratch at this point was probably the first wound inflicted by the perpetrator when he approached the deceased, and immediately stabbed her in the specified direction. When the deceased fell, he continued stabbing her in another ten points.”

“Did that happen after you used something to hit the victim in the head?”

Lieutenant Tul asked, returning to the series of events that must have happened before and after.

“It is possible that the perpetrator hit her on the head first. However, the murder was carried out with a sharp object to stab her more than ten times until she died. The doctor discussed the scene of events that may have occurred before and after, before stepping back and looking at the big picture of the sharp object injury. There were a total of fourteen stab wounds throughout the body. Most of the victim's wounds were on the left side, so the perpetrator was likely right handed.”

Che-rán turned to look at the observation room to communicate directly with Tul.

“As for the stomach, it may take some time because the internal organs have rotted a little, but I will try.”

More than an hour had passed since Lieutenant Tul observed the autopsy process from another room. Through the thick glass she looked at the medical examiner who was performing a craniotomy on the deceased's head. Because the flesh of the corpse was rotten and dry like a mummy, it

was no different than tearing a piece of paper. Che-rán did it step by step. Her work was so clean and quiet that she could open the scalp to reveal the wound in the skull area. The skull had a long crack that branched into a line two centimeters long.

The blackboard was full of letters. The deceased was observed to have more than a dozen wounds, which were inflicted while she was still breathing. She could imagine how much pain and torture she went through in the seconds of her escape, living a normal and happy life with the people of society for months after killing her. The autopsy of the abdominal cavity was more difficult than expected due to damage to the area. But it seemed that this part suffered fewer injuries from sharp objects than the upper part of the body. Che-rán slowly examined the remaining internal organs, one by one, with a large lamp shining from above.

Curiously, near the pelvis, in the uterus, she found something. Her thin lips asked her assistant to bring the light closer to the area. And she could see the lemon-sized lump beginning to appear more clearly. Her two thin eyebrows furrowed. Che-rán used small tongs to take a piece of meat and placed it on a tray to observe it carefully. In the silence of the autopsy room, she began to be certain of the lump that she had found in the deceased's stomach.

There was a small skull structure, the body was thin like bean sprouts. Even though its limbs were almost rotting away, it still looked like a fetus growing in the womb. Che-rán was silent for a moment, before telling Tul something she was not prepared to discover.

“The deceased was pregnant...Depending on the size of the fetus, it should be between nine and twelve weeks (9-12 weeks)”

Not only was one life taken, but another life that would soon be born had to die with its mother. Che-rán shifted her gaze towards the person who was still inside the observation room. She was just waiting for Lieutenant Tul. She looked at her the same way, as if she knew exactly what the other party was going through. Che-rán sent support through her eyes, before returning to complete her task in the final step.

After thoroughly cleaning the body to ensure that there was no dirt, maggots or flies, Doctor Bank, his assistant, took the lifeless body to scan its forehead bone to simulate the cause of the injury. Che-rán herself took off her outer protective clothing along with the surgical gloves, then threw them into the trash before continuing to repeatedly wash her hands up to her elbows. The sound of running water in the midst of silence did not distract her from reflecting on the events that occurred.

It was strange for a doctor like her to feel so shaky. How would she handle what she found? She always managed to control herself because she didn't want anything to go wrong in her work. Usually, she would close her eyes, calm down for a moment, and suppress her thoughts. But this time she chose to look for Tul as if she needed her comfort to feel better. The mask was also thrown into the trash, revealing her sweet face and shoulder-length hair. She reached Tul, who was still waiting to hear the summary of the autopsy results in the observation room. Che-rán invited her to follow her to the X-ray room.

"The cause of death was excessive blood loss,"

Che-rán said as she silently walked one step ahead.

"It is believed that the cause of death was the most serious injury. This meant that she was stabbed with a sharp object in her aorta."

"So... the time she was thought to have died, according to the doctors' assumptions, matches the evidence we've seen?"

Lieutenant Tul told about the day she found the deceased on the CCTV camera of a convenience store, where the clothes she was wearing were the same as her clothes when she was found dead a month later.

"The soil plays a role in the slow rotting of corpses. The soil in the area of the abandoned building is wet clay, which prevents air from reaching the body of the corpse so decomposition is slower than it should. This may be bad luck for the perpetrator who chose to bury the body in that soil and allowed me to discover everything I should have discovered."

Che-rán explained the main factors that influence the state of the body buried underground according to the principles of forensic science. If the listener were an outsider who believed in mysteries and superstitions, it would make her think in various ways that perhaps the dead man was so angry that the corpse did not disappear easily with the passage of time.

“But if you try to predict the time of death by calculating the soil conditions, it should be between three and four weeks according to the tests. You can help by completing the missing data.”

The two arrived at a room whose surface looked similar to an X-ray room for patients in a public hospital. However, what was different was that in this room the person receiving treatment was a deceased person to find out the cause of the injury using a visual simulator. A signal was immediately sent from Bank's assistant, notifying the Doctor and Lieutenant that the scanning process had been completed without a hitch. The monitor screen displayed 3D computer simulation images, based on a rough estimate of the deceased's actual facial features. From her skull, a fatal scar from a blunt force impact could be seen in the area above her right eyebrow, with the skin on her forehead torn enough to reach halfway down.

“Seeing it from the front gives us a general idea of the appearance of one of the weapons that the perpetrator could have used to commit the crime. And by changing the angle to look the other way, we will be able to measure the diameter of the weapon.”

The doctor continued clicking the mouse so that the screen showed the simulation until a small, long weapon with an iron handle was displayed. Lieutenant Tul lowered her eyebrows as she thought about which iron rod was closest to this.

“This impact also causes the brain tissue to swell and bruise, causing bleeding inside the skull.”

The images on the screen accompanied Che-rán's words as brain tissue filled with bright red blood. Due to the decomposition of the corpse, there was no brain mass left for the autopsy. Three-dimensional modeling had

become an important program for the Institute of Forensic Medicine for use in the forensic identification of people and in tracking anonymous corpses.

“What is this?”

Lieutenant Tul was standing with one hand on the table, approaching the screen, pointing with her finger at the foreign object in the mouth wound on the deceased's head.

After hearing that, Che-rán immediately zoomed in several times until she could see the anomaly, which seemed to be something else. The X-ray radiation will be immediately visible if there are other components in the human body.

“The scanner discovered that it was a type of chrome. Hexavalent chromium is toxic to the body. It is used in the production of metal coatings and paints. Most people exposed to this type of poison tend to work in factories. But if it is still in the wound, it is likely that the weapon used by the perpetrator was chrome-plated.”

“A long piece of chrome-plated iron...”

Tul repeated the components of the weapon, her eyes fixed on the simulation on the computer screen. One of her hands slid towards her, removing something from her belt where she normally kept various necessary equipment, including a flashlight, handcuffs or even a self-defense weapon like a baton. Che-rán saw the police weapon in the other party's hand. The lieutenant took a step back for Che-rán's safety before exerting a little force, causing a slight tug on her wrist. The weapon that was originally only the size of a palm, turned into a metal rod more than twenty inches long, resembling a gun as shown in the 3D program.

“This is a cane. Two years ago, we were ordered to carry it in case we encountered a non violent incident that needed to be controlled. But some police officers only keep it for self defense instead of causing harm.”

The lieutenant explained why she carried it. The weapon could be extended and retracted, making it more convenient to carry than pistols or rifles used



by police in the past. But it was equally effective due to its general characteristics.

“But they are made of steel. If hit in the head or spine, they can be paralyzed or even die immediately. Of course, all police officers are trained to use them.”

“But it's the same as a gun, right? Anyone can carry it if they have a license.”

“Weapons require a license, but it is not there. The law has not prohibited them. They are sold everywhere. Some are made of the same hard steel used by police, while others are made of aluminum, plastic or rubber, depending on the grade, price and brand.”

"But if the wound in the corpse's mouth was attached to chrome metal, there is a possibility that the perpetrator used a high-quality cane like this,"

Che-rán concluded. She did not comment on whether the perpetrator was a police officer. Perhaps there was a group of people carrying this type of weapon. Che-rán called for her assistant to place the model in another room before turning to the lieutenant who was still standing.

"You're not in a hurry to get back, are you?"

Lieutenant Tul shook her head in response, although through the window she could see that the sky outside had already darkened. Che-rán went to the room where one of the forensic experts was and they put together a mannequin that looked like a human being, sitting in a chair.

“This...”

“Because you have a weapon that could have been used by the perpetrator, I want you to help me test it. I wonder if the type of wound caused is close to a three-dimensional simulation.”

The doctor dispelled the doubts that arose in Tul, who still held the iron bar in her hand,

“There is no need to contain one's strength. The deceased's injuries were very serious, causing a skull fracture.”

Lieutenant Tul nodded. She saw a model doll that had a surface similar to human flesh. No matter how many dummies the forensic institute provided her for testing, she was determined not to make any mistakes. Tul raised her hand high, before hitting the center of her head hard, causing a long crack, similar to the wound found on her corpse. Che-rán walked over to check the results of the first test and took notes on her clipboard. Mouth pursed, she delivered the eulogy so quietly that the person waiting to hear it could barely hear in.

“For greater precision, can we try it again? Team members, please give me more models.”

The forensic officer quickly replaced the mannequin and placed a new one on the chair, the previous mannequin was placed to the side. Tul, who felt that she would do this again and again, silently turned to reveal her facial expressions to Che-rán, until she understood and approached to whisper to her.

“If your arm hurts, my office has massage medicine for you. I will treat you again as before.”

Tul carried out a test by hitting the stick in the centre of the dummy's head many times until Che-rán obtained satisfactory results.

She went home with the muscle relaxer she gave her when she was done. Fortunately, before going to bed, she used the medicine and massaged it first, so that the muscle pain in her arm would not be worse when she woke up in the morning.

The policewoman, if she was at home, was waiting for her older brother's breakfast. The former chef, who now owned a bakery, was busy rolling eggs in a pan over low heat. The aroma of black coffee wafted through the air from two cups on the dining table. The voices of journalists could also be heard on the morning news.

'Yesterday afternoon there was a confrontation between crowd control officers and protester Laem Wong. Eight people were slightly injured and one was seriously injured. One of them is Pak Poj, a political activist. Now, eight injured protesters are being treated at Phra Pinklao' hospital.'

News anchors started the day with serious political news broadcast on television screens. Videos of clashes were shown, between riot police units armed with guns and shields, and empty-handed crowds who tried to defend themselves with the items they had, such as bottles, of water, umbrellas or even posters of demands presented in protest against the government. However, the image that was being widely spread on social media at the time was that of a police officer hitting one of the protesters in the head with a baton. Looking closely, Tul could see that it was a cane, a self-defense weapon that should not be used to harm people...

When Tul was about to eat the egg rolls that her brother had just brought her, she turned around and squinted at the news footage. From that angle, it was clear that the camera's gaze captured the crucial seconds focusing on the faces of the perpetrators of this excessive action. However, she could not see the officer's face clearly because he was wearing a face shield covering his face

'A petition to hold crowd control officers accountable arose from the previous incident. It was reported that more than seventy thousand petitions had been collected, seeking justice for the actions of the agents. Further investigation revealed that his name was Captain Krittidet Kongthin, leader of the crowd control squad...'

Tul grabbed the cell phone that was on the nearby table to check the latest news on social media. The trend on Twitter continues until that morning. With the news that almost half of the Laem Wong crowd had dispersed, they disagreed with the government's actions and called for punishment for the police controlling the crowd. Because Twitter was a platform that spread news quickly and was full of unfiltered news, there were several repeat posts. Tul found a post that explored the story of a police officer who was convicted for his actions that went beyond reason.

jaa suwan @mossthanapat

TW: violence

This is the face of police officer Krittidet Kongthin, the man who attacked Uncle Surasak yesterday by hitting him on the head. The uncle was seriously injured and has not yet recovered. He though he had no weapons in his hands. He also had no intention of fighting, but he looks at what the police did. Please share and help us sign the petition asking for punishment according

to the link I provided here.

<https://www.change.org/p/justiceforsurasak>

#Let's stop hurting people #Let's condemn the use of violence.

@caicainp

Replying to @mossthanapat

Can anyone tell me if police officers can have tattoos? I took this photo from his Instagram.

"Hey, eat,"

P'Tihn tapped the table with his knuckles, reminding his sister to put a bite of rice in her mouth. Tul did not respond, she barely heard her brother's voice. She is still looking at the mugshot that netizens dug up from Instagram and posted on Twitter. If someone didn't immediately assume that the man was a police officer, they might assume that the man just wanted to show off the tattoo on his arm by taking a selfie in the bathroom mirror. The exposed upper body revealed a muscular body, reminiscent of someone who exercised regularly. His strong arms and defined abs looked impressive, with the tattoo pattern clearly visible from his shoulder to his forearm.

Tul raised her hand to scratch the hair she had just combed while dressing, feeling a little confused. Her heart pounded as she remembered where she had seen this tattoo pattern before. On the arm of police officer Krittidet Kongthin was a unique and famous tattoo of the Maori tribe, the indigenous people of New Zealand, which had gained great popularity among tattoo lovers. The same was true for the man who was in a relationship with Patsamon, the victim they were investigating.

Lieutenant Jew was equally shocked when she learned that the suspect in the case of brutally murdering a young woman before burying her body underground turned out to be Captain Krittidet Kongthin, leader of the crowd control squad. However, from the evidence, details of the circumstances and a brief background check on the police officer, in addition to the tattoo pattern on his arm, it was also discovered that he had the steel baton with which he attacked the victim. He also drove a black four-door 'TOYOTA' pickup truck.

As soon as they heard the news, the two immediately split up to further investigate this suspect to ensure certainty. And they returned when they finished investigating. The two were silent for a few minutes before the older police officer spoke first.

“I checked and he admitted that they recruited Miss Patsamon to help them with her work.”

“Did they recruit? Normally, they would take an exam to become civil servants, right?”

“Yes, but most of them are open to applying if they need someone to help them with the job. But there are also many who apply for jobs,”

Said Tul while putting away the important documents that she had just received from the Prawet district office.

“But the most important thing is that the one who brought her there was police captain Krittidet. He was the one who wrote the job application letter and used his own name to secure Miss Patsamon's job.”

"I mean, after they started dating, he gave Miss Patsamon a job and rented her a house for her to live in."

Jew began to understand as the various pieces of the puzzle came together piece by piece. She didn't let her superior look confused by her own words for long. Jew quickly told her what he had found.

"The owner of the house that Ms. Patsamon rented said that the person who signed the rental contract for her house was a man. He also paid ten thousand baht rent in advance. The owner of the house told them to move out within a month or they would return the money. But... The person who pays the rent for the house every month is Krittidet."

A lot of evidence was starting to come together until Tul felt like she was drowning. She raised her hand to support her head. She thought that if she had known sooner, if everything had been revealed sooner...

"But... He has a family, Phi."

"Huh?..."

Another newly discovered fact made Tul feel sick.

"Um, this police captain already has a family. His house is in Soi Nuanchan, according to real evidence from the mobile network. He has a family there, he has been married to his wife for three years, he has a son who is only two years old. I don't know if his wife knows about this, but what I do know is... he had an affair with the deceased and had a small house where he could sleep and stay some nights."

The evidence gathered by the two police officers was sufficient to accuse him of intentional murder and hiding a corpse.

Police Captain Krittidet Kongthin was summoned for questioning as a suspect. The rumors had spread widely, even reaching the central investigation command, where the crowd control squad was under surveillance. The accusation went from causing harm to civilians or going beyond the limits of dispersing protesters, to becoming a case of murder...

Several journalists, observers and thirsty for information about police officers who were requested by more than seventy thousand people, immediately reported the news when they discovered that police captain Krittidet was involved in a brutal murder, killing and burying a woman in cement. When the news broke, public discontent turned into anger towards an institution known as the protector of the people, since the man had become a murderer who killed a girl in a brutal and cruel way.

Amidst pressure from all sides and all eyes on the investigation team, Lieutenant Tul arrived at the Investigation headquarters in the morning when she was assigned to interrogate the accused. Unaware of her, she felt dozens of eyes watching her as she walked past the people. Some even stared without any respect. As soon as she entered the building, the first person who seemed to be waiting for her stood up with a determined expression.

“Lieutenant Tul, there is something I want to discuss with you.”

Inspector Pichet, in charge of the Criminal Division, indicated with a gesture that she should accompany him to his office. The young lieutenant tried to ignore the stares of those around her and she nodded towards Jew, who looked at her worriedly. This implied that there would be no problem and she immediately entered the inspector's room but it turned out that Jew also entered with her.

“I did not call you.”

“No, inspector, but we are co-responsible for this case.”

The senior police officer refused to leave the room even though her superior complained about her stubbornness.

"Okay, whatever, I just wanted to say that this case will be handled by Captain Dan,"

Inspector Pichet said, making the two police officers doubt the reason for this action, and almost interrupting their conversation. But the inspector

raised his hand, telling them to be quiet, although the discontent could still be felt in their expressions.

“This case is too serious. In addition, he is related to the police of our division. The commander is worried that you can't handle it.”

"But we investigated this case from the time the victim disappeared until the body was found, and we followed it until we found out who the suspect was. They can't do this to us.”

Lieutenant Tul argued loudly as she looked at the person who was more honorable than her, but day by day she respected him less and less for behaving according to a disgusting system.

“I won't remove your names from the team, I'll just change the leader to Captain Dan because you guys won't take the pressure. If something goes wrong, do you know what will happen to you in a moment? I just want everything to be okay, I have no bad intentions.”

The inspector acted like an adult teaching and reprimanding them. He moved his eyes and looked at them alternately, starting at Lieutenant Jew, who joined the division earlier, and then at Tul, who had just been transferred not long ago.

“But as far as I know, Captain Dan and Captain Krittidet are friends, right?”

Tul said, something important that could not be ignored at all. Their close relationship could definitely generate bias at work as happened when the accused was a brother, friend or partner.

“If Captain Dan took responsibility for this case, it would most likely have a very negative impact. If it reached the ears of journalists, how would the reputation of the inspector of this division be affected? Haven't you thought about it?”

Inspector Pichet let out an undisguised sigh. He knew very well that no matter how he spoke or tried to lighten the seriousness of the situation, this policewoman's stubbornness would never be surpassed by him. He was



starting to think it might be a wasted effort. He had been repeatedly summoned by superiors for problems within the criminal investigation department, and he was fully aware of what Lieutenant Tul was dealing with at the time.

“Then I'll try to talk to someone else and see if someone can handle the case.”

“No, inspector. This is a case that has been my responsibility from the beginning and I will continue to investigate until the end.”

The courage to confront the senior police officer and her statement made the inspector unable to help but feel admiration and half respect. He remained silent for a moment, looking into eyes that showed no fear of being slighted by those in power, affirming his position beyond a mere ceremonial role. It was something that had to be done, but not for everyone who relied on the complexities of a hierarchical system and had to constantly lower themselves to determine who is superior and who is inferior.

“So you insist on continuing to investigate this case?”

Thoughts collided in her head. Inspector Pichet then decided what to do. If something happened to this subordinate of his, he would let it happen. In the end, one had to choose one's own path. He had warned her as best he could.

"Yes,"

Lieutenant Tul confirmed her previous words. The two lieutenants left the Crime Department inspector's room after clearing things up enough to continue investigating the case. Tul felt the officers in the room turn quickly as soon as the door opened, almost getting used to the fact that she was the problem the inspector had to deal with every time there was a voice that he needed to be heard. Before leaving to prepare for the interrogation, the two agreed to prepare first. When they were about to leave, a colleague jokingly approached them. Surprisingly, Tul was able to recognize this young police officer.

“Did they hit you hard again?”

"Not really,"

Lieutenant Jew replied, but the other party didn't seem to believe her.

“Did they bring canes? Be careful, don't get caught, they could call you for questioning without knowing anything.”

Another officer came over to join the conversation. However, the mocking words were deliberately said so that the people nearby could hear them. Those words made Tul look at him wondering what he meant.

“If I raise my baton and get called, that means that all the police officers who have one will definitely be called too. Isn't that right, Lieutenant?”

The police officer turned around with a big smile, indicating that it was a funny joke within his group of friends, causing laughter from anyone who heard it. However, upon noticing the expression of the person they were speaking to, they realized that they had crossed the line and immediately raised their hands in apology.

“I'm sorry, I don't think it's funny, but I don't have any tattoos. Ha ha, just kidding.”

Tul said in a sarcastic tone. Until now, Lieutenant Tul had only understood that being a scapegoat meant making mistakes among her friends. They took serious things as a joke to the point of going beyond what was normal. But she didn't know it was just the beginning.

“What do you mean he can't today? If you want to postpone it, why didn't you tell me before?”

Lieutenant Tul got up from the chair she was sitting in and waited, preparing for the interrogation. However, she revealed that several hours had passed, although they had given orders to other agents to try to contact the accused, they did not receive any response. Until Captain Krittidet's lawyer came forward alone with a request to postpone the interrogation,

“Why he really couldn't participate in this interrogation.”

The lawyer appointed as his representative put the document on the table. Lieutenant Tul didn't even have time to take it because she kept talking.

“My client has health problems like those seen in patients with emotional disorders (Bipolar Disorder) who have been in treatment for six months. This document is a certificate from the Doctor and an appointment sheet for today.”

The policewoman who was supposed to carry out the interrogation but had to wait for several hours, almost crushed the documents in her hands so she had to quickly put them down before anyone realized that she could barely control her emotions.

“I didn't know he had a history of mental illness.”

"It's not strange. No one wants to announce their illness, right?"

The young lawyer said indifferently. He didn't fight the lieutenant's gaze, but he didn't show any signs of fear either.

"What's more, he hasn't been feeling well lately after the news of the mafia's disbandment came out. Even when you accused him of murder until his wife found out about his relationship with another woman. Of course, his wife moved somewhere else and is preparing to file for divorce; all of that caused him so much pain that his illness relapsed."

Tul couldn't believe that this situation had actually happened to her. The suspect did not come to give a statement and was almost ordered to stop working on the case, transferring it to someone else responsible. Even though she already had almost all the evidence in her hands and she was ready to prosecute the perpetrator, she couldn't do what she wanted. Tul's humor and hatred were revealed to the point that others could feel them, even though Kritidet's lawyer had already left with a second summons for questioning.

She was so irritated that she couldn't talk to anyone, not even Jew. She chose to isolate herself and sat down to review the documents from the defendant's interrogation. Regarding the various evidence that had been collected, the witnesses who had seen the police officer said that she was a suspicious person who had a relationship with Miss Patsamon. Plus there was an easy reason for her to commit the murder: an affair in a small house.

If there is still some important evidence to provide after the interrogation, it was the police weapon with which he hit the deceased on the head. And that weapon was also the same object used to attack the protesters. She surrendered to the document and believed that in the next interrogation she would not allow the suspect to escape. In addition to the weapons used, there was also a mobile phone belonging to the deceased that the accused allegedly used to post photographs on her Facebook account and make her family believe that she was still alive. He could add to the confusion in this case, except that his cell phone may have been destroyed.

“Phi, let's go back.”

Several hours passed and when she looked out the window the sky had already turned a dark blue. Lieutenant Jew came in and spoke to his superior for the first time since she left the interrogation room but Tul quietly asked him to go home first, without looking at him. And although he did not want to admit it, Tul had to accept the document certifying mental illness written in the psychiatrist's handwriting, which confirmed that his bipolar disorder often got out of control and attacked anyone around him. This means that the illness was certain and could result in a reduced sentence in the court's opinion. Lieutenant Tul felt that she was getting smaller, as if she carried the entire world on her shoulders.

Time passed until the headquarters building began to be free of people. Many of the hallway lights had been turned off by security officers patrolling at night. Lieutenant Tul decided to keep her documents and important belongings in her bag, making sure to turn off all the lights after she was the last person to leave the room. When she walked to the front of the building, there were still several lights illuminating the way, all the way to the parking lot in front of her. From the sound of thunder it seemed that it would soon rain. Lieutenant Tul looked for the car keys in her side bag and

grabbed the key ring with her fingers but as she pulled it out of her she accidentally dropped it on the floor when she reached her own car.

But as soon as she looked down, her eyes landed on the flat tires of her car stuck to the asphalt. Tul cursed when she saw what happened. Had she stepped on a nail while she was driving? She immediately got up and walked to look at the other three wheels. Luckily, only the left front tire was flat. Tul took her cell phone and pressed the contact of the nearest auto repair shop to ask for help. She stood up and held back her emotions as she waited for the mechanic to arrive. She felt worse than someone facing a midlife crisis and was silently praying that it wouldn't rain until she got home. The most important thing was that the car's tire was simply punctured.

Nothing seemed to go right, especially when the sky seemed to mock her with thunder echoing in the air. The mechanic arrived ten minutes later and quickly replaced the flat tire with a spare so Tul could go to the repair shop. Just when there was good news for her to be satisfied with, the mechanic's words shattered her hopes, bringing another round of bad news. With a heavy heart, she realized that her journey home would not be as easy as she had hoped.

“But the repair shop will close soon. Can you let me take the car to the repair shop tomorrow morning? I'll take It early.”

No matter what, Tul probably couldn't drive home right now. And at times like this, there might not be a repair shop that could repair the car, in the end, she agreed to let the mechanic take her car to spend the night somewhere else, before leaving the headquarters building with her head down.

Soon it began to rain as the sound of thunder demanded. Lieutenant Tul tightened the strap of her bag and ran towards the bus stop that had enough seats to get out of the rain. There were two or three people waiting for the bus that would take them home. The lieutenant shook the raindrops from her hair and sat on the bench at the bus stop. Her cell phone rang and she asked Tul to answer it. She answered a call from an unknown number, but

when she discovered that the person on the other end of the phone was someone from the repair shop, she immediately asked how her car was.

“You didn't step on a nail. But there was a long cut in the tire.”

Tul felt almost exhausted, she leaned on the sign behind her. Thinking about her inspector's words warning her that she might have to face something more serious than she thought, she didn't expect her to be attacked right in front of her, even though she wasn't directly questioned or confronted. Lieutenant Tul stopped herself from worrying anymore. If she showed the others that she was worried, she would mean losing because this hadn't even started yet. Fortunately, Jew wasn't hit by anything, she sent a message saying she had arrived home safely.

Tul closed Jew's chat and decided not to tell him what happened to her so as not to worry her. The night sky was so dark that it was impossible to see the rain clouds. The rain fell unexpectedly, emphasizing the misfortune the lieutenant was facing. The traffic on the road was also very heavy, so it was very certain that the bus would take a long time to arrive.

Her cell phone rang again, indicating that someone was calling her. Tul thought it might be Jew or P'Tihn wanting to know where she was. However, the name 'Goddess of Forensic Science' that appeared on the screen of her cell phone, made her heart tremble strangely to the point that she almost couldn't answer the phone and couldn't say a word.

[Why are you waiting for the bus there? Where are you going?]

“Ah... My car broke down.”

She responded as if the other party knew what she was doing and where she was, so Tul tried to look for a red Mazda in the area until she found it. Cherán opened the side window of the car until they could see each other.

[Goes up.]

# ①⑨

## NINETEEN



Che-rán took a tissue from the armrest and handed it to the police. Tul took it and wiped her rain-stained face and hair as she ran to the car. Che-rán adjusted the air conditioning so that the person she was talking to would not be too cold or feverish. She then drove the car slowly due to the traffic jam around 7:00 p.m., which was considered normal for Bangkok residents. In addition, the weather conditions were unfavorable and that night she would have to stay longer on the road before reaching home.

Lieutenant Tul, who had just finished wiping the raindrops off her bag, turned to the driver, indirectly thanking her for giving her a ride. From being disappointed with her fate, wondering if she had made a mistake in leaving the house or not because almost the entire day it was like she had a mountain on her chest, she went on to feel grateful to the person who passed by there, getting better her day.

“Please configure the GPS to get home Lieutenant and not have to wait for instructions.”

The doctor handed Tul her cell phone and she looked a little hesitant, but while she thought about not wanting to offend anyone else, she finally took the phone and opened the map app. She typed to find the location of the housing complex where she lived with her older brother and when she found it, she returned it to its owner.

“Where is your house, doctor? It's close to my house?”

The passenger asked, looking at Ran who placed her cell phone on the holder in front of the car console. The screen showed the route to her house, about seven kilometers away. Red lines along the highway indicated traffic conditions, regardless of which route should be avoided.

“Not too far. It should be ten minutes from your house.”

“You can drop me off at the subway station.”

“In rain like this?”

“The rain doesn't enter the subway station.”

“It's still raining. Also, your house is not next to the subway station, right?”

Che-rán saw from the GPS position, the lieutenant's house was so far from the station that she would have to take a car to continue her trip when she left the station.

“It looks like the rain will stop soon.”

“It would be better if you had someone to accompany you. Let's not argue anymore.”

“It's okay, doctor...”

Lieutenant Tul's voice was soft, not sure if it was because she was tired all day or because she obeyed the doctor. This could be considered the first time the two had a serious discussion about something other than work.

“Think of it as a reward for your persistence the other day when your arm even felt hurt.”

It was a little hard to hear, but it stopped Lieutenant Tul from arguing further. Actually, it would be nice if someone took her home. But she thought that after that, she Ran she would be left alone on an unknown road. Tul couldn't help but feel worried. But if she continued arguing, Ella Ran would probably not be happy.



“How was the interrogation today?”

Che-rán asked about the progress of the case, which was the responsibility of the other party. Without realizing it, that sentence actually made the lieutenant feel hurt.

"He sent a lawyer to request a delay."

Just by listening to her tone, Che-rán knew that Lieutenant Tul was displeased with the situation. She had believed that the lieutenant had left late for home because she had just finished an interrogation.

“He admitted that he had bipolar disorder. And coincidentally, his doctor's appointment was today.”

Tul continued as she took a deep breath. She stared at the raindrops falling against the car window, before hitting the windshield wiper, causing the rainwater to be swept away in the blink of an eye.

“But he has made an appointment for the new interrogation. You won't be able to dodge again unless there's something else going on.”

“From the evidence currently available, he must have had difficulty withdrawing. He then thought about using schizophrenia as motivation because he thought it would reduce his sentence,”

Che-rán commented. She imagined that the wounds on the deceased's body were more than intentional. Although she was not a psychiatrist, as far as she knew, emotional disorders did not mean anything good or bad. If at any point her emotions flared up, she would harm other people, like this police suspect did.

“I was just thinking the same thing. It seems I have to call a psychiatrist to come and check the illness.”

“I know some psychiatrists. I will contact them for you.”

Lieutenant Tul tilted her head to look at the face of the woman who controlled the steering wheel and drove on the road. Her mind was filled

with gratitude towards the doctor who was passing by and she saw it. When silence fell between them, the sound of rain hitting the car window was heard. Orange lights turned on along the way to touch and caress her sweet face, which made the lieutenant never get tired of looking at her. Many times those beautiful eyes looked at her instinctively because they felt like they were being watched.

“Do you see?”

Despite the protests, the public still did not take their eyes off her. Che-rán was grateful that the darkness of the night had prevented the person next to her from noticing the traces of shame on her face. However, instead of responding with a single word, when the car slowed down for the red light at the intersection, who knows what inspired that bit of courage for Tul to do something that in normal times she would not have dared to do.. Perhaps because of the fatigue accumulated throughout the day or because she was alone with Ran, Tul slowly lowered her head and rested her forehead on her small shoulder. She wouldn't move until the red light signal changed. It took almost two hundred seconds for them to feel each other's feelings.

“I'm very tired today, doctor... Can I stay like this for a while?”

She didn't think about telling the lieutenant to back off, just hearing Lieutenant Tul's random, pleading voice that she had never heard before made Che-rán relent and let her lean on her shoulder for as long as possible. The sound of raindrops was not the only sound they heard. There was a rhythmic sound of their hearts beating in their chests, until they could no longer tell if it was normal or just a momentary emotion.

“Don't you feel tired sitting in that position?”

Che-rán asked in a low voice, tilting her head slightly to look at the person next to her who was leaning and leaning on the car console between the two of them. She couldn't help but smile when Lieutenant Tul shook her head slightly so that her forehead rubbed against her shirt. A reckless police officer, she now looked like a girl. Two hundred seconds passed slowly, but the doctor wanted the digital numbers to pass a little slower. When the light

turned green, Che-rán did not ask the Lieutenant to move away and back down, although she had to change gears.

The car began to move slowly following the car in front. Lieutenant Tul lifted her head from the doctor's shoulder because she was worried that it might bother her. Tul didn't think she would be in a situation like that. What other conversations could be had to prevent this uncomfortable atmosphere from being created? Both sides knew very well what this feeling was, but it was still not clear enough to put into words. The relationship little by little became more and more tense, with no other variables to speed up or hinder the pace, like an hourglass from which sand dripped to fill the void below. It built up more and more until maybe one day it would end

Curiously, when they almost reached her house, Tul didn't feel as happy as she should have. When they left the main road, which was filled with traffic everywhere, they entered a small two lane road that was slippery enough that Tul wished the doctor would drive a little slower, even though Che-rán was only driving at forty kilometers per hour.

“You can leave me at the front of the alley. If you go in it will be difficult to turn around.”

Said Tul, who was quite sad because she would soon say goodbye to the doctor. Outside there were raindrops, finer but they didn't stop falling. If she got out of the car and ran home, she probably wouldn't be so wet.

“There, the alley opposite.”

With the tip of her finger, Che-rán pressed the emergency button to signal the car behind her that she would stop. The Mazda car stopped slowly. Tul had finished slinging her bag over her shoulder. At that moment, the doctor turned to take out a small umbrella from behind and handed it to the young police officer.

“It's still raining a lot.”

"Okay, I'll run."

Although she said it like that, when she saw the expression on Che-rán's face that said she wouldn't take no for an answer, Tul finally accepted the small umbrella in good faith.

“I'll bring it to you tomorrow.”

Che-rán nodded, she didn't know since when Lieutenant Tul was much more obedient.

“Walk carefully.”

“Drive carefully, doctor.”

Tul was silent for a moment, never thinking about saying these words to anyone, and she realized how much it meant wanting an honest answer from the other party.

“When you get home, please tell me.”

“Umm.”

The car door opened and the small umbrella opened so the rain wouldn't hit her. Tul waved goodbye once more before closing the door and waiting until the red Mazda slowly pulled away from the side of the road.

Tihn left his room and went down the stairs to the first floor because he wanted to get a glass of water. The lights appeared to be on, indicating that her sister had arrived home. It was still around 8pm, you could hear the sound of water coming out of the shower hitting the floor, maybe Tul was taking a shower. However, Tihn noticed something strange that she didn't fully understand. In the center of the house there was a brown umbrella spread on the floor. It might not seem strange because it was raining a lot outside. But what seemed crazy was that there was a fan drying the umbrella!

“Tul, why did you turn on the fan of this umbrella?”

The older brother shouted and asked the person who responded with a loud voice that echoed in the bathroom.

“It's my friend's umbrella, I need to dry it before returning it.”

“There is no need to dry it with the fan, it will dry itself tomorrow morning, don't you think?”

“Just don't turn off the fan, okay?”

Tul said. Her brother shook his head in disgust. He wouldn't stop her from doing that. But who would use a fan to dry an umbrella besides his crazy little sister? After his brother returned to the second floor, the cell phone on the table in front of the bathroom shined brightly. A notification of a sent message appeared on the screen.

Che-ran

1 minute ago

[I have arrived home.]

Che-ran

1 minute ago

[I'm going to shower now.]

That morning for Big Tech was not very pleasant, although the weather outside was clear after raining all night. After dispersing the crowd several days ago, the police officer of the crowd control division, Captain Krittidet, used to inadvertently cause a lot of discontent among the public to pressure the police department to take action and punish the captain police officer who caused the incident. If the story ended there, it could still be dealt with with disciplinary measures. Summoned for investigation, before issuing an order for suspension or possible reassignment according to due process.

After that, it would be explained to the public that the perpetrator had received punishment.

However, it turned out not to be what Big Tech expected and calculated when police used violence against protesters, becoming a suspect in the brutal murder of a woman before disposing of her body by burying it in the ground and leaving it for over a month. As soon as this story reached the ears of journalists, social media exploded like a raging storm, destroying everything. Angry residents criticized police headquarters and even shook the police chief, who would soon be named a candidate for elections in the coming months.

The political parties did not have a negative opinion, but just wanted the situation within the police to end quickly before the election campaign began. Therefore, Big Tech began from the day before to give orders to the criminal investigation department to process as quickly as possible and disclose as little information as possible to prevent the media and public from creating more disputes. Big Tech called the investigation commander to come and ask about the progress of the case.

He then learned that that day there would be an interrogation of Krittidet Kongthin, the police officer accused of the murder of his girlfriend.

“Who is the interrogator?”

He said those words in a firm tone, as he took in the view of the skyscrapers, which he knew could calm the commander's mind.

“Police Captain Dan Siam. The day before yesterday I ordered the criminal division to assign him the case. A junior police officer responded firmly. She had been summoned many times to be scolded since a dispute occurred with the Institute of Forensic Medicine for betraying him in the middle of a press conference.”

“Send someone to supervise this interrogation as well. The best way is you, you should go and listen to the interrogation. Be careful not to cause more problems than this.”

It was rare for him to receive orders like this, but no one could go against his superior's wishes. He reluctantly obeyed the order, although in his heart he felt that it was unnecessary.

“As far as I know, Police Captain Krittidet has never violated any discipline. Aside from that, he is also diligent in being creative and his work is good compared to those who are not dedicated. Whatever the outcome, explain as little as possible to journalists, only say what is necessary, only say that we are conducting an investigation and that the legal division has been ordered; In a few days people will forget on their own.”

Lieutenant Tul arrived at headquarters on the second day of the interrogation. After the defendant canceled the first interrogation citing mental health issues that required a visit to a doctor, the investigation at headquarters continued as normal. This time it might be more intense, especially since several officers, including other police officers, began to pay less attention to courtesy and kept their eyes on the passing Lieutenant Tul. While she was in front of the automatic drinks machine located on the ground floor of the building, one of the agents who saw her pass, but who had never spoken to her, approached her.

“Hello, lieutenant. Do you also drink black coffee?”

He asked as he saw Tul drink the coffee that came out of the machine. The policewoman seemed confused by the somewhat strange question. What kind of people can drink black coffee? Are there standards or rules?

“Have you heard the news about the puncture?”

The policeman lowered her voice so that only Lieutenant Tul could hear her. But that immediately made the person who didn't want to talk to her have to turn around and look at her since she hadn't told anyone the reason why her car was sent to the repair shop.

“Drive carefully from now on. Police officers like us have many enemies.”

The phrase sounded more like concern, but her voice sounded threatening. Tul clenched her fists tightly, suppressing her emotions to avoid trouble.

The fact that this person approached her to talk showed that people like her were not afraid of being caught doing something wrong, but rather she wanted to warn Tul, who behaved differently from the rest within the system, to be more careful.

In the afternoon, Captain Krittidet arrived at headquarters as the main suspect in the murder case. Captain Dan greeted him as the person who would take him in. As soon as the black van stopped in front of the building, surrounded by waiting journalists, the camera lights flickered. Dozens of police officers formed a line to keep everyone away from the suspect as he exited the van.

The suspected police officer was wearing a hat and a mask to cover his face so that only his eyes were visible. There was no answer to any questions to the journalist who pointed the microphone at him. Angry curses were heard from the people gathered in front of the police headquarters when they saw the cruel face of the police officer. Some people threw things at him in the hope that Police Captain Krittidet would be seriously injured as a result of his actions. But he was able to enter the building safely.

"Let him go now."

His voice sounded authoritative, the low-level police officer holding him immediately let go. He walked towards the interrogation room as if he were walking to work as usual.

"Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, I want to smoke first too."

He happily accepted the offer of Captain Dan, who had known each other for a long time. His attitude seemed relaxed, unlike the other suspects who were called. Two policewomen with the rank of lieutenant approached them when they arrived in front of the interrogation room with a cup of hot coffee each. But before they could enter, Lieutenant Tul stood professionally in front of her colleague, no matter how many police officers followed the procession behind him.



"I want to talk to you, captain."

Considering they had worked together before, Captain Dan didn't want to lose face a second time. He then murmured in response and gave orders for someone to escort Captain Krittidet and wait inside the interrogation room before following Lieutenant Tul in another direction.

"What's happening?"

Captain Dan spoke first. He picked up his coffee cup and took a sip. He takes out a cigarette and prepared to smoke it.

"I don't know if the inspector has informed you or not, but I am still in charge of this case and I am the one who will interrogate the accused."

Tul said it with a strong voice and her expression was very serious. The person who intended to smoke to relax looked away.

"I didn't know. I received orders to be his interrogator."

"Captain, you're not even in charge of this case. What would you use to interrogate the accused?"

"I'll ask for the documents you've gathered, Lieutenant,"

He replied casually as he puffed out a cigarette smoke.

"Why would I want to let the case go?"

"I'll tell you something, Lieutenant Tul. I'm just here to help you. Do you know how serious this case is? There is chaos throughout the base. You won't be able to handle it."

Tul didn't know the reason why she wanted to stay away from this police captain. Was it because of his selfish attitude or because of the bad smell of cigarette smoke?

"If I couldn't stand it, would I stay here? Please don't say you want to help me when I didn't ask you. This is your right that you must claim. I didn't

want to give up on anyone. And since you are a friend of the accused, it could appear that there is personal bias during the interrogation. Even you guys walked casually while holding a cup of coffee, what will the result of that be like?"

Tul didn't care what the man's face looked like. However, when she said something stupid, it was just a matter of patience, as if everyone had planned together that her interrogation would be just that day. In fact, the day before she sat alone for hours waiting for the accused to arrive, and she didn't see him appear to nobody. But now, she heard in front of the entire room and found out that Captain Krittidet was being treated special.

"Will you disobey the commander's orders?"

Captain Dan asked bravely. His expression was serious, it was clear in his eyes.

"I told you I'll be in charge of this case until it can be closed. And I will also be the one who does the interrogation today."

She didn't admit it, but she didn't deny it either. Tul insisted on her words until the person in front of her could no longer refuse. Captain Dan knew it well and had heard it all along, that the other party had something to do with the senior police officer of that headquarters.

"Then, no matter what happens, you will take responsibility for yourself."

The unfinished cigarette was crushed on the lid of a nearby trash can. Captain Dan walked in the opposite direction, deliberately bumping into his shoulder, but Tul didn't flinch.

A sound of protest was heard when the person who came in to conduct the interrogation was not Captain Dan as agreed. However, Lieutenant Tul showed no fear or hesitation on her face. Upon opening the door and entering, she met the person she had been waiting for since the first meeting.

Police Captain Krittidet Kongthin was wearing a white shirt covered by a dark jacket and was sitting on a metal chair in the most comfortable

position possible. He glanced at the newcomer, before turning to look at the glass wall on the other side of the room where there was a high ranking police officer who had come to listen to the interrogation, as if he was asking why this female police officer had entered.. But he didn't get a response until Lieutenant Tul sat in front of him and looked at him.

“At ten thirty-eight minutes I, Police Lieutenant Tul Techakomon, will conduct the interrogation.”

The policeman's expression changed for a moment when he heard the last name from the young lieutenant's mouth, his eyes flickering. If he could still control his mind, he would be fine. The same lawyer who went with him today cleared his throat softly, because he didn't expect that there would be a sudden change of interrogation officers like this.

“Let's start with your illness first. Oh... you don't mind, do you? In the interrogation room, I don't care about rank.”

The taller police officer did not respond, but simply sat, shaking his legs and not making direct eye contact with Lieutenant Tul.

“The medical certificate indicates that you suffer from different extreme emotional health conditions. You admit that you have received treatment in the last six months. But did you know that the symptoms you are experiencing are not included in the category of psychiatric patients? Because you still knows what is right and what is wrong, and you also able to control yourself, but if you wants to reduce the sentence, that will be decided by the court.”

Not a single word came out of the mouths of the accused and his lawyer. Lieutenant Jew, who assisted in the interrogation, handed over the documents. Several photographs were displayed on the table, including an image of a black van entering and leaving the deceased's home, according to eyewitness reports. There was also a photo of a Maori tattoo from her shoulder to her elbow, which matched the one shown on CCTV outside the convenience store, and also the deceased's Facebook page although only on one hand.

“The night the deceased died, you was seen standing waiting for her in front of the convenience store while she was shopping. She also bought the same brand of cigarettes that you smoked. We have proof of purchase on the receipt at the deceased's rental home.”

Jew left behind a zip-lock bag containing important evidence, namely a receipt from a convenience store. Police Captain Krittidet looked at him for a moment. The pack of cigarettes. that he had just taken out and smoked earlier was still in his pocket.

“There is also a document from the Prawet district office that was offered as a guarantee of the deceased's job, and also a rental contract letter for the house in which you pays rent every month.”

Only then were all the evidence put on the table. Enough to arrest the suspect for his involvement in Miss Patsamon's murder.

“I was wondering if you could tell us about the relationship between the two of you.”

The suspect was silent for a minute. He still shuffling under the table and not making eye contact with anyone. Maybe he didn't want to fall into such a disadvantageous situation. Lieutenant Tul leaned back in her chair, if it took her all day to interrogate him, she would do it until this man gave up. From the mobile network database, we know that after the death of the deceased, someone took her cell phone and used it to post photos about the deceased on Facebook so that the family of the deceased would misunderstand that she was still alive.. But you made a mistake because the deceased's cell phone is in your house. The mobile network discovered that It is in Soi Nuanchan, Ramintra, your home address.”

When the other party still refused to confess, Tur provided other evidence to join. Almost anyone who could be considered accused would bow to the evidence. The lawyer moved his chair slightly, intending to testify on his client's behalf.

“My client admitted that he had a romantic relationship with Ms. Patsamon.”

“Even though he's already married? Something like that could be called cheating, right?”

“No.”

This time it was the accused who opened his mouth to speak himself, he made a gesture to his lawyer so that he himself would testify about this part.

“Pat doesn't know I have a family. My wife also doesn't know that I'm dating someone else.”

“Do you mean that the two women did not realize the existence of the other party?”

The police officer nodded, expressing an attitude that did not see that the relationship he was in was wrong and strange,

“I live with my family, but sometimes I come to stay with my girlfriend. I tell my wife that I have to go out to do my duty at night. My wife never suspected anything, and with Pat, we were just ordinary lovers.”

Tul sighed inwardly as she listened to a rather sad confession from a man he barely knew regarding the relationships he had fraudulently established with not one, but two women. One of them was a legally married wife who was unaware of her husband's betrayal, while the other was unaware that the man she was dating was already married and had a family.

“Doesn't anyone know about this?”

“No, because I can take good care of both of them.”

He said, as if it were a source of pride for a man to have the possibility of being able to support two homes.

“If they want something, I'll give it to them. If they lack money, I will give it to them too. There is no doubt. I can be with both and also... It's fair for both of us. Everyone is happy with this..”

Lieutenant Tul tried to understand the relationship of the love triangle in which the two women were unaware of the other's existence. Although she reasoned that he could be fair and loving to both of them, without asking for her consent to enter into a relationship with another person, that was just an excuse to satisfy her own desires.

"And did you know that Miss Patsamon is pregnant?"

"I knew it,"

He replied in a low voice, making it impossible to guess his mood.

"Have you made plans about what to do if you had a child and wanted to get married?"

"If she wanted to marry me, I could marry her,"

The police captain shrugged and acted like it was no big deal.

"But we hadn't planned it yet. She seemed very happy to spend her life with me. And if she could have children for us, I would be happy too."

Tul narrowed her eyes, refusing to look away from the accused, who readily admitted that he was in a relationship with Patsamon, but never for a second showed that he regretted her departure. Therefore, it was certain that the accused was still hiding something. And maybe this time his lawyer had something prepared, so he didn't seem so worried.

"I've been listening to the police for a long time and I haven't seen any evidence that says my client committed the murder."

The lawyer who freed his client confessed about the relationship, he spoke out when he saw an opportunity to stop the investigation. Tul looked to the defendant's right side and looked directly at the lawyer.

"We have evidence that he was with the deceased the night he died."

"Just the CCTV footage at the convenience store. I could have gone shopping with her and returned home. The license plate of the black van

they mentioned is still unknown. How can they use this to confirm the evidence that it was my client?"

The lawyer approached and took photographs of the evidence from the van taken with CCTV cameras from various places on the table. None of the images clearly showed the license plate.

"After her death, we found someone using her cell phone. His residence was in the Soi Nuanchan area , where the suspect lived."

"How many thousands of people live in Soi Nuanchan?"

Tul was able to predict from the beginning what he would face. Even if he obtained testimony during interrogation, that did not mean that in court the evidence would be strong enough to prevent a murder charge from being approved. Therefore, the defendant's personal weapons were part of the puzzle that could lead to the closure of the case.

"After all, you're not going to confess to Miss Patsamon's murder, are you?"

"No, because I didn't do it."

There was silence after the accused denied his testimony. Police Captain Krittidet didn't even look her in the eye.

"It's okay if you haven't confessed. We have sent your cane for forensic examination. We'll know if you were involved in her murder or not."

Although she said that, it didn't seem like the other party was afraid at all. Tul glimpsed that expression and kept it in her heart. When the results of the weapons test came out, that same day she would drag this murderer by the neck to the table with her bare hands. Several hours passed before Lieutenant Tul left the interrogation room once the investigation was completed. It ended with the suspect's refusal to admit the charges and a lack of clear evidence that could definitely link him to Miss Patsamon's murder.

“Due to an incomplete investigation, he managed to escape murder charges.”

Tul frowned as she heard the sentence that emphasized her inability to incriminate the perpetrator. An unfamiliar voice, one she hadn't heard in a long time, startled her as she turned and saw who had spoken. Prosecutor Thiwa was there, hugging her chest while she looked at her. Her dark gray suit accentuated her figure, making her fashion sense seem impeccable.

“Don't you think that the weapon he used to hit the victim's head is still the same or has been changed? You have to investigate now.”

When the lieutenant refused to answer, she continued to ask about the weapon used to wound the deceased.

“In the experience of many cases, many investigations are delayed, giving perpetrators enough time to destroy important evidence and hide weapons, making it difficult for investigators to find them.”

“No problem, I have taken the matter into account.”

Tul said this not because she wanted to defeat the other party. This time face to face it almost felt like déjà vu as he interrogated actor JJ Chakrin.

“It's good to be careful. The accused is a high-ranking member of the police, how do you know that no one will intervene in the investigation?”

The prosecutor was still one of the people who maintained a balance between liking and disliking her. She often heard phrases that subtly invite sympathy to the point of causing pain. However, she could not deny that these words often serve as a reminder to her as someone who has more work experience.

“I'll be careful.”

Replied Tul, who couldn't help but be surprised that there could be someone in the group who didn't like him. Prosecutor Thiwa approached and touched her shoulder, patting it gently as if she were encouraging her and willing to



support what she was doing. Thiwa also said that the lieutenant could not fight the system alone because she could end up destroying it.

The young lieutenant soon arrived at the Institute of Forensic Medicine when Dr. Ran called to report the results of the examination of the weapon that police captain Krittidet allegedly used to attack the victim before she died. The interior of the building to the front of the laboratory was restricted and only Forensic Institute staff could enter. But before Lieutenant Tul contacted the person in Che-rán, she was a little surprised because she had called her shortly before her results were reported. The documentary analysis of one of the objects used in the incident was given to the lieutenant who immediately looked at it and read it.

“Are you sure that the cane sent to the forensic department is the correct cane?”

The doctor crossed her arms in front of her chest. She didn't want to believe that the test results were correct until she was forced to ask Tul to check them again.

“Because apart from the fact that no blood stains were found on the weapon, it also looked new and as if it had never been used before.”

Her tone blamed police for mistakes in collecting core items that could have been important evidence. However, Lieutenant Tul did not seem disappointed even though the test results found nothing. She had predicted that something like this would happen.

“I already thought I would change it for a new one. Because if it was the cane that he was using all this time, although there were no blood stains from the deceased, we should have found blood stains from the protesters that she injured. But, there were no blood stains on any of them, that shows that he exchanged them,”

Tul said, considering using it as confirmation that Captain Krittidet had presented false evidence. These actions may seem smart or may have been done in consultation with an attorney, but in the end they will only get you more caught.

“Not only that, the chrome found in the deceased's head wound was still enough for us to detect signs of cracks in the steel coating of the cane. But according to the article we received, there were no cracks, the staff was still smooth.”

Che-rán helped confirm another reason. She made her realize that the original weapon had been changed to another weapon. Tul pursed her lips tightly, raised her hand and ruffled her hair in annoyance.

“Alright. I have requested a search warrant for his house. If he still has it, we will definitely find it. Or if he destroyed it, we'll look for other evidence to link it.”

Lieutenant Tul led an investigation team to the home of Police Captain Krittidet with a search warrant presented by the court. She thought it would take a long time, but luckily Prosecutor Thiwa helped speed it up until Tul wanted to thank her a million times. Captain Krittidet's house was deep in Soi Nuanchan alley, number forty-six. It was a large two story house, it was surrounded by a fence. No one lived inside because the head of the family who owned the house was detained. Despite his testimony, he had not been released. Therefore, Lieutenant Tul contacted his wife to come over and help open the house for officers to inspect.

From the moment she entered the house until she began exploring the surroundings, Tul understood that Police Captain Krittidet had no problem with money. He was considered a high status person, otherwise he would not have been able to support his family and still have enough money to share with his mistress. During the entire search of the house, Tul monitored the attitude of the hostess, that is, his wife, who was sitting on the sofa in the living room. Her face still looked pale, probably because she had just discovered that her husband had secretly owned a small house for the past year and had also killed the woman in a cruel and inhumane way. She testified about the behavior of her husband, who sometimes admitted that he had to be on duty, spend the night, or go out to monitor groups of protesters in various places. And she never felt any suspicion about it.

She said she felt sorry for her two-year-old daughter, who was still innocent enough to realize what their father had done. Luckily, there was still her

mother or her daughter's grandmother who took care of her and supported her after the incident. Although deep down she still loved her husband very much, she couldn't be under the same roof as the man who betrayed her trust.

Tul stood up and held her breath for a long time about whether she should ask about Police Captain Krittidet's safe. Could there be something valuable hidden there? While they were trying to search every corner, they noticed a safe located in the bedroom. They still didn't know the password to open it but finally, Tul decided to walk towards her, kneel down with a serious face and ask her in a polite tone.

“Madam, we found a safe in the bedroom. If you know the password to open it, could you tell me? I'm sorry if I'm so annoying.”

Tul saw that her eyelids were swollen and purple like someone who had been crying for several days. The woman nodded before standing up. She was so exhausted that the lieutenant chose to hold her arm. Tul could only feel pity and sympathy for her because this woman had to endure too much trauma. This arose from man's selfishness. Taking the life of one woman was not enough, it also caused another woman to have to live with pain worse than death.

The bedroom safe was open and there were still valuables in it, whether it was a gold necklace, a bracelet, and a diamond ring. But the wife didn't want to take anything out, she walked back and gave Lieutenant Tul permission to search for things inside and finally found... The same hard steel grip that the authorities gave to all police officers. Lieutenant Tul moved her wrist and made the steel bar extend more than fifty centimeters. She tried to examine it with the naked eye, the found metal cane showed traces of peeling and there were several scratches on the top.

“P'Tul, we also found this in the desk drawer.”

Jew held up a ziplock bag containing important evidence. It was a cell phone that was turned off. Of course, it did not belong to police captain Krittidet whose items had been confiscated. And what's more, his wife also shook her head when asked if it was her cell phone. And yes, it was Miss

Patsamon's cell phone that was kept and used to post on Facebook to fool the family that she was still alive.

“No, this weapon must be sent to the forensic institute for examination.”

However, when she returned to headquarters to allow the forensic department to conduct an examination of the new evidence that had just been discovered, there was an order from the commander that the evidence used in the incident must be analyzed during the forensic evidence examination. headquarters, they were not to be sent anywhere. Although there has never been a problem with something unreasonable like that before.

"But the commander ordered a team at our headquarters to examine the evidence."

The police who confronted her seemed programmed to say the same words over and over, saying it was an order from his superiors.

“Previously, we sent evidence to the forensics because they were not equipped here, so why does the commander suddenly want to do it himself now?”

Lieutenant Tul herself would never agree. If she had known this, she would not have brought this evidence to the headquarters, it would be better if she went directly to the forensic institute.

“Whatever it is, we can't do it. We need to preserve the evidence for further examination as ordered.”

“Lieutenant Tulle.”

Before the young lieutenant could speak, Inspector Pichet arrived and called her name. The policeman, who did not utter a word other than the order he received, discovered that her rhythm was going to be altered. Inspector Pichet, in his forties, emerged just in time, walking confidently and with an air of authority. His hair is starting to turn gray, which alludes to his years of service in the police.

“Inspector, we have to take the evidence to the forensics. The team there is much more complete than here.”

Lieutenant Tul did not understand why she thought the inspector would support him, when looking back, there was almost never a moment when he agreed with her.

"The public is now paying attention to this case..."

He said quietly. But as soon as he began the sentence she had heard before, Tul could guess that she might receive a second disappointment.

“If you let the police check it right here, it won't seem transparent. The best way is to have an intermediary. For example, the Forensic Institute will help investigate.”

The inspector's unexpected words of support made Lieutenant Tul look at him with a gleam in her eye. But that was not enough, as the old police officer added:

"I will take full responsibility if the Commander gets angry. Do not worry about that. It is better to send the evidence to forensics for examination rather than letting it become a public discussion.”

“Thank you very much, inspector!”

Inspector Pichet felt Lieutenant Tul's tone change, it seemed that his subordinate's doubts about him had disappeared. His expression also seemed excited after receiving the assurance that no problems would arise if the superiors' orders were not obeyed. Lieutenant Tul often reminded him of himself in the moments when he dared to question authority figures. However, as time passed, his identity ended up being devoured by the strong fire of idealism. The honest and direct young man had now become someone who followed orders and issued them without deviating.

It was heartbreaking every time I saw superiors abuse their power in situations where no one dared to challenge them. At the very least, a leader like him should stand his ground, not let his men face it alone and suffer the

consequences.

Che-rán did not have time to ask why there were several police officers visiting the forensic institute. She received a response immediately after arriving in front of the laboratory where they analyzed the handed over cane. Along with Lieutenant Tul's confirmation that there was a possibility that the perpetrator used the baton because there were various types of scratches, the forensic doctor looked at the police officer standing in front of the laboratory room, who seemed determined to see her enter a restricted area with limited access..

“I'll go in with you.”

Very soon, the voice sounded more like an order than a request for permission, causing slight displeasure in the doctor that she felt was unnecessary. Che-rán looked at him with cold eyes, stopping the hand that was about to press the door password

“I don't think you can get in.”

"I have been ordered to examine the forensic work and report every step of the way."

“Who gave the order? The order probably does not apply here since this is not the police headquarters,"

Che-rán replied as soon as the other party finished speaking. Then the three Police officers simply remained silent because they could not respond.

“Please wait outside and do not interfere with the work of the forensic agents.”

Che-rán turned around before using her own body to prevent them from seeing the password of the door she was about to press. She dialed a six-digit number and the door opened, giving the doctor enough time to enter. She secretly glanced at the three police officers who were not directly

involved in this case. It seemed that they were deliberately sent to put direct pressure on the forensic institute.

The third interrogation would take place, along with evidence that could link police captain Krittidet as the person who committed the murder without being able to escape. With the media and police cars swarming the headquarters, Tul had to quickly gather all the documents available for the interrogation. She learned from Che-rán that the examination was postponed due to the discovery of blood stains on the metal fragments. This required the authorities to allow more time.. Lieutenant Tul confronted the suspect again in the interrogation room. Captain Krittidet seemed even more emaciated than at the first interrogation. Even on shaky legs and avoiding eye contact with Lieutenant Tul. To his right was his defense attorney, the same one who was willing to consistently challenge the charges and look for ways to lighten his sentence.

“As I said last time, we searched his house and found a metal rod that he didn't give us. And these are the results of the forensic examination we just received.”

Tul put the documents from the forensic institute on the table as usual. The lawyer reached out to take the paper and read it.

“According to the results of the examination, blood stains were found stuck in the hole of the cane you used and still..”

"They didn't find anything here,"

The lawyer said, interrupting before the lieutenant could finish speaking. Tul frowned and looked at him in confusion, so he handed the document back to her.

“The documents say that nothing was found, no blood stains were found, no reactions were found. Lieutenant Tul quickly took the paper so she could read it herself. She narrowed her eyes as she read the date and time, confirming that the document had just been published that day. Next to it was the signature of the person in charge of the laboratory, which confirmed that nothing had been tampered with, as she had previously seen. The

recorded analysis results indicated: 'No anomalies were found in any of the items used in the incident.'

“What joke is this lieutenant?”

The lawyer urged him to get answers quickly. At the same time. Tul suddenly remembered who had brought him that document in the morning. He was a police officer who admitted to taking him out of the Forensic Institute as soon as the lab results were confirmed. Tul suddenly felt numbness all over her body. She blamed herself for not checking carefully before entering the interrogation room. She did not even consider the possibility of interference, even with important documents that could become the smoking gun in this case.

“I don't have time to play with you all day, Lieutenant. What are you going to do?”

The mocking voice stopped when the door to the interrogation room creaked open. Tul could hear voices of protest from inside the observation room, before turning around to see who had entered the interrogation room.

“This is the result of the forensic analysis of the objects used in the murder...”

Che-rán took a step forward and placed the document on the table. Her eyes turned to look at the document that Lieutenant Tul had in her hand.

“Let's talk about someone who has falsified documents, I will definitely not let him go.”



# ②①

## END OF VOLUME ①



The atmosphere in the interrogation room changed because the doctor from the forensic institute arrived with the original documents from the examination of the objects used in the murder and handed them to Lieutenant Tul. The police almost crumpled the fake document in their hand, ready to tear it if necessary, but they had to hold it back because this document could be important evidence of interference in the investigation process. Police Captain Krittidet's eyes showed his anxiety. His lawyer could only sit silently and sigh when he saw the original document appear in front of him.

“These are the results of the weapons inspection that we obtained from the Forensic Institute. Do you want to read it first?”

Said Lieutenant Tul, placing the important document on the table. But at that time no one came forward to read it and confirm it. No one, not even the lawyer, who kept his mouth shut as if he knew he couldn't argue any further.

“The analysis of objects used in the crime requires separating small pieces of evidence for analysis. Dried blood was found in large quantities in the cracks of the Starf...”

When no one thought to read it, Lieutenant Tul took the opportunity to mention key information in the document so that everyone could hear it.

“The blood stain examination results found that it was the blood stain of Mr. Surasak Pinmanee and Miss Patsamon Thongnak, the two people you attacked with the same iron rod.”

The young lieutenant looked at the suspect, who had not spoken a word since the beginning of the interrogation. He no longer expressed his comfort, but seemed restless and constantly moving in his chair, and yet chose not to make eye contact with anyone.

“At her house we also found other evidence, specifically Miss Patsamon's mobile phone.”

Tul took out a ziplock bag containing a cell phone and placed it on the table. Once the battery was fully charged, they were able to turn on the cell phone. The screen, which was not locked with any code, blinked as he touched it with his fingertip.

"We checked the usage data and discovered that someone had been using it for the last month after Miss Patsamon's death. The old photos you took were gradually posted and updated on your personal Facebook page over several days. Those photos were deliberately used by you to trick her relatives into not reporting her missing, hiding the fact that she had been dead for a long time.”

Tul left no chance to let the other party escape, not even the lawyer could help defend his client from escaping. During this interrogation, each party kept their mouths closed or took turns sighing.

“I have both the motive and the weapon used to commit the crime, I think it is time to confess. Because maybe... No one can help you anymore.”

Tul specifically intended to imply that someone was interfering with her investigation. She thought that with the sentence she said, of course she could offend the people listening to her from the observation room with a glass wall separating them. As time passed very slowly, the air became thick and suffocating, as if the breath in the room was slowly disappearing. Finally... Captain Krittidet let out a laugh in his throat, as if mocking his own misfortune for not being able to escape from this point.

“Can we take a smoke break first?”

Tul pressed her eyebrows together as she narrowed her eyes looking directly at the man in front, not wanting to believe it. While it was acceptable for the interrogator to take a break, it was probably not acceptable for him to ask for anything more than a consultation with a lawyer. However, the orders sent by microphone from another room bothered Tul even more.

“Let him rest first.”

Tul quickly turned to the large glass wall in front of her. Although she couldn't see inside, the people in the room could see her dissatisfaction through her eyes and expression. But, of course, they preferred not to care. The door to the interrogation room opened and a police officer entered with a pack of cigarettes and a lighter placed on the table in front of police captain Krittidet.

“Don't you have a red Marlboro?”

His words that he wanted cigarettes that he liked made other police officers who were outside run in and get them according to his wishes. At this time, the little policeman also lit a cigarette for him. Gray smoke rose and hung in the air. But Lieutenant Tul was still sitting where she was and she was not moving anywhere. She raised her hand to wipe the smoke from the tip of her nose before turning up the collar of her jacket to avoid inhaling the carcinogenic substance. She continued to look at the defendant, without looking down. She finished the first cigarette, followed by the second. The helpless man's tense expression slowly relaxed after she took a drag on the cigarette that filled her lungs, satisfying his desire.

“Are you satisfied?”

Tul asked in a low voice. The second cigarette was thrown into the ashtray, the gray smoke was completely exhaled through the nose and lips. And finally police captain Krittidet began to confess.

"I didn't want to kill her."

His voice was hoarse from the cigarette smoke, but clear enough to hear.

“Impossible, because in my opinion... You hit the deceased on the head with your baton, with enough force to seriously injure her or make her lose consciousness. You could have stopped there... But no, instead you took a knife from her and stabbed her repeatedly, until she died. There is no way it could have been caused by carelessness,”

Tul said of the likely real incident that occurred the night she committed the crime, according to the autopsy report received. There were many moments when he should have restrained himself and stopped doing it, but he chose not to spare his victim's life and vented his anger until the victim died. The police officer suspected of the murder could no longer escape. He sighed like an exhausted man, as if she were a distraction he wanted to put aside.

“I have an illness, sometimes my emotions are good, sometimes bad. She made me angry, so I didn't act on purpose.”

“Are you misunderstanding something? Bipolar patients do not experience emotional ups and downs in a day. It is a symptom that overwhelms the patient because the feelings stay with him for a week. It is better not to make excuses saying that he is sick.”

Tul immediately denied that the man in front of her was mentally ill. He came up with an excuse that made no sense, but she ignored it.

“She brought up the boy's problems.”

“Did you kill her knowing that she had a child in her womb?”

“Then what should I do?” It's annoying. I went to her all the time. Instead of being nice, she started arguing with me and was only talking about that child.”

“Oh...”

Tul was happy to see the person in front of him looking upset. She leaned back in her chair and crossed her arms.

“At first, you said you would be happy to have children with her. If she wanted to marry you, you would marry her. And now you say that you two were arguing about the child in her womb?”

The lawyer sitting next to him looked away at his client's carelessness in saying things that shouldn't have been said. He may have gone too far and not be enough of a defense. The suspect was a little surprised, he opened his mouth to speak but then closed it. He did it several times and turned to ask the lawyer for help, who did not look at him again.

“What exactly was your motive?”

This time Tul wanted to get the answer. She narrowed her eyes at the man in front of her who could barely find his own voice.

“She crossed the line. She went to investigate me until she discovered that I already had a wife and children...”

Finally he revealed his true motive with a sad expression as if he was a victim.

“She came and asked me to buy her a condo for three million baht. I couldn't do it because I wanted to buy another car... So she said, whatever my wife gets, she has to get it too.”

Tul was reluctant to comment on this because the person who had died could not get back up to defend herself. What was certain was that this tragic event would never have happened if there were not men who acted selfishly. These women would not experience bad events that would destroy their lives.

“About the child, I knew that she was pregnant, even though I had previously told her to take birth control pills. She probably wanted to use the child to threaten and tie me up.”

That phrase was only meant to portray himself in a positive light while he blamed the person who had died. Tul had never seen a reflection of his actions and words that were more despicable and disgusting. She did not

believe that this man regretted his actions and, therefore, he did not deserve to live in society. Justice had to be done if there was still enough truth.

“You don't know the reason why she wanted to have children...”

Tul tried to suppress her emotions. It was not out of anger towards the murderer, but out of feelings of sadness when she thought of a boy she met by chance at that time.

“But she has a nephew who always receives birthday wishes from her every year. She also always buys toys for her nephew whenever she comes back to her town. And she also once told her nephew... That she wanted to have a sweet boy like him.”

Lieutenant Tul remembered the words expressed by the boy's babbling voice when she questioned his parents. Mr Panlop and his wife, or the deceased's brother and sister-in-law, as well as her dear nephew.

“I thought she just wanted to have children. But unfortunately, she met someone like you.”

The lengthy interrogation concluded and the suspect was detained for further legal action without bail. Lieutenant Tul carried her documents and her notebook, and she was the last person to leave the room. She seemed tired, her nose felt so hot from inhaling cigarette smoke that she feared lung cancer would attack her sooner or later.

“It would have been a very bad thing if Dr. Ran had not come with the documents, right?”

This time, Tul didn't need to look away to know who was speaking. Prosecutor Thiwa approached and saw the condition of the person she had been interrogating for hours with senior police officers watching over her.

“Has the doctor left already?”

“Because? Did you want her to stay and support you? She had to go back.”

Prosecutor Thiwa could never speak well to her. Although she had previously offered help in search warrant matters, that didn't mean she was easy to connect with.

"When you take control, it may not end so easily."

Tul's sentence was full of concern. Even if the accused surrendered to the evidence or confessed, the court's decision would be final. The person who would continue to fight hard for this was Prosecutor Thiwa. She thought again, this prosecutor had enough experience and tactics to not let the perpetrator get away with it. But she still felt worried.

"From what I saw during the interrogation, the perpetrator will probably twist his words in court, pretending to forget what he has confessed."

Thiwa is very experienced and had encountered many different types of defendants. The higher the rank of the accused, the more he showed favoritism and was not afraid of anything. When they were in front of a judge, they often had the opportunity to defend themselves in order to receive a lesser punishment.

"But don't worry, leave it in my hands. You've already done everything you could."

After parting ways with Prosecutor Thiwa, Lieutenant Tul and the investigation team prepared to go out to answer questions from the press in front of the headquarters building. This was not a press conference prepared in an auditorium like every court case that became a social trend. Because there was an order from her superiors that required them to answer journalists' questions as briefly as possible and not go into details, claiming that it would harm the case.

But as she left to meet the platoon of waiting journalists, Inspector Pichet approached the two police officers. He walked in with a serious expression and looked stressed. That made Lieutenant Tul quite worried.

"Lieutenant Jew, answer the journalist's questions first."

The inspector told the police to go out alone to take care of the outside.

“As for you, Lieutenant Tul, there is something important to discuss with you.”

Perhaps because she had received support the day before, after the examiner managed to bring important evidence for the forensic examination, Tul felt that the inspector might be called in to be reprimanded like so many times before. The young lieutenant turned to tell her subordinate to follow her orders. Then she would go herself to the inspector. Although Lieutenant Jew was hesitant, if no one came out to give media interviews, perhaps the police would be attacked even harder than before. He then agreed to separate and leave alone, following the inspector's orders.

“Is something wrong, inspector?”

After Jew walked through the front door, Tul turned to the older man. There might be days when she disagreed or seemed upset with him, but she still respected him. Inspector Pichet cleared his throat, looking at the lieutenant who often had conflicts with her superiors until she was worried about today.

“Lieutenant Tul, you will undergo a disciplinary examination for disobeying orders from your superiors.”

Dozens of microphones and voice recorders from the media were directed at the policewoman, the second daughter of a politician who is a member of the council of the opposition coalition. Lieutenant Jew's serious expression stood out on mobile phone screens and dozens of television cameras. Flashing lights and many questions about a surprising case. When the media calmed down, he was ready to answer all the questions of the day.

"So, the accused has admitted that he committed the murder?"

“Basically with all the evidence we found we were able to tie him up and yes, the accused has confessed.”



Lieutenant Jew answered these questions according to her training. The journalist asked the next question without interruption.

“Did your motivation come from an adventure?”

“Yeah.”

“How transparent is this investigation? Rumors are circulating that the police handling this case are very close to the accused. Can the public believe that?”

“The police officer in question did not participate in the investigation of this case. Our investigation team from the beginning carried out its tasks transparently, including collecting evidence and conducting interrogations. We also had forensic experts who helped examine various pieces of evidence,”

“He responded, speaking eloquently and clearly. Even though his hands were sweaty because he was so nervous.

“The latest news that just came out is that someone changed the results of the Forensic Institute's tests. Who did it? Was there personal interference or not?”

The police lieutenant was quite surprised when she heard the news leak out so quickly. Because the incident occurred during the interrogation three hours ago.

“Yes, someone tried to interrupt the work. We are investigating that person.”

“Do you admit that there was police interference in this case?”

Lieutenant Jew took a deep breath to face the question that could cause dissension within the base. But he never doubted which side he would be on. If he and her superior were meeting to do an interview there, she would probably give the same answer that Jew would say.

“I have to admit that when officers question police officers it can raise doubts among the public. I will not hide the fact that interference poses challenges to our investigations. However, due to the significant injustice caused by this case, it resulted in the loss of one person's life. I, Police Lieutenant Anasaya, representing Police Lieutenant Tul, the person in charge of this case, would like to assure everyone here that as police officers, it is our duty to investigate and prosecute regardless of your identity or status. I want the public to believe that this case will be an example and will become a basis for the police. The police must stand on the side of all citizens.”

“A disciplinary hearing? Did you manage to close the case though? I wonder what they were thinking.”

This was the first time Tul saw Che-rán so angry that she raised her voice. She had gone to provide a progress report on the police officer who presented false documents, who was also summoned to a disciplinary hearing, along with Lieutenant Tul.

“Because I disobeyed the commander's orders. But the inspector said that maybe they wouldn't punish me much if I kept quiet. The inspector will be in the disciplinary court room and he will help me.”

“But that's not true at all. They even ordered another person to carry out the interrogation, even though that person was not involved in or responsible for the case. And the other person they chose turned out to be a friend of the suspect. If this matter reaches the ears of the media, people... That guy won't be able to last long,”

Che-rán complained while she organized the documents on the table. This was a sight worth witnessing for someone who entered the doctor's private room. This forensic institute was almost like Tul's third home, after her original home and the headquarters where she worked.

“But I probably won't be punished that severely, this is just a disciplinary measure, it's like...”

Tul was a little surprised when she heard the sound of documents being slammed against the table with a very loud sound.

“Don't think it's nothing. They preferred to punish you instead of punishing the person who falsified the documents. This is a more serious disciplinary infraction that could affect the outcome of the case. That could free the culprit because the evidence was not enough.”

Che-rán began to review the files on the shelf behind her, but still did not stop criticizing the work of the police. She didn't think she would face anything.

“One more thing. Our forensic expert, whose signature was forged, was not satisfied. If we use that false evidence, how much impact will it have on him? He even wants to sue them.”

The lieutenant listened attentively as if she were listening to a sermon, knowing that this was not the time to be happy. She looked at the thin back of the person who was busy arranging the bookshelf as her mouth continued to chatter, complaining with no signs of stopping easily. A slight smile appeared on Lieutenant Tul's face, her eyes seemed blank and she did not take her eyes off Che-rán at all.

“And those who like to play these dirty games think that they can survive to receive the least possible punishment? With the amount of evidence gathered, it took a while for them to admit their mistake. I don't even want to think about what would have happened if I hadn't spoken to Lieutenant Jew this morning until I found out that you were going to begin the interrogation because the test results had already reached you, even though the original documents were still in our hands, if I had not known beforehand, what would happen...”

Che-rán had not finished her sentence, and her hand that was inserting the file into the slot had to stop when another person who was in this room stood behind her. Tul used both hands to hug the Doctor from behind her

and then rested her head on her shoulder. Their slight difference in height caused her forehead to rest softly against the slant of Ran's shoulder. The heat wet her own cheeks.

"I know who the police are. I'll take care of it for you,"

Lieutenant Tul said in a weak voice, hoping to convince the doctor to calm her anger. Both of her hands tightened around her.

"I haven't thanked you yet for taking the time to provide the actual documentation. You know, if I didn't have you, I would definitely be in trouble... Thank you."

Who taught Lieutenant Tul to hug from behind and make pleading sounds until the listener's heart softened? Although at first they barely touched elbows. If it weren't for the faint body odor emanating from the person she was talking to, or even seeing the sleeves of her jacket rolled up to the elbows that Che-rán had always seen, she wouldn't have fallen into the lieutenant's arms. Tulle and she would have walked away from her.

"U... Umm,"

Che-ran murmured in her throat, and realized how much smaller she was compared to the person holding her, even though their heights weren't different. Maybe it was because Tul's shoulders were a bit broader than hers.

"Unless you order me to remove myself, I would like to stay like this for a moment."

The words of pleading seemed to have become a habit for the lieutenant. But it wasn't difficult to make Che-rán's sweet face smile.

"Do you like following orders?"

"If I liked it, they wouldn't summon me to a disciplinary hearing..."

Tul spoke in a dull voice. She bit her lip, wondering if she should say it. But in the end she didn't say it. But although Tul did not say it, Che-rán could

guess what her next words would be. She thought it was good that Tul didn't say it... Because her heart couldn't contain it.

Tul was in uniform on the day of her disciplinary investigation. Before leaving the house, she looked at herself several times in the mirror. While she waited at the front of the room, she still checked her clothes so as not to deviate from the dress code. Fortunately, she didn't need to wear this uniform when she worked, otherwise it would be troublesome to do anything. But unfortunately, Tul never got used to it until her confidence plummeted.

The police officer who falsified documents from the Forensic Institute was the first to be tried. Previously, Jew had guessed what punishment he would receive for this serious disciplinary infraction, but no one dared to speculate that he would receive the maximum punishment. It was inconceivable what the police officer had done, which showed that he probably didn't expect much from the process. Tul couldn't help but be surprised when she saw the police officer leaving the room after less than half an hour.

Reaffirming that the time and effort spent falsifying documents was no more than twenty minutes. That made the decision disproportionate to the potential devastating impact it could have on the lives of innocent people.. She saw the officer's happy face because perhaps the punishment had not been too much to bear. He immediately left, without even saying a word or apologizing, not only to himself, but also to the Forensic Institute. This made Tul close her eyes and suppress her emotions.

"Police Lieutenant Tul, come in,"

A loud voice shouted from the teakwood door. Inside there was a small auditorium where everyone understood that it was intended for disciplinary hearings of police officers; you could say that it was a cold room. Tul stood up, made sure her clothes were clean once again, took a deep breath before walking towards the disciplinary court room, trying to cross the threshold with her right foot. As Jew had said, she would bring luck instead of stepping on the wrong foot..

Inside, the room seemed large and spacious, making it seem smaller than before. In front of the central area, there were chairs placed there. Not far away were long tables lined up, where high ranking police officers were sitting in their chairs. Everyone stopped talking when Tul entered. Tul only remembered a handful of people who were members of her disciplinary committee. One of them is Inspector Phichet. Next to the inspector was the investigation commander and the person sitting in the middle of all the police officers with a large chair that seemed the most comfortable to sit on. But apparently Tul's arrival didn't seem to make the person breathe easily.

His piercing eyes stared at Tul. And Tul, who was being watched, didn't even bother to look away from him, she stared back defiantly. The man still looked the same as in Tul's memories, he was so faded that she could still remember him. His face was no different from nineteen years ago, he only had wrinkles and gray hair. Time could age the man, but his eyes remained the same... They seemed disgusted and full of hatred, as if she were not his biological daughter.

Maybe if Tul had been too naive at that moment, she would understand why her father hated her so much. Until one day, her father decided to leave them indifferently, as if to remove the cancer from her life. As the years passed, she had realized that she didn't need a father. She always saw the man on the news or on the front page of newspapers, saying that he was a hero who pursued repression, drug trafficking gangs, or was even responsible for cases that were difficult to investigate him until he was able to climb to the top of his career and be where he was at that time.

He was Lieutenant General Pol Tech Techakomol, Commander of the Central Investigation Police.....his biological father.

“Sit down.”

One of the judges gave him permission to sit down. Lieutenant Tul saluted before sitting on a chair in the middle of the room.

"Police Lieutenant Tul Techakomol..."

When her last name was mentioned, the others exchanged glances in silence for a moment behind the commander's back.

“Do you know that there will be punishments for disobeying the commander's orders?”

“I know.”

“Article seventy-eight, in parenthesis two, says that you must follow the orders of superiors who give orders in the performance of your duties. Perform official duties in accordance with government laws and regulations without rejecting or avoiding them. But you have violated the rules under this. Do you know it or not?”

“I know but.. .”

"Then why do you keep disobeying orders?"

The general, a high-ranking police officer, was able to keep his voice low, although his facial expression was slightly different. Just as importantly, he had just discovered that the policewoman sitting in front of them might be related to the commander of Big Tech, who was trying to join one of the current disciplinary committees. The Commander's story revealed that he had been divorced from his wife for decades. No one knew if he had children or not. He simply kept busy and single with no personal commitments. Dedicated to his work.

“I am very aware of that. However, following orders would have caused more harm than good, especially if they are illegal orders. I'm afraid it's you who needs to review your own orders.”

Inspector Pichet, who was sitting at the head of the table, silently raised his hands and held his head as he saw the courage of his subordinate who was not afraid of anyone, not even the commander sitting in front of her. But the Commander didn't say anything even though he was the one being criticized.

“If you believe the order is illegal, you should draft a memo to the commander to review the order, rather than making your own decision about what to do. And if he confirms the initial order, as a subordinate, you must still follow it regardless of your opinion.”

Another high-ranking police general, sitting to the right of the senior commander, intervened hoping to speak for the situation.

“Even if this raises doubts in the eyes of the public? Do police like us have an obligation to serve the public or don't commanders do it?”

Lieutenant Tul looked at everyone who was sitting, before finally fixing her gaze on the man sitting in the middle, with an attitude of bravery and desire to conquer. The commander's calloused hand rose to prevent the person to his right from responding. His eyes were as sharp as an eagle's, something Tul learned from him. Big Tech continued to stare at the policewoman before pointing out that no matter who she was, no one could match or challenge her power.

"You..."

The entire room held its breath, waiting to hear, as if it were a word that could take anyone's life.

“You are suspended from government service.”

“I still don't understand it. The violation was not even serious enough to warrant suspension from work. Why should I punish you Phi?”

Lieutenant Jew was speaking so loudly he was almost shouting when they met at the roadside store. The inspector invited her to have a beer to cheer up the woman who had been suspended from work for a week. With Jew attached to her, the three of them sat together at the same table. A pot of meat sauce in the middle of the store, drawing applause from the crowd when the forward of her favorite team kicked the ball diving and missed the goal.



“Actually it was not a serious violation of discipline. But it seems that it could have been due to a personal problem with the Commander,”

Said Inspector Pichet. That day he had asked his wife's permission to meet with the subordinates he always told her about. He promised not to come home late, no later than 11:00 p.m. But that promise won't be kept by people who drink beer, right?

“Oh, the commander himself is on the disciplinary committee?”

Jew knew a lot about his superior's family, but he had never asked more than what Tul wanted to tell him. For that, he respected her even more. Everyone saw that just with his last name, Techakomol, he could easily reach a high level. But Lieutenant Tul built it entirely with her own hands.

“Lieutenant Tul's words may have influenced him. I told you to behave and keep your mouth shut so as not to be punished severely.”

The inspector scolded her, like an uncle scolds her nephew, or a primary school teacher scolds naughty children.

“I couldn't help it, inspector.”

Tul clenched her fist on the handle of the beer glass that they had just filled with more beer. There were bubbles on the edge of the glass.

“They accused me of disobeying orders, but honestly, if the orders had been followed, it would have had more negative consequences.”

“So you chose to speak out loud to the judges?”

“Wasn't it worth it.”

“No one can handle Phi, not even the inspector. Those people are weak-minded and cannot accept that they made a mistake, or they would die. Luckily, you were only suspended from work and your salary was not cut.”

Jew shook his head, annoyed with the Commander. He used chopsticks to pick up the pork and dipped it into the pot, simmering it for a while before

putting it in his mouth and chewing it.

The noise in the brewery mixed with the cheers of a small section of football fans. The Inspector himself shouted in annoyance without maintaining his composure, raising his hands above his head as he did in the disciplinary court room. But this time, the situation changed when the soccer team he loved was attacked on the field for almost half an hour. They only had one chance, while the opposing team managed to score and take the lead.

Jew held back his laughter until he was almost crying because he didn't want to be scolded. He looked at the giant screen where he could see the goalkeeper bending down to pick up the ball from the net, his expression was almost the same as Inspector Pichet's at that moment.

“Think positively, Phi. There is nothing worse than the performance of the inspector's favorite football team, Manchester United.”

Lieutenant Tul got up to go to the bathroom. The effects of the alcohol were not strong enough to control her, but she felt a little drunk. There was still a tower of beer on the table. The hot pot was empty because Jew had finished it cleanly. And the Inspector's favorite soccer team lost because he didn't score a single goal in the entire game.

Tul didn't run back to the table, instead she preferred to stand near the bathroom entrance, which was relatively empty, without any annoying applause from the football fans. She took out her cell phone to check if there were any messages or missed calls while drinking beer because she knew she would be late getting home. There was a message from someone that made her heart beat faster. Her face immediately turned red, but not from the alcohol.

[Cheran: How are you today?]

Like she said before, she wasn't drunk, she just couldn't control herself. She debated with herself for a moment, if she wanted to do something, she should just do it. Without thinking twice, Tul traced the tip of her finger to her call button. She scrolled until she found the name 'Forensic Goddess' in

the top bar of recent contacts. But this time she had no intention of calling for work reasons.

Her heart was beating in time with the call waiting signal and she almost stopped breathing when the other party answered the call. Without letting her wait for long, the melodious and hoarse voice that Tul wanted to hear sounded.

[Hello.]

“Doctor...”

Tul turned around and smiled at the wall because she was afraid that the people passing by would think she was crazy.

[What's wrong?]

The voice on the other end of the phone was like cold water calming her mind. Tul did not respond immediately until the other party asked her.

[You are drunk?]

“How do you know?”

[Lieutenant Jew told Mae that she would go drink beer with you and the inspector.]

“Oh...”

Tul responded. The fact that there was a news anchor to quickly break the news to Che-rán was more than enough to tell her. There was a long moment of silence, no one spoke. Tul leaned against the wall, using the toe of her slipper to gently tap the floor back and forth. For Che-rán's part, she was also in no hurry to start a conversation. They happily held down the phone line and listened to the cheers from the brewery on the other end.

“Doctor... I miss you.”

Tul finally spoke. She didn't know what to blame. Was it the fault of the beer she drank or did she just want to use it as an excuse? There was silence for a moment after Tul said that. If these were normal times, I wouldn't be brave enough to say it. And other people probably didn't expect to hear those words come out of the lieutenant's mouth either.

[You're not really drunk, are you?]

A sweet, casual voice asked, causing a smile to spread across the lieutenant's face. She often leaned against the wall just because she was embarrassed and she couldn't act well. Luckily, Che-rán did not have to meet her in these conditions. But on the other hand, she wanted her to appear there because her heart would be better.

“Um...”

Tul responded with a hoarse voice in her throat. Thinking about the things she had just gone through, she felt exhausted in both body and mind.

“No one is as good as you.”

[How good am I?]

Saying it like that, Che-rán almost couldn't contain her smile, especially since she didn't expect the lieutenant to call her.

“Well, doctor... You always agree with me.”

[I guess I didn't agree before, right?]

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.."

Tul murmured. But the words no, no, they repeated like this.

Che-rán, who had been sitting reading a book, had to put it down. Tul's cute and childish attitude made her smile until her cheeks hurt.

[You should go home now. But how will you go home? The three of you were drinking, right?]

Although the sentence was quite serious, the tone of voice was still sweet and pleasant to hear. The lieutenant turned around so that her back was to the wall again.

“I left the car at the head office. Maybe call a taxi home.”

[Okay, take care.]

“If you don't go to sleep first I will have sweet dreams.”

[Do you want me to wait?]

Che-rán asked in a low voice since she didn't seem very sure.

“Will you sleep late?”

[I'm reading a book right now. But I can wait until you get home.]

"You're being nice again..."

[That's not kindness.]

Che-ran said. She just didn't know where to go. She doesn't have much experience in relationships or how they work. She could seem stubborn at times, but when things got tough, she could barely handle it. She couldn't deny that she was the cute looking Lieutenant Tul.

“When I get home, I'll tell you.”

Tul waited until someone else answered and then hung up. She gracefully removed the phone from her ear and smiled at the screen again until the end. Could her thumb press the red button?

Being temporarily suspended from government service for a week pending the results of another disciplinary investigation did not necessarily tarnish Tul's reputation. Instead, she saw it as an opportunity to relax. She could wake up at almost nine without worrying about someone calling her to the crime scene. In the morning, she would occasionally leave the house to help Tihn in the bakery. And there was a special service that delivers cakes to the

forensic institute during the day. More recently, Jew was transferred to another team while waiting for her superior to return. He complained that he could barely work because people refused to listen to his opinion. Although he asked questions, he ended up being criticized. Until he had to secretly investigate alone, or ask Lieutenant Tul's opinion at the Phi Tihn bakery. Jew loves it because he got free snacks to eat and take home..

On the morning of the fourth day off from work, the weather was very cool and pleasant after raining all night. Tul was sleeping soundly in bed, with her legs propped up on the pillow, and probably wouldn't have woken up easily if it hadn't been for the sound of her cell phone ringing from above the bed, interrupting her dreams. She was dreaming that she was going to the beach with Jew, but suddenly Mae appeared and said, 'Ran found out that the lieutenant is a mermaid,' and Tul woke up at that moment.

She felt confused, thinking about the events of her dream. She wasn't in the sea, she didn't have a tail like the fish that swim with fins in the ocean and she was still lying in her own bed. It took her a long time to digest it, before the sound of the phone still ringing loudly made her wake up. Her white hand moved to take the cell phone.

Closed eyelids tried to open her eyes to see who was calling so early in the morning. The name 'Goddess of Forensic Science' appeared clearly on the screen, causing Tul to immediately get up from her bed.

"H...Hello doctor,"

Tul tried to force herself not to make her voice sound like someone who just woke up, but she probably couldn't fool her.

[Did you just wake up? Did I disturb your sleep?]

“No, it's okay, I just woke up..”

She was too excited, to the point of being unusual. Tul raised her hand and gently stroked her hair out of nervousness.

[I need your help.]

“Ah... A case? Clear.”

[No, this is not a case.]

Che-rán was a little doubtful, especially since she was teasing her early on. Meanwhile, Tul still couldn't understand what was happening.

[Do you have free time in the afternoon? Can we take a walk through IKEA together?]

Since the doctor had invited her to eat Vietnamese Guay Chap together. Tul didn't even think about a second chance to go again. She frankly admitted that she hadn't found a suitable time for the two of them, or even a good reason to ask her out again. They almost never went anywhere together.

Tul considered that day to be lucky because she was on vacation. That meant she had the same days off as the doctor. Che-rán calls in the morning and said that she originally planned to go with Mae. However, unexpectedly, one of the staff members in the forensic toxicology department suddenly became ill, forcing Mae to fill in for him. Although she was disappointed that she didn't go out with her friend, Mae urged Che-rán to try asking her out to Tul. Mae didn't want to miss the opportunity to maintain her reputation as a matchmaker for the two of them from the beginning.

Finally, Tul got out of bed and chose her clothes for the afternoon. She called Phi Tihn and told him that she might not be able to go to the store because she had a date with a friend. She showered and dressed, then waited for Che-rán to come pick her up at her house before noon. She didn't drive herself because the person who asked her out wanted to buy a new bookshelf and also needed someone to help her assemble the bookshelf at home after returning from IKEA

This meant that that night Tul could visit Che-rán's house. She was so excited that she was sweating and she had to wipe her hands on her own clothes. A red Mazda was parked on the side of the road, in the same place where the car had left her a few days ago..

“Have you eaten?”

That was Che-rán's first greeting phrase. Tul responded briefly, accidentally seeing the doctor's unusual appearance. A black sleeveless shirt that showed off her round shoulders and shapely arms. She was so mesmerized that she forgot to fasten her seat belt. Having ridden in Che-rán's car many times before, the two were very relaxed when spending time together. Chatting about topics that had nothing to do with work, discussing things like old songs that were over twenty years old that the radio station just started playing, reminiscing about the songs they used to listen to while driving to school. They also talked about Phi Tihn's new cake recipe, which Tul tried for the first time the day before. And Tul also talked about the strange dream she had the morning before the doctor called to wake her up.

“Siren?”

Che-rán laughed softly, shaking her head at the lieutenant's surprise.

“Yes, it was good that you called to wake me up, otherwise I would have jumped into the sea.”

The conversation ended when the car pulled into the shopping center parking lot. Luckily, it was a weekday, so many parking lots were empty. Tul didn't have to worry about Che-rán's driving skills, especially when he performed a simple task like reversing. He waited until Che-rán turned off the engine before grabbing her small bag from the back seat, then they both got out of the car at the same time.

Tul walked next to the doctor when they entered the shopping center together. However, an unexpected incident occurred regarding the clothing that they did not agree on beforehand. This made the department officers greet them with a sweet smile. One person was wearing a black shirt with sleeves and the other was wearing a black sleeveless shirt, both paired with jeans. The only difference is that the Tulle jeans were dark, while the doctor's jeans were light. The backs of their hands collided lightly as they walked side by side. But this time Tul had gathered courage from home. Her fingers touched gently, asking Che-rán for permission to open her hand, before finally inserting her hand to hold her slender hand.



Che-rán's hands were a little cold due to the car's air conditioning, contrasting with the warmth of Tul's hands that helped alleviate the cold sensation and warmed her hands. Tul had only visited IKEA once in her life and had never bought anything. Everything was still as familiar as she remembered. As they move forward with furniture selection, they delve deeper into the showroom area. They didn't run towards the shelf that Che-rán wanted to buy. They chose to wander around and look at items that interested them. Some items were even placed in their hands before being returned.

Many times Tul was interested in holding Che-rán's hand so they could walk together again. On the one hand, she enjoyed when the doctor paid attention to certain elements, making them special and endearing in an Indescribable way. When she asked Tul for help in choosing between two similar colors or products but different models, she sometimes followed Tul's advice, while other times she trusted her own instincts. Whatever you chose looked adorable in her own way.

Tul found gloves to hold hot objects and immediately thought of Phi Tihn when she saw them. She didn't forget to invite the doctor to come see it together. The color was gray, matching the store's apron. And Phi Tihn would receive a new pair of gloves. as compensation because her sister didn't come to help her with her work. Tul was so interested in the showroom area that she couldn't help but wander through each room. When she finally saw the matching furniture set, she had an idea. She wanted to fix up her own room to make it more comfortable to live in. Tul wanted her in her room.

“Do you like it?”

Che-rán asked as she saw Tul's eyes light up as she looked around the children's bedroom. There were bunk beds for brothers and sisters, a study table, and a closet.

“Yes, it seems interesting. I used to help design Phi Tihn Bakery before. We figured out whether the counter should be this way or that, or how to organize the cake shelves. We had to send it to the designer to refine it further.”

Said Tul. She recalled that it took him longer than expected to shape the design of the bakery. They had to control it according to the budget that had been set.

“You and your brother seem to love each other very much.”

Hearing that, Tul laughed and raised her hand to stroke her hair.

“No, it's just that I've grown up.. When I was little, we often fought because Phi Tihn liked to bully me..”

“That's quite normal for brothers and sisters.”

“Doctor, what are you talking about? Do not be ridiculous.”

A loud voice was heard as she circled around her to make her take it back. However, the reality was that there were currently no divisions left in Tul. The person who normally always had a good mouth everywhere, or, more accurately, still had a good mouth everywhere except when she is with Cherán, almost turned into a shy kitten.

The back of IKEA was as popular an area as the other areas, with stuffed animals of all types and sizes. Che-rán took a medium-sized stuffed shark and compared it to Tul, who was following her closely.

"I'll give this to the person who this morning dreamed of being a mermaid,"

The doctor said, causing the person who was being teased to laugh. Tul did not want to be left behind, she looked around looking for a suitable doll for Che-rán. Before walking over and picking up a shark-sized stuffed tiger for comparison.

“Why tiger?”

“Because you are as fierce as a tiger.”

The doctor raised her hand to hit Tul's arm because she called her fierce. But in the end, they took out both the shark doll and the tiger doll and agreed that they would buy them for each other. The shelf that Che-rán

wanted to buy was the last area they reached. Che-rán had searched the website before and noted the product number so he could see the original. The two walked towards the warehouse area, looking for a box that contained the same shelf, before walking towards the cashier to pay.

Tul helped load the items into the car, struggling a little with the large new shelving, but eventually managed to get them in along with smaller items like a lamp, a glass, a pair of kitchen gloves for Phi Tihn, and a stuffed animal.

“Let's go back. The biggest battle is assembling the items.”

Before returning, Che-rán invited the lieutenant to have lunch together at the restaurant where she used to eat with her father because she lived in the neighborhood. It was almost 4 in the afternoon when the two returned to the car with a glass of Americano each in their hands. The doctor's house was next to the restaurant, two more alleys away, and was not considered too far from Tul's house. It was just that she had never been in that area before..

Che-rán's house, where she lived alone with her father, was located in a small alley. This was a medium sized one story house that looks comfortable. Inside, the patio was shaded and filled with potted plants, which the owner said her father liked to grow in her spare time. However, at this time Professor Rakkit might not be at home and it might be that he is late because he is attending a seminar in another city. Tul offered to close the door while Che-rán opened the trunk of the car to take the purchased items home.

Although the owner of the house told her 'make yourself at home', the first step upon entering the house seemed new to Tul. She carried a large box behind Che-rán to the room where the new bookshelf was located. It looked like a living room because there was a wide-screen TV and an L shaped sofa. Next to it was a glass door that could be opened to Professor Rakkit's flower garden. However, the left side of the living room was called the work area. Tul saw that the shelves were full of books on forensic medicine.

“I took out the old bookshelf. I'll put it here,”

Che-rán pointed towards the corner of the room's wall, behind a large table that could be a place for father and daughter to read books or do a little work. There was a morning edition next to the stack of books.

“We can start putting it together now.”

The owner of the house responded easily, took a box cutter to open the box and began to take out various pieces to help assemble it. Che-rán often read the manual included in the box, while Tul followed his instincts. Sometimes she did what the doctor ordered but you had to admit that, apart from the legal matters in which they worked together to look for evidence, they even got along well when it came to putting together the bookshelf until it began to take shape.

At that moment, Tul saw something alive flash by in the corner of her eye. She paused for a moment as she put together the wardrobe and turned to see what she had glimpsed earlier. Before she could guess what it was, she heard a sound, and immediately recognized it as the sound of some kind of animal. A fat Siamese cat sat curled up under the table, with burnt brown fur on its face and ears that made it look mysterious and strange. A stark contrast to his blue eyes, which looked at the stranger with suspicion, distrusting anyone who invaded her territory.

“Little Mushroom, why are you there?”

Tul understood the symptoms of an animal lover, but she had never heard Che-rán lower her voice before, so she felt a little strange. But it could bring a big smile when she saw Che-rán leave the object in her hand and crawl towards the cat that she still distrusts of strangers. But when the owner went to call him, the cat came out to meet him.

“Is it called a little mushroom?”

“Yeah. Don't be afraid, she's here to help put together the bookshelf.”

Che-rán said as she made two and three note sounds with the soft, fluffy creature in his arms. A hand scratched his ear and neck, helping him feel more comfortable, even though his blue eyes were still narrowed at the

stranger. Tul seemed to sense that one day he would be attacked by the furry creature.

“Can I touch it?”

“Um, he doesn't bite.”

Tul tried to be kind to the cat, slowly extending her hand towards the animal in Che-rán's arms. Seeing this his burnt brown ears tilted slightly as Tul stroked his head gently. She continued doing it up to the area under his chin to build confidence that she wasn't going to do anything. And as if she got an answer, the cat felt comfortable again when they heard a satisfied moan from his throat.

“Have you ever had a cat?”

“Not really, when I was little there were several cats in my old house. But P'Tihn is allergic to cat hair, so we didn't keep any.”

Tul said that she actually knew enough about a cat's personality that if she tried to scratch its neck, it might be enough to take the cat's confidence to the next level. After a while, the little mushroom started to want to go down and explore. Che-rán pressed her lips against the animal's head gently and lovingly before releasing the furry creature to the ground.

“Let's continue, it will soon be night.”

The two turned to continue assembling the bookshelf. One person helped hold it in place and the other tightened the screws. There was a pause as the little mushroom scratched its nails on an empty box nearby. Che-rán had to take it out and immediately took the box to store it somewhere else. Tul greeted him even though the cat didn't seem to care and was watching him from a distance. Finally the wooden bookshelf was finished, all that remained was to move the stack of books.. Tul helped by passing each book to Ran, who sorted them herself. When she realized that it was already dark, she started to go down the stairs and had to turn on the lights in the house, but the lieutenant did not think at all about running home.

Once everything was done, all that was left was cleaning. Che-rán told her guest to sit and wait on the couch while she cleaned. The little mushroom walked slowly alongside its owner, its fiery brown tail raised toward the sky and moaning loudly for dinner.

“Would you like to drink Coca-Cola?”

Che-rán asked as she entered the room with two cans of soda. Tul nodded and thanked her softly while she extended her hand to receive the can of soda and opened it until he heard the sound. The owner of the house did the same before throwing herself on the couch next to her.

“You are tired? Or are you hungry?”

“We just ate. You must be very tired, doctor,”

Tul said, leaning toward the smaller woman who was lifting her drink to drink. Che-rán looked relaxed, much better than she did when she was at the Forensic Institute. But that was certain, because this was her house..

"I wanted to tell you a long time ago... That you don't need to call me doctor when we're not at school,"

Che-rán said in a low voice. She looked away and saw a shark doll and a tiger doll sitting together at the end of the couch. What she saw made her feel more embarrassed than she had before.

"Okay, if you say so, doctor."

Tul herself also did the same, raising her hand to scratch her cheek, starting to feel nervous again,

"I'll call you Ran, okay?"

“Hmm.”

“Okay, just Ran.”

“Can you stop, what a stupid joke.”

The person who was being bothered made a loud noise and raised her hand to lightly hit the other person's arm. She smiled widely and laughed when they made fun of her.

“And your doctor, will you continue calling me lieutenant?”

When it was her turn, Tul could barely speak as she held a can of soda from which she dripped water with both hands.

“What do you want me to call you?”

“Doctor, you are the same age as Jew, right? I'm a year older than her and she calls me Phi...”

Tul stopped, feeling like she was driving around the world because she didn't dare ask her directly. Her hand, cold from holding the soda can, came up to scratch her cheek.

“Alright. I'll call you P'Tul.”

They both looked away, not daring to turn their heads and look each other in the eyes. It wasn't that they didn't understand each other's feelings or intentions, but that they both knew what they were. Her actions were quite obvious, but no one dared to talk about it directly. There were only clues, like fragmented sentences of a conversation that never ended.

The atmosphere around them wasn't uncomfortable, but there was a mass and a feeling that told Tul to do more than just sit together in silence in the doctor's house where it was just her and her cat lying on the TV table.. As her gaze turned forward, seemingly lost in thought, Tul noticed the family photo frames arranged on a shelf further away. Among them, there was a frame that was larger and newer than the others and contained Che-rán's graduation photo where she appeared with Professor Rakkit and Prosecutor Thiwa.

It was something that had bothered her for a long time when she thought the two knew each other. How long have you known each other to be able to take a photo together at an important event? From the pronouns and expressions of concern that were often heard from the prosecutor's mouth, that was enough to make Tul suspicious all this time.

“Can I ask something?”

"Um, yes,"

Che-rán replied. She didn't know, what was Tul seeing and thinking?

“Have you known Prosecutor Thiwa for a long time?”

“Oh...”

The doctor saw Lieutenant Tul who was looking at a photo frame in front of the television. But although she wasn't asked about this, she had told Mae that one day she would tell the lieutenant herself.

“We've known each other for a long time. P'Thiwa's parents are close to my father, so we have been friends since childhood.”

“It's like this...”

The person who had just learned the story nodded in understanding. From the beginning she hesitated whether to ask or not, in the end she chose to discover something that had been bothering her for a long time.

“At first I thought... That you two were lovers.”

Lieutenant Tul said in a low voice that I could barely hear. But that made Che-rán laugh a little before quickly denying,

"No, P'Thiwa is an older sister that I have known for a long time, so we can seem very close. But because of that, no one else dares to make fun of me because they think I'm P'Thiwa's girlfriend.”



Che-rán spoke about her experiences in her early years when she entered university. Her father told P'Thiwa to pick her up in front of the building. Until her friends from college misunderstood that they were her lovers. Dressed immaculately from head to toe and driving one of the few European cars in the country, P'Thiwa was admired by everyone who saw her. And they also said they were the perfect couple.

"What's wrong with you, P'Tul?"

She almost made the mistake of saying her old pronouns, but she felt a little embarrassed when she spoke. Che-rán she believed that one day she would get used to it. But the owner of that name seemed not to be used to it either. When she heard Che-rán calling her, it was as if electricity flowed through her body..

“Huh?...”

“Has anyone ever bothered you?”

“Ah...”

It seemed like they were asking her to remember the past.

“I used to, but not really..”

"Tell me,"

The pretty girl placed her soda can on the front table before turning around and resting her arms against the back of the couch, waiting to hear Lieutenant Tul's story.

“When I was in high school, I was on a basketball team with my friends, we played only during sports days. And it turned out that there was a third-year student who liked me. I was confused about why he liked me, because I wasn't very skilled at playing and I wasn't as tall as my friends either.”

"Oh... A junior."

Che-rán joked, making Tul smile shyly as she remembered a senior that her junior liked at the time.

“Don't bother me... But we never talk. Until the day I graduated from Mathayom 6, he came to bring me roses and a card and I thanked him. After that, when I visited the school again, we would sometimes see each other. But after years of not seeing each other, those feelings slowly faded over time..”

Che-rán was still a good listener. She used her eyes instead of words to respond to a story that she found very interesting.

“When I entered the cadet academy... Once upon a time there was a boy who greeted me. He would sometimes come over to chat, but I wasn't feeling very enthusiastic, so I rarely responded. He probably wasn't the guy I liked or wasn't interested in guys, I don't know. But when I met an older woman who was a good police officer, I thought she was more impressive, so I thought, maybe I like women.”

Tul concluded with her experience in the field of love that was very low and to the ground. She didn't know how to start or how to continue. All she could do was watch the beautiful and charming woman walk before her eyes. And perhaps because this profession was only occupied by more than ninety percent men, it means that Tul did not have the opportunity to meet a woman who would get along with her.

Until that moment, she was working with that woman who was listening to her attentively.

“What's wrong with you, doctor?”

Tul left her can of soda unfinished and turned to the smaller woman who had not said anything. Before realizing what she said wrong,

"Oh... I mean, Ran... Has anyone ever come to try something with you?"

“Yes, P'Thiwa.”

“And have you ever flirted with someone?”

"Not at all,"

Che-rán responded quietly, avoiding the eyes that made her feel defeated.

"It shows that you've never had your heart broken before."

"Yes, but I'm not sure if I've ever hurt anyone or not."

"So... You can't break hearts?"

A pair of beautiful eyes stared at the owner of those words in case she had heard wrong. Instead, she became a trap that made her gaze meet with sparkling eyes, with a feeling similar to the night when Tul spied on her in the car in the middle of traffic jams and rain. However, unlike that night, Che-rán had no darkness to protect her trembling face.

"It's difficult to understand what you're saying,"

Said Che-rán. This time, her ears started to feel a little hot.

"I don't want you to break my heart..."

The person who spoke indirectly confirmed her previous words, with a voice even softer than Che-rán's when she spoke to her cat.

"I don't want to be disappointed."

"I don't want to be disappointed either, so..."

She reached out and lightly touched the lieutenant's chin to make her feel better and smiled widely. Tul raised her hand and held the hand that was on her cheek, holding it so it wouldn't disappear. She saw herself reflected through a pair of beautiful eyes that were more charming than anything else at that moment. Tul's face approached slowly, until she felt a warm breath caress the skin of her cheek.

Che-rán closed her eyes instead of giving permission. She didn't have a chance to speak, her heart was beating so hard that she almost stopped beating for a split second.

Their lips finally touched. The person who was complaining about her lack of experience in the field of love didn't let it be just a random kiss. Tul slowly moved her own lips and kissed the soft lips she dreamed of.

Although it made her heart tremble more than before, her nose continued to inhale the other person's body odor that she was beginning to become addicted to. She slid towards the small body to wrap her arms around Che-rán's waist, bringing her bodies closer than ever.

Che-rán, who initially did not know where to put her hands, slowly moved up to surround the back of Tul's neck and began to kiss her back. But it seemed that this made Tul's heart even harder than before. She pursed her lips like a spoiled child. When Che-rán gently grabbed the other person's lower lip, a loud meow was heard. There was silence until everything stopped. She didn't know when the little mushroom jumped off the TV table and rubbed his body against Tul's legs as if warning her not to bother his owner anymore.

A laugh rang out softly as the two looked down and saw a furry animal sitting on the ground. Although she felt a little frustrated, Tul had to accept the sweet kiss to end. Although Che-rán's pretty face was red with embarrassment, Tul found her very charming.

At night, the storm raged incessantly, drowning out the sounds of the girl's moans inside the unfinished building. The small figure of her crawled tremblingly and frantically, away from the demon in human form that was walking towards her. With trembling hands, she searched for something, anything, to use as a weapon of self-defense, as her sinister presence approached her.

The brick he found in the corner felt right in his hand. At the last moment, the stone was slammed hard towards the person's head. Thick blood immediately flowed from her broad forehead, but it did not make him move or react in any way.

The victim gasped in fear, dropping the brick, seeing eyes that seemed to penetrate her soul, making her heart almost stop beating. The person was picking up a brick that was stained with her own blood, when the girl

accidentally dropped it. She immediately approached the victim, who repeatedly raised her hands in the air and begged to be let go.

Before the last wish could be fulfilled, the brick in his hand smashed directly into the girl's face. The poor girl lost all her strength and fell to the ground. This did not stop the action, but was followed by a second, third, and countless more blows until red blood splattered all over her face, even her entire body. Although the girl's face was pale, the nerve cells within her muscles indicated that she was not dead yet.

The artist admired his work with a smile, satisfied with himself. He turned the girl's almost lifeless body face down on the ground. Then, he took out a long rope from her pants pocket, tied both her hands tightly and firmly, before completing the final step of her vile act.

END OF VOL. 1

