



SYNOPSIS

Credit to the Original writer;

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SYNOPSIS

— မိမိလေး နှင့် ဇနီးမိမိ —

My name is "ML Sippakorn" or everyone calls me "Khun Nueng." After leaving my grandmother's house to live alone, made me realize that... I still have a lot to learn. But unlike other people, I have never experienced the feeling of love'. That is, until I met that cheerful girl.

"Nueng."

She is an 18 year old girl with beautiful eyes. He frequently visited and expressed her love for me every time we met. It's strange...usually, I get annoyed when other people stick to me, but with her, I feel... Ah, never mind. She wouldn't leave, even though I kept pushing her away. But our relationship journey was unusual. Later, I knowing that I was part of the birth of that cheerful girl.....How could that be?

Well, her mother was my best friend in high school. She suddenly disappeared because she is pregnant". I don't know if the universe wanted to punish me or it was just my fate, but that girl came into my life and fulfilled my life....."BLANK"

When we met each other, she made me, who had never known 'love', feel what it was like to fall in love....

"Our age difference is too big. I was 16 years old when you were born."

I said this to warn the girl again about our differences. But it seemed like A-Nueng wasn't interested in what I wanted to say to her.

"So?"

"This means that when you are 20 years old, I will be 36 years old. The Distance between us is too far."

"Look at it from another angle. When you are 86 years old, I will be 70 years old. Then, people will say that we are the same age. And I will be able to take care of you if you get sick, because I am younger and stronger. Isn't that great?"

I looked at the petite girl, who was arguing with me with various reasons. I then used the words I always used to blow everyone away, like the wind.

"Do you think you are worthy enough?"

"Not today. But I will be worthy of you someday. I promise."

INTRODUCTION

INTRO:

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"There's only one hour left until our wedding ceremony, you can't do this, Khun Nueng."

Even the groom, who I am going to marry calls me "Khun" with respect. Is this the person who will sleep by my side and be the head of my family? I just looked at him, smiled faintly, kept my composure, and asked him to go back...

"Are you worthy enough?"

The lives of ordinary people would be like a graph with peaks and valleys; they will experience seka and duak, such as the thrill of the birth of a baby, the deep disappointment of losing a team, the extreme joy of the return of a lover's love, and the excruciating pain of betrayal due infidelity. But that's the life of ordinary people...Not me. I have never been disappointed with this life.

I mean it. I have never been discouraged or disappointed with anything in this world. I was born into a rich family with status. In addition, I have the noble title „Mhom Luang (ML)". Although these titles don't mean much in this day and age, hearing them gives people the impression that I am authoritative, dignified, and intimidating.

Yes... And when people think I have those qualities, I have to carry myself worthy of my title. I was born into a respectable family, so I have to live a more orderly life than other people. Everything has to be perfect. For as long as I can remember, I have been trained to believe that there are no limits to what I can accomplish. It seems that I have done a lot of good things in my previous life, so in this life, I was born with a perfect appearance and a perfect brain. As a result, I have never experienced disappointment.....Never...

Maybe because my grandmother (on my father's side of the family) has raised me to be a perfectionist since I was born. It's like my brain is programmed to always say to myself,

Aristocrat, Aristocrat, Aristocrat

Ultimately, I don't think anyone is worthy of me. So one day, when my grandmother forced me to marry, I wanted to take revenge on her. So I agreed, then ran off in the middle of the ceremony, tearing her pride apart. And yes...besides my grandmother, the person who was also deeply hurt by my actions was the groom, the son of the prime minister that my grandmother carefully "chosen" for me.

"Are you worthy enough?..".

Yes... That's a question that no one has been able to answer since I can remember. All the women and men who had confessed their love to me recoiled in shame as soon as I asked them this question. There is no one worthy of me in this world. And I have no intention of having a relationship with anyone.

This is me... ML Sippakorn.

I came out of the palace and out of everyone's lives to gain life experience. To be honest, I don't have any goals in life. Even with the work I Wanted to do, I felt like everything was "not worth it". But I have painting skills, so I Try to use them to make a living. And that makes earning a living fun. Sometimes, I have enough food. Sometimes, I don't have it. People who used to live magnificent palaces now live in rented rooms that cost only a

few thousand baht per month. But even though, life is not easy, I'm not worried at all. I don't understand at all those who commit suicide because they are broke. I wanted to feel disappointed... but I didn't. If you ask why I torture myself like this...is that to get back at my grandmother, I guess. I want her to worry. I want her to grieve that she can't control everything like she used to. And one of the things that bothered me was what happened to Song.

Grandma deserves punishment and deserves to relive what what happened... Will there be anything in this world that can make me feel sad? I left the palace to torture myself like this, and I still don't know what sadness is. If I don't know sadness, I won't know happiness... I want to feel happiness so much that my heart beats fast. Will that happen to me?

"Ar Nueng."

"What?"

I glanced at a girl in a student uniform who was probably one decades younger than me. She held her chin in her hands, looking at me with sweet eyes. She's probably done it over a hundred times this month. Since we met, this crazy kid keeps hanging around me and looking at me with those eyes, no matter what do. And kept repeating it, which was starting to frustrate me.

"I love Ar Nueng."

Maybe this child will be the first and only person who makes me understand "sadness" for the first time. This child, whose name is similar to mine... A-Nueng.

①

CHEERFUL GIRL



"Where are you from, Ar Nueng?"

"Why are you here? Why don't you go home?"

I lifted my watch to look at the time and frowned.

"It's almost 9 p.m."

"I waited for you at the market, but you didn't show up. You look very beautiful today. Where did you go? Who were you with? Tell me now."

A-Nueng... She's a young customer of mine, a student, who sat in front of me to sketch her portrait a few weeks ago.now asks me this and that as if I were prized possession. Oh my... this crazy kid. Even my grandmother doesn't dare to interfere in my personal life...because she couldn't, because I had already run away.

"I won't tell you. It's none of your business. And stop calling me Ar Nueng. Since when did we become close?"

"Since you sketched a portrait of me,"

The kid gave me a Duchenne smile. I'm not sure if she is expecting me to worship her or something, but I maintained a neutral expression. I Didn't like it, and I didn't feel persuaded by that smile at all.

"Does that mean I get close to every customer I sketch?"

I choose to refer to myself as "I" because I don't know what to use. Calling myself 'Auntie' would give her the impression that we were closer than before. Argh....

"Hurry home. It's getting late. It's dangerous outside."

"Then tell me where you are. I will go home as soon as I know."

"Hey!"

I raised my voice at the rude kid who kept asking about my personal affairs. But then I got tired of seeing the child still smiling broadly at me.

"You're annoyed, aren't you? Look at your face."

The petite circled me and poked her face, trying to look cute,

"Usually you look like you don't feel anything. I like seeing you frustrated like this."

"Can't you stop bothering me?"

I asked directly. But the person in front of me was more direct. She shook her head vigorously in response.

"No i can't do that. You are my happiness."

"Huh?"

"You are the right person for me."

A-Nueng winked at me and pointed her finger in a cool pose.

"I feel powerful when I'm with you."

"What!?"

The child ran to hug me tightly after saying that. She did that shamelessly, while I tried to push her away. But it seemed like the more I tried to get her off of me, the tighter her hug got. This kid has an iron grip that exceeds my expectations.

"You drinking? I can smell the tan on you... What are you celebrating?"

[TAN- A fruit that some people think smells like alcohol.]

"I'm not celebrating. Someone treated me... Can you let me go? This is annoying."

"OMG. Ar Nueng is upset. Very good... I made you frustrated and annoyed. Look. Your face shows it all. Your expressions are always so cute that it's hard to read your emotions."

"Why are you bothering me?"

"Because I like you."

This is probably the hundredth time this child has confessed her love to me. I sighed tiredly and stood still until A-Nueng hugged me without any resistance.

"You shouldn't be that easy at this young age. How can you like someone so easily? And are you not at all embarrassed to say that?"

"You're the only person I'm not embarrassed by when I'm near you. I want to confess my love to you all the time. Keeping your feelings to yourself is suffocating, Ar Nueng."

"So you took your emotions out on me?"

"And I am your release. When you are frustrated, you can vent your anger at me. When you are angry, you can yell at me. Great right?"

I gave her a bored expression. I don't understand this kid at all. How could someone like this exist? Does she like it when get frustrated, angry, and annoyed with her?

"I won't be frustrated or angry with you from now on. Remember that."

"Very good. So you can smile at me."

"What is this? So whatever I do is good for you?"

"Yesss... I am your everything."

My jaw dropped as the tiny child looked into my eyes and smiled. She rested her chin on my chest and looked straight into my face. In the end, I was the one who looked away.... Why do I feel so hot?...

"Hurry home. I'm hot and sticky. I want to shower and sleep."

"Tell me first where you were."

"I'm going on a date."

"What! Who is it? Male or female?"

"I won't tell you."

"Who is Ar Nueng dating?"

The little one stepped away from me and scrunched up her face.

"But it's okay. It's just a date. I'll allow it."

"I didn't ask for your permission. What right do you have to allow me to date?"

"Your future lover's rights."

I laughed mockingly and waved my hand to shoo her away.

"Go home already."

"Okay. I've got my answer, even though it's not the right answer I want to hear."

A-Nueng willingly let go and carried her flat school bag away cheerfully. But before she left, she turned around to call me.

"Ar Nueng."

"What now?"

As I got ready to go into my room, I turned to her in a bored manner. But I couldn't help but smile at her question.

"Is the person you're dating worth it?"

"Well... a little. That person is a good candidate. That person is a doctor."

"That person is a doctor but she is only slightly' qualified. That means the person is not worthy enough. Yay."

"Yay, what?"

"A pretty valuable person is right here in front of you. That's me. Yay."

And finally, the child, A-Nueng, returned willingly. I see her back as she walked away, a little worried, before I changed my mind. Before Returning to my room, I snuck after her to make sure she got home safely.....This isn't the first time....

From the first day we met, A-Nueng was clear about her admiration for me. She would rush to meet me after school finished and return home promptly at 6 pm. One day, she would sneak up after me when I came home because she wanted to see where I lived and what I did. It's been like this for weeks.

Yes... I don't like to express my thoughts and feelings. So I plastered a smile on my face. This child is the only one who often does it and made me lose

my cool because I was annoyed. I even shouted at her loudly, even though I've never done that to anyone... Ah... except my grandmother. However... A-Nueng didn't look sad in the slightest. She even stuck out her tongue, rolled her eyes, and scratched her head to admit her mistake.

"Ah... I'm sorry. But when you are angry, you look very human."

If it was anyone else, they would have backed away from me. I'm sure when I'm intimidating, other people must be afraid of me. But this kid just let it pass. She didn't feel anything. She seemed very understanding; as if she were capable of absorbing a lot of liquid.

I'm currently hiding in the front corner of A-Nueng's big house. Yes... I took the bus to take this cheerful child. The place is not far from my place. The girl seemed to hesitate before entering her house. A moment later, A Nueng took a deep breath and opened the door. It was as if there was a devil in the house....What's scary there?...

No! I don't want to know. That's none of my business. Say she has arrived home safely. Meddling in other people's business is a waste of space in my brain. For me, right now the most important thing is "money". It's almost time to pay the rent, and I still don't have enough money to pay it. Nowadays, people can take selfies with their cellphones and edit their photos without having to rely on drawing skills, so my income is not enough to make ends meet. Therefore... my final choice is just...

"Little one. Lend me some money."

When I'm in trouble, I immediately call my little sister. I have little dignity left in me these days. But, what can I do... I'm so sorry.

[You are so pitiful. Why don't you come work with me?]

My cute little sister, or "Sam", asked with great concern. However... I'm still me. I want to do what I want to do.

"No. I can't help you with anything."

[But you often borrow from me...]

"A... are you bored with me?"

I made myself sound pathetic and sobbed. That caused Sam, the kid, to panic before she frantically tried to make me feel better.

[That's not what I mean. I'm just worried about you. I don't even want the money back. I just think if you keep living life like this, it will be bad. What if one day I die?]

"Then everything you have will be mine."

[You...]

"I'm kidding. I'm trying to find myself. I don't want to work in a company like stupid office workers."

[I'm an office worker.]

My little sister answered dryly, and it made me laugh.

"I'm just teasing you. I don't like living by the rules. Consider I just want to do as I please for now. I promise that once I find what I love and can make a living from it, I will pay back every penny I borrowed. I wrote down how much I borrowed from you."

I took out my notebook, licked my finger, and turned the page

"Fifty-two thousand and one hundred baht in all."

[You actually wrote it down?]

"Regardless of what you think of me, I'm not shameless. Borrowing is still borrowing. Have I ever asked you for money?"

[No, never. I'll transfer the money to you...Is twenty thousand baht enough?]

"Just four thousand baht. My house rent is cheap."

But my little sister is still as sweet as ever. I borrowed it four thousand, but she transferred me ten thousand. I didn't want her to feel too sorry for me, so I wrote it down in my notebook before I looked at the bills I had withdrawn from the ATM and smiled until my cheeks hurt.

I held out another month... But Sam was right; I don't know how muchIt won't be long before I can live my life like this. If I can't find my talent,will I have to borrow money from my sister for the rest of my life?....That's not good at all... Is there any other work I can do with my hands besides drawing and playing music?...

The next day....

"Ar Nueng."

The same cheerful child's nasal voice was heard again the night before I'm out to earn a living. Because she knows where I live, she comes often.

"Don't you think we see each other too often?"

"Not at all. Seeing you for just a few hours every day is not enough. Are you going to the market? Let me help you."

"No need."

"Why aren't you gentle at all?"

"You're frustrated, aren't you? Ah... it's so refreshing. Seeing you showing your emotions is really special."

This kid must be crazy. Everyone is afraid of me if I don't express and don't show any emotions, even my friends at school and my family members.

"Why don't you go home? You're a high school student, right? Shouldn't You study hard?"

"You're even talking about studying. Argh... I'm sick of it."

The little one suddenly looked very sad when I mentioned studying.

"I thought seeing you would make me feel better. Why does everyone in the world seem to be so obsessed with education?"

"You are a student. Talking about studying is normal."

"Can't we talk about love and romance... Like, you love me."

I didn't give her any chance. The child cooked it and tasted everything herself. What kind of person is this?

" Gi back home."

"No."

I glanced at the rebellious youngster because I started to realize something. This, along with her hesitation the day I followed her home...

"What is it?"

"Spill it."

"If I tell you, you will find out and, you have to accept responsibility as the one who knows."

"What's that? Just tell me. “

"You're responsible if I do."

'Okay. What's wrong?"

To relieve her annoyance, I delivered my words to her without thinking. But it seems that I, an ML who considers myself noble, have fallen into a trap.

"I ran away from home."

The cheerful child suddenly ran over hug me.

"Since you know it now, let me stay with you."

That's. I should have minded my own business!! Of course... I didn't even let the kid set foot into my room. I drove her away as cool as possible. Is she crazy? I can't even make ends meet. How can I act like a charity and accept an unknown child? There's no way I could do that.

"If you don't let me stay with you, I'll sleep in front of this place."

"Do what you want."

"So that means I can stay with you?"

"I mean, you can sleep in front of this place. Oh my gosh!"

Without realizing it, I shouted at her again. And that makes the child happy sticking out her tongue cheerfully.

"You lost your cool again. How sweet."

Geez. I could go crazy. My harsh words had no effect on her. My expulsion of her could not make her budge. What should I do? Should I cry?

"I mean it... Don't bother me too much. Can you do that?"

I took a deep breath and looked serious as possible.

"That's annoying. I don't like it."

"Ar Nueng..."

"Do we understand each other? Don't make me move away from you."

As soon as I finished saying that, I left without looking at the cheerful child again. Since talking nicely to her wouldn't work, I had to chase her away

like that!

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②

TWO SIMILAR PEOPLE



Apart from my inquisitive grandmother, I haven't kicked anyone out of my life in a long time. Ah... how long has it been since I kicked someone out? It's been a long, long time. I remembered my best friend who once confessed her love to me because she couldn't stand seeing a popular, sweet-looking tomboy girl chasing me. She was afraid of losing me, so she confessed her love to me before the tomboy could. And that made me throw her out without hesitation. My friend was so hurt that she disappeared from my life.

I went back to the market and sat here, very bored, because I knew that no one would be interested in making similar caricatures. Maybe because I have too much free time, I remember that cheerful child. I was a little worried because of the harsh words I said to her. Will she be hurt so much that she disappears like my friend...It's fine if she just disappears, but what if she does something bad....Upon further reflection, I am very concerned. I'm frustrated now. How could someone I just met make me feel this bad? But since there were no customers, I decided to pack up and get ready to leave. But someone called me.

"Khun Nueng... Is this Khun Nueng?"

The familiar voice made me stop for a moment and slowly turn my head to see if the voice belongs to....

"Chet."

"It's really Khun Nueng."

Chet, my ex-fiancé, whose reputation I ruined by recklessly running away from our wedding just to destroy my grandmother; Now that I see it again, I feel guilty...But that was only for a moment.

"What are you doing here?... This is a street market."

With surprise, I saw the former prime minister's son, who should have been walking around at Paragon instead of here. He, on the other hand, look at all the items in my hands.

"I am here to campaign for votes. I plans to run for office in the next election."

"Are we still having an election?"

I put my hand on my chest to show my disbelief and started shaking my head because this is not what we should be talking about.

"Okay. Let's say I know you're here to campaign for votes. So, goodbye."

"Hey. Wait, Khun Nueng."

My ex-fiancé's strong hand reached out my arm to stop me from leaving. But as soon as I turned around to give him a sharp look, he immediately let go.

"I apologize."

"Is there anything else you want to talk about?"

"I'm just... happy."

"Like?" I am surprised. After what I did to you?You should have told one of your father's men to shoot me."

Chet burst out laughing after hearing that. He quickly said no to that.

"I don't hate you at all."

"Hate me. Then I will feel less guilty."

I looked at the person in front of me, interpreting every word I said. It's better for him to hate me than to look at me with affection. But, come to think of it... we knew each other a while before we were supposed to get married. Or, to be precise, we dated according to the wishes of adults. He's not a bad person. And I know he really likes me. But like I said... no one in this world is worthy of me. So no matter how good he is, he is not worthy.

"I don't actually hate you. And I'm really glad met... Take this."

Chet quickly took something out of his trouser pocket. At first I thought it was a gun.

"This is my business card."

"It really is a business card."

"What do you think it is?"

"A weapon."

"Don't joke, Khun Nueng."

"Am I laughing?"

I shrugged slightly.

"Pleased to meet you."

"The pleasure is mine. I'm glad to see you again. I Miss you."

"Let's greet each other properly for the sake of courtesy. I have to be somewhere... See you later."

"Khun Nueng."

He called me again as I was leaving. When I turned to look at him, he smiled at me cheerfully and asked again, as if to understand what I had just said.

"Seeing you later means we'll meet again, right?"

"Well."

What can I say? I hope he knows that my answer is just a polite reply. After I ended my conversation with Chet, I returned to my room. I was starting to get really worried about that cheerful kid. And I became anxious when I didn't see A-Nueng waiting for me as she said....She's probably at home after I scolded her like that...

"Khun."

I asked the staff on the first floor who were watching television.

"Have you ever seen a child who always smiles like a crazy person?"

"Very wide."

"The question is too broad?"

"The smile on the child's face was so wide, it made the world more alive. I remember well... She was sitting there with the aunt who owned this building."

The staff pointed to a marble table at the side of the building. A-Nueng is still wearing her student uniform. She ate while talking to the owner of the place, as if they had known each other for a long time. Their cheerful laughter could be heard from here.

She's still here? After I threw her out like that....But I have to admit it was a relief. I feel guilty for the words I said harshly. And I'm afraid she will run away somewhere. So right now, I'm peeking at her from behind. But it

looks like she could sense that she was being watched, so she instinctively turned her head, looked me in the eye, and waved at me cheerfully.

"Ar Nueng is hereeee."

Her liveliness makes me look like someone who is bored and tired of everything in this world. But I admit I was also relieved.

"Why haven't you come home yet?"

"I ran away from home. How can I go home?"

"If you really want to escape, stay with your friends."

"No. They could easily find me there. And I don't want to trouble my friend's parents."

"Then you can bother me?"

I am surprised. A-Nueng, on the other hand, smiled widely and pursed her lips in an attempt to look cute and adorable, even though I didn't think she looked like that at all.

"I can bother you because we are close."

"Since when are we close?"

"When doesn't matter, because at the end of the day, we're close."

The cheerful one was still unaffected by my words. She wrapped her arms around mine and rested her head on my shoulder. Honestly me I want to cry right now, but I can't do anything but keep quiet because I Don't want to show how tired I am.

"Why are you so shameless?"

"They say you'll get what you want by being shameless. If you're shy, you won't get it. So I have to be shameless because I want to get you... So, what's your room number? Let's go to our room."

The tiny one was in the lead, but she was stuck at the front door because she didn't have the key card needed to get through. I crossed my arms in front of my chest and looked at her with a smile at the corner of my

mouth. I was happy because, even though she was shameless towards me, she definitely couldn't be shameless in front of a door that required a key card to enter.

"Why are you standing there? Take me to your room."

"I didn't say I would. I'll take you home."

"I'm not going home!"

A-Nueng, in her student uniform,

stomped her feet to get what she wanted. Her tied hair swayed left and right like a dog wagging its tail.

"You said you would let me stay with you."

"I didn't say that."

"But before I tell you what happened to me, you already promise me..... I don't care. A king does not go back on his word."

"I'm not a king. I'm just an M... I'm just a painter."

I sighed as I Became restless. I walked over and grabbed her collar from behind before I tried to drag her home.

"Come on. Let's go home. I'll take you."

"You don't even know where I live."

"I know. It's a large, gray, modern-style house with a freshly painted brown gate behind the infantry regiment."

I remember the details well, as an architecture graduate should, because when I followed her to her house, I stood up there for a long time trying to analyze how much the house cost, what materials were used, and how difficult it would be to draw architectural drawings for it.

"Oh? How did you know?"

The little child I dragged home, looked at me in surprise. I twisted my face a little, having to talk about this, but what could I do?

"Are you following me home?"

"Stop talking."

"Really? You followed me home?" It seems that what A-Nueng Just found out made her forget that she was trying to go up to my room. Her attention turned to me, which was good because she now volunteered to walk home with me.

"How many times?"

"Four."

"Wow. Four. Ops... so you're interested in me too. You're pretending cold. If this was a Korean series, I would name it "The Cold Painter and..."

"The overly confident dog-face kid."

"That's not a romantic name at all... Oppa!"

"An older sister is called Unnie."

"You're so up-to-date. Cool."

I let go of her collar and put my hands on my face because I was starting to get dizzy from her incessant chatter. Maybe this is what is meant by the age gap. How could she move her mouth every second without letting the silence settle down, she could breathe like this? This Is crazy.

"How can you talk non-stop like this? Aren't you tired?"

"No. Talking to you was fun."

"Don't you have anyone else to talk to at home? You looks depressed."

At the end of my observation, the little guy dropped her jaw and closed her mouth. She walked after me without a sound. I glanced at her. It seems like I've reached the weak point, and it makes me feel strange... Do I feel guilty? I?

"Is that the problem?"

"Why are you quiet?"

"Don't you want me to shut up?"

"Do not do this."

"Do what?"

"Don't be sarcastic."

"No. I don't know how to answer that."

Her strange behavior made me feel bad. The little girl in her student uniform stood silently at the bus stop. I had to poke her in the shoulder.

"You don't have anyone to talk to at home?"

"Well... I don't know what to say. Maybe it's the age difference."

"Are your parents very old?"

"No... I don't live with my parents."

The little one answered gently. This made me blink blankly. Maybe I'd rather have her talk nonstop than be silent like this.

"Where are they?"

"They are no longer here."

Her parents are dead... Oh. Looks like I brought it up something I can't touch.

"Why are you silent? You started the topic; you should ask more questions. This is building a sad life story. Hurry up. Ask."

What is this... Did she really do this? I scratched my head because, I couldn't regulate my mood fast enough. Does she want me to ask or not?

"So... who do you live with?"

I didn't actually want to know, but since she wanted me to ask...

"I live with my grandmother. She is over sixty years."

"Just the two of you?"

"There are 4-5 helpers. But... if what you mean is family members, so it was just me and my grandmother."

"And you want to run away and leave your grandmother alone? Don't you pity her? What if she falls, hits her head on the floor, and dies?"

"You say that because you don't know my grandmother."

"Is she very loud?"

"Yes."

"You ran away because you had a fight with your grandmother?"

"Ah-huh."

I looked at the child and thought of someone before I laughed burst out laughing. A-Nueng looked at me as I laughed and twisted her face. She

poked her elbow into my arm and asked while sulking.

"Why are you laughing? I'm really stressed."

"Nothing. I was just thinking of someone who had a situation similar to you. So, what made you and your grandmother fight?"

"My English grades. There was a test yesterday, and she asked to see my grades... When she saw that my grades were less than she expected, she hit me."

"Oh my. How hard can an old lady hit you? It won't hurt that much. Let her hit you."

I laughed, but, A-Nueng fell silent and turned her face away to show that she was sulking.

"I don't love you anymore."

The bus to the child's house finally stopped at the bus stop. We do not spoke because A-Nueng was sulking and turning her face away from me the whole way. Still, I dropped her off in front of her house. Before we parted, I pulled her ponytail from behind so hard her face snapped. She turned to look at me with a twisted face.

"It hurts."

"Acting too much... I didn't pull you that hard. Very gently."

I Laughed and kicked her calf lightly. But A-Nueng cried loudly and grabbed her as if ehe was really hurt.

"Very dramatic. Don't act like it hurts too much. Oh..."

When I bent down to look, I saw that the cheerful child's calves were covered in bruises. But when I was about to kneel so I could see more dearly, A-Nueng pulled her leg away.

"I'm going inside since you're trying to put me down."

"What happened to your leg?"

"I fall."

"How did you fall to cause that..."

"See you tomorrow, Ar Nueng. See you."

The little girl waved her hand cheerfully to end the conversation and shooed me away. I stood still, watching her as she walked into the mansion, with a heavy heart. That's not a sign of falling.

It's a whip mark... from a whip.

Sunyal

③

EX-FIANCÉ



"You played this verse wrong. "

Whip!

"Why didn't you get full marks in that exam?"

Whip!

Why? Why? Why? Why?

Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip!

.
. .
. .
. .

Gasp!

I was shocked when I woke up and got out of bed, my whole body was still shaking. The sunlight was shining directly into my eyes,so I had to squint. The sound of my grandmother's whip still haunts me, no matter how old I get....But I haven't had a dream like this for a long time... Why?

Then I remembered the bruises on A-Nueng's calves. The cheerful girl tried to hide her pain from everyone. Maybe that's what triggered me to think about my unhappy past. But the past... made me who I am today. That makes me, Khun Nueng, who doesn't care about anything in the world.

I woke up at an unusual time today. What should I do, it in the morning-go give alms of food to the monks? I barely had enough food for myself. If I give charity, then I will be the one who steals the food to eat....Ah... I don't have any goodness in me.

I didn't have much to do every day except going out at night to try to make money from sketching, so I trained my body to wake up at 3 p.m. But it's only 9am. How about now....

Because I woke up too early, my stomach told me that I was very hungry. I glanced at the plastic shelf containing instant noodles. However, today it's empty... Oh my. Even instant noodles betrayed me. I have to spend more money...

In the end, I showered, brushed my teeth, and walked down the stairs to go out to find something to eat. But I had to stop for a moment when I saw someone, I knew peeking around.

"Chet."

"Khun Nueng."

I squinted at the man who almost became my husband consciously. My eyes caught his shy gaze.

"You're following me, aren't you?"

I put my hands in my trouser pockets and...sigh.

"Just meeting by chance once is enough, right? You're making me uncomfortable, Chet. "

This is me. When I was younger, I wasn't as outspoken as I should have been. I finally realized that to live comfortably in this world, I needed to

learn how to say no or express my thoughts honestly. If I have to restrain myself, it's my expressions and emotions, which I do until it becomes my personality, like... I Will smile when I'm angry, and I will smile when I'm happy, so people can't tell the difference.

"I think we understand each other now? See you then."

"I miss you, Khun Nueng."

I closed my eyes slowly and fell silent. He won't let it go the conversation ended well?

"But."

"At least let me treat you to a meal... please..."

"Treat me to a meal..."

As soon as I heard it, I smiled at the person who appeared at the righttime, as if he knew it. I then played the role of the singer, Mook (Worranit),smoothly.

"If you miss me that much, fine... I'll pick the place."

"That's fine by me."

Even though my place was around Din Daeng, I shamelessly forced the former prime minister's son to take me to eat at Samut Songkram. I saw a review of a seafood place on Facebook and had been wanting to eat at this place for a long time. I can't believe it... that day has come.

Sometimes I miss my grandmother... My grandmother is rich. Because Of her, I can eat delicious food, That's the only good thing about having her in my life.

"Eat as much as you want."

Chet, who I tricked into taking me 100 km in search of food, was still looking at me in awe. He still looked at me as if he adored me, no matter

how many years had passed.. Not the appearance of someone who could be my husband or the father of my children.... He's not worthy enough...

"You said it. I will not hold back."

"From now on, whenever you want to eat something delicious, you can call me all the time. I will come to you."

He expected me to contact him to get foodnice. If that had worked, I would have had many husbands by now.

"You're acting like a puppy."

"What?"

"You must hold a grudge against me, Chet."

I started peeling the crab filled with eggs and sucking it while talking annoyingly to him. I don't care one bit about all the manners my grandmother instilled in me since childhood.

"What I did has damaged your reputation and your family's reputation. Aren't your parents angry with me?"

"Well...very."

"Then you should learn from your parents. Be angry with me. What a pity for you to act like a puppy that is only loyal to its owner like this."

"You are much more direct compared to before. You used to be very quiet."

"I was depressed. You don't know what I was thinking when I had to go with you because my grandmother forced me to."

"What were you thinking when we were dating?"

"Do you really want me to say it?"

I raised my eyebrows and looked at the person in front of me, who was waiting to hear what I wanted to say.

"Make sure you can handle it."

"Is there anything more brutal than running away from a wedding?"

I laughed so hard I almost spat out an egg crab to his face. I then put everything down and talked to him seriously.

"I think you are very weak

"What?"

"Weak. A baby. When your father said that this woman was suitable for you, you just agreed to it. You don't argue. You don't fight back. It's as if you have no brain and can't think for yourself."

I clasped my hands and rested my chin on my hands as I looked at Chet, who was still listening in silence.

"I thought, Will I have children with this person? Will I be naked with this person? Can he lead me when he can't do anything, can't even speak? That makes me feel sorry for you... That's it."

I took the crab and continued eating. Chet nodded slightly, as if he acknowledged my words.

"Then may I say something?"

"Please."

"I'm not weak. I have a brain and analyze everything. I... graduated with a degree from Oxford."

"A degree is not a measure of a person's abilities."

"I was just referring to how I have the brains and have the official documents to show it. And I want you to know that I was the one who told my father that I wanted to marry you."

I shrunk my neck a little and looked at the person with no believe.

"But you just met me when my grandmother arranged for us to meet."

"I've known you for a long time before that... I've known you since I was a student. My school is right next to yours. It's an all-boys school."

I was stunned to hear that, because I had never asked him that.

"Is it true? I don't know."

"That's because you never asked. Do you know how popular you were when you were in school?"

I sat up straight and swung my heavy hair like was in a shampoo commercial,

"A little."

"Every boy at my school is in love with you. On sports day, everyone climbs over the fence to peek at which drum major position you compete in every year."

"I was drum major every year."

"Yeah... You're that perfect. I've been watching you for a long time but didn't dare approach you because I felt..."

"You're not worthy enough."

I looked into his eyes and smiled taunted him.

"Yes."

"Even on the day we were going to get married, you still thought that you weren't worthy enough, right?"

"Yeah... When it comes to you, there's no one in this world worthy enough."

"What about now?"

...

"You still feel that you are not worthy enough."

I laughed and continued eating. I want to roll around in this plate of crab roe. Don't get full yet, Nueng. You have to finish this. I want to feel like Chuchok. I don't know if I will eat this delicious food at my next meal.

Should I marry him? I'll eat crab roe for every meal.

"But I'm different now. Since I met you yesterday, I told myself... If I'm not worthy enough, make myself worthy enough."

Chet, who never dared to look me in the eye, looked straight at me while saying that confidently. That makes me serious too.

"I will do everything I can to be worthy of you. And I will propose to you again."

"What would you do?"

I laughed at the nonsense.

"No one can make me feel like that."

"What do you want me to do? If I could go to the moon for you, I will do it."

"You are overreacting."

"I mean it."

His seriousness began to make the crab lose its deliciousness. I looked at him, annoyed, as I said casually,

"If you can become prime minister, I will reconsider it."

"Okay."

"You're that confident? You're not even the head of the subdistrict administrative organization."

"I will be prime minister as you wish. I promise you."

Chet looked at me with determination.

"When I take that position, know that it's all because of you."

"The whole land will praise me."

I should have told him to eat shit if he could do anything for me. Crazy...

Once I was full, Chet ordered a kilogram of shelled crab and shrimp for me to eat for dinner. I almost cried and asked him to marry me. But... I can't get my husband to eat, so I have to accept it calmly.

"Thank you for the food."

That's all I said before I got out of the beautiful European car, in front of everyone looking at the 12 million baht car. Where does the wealth come from for someone whose father is prime minister?

"Khun Nueng."

My arm was held by his strong hand. But he soon let go of it when I saw it with sharp eyes.

"I apologize."

"What is it?"

"I wanted to if I could see you again."

"No."

No... That's not my voice.... We turned to see where the unique nasal tone of the voice was coming from and saw A-Nueng's scrunched up face staring at Chet like a child possessive of her possessions.

"Huh?"

Chet shrunk his neck slightly and looked at me.

"Do you know her?"

"Well, yeah... Let's end our conversation here. Please go home."

"So, can I see you again?"

"Okay, I'll stop asking."

Me not answering was the most polite thing I could do, but Chet, who was about to get into his car, looked at A-Nueng and seemed to be thinking about something.

"How old are you?"

"I wouldn't say... Hey, why are you staring at my boobs?"

The cheerful kid hurriedly crossed her arms over her chest, but Chet just laughed casually.

"I'm looking at the stars on your student uniform. That uniform... Is that your school, Khun Nueng? I recognize that."

A-Nueng looked at me, surprised.

"A-Nueng studies at the same school as me?"

"If you don't come home now, I'll throw you out with a stick."

"I'm going. I'm going. I'm just curious... This kid seems familiar."

"Familiar?"

I looked at A-Nueng while thinking hard because Honestly, that kid looked familiar to me from the first time I saw her too. But I forgot all about it because that kid was so annoying and messy.

"I will go now."

"Okay."

I told Chet to drive away until I could no longer see his taillights. A-Nueng, who was standing next to me, glanced at me and nudged my arm with her elbow gently.

"You've been staring at his car for too long. I'm jealous."

"Why are you jealous? Crazy."

"Who's he?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want to know who my competition is. The one who will win your heart is me, remember that."

"If you want to know, I will tell you."

"So who is he?"

"The person who almost became my husband, hey!"

The child put her hands on her chest and acted as if she was going to faint. But she was smart enough to lean on me as if she was asking for tenderness. I Sighed and grabbed her collar to pull her upright.

"You're heavy. Don't burden me."

"Nueng."

I thought the petite girl was pretending, but I started to notice her panting and her body was cold. I started to panic.

"Nueng... What's wrong? Did you really faint? Nueng!!!"

And A-Nueng, who I usually see asks for tenderness, slowly opened one of her eyes and stuck out its tongue at me.

"My heart is broken."

"You fooled me?"

"Don't let me go. If you do, I will really fall to the ground. Ar Nueng... I lost all my strength. I'm sick."

"I'm really angry with you now."

"I love you... Ouchh!"

I let it go straight away and without a care. There was a crash as the tiny body fell to the ground and screamed. I immediately turned around to look. Even though I was a little surprised, I pretended not to care.

"I hurt... My head..."

And the little girl stretched out her hand to touch her head which was touching the ground. The light orange liquid was on the cheerful girl's finger, and it made my heart beat fast.

"Nueng..."

"I..."

That's all A-Nueng said before she fell unconscious. I just looking at the tiny body on the ground, not knowing what to do. It Turned out that the other people from my rental were looking straight at me, callously, with disapproval.

"The child fell. Can't you have some heart and help her?"

"She's probably just playing around."

"So cruel!"

"W...what?"

My jaw dropped as more people came observe the situation and started showing their disapproval straight to my face without caring if I would see or hear it. And yes... I heard every word.

"Okay. Okay. I'll help her!"

I shouted at everyone so that they would retreat before I helped guide A-Nueng, who was running out of strength.

"Happy now?"

I ask the people who still say I'm heartless, but the one who answered was a cheerful child.

"Yeah, I'm happy now."

A-Nueng opened one eye and smiled at me like a winner. I looked at the child who had never gone through sadness and could only close her eyes accepting my defeat

Academy Awards: Please send awards here... This kid deserves it..
get it.

④

MOTHERS DAY



This is the first time I've brought a stranger into my room... Strangers, to me, mean anyone who isn't related to me by blood. I'm a bit arrogant, so I don't allow anyone to enter my personal space. And also, I feel that....those people don't deserve to breathe the same air as me.

I'm overthinking everything...

But, right now, the cheerful child I met less than two months ago was breathing in my bed while I sat with my arms crossed, looking at her. In particular, I curiously looked at her legs, which were covered in whip marks. She was probably whipped by governess. And if I were to guess, that is her grandmother.

Honestly, I'm quite familiar with the situation and can easily do it guessed it because my past experience was not much different from her. It seems that I can see myself when I look at this child. She said she lived with her grandmother. Where are her parents? Did they die just like mine?

"Ar Nueng is quite generous. I thought Ar Nueng would leave me to wither on the ground there."

A-Nueng lay on her side and looked at me. She didn't seem awkward at all, even though she was allowed into my room for the first time.

"That means you have feelings for me,even just a little."

"I don't have any. You babbled as soon as you realized... Oh my. How could you pretend to faint and have everyone look at me with such disapproval?"

"I didn't pretend to faint."

The cheerful child sat up so quickly that I was surprised. "I Suddenly lost all my strength and wanted my lover to carry me to her room. Ah... if I Think about it, my head hurts."

Good for you...Of course, I didn't say it out loud because I would show my emotions too much if I did. That's not cool.

"You're crossing the line too far. How old do you think I am?"

"26."

"Don't sweet talk me."

"28, then."

"Don't be so polite."

"Okay. 30."

"34."

I revealed my age, and that made A-Nueng put her hand over her mouth.

"You're that old? You're the same age as my mother."

"How old are you?"

"18."

"Your mother gave birth to you when she was a teenager?"

I laughed mockingly, and that made A Nueng immediately fall silent. It made me feel guilty for insulting her mother.

"Don't be silent. I'm just teasing you."

"Actually you are right. My mother gave birth to me at a very young age and left me with my grandmother."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Ah-huh."

"How could your mother die?"

I asked understandingly, but the petite girl frowned and twisted her face.

"My mother is not dead."

"Oh..."

"My grandmother sent my mother abroad to reform herself and...has raised me since I was born..."

A-Nueng sat with her shoulders hunched and sighed.

"Argh. Life is full of tragedy."

"Are you really sad? You don't look sad in the slightest. And did you get to meet your mother?"

"No. I only saw her photo and heard her voice when she was called to ask how I was doing. Honestly, this is sadder than being an orphan... At least orphans know that their parents have died and can imagine that their parents loved them very much. But I... My mother is still alive, and I can only hear her voice, but I have never met her."

"She must have visited you."

"My grandmother told my mother to live abroad and never come back to embarrass her."

A-Nueng shrugged as if she didn't care.

"Based on what told you, it's clear that I didn't come to this world on purpose, right? Mymother almost got rid of me, but I was too stubborn."

"Huh?"

I looked at the girl in front of me, surprised, as she casually told me her story. The smile on her face caught my interest. She looks a lot like...Very similar to me. It's not her appearance that resembles me, but the way she hides her feelings behind that smiling face. It takes someone to figure it out. I've been through what she's been through, I just don't smile much. I put on an expressionless face so my grandmother wouldn't know what I Was feeling... That was me.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Have you fallen in love with me?"

Bugs...

I put my hand on the tiny girl's head and looked into her eyes, searching for the truth. For a split second I saw A-Nueng's eyes open wide,as if in shock. But she quickly looked down.

"You'll get horny if you look at me too long."

"You like to spoil the atmosphere, don't you?"

I looked at the child consciously before I raised my hand and looked at it.

"Did you not wash your hair at all? It's so sticky."

"I wash my hair every day. You are rude. How can you criticize my hair for being dirty?"

"Gentle!?"

"You're so sweet. You corrected me. Haha."

And the tiny one ran to hug me out of nowhere. I don't like getting too close to people, so I froze and tried to push her away.

"Please let me hold you for a moment. Your smell comforts me."

"My smell?"

I raised my arm and smelled myself, but I didn't smell anything. Maybe I'm used to it.

"How do I smell?"

"Comfortable. It would be nice if you were my mother.

"Your mother?"

I twisted my mouth slightly and was about to step back, but A-Nueng hugged me tightly and didn't let go.

"How much longer are you going to hold me? I can't breathe."

Actually, I'm embarrassed. I'm not used to being hugged... Not at all.

"Can you be my mother?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"My school is having a Mother's Day event next week. They asked our mothers to come so we can pay our respects to them. It would be nice if you could be there to pick up my bouquet of flowers."

"You're crazy?"

I immediately pushed the petite girl away before walked back until my back hit the wall because I was afraid.

"What were you thinking, asking me to be your mother?"

"I don't have a mother. Everyone has to kneel to pay respects to their mother, but I Don't have a mother... I've never done that in the past."

A-Nueng's sad voice made me twist my mouth. Is having parents important? The School hasn't gotten rid of those stupid ceremonies yet? It creates a gap for those who don't have what others have. This makes them feel inferior. Why should someone feel inferior because they don't have anyone old?

"Ask your grandmother to go."

"That's fine then. I'll crawl towards an empty seat and honor her like I do every year."

The petite shrugged as if she didn't care before She took her glasses which were beside the pillow. She puts it on and wakes up full of energy. I almost forgot that she had just fainted.

"Are you okay now?"

"Yeah. I'm going home."

"Good. Go straight home. Don't stop."

I emphasized that. A-Nueng sulked and walked away, but before she did, she turned around and smiled at me.

"I changed my mind."

"What else now?"

"You should go draw today; I will go with you."

She sulks and stops sulking herself... What kind of person is that? Even though I refused, what A-Nueng said still stuck in my mind. Mother's Day? I Don't remember how I felt about that event when I was at school.

"Sam... how do you feel on Mother's Day when everyone honors their mothers?"

I called my sister and started a conversation. Normally, I don't call to chat like this. I just called to borrow money. Sam is a good girl. She never

complained when I asked for help. However, this time, she seemed a little surprised about my reason for calling.

[I crave love and affection....I think.]

This is a song...I almost entered the melody when I listened to it...

"You feel that way?"

[All my friends have to respect their mothers, but we have to respect our grandmother. We are like scapegoats.]

"Ah. We have to do it."

[Why are you asking this? Do you miss mom?]

I laughed a little when my sister asked that. Honestly, in between we're sisters, I have the most memories of our parents because I'm at the age where I can remember things from when they died, while Sam is still too young. That's why Sam had a special bond with our grandmother, who was very kind to her....Ah... actually I miss my parents. If they're still alive, I would not have been my grandmother's masterpiece that it is today.

"I do miss them. I remember she had a smile Beautiful Duchenne... just like you."

And someone's face appeared while I was talking about my mother.....That girl...So, she looks familiar because she resembles my mother and my little sister. Even my mother looks like Mewf (Nittha)? Very common face!

{ A famous actress. }

I mean my mother and my little sister, not Mew.

[I am jealous of you. You have memories of our parents.I can barely remember anything.]

"Why envy me? Having no memories means you don't feel lost."

[You say that because you are firm and strong... For me, not doing what all my friends do on Mother's Day and Father's Day makes me feel like something is missing from my life.]

"But you have our grandmother. Grandma loves you very much."

[But our grandmother put all her focus on you until she...has no room for her other grandchildren. I know our grandmother loves me, but you are the one who gets all her devotion.]

"You talk as if our grandmother loves me very much... I can't take it anymore. Talking about that old woman makes me dizzy. I'm going to hang up."

[Grandma's health is not very good. Come visit someday.]

"She has you. She doesn't need me... I have to go. See you."

I hurriedly hung up the phone and lay down on my bed...How important is Mother's Day? It was just another day. The child can salute the empty chair. Sam and I, as well as other children in this world, grew up without having to give a bouquet of flowers to any parent. All ceremonies in this country cause suffering to its people. This is very annoying.

By the way... how am I standing here, in front of my old school? The atmosphere at this all-girls school with several new buildings built with donations from alumni is still the same as before. And yes... today is August 11th, the day of the Mother's Day ceremony.

I came wearing a body-fitting sack dress, which I bought and wore when I went to see my grandmother and fought until she was hospitalized. I wore it again today. It is polite and appropriate for the ceremony. I became the center of attention the moment I stepped foot in my old school. Many of the teachers who taught me years ago have resigned. Very few remember that I was the star of this school, and the kids from the next school climbed over

the fence to see which drum major I was on. Ah....those were the glorious days for ML Sippakorn.

"Khun Nueng."

I turned around in surprise when a calming voice caught my attention. I saw my high school math teacher standing there.

"Ms Manee."

I called a short name that I didn't forget. The old woman looked at me and smiled. He seemed happy to see me.

"I'm surprised to see you here, Khun Nueng? You have never visited before."

Most teachers like to refer to themselves or be called 'teacher' because it makes them seem closer to their students.

"I have a lot of things to do. By the way... is the Mother's Day ceremony held in the auditorium as usual?"

"You're here for that? Or are you..."

"Yeah... I'm here for my daughter."

Yes. This is me. Even though I said I didn't care, I'm here at my old school, playing the role of A-Nueng's mother. As soon as I appeared in the auditorium and walked calmly to the seats prepared for parents, the sound of muttering sounded like bees escaping from their nest. Some people looked at me in awe, while others looked at me with curiosity. They want to know whose mother I am and guess at what age I gave birth to my child. I'm also confused about why I'm here and when I split my legs to give birth to a baby.

"Ar Nueng."

A-Nueng screamed in surprise... Very surprised. She looked very surprised but smiled broadly. I had to try to stay calm, because I was almost smiling too.

"Why are you out of line? Everyone is looking."

"You came. You really came... You said you wouldn't come."

"I wanted to visit my old school, and today happened to be the day, Mother's Day ceremony. Then, I happened to remember that you don't have a mother, so I happened to walk here..."

"You are here as my mother."

Bugs!

The little girl immediately hugged me full of gratitude. Because she was smaller than me, her face pressed against my breasts. She became quiet-so quiet, I thought she would faint again.

"Hi..."

"This is so great... Sob... I can respect a mother like everyone else."

I'm melting... I have to say this because I don't think that just the "coincidence" of being here would make the kid this happy. Everyone in the auditorium looked at us. I was confused about what to do, so I patted A-Nueng's back gently and whispered to her.

"Sit where you are... and..."

"And..."

The little girl backed away with tears in her eyes behind her glasses that thick. She's so adorable.

"And let's have a Mother's Day ceremony together."

My life is very enjoyable...

⑤

THE EYES ARE THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL



I can't believe I will be sitting as a "mother" receiving a bouquet of jasmine flowers in this life. As I sat here and A-Nueng placed her hand on my lap as an expression of respect, I had to admit that I was so embarrassed that my face turned red. And I did something unreasonable, like gently patting her head with my hand, even though I'm not her biological mother....Absolutely crazy... The craziest thing in the world.

"Nueng... your mother is very beautiful. I envy you."

"I want to have a mother as beautiful as her."

"I want to be your father."

It was the voice of A-Nueng's friends. They intended for me to hear those words. But it seems like the proudest person is the cheerful kid who can't stop smiling. Usually, the kid would talk non-stop when she was with me. But today, as we walked home from school, she was very quiet-so quiet that I had to glance at her.

"You're acting strange today. Why are you silent?"

"I want you to be happy too, so I don't talk. I know you annoyed if I talk non-stop."

"Ah. So you knew, but you did it anyway."

"I liked that you were frustrated because I felt like you showed your human side at that time. But I will be a good girl today. I will be quiet... But I will stick to you like gum."

"Showing my human side... that sounds weird."

I twisted my face, but I seemed to understand exactly what the kid wanted to say.

"By the way, I went as your mother today. Should I go as your dad on Father's Day too?"

"Wow. You'll do it? Great... I can show off mom and my father, both in one body. If there's Husband's Day, I'll drag you there too. You can be everything to me."

She is very imaginative. Husband's Day? I rolled my mouth a bit and got on the bus to go back to my room before going out to the market in the evening. A-Nueng did as she said. She stuck to me like gum. She continued smiling like a fool. But that's good... This kid has a beautiful smile. This makes the world a lively place.

"You're peeking at me again."

"What?"

I looked out the bus window awkwardly after being caught.

"I'm just looking at your thick glasses."

"I told you that I was born prematurely... Do you know why? I'll just tell you. It's a big secret. I never thought about telling anyone."

"I don't want to know."

"But you wonder why my glasses are so thick. I have made up my mind, so please listen."

"Ask me."

"So you want me to listen or ask?"

"Ask me why I'm near-sighted."

I rolled my eyes and sighed. Didn't she say she would be quiet? I have a headache again....

"Why are you near-sighted?"

"That's because... my mother tried to have an abortion."

"How can that make you myopic?"

"I wasn't fully developed when I was born."

The notice was delivered in an interesting tone that was out of place considering the subject matter. I slowly turned my head to look at the petite girl, who was smiling broadly, surprised. When A-Nueng saw how surprised I was, she laughed.

"What is it? Why do you look like that?"

"I'm surprised you're still smiling."

"That's the past. I don't see any point in being sad about it....My mother did something to try to get rid of me, but I was stubborn. And my mother was actually afraid of killing me, so she rushed to tell my grandmother. That's why they arrived at the hospital on time, and this is what happened... I was nearsighted -8.0 diopters due to my premature birth."

I'm still very surprised. In my head, I tried to imagine whether I would still be able to smile if I knew my mother was trying kill to me. But from what I see, A-Nueng doesn't seem to be making any effort...Does she really not care, as she claims?

"If your mother didn't really want to lose you, then why would she try to get rid of you?"

"My grandmother told me a little about it. She said my mother listened to a friend... Her friend said that my mother's future was more important. Giving birth to me would destroy her and my future."

"A friend..."

"But I understand my mother's friend. She is a high school student who still has to ask her parents for money. Being pregnant like that will not only ruin the family's good name, but she will live a difficult life because she is not ready to raise me. And I..."

"You seem very understanding."

"I should do it, even if I don't. So... is my life full of color? In addition to extreme nearsightedness, I also suffer from asthma and allergies. I've been unwell since I was little."

The petite hugged my arm and leaned on my shoulder, asking for tenderness,

"You have to take good care of me. I Will definitely live a short life."

"Nonsense."

I didn't try to get of her hands off me like usual. I just sit quietly and let the tiny girl ask for tenderness throughout the journey. To be honest, I'm not sure anymore whether the smile on the face of the person next to me is really a mask. Maybe she is very optimistic. Maybe she's not like me... So are we the same or not?

"Hmm?"

I felt something from behind me and quickly turned around to...see. I had cold shivers running down my spine, as if I was being watched. But when I swept my eyes around, I didn't see anyone acting unusually. Maybe I'm imagining things...

"What's wrong, Ar Nueng?"

"I don't know. I feel..."

I didn't say anything else because I didn't want A-Nueng to feel insecure.

"I feel uncomfortable. You've been leaning on me for too long."

"You played my mother today. Make me feel warm, Mom."

"You..."

I squirmed uncomfortably because I was embarrassed. But I let it go, A-Nueng leaned on my shoulder until we stopped. Ah-huh... I'll let her do what she wants today since it's Mother's Day,...No... That's tomorrow. Good grief.

We got off the bus at our stop. A-Nueng, who didn't notice anything, walked over with a smile on her face. I, on the other hand, had a strange feeling. So I started taking wider steps and pulling the little girl to walk faster.

"Why are you in such a rush, Ar Nue... Ah."

When we reached the corner, I quickly hid to see "who" is following. Finally, I saw a tall and slim figure in an olive green Territorial Defense Course Military Service Training uniform stop to look around as if he was looking for something. I showed myself and hit the kid on the head.

"Ouch."

"Ops."

The high school boy, probably the same age as A-Nueng, looked at me and laughed dryly when he was caught off guard. Meanwhile, the petite girl by my side pointed at him and seemed to recognize him.

"You... You are from the school next to me. You like climbing fences."

"You know him?"

"No. But I remember him."

A-Nueng looked surprised to see boy who attending school next to her.

"Do you live around here?"

"Y... yeah."

I glanced at the boy and smiled from the corner of my mouth.

"Liar."

Even though I'm an ML that has been polished to perfection by my grandmother, that doesn't mean I don't know how to swear. The boy gaped and tried to find an excuse.

"That's... true. I live around here."

"Which way?"

"This one."

"Which house?"

The tall boy looked around and hurriedly described his house.

"The one with the light blue gate."

"Good... We'll take you."

I walked to the house with the light blue gate and rang the bell to call someone out. The tall boy saw that the situation was getting out of control, so he hurriedly raised his hand to wave and quickly disappeared as if he had magic power.

"Who do you want to meet here?"

The owner of the house is one person old woman. She poked her head out of the house to ask. I smiled at her slightly and acted surprised before I pinched A-Nueng, who was standing next to me.

"Didn't I tell you not to ring the someone else's door for fun? I will beat you until your hands are red."

"What?"

"Sorry to bother you."

I apologized to the old woman who walked out while I pressed A-Nueng's head to bow with me.

"My nephew has headaches. She likes to press the doorbell. It makes her feel like she is pressing on her mother's nipples. She likes to this... She is not normal because her mother tried to get rid of her when she was still in her womb."

"That is life."

The old woman put her hand on her chest.

"What a heartbreaking story. Did your mother choose medication or a doctor's procedure?"

"At that time, she had no chance to choose between potatoe fries or salad."

"I guess this is a TV show, that came out before my time?"

A-Nueng glanced at me as she rolled her eyes and walked away. I smiled at the old woman again before following the petite woman. I walked slowly, trying to use my head as I looked her back.

"Are you sulking?"

I asked while looking at A-Nueng's back and ponytail, which....swaying from side to side as she walked ahead.

"I'm not sulking, but I don't think you're going to talk about what I said, as if it was nothing serious and just a joke."

"Because it's nothing serious, I'm joking."

This time, A-Nueng stopped walking and turned to look at me angrily.

"Why do you think what I said is not important?"

I walked forward while the little girl stopped talking to whined and I said what was on my mind.

"Because the past is not important. You have many things that make others envy you now."

I glanced at the person behind me slightly.

"You are not disabled. You have food on your table. You have a nice house. It is evident from your school that you come from a rich family. What's More, you are cute. Otherwise, that boy wouldn't have followed you from school to here."

The way the boy had been peeking at A-Nueng since we were on the bus told me that he had followed us from school. He likes the girl but doesn't dare to make a move...

Bugs!

The petite girl suddenly hugged me from behind. I looked around, afraid someone would see us.

"What are you doing now?"

"I am happy."

"Happy with what?"

"I'm glad you said I was cute."

A-Nueng then leaned her head to the side of my body and looked at me. But her glasses fell to the ground.

"Ops! I dropped my glasses."

"Wait."

I locked her neck to prevent her from moving, and I stared into those brown eyes. Even though I've known her for a long time, this was the first time I looked at her without glasses.

"You have beautiful eyes."

Everything went silent. We stared at each other for a long time. A-Nueng was the one who looked away from me. She immediately took her glasses and put them on.

"I... I'm going home now."

"Are you embarrassed?"

I laughed while looking at the face that became pink with great affection.

"I thought you were thick-skinned. You confess your love to me every day."

"I was the one who expressed my love for you unilaterally."

"So?"

"I was surprised that suddenly you looked at me... with your eyes something like that."

"What view?"

"I will go."

"Where are you going?"

"I will be in seclusion today. I'll come back to see you later."

And the little one quickly ran away and disappeared like the boy. I could only see her back, shocked, as she ran away. What look (in my eyes) is she talking about?

⑥

AGE GAP



After a day of isolation, A-Nueng appeared to see me Saturday morning. And yes... this is not my normal wake-up time. The staff on the first floor called to tell me that someone was here to see me. When I came down and saw that it was the petite girl with thick glasses, I made as bored an expression as possible. I almost cursed her, but I held it in.

"It's too early."

"What's so early? It's 10 am."

"It's not my wake-up time."

"But you're awake."

A-Nueng acted as if she didn't care, so I could only sigh because I knew that cursing at her wouldn't bring any results.

"What business do you have with me this early in the morning?"

"Well..."

The petite looked at the floor and drew circles on top of it with her feet. She was trying to be sweet.

"I want to..."

The word "want" from A-Nueng surprised me a little. I put my hand on my chest and blinked blankly. I started imagining hundreds of things she "wanted."

....Want to cry.

.....Want to sing.

.....Want to make out....

"I want you to be my dance practice partner."

I'm thinking about making out? There's something wrong in my head...

"Oh?"

"Why do you look disappointed?"

"Who's disappointed... No."

I shook my head so hard that my neck almost broke. If that kid knows that I have strange thoughts, she will be full of herself. No. No.

"Why don't you train with your friends? Why me?"

"There's no one else who can do it well. And I've chosen you. So it can't be anyone else."

"When you chose me, did you ask me if I agreed?"

"You are my mother. Can't you do this for your daughter?"

I looked at the cheerful child with annoyance but also full of affection. When I saw her Duchenne smile, I almost smiled too. But just as I was lost in thought and about to raise my mouth, a voice interrupted us.

"Khun Nueng."

"Chet."

My ex-groom... I think everyone is here to see me because it's the weekend. When A-Nueng saw a stranger coming to meet me, she immediately walked over to stand beside me and wrapped her arms around mine like a possessive child. But Chet didn't understand. So he greeted us with his usually happy face.

"Am I interrupting something?"

"Someone is here to interrupt me first."

I glanced at A-Nueng, as if I meant to say that I meant her.

"You two woke up really early."

"It's 10 o'clock. It's not early."

Chet argued and smiled at ANueng.

"Correct?"

The petite girl didn't answer. She just smiled. Chet Looked at her affectionately and seemed curious.

"Who do you look like... You look very familiar. What are your parents' names? Maybe I know them."

"I don't think you know. The world is not round."

The little one didn't seem to want to answer, so I interrupted.

" She's an orphan."

"Ar Nueng!"

A-Nueng hit my arm lightly, as if she was complaining.

"Why do you say that? My parents aren't dead. We just don't live together as a family... But, yeah, I'm like an orphan."

"Oh. I turned it into a sad story."

I scratched my head and changed the topic.

"So, why are you all here?"

"I want to practice dancing."

"I want to treat you to a meal."

I saw both of them as I thought. Okay. Since I'm awake, whatever....

"Okay. You two wait here. I'll take a shower and get dressed. See you in ten minutes."

"You just ran through the water? Just wearing clothes takes five minutes."

I flipped my hair casually.

"Beautiful people don't need to put on makeup. I'll be done in five minutes. We Can all eat while we dance."

"Is there's a place like that?"

"Yes."

And I did as I said, namely showered and dressed.

I use the timer on my phone to keep track of the time. It takes me exactly 15 minutes to shower, get dressed, and apply powder. Today, I wore a casual sleeveless, v-neck t-shirt and boot-cut jeans with the legs folded up slightly. My sneakers are second hand white Nanyang sneakers that I bought from a street market for 50 Baht. A-Nueng and Chet looked at me in awe, especially the cheerful child who couldn't take her eyes off me the entire ride in the car.

"You have a figure like a model. You're not wearing anything expensive, but you make everything look very expensive."

"It all depends on the hanger."

I shrugged a little because I don't like being humble.

"And I just realized that we don't need to wear something expensive. The important thing is that it is appropriate and suitable for yourself."

"You noticed this after you moved out to live alone?"

.Chet, who was our driver today, asked with great interest. That made me reply willingly.

"Ah-huh. I just realized that people don't really care how expensive your clothes are. People meet and part. We only show off our possessions at social gatherings or business meetings to increase your credibility. Or... it is to respect the place and opportunity that others do not judge your education."

"I really like you."

Chet's words made it unclear whether he liked me or my beliefs. But I think that means he likes me... But it seems someone doesn't like our conversation.

"I like Ar Nueng... more."

I glanced at the high school kid who was sticking out her scrunched up face.

"Her tone wasn't sweet at all."

"Have I ever looked cute in your eyes... Oh, yes. A few days ago you praised my beautiful eyes."

And the erratic child started twisting her body shyly, while I, the person in question, was confused about what to do and could only squirm uncomfortably.

"What? Why did you suddenly say this?"

"Has Ar Nueng ever said that Uncle Chet is handsome?"

Because he wanted to beat up the only man in the car, A-Nueng turned to ask in a threatening tone. Chet just smiled casually.

"No."

"I win."

"You are very protective of Ar Nueng."

"I love Ar Nueng."

The cheerful girl's honesty made me look up outside the window and rested my chin on my hands, pretending not to hear her. I just let the two of them talk.

"I love Ar Nueng too."

OK... Fight for me. Just take out a gun and shoot each other. Crazy...

"Have you known Ar Nueng for a long time?"

The cheerful child continued asking endlessly.

"How do you know each other?"

"We're almost get married."

"Huh..."

"So we've known each other for a long time."

Finally, the car arrived at our final destination. We are in the Bangpu area. The restaurant is by the sea, and is also a ballroom dancing club. As soon as

A-Nueng entered the place, she turned to me curiously.

"How do you know this place?"

"I used to come here with my grandmother in the past..."

My grandmother often invited us to eat here because she really liked it, loves the sea. On good days, we can listen to the music of Suntharaporn (the first Thai band to compose western style music) and watching the seniors' ballroom dancing. And yes... today there is also ballroom dancing.

"Let's eat first, and we can try dancing. We can ask that senior to teach us."

"Okay."

A-Nueng, who was cheerful throughout the trip, became quiet when we started ordering food and eating. When the child who usually talked non-stop fell silent, I suddenly felt lonely... I should be annoyed because she talks non-stop. But why does the attitude of her silence make me feel bad?

"What's wrong? You don't like the food?"

Chet asked the tiny girl affectionately, as usual. What I witnessed looked like a conversation between father and daughter.

"No."

"Then what's wrong? Why are you quiet? You were fine when we were in the car."

This time, I asked. But A-Nueng didn't say anything. She was just playing with the food on her plate, as if she didn't want to eat it. So Chet came to her own conclusions.

"She probably wants to dance."

"Nueng."

I called the little girl's name. I rarely call her by her name because I feel awkward calling someone with a name similar to mine.

"Let's Dance."

"Huh?"

A-Nueng looked surprised. So I got up and took her to the dance floor. I wiggled my finger to call her.

"Hurry up, before I change my mind."

"Y... yeah."

We walked to the center of the dance floor. There were people dancing, so we didn't feel embarrassed to start dancing too.

"What dance should you do?"

"Waltz...like this."

"It's easy. Why can't you do it? Are You stupid, or are you really stupid?"

"Yeah. I was stupid."

Abnormal...

"What's wrong? You're so sad you look sick."

"What's with you and Naa Chet? Are you supposed to get married?"

So here's what's bothering her....

"I told you that he almost became my husband. I thought you were done being surprised by that. Why are you surprised by the same thing? You're weird."

"If you're almost married, does that mean you two are lovers?"

"What is a lover?"

"Huh?"

"What is a lover according to your definition... What is that?"

I grabbed the little one's hand and placed it in the right position before I started dancing. I led the child to follow my steps as we talked.

"People who love each other, share things, and do things together."

"Then Chet is not my lover because we don't love each other."

"But Uncle Chet said he loved you... I heard it in the car."

"Then we will be lovers now because you confess your love to me everyday."

"That's true... But you almost married him. You must have feelings for him. Why do you want to marry him?"

"Sometimes people get married for stupid reasons. And in the end, I didn't get married because I ran away."

I smiled when I thought about what happened six years ago. I remember that it was big news among high society for a while. I felt happy when I thought about my grandmother's reaction.

"I don't feel anything for Chet. I never confess love to him. Don't even think about it."

"You will not confess your love to anyone."

"You know that. So according to your definition of lovers... Chet and I Don't qualify."

When I said that, A-Nueng started to smile and became excited again. She is like a tree that is watered in the dry season after years of wilting.

"Yes. Because no one is worthy of you."

This time, the little girl danced happily. Her smile persuaded me to feel the same way as I looked at her with affection.

"You know my motto well. Is that why you're down and don't want to talk?"

"He said you were getting married. By the way, who are you? Why did you almost marry Uncle Chet? From the cars he drives, the items he uses, the accessories he wears, and....his last name... Looks like he comes from high society. And you're just an artist who doesn't want to eat."

"Starving artist?"

"I changed the word to make you look cool."

"Thank You."

This child is a lifesaver.

"Let me repeat that. How did you two almost get married?"

"I won't tell you."

I answered frankly because there wasn't any reason for me to tell the story of my life to this child.

"Geez..."

"You suddenly want to know my background? Is that important to you?"

I asked with great interest. A-Nueng shook her head vigorously.

"You can be anyone to me. I'm only asking because I want to get to know you..."

The little one looked up with those beautiful eyes and looked into mine. Her eyes were full of determination and curiosity. That surprised me.

"Why?"

"When we love someone, we want to know everything about that person... That's how I feel"

Dug... Dug...

Suddenly, my heart started pounding. Even though we were staring at each other, I realized there was a strange sensation in my left chest. So determined... Those eyes are so charming.

"Love? We just met. You don't know much about me or who I am."

"Very strange huh... I was surprised too. Since I was born... I never interested in anything until I met you."

We still waltzed and looked into each other's eyes. It was as if we were trying to peer into each other's hearts.

"What makes you so attracted to me?"

"I don't know. There's something that draws me to you... Like a gravity."

The little girl seemed to be contemplating it deeply. She finally sighed.

"That's so absurd. And when I couldn't find the reason, I said to myself, It must be love. I know because I've read about it in books."

"What book?"

"It was a novel called Pluto: A story, a planet, and love. It is said... There are no excuses when it comes to love. If there is, it's not love."

I raised my eyebrows and tried to follow that train of thought.

"Novel? The title is interesting... But love without any reason or using your head is stupid."

"I'm stupid now... because I love you without any reason."

"You say that very confidently."

"Because I really love you."

The petite girl ran to hug me suddenly. It broke our rhythm, so we stood still among the other people still dancing around us.

"You are still too young. Don't rush into loving someone... And we are both women. Besides, with such a big age difference, it's impossible."

I backed away, but A-Nueng ran over to hug me. Her face was buried in my collarbone because of our height difference

"I don't care if you're a girl or a boy. I just love you."

"How old are you?"

"18."

"I'm 34...That's our age difference. When I was 16, you were just born into this world."

"So?"

"This means that if you were 20, I would be 36. Our age difference is too big. We can't possibly get along."

I tried to explain to the tiny girl who was still hugging me like a baby monkey.

"You will find someone suitable someday, someone with passion and conviction. You will forget me when you find him."

"Look at it from another angle. When you are 86 years old, I will be 70 years old. Then, people will say that we are the same age. And I'll be able to take care of you if you get sick, seeing as I'm younger and stronger. Isn't that great? Moreover... there is only one of you in this world."

"Yeah. I'm a very limited edition."

I boasted proudly. There is no second me in this world, not even a premium grade copy.

"So that means no one can replace you."

The petite stepped back and pointed her finger at me as if she was shooting me.

"You're still single. Have you ever wondered why you never loved anyone?"

Why am I the one being interrogated now...

"Why?"

"Because you waited for me to be born into this world. And finally we met. You can't escape from me."

I chuckled. I became dizzy while trying to persuade the child to stop having feelings for me. She is very determined. I'll wait and see if she will forget me two years from now after she goes to university and has a new social circle.

"And do you think you are worthy enough?"

I threw my usual question at her, which made everyone step back in fear when I asked. But this child is different...

"Not yet. But I will be worthy of you someday. I promise."

This child answered confidently. And I became a person who.... Is afraid.

7

UNWORTHY



Sam asked me to help her choose a dress for a commemorative event our school's 100th anniversary.

"Why don't you choose one too? I'll buy it for you. I'm rich."

My sister, who was very direct with her feelings and words, made me glance at her with a smile. If it wasn't Sam, I'm sure she was bragging about her wealth. But... she's really rich. She is an executive of a holistic multi-media company. Moreover, she is very beautiful and comes from a prominent family. The Only unusual thing about her was that she had a female lover.

"What do you see?"

My petite little sister asked curiously when she felt me looking at her. I Laughed a little because I knew I was looking at her harshly so she could feel it.

"I just thought my Liltle one was so cute."

"What..."

When she was praised, Sam immediately blushed.

"Why are you suddenly praising me?"

"You are perfect. You are beautiful, rich, come from a respectable family...and have good love."

I looked for a place to sit and rested my chin on my hands as I looked at my little sister seriously.

"It's strange that our grandmother let you have a female lover? "

"Grandma probably felt she couldn't lose another granddaughter again....Don't you think about going back to the palace? Grandma misses you."

I immediately twisted my mouth when I heard it.

"Little one... I know you have a good heart, but putting a lavender field filter on our grandmother is too weird."

"What do you mean?"

"Your view of the world is beautiful as a 'My Little Pony cartoon'. Saying that our grandmother misses me... Grandma and I are like Tom and Jerry, don't try to put us back together. It won't work."

I denied the idea vehemently while shaking my head.

"What I did to our grandmother was terrible. And what she did to me was less terrible. So, our relationship is even. We don't need to fix things."

"Khun Nueng... that was a long time ago."

"Did you forget about Song?"

"Who do you blame more for what happened to Song, our grandmother or me?"

My grandmother replaced me with my middle sister when I was away. And my sister couldn't take the pressure. That is something I will never forgive

my grandmother for....Never...

But from other people's perspective, they blamed me. No one has ever put themselves in my position.. If Song hadn't done that, I might have the one who disappeared from this world....Enough... I don't want to talk about it anymore.

"If you're finished, let's go."

I cut the conversation short because I knew it was getting too stressful for us. Sam saw that I didn't want to talk about this, so she turned her head to all the racks of clothes in the store.

"You haven't chosen one yet."

"Why should I?"

"In case you go too."

"Why should I?"

"Meet your old friends. Relive the old atmosphere."

"No. There was nothing impressive about those days. I just went to class to let the time pass.

"Time flies perfectly. You are the legend of our school....I don't care, get one if you change your mind. I'll pick one for you."

"Do you think you can choose better than me?"

"No, but I have more money."

"So I will buy them all. There's bound to be one you like."

I hate my little sister... In the end, I chose one to end it because it seemed like Sam really wants to spend money. While we were walking through the mall, I stopped at a bookstore to look for a novel. That's what A-Nueng was talking about, and she mentioned a quote about love from her.

There are no excuses when it comes to love. If there is, it's not love.

Curious, I picked up a book with two women reading the book on the cover. On the back cover, it says 18+. Sam turned to look at me and blinked at me blankly.

"You read novels?"

"What is a Yaoi/Yuri novel?"

"This is a novel about love between people of the same sex.

"Oh. So this is the novel for you."

"I read them sometimes. But mine is the best."

I'm starting to understand why this novel has two women on the cover. And I started to notice that, besides this novel, there were a lot of novels with two men on the cover in this bookstore.

"All of these are Yaoi/Yuri novels?"

"Yeah. It's popular these days. But do you read novels?"

"No. Someone mentioned this novel to me, so I was curious."

I opened the back cover again and frowned.

"Oh. How much How many sketches do I have to make to be able to buy this novel? I'll...rent it."

"You are an architecture graduate, why don't you pursue a career in that field? "

My little sister is always worried about my career. That got me smiled at her affectionately as I put the novel down.

"I chose that field to frustrate our grandmother. That's all."

"But you got first class honors."

"I'm good at everything I do, but I won't doing what I don't like... Sketching is one of my talents, but it's not what I like the most."

I looked down at my hands as I used my mind.

"There has to be something I can do with these hands."

Actually, I can pursue any career. But I won't do what other people tell me to do. My grandmother has run my life for my entire life. I won't stand taking orders from bosses business owners, or clients. There had to be a career where I could excel and also have complete freedom. What is my talent?

The conversation stopped when I left the bookstore. Sam wandered around some more before she followed me out, and we left the mall. Once I arrived at my rental place, I said goodbye to my sister and thanked her for the meal she treated me to.

"I survived another meal. Thanks, kid."

Not only did I thank her, but I also ruffled her beautiful hair. Even though she is over 30 years old, in my eyes she is still a child.

"Khun Nueng. I know you will be angry if I say this, but this place is not suitable for you... Please return to the palace."

"I'm really angry."

"You can at least eat three full meals a day there. And you can sleep in a comfortable bed. Our grandmother won't force you to do anything anymore."

"Little one, listen to me..."

"Okay..."

"I'll say something. Don't be angry."

"Ah-huh."

"Ask me again after our grandmother dies. See you."

Because I know my little sister loves and respects our grandmother very much, saying that would make her back off. However, she still grabbed my wrist and handed me a bag with a bookstore logo on it.

"What's this?"

"The novel. I saw you wanted it, so I bought it for you."

"I don't want it... You're just assuming. You use money like spit. It's very wasteful."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Who?"

"The rich ML."

"Oh my... And I'm the poor ML. "

Ops...

"Let's say I gave you this. You can read it when you are bored."

"You don't have to be nice to me. You also bought me clothes and novels."

"That's just the way it is. There are no excuses when it comes to love. If there were, that is not love."

I smiled at my little sister. I feel like she's braver. When she was young, she was clumsy and didn't understand anything. It must be because she has a female lover. It makes it more lively. I could see a pink aura radiating from her.

"Go home safely. Call me when you're home, please I'm not worried."

My beautiful sister got into her beautiful car, which cost almost 8 million baht, and made everyone here interested in looking at imported cars. I knew someone was peeking at me, so I called the person out from a hidden corner.

"How much longer are you going to hide there? Are you a peeping tom?"

The bespectacled girl appeared from behind the lamp post. Does she thought she was smaller than a lamp post? What a strange child!

"You know?"

"Of course. You can't hide behind that pillar. And why are you hiding?"

"I dare not show myself."

"What is the problem?"

I looked at the little girl, who kept looking down at the ground. Usually, she came with enthusiasm and courage, but today I can feel her fear and lack of confidence. She looked completely different.

"If you don't speak up, I'll go to my room."

"That woman... she's very beautiful."

A-Nueng finally spoke I thought a little and pointed in the direction Sam had just gone.

"You mean, that woman?"

"Yes... the owner of that yellow car. She's petite and delicate. She looks rich and probably comes from a prestigious family."

I nodded in agreement. Of course. That's Sam, a woman with an ML degree in her identity card.....And yes...me too.

"Correct. That girl got it all."

I looked at A-Nueng still looking down and avoiding looking into my eyes.

"Why is your voice shaking? What is it?"

"I feel... completely defeated."

"Huh?"

"I've always been confident, but when I saw you ruffled her hair that woman and smiled at her so sincerely, it made me feel... defeated."

"Why do you want to fight her? You can't compete."

Sam is my sister.

"Y... yeah."

"Because I know I can't compete, I have to withdraw now."

The cheerful child's eyes were red and full of tears. She looked at me as if she accepted her defeat. It really frustrates me.

"What kind of nonsense is this? Why were you defeated? Why are you backing out? I don't like people who do things half-heartedly.....If you think that you will lose, you shouldn't said that you would fight from the start I don't like someone who does things half-heartedly."

"Ar Nueng..."

"If you are like this, don't ever show your face or come to see me again."

The little girl let her tears flow because she couldn't speak. I was the one who became angry, saying what I always say to push people away from me to the cheerful child to end this. It always gives the effect I want.

"You're not worthy enough."

⑧

CONFIDENCE



It's been three days... A-Nueng disappeared after I kicked her out because I was frustrated. Honestly, the first day the cheerful child didn't appear, I didn't feel anything. Luckily I wasn't being watched or having to listen to that annoying nasal tone of voice. But when it was the second day... And this is the third day... The silence is getting closer to me.

I'm not lonely. Let's get this straight.

I'M NOT LONELY. I'm just a little worried because someone I see everyday has disappeared. It made me think about all the bad things that could happen to A-Nueng. So, here I am, looking through the school gates, the bell rings to signal that school is over. This is not strange at all.

How could this be unusual? I'm just here to make sure she's safe. After I see it, I will go home. I'm "Nueng," who doesn't care about anything in this world.

The Smells of Children's daily experiences at school. It was the accumulation of odors by children who would grow into working adults. We can also call it "student smell". That makes me dizzy. I glanced at the people around me and saw male students lined up at the fence as if everyone was waiting to see a celebrity.

There used to be boys lining up at the fence waiting for me like this....Ah. I miss my old, glorious days. I got a lot of candy and flowers when I was a student here.....Wait. The boy next to me looked familiar...

"Hey."

I called out to the person beside me who was the origin of the "student smell" I was talking about. The boy with acne on his temples was shocked and was about to run away.

"Where are you going?"

"Ouch!"

The boy was tall, but looking at his eyes, he was...maybe a little shorter than me. I grabbed his backpack, which caused him to lose his balance. He slowly turned his head to look at me.

"Wh...why are you pulling me? Have we met before?"

"Aren't you the boy who lives on the same street as me?"

It took me a while to recognize him. And when I asked that, the boy closed his eyes tightly, like someone who was caught committing a crime.

"Yes."

"Why are you running from me?"

"I..."

"You followed A-Nueng home that day, right?"

Her face turned pink. He may be a very shy person. He couldn't stop ducking and dodging. He likes her but doesn't dare show himself because he's afraid of being disappointed.

"I apologize."

"Why?"

I raised my hand to accept his apology and let go of his backpack before I turned back to peek at the girl.

"You didn't do anything wrong."

"Auntie doesn't think I'm scary?"

"Who are you calling Auntie?"

I glanced at the person who called me that, displeased. Calling me as if we were close, even if it was out of respect or not knowing what to call me, to me... was unacceptable.

"Y... you."

"Call me, Khun Nueng. I'm not your Aunt."

"Yes, ma'am. Khun Nueng."

"Are you waiting for someone? So you waiting for A-Nueng?"

"Yes."

"Every day?"

It's a little strange that I'm trying to talk to this boy because I don't usually approach someone first.

"Yes every day."

"How long have you been interested in her?"

When I asked directly, the boy's face turned as red as a tomato. He swallowed so hard that I could see his Adam's apple moving.

"Since I was in second grade."

"Does A-Nueng know that there is someone waiting for her at the fence because he is interested in her?"

"I don't think so."

"You've never shown yourself?"

"Never."

"Why?"

"I wasn't confident enough to do it... I was afraid she would hate me."

I glanced at the boy before laughing a little. Does what he does everyday make things better? If you know that you will lose or be unfit from the start, you should not enter the field of play. That's annoying.

"If you know that you are not worthy, just leave. There is no room for losers in this world."

"Who am I competing with?"

I immediately turned to him when he asked that, and like that. I thought... the red-faced boy looked away. He stood with his backbent. Lack of self-confidence ruins his good personality.

"Compete with people who are more confident than you, of course. And in the end he was the one who won, while you can only imagine A-Nueng's face when you helped yourself."

"What!?"

I shrugged nonchalantly. What I said was natural, so I didn't think too much about it. All boys do that. Anyway, there's no point in talking about it any further, so I'll just talk about what I want to know.

"Has A-Nueng been at school for the past three days?"

"Yes."

I breathed a sigh of relief because I was worried that the cheerful child was sick or something. Hearing that makes me feel better....No. But I'm starting to get frustrated. I was relieved, that's one thing. But now that I know she's not sick, she's fine, and coming to school as usual, I'm angry. If she's fine, why doesn't she come to see me? What is this?

"I go."

That's all I said before I stepped away from the fence. But as I walked away, I heard A-Nueng's nasal tone. She happened to see me before I could leave.

"Ar Nueng."

I stopped for a moment and stopped my steps. Strange... When I heard my name in that voice from that mouth, my heart beat fast, as if in joy...Only that call makes me happy? This isn't like me at all. But to turn around and smile cheerfully at her was out of character for me. So I kept walking, ignoring the call.

.....Oh. She didn't chase me.

I slowly looked back and saw A-Nueng standing there, at her place, with a sad expression on her face. The petite girl who always chased me now only looked into my eyes for two seconds before she looked down at the ground as she was about to walk in another direction....Crazy... No one has ever turned their back on me before.

"Nueng."

I shouted a new name for her. A-Nueng probably knew the name she called, so she turned to me, surprised. This is the first time I've walked up to someone. Everyone in my life, including my grandmother, was after me. There isn't any no one who has ever turned their back on me before. Who does she think she is?

"A... Ar Nueng."

As soon as I stood in front of her, A-Nueng stood up timidly, like a lonely dog. She doesn't seem to know how to act or look. When I saw her acting

pitiful, I couldn't help but bite my lip. Because I don't know what I want either.

"Stand straight and lift your chin."

"H... huh?"

"Acting like an insecure person is useless."

"I did?"

A-Nueng shrunk her neck and looked down again in fear. So I Lifted her chin and forced her to look me in the eye.

"A... Ar Nueng."

"Look me in the eye, right now."

A-Nueng was still trying to look away. So in the end, I forced her to look at me by squeezing her cheeks so hard that she seemed to be pursing her lips. The Brown eyes behind the glasses looked straight at me. And I was the one who was stunned. They were like crystals... Were her eyes this beautiful?

"Ar Nueng..."

"Are you alright?"

"Huh?"

A-Nueng looked shocked and didn't understand. She then answered confusedly.

"I... I'm fine."

"Are you eating well?"

"Yeah. I eat normally.

"Then treat me to a meal."

"Huh?"

"I am hungry."

I let go of her face and put my hands in my trouser pockets. A-Nueng doesn't understand what I'm doing. That's not surprising. Because even I, don't understand it myself.

"You're not angry with me anymore?"

"Angry?"

"You told me not to see you again. I didn't know what to do."

The child looked very sad when she said that. I remember what I said but I pretended to forget it because I felt that what I Said and what I did were too contradictory to each other

"If you treat me to a meal, I won't be angry with you anymore. I haven't had any customers these past few days. "

When A-Nueng fell silent, I became irritated. Many want to buy me food. Why is the child silent?

"If you don't want to treat me, then I'll sell the sketch to you."

I took out the sketch I made with a B2 pencil and handed it to the petite girl in front of me.

"50 baht. Be my customer."

I tightened my lips. A-Nueng took the sketch from my hand. She kept returning her gaze there and towards me.

It seemed like she had a lot of questions she wanted to ask me.

"How can you sketch my face?"

"I just close my eyes, imagine it, and sketch it. You weren't that hard to sketch."

"You can sketch me by imagining my face in your head?"

"Ah-huh."

"Then I was in your head for the past three days?"

And those bright, sly eyes were back. This surprised me a little.

"You're trying to make amends with me, right?"

"Nonsense. Who's trying to make up with you? I'm not, I like someone who lacks self-confidence. You said you would be worthy of me, but when you saw my sister put me down, you whined and said that you had given up. Just talking about it is frustrating. You shouldn't have said what you said in the first place if you couldn't do it."

I complained non-stop, but the petite suddenly looked full of interest.

"The one driving the yellow car that can turn into a robot is your little sister?"

"Yes."

I didn't mean to tell her that Sam was my little sister... I just didn't want her to misunderstand.

"So there's nothing between you two?"

"No one wants to care about their own sister."

"Really? That's really your sister?"

A-Nueng's joy made me smile from the corners of my lips. She's so cute when she's down... Wait. What... I think she's cute?

"I don't like repeating myself. And I don't like anyone who asks the same questions over and over again. Wait..."

And the little one immediately ran in and hugged me tightly. She also curled up and rubbed her face against my breast like a little kitten.

"Aren't you embarrassed? Everyone can see us."

"I'm not shy. I want everyone to see that we are close. You came to school to see me today and explained that the one with the yellow car was your little sister."

"I didn't come to see you. I just happened to be passing by... And I don't explain anything. I'm just a Bird, telling stories."

"You came to make up with me with a sketch. Did you miss me that much?"

"Who's trying to make up with you? That's not true."

My voice trailed off as I shook my head vigorously.

"I sold you my sketch. I'm hungry. I haven't eaten anything."

"Okay. Okay. You're so tight-lipped. You're not trying to make it up to me. Fine... Then I'll buy this sketch so you can eat."

The petite girl gave off her brightest Duchenne smile.

This was a complete contrast to her appearance three days ago. But before I could say anything, the sketch in A-Nueng's hand was boldly snatched away. The boy who had been watching us for some time gulped, breathed heavily, interrupted us, using all the courage he had.

"S... this sketch, please sell it to me."

"Huh? W... who are you?"

A-Nueng looked at the person who came out of nowhere to disturb us, very confused. She then hurriedly wrapped her arms around mine and curled up

inside, as if she was seeking protection.

"N... my name is Folk."

I saw the boy muster up the courage to look her in the eye. A-Nueng with a red face. He looked like he was going to pass out, so I had to interrupt.

"Take a deep breath. Confidence is key... So, are you finally brave enough to introduce yourself?"

"Y... yeah."

"You know him, Ar Nueng?"

A-Nueng asked me, surprised. I shook my head slightly. I don't admit it. I don't deny it either. But Folk, who seemed to have used up his last resort, couldn't take it anymore.

"H..."

Bugs!

And the boy fell to the ground like someone who couldn't pump enough blood to his brain from sheer excitement. I could only shake my head, glance at A-Nueng, and teach her.

"This what it feels like to lack self-confidence. How does it feel to have a loser who like you?"

"Like?"

A-Nueng pointed at herself before she pointed at me.

"Like you?"

"I'm just giving you an example. How would it feel if someone likes this likes you?"

"I don't feel anything."

A-Nueng put her arm around my arm and rested her head on my shoulder before she answered loudly and clearly.

"Because I just love you."

The child who was full of confidence in the wrong way has returned...

Sunyalai

⑨

UP TO THE ROOM



Folk, the boy who collapsed in front of the all-girls school, was given first aid by the drink shop owner who has been here more than twenty years. A-Nueng and I waited for him to return to this world. The boy held the sketch tightly. Even though we didn't know him well, we waited. We are concerned. He collapsed right in front of us. If we go that way, that would be very heartless.

"I don't like this guy."

A-Nueng said this while looking angrily at the boy who liked her. She then turned to me.

"The sketch you made trying to make up with me is now all tangled up."

"I said I didn't sketch to try to make up with you. If you really want a sketch, just pay me 50 baht, and I will make a new one for you."

"Not the same... You made that sketch with a worried heart. I want that one. It means a lot. He snatched it from my hand and fainted because he was weak. I hate him."

I tried not to smile when A-Nueng whined because she really wanted that sketch. But she was right... All my sketches are valuable. It would be a

shame if it was now crumpled in Folk's hands.

"You are quite interesting. There's a boy who's been secretly loving you since your second year."

"Sophomore year? Creepy."

A-Nueng rubbed her hands in fear.

"He's a peeping tom. I don't want that sketch anymore. Let's go before he regains consciousness."

"Why are you so against him? He has good intentions. Although he is a bit weak, he is honest."

"I don't like men."

I glanced at the petite girl who said that loud and clear. I was a little embarrassed because the guy who owned the place was standing not too far away, so he heard everything.

"Why do you say that?"

"Let's go. I want to go now. If he wakes up, he can go home by himself."

"But..."

" Pretty please."

A-Nueng dragged me like a whining child, like dragging her mother to go see giraffes, but her mother insisted on seeing Rhinos, because they were closer to her ancestors. In the end, I complied with the little girl's request, so we left Folk there, who was still unconscious.

"I really miss you."

The petite girl laced her fingers with mine and squeezed my hand tightly before she shook our hands as we walked. I looked around, anxious. But when I tried to release our hands, the child's grip tightened.

"I'll be angry if you let go of our hands."

"Continue."

"And if I don't meet you, you have to make it up to me again. Do you really want that? It's a waste of time that you could use to earn a living."

"I told you I wasn't trying to make up with you."

I insist on what I firmly believe in. People like Sippakorn don't try to make amends with anyone. Not even my grandmother could make me do that....

But... this kid is right. If we fight again, it will impact the time I can afford to use for sketching because I keep worrying if the child is sick. Actually, it's none of my business if she's injured or dying.

"I miss you every day..."

The little one still spoke frankly about the time we didn't meet.

"I wonder why I was born late. If I had been born earlier, I would have had a job and been as rich as your sister... I thought she was your lover."

"Even if you are older than now, it doesn't mean you are worthy enough."

"What are your criteria?"

"Well..."

I had never thought about this before because I never thought that anyone was worthy of me except Prince Henry. Hmm... What are the specifications of my dream lover? I never imagined having a lover before.

"Well, what?"

"This is beyond imagination."

I glanced at the petite girl, who was smiling she walked, before I asked her out of curiosity

"Have you ever been so dependent on someone before?"

"Never. I only have grandma, I don't have any other nanny."

"So why are you like this around me?"

"I don't know. I just feel.. I have met an older relative who is very close to me."

"Older relatives?"

I shrunk my neck a little because suddenly I felt old.

"I'm like your grandmother?"

"That's not it... I can't describe it. I have wanted to be close with you since the first time I saw you."

"Even though I'm just someone who sleeps in a cheap rented room and sketching for a living? Why do you think I'm so valuable?"

"I can feel a certain aura around you... And if you aren't worth it, someone like Uncle Chet wouldn't be interested in you."

"You can judge a person by the people they like?"

"No. I judge you by the way you handle yourself. You're not materialistic. It doesn't matter how expensive the car you sit in. It doesn't matter how valuable Uncle Chet's accessories are. You don't pay attention to those things. So I feel... you're valuable."

I looked at the tiny girl, impressed-just a little. Children nowadays you can think for yourself. Children like this are not easy to find. But I won't praise her out loud.

"So you really want me as an older relative, huh?"

"No. Your charm is that you are difficult to understand. I want more and more close to you like this, but I don't want to your sister, close relative, or

anything like that."

"Then what do you want to be?"

"I want to be your lover."

"You might say that because you're in a special school for girls. You will meet boys when you are at university. You'll know what teenage hormones are when you find them. I say this because I understand the nature of teenagers. Most of my friends had boyfriends in their first year of college. It was as if they had never met a man before in their lives. What happened to me doesn't count. My grandmother found me a suitable guy to date since freshman year too. Even Though I wasn't emotionally involved, I wasn't against it. That was good in away, because no one dared to approach me because of that.

The guy I'm dating is the son of a prime minister, and I have an ML title. Who would dare...

"What do you think of female lovers?"

Wow, asked for my opinion to try to persuade me....

"In my opinion, why be born a woman if you don't want to use your breasts?"

I only said that to prevent the child from clinging to me excessively.

"Women were created to bear children. Otherwise, there would be no man to send sperm into a woman's uterine tubes so that the baby would come out after 9 months."

"You really think so? You have boobs for your baby and husband to suck on?"

"Are we going too far into this topic? Let's just say... we're both familiar with what goes on at all-girls schools. There are no men, so we can discuss it together."

"Have you ever done that with a woman?"

I glanced at the person who asked that and smiled slightly before I answer..

"Just guess."

"Oh my gosh."

This kid is really excited. I took A-Nueng to my room again. I admit, I was also surprised to let someone I just met into my personal space like this. Moreover, this is the second time I have brought her to my room. Last time, she fainted, and she left after regaining consciousness. Today, when she came to my room again, she took the opportunity to explore it like a curious child. She explored every corner

"Your room is very neat. There is no dust at all. And everything is well organized."

"Don't touch anything."

The little one, who was about to take the alarm clock by the bed, stopped. She then smiled cheerfully.

"You really are a perfectionist."

"What? No. I just don't like it when people move my things."

"You'd be frustrated if things didn't work out, right? A perfectionist like you... shouldn't be able to stand wearing torn clothes."

This kid is starting to get to know me well. He entered my room and....analyzed it as if she were the editor of Houses and Garden magazine.

But she was right again... Wearing old clothes and ripped jeans is completely against my nature. I didn't like the clothes, but I learned to live with them. I learned about imperfection. I can deal with it better today. But I have to take some time to calm down before wearing it everyday.

My income does not match my taste. I only make about a hundred baht a day. Wearing Jimmy Choo shoes or clothes from the Miu Miu collection is out of reach.

"I'm well organized. Don't act like you know a lot."

"I want to know how you grew up. How do you raised to this kind of person?"

"What kind of person is this person?"

"The person I like. No one has ever made my heart race like you."

The tiny girl continued to say that shamelessly. I'm very surprised.

"You confess your love so casually that I start to doubt what you say."

I sat down and crossed my legs while A-Nueng sat on the bed because there was nowhere else she could sit. It makes me a bit frustrated because it makes my sheets wrinkled.

"How could that be?"

"When we love or like someone, we don't say it directly like that. We are too embarrassed to do it. We dare not look him in the eye. We don't dare to admit our feelings. We're afraid we'll lose that person... That's the kind of people I've met "

I thought back to all the people who came to confess their love tome. Each has a different character. But everyone was afraid of being disappointed, and I handed it over to them without a care. But this kid... She's not afraid.

"I had lost my confidence. But you got it back for me by sketching to make up with me. This time, there's no way you can get rid of me... You've made a big mistake."

The little one got up from the bed and walked over to bring her face closer to mine.

"Why did you invite me to your room?"

"No reason. I only invited you because it's not time to go to the market yet."

"Is it true? Just that?"

"Why do you think I invited you?"

"I think..."

A-Nueng stretched out her hand to take my hand and kissed my palm gently. I was shocked, but I tried to stay calm because I wanted to know what the kid would do next.

"You're going to make out with me."

"Huh?..."

"Okay. I studied at an all-girls school and have a lot of friends who are tomboys. I know what girls can do together. And it would be nice if..."

"You're my first."

①②

THE GRANDMOTHER



A-Nueng's small face slowly moved towards me with a gaze inviting eyes. It's a little serious and flirty. I watch her actions without any resistance. I want to see how far that kid will go. But as soon as our noses touched, I pushed forehead before squeezing her cheeks tightly until a loud "slap" was heard.

"Ouch."

"What are you doing?"

"You hit me... It hurts so much."

"I hit you until you got hurt. What game are you playing?"

A-Nueng stepped back and rubbed her cheek.

"What is this? I'm not attractive at all? I remember from the series GL."

"You can't separate real life from the series,huh? And why don't you re-enact a better scene than that?"

I looked at her coldly and shook my head.

"Don't play around like this with other people either."

"So, I can only play like this with you?".

Not only she did have no regrets, she also seemed joyful at the moment she jumped up and down, twisting my words.

"Go play with your future lover."

"Then it's true that I'm playing you, because you're the one. Haha... By the way, is this all you have? There's nothing more for me to explore?"

"Why are you exploring my room... Don't open my closet."

The petite girl didn't listen to my objections. She opened the closet and looked at my clothes which contained a black and white V Collar t-shirt. She then reached out her hand to take out the dress that Sam had just bought me for the school anniversary.

"Wow... you have something like this too."

"I told you not to open my closet."

I walked over and...took the dress from her. A-Nueng was still smiling and tilted her head at me cutely.

"I scolded you endlessly, but you didn't regret. "

"Where have you worn this?"

"I will wear it if there is a special occasion. It's not for any particular event."

"If I guess, it's for a school anniversary. Are you going?"

I looked at the cheerful child, surprised. Is she a fortune teller? How could she come into my room and analyze everything as if she already knew? She knew what I wanted to use the dress for just by looking at it?

"I'm still thinking about in

"Go. I want to see you dressed up."

"Are you going?"

"Yeah. This is my last year. It would be fun to go to an event like that. My grandmother also went to that school..."

A-Nueng immediately bowed as she mention of her grandmother's name.

"When I think about that, all the fun disappears."

"All the fun is gone just because your grandma will be there? Aren't you overreacting?"

"You do not understand."

If anyone understands what it means to fight with grandma, ask "me". The noble gift of "fighting with older relatives" is definitely mine.

"Tell me what I don't understand."

"Never mind. If you were there, it would be fun. I'm very happy to see you looking beautiful. I'll dress up too."

"Then I won't go."

When I said that, A-Nueng bent her back and immediately twisted her face.

"You're not cute at all."

"Then don't love me."

"I already did. I just can't stop loving you so much

Even though A-Nueng said this casually with a smile, I....could feel from her eyes that she meant every word. So I could only look the other way and pretend not to see her.

"It's up to you then. Don't blame me if you break your heart."

"Why should I worry? You will come up with me if I disappear."

This kid is really confident...

A-Nueng accompanied me at the market until 9 pm. I often wondered if the people waiting for her at home were worried about her being out so late. When I was her age, my grandmother wouldn't even let me, I had a driver to drop me off and pick me up every day.

"Why are you going home late? Isn't your grandmother strict?"

I asked while walking towards the cheerful child's house. A-Nueng glanced at me slightly when she heard that.

"Did I tell you that my grandmother is strict?"

"You didn't actually tell. But from our conversation and from your whip marks... I think your grandmother must be very protective of you. It's inconsistent for your grandmother to be protective and strict but she let you come home this late. This is too strange."

"You are very observant. It seems you're quite interested in my affairs."

That sly girl's smile made me look away tiredly. She's always playing around.

That's enough."

"Oh my. Don't get annoyed easily. I'll tell you... I told my grandmother that I go to tutoring school every night. The harder I study, the happier my grandmother is. She's afraid I have no future."

"It's natural for adults to think like that. Still, your family seems rich, don't you have a driver?"

"I have it in the morning. My grandmother took me."

"Huh?"

"When I was in second grade, my classes ended very late, so my grandmother couldn't make it to come pick me up. Since then, after school

is my free time. And it was fun because it allowed me to meet you."

"But you didn't go to tutoring school... Oh, you're lying to your grandmother?"

A-Nueng laughed dryly. There is a bit of a guilt in her voice. So I Smiled too.

"Sort of. I wanted some time to breathe. I've been studying hard since second year. I got good grades on my tests. What's important for kids my age is to have fun, have a social life, have friends and have time to relax.

"You don't have any friends?"

I nodded, understanding the silence that followed. How can someone live a life like me?

"Why don't you have any friends?"

"My grandmother didn't let me hang out with anyone. She said friends would lead me down the wrong path..."

The trembling voice of the always cheerful person made my heart soften. But A-Nueng looked up and met my eyes, so I had to pretend I didn't feel anything.

"I have friends, but they are more like study buddies. I don't have any friends... Nobody wants to be my friend."

"Why is that? Are you a bad person?"

"Everyone was afraid of my grandmother... She went to school and created commotion when my grades dropped. She blamed all my friends and everyone around me for leading me down wrong path."

"Everything has cause and effect. What makes your grandmother have that of confidence?"

“ She’s afraid that I will become like my mother. My grandmother said my mother had bad friends.”

We finally arrived at A-Nueng's house. Our conversation seemed too short. I don't want to end it yet. Because the little girl seems too pitiful...

"You must be very lonely."

I reached out my hand to lift her chin to look me the eyes. It's like I met myself when I was young. Even though she was always cheerful and smiling she was under a lot of pressure.

"Why can't you do it?"

"Why don't you give your best? “

"This won't work."

"That's not enough.

Those were words my grandmother said I heard over and over again growing up. And in order not to appear weak or too like a loser, I hid all my sadness inside. No matter harsh grandma was on me, I just smiled.

I can accept it.

I can handle it.

Just waiting until the day I cut ties with my grandmother...

"I'm not lonely anymore because I have you."

The little girl reached out my hand and put it on her face. She tilted her head and....curled up in the palm of my hand.

"I have someone close to me now, and that's you."

"Why me?"

"I feel like I've met someone like me."

Dug... Dug...

Dug... Dug...

Suddenly, my heart beats fast. My whole body was shaking. It seemed like A-Nueng could read my mind..... We are the same.

As I stood stunned, the gate slowly opened, and I could see the figure of an old woman looking at us. A-Nueng quickly backed away from me and clasped her hands in front of her in fear. As for me, I stood still and stared into those light gray eyes. I could immediately recognize who she was.

"Good evening."

I raised my hand in a salute as best I could, using what my grandmother had instilled in me my entire life. But the old woman just looked at me without realizing it.

"Who are you?"

" She... just asked me for directions, grandma."

A-Nueng immediately gave me an excuse. That made me glance over towards the little girl who had turned into a whipped puppy.

"Did I ask you, Nueng... Who are you?"

That authoritative voice was not much different from my grandmother's voice. That made me smile and reply casually. I didn't show any emotion, like I usually do with my grandmother.

"I'm Nueng's friend."

"Friend?"

Grandma looked at A-Nueng with pressing eyes before she looked back at me.

"From your appearance, it seems like you two aren't old enough to be friends?."

"Grandma... Ar Nueng is..."

"Aunt?"

"I'm a friend who happened to meet A-Nueng by chance."

"Nueng doesn't need friends. That's not a necessity in her life."

The grandmother grabbed the little girl's arm and dragged her into the house. She turned to look me in the eye and left her final comment.

"Especially a lower class person like you."

And the two disappeared into the house, leaving me to look on towards the gate while sighing....There is someone as bad as my grandmother in this world.

Sunyata

①①

REUNION



Since that day, A-Nueng has not appeared. I think her grandmother imposed a curfew and forbade her from making friends with anyone because she was afraid that her granddaughter would take the wrong path or make a serious mistake that would ruin her reputation....It's too much...

I'm starting to feel strange about myself, because the absence of a cheerful girl for a week seems to be making me quite frustrated. And if I go see her now, she will think I want to see her again because there is no reason for me to worry, because I know she is safe with the old woman. She absolutely wouldn't let her granddaughter have any inside friends.

"You're very quiet today, Khun Nueng? "

Chet stopped by to see me at the market. He commented before he agreed to be my customer because he saw that I was very quiet today. What did he want me to say? I'm not a person who talks a lot.

"Start talking. I don't know what to talk about.

"Ah. I forgot. You're not a talkative person. It's been like that since we were together."

"Are we together?"

"I mean, as a friend."

I looked up and looked into the eyes of the person trying to start a conversation and smiled.

"I'm sorry. I'm in a bad mood."

"Where is your cheerful girl?"

When he mentioned A-Nueng, I fell silent again. I was then surprised when Chet's strong finger pressed between my eyebrows.

"What are you doing now?"

"You're frowning. So you're in a really bad mood because of A-Nueng, as I thought. What happened?"

"My mood isn't bad because of that kid."

I breathed heavily and gaped because I couldn't believe it myself.

"Maybe so. Well..."

"Her grandmother most likely had A-Nueng under curfew. One day, I took her to her house, and her grandmother saw us. Our conversation didn't go well."

"Strange. Why doesn't her grandmother like you?"

" She's probably afraid that I'll make A-Nueng my wife."

I said that sarcastically while licking my teeth and combing my hair back.

"Oh my. Apart from my grandmother, is there anyone like that in this world? Would they control a person's every move? A-Nueng shows no signs of being a bad girl. She's a very obedient kid, but she's being punished just because she has me as a friend."

"Does the grandmother know who you are?"

"What do you mean?"

I raised my eyebrows, not understanding what he was saying. Chet gave me a little smile and searched for the right words to explain it to me.

"How should I say this... Maybe it's because you try to dress modestly, so people judge you because of that and think you're nothing."

"Am I dressed that badly?"

I'm laughing.

"Do you also judge people by their clothes?"

"That's the first impression people use to judge a person. It's like a piece of clothing. A plain t-shirt might cost 90 baht, but once you put a brand logo on it, it might cost thousands or ten thousandths. Why is that...People judge you from the outside or by the brands you use."

"Yeah, what I mean is that if you put your brand out there, people will never treat you like A-Nueng's grandmother did."

"What brand do I have?"

"You have a brand that no one else has. Try to find out what it is."

I looked Chet in the eye and nodded understandingly.

"My title, huh? It's just an M.L. Nothing special."

"It's nothing special to you, but for those who don't have it, it's different."

"So what should I do? Walk over there to tell A-Nueng's grandmother that... I'm an M.L, let your granddaughter be my friend now? Haha. How strange."

Ops... While I was arguing, I thought about something and looked into Chet's eyes.

"There is a way for A-Nueng's grandmother to know my brand."

"What's that?"

"An event to commemorate 100 years of our school."

When I think about that, it seems like victory is in my hands. I never cared about my title until today. Know that I am nothing. I also don't make friends easily with someone.

"It seems like you really care about A-Nueng. I envy her."

"What?"

I, who had just achieved victory, looked at Chet in surprise, before trying to appear normal so that no one could read me.

"I didn't really care. I just felt unappreciated. Everyone wanted me. No one ever rejected me or acted as if I was worthless."

"I'm still jealous of that. I've never seen you do this much for anyone before, even though you say that because you feel disrespected. Umm... you come from a prominent family, but you never brag about it. But this time, you will reveal who you really are so that you can become the child's friend."

"That is not true."

I squirmed uncomfortably, turned my focus back to my sketch, and grabbed a pencil.

"Let's finish the sketch so you can go home."

"Okay."

I've been looking forward to this event for over two weeks. To be honest, before I left my room, I thought over and over again about what I was going

to do. I'm very excited about today, even though I never like attending events like this.

I haven't seen A-Nueng for almost a month. And today, I'm ready to reveal my amazing "brand" to everyone. My driver, dressed in a well-cut suit, picked me up and looked at me with sparkling eyes when he saw I was all dressed up.

"You look beautiful today."

"You look good too. You're dressed up as if it's your school's 100th anniversary."

"Don't tease me. Even though I didn't study there, I climbed over the fence to see you for many years. So, even though I didn't go there, it's as if I did. I'll have the opportunity to step foot into a famous all-girls school today. This is a special occasion."

"Your excuses are that long, how can I argue... Thank you for accompanying me today."

"I know you have a reason to go with me. I also have a "brand"... which is my father's family name."

He's smart... I intended to go with him to make myself stand out more. Chet was very popular among high society at this time. He has a well-known prestigious surname. His father was prime minister, and he himself would enter politics. Going with him would put me in the spotlight. I would appear dignified, and no one would be able to tell that I was lower class...How dare that old woman call me low class?

We arrived at my school 15 minutes later. There were a lot of people, so there was no parking near the school. Chet would let me go out first, and he would follow me inside. The event took place at night. There is instrumental music from the school band. They play a good mix of Thai and international music.

The field usually used for morning line-ups is now filled with tables. Everyone is in full dress because everyone wants to show what they “have” and build their “brand”. This is some kind of business event. Everyone is here to connect with alumni from each class year.

And as soon as I entered, everyone seemed to fall silent and look at me... It's the same as before... Everything is exactly the same. Everyone still gives me the spotlight, no matter how many years have passed.

"Khun Nueng."

I heard screams from far away. I turned to see that it was Sam's friend. We often chatted when I was a student here. One of them is a movie star, I think.

"That's really Khun Nueng..... My idol."

Jim, Sam's best friend, ran over to hug me tightly. I remember this one well because she always runs to hug me and brags to everyone that we are close.

"How are you guys? Have you been here long?"

"We've been here a long time."

"Where's Sam?"

" PH excused herself to go do something and disappeared. She'll probably come back later."

"I like the little one's nickname."

I almost forgot that my sister's friends called her "PH" instead of M.L. I laughed at that and wanted to call her that too at the time, but that would have made me look rude.

"Let me excuse myself too. I'm looking for someone.

"What should I tell PH if she looks for you when she comes back?"

Kate, the beautiful movie star, asked me. I looked up and nodded.

"Tell her to call me."

"Okay."

Like I said, I'm not here to chat. I just want to reveal myself to everyone so that A-Nueng's grandmother will no longer judge me wrongly. Therefore, I chose to look for A-Nueng because I was sure I had heard that the old woman was an alumni here. So she must be here too. Good... I'll introduce myself. I'll stun her until she falls to the ground.

I swept my gaze to look for A-Nueng and regretted that I never asked for that cheerful girl's phone number. I started to realize that I was careless, to the point of not caring enough... If I met her today, I absolutely would considering asking for her phone number...

But, if you think about it, there are times when other people ask for my phone number. I've never asked anyone for their number before. That kid is something. If I didn't ask for her phone number, why didn't she ask for mine? This is frustrating.

I let my mind wander while looking for A-Nueng. And I finally found my target. A-Nueng arrives wearing a modern Thai dress. It suits her so well that I admire her choice. I'm holding back my excitement now that I see where she is. I straightened my clothes, ready to approach her when the time was right.

.....Wait... why am I straightening my clothes?

"Khun Nueng."

Gasp...

"Chet. You surprised me."

I put my hand on my chest while sighing. Chet, who followed me in, laughed at that.

"What's wrong? You look shocked."

"I'll was about to greet A-Nueng."

I turned my head in the direction the little girl was standing.

"And you called me."

"That's not something you're excited about. You act as if you're going to confess your love to your crush and prepare yourself for it."

I turned around to give the person who said that a sharp glare.

"What did you say? Who confessed love?"

"I'm just making a comparison. There's no need to be angry."

"You used the wrong words, which could lead to misunderstanding."

I said that in frustration.

"I just... i don't know how to start a conversation since we haven't talked in three weeks and two days."

"You're counting the days?"

I was shocked and writhed uncomfortably again.

"I have a good memory. Can you stop finding fault... Oh. What are you doing?"

Chet put my hand on his arm and patted it gently.

"What do you want to do?"

"Today you are here with the former prime minister's son. And I became popular among the upper class."

Chet walked while pulling me to walk beside him slowly, smiling. Many people saw us and started whispering to each other.

"And you are the star of this school. You are more than dignified enough. Why are you afraid to start a conversation with a child..."

"A-Nueng, we haven't seen each other for a long time."

And Chet greeted A-Nueng casually, while I kept a straight face when I saw her. A-Nueng seemed surprised to see me here.

"Ar Nueng."

"Hey. I greeted you first. Why do you only greet Ar Nueng? What does this mean?"

"A... Ah..."

A-Nueng looked at me with teary eyes. I looked into those eyes and nodded understandingly.

"Ar Nueng... I..."

"I understand. Where is your grandmother?"

"She's talking to her friend over there."

Chet, knowing his role well, dragged me over to where the old woman was standing. Everyone's eyes were on us, and all conversation stopped wherever we walked. And yes... even A-Nueng's grandmother, who was talking to someone, noticed the strange atmosphere and turned to us.

A-Nueng's grandmother expressed her objection as soon as our eyes met.

"You... A-Nueng's friend?"

I pulled my hand from Chet's arm and saluted her out of courtesy instilled in me by my sweet grandmother.

"Good evening."

"Why are you here?"

"Why not, when I..."

"Nueng."

I hadn't started my introduction when I froze. No one can make me feel this good and this bad at the same time, except this person...And that person happened to be the person who was talking to A-Nueng's grandmother.

"Grandma."

The intention to reveal myself and bring someone down disappeared when I met the person who made me who I am today. If A-Nueng's grandmother was a tyrant, then my grandmother was the greatest tyrant that no one could match.

"M.C. knows this kid?"

A-Nueng's grandmother turned to ask my grandmother. My grandmother was still looking straight at me. She nodded and immediately introduced me.

"Nueng is not someone anyone can call 'this child'. Please address her respectfully."

My grandmother, who was more authoritative, said it calmly but disapprovingly. This made the other old woman's face turn pale. She just stood still and waited for the full introduction.

"This is M.L. Sippakorn...My oldest granddaughter."

I saw this old woman who really cared about social class looking like she had been tricked into watching a horror movie. Honestly, this is beyond my expectations. But who can vouch for "my brand" better than the person who build it?

"Granddaughter?"

A-Nueng's grandmother looked at me, stunned. Even though she still looked confused, it was enough to make me feel happy.

"I rarely go to social events, ma'am. It's been a long time..."

I used "madam." to show that I am superior to her.

"Actually, I usually don't tell other people about my title. That's why people tend to think of me as lower class."

Gasp...

I glanced at the old woman's neck. It looked like she had just swallowed hard. Even though I wanted to smile, since my grandmother was here, I had to keep my expression emotionless.

"I'm surprised to see you here, Nueng. You dressed nicely today. "

"I have to honor my title on my ID card."

I hadn't finished speaking when Ms. Manee walked over to greet us with a smile.

"Khun Nueng. I saw you from a distance. We met twice this year. "

"I haven't been here for a long time, but people still recognize me."

"No one can forget you. You are a legend that all students can never forget."

And Ms. Manee was another person who confirmed my 'Queen' status.

"M.C. Kaekai is here too. Good evening, ma'am."

"Good evening, teacher."

"You raised Khun Nueng perfectly. She is still as graceful as ever."

I smiled slightly and acted as if I wasn't sure when I asked for confirmation.

"I don't look like a lower class?"

"Why would you say something like that? Who would dare say that to you?"

I glanced at A-Nueng's grandmother again and smiled sweetly.

"That's true. I think I've grown up well. But people tend to judge others by their clothes, so they can't tell that I'm an M.L."

"Let me excuse myself first."

A-Nueng's grandmother slowly stepped back as if she was riding a doll. Chet, who saw everything, turned the other way and covered his mouth while giggling. That made me clear my throat.

"Let's go. Mission accomplished."

I shrugged and raised my hand to show respect to Ms. Manee, who suddenly walked over to praise me, even though I didn't give her a hint.

"Let me excuse myself, Ms. Manee. "

"Why are you in such a hurry?"

"I don't like being around old people."

"Nueng."

My grandmother knew that it was directed at her, so she called me disapprovingly. That means I'm being scolded. I straightened up a bit because I was used to being obedient. But when I got myself under control, I smiled at her.

"Why does it sound like you're scolding me? You're not at all not gentle."

"How are you?"

"What do you mean?"

We stared at each other. Honestly, I could guess she was asking if I was okay, but I pretended not to understand.

"How did you get here?"

"I came in Chet's car."

My grandmother looked at my ex-fiancé, shocked. But she didn't have time to ask anything because I ended the conversation there.

"I will go."

"Is this all we talked about?"

"Okay. Then, I will welcome you nicely."

I shrugged, trying to appear relaxed because my mission was completed beautifully.

"You look much older. I'm surprised you're still alive."

"Do you want to fight every time we meet?"

"I have to. I want to be consistent. If I suddenly act affectionately, it would be out of character. So... I'm leaving now. "

I raised my hand to salute my grandmother and walked away gracefully, hand in hand, with Chet, leaving my grandmother standing there alone.

For me, my grandmother is proof of my suffering. I don't want to be in nearby.

"Ar Nueng."

A-Nueng, who was observing closely, ran towards me and asked excitedly.

"You're really an M.L.?"

Even this kid is happy with my "brand"...

"My title spread so fast. Where did you hear about it?"

"I was eavesdropping. I was surprised. I knew it. You're not that anyone...
Wow... I fell in love with the right person."

Her usual confession made me feel awkward. I was more confused than when I met my grandmother. Suddenly I didn't know where to put my hands.

"Love, what?"

"I love you."

I looked at Chet awkwardly. If she confesses her love when we are alone, it will be fine. But she said this in front of Chet. How did he receive it?

"I know. I know."

"And I really missed you. It was nice meeting you today."

A- Nueng took my hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"Do you miss me?"

"Ah... Well..."

"Please tell me. Do you miss me?"

My jaw dropped. I do not know what to say. If I said that I missed her, that would be out of character. But why do I say that? That doesn't make sense.

"I..."

Just as I was contemplating whether to say yes or no, a voice saved me. Someone called my name.

"Khun Nueng."

I closed my eyes and thanked whoever helped me out of the sticky situation in the nick of time. But when I turned around to see who it was, I was stunned. She is a woman the same age as me. She was a friend I hadn't seen in 18 years. But now she was standing right in front of me.

"Fah."

"And you're here with Chet."

Chet, who was standing next to me, looking at my old friend, was also stunned. He then called her full name to make sure they knew each other.

"Piengfah."

What was even more surprising was the nasal tone of A-Nueng's voice, because the only girl among us called my best friend "Piengfah" by a different name.

"Mother."

Sunyal

①②

THE TRUTH



I can't believe , returning to the old atmosphere and environment will bring this climax. I just wanted to express myself and how precious I am to A-Nueng's grandmother, but I met my grandmother and an old friend who I haven't seen for more than 18 years...What's more... She is the mother of a cheerful child.

"The world is extraordinarily round. I didn't expect you, to know A- Nueng, Khun Nueng."

I glanced at my old friend. We separated from the others, including A-Nueng and Chet, to find a quiet place to talk. We seek to resolve past events that continue to impact us today.

"Your daughter's name is A-Nueng?"

I pondered for a moment before laughing as if asking mockingly,

"You named her A-Nueng?"

"I was going to call her 'Once upon a time' but it was a bit much so I felt sorry for her."

"The point is not that the name is strange, but that you intended the name to be similar to Khun Nueng."

I used to use "Khun Nueng" because it was a way to emphasize how superior I was to other people. That's what my grandmother instilled in me. And my family used this to emphasize our superiority.

"Yes. That was my intention."

I looked into my friend's eyes, and the past immediately came to mind.

"Why?"

"To remind me that this child was born from my hardest heartbreak, and you were the cause of it all."

"Don't throw your disappointment at me. You did it to yourself."

"That's true. But you can't deny that you had a hand in it... Do you want me to tell you what happened?"

No need. I remember well everything that happened 18 years ago. As I always say, I was born into a respectable family and have an M.L. Even though it's not important right now, it's still appreciated. It's like a prestigious title that not everyone can have.

My grandmother raised me to be a perfect woman. I can play musical instruments, my grades are always at the top, and I was born with an amazing figure and facial features. I'm a rare gem at this all-girls school. Everyone likes me, both boys and girls. And it wouldn't have mattered if one of those girls hadn't been my best friend since middle school. The person I never considered more than a friend begged me to accept her love because she no longer wanted to be just a friend.

"Stop your crazy idea. I'll pretend I didn't hear it."

I rejected her coldly, without giving her any hope. I hate a friend who thinks of me as more than just a friend. How would it feel if we were together? What's better than being friends?

"Khun Nueng... This is me. No one knows you better than me. And no one can love you more than me."

"Why are you doing this, Fah? How can confessing your love for me make anything better?"

"It's really suffocating to like someone secretly. I want you to know how I feel."

"I know it now. And I'm going to pretend I don't know it. Please act as if you were just acting."

"But I told you, and you already knew it."

"So you said it, and expected something in return? Well... What did you expect?"

I looked at Piengfah, my only friend, who was whining in annoyance.

"What do you expect from confessing your love to me?"

"I love you."

"Ah-huh."

"I want you to just look at me."

I looked at my friend.

"I'm looking at you. Is that enough?"

"Can you not pretend you don't understand?"

"What do you want? You want us to make out like everyone else does in the restroom? You want us to get naked, kiss, and leave love marks on each other's necks? Is that what you want from confessing your love to me?"

"K... Khun Nueng.

When I said that frankly and indifferently, Piengfah just standing there, embarrassed and stunned, with a red face. She might feeling really bad that things turned out like that after her confession.

"I can't do that with you."

"Why?"

"You don't need to know"

I prepared to leave, but Piengfah grabbed my arm.

"Tell me. Why!"

And that made me tell her... frankly.

"We come from different social classes."

My words at that time must have broken my friend's heart. We pretend that nothing happened, even though something did happen. Piengfah no longer sat with me like she used to, and we ended up being strangers for almost a year.

And one day, I noticed something unusual about my former best friend. She couldn't eat her favorite food because she kept vomiting. Besides, no one else noticed that her figure changed, but I noticed it because I was her best friend during middle school. My petite friend is fatter. Her bulging belly... that's not normal.

"What's wrong with you?"

One day, I followed her to the roof of Building 4 near the basketball court during lunch break. She tended to go there when she was thinking about something.

"Khun Nueng... what are you doing here?"

"I have a question about your condition. You've been sick a lot this year."

I asked not out of worry, but more out of curiosity. Piengfah looked the other way and shrugged.

"I'm only human. Of course, I can get sick from time to time."

"You're fatter too."

"Why are you interfering in my affairs?"

Piengfah immediately turned to attack me and clutched her stomach. Her strange reaction made me even more curious.

"Your condition is like someone who.. “

"What!"

Her anxiety convinced me.

"You look like someone who is pregnant."

As soon as I said that, Piengfah gaped and fell silent. At first I wasn't sure, but when she fell silent, I became worried. I approached her and grabbed her tightly with both hands.

"Is that true?"

"Leave me alone. It's none of your business."

"You're right. It's none of my business... But it's surprising."

I didn't know how to react.

"You just confessed your love to me, and now you have a baby in your stomach? Isn't this too soon?"

"This is all because of you."

"What?"

"Because I'm lower class. That's why it's like this."

It's as if we're back there. As the pain from that day hit me, I bit my lips tightly as I regretted what I said to her. Because of my hurtful words, Piengfah made the wrong decision, decided to date a man, and accidentally got pregnant... I was the only one who realized it when she was already seven months pregnant.

"You didn't do what I suggested."

I didn't dare look my ex-best friend in the eye because I still felt guilty. Although, I didn't get her pregnant, it all happened because of me...

"Who said I didn't?"

"What?"

"I took the whole bottle."

Dug... Dug...

I covered my mouth as soon as I heard it. My heart beats faster than before. That made Piengfah force herself to smile.

"Wow. It's an honor to see you surprised."

"You take it."

"Yes."

Looking back on the past, I was a heartless person and a rebel. Maybe I'm too aggressive. I couldn't accept the idea that Piengfah was pregnant. If a mother is not ready, the best way is to remove the baby.

"Taking life is a sin, Khun Nueng.

"Maybe it is. But if you're not ready, don't let it be where life is born. Can your family accept the fact that you are pregnant?"

Piengfah hesitated because she was afraid of disappointing her family, especially her mother, who I often heard was very strict.

"But... But the baby didn't do anything wrong.

"Yeah... It came at the wrong time."

I handed Piengfah the medicine I bought from the drugstore.

"I heard this could get rid of the baby. Take it."

"B... but..."

"Even if you let the baby be born, you can't raise it. Have you ever watched the series 'Dao Pra Sook', where the mother gives birth and leaves the baby in the hospital? The baby eventually grows up and lives in a brothel."

"It's a series."

"It's based on real life. This world is a cruel place!"

I handed the medicine into my friend's hand and pressed it.

"Don't let that baby ruin your life. Sin is something that happens to you in the next life or after you die. You can pay for your sins in hell."

And since that day... I never saw Piengfah again.

I fell down exhausted. Piengfah was still standing while telling me about what happened. She looked at me and shook her head slowly.

"I did what you told me. But in the end, I was so scared that I had to confess to my mom because I was in so much pain. The baby was too stubborn. And I was too late in my pregnancy to get rid of the baby."

Feeling suffocated, I put my hand on the left side of my chest. I thought of A-Nueng's cute face and felt guilty. That child with the most beautiful

smile... almost died because of me.

Almost.

"Good... That's good."

I could feel myself shaking as I said that. Suddenly, tears of relief welled up in my eyes..

"Good, you say... A-Nueng was born premature, so she had to be in the incubator for months."

Piengfah knelt beside me as she continued. I could hear the pain in her voice.

"Her progress was slower than the others. She couldn't catch up in class. She was so nearsighted that she was technically blind."

"H... Huh..."

"If you look closely, A-Nueng's glasses are very thick. That's the impact of her prenatal birth. That's because her mother followed her best friend's advice. I have to admit... seeing A-Nueng in the incubator made me feel so guilty and sad that I had to beg my mother to send me to study abroad."

Tears rolled down Piengfah's cheeks. She cried in pain as she spoke. Looks like she attacked at the right time...And to the right person...

"That's why the child was named A-Nueng. So that when people call her simply 'Nueng', I will think of you, the person who tore me apart without leaving a trace of who I used to be and the person who suggested that A-Nueng should not exist in this world."

"So what now, Khun Nueng? The baby is already big and, by chance, was thrown into your orbit. It's like a kind of gravity called..."

Piengfah stretched out her hand to wipe my tears. I didn't even realize that I was crying.

"destiny..."

"Or maybe it was fate."

I left, looking down and out, right after my talk with my old friend. Chet, who had been waiting for me, hurriedly walked to my side.

"Khun Nueng... How about you?"

"How am I?"

I look at my date tonight, not in the mood to talk.

"I'm not feeling well at the moment."

"What are you two talking about?"

I wasn't thinking straight. I looked at the person who looked shocked that my old friend had appeared and laughed weakly.

He's also... He's involved in all of this. What is this?

"We talked about... how you and her were together."

This is another thing my friend mentioned when I asked about A-Nueng's father. Piengfah told me casually, as if she was talking about what she had just eaten for dinner.

"Congratulations... You have- a daughter."

"W...what?"

"Surprising huh? A-Nueng is your daughter."

I knew my statement hit Chet right in the face. It seems like Piengfah and Chet are together because of me too. They are together. My friend is pregnant. And the baby is....A-Nueng....OMG....this could be made into a drama series.

"I'll give you time to be surprised. Because I also need time."

I waved goodbye to my date and tried to get out of here. It's important that I find a safe place to hide because I really feel guilty for everything that has happened. If this were the past... before I met A-Nueng, I'm not sure if I would feel pain. Maybe not... because I'm heartless and have no ties to anyone except my sister.

But, right now, I admire A-Nueng. She is a part of my life. So, of course I was shaken... We had just met. Am I attached to her...

"Ar Nueng."

Gasp...

A-Nueng's familiar voice made me stop when I was about to leave my old school. I remember exactly whose voice it was. But my shame, guilt, or whatever made me not dare look back to look at her....Don't dare... Someone like Sippakorn?

"Are you going home?"

"Ah... Ah-huh."

And when I didn't return my gaze to her, the cheerful girl ran to position herself in front of me and smiled at me through her thick glasses.

"Why are you home so early?"

"I'm tired."

"If you're not here, I don't want to be here either."

The tiny child clasped her hands behind her back and tilted her head cutely.

"Please stay a little longer. At least keep me company. Having you here with me makes me feel like I have a friend... Oh, why are you crying?"

"That's okay."

I wiped my tears with my fingers and tried to look normal and emotionless as usual.

"My mother must have said something to you."

"There were lots of surprises today. I heard the adults say that you come from a prominent family, and you were once a star at this school. You are so perfect, no one can match you. Oh my... My Ar Nueng is a rare item..."

I reached out my hand to cover the girl's mouth so she wouldn't talk non-stop. We looked into each other's eyes. I couldn't take it anymore, so I pulled her into a tight hug.

"Thank You..."

"Huh?"

"Thank you for being alive."

"What is this? Why are you suddenly so sensitive?"

A-Nueng hugged me back and giggled.

"Wow... This is the first time you ran to hug me."

This time, I was the one who brought my face closer to A-Nueng's shoulder and spoke in a muffled voice while crying. I can't stand this feeling anymore. If it weren't for me, those beautiful eyes wouldn't be covered by those glasses, and her physique wouldn't be so weak. I have to repay her... I have to atone for my actions.

"Thank you for being born into this world... Ar Nueng's good girl."

①③

THE REASON SHE HATES



Ar Nueng's good girl...

Because of those words I blurted out, I haven't slept for the last three nights. I was surprised that I said something like that. And hugging A-Nueng to thank her for being born into this world is not something someone like me usually does....If I had a gun, I would shoot myself in the head right then and there.

Ring...

My cell phone beside my bed rang. I glanced at the cell phone that was still undamaged after all these years and stretched out my hand to take it to see who was calling. Chet's name was on the screen. I couldn't help but sigh. Because I probably couldn't avoid picking up his call this time. He had already called more than fifty times in the last three days. This tells me that my ex-groom hasn't been eating or sleeping either. He was probably thinking about what I said to him that night. He was probably as surprised and confused as I was.

"Yes?"

I only said one word because I didn't want to move my mouth. Chet just sighed. It seems like I've met someone who's the same as me. He was also too tired to make a sound.

[I want to see you.]

"I'm not interested in meeting anyone yet."

[Help, I've been in a daze for days. Please meet me.]

"Are you sure our stress won't make us commit suicide together?"

[At least we can be sure that we won't die alone.]

Was this really a conversation between two adults in their thirties?

I hung up the phone before sighing and taking a shower after burying myself in my room, surviving on instant noodles for the past three days. Chet came to get me about 15 minutes after he hung up. And as usual, we ended up at an Italian restaurant. However, today... both of us have no appetite.

"You invited me out, so do something. Why are we just sitting around without eating?"

"I can't eat."

Same...But because I didn't want things to get too gloomy, I grabbed my utensils and started eating the bland spaghetti like a robot. Chet stared at me as I ate, starting a conversation we'd tried to avoid until now.

"Is A-Nueng really my daughter?"

I looked him in the eye and nodded while chewing.

"How old is she?"

"She's a high school student."

I wiped my mouth with a napkin and placed the napkin next to my plate.

"So, she is 18 years old."

Chet counted on his fingers and calculated something in his head before he brushed his hair back, like someone who was thinking about something.

"The age and time are very close to when I was with Piengfah."

"Did you know she was pregnant?"

My direct question surprised him. He lowered his head and started eating, not daring to say anything. And that's my answer...

"You know."

"I'm still very young."

I'm not someone who overthinks things because you can't go back in time to change the past. I'm just asking because I want to know.

"I told him... that I wasn't ready. My father would beat me to death."

"And what did Fah say?"

"She didn't say anything. It was as if she just... wanted to tell me and then disappear. I admit I felt relieved at that time. I was afraid she would cry and someone would chase me. At that time, I... was still a very childish child."

"It's good that you at least admitted it honestly. You didn't tell her to have an abortion, right?"

"No. I didn't say anything like that."

Chet hurried waved his hand to deny it, As if he was afraid of me will think worse of him than he already does.

"I'm only scared, but I don't want her to throw away the baby."

"You are a better person than me. I was the one who gave her the medicine to get rid of the baby."

"Huh..."

"But A-Nueng survived. She survived to be this sweet child."

I shrugged and laughed dryly before continuing to question him.

"And if Fah cries and asks you to take responsibility. What will you do?"

"I really do not know."

"Eventually, you're going to ask her to get rid of the baby... We're young and stupid. It's going to happen."

I laughed and thought to myself at that time. Fah's pregnancy isn't even my business, but I gave her the poison just because I didn't want my friend to lose her future.

"What should I do?"

"You don't need to do anything. That's in the past."

"But I know that I am someone's father now. I have met my daughter... Actually, I have to take a DNA test."

I gave him a cold look. Chet quickly tried to explain himself while waving his hands excitedly.

"It's not that I don't believe A-Nueng is my daughter. I just want everything to be legal, so I know how to handle this situation. Transparency will make things easier. Of course I don't hate my own daughter. And I'm ready now..."

"They didn't ask for anything. So, you don't need to take any action. A-Nueng was raised by her grandmother. You are just a stranger to her."

I shrugged and pouted my mouth. Chet bent his back in despair. I saw my ex-groom's reaction and chuckled.

"Why are you so desperate? You act like you want a daughter."

"I'm okay with having a daughter. I'm ready now... Like, it's okay if I don't know. But now I know, and... my daughter is so cute."

I smiled weakly at Chet when he talked about A-Nueng like that because I agreed with him

"Yes. A-Nueng is very sweet... it would be a shame if Fah made a decision late and didn't get to the hospital on time."

"Wow... My daughter is really strong."

"You haven't even done a DNA test, and you've already repeatedly called her your daughter."

Chet gave me a shy smile.

"To be honest. I adored A-Nueng from the moment I met her. Now that I know that she is my daughter, I love her instantly. It's strange... I didn't even raise her, but I could immediately love her."

"To be accurate, A-Nueng is simply a protein that comes out of your body during sex."

"Ah..."

"I'm just saying it scientifically."

I shrugged indifferently to what I just said. As if I was casually insinuating that.

"It's not strange at all... A-Nueng is an adorable child. Everyone around her can easily fall in love with her."

"You too?"

Chet looked at me happily, but to my surprise the word "love" was thrown back at me.

"I don't love her. I mean, I think she's a cute kid."

"I am happy."

"What?"

I squirmed uncomfortably while putting my hair behind my ear.

"Why are you happy?"

"Usually you don't care about anyone, but you adore A-Nueng... She is very lucky to receive your love. "

"I don't love her. Don't assume. "

"But you don't seem to mean what you mean at all what you said."

"Shut up and eat. You're so annoying."

I ended the conversation there and focused on eating my food. Why should I love her? She's not my daughter....Geez. Enough!

Chet dropped me off at my place. I'll probably take another day off work because I don't have the energy to go to the market, and A-Nueng might be waiting for me there. But I forgot... A-Nueng didn't need to wait for me there because she was waiting for me here before.

"Ar Nueng."

A cheerful voice and smiling face ran towards me in a student uniform. I looked at the sweet child who didn't know anything, and felt so guilty that I didn't dare look her in the eye.

"Ah... hey."

"Hello, Uncle Chet."

Chet is no different from me. My ex-groom looked at A-Nueng with enthusiasm. He didn't know whether to smile or cry.

"Can you call me dad? I'll give you 15,000 baht for pocket money."

{ Similar to the lyrics of a traditional Thai song, changing from darling to father. }

"What?"

I glanced at the person who seemed to be singing traditional Thai music and shook his head. Chet seems lost in space. He hurriedly cleared his throat, but he still couldn't act normal.

"Is going to school a pleasant experience for you?"

What did he say?

"Ah... that was a pleasant experience."

A-Nueng answered, seemingly as surprised as I was. Annoyed, I kicked Chet out.

"You should go home and rest. I'll call you later."

"But I..."

"Have a good ride."

"What kind of words are those?"

"For your own good. If you understand what I mean... go home first."

I wanted to tell him that neither of us knew what to do right now. Chet hesitated for a long time before he finally returned willingly. So only A-Nueng and I were left. The child immediately started gossiping once her father (whom she probably didn't know existed) go home.

"Uncle Chet is acting strange. He seems lost."

He suddenly had a daughter. Who hasn't lost? Do you want to try suddenly having a father? Of course, I didn't say it out loud. I just think in my head.

"He's probably not getting enough sleep. So, do you need me?"

"No."

"Then why are you here?"

" Why can't I come to see you? I miss you."

She whined in a nasal tone of voice. I glanced at the petite girl, stunned when I heard that....Sweet...

"Ar Nueng... Are you okay?"

"H... huh?"

"I haven't seen you since the school event."

"How can we? Aren't you under curfew?"

"Oh, how did you know? But since that incident, my grandmother no longer scolds me. She also told me to take you to eat at home."

"Huh?"

I shrunk my neck in surprise. And as soon as I looked into the brown eyes behind those eyeglasses, I looked away.

"I... I would if I had the chance."

"You look strange today too."

"Huh?"

"Why don't you look me in the eye? Did you do something wrong?"

A-Nueng tried to stick out her face and look into my eyes.

"Why are you avoiding my eyes!"

"That's okay."

"See? You're avoiding my gaze. Someone as confident as you has never been like this. Did mom say something to you?"

The petite girl's voice became trembling with fear.

"She must have said something. Otherwise, you wouldn't act like this."

"Like what?"

"You seem to hate me."

My eyes became wide open when I saw the person who was whining, everyone was confused.

"You think too much about it. Who hates you?"

"If you don't hate me, then what?"

"I told you, I don't hate you."

I'm still trying to avoid her eyes. But I kept making excuses because I didn't want her to misunderstand me..

"You hate me."

"I do not hate you."

"You hate me."

"I do not hate you!"

"If you don't hate me, then what is it?"

"What is the opposite of hate?"

"You love Me?"

"Yes."

"What?"

I can't believe I fell into her trap...I slowly glanced at the petite, who was looking at me like puppy asking for snacks. I then sighed.

"What's that?"

"You said, yes."

"So?"

"You finally love me back. Yay!"

A-Nueng was so happy that I didn't know what to look like. So I pushed and pushed him away.

"Go home. I won't go to the market today."

"I don't want to go home."

"Your grandmother will scold you if you come home late."

"No, she won't. Because she's not paying attention to me right now. All her attention is on my mother right now."

"Then you have to pay attention to your mother like your grandmother."

"No"

"Why?"

A-Nueng smiled slightly at me. That was a sign that the little girl was in a bad mood.

"I hate my mother."

I saw the girl who rebelled against her mother and felt as if I was seeing myself rebelling against my grandmother. When the little girl saw that I was silent, she smiled and tried to break the silence between us.

"No. I don't want to talk about this. Can I come to your room today? You can take me late at night as usual."

She asked with gentleness. It makes me weak.

"Okay. But tell me, why do you hate your mother? You tell me that you are not angry and understand your mother... for trying to have an abortion."

When we talked about this, it was as if I was trying to find a way out of my guilt too. If she could forgive her mother, she might as well not be angry with me, or... something like that.

"I'm not angry because my mother tried to have an abortion when she gave birth to me."

"Then why are you angry with her?"

The little one looked up and looked into my eyes. She smiled coldly.

"I'm angry because she said you were the one who told her to do that."

Sunny always

①④

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER



A-Nueng came to my room again. Initially, I intended to threaten her immediately because I didn't want to give her another chance to explore my room. But once I heard why she was angry with Piengfah, I forgot everything and took my friend's daughter to my room. She can do whatever she wants.... SHE'S WELCOME...

If the cheerful child knew that what her mother said was true, how would she react? This was surprising, even to me. I never invite anyone to my room because it's my personal space. I'm the only person allowed into my world. The child has made great progress by being in my room for the third time. She's just a friend's daughter. This doesn't mean she can come to my room whenever she wants. Not even Sam can.

"You have a novel?"

The cheerful child ran to my bedside table and sat on the bed. She didn't even notice that I had carefully made my bed so tight that if you threw a coin on it, it would bounce. That's enough...

"Ah-huh."

"It's Pluto. It's very popular right now. I told you about it: "There is no reason when it comes to love. If there is, it's not love."

"I bought it because you said so. Ar Nueng doesn't usually read novels."

"What?"

Suddenly, A-Nueng looked at me and lifted the novel to cover her face, feeling embarrassed. Her strange reaction made me squirm uncomfortably.

"Why are you hiding your face behind a novel? What do you want to say? Say it now."

"I was going to ask you since that day at the school event, but I thought I heard wrong... You called yourself 'Auntie'... I was too shy to look you in the eye."

When the kid said that, I was the one who was embarrassed. But I can't show it, or I'll look like a loser. That's not me at all.

"What's weird? You're my best friend's daughter."

"You usually just use 'I'. But this is good... I feel a little closer to you."

The cheerful child gave me her Duchenne smile. It made me smile lovingly.

"I feel like you're gentle with me when you use 'Auntie'."

"Well, you are my nephew. I have to be gentle with you."

"Then I don't like it. Use the word 'I' like before. I don't want to be your nephew. I'm frustrated just thinking about it."

A-Nueng whined. I didn't argue with her because I wanted to wait for her to tell me what she said.

"My mom said she fell in love with you when she was at school... Fell in love with you, romantically."

"Why would she say that to her daughter?"

"Because I told her that I like you and want to be your lover."

Oh, this is what mother and daughter talk about these days? So love between people of the same sex is widely accepted now, I thought. But wouldn't it feel awkward if a mother told her daughter that she likes a woman? I wanted to exclaim and put my hand over my mouth, but that wasn't cool to do.

"Maybe she was joking and not serious?"

"My mother was so serious that she accused you of almost killing me."

Gasp...

I nervously watched the little girl as she complained about her mother before delving deeper.

"Did your mother explain to you how you almost died?"

"She admitted that you gave her medicine so she could get rid of me. Oh my! Did she really think I would believe that? She didn't want to keep me. She should blame herself, not her friend. But, never mind. I don't care what she says... She never even raised me, but now acts as if she really loves me. She said she had good intentions when she told me to stop liking you and gave me this stupid excuse."

After saying that, A-Nueng just lay down on my bed and read my novel. I completely forgot how much I hated other people rolling around in my bed because, compared to what I did in the past... this was nothing.

"Have you finished the novel?"

"I haven't even started yet."

"Do you want me to read it to you?"

"Didn't you finish it?"

"Yeah. I finished it, but I'll read it to you. I'm practicing reading for the audiobook."

"Why?"

"I want to have a charming and credible voice. I want to be a DJ."

A-Nueng told me her dream. I nodded to acknowledge it.

"A DJ doesn't have to be beautiful, she just needs to have a beautiful voice and know how to communicate with her audience."

"But these days all the DJs are beautiful. Many are celebrities."

"Being a DJ can provide many opportunities, I think. But I just want to be a DJ. I just want to listen to my favorite songs and have a sympathetic conversation with the callers about their problems in life."

"That's the Club Friday show."

"It could be anything. It would be better... I don't need to express myself through my facial expressions. I want a job like that... I'm tired of pretending. I don't want to pretend to be happy all the time."

"You pretend to be happy?"

When I nudged her, she seemed to realize what she had just said and smiled at me.

"I'm happy too. But I don't want to show it when I'm sad. So I choose to smile."

We are so similar... She looks exactly like me when I lived in the palace with my grandmother. I can't look angry when I'm unhappy. Every second was a struggle when I lived with my grandmother. So, smiling is the only way to express myself and prevent anyone from reading me. But it's suffocating... I know that well.

I got up from my chair and sat next to her on the bed. I saw the petite girl in her student uniform as she read a novel. A-Nueng slowly hid her face behind the novel and just stared at me.

"What now?"

"You look at me like I'm embarrassing you."

"You don't need to pretend when you're with Ar Nueng. You can show me that you're angry if you're angry."

"If I show you that I'm angry, you'll throw me out... You don't seem like someone who likes being scolded by others. I wouldn't dare do that."

"You can."

"Ar Nueng gave you permission to do that."

"Then you should do the same when you are unhappy with something. You can frown when you are angry and yell at me when you are angry."

"Isn't it strange that we ask each other to get angry with each other... Can we do this?"

"It's an exchange for us to show our bad sides to each other so we can become closer."

"People can get closer by showing their bad sides to each other?"

I don't really understand it because I'm someone who only has a good side.

"Up to you, but... what bad side do you have?"

"Oh. You take the initiative. Alright... Since I proposed the idea, I'll start."

And the little girl kept saying it very softly and shyly. "I'm so na..."

"What? I can't hear you."

"I'm na... kal..."

"Huh?"

I put my ear closer to her as she straightened up to tell me. So her lips touched my cheek.

Oops...

There is only dead air around us. I saw A-Nueng rubbed her cheek.

"I didn't mean to do that."

A-Nueng covered her mouth with her hand before looking at me slyly.

"But I like it."

"Nueng."

"That's my bad side... I'm very naughty."

She smiled mischievously... I agree, she is very naughty.

"And you also like to take advantage of me."

"Ar Nueng had to endure it. And my mischief didn't stop with just kissing your cheek. When I saw you... I scanned your whole body."

The cheerful girl moved her gaze from my head down, stopping at my breasts. I didn't cover my breasts or anything because she can only see.

"And I keep thinking about what's under those clothes. What do you have that I don't?"

"My big cup."

This time, I stuck my head forward and told her without feeling the least bit intimidated by her naughty appearance.

"That's something a kid like you doesn't have."

"I'll have it when I'm older. I'll read the novel."

A-Nueng stopped messing around and lay down to continue reading novels. But she glanced at me and asked.

"Would you like to hear me read it to you?"

"Okay. So I don't need to use my eyes."

"I have an idea."

A-Nueng snapped her fingers and looked at me with determination.

"I'll make an audio book and send it to you. You can comment. That's a good idea, huh?"

"Do I look like someone who has time for that?"

"Argh."

The cheerful child pouted in frustration.

"You're not cute at all."

"That's my bad side. We're a little closer now."

"I'll send it to you until you listen to it.. By the way, what degree should I get if I want to become a DJ?"

"Anything. Rarely do I see people pursuing a career according to their title."

Look at me. I had a bachelor's degree in architecture, but I didn't have a job, so I asked my sister for money.

"Really? It would be better if I could study what I like."

"You don't know yet?"

"Not yet."

"You are already a senior."

"I'm confused. But I'll figure it out, don't worry. Let's just say I think I know what I want to do and what I like."

"What is it? Name it to me."

The little girl smiled and raised her fingers to count as if she had a lot of things to list.

"One, I want to be a DJ."

"Ah-huh."

"Two, I like you and will be your lover one day."

"Your mother definitely wouldn't let you do that."

"Three, I don't like my mother. Done!"

I laughed, with great affection. She was probably like me when I rebelled against my grandmother. I can understand it.

Just as A-Nueng was about to lie down and read the novel out loud, word by word, her phone rang. But once she saw the number of the person calling, she put on a bored expression and continued reading.

"Pick it up. It's annoying."

"I'll put the phone on silent mode."

When A-Nueng stretched out her hand to take her cell phone, I picked it up first. The screen showed "Mother," so I did pick up the phone.

"Ar Nueng!"

"Hello?."

[Khun Nueng...]

Piengfah immediately recognized my voice when she heard it. I'm impressed. But that's all. I'm a limited edition. Once I become a part of someone's life, it's hard to forget even my voice.

"Your daughter is reading with me. Don't worry. I will take her home."

[I'm thinking whether I should worry more now.]

"Don't make a fuss."

I used a serious tone of voice. A-Nueng slowly put down her novel and looked at me, impressed. Piengfah was silent for a moment before she answered.

[I apologize.]

"It's okay... Do you want your daughter to go home? I'll take her now."

[Since you've stopped by, let's have dinner together. There's something I want to discuss with you.]

I glanced at A-Nueng for a moment while hesitating..... But okay, I can handle it.

"Sure. I'll join you for dinner. I hope there's Chicken Massaman on the table."

[Ah...]

I smiled from the corner of my mouth because I felt like I won. Of course, it's too late to prepare a menu that requires time to cook.

"You have to understand that I can't just eat normal food. You know how I am."

[Then can we eat out?]

"Fah."

[Yes?]

"I am kidding."

[.....]

"Why are you silent?"

[You have changed a lot. You can joke now. You were very serious at first.]

I shrugged slightly as I thought about my past full of stress and strict attitudes, because I couldn't act like a normal person.

"Times change, people change."

[But I never change. I still like you.]

I accompanied A-Nueng according to my friend's request. But I intend to do that even if she doesn't. That is my responsibility....Maybe I feel like I care more about her and feel like I have to taking special care of her now that I know that A-Nueng is Piengfah's daughter....That's all-nothing more.

This is the first time I have entered A-Nueng's house. Even though I was close to Piengfah when I was young, I had never visited her house because my grandmother had someone drop me off and pick me up every day. Besides, I don't like visiting anyone's house, because nothing is as beautiful as my house or palace.

I looked at the modern style house that had probably been renovated in awe. I knew it had been renovated because parts of the traditional architecture were still there. I guess the owner wants to keep it that way but needs to renovate some parts. A-Nueng invited me to her house. The person who came out to greet me was her grandmother, who once looked down on me. But this time, she smiled at me kindly. She is very sincere...

"Hello. Sorry I was late dropping off A-Nueng."

"It's okay. Khun Nueng arrived just in time. Gram told the restaurant chef to cook the chicken massaman you wanted to eat. I hope you like it."

I looked at the old woman who called herself 'Gram' and smiled a little politely before I joined the dining table. I don't have much to say. I just want to eat and leave. It's amazing that I can eat a menu that is very difficult to cook in such a short time. My degree is very good.

"I heard from M.C. Kaekai that you can speak three languages."

A-Nueng's grandmother asked me about my talent. She might even talk about my grandmother's wealth, which my grandmother never shared with anyone.

"Including Thai and English. I forgot the other one because I rarely use it."

I told him honestly because I can't speak the language now.

"And I heard from A-Nueng's that you are a legend there. Very impressive."

"It's actually nothing."

"You are also highly educated. Do you have a master's degree?"

Was I invited here so I could be praised?

"Almost. I realized before I finished my degree that education wasn't worth much. So I stopped working on my thesis midway and went out to just hang out and do nothing."

I answered frankly because I was getting annoyed. I put my eating utensils to indicate that I am full.

"Fah."

"Yes? "

"What do you want to talk about? Shall we talk here or outside?"

"Outside... Let me chat for a moment with Khun Nueng, mom."

My friend knew I wanted to get out of here, so she told her mom that before she took me out to make sure no one could hear us. I think, most importantly, she didn't want her daughter to hear us.

"It's 9 p.m. Say what you want to say."

"I want to talk about A-Nueng

"Ah-huh."

"I learned from her that... She really admires you."

"So you wanted her to hate me by telling her that I ordered you to have an abortion. And you also told her that you liked me and confessed your love to me... What a move."

Once I finished, silence fell between us. Piengfah sighed and rubbed her face.

"Yeah. I did that."

"Why did you do that? You're not a child. Why are you trying to fight about who likes whom better? Moreover, she is your own daughter. You are now a mother, can't you think for yourself?"

"Are you just going to scold me? Will you at least listen to what I have to say?"

Piengfah still spoke to me gently, just like before. Maybe because when I was younger, I always made sure other people knew that I was superior, so no matter how much time had passed, she was still very polite to me. I'm glad she still treats me with respect.

"That's right. You asked me here so I could listen to what you have to say. So, go ahead."

"I envy my own daughter for liking you more than me, when you didn't even want her to be born."

Gasp...

Even though this has been said before, I was still overwhelmed when it was mentioned again. It's like rubbing salt into my wounds.

"It was a long time ago, but someone keeps digging it up. I gave you a choice. I didn't pour medicine into your mouth. Don't act like I'm the mastermind behind it."

"You seem angry."

"What?"

When I was caught, I changed my tone to cold and... not friendly. Piengfah crossed her arms in front of her chest and looked at me while smiling from the corner of her mouth,

"I'm right. You're angry. You're restless. Why is that? Does A- Nueng knowing that you want to get rid of her before she's born affect you that much?"

"Stop babbling. If you brought me here just so you could make snide comments, then I'm going home."

"Can you help me with the relationship between me and my daughter?"

When I was really about to leave, Piengfah hurriedly said that. It seemed like she was afraid I would leave. I glanced at my friend, who was visible unwilling. This sparked my interest. Piengfah still hated me in the past, but she didn't know what to do because her daughter was against her. I'll right away shake my head to reject it.

"I can't help you with that. You were the one who tied the knot, you have to learn how to untie it yourself... You abandoned your baby right after you gave birth to her. Now, suddenly, you want to be close to your daughter? That's impossible. I- Nueng believes that she is what she is today because

her grandmother raised her. She doesn't need a mother. And I don't know why I have to get involved when it's none of my business."

"Please..."

Piengfah ran towards me and grabbed my arm. She leaned her face on my shoulder.

"If you still consider me a friend, please help me.

"You're an adult now. Why do you still do things like this?"

I tried to push her away from me, but the immature friend still hugged my arm tightly.

"Fah."

"I'm getting married."

"Huh?"

I glanced at my friend. Piengfah looked at me like a sad puppy.

"I'm getting married in a few months to a man I met abroad. My mother doesn't know this yet. I've been meaning to talk to her about bringing A-Nueng there to live with me..."

"So, this is how things are. You try to fix things because you want to take her with you."

I tried my best not to let my voice break. I suddenly felt empty when I thought that the cheerful child would live on the other side of the world.

"I want to spend more time with my daughter. Please. Khun Nueng, help me."

"What can I do? I'm just an outsider."

"You were never an outsider to me."

Piengfah looked into my eyes. Something there tells me that this is not how friends see each other.

"This is not someone who is getting married? What's that look in your eyes?"

When I said that, Piengfah tried not to smile and hit me.

"I'm not hiding anything from you. Like I said on the phone, I still like you. But I know that's impossible because I'm not worthy. More importantly, I found someone who truly loves me."

"Then stop looking at me like that."

"Why? Are you shaken?"

I twisted my mouth and fell silent because I was too tired to explain.

"I think I know what A-Nueng got from you."

"What?"

While the mother was very happy to know how her daughter was like her, she didn't expect that the petite girl with thick glasses was calling me with a deep voice and a sullen face from the front door.

"Have you flirted with her enough? Is this why you two came to chat outside the house?"

A-Nueng ran towards me and hugged my arm protectively.

"What are you talking about? What took you so long?"

"We were just chatting."

I answered nonchalantly and looked cutely at the bespectacled kid, who seemed more protective of me than her mother, who was looking at us with puppy eyes. This was the same way Chet looked at his daughter... This child is the apple of everyone's eyes...

"If you're just chatting, go chat inside the house."

"Actually, I asked Ar Nueng out on a date."

Piengfah suddenly said that without consulting me first. This made A-Nueng immediately look at her mother.

"What date? Where are you going? No... you can't go!"

"To the amusement park."

"You're too old to go to amusement parks, Mom."

The child didn't think about me at all, who was the same age as her mother. Geez...

"Do you want to come with us?"

I glanced tiredly at A-Nueng, who was threatening her mother. How strange is their relationship?

"Come to think of it, we're so old. Suddenly, your mother wanted to do something that she never had the chance to do when she was little because your grandmother never asked her to."

"Come on! Come on, come on, come on."

Piengfah looked at me gratefully when I came with her as the petite hastily agreed to go without stopping for a moment to think about it. It seemed like she was afraid that I would mix with her mother and push her out to be an outsider.....Can someone be jealous of their own mother?

When Piengfah saw his daughter agree to go, she hurried over trying to end the conversation.

"Okay. Let's go. How about this Saturday?"

"Pick me up."

"No problem... Let's go on a threesome date. "

A-Nueng didn't reply to her mother, she was like a rebel. The kid just looked at me. She wanted to show her mother that she was not happy.

Why am I in the middle of a mother-daughter fight? What do I get from dating three people, one is a daughter and one is a mother?

How fun... .

Sunyal

①⑤

SOMEONE LIKE SIPPAKORN



"I'm going too."

When my ex-fiancé, who suddenly became a father, heard that I was going to the Amusement park on Saturday, he hurriedly offered to join without an invitation. He even came to beg me at my residence because I rejected him while we were talking on the phone....Did he really think I would agree because he showed up? I don't understand....

"I just told you about it. I didn't invite you."

"Please let me join you. Why do you give Piengfah the opportunity to be close to her daughter, but not me?"

"Don't you want to do a DNA test first?"

"A-Nueng is cute. She has my cuteness DNA all over her face. No need for a DNA test."

The man who followed in his father's footsteps to become a future politician rubbed his hands together, begging for my kindness.

"I also want to be close to my daughter. Just think about it, Khun Nueng. If Fah succeeds in winning my daughter's heart, she will take her abroad. I

won't be able to talk to A-Nueng anymore... That's too sad."

I admit that I both annoyed and adored him at times simultaneously. He acted without thinking when he was young, and she didn't accepting responsibility for his actions because he was too immature. But now that he is an adult, he really wants to be a father.

"If you go too, won't you feel awkward with Fah?"

"That was a long time ago. I don't think Fah will think anything of it. She's going to get married, right?"

"How am I supposed to tell Fah that you're coming with us? Why is your whole family dragging me into the middle of all this? And someone like me is going to an amusement park?"

I rubbed my face as I said that tiredly. Isn't my life full of adventure? What is all this?

"Okay. So, I'm leaving."

"But..."

"I'm coming too."

"Huh,?"

The hoarse voice of a boy entering puberty disturbed us. Chet and I turned towards the sound and saw the shy boy who had collapsed in front of A-Nueng's school. This wasn't a coincidence since he didn't live around here.

"How did you get here? What's your name again?"

I asked in a state of forgetfulness, like a writer who forgets his own characters because they come and go.

"Folk."

"And you inviting yourself means you've heard everything?"

The tall boy looked at me and gave me a shy smile before he scratched his head. I looked at him in frustration because I don't like people eavesdropping. This is a rude thing to do. However, when I saw it, I thought it was a good idea...

"Okay. You can go. Having someone of the same age might make A-Nueng feel less awkward. It might be strange if she suddenly has a mother and a father, that's the principle taught at Hari Makha Bucha."

"What?"

Chet asked, confused. I couldn't help but let him in.

"Everyone suddenly shows up without making an appointment."

Finally the Saturday that A-Nueng's parents had been waiting for had arrived. We arranged to meet at an amusement park, which was more like a graveyard because no one came here anymore. The place is old and not well maintained. But nevermind. I can act as if the rides with faded colors are exciting. After all, it's not every day we come to an amusement park.

"Khun Nueng. You didn't give me any details on who will be joining us today."

I mean Piengfah, Chet and Folk who came in nice clothes. A-Nueng was also very gloomy today when she saw that the boy who was chasing her, who she didn't like, was here too. She bared her teeth at me as soon as she saw it.

"Why did Ar Nueng invite him?"

"So it's not boring. You'll get bored if you only have old people with you."

A-Nueng still looked unhappy. So I tried to revive mood by ruffling the little one's hair. It seemed to lighten her mood because she smiled broadly and forgot all her frustration.

"Ah... I lost. Please do that more often."

"Good things only come once in a while. If I do it too often, you'll get bored."

I stepped back from A-Nueng and commanded everyone's attention as if I were the village chief presiding over a meeting among the villagers.

"We will make the most of our time today. Please be happy because I will try to do it too."

I swept my eyes over everyone. Nobody looked too happy, except Folk, who stood there in a shy, nonchalant manner.

"To make it clear to everyone, we will be honest with each other from now on... A-Nueng, you are the center of everyone's attention today."

A-Nueng, who also didn't know anything, looked at me while raising her eyebrows in surprise.

"How could that be?"

"Your mom and I aren't really dating today."

"How can you if I'm here too? And Uncle Chet is also here to block Mom's way. There are plenty of third parties."

"Everyone is here today because of you."

The cheerful child still doesn't seem to understand. And to make the story short, I summarized it all in one sentence.

"Your mother wants to spend quality time with you so that the two of you could have gotten closer to each other, so she lied about going out with me today."

Piengfah stared at me for a bit before looking away and laughing mockingly. But why should I care? That's the problem, she needed to fix it herself. It's good enough that I'm here today.

"As for Chet... Maybe it's too early for you to know this now, but I'll tell you anyway. He is Fah's girlfriend. And you are the result of his actions... Congratulations! You have a father now."

I clapped loudly. A-Nueng gaped and stared at Chet, while Chet looked at me in shock.

"Khun Nueng... You should say this more carefully."

And again, that's not my problem. This is something that parents need to deal with after their stupid actions in the past. So I just brushed my hand on Folk, the last person here, to introduce him to A-Nueng's father and mother. I told them who he was, where he came from, and how he was related to their daughter. What, when, where, and why is he here.

"And this is Folk, he is the boy who has liked A-Nueng since middle school and just realized that he finally had to make a move. He was very proper in approaching her in the eyes of adults. That's all for our introductions today."

I clapped my hands to signal the end of the meeting.

"Let's all work well as A-Nueng's parents and her future lover."

And everything went smoothly. Nobody liked what I just did. Everyone acts as if we are cursed. So, I guess people don't like honesty, and that's why the atmosphere suddenly turned sour.

So to keep the show going, I made my way to the amusement park and chose a simple ride to start with. A-Nueng walked alone, not talking to anyone. So I took this opportunity to encourage Folk to talk to her to keep her company. He's here for times like these...

I knew beforehand that A-Nueng would be shocked if I revealed the truth about her parents. But everyone must be able to face what happens to them. Just like when I found out my parents had an accident. I have to pretend to be strong, as if I'm not nothing happens, because I want to be a rock for my little sister. We humans

are born to deal with the unexpected. This is nothing. She suddenly had a mother and a father. A-Nueng will get through this... That kid is strong.

"My daughter doesn't want to talk to me at all, Khun Nueng."

"Same here."

And after about an hour, the deadbeat parents started complaining to me because A-Nueng desperately kept fooling around with the boy who had nothing to do with her.

"Why do you have to do this? I want to have a beautiful moment with my daughter. Why do you have to invite other people?"

I looked at Piengfah and blinked.

"Is Chet someone else?"

"He doesn't even know A-Nueng exists."

"That's not like you. You knew A-Nueng existed, but never came to see her."

When I replied, Piengfah was stunned and remained silent. Chet, knowing full well how honest I was, just kept quiet.

"The kid stole our scenes. There were no scenes for us as parents at all."

"And if the boy wasn't here, do you think your daughter would give you any scenes?"

The parents looked at each other and sighed. Getting along with children at that age is difficult. And A-Nueng was stubborn in silence. She didn't obey. You can't just order it left and right as you wish.

"You're making it harder than ever. She won't spend time with me like this."

"Give her time to adjust. Once she can accept the truth, she will go with you."

I saw A-Nueng, who was on the Ferris wheel with a boy her age. I pity her and feel empty inside at the same time. While I was thinking to myself, Piengfah said something that immediately caught my attention.

"You don't want A-Nueng to come with me, right?"

"What did you say?"

"That was your plan... You wanted my daughter to oppose me, so you chose to make A-Nueng hate me even more,"

Piengfah turned to Chet, as if looking for support.

"Now our daughter sees you as her only hero, while we, her parents, are the devil. Have you fallen in love with my daughter? "

"If you say one more word, I'll knock your teeth out right now."

My firm voice made the emotionally unstable Piengfah hesitate. She turned the other way because she didn't know what to do. But because she didn't want to give up, she continued to complain.

"What you did made me think like that."

I closed my eyes while trying to be patient before I nodded understandingly.

"Okay... I will make A-Nueng hate me and think of you as her hero. Happy?"

"Prove it. Don't just say empty words."

"Enough, Fah."

Chet starts to disagree with his ex-girlfriend, so he tries to stop her. But Piengfah didn't think it was important.

"I can't take it anymore. That's my daughter... My daughter!"

"Okay. I'll feed you A-Nueng so you can chew it right now."

Finally, the Ferris wheel made a complete circle. When A-Nueng was about to go out, I pushed her back and pushed Folk out. The kid looked at me, confused. She avoided looking me in the eye.

"There's something I want to talk to you about.

"Okay."

"What is it?"

Not only did she go against her parents, but she also went against me...

"There isn't anything."

"Speak confidently. What's wrong?"

The petite one looked out the window and remained silent. She started crying. That surprised me.

"I'm not scolding you or anything. Why are you crying?"

"I'm not crying because you're going to scold me. I'm just sad."

"About your parents?"

"About you trying to make me live with my mother."

The little one knows... But she's been quiet since this morning. She was probably waiting for the right moment to whine at me. Me throwing his father's problem at her suddenly probably threw her off balance, so she had mixed feelings.

"Since when did you know?"

"I heard my mother and grandmother talking. I even knew that coming here today was a plan to bring me closer with my mother. I don't know what else to be sad about, those of you who tricked me here to get closer to my mother, or that I suddenly had a father who flirted you, or that you invited

Folk even though I hated him. Overall, I am very sad about one thing, which is you."

Listening to it made me realize that this is a very long and complicated problem. And it seems I was more wrong than anyone else.

"I only meant well. I let Folk come along because I think you should have someone your age as a friend."

"The person I want with me as a friend is you. Are you so annoyed with me that you have to find me another friend?"

"Do not think like that."

I looked at my friend's daughter, not knowing how to feel. It seemed like she was angry with me for the wrong reasons. Should I make her hate me so she sees her parents as the heroes Fah wants her to be?

"But you can think whatever you want. If you want to think that I'm upset, think about it. If you think that I'm pushing you, whatever. You're free to think whatever you want."

This time, I was the one staring out the window in an attempt to hide my guilt from A-Nueng.

"I don't like my parents."

"They love you very much."

"They are like strangers to me."

"We just met too."

"It's not the same."

"That's how it is."

"You never leave me."

"But I told your mother to have an abortion!"

Finally, I told her the truth because I thought it would make her very disappointed in me. When she heard me shout that, tears rolled down her cheeks. She burst into tears.

"Why are you being this mean to me?"

A-Nueng's sobs made me bite my lip until it bled. I, who didn't care about anyone, not even my grandmother, was in great pain hearing the sobbing of the child in front of me. I do not know what to do.

I apologize....I just said it in my mind. I didn't make a sound because I was afraid that everything I had done would be in vain.

"Do you hate me now?"

"No. I'm sad you mentioned that just to make me hate you. You tried to push me away. Why am I the only one trying to be with you? Why don't you want to be with me so much? Sob."

I'm really confused. I cradled the face of the tiny girl in front of me because I couldn't stand seeing her cry anymore.

"You don't hate me?"

"I'm not even the least bit angry with you."

A-Nueng raised her fist to hit me lightly.

"Can you not push me? I love you. I really do."

"I love you very much, Ar Nueng

Dug... Dug...

I stared at those teary eyes as my heart skipped a beat. Suddenly I was shocked and blushed, and I couldn't control the temperature my body.

"If you want me to go... I'll go."

She's desperate words made me panic even more. Before I got on the Ferris wheel, I intended to do everything to prove to Piengfah that I didn't want to let this child be with me....Falling in love with her... That's impossible. But why can't I... stand hearing her talk as if she's given up like that?

"No..."

I reached out my hand to grasp her tiny hand and held it tightly before averting my gaze downwards for fear of making eye contact. People like Sippakorn didn't dare look an eighteen year old girl in the eye. Is that possible?

"That's okay..."

"I will not let you go."

"Ar Nueng."

I looked up and saw my friend's daughter. I then said the opposite of my original intention.

"Ar Nueng won't let you go... Ar Nueng wants you to stay."

①⑥

A PROMISE



[You didn't do what you promised, Khun Nueng. You said you would make A-Nueng hate you herself and move to live with me. But when my daughter got off the Ferris wheel, she immediately ran towards me and firmly told me that she "wasn't leaving." How about my feelings!]

After we parted ways and went home, Piengfah called to yell at me, even though she didn't say a word at the amusement park. She probably didn't want to react like this in front of A-Nueng because she was afraid that A-Nueng would think badly of her

"I don't want to force the child. A-Nueng cried when she found out she had to move to live with you. She probably really loves you, huh?"

[Are you saying A-Nueng doesn't want to go because she loves you more than me? How can you do this? How can you shamelessly love someone else's daughter like this?]

I immediately straightened up when I heard it. I had too much ego to admit that I felt "love". That word has been thrown at me a lot lately. I immediately interrupted because I couldn't stand it.

"Speak properly. Who loves your daughter?"

[That's a fact. If you want a daughter, make one yourself. This is my daughter... I won't let you meet A-Nueng again. How could she love a stranger more than her mother?]

Hearing that, I was relieved because Piengfah didn't think I "loved" A-Nueng in that way. I pouted cutely, as if I had won, when I realized that the child loved me more than her biological mother.

"It's very normal. People tend to love me more than ordinary people. So your daughter loving me more than her biological mother is not strange at all."

[How can a child love someone else more than her mother? You are prohibited from meeting A-Nueng until I resolve the issue with her. Goodbye.]

"Wait..."

I opened my mouth to speak but had to keep quiet when the call suddenly ended. How can this solve the problem? Preventing A-Nueng and I from meeting won't make A-Nueng move abroad with her. But if the mother and daughter get closer, A-Nueng might be manipulated. Children her age are temperamental. So to prevent the cheerful kid from changing her mind, I had to do something...

I couldn't believe that one day, I, who was a queen at school and swept my eyes to see boys climbing the fence like monkeys and looking at me in awe, would become a monkey on the fence with boys who smelled like they had just played football in the sun and rolling around in the trash. I'm here among them, looking at the girls dreamily.

This is not my place. I'm just here to meet my friend's daughter... Should I go this far?

"Khun Nueng."

Folk, who was in his usual place, raised his hand to salute me politely. I cleared my throat a little and straightened up.

"I'm not here to peep or anything. I'm here to see the view."

"I haven't said anything yet."

The people at the fence, looked at A-Nueng's school too.

"Is A-Nueng out yet?"

"Not yet."

"By the way, is A-Nueng really going to live with her mother abroad?"

Folk changed the topic, but this topic caused my heart to ache uncontrollably.

"A-Nueng didn't want to go, but her mother tried to persuade her to...
Actually, I'm here because I want to talk to her. Her mother forbade me to see her."

"So you are really here to wait for her."

Folk smiled at me cheerfully. I showed my teeth at him and looked back at A-Nueng's school.

"Nueng is here."

The petite kid wearing glasses was talking to her friend as she walked towards the gate. I ran towards her but had to stop when I saw Piengfah waiting for A-Nueng outside the gate.

"That's A-Nueng's mother?."

"No."

"Then who is she?"

"She's a devil."

I bared my teeth and gave my friend a new nickname before running to hide behind a tree, where neither of them would probably see me. A-Nueng kept a straight face saw Piengfah. She didn't seem happy or anything.....What should I do... The mother makes aggressive advances.

"I don't want to go home with you... That's not something I want to do."

A-Nueng's voice sounded as I thought about what I should do next. So I directed my attention to the mother and daughter who were chatting happily.

....Good for her. Her daughter scolded her.

"Can't you give me a chance?"

"This is too strange. You are a stranger to me."

Piengfah was shocked by A-Nueng's directness. I like what I see. But when I see my friend like that, I feel sorry for her. And because I felt sorry for my friend, A-Nueng walked away from her mother towards us.

Wait, towards us?

"Let's go home, Ar Nueng."

I was pulled from my hiding place. Piengfah looked at me and let out a tired sigh.

"You don't obey me at all, Khun Nueng. I told you, don't come to see her."

As soon as A-Nueng heard it, she turned to glare at her mother.

"You forbade Ar Nueng from coming to see me? No wonder Ar Nueng climbed the fence like a monkey."

Sippakorn is at the lowest point in her life...

"I'm not a monkey. I just wanted to see if you had a pleasant experience at school today.

"You talk like my father."

Opps! Chet would cry rainbow tears if he heard his daughter call him "father" willingly. I'll tell him about this and get him to treat me to river prawns as a gift.

"Let's just say I won't move to live abroad with you, no matter what. I'll stay here."

A-Nueng reiterated her decision firmly. Piengfah burst into tears. She turned the other way to hide her tears. I looked at my friend with empathy and helped speak on her behalf.

"Don't be too hard on your mother, Nueng. She's trying."

"I just want her to save her energy because it's a waste of effort. Why should I move in with her, when we've just met? She wants me to act as if we're close and live with her and her new lover in a new city. Has she ever think about how difficult it would be for me?"

"I want you to understand me too. I couldn't take care of you at that time because I wasn't ready. It's not that I don't love you."

"You can stop saying that. Just say that I don't want to go. We're not that close."

Piengfah swallowed the lump in her throat and tried to act strong.

"Okay. I understand. If you don't want to go, I won't force you."

"Good. Then please go home first. I'll go for a walk with Ar Nueng."

Not only did the child not care about her mother at all, she also made it clear that she preferred me over her. Piengfah probably felt like someone had cut her heart into pieces. I paused to think for a moment before shaking my head.

"But I'm going with your mother. I need to talk to her about something."

"Ar Nueng."

The cheerful girl turned her face towards me.

"My mother forbade you to meet me. Why did you come with her?"

"I'll ask her to let you stay with me."

"Huh?"

So now, Piengfah, A-Nueng, and I are facing each other at the table eating, with A-Nueng's grandmother as a witness. And yeah... Folk still doesn't have a role. Why is he mentioned? It's just a waste of paper.

"I'm here to talk about A-Nueng."

I started conversation. That topic made A-Nueng who was sitting next to me put her hand on my thigh and squeeze it. She was very excited to have her grandmother join us in the discussion.

"A-Nueng doesn't want to live together her mother."

"A-Nueng has no right to make that decision. I'm the mother. I'm the one who made that decision."

"But you don't have the right. I raised her. The one who have a right to make that decision is mine."

A-Nueng's grandmother spoke up casually. This made Piengfah make a sound her throat.

"Mom... I also want the opportunity to spend time with my daughter."

"Does your daughter want to be with you? Look at her face. She's almost crying because she's afraid of having to go with you."

A-Nueng looked down in her lap because she had no right to say anything. It seemed like the cheerful child was raised only to take orders. Just like me, Song, and Sam in the past...

"A-Nueng may feel out of place at first, but she will adjust after some time."

Piengfah did not give up.

"But if Khun Nueng is always with her like this, she won't be able to come with me. Why does a stranger like you have more influence on her than me? It's so frustrating."

"Maybe because I was the one attending her Mother's Day event, not the one scolding her right now."

I mentioned the school event I attended and received a bouquet of flowers from A-Nueng. Piengfah looked at me, surprised. She asked back, confused.

"What do you mean?"

"Ar Nueng is there as my mother, so I have someone to respect while you are with the man you want to start a new family with."

A-Nueng interrupted. Her voice was full of pain and suffering. She wanted to hurt her mother as much as she could with her words. I squeezed the petite girl's hand and shook my head to stop her before I spoke in her place.

"Nueng is not ready to adapt to the new social environment. She still wants to be here. She is comfortable living with her grandmother and with her friends at school..."

"And having Khun Nueng with her?."

Piengfah interrupted in pain.

"Ah-huh. And have me."

Everything became silent after that. Even the grandmother couldn't say anything because she wasn't sure how the incident would turn out.

"Would it be okay if... I requested that I take your role while you're abroad?"

"What?"

Suddenly I offered myself. I spoke without thinking. Everyone is now looking at me...Damn... I asked to be this child's mother?

"Ah..."

But since I've said it, I'll get to the end.

"I really admire A-Nueng..."

The petite looked at me with sparkling eyes that sparkled with joy. My heart melted as I continued talking when I saw those eyes shining through her thick glasses to give me that look.

"I love her so much...Like my own daughter."

Every word came out with difficulty. When the words 'like my own daughter' came out, A-Nueng pouted as if she didn't want to accept it. However, she did not argue. The grandmother smiled faintly, looking happy.

"So I think while you're not here, I want to look after A-Nueng. I will educate her to be a good and perfect person like my grandmother educate me."

"Do you know what you are saying?"

Piengfah looked at me in disbelief.

"You talk as if you love my daughter."

I straightened myself, clearly showing that I would not admit it. A-Nueng, who was sitting and blushing next to me, received the same thing as me.

"Are you crazy..."

"Accept the offer, Fah. Your daughter will not come with you, no matter what. Moreover, Khun Nueng has promised us that she will look after A-Nueng. That's a relief for me... A-Nueng has a good nanny who is an older sister, friend, and guardian is a good thing."

"But mother..."

"And I'm here too. A-Nueng is very lucky to have met Khun Nueng. You have to accept this. Instead of wasting your time asking your daughter to go with you, take advantage of this time to bond with your daughter. The more you force her, the more she will hate you. Trust me."

My best friend probably sees me as her enemy now. She looked away, frustrated, while grandma smiled at me like a kind senior. Ah... this is very different from the first day we met. I need to state that she knows that I am an M.L. She was the one who was crazy about my title.

"Mother will talk to Piengfah. Thank you Khun Nueng for loving your nephew. I'm sure A-Nueng will grow up to be a good and ideal child if her guardian, who is a direct descendant of M.C. Kaekai, looks after her."

I was quite frustrated that the old lady called herself "Mom", but I didn't lose my attitude by pointing it out. I just nodded and replied remotely.

"Let me thank you on behalf of A-Nueng for understanding. I, M.L. Sippakorn, always keep my promises. If I say that I will take care of her, I will take care of her as best as I can."

"You really love your nephew."

When her grandmother added that, A-Nueng looked at me cheerfully.

"Yes. I will love her as much as I can."

So a promise from me, I guess...

①⑦

A GOOD GUARDIAN



What does it take to be a good guardian, set a good example, or be an idol for a child? ...

Strangely enough I'm under a lot of pressure now because I have the blessing of A-Nueng's family, especially her grandmother. I still live in a rented room. How can I set a good example for A-Nueng? As I let my mind wander with A-Nueng doing her homework on my bed, the tiny creature blew air into my ear and startled me.

"What?"

"What are you thinking about?"

The cheerful child laughed cheerfully at the sight of her making me blush. I know because I saw myself in the window. And it's in line with my heartbeat.

"Don't play around like this."

"I copied it from a novel."

"Imitate blowing air into someone's ear? Why would you do that?"

"They say it's someone's sensitive spot. And I've proven that it's true. Your face is bright red."

A-Nueng tilted her head from side to side as if it was a very charming gesture.

"Have you ever fallen in love?"

"In which case? If you mean loving my sister and parents, of course I have to love them."

"Stop avoiding me. I mean it in a romantic way."

"I've never gone that far. No one is worthy enough."

I glanced at A-Nueng. The child expects her to be the one someone who I love.

"And you're still a child. You're not worthy enough either."

"I told you that one day I would be worthy of you. I'm not doing my homework anymore. I'm going to read the novel."

A-Nueng immediately closed the book without asking me and took the novel "Pluto" to read.

"Where did I last read?"

"Finish your homework first."

"No. I'm lazy."

"I've made a promise to your mother and grandmother. If you laze around like this, your grandmother and mother won't trust me anymore. And in the end you will have to move and live with your mother if you can't enter college..... according to her requirements ."

Yes... Those are the tough requirements given to us. After dinner that day, Piengfah still didn't give up hope of inviting A-Nueng to live with her, even

though I firmly promised that I would love and take good care of A-Nueng. Therefore, Piengfah makes an offer, which gives her the last hope of taking A-Nueng with her. This means... if A-Nueng cannot enter the university she hopes for, A-Nueng must immediately fly to live with her.

But what is this? The child is reading a novel?

"I don't understand why she's doing this. The more she forces me, the more I don't want to go."

"You can't get everything you want."

I took the novel from A-Nueng and pushed her homework in front of her.

"Finish your homework, and you can do anything you want."

"Anything I want?"

"Ah-huh."

"Can I kiss your cheek?"

"What?"

The cheerful child kept blinking at me mischievously, trying to look cute. She looks like a doll (Blythe) that Chompoo Araya likes to play with.. What is her name? Which looks very scary, but people say told themselves that they were cute, until they became very popular.

"Kiss on the cheek."

A-Nueng's affirmation was so loud and clear that I had to hurry shook her head to refuse.

"No."

"Then I won't do my homework anymore. I'm bored."

"Do you want to move abroad with your mother?"

"If I can't even kiss your cheek, my life won't be enjoyable, even if I get a Ph.D."

"What does kissing me on the cheek have to do with getting a Ph.D.? And how can your life be enjoyable by kissing me on the cheek?"

"You could, because if I compared you to anything, I would compare you to delicious food. I'm obsessed with you."

I think these words also came from the novel she read. I really want to tell her that talking like this is absolutely not makes it sexy.

"If you want to live with your mother, you don't need to study."

"Okay... I will live with my mother."

And A-Nueng continued reading the novel without saying anything else. I used silence to pressure her to let her know that I didn't like what she was doing. Why is she so stubborn... She doesn't feel anything, even when I look at her like this. And what's even more frustrating is that I can't stay calm and cool when it comes to this kid.

"If you finish your homework, I will..."

"You will?"

"I'll let you kiss my cheek."

A-Nueng immediately threw the novel away and rolled over to do her homework, as if she had been waiting for this. I looked at my friend's daughter and my jaw dropped at her reaction.

"You have promised me. If you go back on your promise, I will live with my mother."

"If you want to go, go."

"You don't want me to go. It's clear... OK, I'll finish my homework in five minutes. You can arrange my time."

"That fast?"

"Look at me."

And A-Nueng surprised me by solving one math problem and finishing her homework. When I was about to complain, she smiled and winked at me slyly.

"I only had one left when I was lazy. But now I got a good deal..."

A-Nueng appeared to sit on her knees and ran in to wrap her arms around my neck before she whispered to my ears.

"I feel like I want to finish it."

Kiss...

The petite girl's moist lips kissed my cheek. She then smiled at me innocently while I froze because I was too shocked to know how to react to that...I was tricked by a kid...

"Ah... your cheeks are so soft. I think if I could do more, I would definitely enter the university of my dreams."

"Don't dream about it."

I pushed away the cheerful child's face and immediately took two steps back to keep some distance between us. Not really... I just need space to calm down because I'm still confused about what to do. She was very aggressive-more so than anyone else who approached me.

"I know you won't let me go. You'll let me do more in the end."

The word "doing" makes me feel uncomfortable. Suddenly, a strange image appeared in my head for about two seconds. I immediately waved my hand to chase them away.

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm chasing away mosquitoes."

I tried to sound normal.

"If your homework is finished, you can go home now. It's already past 8 o'clock in the evening."

"Oops. I just realized that I also have homework for my Thai class."

"What?"

"Ah... I'm lacking inspiration."

"Don't ever dream of kissing my cheek again."

"Then I will live with my mother."

And it goes the same way. Damn... How could that be like this?

To be a good guardian and a good role model, apart from encouraging children to love education, you must also develop them in all aspects. So I suggested that A-Nueng take a special intensive course to strengthen her abilities.

I have to give it my all. Sippakorn has nothing to lose. I had to go to extremes because I didn't want anyone to say that I wasn't doing a good job, especially a mother who found fault.

"I know how to help you become a better student."

[How?]

Suddenly I had this idea, so I called A-Nueng, even though I'm not the type to call her first. The person on the other end of the phone seemed very excited to answer my call for the first time. She sounded clearly happy, which made me smile.

"I got this idea when you told me that you wants to be a DJ and make audio books. I thought... I'd record what you need to know for the exam so you can listen to it. After you listen to it, you have to record the next chapter and send it back to me. Is that a good idea?"

[That's a good idea, but boring.]

"What?"

[Well... it was very educational. There's nothing interesting about it.]

"Just kissing my cheek isn't enough?"

[That doesn't count. Ha ha.]

That cheerful voice, like a summer breeze, made me tired.

"Say. What do you want, darling?"

[You record what I need to learn, and I will record the novel for you, I will also wait for your comments whether my voice is suitable to become a DJ. Let's call it an exchange. It sounds good?]

Since when have I wanted to listen to audiobooks of novels... Bullshit.

"If I say no..."

[I will live with my mother.]

Go... Jesus.

"Okay. Just record it again."

[You should listen to he me.]

"Can you not?"

[I'll ask about the contents. If you can't answer me, you will be punished by me kissing your cheek.]

"Are you testing me?"

[Yes. If you can test me, I should test whether you also really pay attention to my novel. Let's call it an exchange.]

"Fine... And if you can't answer about my content, you will be punished too."

[Will you kiss my cheek?]

"We won't see each other for a day."

[Oh. That means... You know that not meeting you is tormenting me.]

I tried not to smile at her sweet whimpers and replied in a flat voice.

"If you want to meet you have to focus on my recording. It's as simple as that. "

[Okay. I know...]

"That's the deal. I'll find a book to read to you."

Geez. Do I have much free time? Why am I doing this? I'm not at the age to read books at all preparation for university entrance.

[I love you, Ar Nueng.]

"Why do you say that?"

[Because I want you to know.]

Her naughty tone clearly indicated that the child was busy teasing me. And so that she wouldn't be too self-absorbed, I hung up. I took out a notebook to draw a diagram of what I should do.

I'm very serious; as if I had applied to university myself. What test do they have to take today? Argh. I'm very old.

"You seem to be very interested in educational books."

Sam, who I dragged out with me, looked at me curiously because as soon as we arrived at the mall, I dragged her to the bookstore. I intended for her to pay me.....I'm a good sister...

"I'm grooming a child to grow into a model citizen. I have to take it seriously."

"Taking care of a child? What child?"

"It's a long story. Let's just say that my pride is at stake. How hard are university exams nowadays? I've been graduating for more than ten years."

I turned to my sister, looking serious.

"I heard it's quite difficult. Kids nowadays have to go to tiring tutoring schools."

"Ah... A-Nueng should take tutoring too. If she studies alone, she might not be able to compete with the others."

"The child's name is A-Nueng? Her name is similar to yours."

"There's a story behind it."

I'm still focused on choosing books for my friend's daughter.

"There are so many. Which one should I choose?"

"The one you read."

"Huh?"

"Use the large pile of books in the palace. I still see them in the storage room. I entered university after reading your notes."

I glanced at my sister, starting to like the idea. But to get back to palace and meet our grandmother...

"It's fine. If I have to go back to the palace for all those books, I'd rather buy new books."

"You don't want to meet our grandmother? Do you really hate her?"

My sister suddenly asked me about it, even though she never talked about it openly. I'm confused. Her sad voice made me roll my eyes because I hate drama.

"I have been under her control for a long time. I have already decided that I wouldn't go back there again if I could leave. She is a thorn in my heart. In return, I must be a thorn in her heart too."

"But you grew up perfectly. Even though she was strict, you..."

"Enough."

I stopped my sister. Even though I said it softly, I said it firmly.

"Stop trying to speak on behalf of our grandmother. She didn't match me because of love. She just wants me to be what she wants me to be. If she could turn back time, she would marry Chet herself."

"I still think she loves you more than anyone. More and more you love someone, the more strict you are with them."

"The one who gets our grandmother's love is you. I am her trophy that increases her credibility."

"You are selfish. You only see from your perspective."

I looked at our grandmother's good girl and laughed mockingly. Sam loved our grandmother very much. No one can touch it. For me, talking about our grandmother this much was already a lot to ask of me.

But, if you think about it... my books are very interesting because they are full of knowledge I gathered from my tutoring and research. They are books that educate architects. I have to do something, like....

Sneak into my own palace.

Sunyal

①⑧

WHAT'S IMPORTANT



Currently, it's 12.15... The lyrics of the song 25 Hours are floating in my head like a dancing earworm. The sky was pitch black. Ah... time to sneak into the house.

My own palace, that is. Since I was born and raised here, I know exactly which way to go in to avoid the security cameras. Behind the palace, there is a small fence that I can climb. Since there were no dogs in the palace, the coast was clear for thieves like me. Why do I know the ways and means to enter? That's because I have sneaking out to go to a nightclub with my college friends. Who can know their own home like the person who designed it?

After I got it, I slowly tiptoed to the far end of the storage room. The housekeeper's room is opposite the storage room. I can hear traditional Thai music and smell the delicious aroma of Som Tam wafting from the room.....Who eats Som Tam this late?

While the housekeeper watched a musical performance, I tiptoed into the storage room and turned the doorknob.

Crack...Locked.

The fact that the door was locked frustrated me. What is so valuable there that they had to lock the door? Damned. My books are there. I didn't plan in advance what I should do if this happened. And I'm not a professional thief who knows how to pick locks. So, the only option was to break down the door. But how can I do that without making any noise?.....My final choice is...

Knock Knock...

I had no choice but to knock on the door of the housekeeper's room who had the key. When the door opened, the housekeeper, who had been here since I was a child, looked surprised to see me.

"Khun Nueng."

"Shhh!"

I put my finger to my mouth to signal the person in front of me lowered his voice.

"Don't be loud."

"W... why are you here so late?"

"I have no choice. Can you help me?"

"What help do you need?"

"Please open the storage room for me."

Isn't that simple? Why should I make things difficult, like the main character in a series, by using a bobby pin or paper clip to unlock the door when I can just knock on the door and ask the housekeeper nicely? Now my stack of books is in my arms...

"Why did you come so late?"

"I don't want to see my grandmother. It would be better if you don't tell her that I snuck in."

"You're so naughty. Why would you do something like this? Aren't you afraid of breaking your arms or legs? And it's so late. Do you want to sleep here?"

"Where do you want me to sleep? Stop babbling. I'll go. Thank you for opening the door for me."

I hugged the housekeeper, missing her. When I turned around, she grabbed my arm.

"Yes?"

"Please come visit M.C... She's not well. It would be great if you came to visit her a few times."

"She won't die that easily. She will live a long life."

"Khun Nueng... I'm not kidding."

"Me neither. She's very strong..."

I hesitated a little when I thought about the day she had to be hospitalized.

"And she's very rich. She can go to the doctor and recovered in no time."

"Why are you so stubborn?"

That complaint made me sigh. Not just Sam, but everyone says that.

"I guess I'm like my grandmother. I'll think about it. I might come to visit... someday."

I only said that to give her hope before I immediately leave, because I've gotten what I wanted to get here. Mission accomplished. Now I just need to record something and send it to A-Nueng....However... Someone frustratedly ruined my plans.

"I saw you were preparing for your exam. It's hard to study alone and predict what will happen on the exam."

Chet, who had prepared well, came with good intentions and handed a brochure from the tutoring school to A-Nueng, who was sitting across from him.

"You should go here. I'll pay for the class."

Chet used his warm voice and spoke very well polite, as if he were Tik from the Vanida series.

Tik = Very famous Thai actor.

Vanida = Very popular period series.

"It's okay. I'm bored of tutoring at school. I want freedom."

I tried not to smile and felt like a winner when I saw the father interfering. I'm Sippakorn, I'm the one who will send this child to university and ensure a bright future awaits her. Wouldn't it be enough if I were her guardian?

"But..."

"Don't be an adult who forces your will on your child. If she doesn't want to, just let her. And I have prepared a plan for her."

"But you are not a tutor. How can you be as good as the tutors at that tutoring school? We must prioritize A- Nueng's future. What if she can't go to university and has to move to live with her mother?"

He makes sense, but I still don't agree with it.

"Nueng, then you decide. I tried to help you, but your father interfered."

A-Nueng took the flier and pondered for about two minutes before she made a decision.

"Okay, I'm leaving."

Her response made me scrunch up my face in frustration. A- Nueng saw that, so she ran to hug me.

"Not all the subjects. There's just one that I can't understand if I study it myself. I might really need some guidance for that."

"What subjects?"

"Math... I'll just take an intensive math tutoring class. Otherwise, I'll let Ar Nueng do my study plan for me."

I considered the solution proposed by the little girl and felt relieved. She may try to find a win-win solution for everyone. She didn't want to hurt Chet's feelings, and she didn't want everything I had prepared to go to waste....She is nice....

"Okay. We can do that. If you really want to take on the role of father, take care of it yourself."

"Ah. I also have another request."

Chet said, looking worried. I could see that he was nervous, so I asked him again.

"What do you want from your daughter?"

"Can I have your... cup?"

Everything became silent. Actually, Chet didn't need to make that request. He could have waited for us to go and take it. This makes him look very stupid. And A-Nueng was smart enough to know why he wanted the cup.

"No."

I sighed as I looked at Chet, who was gaping.

"W... why not?"

"I don't want to prove that I'm your daughter. Well... your existence is already uncomfortable for me. If you do all those tests, I'm afraid there will be more complicated matters for me to face."

"Nueng..."

"I don't want anything from you. I don't want your wealth or your family name. I won't take any of it. I'm happy living with my grandmother. I don't even want to move to live with my mother. So, if you want to prove my identity or something, I don't want it."

A-Nueng got up, took her backpack, and walked away. I glanced at Chet, who was still stunned, before I sighed and patted his shoulder.

"Are you stupid, or are you just stupid?"

"My daughter rejected me."

"Who would be happy if asked for a DNA test? You act like his father, but you ask for her identity to be tested. I would also be angry if I were her. Her, accepting you as a father should be enough. You shouldn't be greedy."

"I believe with all my heart that she is my daughter. I asked for a test so that there would be proof. I have a child now. And she is my only child. I want the test results so that if anything happens to me, she can get everything I have for granted. It's also valid so that my parents can't refuse it."

Honestly, I really understand Chet. Someone of his status, who had valid proof, could be very useful. Otherwise, children all over the country will claim that they are his child.

"I'll try to explain to her. Everything was going well. You ruined it."

"Please help me, Khun Nueng."

"I don't know what I can do, but I'll try."

A-Nueng sent me a message to tell me that she was waiting in front of the mall and she wanted to be in my room to kill time. She looked normal. There was no sign of sadness or frustration.

"I thought you would be more upset about what happened."

"Yeah. I don't like it at all. But there's no reason to take my frustration out on you... So, where's the recording? Have you done it?"

"How did you know I did it?"

"Because you seemed so angry when my father wanted me to go to tutoring school. You don't want other people to ruin your plans. You're too much of a perfectionist."

I twisted my mouth a little before sending her the clip from my phone. A-Nueng gave me her Duchenne smile, and she listened to it as soon as she got it. It got me a little

Embarrassed.....Crazy...

"Your voice is so nice to listen to. If I listened to this every day, I would definitely go to university. I promise I will listen to it after every meal and before going to sleep. I think I will memorize every word."

"Don't exaggerate."

I straightened up, feeling proud of myself.

"Just finish it, and I will question you at 10pm every night. If you can't answer me, we won't see each other for a day."

"What if I can't answer two questions?"

"Two days."

"Jeez. That's too hard."

"So you have to concentrate."

"Aren't you going to miss me?"

"No. Don't be full of yourself."

"Argh."

Everything went according to plan. A-Nueng came to stay in my room for a while, and I took her to her house. After I finished my personal routine, I immediately sent my question via the LINE chat application. A-Nueng did her job well... She can answer me.

"Good job. My recording wasn't wasted."

[Then you should listen to my recording too. If you can't answer me, I will kiss your cheek.]

Not long after that, the petite girl sent me the recording. I put on headphones and lie down in bed to listen to the recording. Her cute nasal tone echoed in my head as if she were sitting right here, right next to me. Her heart touching reading made me smile. She's good.

***** Marisa made a deal with Satan that she would give anything to be successful in life, including having everything that no human could even dream of. Satan immediately agreed to the deal and gave Marisa ten years to live. After that, Satan will again ask for something important that she cannot give.

"What can't I give you besides my life? If you want my life, I won't make a deal with you.

"It doesn't have to be alive. You will know what is more important than your life, your breath, and your death when the time comes."

"I can't think of anything. But, fine. As long as you don't ask for my life, I can give it to you. But you have to give me beauty, money, and everything a human could want."

"That doesn't matter at all, you stupid human... You will find that all external wealth and possessions don't matter at all, you stupid

creature.*****

A-Nueng reads in a deep and slow voice even though it is part of the devil. An adoring grin crept across my face. And then I came to the last part...

“ I agree with Satan. Fame and fortune are not important at all... If I had to make that deal, I would rather be poor or dead. Maybe because I know what the most important things in life are. I can't even bear the thought of Satan taking it away from me.

Do you know what it is....? “

.
. .
. .
. .

“ That is you.....I love you, Ar Nueng.”

Dug... Dug...

As I listened to the last part, I put my hand on my heart, overwhelmed. A-Nueng still uses her unique tone of voice, but it is full of seriousness and emotion. It was so strong that I felt embarrassed. I was so shocked by the strange feeling I was feeling that I took out my headphones and threw them away. Damned. Why did she confess her love when I was going to sleep?....She's clever..... But, she is still a child...

①⑨

OKAY



My study plan is going well. We've been sending each other recordings for two weeks. For A-Nueng, listening to my recordings to study for her exams is a good thing because she doesn't need to read too much. And her recording the novel back to me was a relaxing time for me.

***** Marisa became the most beautiful and richest woman in the world thanks to this deal. No one can match it. She got everything he wanted. After receiving the perfect wish, she began to live her life in boredom. She doesn't want anything else in her life because she already has everything and has a perfect life. Sometimes Marisa wants to commit suicide because life is no longer interesting. Until one day, eight years after the agreement, Marisa was asked by her best friend, 'Parn-Net,' to break up with an ex she had never met and only talked to on the phone. Her friend asked Marisa to break up with her ex over the phone because they sounded similar. Since her life was empty and had nothing to do, she casually agreed and forgot everything.*****

[I think that's why we need inspiration in life. If we are never disappointed and successful in everything, there is nothing you want to do in life... Luckily I made you my goal. The harder it is to get you, the more valuable you are.....I love you, Ar Nueng.]

A-Nueng would end every recording with 'I love you, Ar Nueng. ' As if it were her signature. And it seems I'm used to her love confessions. It has become something I hear every day, and if I don't hear it, it's like I haven't drank water or eaten. It seems like something is missing.

I pressed the stop button and thought about the novel A-Nueng recorded for me. Come to think of it... after Marisa's wish came true, she might be like me. There's nothing I can't get. I got into the university I wanted. I entered the faculty I wanted. I had to leave the palace and no longer live under my grandmother's shadow... Life doesn't always go smoothly, but the ability to stand on my own two feet motivates me to keep going, even when I fall. Maybe if I keep living the perfect life my grandmother gave me, I'll become so bored that I'll kill myself.....A life that is too good is not good, really.

And now I have a new motivation, namely I want to get A-Nueng into the university where I study. I haven't been this determined in a long time. A-Nueng gives me hope. She gave me the inspiration to wake up in the morning to prepare her study plan.....Ah... I also cooked for my friend's daughter today. This is a gift for the good girl.

Well... I just accidentally saw a cooking clip while I was browsing on my phone and thought it would be fun. I remember my grandmother raising me with a carrot and stick approach. If I was good, my grandmother would give me extra pocket money or let me sleep after 10 p.m. And A-Nueng is a good girl. So, I cooked delicious food as a gift for the cheerful child. It's rare for someone like M.L. Sippakorn cooking.

Today was the first time I came to wait for A-Nueng at her tutoring school. And I'm sure when the little one comes out, she'll be happy to see me, who never shows any concern, cooking for her. Of course... she should be happy. If she's not happy, I'll..... I can't think of anything....

Finally, it was time for her to come out. Children from all over Bangkok leave the tutoring school and return home. I looked for my friend's daughter in the crowd of children who came in with the smell of students... which I hated. Never mind, kids this age have this smell.... I am dizzy...

"Ar Nueng."

"Nueng... Folk?"

I, who still couldn't smile, quickly regained my composure when I saw the boy at the school next door to A-Nueng walking out with her. A-Nueng ran to grab my arm as usual and smiled at me.

"How did you get here? You didn't go to the market to sketching today?"

"I happened to be in this area."

A-Nueng looked curiously at the plastic box inside the plastic bag.

"What do you bring?"

"It is nothing."

"It looks like a box filled with food."

And the nosy kid took the box from my hand and sniffed it.

"There's food there."

"I bought it."

"They gave it to you in this box? Where did you buy it? They used expensive packaging."

I was too lazy to answer, so I changed the topic to trying to divert A-Nueng's attention from the box I was carrying.

"You guys came to the tutoring school together? Why don't you tell me this?"

A-Nueng glanced at Folk indifferently.

"He also happens to be a tutor here. We don't have any friends, so we sit together. Studying together is better than studying alone."

"I don't need anyone when I enter university."

"That's because you are very smart."

"Right. What can I expect from stupid kids?"

And everything went smoothly. Folk, who had been listening quietly, looked at his watch and raised his hand to salute me before he took his leave.

"Goodbye, Ar Nueng."

"Call me, Khun Nueng. Didn't I tell you?"

Since the atmosphere was already gloomy, when I spoke as if I was looking down on him like I usually do, A-Nueng quickly waved goodbye to Folk and turned to smile at me in an attempt to improve the atmosphere.

"See you next Tuesday."

"Goodbye... Goodbye, Khun Nueng."

Folk did as I ordered and excused themselves, while I still standing with a stiff neck. All the students had left, so only A-Nueng and I were left in the area

"Let's go, Ar Nueng. It's late."

"Ah-huh."

"Where are you going today?"

We both fell silent. A-Nueng slowly withdrew her hand from my arm and hugged her school bag in front of her. I looked at the cheerful child, who suddenly became timid.

"What is it?"

"There isn't anything."

"Obviously it was nothing."

"I don't know what to do. It seems like you're angry with me. If I'm too cheerful, you might get even angrier and throw me out."

"I'm not angry... And why are you suddenly so timid now? Usually you're thick-skinned when I throw you out."

"No matter how thick my skin is, I still feel bad if you push me away too often. When you love someone, you don't want to be a nuisance to them."

"People who love each other tell each other everything."

"What haven't I told you?"

"Your guidance."

"I told you I was taking intensive math classes."

"But you forgot to tell me the details-that you took courses with Folk."

"He is not important."

That made me, who was frustrated, feel a little better. So I turned to the bespectacled kid, who was looking down, not knowing what to do.

"Is it true?"

"Of course. I told you everything. You know that."

I nodded in agreement and smiled faintly. A-Nueng, who was still confused, continued to speak.

"You act like you're jealous."

"Huh..."

And we both stood still, as if our feet were chained to the ground. We both fell silent again. Slowly, the petite girl looked at me, and I returned her

gaze.

Dug... Dug...

This is the first time I looked into the eyes of a kid 16 years younger than me and felt like this. In fact, I could feel that something inside me had changed.

Cute... Since when did she become this cute?

"I love you, Ar Nueng."

"Ar Nueng."

"Bleep..."

"Huh?"

I stuck my tongue out at her and immediately walked forward. A-Nueng, who was still shocked, hurriedly ran after me and grabbed my arm. She forced me to turn to her. I avoided her eyes and raised my other hand to cover my face. I could hear the little girl's cheerful laughter.

"Ar Nueng is so sweet. You lost your cool, huh?"

"You are a woman. Why are you laughing like that?"

Even though I complained to her, I still covered my face to avoid being stared at. I have to admit that I completely lost my cool, this is not at all the cool version of myself, in more than thirty years of life. This is the day I lose my cool the most.....Blep? Sticking out my tongue? I?

"I'm glad you're jealous."

"No."

I lowered my hand and argued firmly. But A-Nueng just waved her hand as if she didn't care.

"Don't do this. I said I'm not jealous. I just..."

"Just?"

"A bit strange."

I cleared my throat before lifting my chin, as I regain my composure.

"You're under my care. So it's okay if I don't know who you're with or what you do. Folk is a boy. And you told me you didn't like him."

A-Nueng jumped up to hug me and rested her chin on my chest. She spoke with a bright smile on her face.

"I don't like him. I only like you."

Dug... Dug...

Dug... Dug...

"Your heart is beating fast."

I pushed A-Nueng's face out before I pointed my finger to stop her when she was about to run to hug me again.

"Stop playing. Let's go home."

"Okay. Okay. Today was a good day. That's enough."

And we went back to our usual Aunt-Nephew mode. A-Nueng coiled up her arm in mine and rested her head on my arm. She walked like someone without a spine.

"I will study hard. I will get a good job and I will be worthy of you."

Even though my face remained flat, I could feel my heart tickling so much it was annoying. What kind of feeling is this?

"Study hard for yourself. Don't do it for me."

"I did it for myself. When I'm worthy, I can be your lover. We can be together until we're old."

"Drama... Since I was born, I have never seen a life partner together until they grow old."

"If you haven't, let's do it. We'll be the first."

"Who told you I'd grow old with you?"

"Yes. You can't escape from me. You fell in love with me."

I still don't agree.

"You think I'm perfect now. But as time goes by and you gain more life experience, you'll find someone better than me. When you do, you'll leave me. It's like your mother. She was heartbroken because I was in your age. Now she found someone new and is getting married. Nothing is certain in life."

"That's why your walls are so high and you're so careful. You've never had a boyfriend, right?"

"That's not the reason. It's because I really feel like no one is worthy of me, not even your father."

"If my mother and father are not worthy of you, then it must be me, the daughter. I'm younger. I can take care of you when you're old. Perfect."

"Stop babbling. You are too confident. If you were a man, you would have many wives."

"Will I make you one of my wives?"

"Crazy."

I bit my lip, but I couldn't help but smile.

"Stop talking nonsense. Have you eaten yet?"

"Just one sausage..."

And A-Nueng seemed to remember something.

"Oh. Don't tell me that the food you bought was for me."

"Well..."

At first, I was going to tell her that I cooked it myself. But I think it's better if I tell her that I bought it. If it doesn't feel good, I can blame someone else.

"Ah-huh."

"Why did they put it in a nice box?"

"I bought it myself. Saved the world... Let's find a place to sit down and eat."

I motioned to a bench at a nearby bus stop. We sat down, and I handed her the food.

"Try it. If it's delicious, I'll buy it again for you."

"Let me taste it first."

A-Nueng immediately tasted it. I tried to keep a straight face, but I couldn't help but feel nervous as I waited for her answer. And as soon as A-Nueng put food into her mouth,

"Ar Nueng..."

"That's not nice?"

A-Nueng didn't want to answer. She took bigger and bigger bites. The food was gone in the blink of an eye. I blinked blankly, surprised, at the sight of my friend's daughter, who closed her eyes and took the last bite.

"Are you that hungry?"

"It's delicious. Where did you buy it?"

My heart is full. I tried not to smile too widely.

"Around here."

"This is... super... You cooked it, right?"

A-Nueng shakes my thighs, excited.

"You cooked it? I'm right, right?"

"Ah-huh."

"Ar Nueng!"

A-Nueng raised her hands above her head in a majestic gesture, as if she was carrying the world on her shoulders.

"It's Michelin level. It's out of this world; no, it's out of the galaxy."

"Don't exaggerate."

"I'm serious. You can open a restaurant. How are you good at cooking? How long have you been cooking?"

"Just today."

"How can there be such a perfect person in this world?"

A-Nueng covered her mouth with her hands and looked at me in awe.

"Force yourself on me. I want to be your wife now."

"Crazy!"

A-Nueng hugged me tightly and sounded determined.

"I won't let anyone have you. This is a very aggressive kind of love. Please don't like my mother. And also, please don't like my father either. You have to like me."

"Is this a confession or an order..."

Kiss...

A-Nueng's lips went straight to mine. I was stunned and forgot how to breathe. I immediately pushed the petite girl in the student uniform away and covered my mouth in surprise. But the girl looked at me with determination and hoped I would take her seriously.

"Why do you do that?"

"I don't want you to think that I'm just fooling around. Maybe it wasn't that serious at first because I knew it wasn't possible. But right now... I'm very serious."

"Nueng... You shouldn't do this to your aunt."

"When we looked at each other earlier, I knew there was something between us. You feel it too, right?"

"I don't feel anything. Let's go home."

I stood up but didn't know where to go because it was already the bus stop. Moreover, I didn't want to leave the little girl alone at this time of night. So in the end, I could only try to keep my distance from her. I closed my eyes and pondered....Damn... How could I let these feelings dominate me? She's my friend's daughter.

"You are jealous."

"Why are you still talking about that?"

"You're starting to see me as a woman."

"Nueng!!!"

I looked at my friend's daughter, all serious. I tried hard to stay calm and act maturely to stop it from playing around.

"I've let it go all this time. But today, you cross the line. I'm going to pretend that doesn't happen."

"I can't do that. And I'm sure you can't do it either."

"If you are still like this, we can't meet again."

"I love you, Ar Nueng."

"Don't make me answer back... I hate you."

The words I let out caused the petite girl to look at me and become empty. She then looked down and nodded willingly.

"Okay."

She was so obedient that I couldn't sleep.

Sunny Day

②①

I SAID IT



This is the first time for M.L. Sippakorn-sleepless nights. I've had sleepless nights before, but that was because of my hatred for my grandmother. I keep thinking about what I will do when I graduate, which could cause my grandmother a lot of pain. But that happened 5-6 years ago. This was the first time in the last few years that I had gotten out of bed with dark circles around my eyes.... It's now 4 am, and I still can't sleep. At 6am, my eyes were still wide open. So in the end, I visited my little Sam at her workplace for the first time, I sat in her office, annoyed. Ah... I also brought something I cooked while my mind was racing to give to my sister

"You've never been to my office. And you brought me food. I'm scared..."

"Afraid of what?"

I glanced briefly at my sister, confused. While my little sister rubbed her arm.

"Am I going to die?"

My sister is teasing me? But she looked really serious, so I was confused. So instead of laughing at the joke, I just got even more annoyed. Actually, I've been annoyed since yesterday.

"It is not funny."

"Now I think this is very scary. You frown. When you're sad, usually you try to cover it up by smiling or laughing. But you frown like you can't control your facial muscles."

My little sister knows my mask very well. So she analyzed my mood like a professional. I looked into Sam's beautiful eyes and asked her the most ridiculous question I've ever asked.....I am thinking...

"What's the age difference between you and Mon?"

"Is this why you came to see me with deep frowns?"

"Just answer my question."

The little one looked meek when she saw that I didn't want to play with her at all. Of course I won't do that. This is not the time to have fun.

"8."

"Aren't you afraid that people will look at you with Strange?"

"I look much younger than my age."

I squinted at my sister while she said that with confidence and couldn't help but laugh. The little one looked at me, surprised that I was laughing for no reason.

"Are you laughing? I didn't even tell you another joke."

"You are naturally cute."

"Why are you suddenly asking me that? You never cared about it before."

"Well..."

I squirmed uncomfortably. Sometimes I envy Sam because she has friends with such big mouths. (That's what our grandmother called Sam's friends.) They could chat about anything. While I only have one best friend who confessed her love for me, and I suggested that she take medicine to get rid

of the baby before the naughty A-Nueng was born...
This must be some kind of karma from my past life.

"Well, what? You've been quiet for so long."

"There's a little kid clinging to me."

"Oh... how young is that little fellow?"

"Very young."

"25?"

"No"

"22?"

"No."

"20."

"No."

"How young?"

"18."

"You have to be very careful. Kids nowadays can't be trusted. Maybe he's trying to manipulate you into falling in love with him, and later he will leave you. Or maybe he knows you're an M.L. is rich, so he wants money from you. That guy is scary. Except for our father." Yeah?

"She's not a man."

"Huh!?"

Sam's jaw dropped. It was so adorable that I had to close it for her before I tapped her lightly on the shoulder.

"She's my friend's daughter. It's nothing. Just makes me annoyed... So you and Mon, 8 years gap, huh?"

"But yours... Wow."

Sam raised her fingers to count in surprise.

"That's 16. You don't need to want to beat me so much. My girlfriend is 8 years younger than me, so you want to double her?"

"I'm not saying that I'll let her be my girlfriend. I'm just asking. I'm going home. Talking to you is useless."

"Khun Nueng."

Sam grabbed my hand to stop me and looked me in the eye,

"That kid must be really bothering you. I've never seen you like this before. You're not yourself at all. You can hide your feelings from our grandmother, but you can't when it comes to this kid. You are very anxious."

"Am I that obvious?"

My sister pulled me to sit next to her before she nodded in response.

"Yeah. What happened? There has to be something more than that. You can tell me. I know you don't have any friends. I feel sorry for you."

Can I slap my own sister? But because Sam is so naive, she speaks what's in her mind without any filter. So, I can only laugh tiredly....Okay. I'm really pathetic.

"Well... there's something. Let's say I'm here to let go."

I finally told Sam about A-Nueng, starting from the first time we met and leading up to recent events. Sam listened quietly, she didn't make a sound. She just bit her lip as if she was thinking.

"What you said was really rude. I've done that to Mon, so I know how you feel. You're worried because you're afraid of A-Nueng feel bad about it?"

"No."

"Is it true"

"Okay. No,"

"Okay. Yes, that's right."

I sighed and leaned back on the couch, exhausted. I don't have the energy to do anything today.

"Will the child be very sad?"

"Of course. You said you hated her. There are many ways for you to say 'no'. Or you could argue with her that it's inappropriate. Hurting her with those words is worse than slapping her in the face."

"You're disgusting."

Plaque!

I pinched Sam's cheek tightly until I heard a "slap" sound. The little one looked at me, stunned. I tilted my head curiously.

"Does it hurt more than getting slapped in the face?"

"Sometimes you are really stupid."

"Does it hurt more when I call you stupid, considering you have the biggest ego in the world, than getting slapped in the face?"

The muscles in my face twitched as I became extremely frustrated. Our tests ended there. And that made me realize that....

"This hurts more than getting slapped in the face. Thanks, kid."

I smiled at my sister and prepared to leave before I looked at the food I brought and get it back

"Oh? Didn't you bring it for me?"

"Yes. But I'll bring you more later. I'll use this to try to reconcile with someone first."

"Wow. You're so sweet.

This was the first time in my life that I truly felt guilty. Sam's right. If A-Nueng was wrong, I should have reasoned with her. Using harsh words does not bring good results. It just hurts other people's feelings. How is that cheerful child? She must be very hurt...Ah... she probably doesn't dare to come to see me after what I said. So I have to meet her.

In the afternoon, I went to wait for A-Nueng at her school. Everything goes as usual. The atmosphere was loud and smelly, making me dizzy. But something is different today... It's already 4 in the afternoon, and A-Nueng hasn't left school yet....Or did she know that I would be here to try to reconcile with her? But how could she know that? I've never tried to reconcile with anyone before in my life.

After I thought about it, I realized that A-Nueng wouldn't appear, so I had to use my last straw. I called A- Nueng on my cell phone. I rarely call her. Normally, I would just send her a voice message. But this time is different. If I send a voice message and she reads it but doesn't reply, I will be even more confused about what to do. ...OK....first time for someone.

Ring...

The ringing made my heart beat fast. A-Nueng picked up the call, it sounded normal. There was not the slightest sign of stress in her voice. But there were no signs of her usual activity.

[Yes, Ar Nueng?]

[Ah, silent... She probably accidentally pressed the call button.]

"No. No. I'm here."

I could guess A-Nueng was going to hang up, so I immediately spoke. The other end of the phone was silent, but I knew she hadn't hung up.

"Nueng."

[Ar Nueng called, mom... This is not a prank call.]

A-Nueng seemed to be talking to someone. Hearing that, I knew that she was with Piengfah. And suddenly, the voice on the other end changed to my best friend's voice, without me asking to talk to her.

[You called as if you knew what happened, Khun Nueng. Don't disturb my time with my daughter.]

"Why are you together?"

[Mother and daughter being together is normal, right?]

"But you two usually don't. So it's not normal."

[Well... you could say that. Today my daughter is not at school, so I took her out. A-Nueng came to eat with me... Don't disturb our moments of love and fun. I'm making good progress.]

"What progress?"

[Telling A-Nueng to move to live with me, of course. She mentioned that she was leaving with me a while ago because she felt like she couldn't get into the university she wanted...]

"Give the cell phone to A-Nueng."

[No.]

"Piengfah."

When I used my deep voice, my friend knew I was serious, so she returned the phone to its owner. I spoke before A-Nueng could say anything because I realized the petite girl was disoriented because of yesterday's incident.

"I'm trying to make peace with you."

"I said I was trying to make peace with you."

[Ar Nueng...]

"Ar Nueng was wrong yesterday. Ar Nueng was shocked. I have never kissed anyone... No, I have. Never mind. Just think of it as me trying to make peace with you. Ar Nueng is sorry because my words were too harsh. Ar Nueng knows that Ar Nueng hurt you. I couldn't sleep and came to school to make amends to you, but you weren't here. I brought you the food I cooked too. This might be a waste.

I babbled nonsense non-stop. I just said whatever came to my mind. If I could speak in Morse code, I would. Even though I babbled, A-Nueng remained silent. It makes me more worried.

"Are you really mad at me?"

[Sob.]

Now, I'm the one who's silent. I could hear Piengfah on the phone. She's asking what was wrong with her daughter. But I could only hear the sound of sobbing. My heart hurts so much that I have to reach for it. I didn't know why she was crying or if I had been forgiven.

"Don't cry... good girl."

[I'm so happy... Ar Nueng doesn't hate me.]

"Ar Nueng doesn't hate you."

[Sob... But yesterday, Ar Nueng..]

"Ar Nueng loves you."

Dug... Dug...

Even I myself was surprised by what I just let go of. I immediately hung up the phone because I was too embarrassed.....I said it... I said the word "love".

How can I?

Sunyata

②①

BEING A TYRANT



I felt like I was in a black hole after what I said. Everything is dark. I kept looking down at the ground, feeling dizzy. After hearing my words, A-Nueng appeared as usual and continued to ask me,

"Ar Nueng loves me?"

"Ar Nueng really loves me?"

"If you don't answer me, I will live with my mother."

"Stop being demanding."

I bared my teeth while looking into the cheerful girl's eyes. She was in my room so often that it was as if she was my best friend from my previous life.....Alright, she spent most of her time studying for her exams with me as her tutor. Come to think of it... I don't even know how I became her guardian. I was also her mother on Mother's Day. And now, I'm also his teacher....What else will I become... This is so much fun.

"I was just joking. You don't need to be serious. But you look good no matter what your mood is. I will no longer feel inadequate. Even if you badmouth my parents."

"Why is that?"

"There are no reasons when it comes to love. If there were, it wouldn't be love."

And A-Nueng gave me a Duchenne smile wide that....her face wrinkled. If her face were a piece of paper, there would be many creases on it.

"Ever since you were sulking, I never had time to listen to your audio novel."

"Don't worry. I can spend my whole life reading novels to you because I will become a famous DJ that everyone listens to."

The cheerful girl winked at me cheerfully.

"And I already know which faculty I want to study."

I turned to give her my full attention and raised my eyebrows.

"Why did you choose one? I've picked one for you."

"Huh?"

"I will ask you to study business administration."

I say that with full confidence in the world. When I was drawing up A-Nueng's study plan, I did some research on which faculties today's faculty kids should go to, faculties that fit today's materialistic world and would generate a good income stream.

"No way. That's not even in my consideration. Moreover, I've already decided that I want to learn the art of communication."

I immediately frowned in disagreement after hearing that. No one has ever rejected my suggestion before. My ideas are always perfect because I have analyzed everything before making it happen.

"What would you do if you got that title?"

"I'll be the DJ."

"Do you really want to be a DJ? It doesn't mean you can immediately become a DJ after graduating. You don't have a connection."

"It has nothing to do with connections. Can't I Learn something because I like it and have a passion for it?"

"No, this is a dead end. Trust Ar Nueng. Get a business administration degree or a law degree, like your father. Then, get a master's degree from abroad.....Don't be stubborn with me."

A-Nueng's silence made me realize that she was rebelling. The mood that had been lively and joyful started to become tense. A-Nueng closed her book, put it in her bag, and prepared to leave.

"Where are you going? You won't read any more?"

"No. I have no plans to get the degree you want, so there's no point in reading or taking exams. I'd rather travel and have fun every day."

"You have to stay with your mother if you can't go to university here."

"Maybe it wouldn't be so bad living with my mom."

A-Nueng left after saying that. I watched her walk away without even thinking about following her like the stupid male lead in a series chasing the female lead, who was sulking because they didn't agree. I'm the one who has tried to make peace with her too many times. This is my current maximum capacity. Why should I do it again? And I'm not wrong about this. I have analyzed everything for her. She didn't need to waste time thinking about what title she wanted to get. But she suddenly wants a degree in communication arts? The faculty she had in the entertainment business after she graduated? How could she be successful without any connections?

.....I'm still waiting... She's not back yet.

And because I was feeling frustrated, I called Chet, who really wanted to be a father. I told him what happened in hopes of finding an ally. But Chet just

laughed nonchalantly.

[Don't think too far, Khun Nueng. Let her get whatever title she wants.]

“ Don't be stupid. That's why you're selfless. Do you really want to be prime minister? You are dreaming. Are you thinking about marrying me? Maybe in your next life.”

I was frustrated like I had never been before in my life, even though I was better than anyone at masking my emotions. My grandmother never knew when I was frustrated and angry. A-Nueng Seemed to have opened the door, and I let all my emotions pour out.

[Khun Nueng, the thing we cannot control is education, career and love. How do you feel when your grandmother forces you to get a degree you don't like?]

"But I mean well."

[Your grandmother did too.]

"My grandmother just wanted me to be what she wanted me to be."

[I don't see any difference between MC Kaekai and you now.]

Gasp...

My stomach dropped as Chet's words hit me in the face. How I felt when my grandmother forced and pushed me made me reflect and soften. But I still don't want to lose.

"But you can get any degree to be a DJ.

[Then let her get the title she wants. If she didn't see the light at the end of the tunnel, she wouldn't move forward. Why should she continue with just a candlestick in her hand? It was better to wait in the dark for someone to save her. And the person who will save her is Piengfah-the light that A-Nueng never thought to rely on until you gave her the chance.]

"I'm hanging up. Stop lecturing me."

I hung up the phone and started thinking about what Chet had just said. Lately A-Nueng has been getting closer to Piengfah, while she considers me her enemy. We had just reconciled, and I pushed her away again. All of this makes me think back to my grandmother. Does she feel the same as me now? She wants me to study law or political science because she thinks it's good for me?...Maybe she didn't do all that for herself...My grandmother loves me.....Ew... I'm getting goosebumps. Suddenly I was overwhelmed, as if I were a girl named Matchstick. I immediately shook my head and... stopped thinking about my grandmother before I sighed when I realized that my grandmother and I were the same.

We are "Tyrants".

I got that trait from my grandmother.

"Khun Nueng."

The housekeeper opened the gate when I rang the bell in my palace. She looked at me, stunned, because I was dressed in a way that annoyed my grandmother. I ripped the holes in my jeans bigger and paired them with a black tank top and a thin white shirt. I hope my grandmother cries when she sees me. From the housekeeper's reaction, I did the job with Good.

"Is Grandma there?"

"You came to visit MC wearing this?"

"Can't I?"

"Not that you shouldn't, but you know how tight she is inside the dress appropriately. Alright, Your visit alone is enough."

My grandmother was a perfectionist in everything from clothes, makeup, hair, accessories and more. She was someone who judges others by their outer appearance. It doesn't have to be expensive, but it has to be worth it. Because it tells how the person was raised. And as soon as I arrived at the

palace that I designed, my grandmother, who had been informed that I was visiting, slowly walked down the stairs. She looked at me with fire in her eyes.

"Khun Nueng."

"My dear grandmother."

I use a high pitched voice, as if I am a nephew who has just returned from Paris.

"Do you miss me?"

"Ah..."

Because my grandmother was silent, so was I. We looked at each other, as if we were talking with our eyes. It was a feeling of...missing each other, I guess. We last met at our high school's 100th anniversary celebration. I Didn't notice how old she was getting because I always visited her here at night. And the last time I was in the palace, I caused her to be hospitalized.....Ah... My grandmother is much older.

"Have you eaten yet?"

My grandmother walked over to sit on the sofa. She Was softer, like someone who was tired. She didn't say anything about the way I dressed. It didn't go according to plan.

"Not yet. But you don't have to worry about that. I can't eat with you. The smell of old people makes me lose my appetite."

Since my grandmother didn't scold me, I kept trying to make things worse for her. I hope I can make her angry. The gray-haired old woman just sighed while trying to remain patient.

" Did you come here because you wanted to fight with me?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to fight. Then, I'll go back upstairs to lie down."

"You look much older. Botox doesn't help at all."

I won't stop. However, through my harsh words, I actually asked about condition, for example,

"Are you okay, Grandma?"

"I am old. We can't fight time.

"When will you die?"

"Nueng!"

Grandma's scolding made me startle and sit up straight. I think about the time when she used this tone of voice every time I made a mistake. Ah....I did it. I'm happy now.

"How do you feel that I disappointed you in everything matter?"

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

"I suddenly felt the urge to ask how you felt because I disobeyed you, ran away from my own marriage, and never came back."

"Disappointed and devastated."

"Are you very angry?"

"Yes."

"And when you want to defeat me, so you use Song as my substitute, does that make you feel good?"

The mood turned sour when I brought up Song. Even though I'm present when my sister hanged herself, I remember how painful it was to blame myself. If I hadn't run away, Song wouldn't have died like that.....However,

as time goes by and I've had enough blaming myself, I thought... Why was I wrong? I just want to live my life. If anyone is to blame, it's definitely my grandmother, who tried to control her other granddaughters when she couldn't control me. Since then, I have hated my grandmother even more. If I had a knife, I would have stabbed her in the chest to let her know how much pain I was in. She's the only one to blame... It's all because of her.

"I'll go home. I don't even know why I'm here."

When I think about the past, my anger rises. But I still kept my face straight so my grandmother wouldn't know what I was thinking. But my grandmother called me when I was about to leave.

"Nueng."

"Eat with me before you go."

A soft voice I rarely heard caught me off guard. But because I thought accepting this invitation was out of character and made me look like a loser.

"No. I've Lost my appetite."

I raised my hand to salute her casually and walked out without turning around. I then appeared in front of A-Nueng's house.... In a short time, I have tried to reconcile with a child who is 16 years younger than me. Nobody's ever told me to do this before... This kid is really great.... Piengfah greeted me after I rang the bell, she had the expression of a curious dog.

"Didn't A-Nueng go to see you? She left early in the morning."

That makes me nervous.

"She's been going to my room since noon. It's almost 4 o'clock now. "

"Where is my daughter? Why did you two separate so early?"

"Shut up. I'll call her. Stop complaining."

I waved goodbye to my old friend and called her daughter. A-Nueng picked up the phone quickly and spoke softly.

[Ar Nueng.]

"Where are you? Why aren't you home yet?"

[Where are you going? Why haven't you returned to your room? I've been waiting until my legs are stiff.]

"Oh? I came to see you at your house. I have something to talk to you about."

[I have something I want to talk to you about too. After you.]

"No. You go first."

[.....]

And we both fell silent. It's not because either of us wants to win. We just want to hear what each other has to say.

[Okay... I'll go first. We often fight until I'm tired, Ar Nueng.]

She also feels the same as me....

"So?"

[I've thought about it. Maybe my choice wasn't a good choice. You are perfect. You are clearly more forward-thinking than I, who was still a child. Maybe... If I trust you..]

"You can get any degree you want."

[Don't be sarcastic. I tried to make peace with you.]

"I'm also trying to make peace..."

I glanced at Piang Fah, who was eavesdropping, and covered my mouth with my hand before continuing as quietly as possible,

"I came to see you at your house, but you're not here..."

[You are trying to reconcile with me again... This is good. Do you care about me that much?]

I don't want to admit it...

"This is your life. You have to choose your path. That's how it should be."

[But I can understand if you choose the path for me. I love you, Ar Nueng.]

"Me too..."

I put my hands on my hips, embarrassed. Since Piengfah was right next to me, I couldn't talk freely. But in times like these, kind, encouraging words may be more important than my ego. I can't be like my grandmother... I'm Sippakorn.

[You too, what?]

I could feel that the person on the other end of the phone was excited. It seemed like she knew exactly what I was going to say. When I felt that, I suddenly wanted to reply.

"I'm worthy."

[Is it difficult to say that you love me? Alright. We've made good progress... But are you sure you want me to choose my own path?]

"Don't ask me if I'm sure. People like Sippakorn aren't will take back her words."

[You will be a perfect husband.]

"Huh.."

[I love you, Ar Nueng.]

I tried not to smile before answering back with faint.

"Ah-huh. Me too."

[OMG!]

I had a big smile on my face as I hung up the phone. I Turned my head to meet Piengfah's eyes. My best friend looked at me with eyes I couldn't read. She then spoke in such a serious tone of voice that my mood changed so quickly that I didn't know how I felt.

"We have to talk, Khun Nueng."

"About?"

"About your relationship with A-Nueng."

Sunydai

②②

THE LOVE SCENE



Piengfah invited me into the house to chat in the garden.

I was going to tell her not to act as if we were in a series because we don't have a garden like Eden here in Thailand, and the sunshine here constantly reminds us that there is karma in this world. If it's this hot on earth, how hot will it be in hell, where are we going?...But what can I do? It's not my house. If the owner of the house asks me to sit in the garden, I have to oblige. There are mosquitoes too. Couldn't she have at least offered me mosquito repellent?

"What do you want to say to me?"

I started the conversation when I saw my friend just sipping her Earl Gray tea, which tasted exactly like tea from a local brand.

"It's about A-Nueng. I'm worried about her."

"What are you worried about? You're afraid she'll go to university where she wants to, right?"

I smiled from the corner of my mouth mockingly.

If I Were the one taking care of her, there's no way she wouldn't come in. This is Sippakorn after all.

"I'm not worried about that."

"So what?"

"I'm concerned about my daughter."

"You're back where we started."

"I'm worried because my daughter seems to love you too much."

Piang Fah Looked at me seriously.

"That scared me."

"Why are you scared?"

I squirmed uncomfortably when my friend looked at me like that. Even though I didn't do anything wrong, I suddenly felt like I had a fever.

"I was afraid you would hurt her feelings, like you did mine."

"It's not the same."

"You say it as if you would accept her love."

"Are you crazy!"

I screamed out of tune when I heard it. Even I could feel that I was panicking.

"How old am I?"

"I know. I know someone like you wouldn't even glance at a child like A-Nueng. But my daughter probably doesn't think like that. She's still so young. She loves you with all her heart. And you adore her like giving her hope. Have you drawn the line? is it clear that you can only be her aunt, that is, her mother's friend?"

Piengfah didn't try to draw boundaries for me or anything. She just wanted to make sure that I didn't give A-Nueng any hope.

"Of course."

"Good. So I wouldn't worry too much. I thought you never said anything like that to her. I was afraid she would be lost if she was heartbroken by you."

"I'm not that cruel... You taught me a lesson."

I said that, full of guilt. But I tried to sound as normal as possible. Like I said, I don't want anyone to know what I think or feel. My calm demeanor is my refuge.

"I'm relieved now. A-Nueng loves you very much, Khun Nueng."

"Ah-huh,"

"You love her too, right?"

We looked into each other's eyes. Piengfah doesn't think I love A-Nueng deeply or anything. Maybe what she meant was that I adored her as a friend's daughter.

"To love is better than to hate."

"You feel guilty for trying to make me get rid of her, right? You actually have a heart. I'm glad you admire A-Nueng."

I took a sip of Earl Gey tea and winked at my friend.

"Ah-huh... I admire her."

That was the most appropriate thing someone in my position would say.

A-Nueng and I made up again... Our relationship is like the stock market. Which aunt-nephew pair sulks at each other this often? As if we were lovers.

"I haven't read you a novel recently."

"Because I can't wait for the DJ with the sweet voice to read it to me, I have to read it myself."

I smiled at the cheerful girl who was reading on my bed. A-Nueng took the novel and opened the page I marked.

"Oh. You've gotten to the love scene yet?"

"I've read that part, but I marked that part because of that exciting."

"You're quite naughty."

"But it's good that I've read it. It would be strange if you...read it aloud to me."

I shrugged slightly as I said what I felt....However, A-Nueng seemed to have a good idea. She immediately sat down and cleared her throat.

"Very weird? Let's try."

"Huh?"

"I'll read you a love scene."

"Stop."

"A DJ should be able to do something like this. Do you think cartoon characters can make their own voices in love scenes? Voice actors should perform it."

"Have you ever watched anything like that?"

"Okay. Let me read it to you."

She didn't want to answer me. She continued reading the emotion filled love scene I had marked, completely ignoring my question.

Marisa and Nubdao have never done something like this before, so they both looked embarrassed. But if they stop, it won't happen..."

"Stop."

"The character doesn't stop."

"I mean, you can stop reading now."

**** Marisa took the initiative, letting her instincts lead. Her hand slowly slipped under Nubdao's shirt. She gently ran her fingers up her body, from her stomach to her breasts, until she could feel her heartbeat. She never imagined would be fascinated by a woman's body because had the same thing. But the sensation she felt from her fingers made her unable to stop. She wanted Nubdao to make more noise.....Aaaaah...*****

"Nueng..."

A-Nueng's voice made my jaw drop, especially the "Ah." It made an image of the character making the sound appear in my head. But even though I protested, A-Nueng showed no signs of stopping.

***** Nubdao breathed heavily. Because her heart is working very hard, the temperature of her body increased. She didn't know what this feeling was, but the fingers on her nipples made her lose control. Marisa could see the woman beneath her arching her back, as if Nubdao wanted her to do more. It Encouraged her to keep going. She used her mouth to caress every part of Nubdao's soft skin without removing Nubdao's bra and panties. As her fingers stimulated her, she also wanted to possess every part with her mouth.

"Dao. Let me taste you."

Even though Marisa made a request, she didn't wait for her response. Once she unhooked Nubdao's bra, her mouth took over what was underneath as her hands caressed the other side. She stroked until those pink nipples became hard in her mouth....*****

Snatch!

I immediately took the book from A-Nueng's hand and tried to keep a straight face. The cheerful girl, who was still engrossed in reading the book aloud, pouted to show that she was unhappy.

“ I'm not finished yet.”

"Enough. You're still a child. You shouldn't read something like this."

I squeezed the book tightly under my armpit before placing it under the table.

"I hope you are so enthusiastic while studying."

"Yeah. You saw it. Reading novels is my relaxation."

"That's enough for now. I'll buy you some Doraemon cartoon books to read. This kind of novel...."

I was about to say useless, but the kid interrupted me before I could finish my sentence.

"Exciting."

"Novels like this are not suitable for children."

"But it said it was for audiences 18 years and over and I'm already 18. Kids my age, If you tell them not to do something, they will be more enthusiastic about doing it. Argh... I'm horny after reading that."

"What!"

I shouted so loud that A-Nueng laughed loudly.

"I'm horny, geez... I'm just being honest. You're so old-fashioned. Things like this are normal. Even if you forbid me from reading them, if I want to find out, I still can. You know that grabbing and fondling is normal at an all-girlsschool."

I wanted to refute, but everything A-Nueng said just now was true, that's right. When I read about how old-fashioned the seniors in our society are and how they don't want free condom boxes in schools, I think they are narrow minded. Many times, I commented on it, as if I was forward-thinking that I came from the future. But now that I listened to A-Nueng leading that love scene, I realized that I wasn't really as open minded as I thought.

"That..."

"Let's talk frankly. The naughtier we talk, the closer we become."

The look in A-Nueng's eyes when she spoke with a smile made me see her from a different perspective. She is very polite, but very naughty. And she expresses herself very openly.

"What do you mean?"

"Have you had sex?"

"Huh?."

That's too honest!! I'm stunned, but if I show it, I'll look like a loser. A thirty year old woman could not lose to a kid.

"Before I answer, answer me first... Have you had sex?"

"Not yet."

What a relief....

"Yeah. You're not at the right age yet. I didn't say you were. You can't, but it's better to focus on your studies first. Now..."

What I said was so contradictory that I felt annoyed with myself.

"So, have you had sex?"

Here it is... The question came back to me.

"Not with men."

"You've done it with a woman." A-Nueng nodded in acknowledgement, not seeming surprised.

"I thought you had already hinted at it before, if I remember correctly. Since when? Since highschool?"

"No. At a better time."

The petite girl cheerfully stuck her face forward, looking very curious.

"How does it feel?"

"That's too deep."

"Is it like in a novel? You're all sexy. Your hearts are beating fast. You'll Get angry if you don't let go. Is it like there's a magnet pulling you to exchange..."

"That's quite a drama."

I laughed and shrugged.

"It wasn't that great. It Was just physical. It was all lust."

"Explain. I want to know."

I think children this age are very curious about these things. She asked me endless questions, and they were questions that were difficult to answer in detail. I now understand parents who have young children who ask them how they were brought into this world.

"What do you want me to describe? It's like you eat when you are hungry and you sleep when you are sleepy."

"Ah... I understand a little."

"You understand easily."

I looked at the smart kid and felt relieved that I didn't have to answer more.

"It's like when I'm anxious, I spit out water..."

"Huh? Spouting water?"

"Help yourself. I understand."

What my friend's daughter said casually made me stunned, and I can only blink blankly. I wonder what she understand.

"How can you understand it?"

"Well... my friends at school told me there was a way to help ourselves. Similar to how men help themselves. For women, we spout water, I tried it.....So I understand what you are describing about sex. Eat it when you are hungry. Sleep when you are sleepy. And if you want to let go....right?"

A-Nueng winked at me slightly, as if it was all natural.

"I use that experience when I read love scenes. I say "aaaaah" just as if I had just read the novel out loud to you. Does that sound real? Is it like when you have sex? Ar Nueng... why is your face so red?"

I lowered my head on the table because I couldn't sit straight anymore. So this is how kids are these days, huh? They are so straight forward. Thinking that, I Feel old.....I want to faint.

②③

THE FEELING THAT'S CHANGE



I think I've been seeing Sam too much lately. We hadn't seen each other for more than 6 years before this. So why do I want to see her so much these days? As if I wanted someone to talk to. I must admit, I don't have any friends...

"You've been staring at us since we started eating. Is there something you want to say?"

Sam said this when she saw me just staring at the couple with my arms crossed over my chest. Even though they couldn't hold a wedding, they were still together openly.

"Would it be nice to have a younger lover?"

The two looked at each other awkwardly. They might think it's strange for a sibling to ask this.

"Is there an age difference problem? Like... GAP which is a communication problem."

"Honestly, Khun Sam is the most difficult person I know to communicate with."

I agree...

"How could that be?"

My sister glanced at her lover, as if she didn't want to admit it.

"How difficult is it for you to communicate to me?"

"Let's just say I understand you, Mon. What I mean by communication problems is that you don't understand each other... Um. How should I explain it? You understand me, right, Mon?"

"I understand."

Doraemon giggled as she watched me anxiously try to explain it to her.

"There are a few. But Khun Sam and her friends are very nice, and they have welcomed me with open arms ever since, so there is no problem. If anything, it's mostly about Khun Sam who is sometimes confusing and clueless. So I had to work a little harder to understand it."

"What about you, Sam?"

I turned around to ask my sister's opinion about this too.

"How does it feel to have a younger lover?"

"Well..."

Little Sam looked up, like someone in deep thought.

"It's fun. Mon is full of life. She likes the color pink."

I think my sister is difficult to understand. She answered my question, right? Why do I feel like I don't get the answer?

"Why are you suddenly asking this... Ah. Is it about that 18 year old girl?"

Sam asked, as if she had just remembered. When the conversation came to this, I suddenly felt my chair feel hot. Doraemon, who was sitting next to her lover, looked excited. It seemed like she already knew this.

"I'm just asking for your opinion."

"Khun Nueng, who is usually very confident and always smiling, seems to be losing her cool."

My sister's girlfriend glanced at me and smiled with those kissable heart-shaped lips. I slightly bared my teeth at her and immediately waved my hand to change the topic.

"I'm not talking about this. Change the topic."

"Okay, let's talk about something else."

Sam said this while smiling because she didn't want to make things difficult for me.

"I heard from the housekeeper at the palace that you stopped by to visit our grandmother."

I'm not sure if I really want to change the topic right now. But nevermind. It's better than talking about A-Nueng because I don't want to answer any questions about it.

"Yes."

"What's gotten into you?"

"A lot of things. I want to see how old she is."

"Ah. In other words, you want to know how she's doing?"

My sister's girlfriend interpreted what I just said as if she knew me well. This child....I borrowed money from her once or twice, and she acted like she knew everything about me.

"She's not as sick as you told me. She's just older."

"Our grandmother is seriously ill."

I don't want to burden grandchildren who adore our grandmother because Sam tends to overreact when it comes to our grandmother.

"You should visit often if that's the case for you worried about her. Understand?"

"Don't be so cruel. You'll regret it if she's no longer around."

"Do I look like someone who would be so sad if our grandmother die? There isn't any? Let's talk about something else. Why today we only talk about unpleasant things? Ah I know, Mon..."

I turned to the beautiful woman, who was the youngest person at the table. I was curious about human anatomy.

"I'm curious about something. Because you're the youngest and most open-minded among us here,"

"Ah-huh."

Doraemon sipped her drink using a straw while waiting for my question.

"Have you ever helped yourself by spouting water?"

Byurr!!!

And water was sprayed all over the food on our table. Luckily not much, otherwise, we would have to eat food with water sprayed by Mon.

"Why are you asking this? Cough. Cough."

Mon choked until her face turned red and out of breath.

"I was completely caught off guard."

"I asked scientifically about human anatomy and the Da Vinci Code."

I just shrugged and nodded at Sam.

"The deeper our conversation, the closer we will be, especially if it's about something naughty."

I got this idea from a forward-thinking kid like A-Nueng. See how open my mind is? The two women in front of me should follow my example.

"That's right."

Sam nodded, agreeing with me.

"The naughtier we are, the closer we become."

"Khun Sam, but this isn't something we can talk about, It's very personal."

"But this is my sister. It's okay. You can talk openly with her... Yes, Khun Nueng."

Sam even answered me. I resisted the urge to smile and instead gave Doraemon a thumbs up in admiration. So it's not just men who help themselves. We women can do it too.

"We're close, Mon."

"I've never done that."

"Oh? But the little one said that..."

"I didn't mean it's Mon.

"Then who do you mean?"

"I mean me."

Sam pointed at herself.

"Me, Sam."

"You... Ah..."

I was stunned when my sister nodded and admitted it honestly.

"Yeah. The deeper our conversation, the closer we get, right?"

And we all continued eating our food in peace. When my sister did that, for some reason I wanted to put my face into a hot pot....I am so ashamed...

I can't forget what A-Nueng said. Even though I act normal when I'm with my friend's daughter, I often think about her voice when reading novels.

"Aaaaah..."

Even though it's just a sound, I think very far away. Sometimes I remember what made that sound come out of A-Nueng's mouth when I was lying in bed. What did she do, and how... And all the open positions I could think of ran through my head until I felt like someone was overly obsessed. This is also happening now.

"Ar Nueng.....Ar Nueng."

"H... huh?"

I could see those full lips smiling slyly. A-Nueng stuck her head forward when I was teaching her. It surprised me.

"What's wrong? Why are you bringing your face so close?"

"My exam is tomorrow."

"So?"

"If I could enter university, what gift would you give me?"

I stared at the lips my friend's daughter used to emit that nasal tone. I can't focus. I slowly averted my gaze.

"I have no money."

"Did I say that I want something that costs money?"

A-Nueng kept bringing her face closer to mine, so I shrunk my neck to try to keep my distance.....Am I afraid of her? I? This won't work... I can't be a loser and give up. So in the end, I moved her face away from mine.

"What do you want? Say it."

"Can I be your lover?"

"No."

"Argh... I'm not enthusiastic about studying for my exams now."

"This is our future. Stop playing around."

I took a breath, as soon as A-Nueng heard it, she opened her eyes wide and twisted my words.

"Our future? You saw our future?"

"That's how it is."

"Just give me a small gift to give me motivation to do it do well tomorrow. You are my best motivation right now."

"You keep playing around. What do you want? Just say it... but don't let us become lovers."

"Ah... Then,"

A-Nueng looked at me slyly and rested her chin on her hand.

"Can I use my mouth with you?"

"What!"

I put my hand on my chest in surprise. Using her mouth.... Her mouth!...This is more than just a kiss. It's not just grabbing and fondling girls in all-girls schools.

"I mean, kiss your lips."

"Kiss?"

I licked my lips because they felt so dry before I wiped my face.

"Just kissing, right?"

"Just means you agree?"

"No."

When I said that, A-Nueng immediately bowed her body like someone who lacks motivation in life.

"What's with you and kissing?"

I ask.

"That's how people express love. I want us to use our tongues, breathe heavily, and communicate with our lips, not with words. It's intimate."

A-Nueng's voice made my heart tremble. Did she have to explain this much... What's wrong with kids now?

"You can kiss my cheek."

"I've done that. It's not the same."

"You are greedy."

"I want all of you."

"What!?"

I was stunned again. But A-Nueng quickly changed the topic.

"Then can I hold you to sleep all night?"

"Huh?"

"Can I hug you to sleep tonight?"

The voice that asked for tenderness from the tiny girl made me weak. That got me too feel awkward.

"You can see it when you give me superpowers. So I can sleep well."

"Just hugging?"

A-Nueng squinted at me and smiled from the corner her mouth.

"Yes."

Why does that smile make me nervous...

It's time to go to sleep...This is the first time A-Nueng has spent the night with me. We have informed her family that she will study late and will take the exam from here tomorrow morning. I'm starting to feel unsure if this is a good idea. The person I was currently sharing a bed with had been the sole cause of my lack of sleep lately, as I was preoccupied with repeated visions of strange images. So I feel a bit awkward right now. After we showered, A-Nueng was reading a novel on my bed, wearing a t-shirt and shorts. She swung her white legs and...humming happily. I glanced at her relaxed behavior with mixed feelings....I think she's very sweet....And... somehow sexy....But then again... She's only 18 years old. She's not fully grown yet.

"Go to bed early tonight, so you'll feel fresh when you wake up."

I said this while sitting on the bed and looking at the cheerful girl who was smiling cheerfully.

"How confident are you about tomorrow's exam?"

"My head is full of knowledge. I won't make any mistakes. I don't want to disappoint you. If I had to live with my mother, you would be very lonely. I

can't bear to see my lover sad."

"Lover.."

The word 'lover' made me bare my teeth before I told her to roll over to the side of the bed to give me a space to lie down. A- Nueng still held the novel in her hand.

"Aren't you going to sleep

"I'm at the fun part."

"You reread it again?"

"They did."

"You read that page again?"

I was about to take the novel from her hand, but she pulled it out of my reach. Moreover, she started reading it out loud to tease me.

"Aaaaah... Marisa. It feels good there. Faster. I'll..."

"Nueng."

"How do you feel when you..."

The question caught me off guard. I snatched the novel from her and threw it as far as possible. I turned around to tell A-Nueng seriously, maybe because I was embarrassed.

"Go to sleep."

"Okay. You don't need to be serious."

I quickly reached out to turn off the bedside lamp and turned my back to her. A-Nueng used this opportunity to wrap her arms around my waist and hug me tightly.

"Your back is so wide... And you just took a shower."

And I could feel something moving on my back. I could hear her sniffing me from my spine to the nape of my neck.

"You smell so good."

"Sleep."

"This is our first time sleeping together. I'm so excited."

"Sleep."

Swoosh... ..

There was air blowing across my neck, brushing against my ears. My whole body got goosebumps. I was shocked and immediately sat down.

"Why are you surprised?."

"Why don't you sleep? Stop playing. You have to get up early tomorrow."

"You said you would hug me, but you slept with your back to me, so, of course, I couldn't sleep."

I turned my back on her, and she was endlessly naughty. If I face her, what will I have to face? Doesn't she think of me as her mother's friend?

"If I hug you, will you really sleep?"

"Yes."

"You promise?"

Because I wanted to end it, I turned to face her and put my arms under her neck before I pulled her in for a hug. The smell of A-Nueng's hair shampoo and soap made me feel calm. But the tiny girl froze, making me laugh.

"Where is that brave and naughty girl?"

"I admit I'm happy to be hugged by you."

"Just relax and get some sleep so you wake up refreshed for your exam."

A-Nueng hugged me and snuggled into my chest like a kitten.

"Your hug is so warm."

"Ah-huh."

I feel the same way. Maybe because I rarely hug anyone. I rarely hug my own sister because I value my personal space. You could say A-Nueng is really something...Hugging someone feels good....

"When I say I love you, do you believe me?"

"You say it so often that I'm starting to doubt it. But I still believe you."

I answered honestly. The petite moved back a little and looked at me.

"Do I have a chance?"

"I'm sleepy. Let's sleep."

I avoided answering it. A-Nueng didn't ask for an answer. She went to bed willingly. I'm not sure if she's actually sleeping. Does she have a chance?...Yes, really? Even I can't answer it. No one can, Many things tell me that she and I are parallel lines. How can two people with such a big age difference fall in love? And I still think I like a guy, so I have to be very careful with my feelings. A-Nueng is still too young.

She likes me now, but when she meets more people, I'll just be her mom's friend. That's the reality. I'd better sleep. There's no point thinking about it...

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. .

But then, a soft touch of those lips made me stop breathing. I thought A-Nueng was sleeping, but that kiss told me I was wrong. And I didn't dare open my eyes. I could only pretend to sleep as if nothing had happened.

Dug... Dug...Dug... Dug...

"Can't you love me?"

That question made me, who was pretending to be asleep, open my eyes and look at her. We stared at each other in the dark. And that makes me reached out my hand to grab her neck and pulled her in for a kiss. Our lips touched gently. There's nothing more to it than that. We only held the touch for a moment before we backed away from each other.

"Sweet dreams."

"Okay."

Our conversation ended with that gentle touch. The little girl didn't have any more questions and finally fell asleep. That night was like a dream....And we both pretend it never happened... .

Sunyata

②④

TRUST



A-Nueng finished her exam. Life goes on as usual. We had to patiently wait for the results for two months. This may not be stressful for others, but for those who think this will determine their future, it is a long and painful wait. Even though the cheerful girl acted as if she wasn't under any pressure, when it came time for A-Nueng to enter her student card to see the results, she bit her nails so tensely that I had to hit her hand.

"Don't bite your nails. It doesn't reflect your character well. "

"Will I enter the university I want, Ar Nueng?"

"No."

It was Piengfah's voice. She stood next to us and she was the most stressful of us all. She doesn't want her daughter to go to university, but she also wants to see her succeed. The only person who was calm and acted maturely was the grandmother.

"Why are you so cold? You will make your daughter lose her self-confidence."

"If she succeeds, it will be bad for me. I don't want her to come in."

"Wow. The results are out. I'm in!"

A-Nueng jumped and screamed in front of the computer. She showed the results to all of us.

"I'm coming in. Grandma. Ar Nueng. Mom. I'm coming in!"

"Wow! My daughter is so smart."

Piengfah jumped and shouted along with A-Nueng before she could finish her sentence. She forgot what she wanted. She then fell to the floor and started crying.

"Sob, you're in. So you won't be staying with me."

"Ar Nueng, I passed. I can be with you now."

A-Nueng hugged me without caring about her mother's suffering. I was so overwhelmed that I couldn't speak. I could only hug my friend's daughter in silence. I'm happy and relieved. I am also proud of myself for being a part of this cheerful girl's bright future. So this is what it feels like... when the person we care for gets everything we want. This is so amazing.

"Good. You did very well."

"We can be together from now on. I don't need to go anywhere."

A-Nueng cried and looked at me emotionally.

"I will grow up to be what you expect of me. I will be your good girl. Only yours."

I smiled at my friend's daughter before I stroked her face and...nodded. Something inside me has changed..

"You've always been my good girl. Always"

"You are the best ever.

Our celebration didn't stop there because Chet, who wanted to play the role of a father, wanted to celebrate her daughter's first steps towards success. She begged me to take her to eat with him. As I said, A-Nueng is the center of her parents' love and attention. But both of them had to beg me to intercede when they wanted to spend time with their daughter.

"You're great, kid. You're smart like me."

I glanced at Chet, who praised his daughter but wanted to share in her success, even though all he claimed was an intangible gene.

"No matter how smart she is, she won't succeed if she doesn't study."

"Then you are as determined as my father and I."

"My grandfather?"

For A-Nueng, the word 'grandfather' is something new and strange because she has only used the word 'grandmother' throughout her life. She suddenly had many relatives when she grew up.

"Yes. I will introduce you to him someday. He really wants to meet you."

"You told your father you had a daughter? What did he say?"

"At first he was surprised. But I showed him A-Nueng's photo when I told him, and he adored her so much. She's so cute."

"How did you get my picture, father?"

A-Nueng started to feel more comfortable calling Chet 'father'. She seemed surprised when she heard about the photo.

"I took candid photos of you. Now your grandparents, aunts and uncles are eager to eat with you and get to know you. Let's do that."

"Ah..."

Chet started to panic when he saw A-Nueng hesitating because he was afraid that A-Nueng would not accept his side of the family.

"Your grandparents are very kind.

"It's not that. It's just that they're foreign to her."

I say that with full understanding. Chet was about to argue, but when he saw me shook my head, he seemed to understand what I meant.

"Okay. We can take it one step at a time. We will be together for a long time. Let's talk about the reward. What do you want, dear A-Nueng?"

He spoke very politely, like Tik again. I'm very upset.

"It's okay. I didn't want to bother you."

"Don't be shy. I'm your father. Read my lips... I love you. You can ask for anything you want. Dad is rich"

Now he's Toh... and he's bragging about his wealth like a pro. She should marry Sam. My grandmother chose the wrong granddaughter to marry.

"Actually, I have something I want."

"Whatever it is, just name it."

A-Nueng didn't want to say anything. She just smiled and...winked at him.

"I'll tell you later. It will be a secret between us."

I glanced at A-Nueng, a little annoyed.

"You have a secret with him? What about me?"

"I'm not telling you. It's a secret, so it's better that fewer people know."

I crossed my arms in front of my chest and looked at A-Nueng who was laughing with her father, and I started to sulk. So now I'm a foreigner?

"Are you sulking at meeeee?"

The cheerful child surrounded me when we returned to my room. I remained silent because I had nothing to say.

"No."

"It doesn't mean you're sulking. Are you mad at me because I kept it a secret from you?"

I looked at A-Nueng, who pressed her face against mine, and blinked under those thick glasses.

"I just feel like maybe we're not that close. That's why we keep each other's secrets. But that's normal. I'm a stranger. I'm not someone your age."

"It's good that you are strangers. If you were my relative, we couldn't be lovers."

"What?"

The little one clung to me and stuck out her tongue at me as if she were a kitten ruffling her fur in my arms.

"Let me keep some secrets from you. If I tell you everything, you'll think I'm boring."

"Why do you have to keep it a secret from me? Is it something important?"

"Kind of. It's a big change. I promise once I finish it, you'll be the first to see it."

I still can't stop myself from 'sulking'. I'm usually not a very sensitive person. For some reason, when it comes to this child, I can't control myself. This isn't like me at all.

"Give me a clue."

"Ah... Alright. I'll give you a little hint."

A-Nueng hugged my face and looked into my eyes. I looked into those beautiful brown eyes and thought about the events of the past...The day we stared at each other in the dark.

"What?"

"Look into my eyes. That's the clue."

"I have to solve the puzzle, huh?"

"I want to be mysterious

I've been taking care of A-Nueng for less than a year, and I already know how difficult it is to understand teenagers. Imagine what A-Nueng's grandmother or my grandmother experienced. How tiring it must have been for my grandmother to raise her three grandchildren. Especially if she has someone like me? There are times when I am grateful to my grandmother. But for me to suddenly become emotional, it's impossible. I get goosebumps just thinking about it.

After A-Nueng entered the university she wanted, it was time for her to prepare herself to enter university. Piengfah makes the most of her time with her daughter. They go to the cinema, to the beach, diving in, and now shopping for university uniforms. I actually wanted to do that, but I had to give that chance to Piengfah. Finally, the whiny mother had to return because the groom, who had been waiting for his bride to return, had lost his patience.

"Please take good care of my daughter, Khun Nueng."

"Grandma and Dad are here even though I didn't do that."

We are all at the airport. Chet is also here, as A-Nueng's friend and father.

"I don't trust anyone except you. What's more, my daughter only listens to you... I trust you, Khun Nueng."

Trust... . Suddenly, it was like a chain was wrapped around my neck with a large rock tied to it. Something about it makes me feel guilty, even though I haven't done anything...I haven't done anything yet....

"She will grow up well. "

"Observe her friends. And if a man approaches her, you have to block him. I don't want her to be like me. My mother won't be able to handle it anymore."

Piengfah nervously glanced at her mother who was standing quietly. But...

"What if I have a girlfriend?"

A-Nueng suddenly asked that with a big smile on her face. Piengfah could only gape.

"I... That... I don't know."

"What do you mean by that? Are you okay with that?"

A-Nueng glanced at me briefly before circling my arm as a gesture.

"Come on, Mom. Will you let me have a girlfriend?"

"If it's Ar Nueng, I'm fine."

Piengfah answered playfully, and she covered her mouth as if she wanted to keep it a secret but continued so that we could all hear.

"Because I know Ar Nueng will never agree to be your girlfriend."

I kept a straight face when A-Nueng scrunched up her face, frustrated.

"Even if she doesn't let me do that, I will do it. You can't stop me."

Everyone laughed in admiration. I was the only one who could feel that A-Nueng was serious, and the word 'do' that A-Nueng just said had a double meaning. So I just shut up and stayed quiet.

"Go. Don't worry. A-Nueng will grow as well as possible. I promise."

Thankfully, Piengfah ran to hug me before she left. After we sent Piengfah away, A-Nueng took my hand and intertwined her fingers with mine. She sent me a signal without anyone realizing it. She also whispered so that only me could hear her.

"I will grow up to be worthy of you Ar Nueng. I promise."

I glanced at the petite girl looking at me. She wasn't smiling broadly like usual, but her eyes were full of determination.

"I am yours and you're only mine. "

Sunyal

②⑤

SULKING



Piengfah left, so now I've somehow become A-Nueng's main guardian. I am her mother, aunt and everything. I watched my friend's daughter head into adulthood, and well... A-Nueng took a big step forward today. Today is her first day as a student. I try to get up early to cook the food she always likes before I rush to wait for the cheerful child at her house. As soon as I called to tell her that I was waiting in front of the house, A-Nueng ran out to greet me in her new university uniform. She wore a pleated skirt and white sneakers. She let her hair down because she no longer needed to tie it neatly like when she was still in high school....And another big change is

"Aren't you wearing your glasses?"

"Ta-da!! Am I beautiful without glasses?"

A-Nueng spun around to show off her new look and winked at me.

"Am I a woman?"

She's all grown up... And she's prettier without glasses. But I'm not one to give compliments easily, so I just shrugged.

"You look a little better than usual."

"Oh my. Can't you encourage me with praise?"

"Why don't you wear glasses? Can you see it like this?"

"Surprise. I don't need glasses anymore. This is a gift I asked for from my father."

"Huh?"

"I had LASIK surgery!"

The cheerful woman boasted proudly before she ran to hold my arm.

"Apart from my grandmother, you were the first to see it. From now on, you will want to look me in the eye all the time."

The sweet-eyed woman looked at me with eyes full of love. That made me push the brat off of me.

"So you disappeared because you went for LASIK surgery?"

"Yeah. But you're so mean. You didn't even call me once. Don't you miss me? Aren't you lonely at all?"

I've been very anxious these past few days. But if I contact her too often, she will be too selfish. She likes to think that I'll be lonely if we don't meet.

"No."

"So I'm the only one who misses you. Argh... Our love is not equal."

As the cheerful woman complained, I sighed and ruffled her beautifully styled hair.

"You talked a lot today. This is your first day of class, right? Take it."

I handed her the food I cooked.

"I came to give you this."

"Wow. You made me a bento, like a Japanese wife makes for her husband. I'm really happy.

"You always find a way to connect something with a lover, huh?"

"Can you cook for me every day?"

"Are you crazy? Who would wake up early to cook every day?"

"How about dinner? I'll stop by your room every day to eat it."

"Every day? No way. You'll forget me once you made new friends."

"Who would forget her lover?"

"Hurry up and go to class."

"So, will you cook me dinner every day?"

The cheerful woman looked at me, asking for tenderness. When I saw that, I became soft.

"I will if I have time."

"I will wait for it every day."

Who does she think I am, a cook from a cooking show? Alright. Let's say it's a reward for getting into the university she wants. Food is not that difficult to cook. I will cook a simple dish.

"You actually cook for me."

The cheerful woman came to my room as she said. She looked at the several plates of food I cooked on the table, excited. I straightened up and winked at her

"I spent some time. Not much."

"I understand how a Japanese husband feels when he goes home to eat the food his wife cooked."

"It seems like lately you like Japanese husband characters. Why do you really want me to be your wife?"

"You can be a husband if you want. I don't mind. I can be on both sides..... Ouch... Ar Nueng, you used your fingers to hit me."

My hands were faster than my brain, so I used the fingers on my hands to hit the cheerful woman on the head. Geez. How could she say that so nonchalantly?

"How was the first day of university?"

"This is really delicious."

A-Nueng ate while daydreaming by looking at me and smiling.

"I really love you, Ar Nueng. Let's get married as soon as I graduate."

"Answer my question, idiot."

"It's good. I made a lot of friends,"

"Has anyone approached you?" I tried to look normal when I asked that. A-Nueng answered without much thought.

"I don't know, but someone asked for my LINE ID."

"Did you give it to them?"

"Guess?"

The cheerful woman gave me her usual Duchenne smile while winking at me. She tries to tease me and frustrates me. I raised my hand as if to flick her on the forehead, but she withdrew before I could.

"Yeah, but I won't read it. I just don't want to hurt their feelings because we should be classmates."

"Do people get to flirt each other from the first day of university?"

"I'm beautiful, you know. You have to be very protective of me. You'll get lonely if I enjoy my college life too much."

"You can have a boyfriend if you want. That's good, so I can have some alone time."

"You mean that?"

"Ah-huh."

"You're not gentle at all. Can't you be a little jealous?"

A-Nueng plays with her food.

"I want you to protect me. I want to feel loved."

"There are many ways to show love. I cook for you. Being protective can make you feel suffocated."

"I want you to be jealous."

"You're still so little."

"I'm not a kid!"

When A-Nueng saw me shaking my head, she shouted in denial.

"I'm a college student. I can make cute babies if I find good sperm."

"How did the topic become about making babies?"

"I don't know. But I'm not a kid."

"If you still whine like this, you're still a child."

I sighed and stretched out my hand to gently caress the petite woman's cheek, who looked distressed.

"I'm not going to be protective. I'm just- worried. You may depend on me now, but soon you'll be relying on your friends. I'll be the one who gets dumped."

"There will be lots of activities, but I will make time to spend with you. I don't want anyone to steal your love from me."

"Who would do that?"

"A lot. Everyone loves you."

"But I don't love anyone, unless I almost let him escaped."

That made A-Nueng smile broadly.

"It's me, right? OK. I feel better now. Let's eat..."

A-Nueng's mood changed suddenly. She now eats deliciously. I, who cooked for her, couldn't help but smile.

"Ah, I almost forgot. I met Folk today."

"That insecure kid?"

"Yeah. He went to the same university as me, but he was in different faculties. He's in the business administration department."

"Wow. That's great. He'll have a bright future."

"He also has a new haircut. He looks very different. I think everyone looks more mature when they are students."

"You too. You are an adult now. You no longer tie your hair and wear glasses. My girl is now a woman. Will many men are after you. "

"But I will only chase you."

"Yes. Yes. I'll see how long you can keep it up."

A-Nueng's LINE notifications kept vibrating. I glanced at it to see the names Arm and Nice. That made me frown. A-Nueng also glanced at me, but she continued eating.

"That's, who asked for your LINE ID?"

"Yes."

"Choose carefully who you associate with."

"Of course."

"I don't need to worry about you, right? I can trust you, right?"

"Of course. I've always been your good girl. You know that... Ah, I'm full."

A-Nueng respected her plate, as she always did.

"Thank you. I'll wash the dishes."

She knows how to be sweet and helpful because her grandmother raised her well. I looked at her fondly as the petite woman continued her work. She looked much different now that she was wearing her university uniform compared to her student uniform.

"Ar Nueng."

The petite woman spoke while washing the dishes without looking back my direction.

"Hmm?"

"Can I spend the night with you?"

"Why don't you go home?"

"I want to hug you to sleep."

Suddenly, the room fell silent. The events of that night resurfaced. I haven't given her an answer yet. I just looked at her back while contemplating.

"Just hugging?"

"Same as before."

A-Nueng stopped washing the dishes and turned to look at me knowingly. We both remember what happened that night. We never talked about it openly.

"No."

I said that loud and clear. The petite woman nodded and continued washing the dishes.

"Okay."

Our conversation ended there.... Yes... If we don't talk about it and pretend nothing happened, we can continue like this.

"Will you come to eat with me today?"

"Yeah. Don't tell me what you're going to cook. I want it to be a surprise."

"Okay."

"By the way... can I spend the night with you?"

"No."

"Okay."

A-Nueng still does as she says, which is to come to dinner with me every day. She would ask me the same questions every day. 'Can I sleep with you?' That's a question that doesn't mean just sleeping. And I also do the same thing every day, namely rejecting it so I don't make another mistake. It's good that A-Nueng doesn't force me or make me feel uncomfortable. I've become a great cook, and instead of sketching, I'm considering selling

takeout. But I'm not that confident about my cooking yet. That cheerful woman probably adores me so much that she thinks everything I do is great, So I need a lab rat, that is...

"Very tasty."

I visited Sam in her office and forced her to eat what I cooked. My sister looked shocked when she took the first bite and immediately finished it. That makes me quite proud.

"You're not lying, are you?"

"Very delicious. You are beautiful, polite, and can cook well. Are you too perfect?"

"It's probably a talent. I'm good at everything I do."

I looked at my hands and blinked.

"I'm thinking about selling takeout. What do you think?"

"Why don't you think big? Open a big restaurant. I'll Invest. I'm rich."

"That's too big. Let me test it first. If it goes well, I'll take a loan from M.L."

"Okay, sister of rich M.L."

"Good. I'll go now."

I looked at my watch.

"I have to cook dinner."

"What's the rush? You live alone. Or are you having dinner with someone?"

"I'll eat with A-Nueng."

I answered honestly. That made Sam smile slyly at me.

"I often hear that name. I want to meet her."

"She's just a kid. I'll introduce you when you two meet. I have to go before there's no good ingredients left on the market."

Every evening, I stop by the fresh market to buy ingredients to cook dinner for the little lady. I don't have much money, so I just cook some dishes that don't require expensive ingredients for us to eat together. Sometimes A-Nueng can't come because there are sports activities at the university. He seemed to have more social events he needed to attend. She has lots of friends now....What is wrong with me?

Sometimes I suddenly feel lonely when I think about A-Nueng's new social circle. She doesn't stick to me like she used to. But, like I said, I understand. She's a teenager. She should have friends her own age she can talk to about things I don't understand. After I left the fresh market, I prepared a simple meal. I waited for the cheerful woman to come so we could eat together. The short hour hand is now at seven. The sky was starting to get dark, and I started to worry.

"Nueng, where are you? Why aren't you home yet?"

I waited about five minutes for a reply. The petite woman replied with a...'I'm sorry' with a stickers and words that made the muscles on my face tense.

[A-Nueng: I'm sorry, Ar Nueng. I completely forgot.]

[A-Nueng: I'll hurry.]

As soon as I read it, I tightened my lips. I'm angry because I haven't done it in a long time. But I just typed it back.

"No. 1: It's OK. It's late. Just be with your friends. "

I turned the phone face down and didn't read the message again. I threw all the food on the table. I could hear the sound of several incoming messages.. I know how much she was worried. I picked up the phone and rejected the

call before I called someone. The voice on the other end of the phone sounded clearly surprised to see me called her.

[Khun Nueng. You want to call me in that mood How?]

"I am hungry."

I sound like an angry person because I'm so hungry. That matters, making the beautiful doctor on the other end laugh.

[I can't treat you to another meal, I almost went bankrupt last time.]

"It could be something that's not too expensive."

[What is the problem? You don't sound very happy.]

"I don't know. I suddenly miss you... Please treat me to something to eat, beautiful Doctor Wan Viva."

Sunyal

②⑥

THE CALL



Kinda didn't expect it. I was able to meet Doctor Wan ViVa's girlfriend, a budding singer. In addition to sitting down to dinner with her, an old friend with whom I have a close relationship. As I rolled and bit into the spaghetti, her girlfriend watched me with a sour expression. I giggled and winked at 'Sieng-Pleng' who clearly declared herself to be my enemy.

"Smile a little, my beautiful singer. I'm not here as your enemy. I'm just hungry, so I asked the Doctor to treat me to something to eat."

I didn't do anything the last time we met. I just followed the script that Doctor Wan ViVa asked me to do.....Ah... Let me give you a little background. Last time, my old friend called to invite me to dinner. I guess she wanted to get back at her girlfriend for something. I got a free meal with champagne, so I went along with it. That beautiful Doctor couldn't handle liquor well and was very drunk, so Sieng-Pleng looked at me in a bad light like now.

"I'm sorry for looking at you rudely. I was just curious why you invited Wan to eat when there are many people in this world."

"When the Doctor was having a hard time, I went to her."

"So what happened to you?"

Wan ViVa was afraid that I would tell too many details about that day, so she immediately interrupted. I shrugged slightly and answered vaguely.

"I'm bored."

"What could make Khun Nueng, who doesn't care about anything in this world, get bored?"

"How can someone be happy all the time? When I'm bored, I think I'll feel better if I can see Doctor Wan's sweet face, ViVa."

I smiled at Sieng-Pleng, trying to find a friend.

"Don't think too much. There isn't anything. I just miss an old friend."

"It's good if you just think of Wan as a friend."

"So, what's wrong with you, Khun Nueng? We've been here for a long time, and I still don't know anything."

Wan ViVa asked with concern. So I let her in for a moment as a thank you for dinner.

"I'm a little stressed. Have you ever been confused about something... Like, maybe you love someone but can't show it?"

I then quickly made an excuse,

"It's not about me. It's about my friend,"

"Are you stressed because of other people's business?"

Sieng-Pleng Interruption. Wan ViVa quickly hit her arm and turned to smile at me.

"Yeah, when I was young, I liked someone, but I couldn't tell her... She was my boss's daughter."

In the end, she turned to her girlfriend and looked down shyly. She didn't say much more, but there was no need to guess, that person must be this singer.

"How did it end?"

"After accepting the reality, I confessed to her. That's all."

"And would anyone else, your boss's daughter, accept your love that easily?"

"When we grow up, she will no longer be my boss's daughter."

Wan ViVa laughed when Sieng-Pleng added.

"She is now her slave."

"Is this beautiful doctor difficult to control?"

This time I switched to talking to the doctor's girlfriend whose face was very sweet. Sieng-Pleng seemed more relaxed so she casually talked about her personal life.

"Of course. She suddenly gave me an ultimatum. It's like I'm being played. I won't love you anymore if you don't love me back... What choice do I have?"

"You have no choice. You are mine."

I looked at the affectionate couple and smiled while shaking my head.

"My problem is not this simple."

"Don't make it difficult. Life is short."

Doctor Wan ViVa smiled at me.

"We are old. We will die soon."

"You're right. But I'm already old while other people's lives have just begun."

"Huh?"

"It is nothing."

Meeting the couple made me feel better. At least, I have someone to eat with instead of being stuck in a room alone because I was forgotten. Doctors Wan ViVa and Sieng-Pleng took me home. When I was about to get out of the car, I saw A-Nueng waiting for me in front of my building. My heart was pounding, but I was also worried about her safety because it was so late. She should be home by now.

"Doctor Wan, can you take me to the front door? Pleng, please stay in the car. Just pretend you're not here."

"Huh?"

Sieng-Pleng and Wan ViVa shouted at the same time. I looked at the beautiful doctor and gave her a hint.

"It's time for you to return the favor."

I got out of the car after saying that. Wan ViVa followed me and stood by my side because I didn't want to walk to my building.

"What's wrong, Khun Nueng?"

"Please smile at me."

"Huh?"

"Don't look. Just tilt your head and smile at me sweetly."

The tiny doctor did what I asked willingly. She started to understand what I was doing, so she laughed.

"Who are you trying to get back at?"

"Good. Laugh like that. Please hold my arm. It would be nice if you could rub it."

"But..."

Wan Viva looked into the car as if she was uncomfortable with it, but she did it willingly.

"You made mengot into trouble."

"You can handle it."

"This isn't like you at all. What's the point of all this?"

"I think that makes me feel better."

I smiled back at her.

"Thank you for this. I won't forget it."

"I'm going home now."

"Drive safely."

I waved goodbye to Wan ViVa and watched until I could no longer see the tail lights before I walked towards my building. I looked at A-Nueng who was waiting for me with an annoyed face.

"With whom are you?"

"A friend."

"You don't have any friends."

"That's too much. I have friends. It's just that I rarely hang out with them. You have friends too, so you should understand."

"What kind of friends stroke each other's arms and smile like that?"

"A good friend. I smile a little when I think about the relationship between Wan ViVa and I. It was a beautiful friendship."

"What's that smile? Who is she?"

A-Nueng looked more frustrated than before. I was happy but kept a straight face.

"She's a doctor with a sweet face."

"A doctor? The one you're dating?"

"You have a good memory? But why are you here? It's so late."

"I told you I would hurry. I called you, but you didn't answer the phone."

"Ah. I saw it."

"Why didn't you call me back?"

"I forget."

I look like I don't care. A-Nueng's eyes filled with tears. Her lips trembled. I grew weak at the sight of her, so I put my hand on her back and encouraged her to walk forward.

"Let's talk in my room. There are lots of mosquitoes here."

The petite woman let go of my hand while sulking. She breathed heavily and refused to do what I said.

"You're getting back at me. You're doing that for revenge?"

"How old do you think I am? I wouldn't do something like that. You have activities with your friends at university, so I went to dinner with my friend. That's all."

"I said I forgot because I was doing group work until I lost track of time. I excused myself and rushed over as soon as I realized it. I wasn't hanging out

with anyone. Why don't you understand that?"

"I said I understand."

"If yes, then why are you doing this?"

"Don't raise your voice at me."

"I don't love you anymore!"

A-Nueng hurried away as soon as she finished saying that. I just didn't move and bit my lip until it bled. Angry that she raised her voice at me. But I'm also worried about that little woman. I don't want her to come home this late alone. So in the end, I grabbed her and grabbed her arm.

"Don't turn your back on me. I don't like it."

"And I don't like you dating other women. You know how I feel. Why would you do that? Can't you just have me? Can't you just love me?"

"What nonsense are you saying?"

"You can act without talking about what happened the night before my exam. I don't mind. But that doesn't mean it didn't happen. We kissed. Do you remember that? We kissed."

"Stop right now."

"I said it. That's what happened!!!"

I covered my face with my hands with great pressure. A- Nueng has said what I have been avoiding. I have to accept that it happened. I shouldn't have done what I did that night.

She's my friend's daughter... She's only 18 years old. I shouldn't let my emotions get the better of me.

"We're not going to talk about this..."

"But it's true."

"Nueng!!!"

I raised my voice, but the phone rang. It was the sound that saved me. I thank the person who call me at a time like this.

"Hello."

[Khun Nueng.]

Sam's sobbing voice made me immediately give my full attention to my sister on the other end of the phone. Someone once said that when we are really stressed about something and want to get out of it, we need to find something more stressful to deal with, so that we completely forget about the stress that was there before. And that's what Sam calls her.

"What happened, little one? Why do you sound like that?"

Something tells me this isn't good news, and it is something really big. Because it wasn't the right time for Sam to talk to me as a sister.

[Khun Nueng... Our grandmother passed away.]

②⑦

HELP



Many people attended the funeral on the first day to pay their respects to my grandmother. Sam arranged everything, from contacting the temple to moving our grandmother here. Even though the place was crowded, I felt lonely because I barely knew anyone. Our grandmother was the only family Sam and I had because our parents died when we were very young. I only have Sam left now.....Only thing left....As our grandmother's closest and oldest relative, it was my responsibility to express our thanks to our guests. Although Sam didn't break down because she had good control over herself, she wasn't her usual cheerful self. We were both in our thirties, so we had to act accordingly. Moreover, our grandmother did not want her granddaughter to show her weakness to anyone....I can do it well. Or, rather, I seemed very detached. I didn't show any sadness. That's my personality. Crying doesn't make me a better or worse person. My indifference is my perfect shield.

"Sorry, Khun Nueng."

A-Nueng and her grandmother are at the funeral today. Her grandmother expressed her customary condolences to me. I raised my hand to salute her and invited them in. A-Nueng looked at me, showing more sadness than me, who was the actual granddaughter.

"What is it?"

I asked when A-Nueng looked at me with puffy and red eyes. She looked so pathetic that I sighed.

"It doesn't matter.

"Good."

After that, I went back to taking care of the other guests. We continued praying, and by 9 p.m., all the guests had left. Sam asked me to stay with her after that. She then hugged me and cried. My sister, who loved our grandmother very much, probably couldn't hold it in any longer.

"Khun Nueng, sob."

"You're all grown up now, kid."

I hugged my sister and sighed. Sam was like a three year old child at this point. Mon and her friends stood nearby, all crying.

"Grandma is not with us anymore. I... I shouldn't have moved."

"If you don't move, how will you live with Mon? Look on the bright side, now that our grandmother is no longer there, you and Mon can move into the palace. Yay."

I pretended to be excited. Everyone looked at me in shock.

"What?"

"Aren't you at all sad that our grandmother died?"

Sam's voice became firm. Sh stepped back from my embrace.

"You don't seem sad at all."

"Should I cry? I can do that if you want."

"Khun Nueng..."

"Sam, we are adults now. Our grandmother had to leave us someday. We cannot fight time. We cannot escape death. Your crying will not bring her back. Think about what you will do tomorrow... Have you contacted our lawyer?"

"Why should I contact a lawyer?"

"To ask about the will that our grandmother prepared... Song is no longer with us. We can divide everything into two. It's simple... Is there any tax?"

Sam cried harder after hearing that. She now covered her ears with her hands. Doraemon looked at me and sighed, like someone trying to be patient.

"It's okay if you're not sad. But there's no need to hurt Sam's feelings like this."

"How could talking about the will hurt Sam... Okay, I won't talk about it. Let's split up and go."

"Aren't you going back to the palace?"

Mon asked. That made me put my hand on my chest.

"Are you crazy? Why would I do that? I'm afraid of ghosts."

Everyone looked at me, stunned, and looked at me with disappointment. But I don't care.

"I heard that when someone just dies, they don't know they're dead. Grandma must be in the palace tonight. We didn't get along very well when she was alive. We didn't get along very well when she was alive. She would definitely break my neck for running away from the wedding now that she's dead. No... You and Sam can go back there. Oh..."

I snapped my fingers as if I had just thought of something.

"See you on cremation day. I don't like funerals. I heard they will bring you bad luck. Goodbye."

I could hear the sound of my sister's sobs, but I didn't bother to look back. I just took a taxi in front of the temple and went home to where I live.

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. .

Finally I'm alone.... I sat on my bed exhausted when I returned to my room. I don't know if I can sleep because I know my grandmother died. And I'm not sleepy at all. I don't think I've slept in over 48 hours. Nobody knows... that I can't close my eyesThe last words I said to my grandmother were my refusal when she asked me to eat with her, even though she said it as if it was her last request. I can't forget the way she looked at me. I think it will stay there....forever.

My grandmother was really gone... That strict old woman, who looked so strong and always looked perfect, died suddenly of heart disease. Everything happened so suddenly. She just fell. And her last words to the housekeeper were my name...My grandmother called my name and died...I'm crying again... I cried non-stop last night. I cried until I felt like my body was running out of fluids and I couldn't cry anymore. I can't believe I can still cry. And I can't seem to stop crying.....Please... Help me. I hit my own chest until it hurt. If I hurt myself physically, it might lessen the pain inside me. If we are stressed because of something, we need to find something to divert our attention. If that's not something to be truly happy about, that is definitely something heavier. Go out. I have to get this sadness out of me!

"Ar Nueng."

There was a knock on the door. I, who was still crying non-stop, looked towards the door. I'm sure it's A-Nueng's voice. Why is she here now? I didn't hear it wrong, right?

"Ar Nueng. Please open the door for me."

"I am sleepy."

I shouted back, trying to hold back my sobs, because I didn't want anyone to hear it. But A-Nueng was too stubborn to be willing to leave. She

knocked louder and louder until I had to take a deep breath and swallow the lump in my throat. I opened the door, trying to look normal but annoyed.

"I'm so tired. Do I have to deal with you after my grandmother's funeral too?"

"It doesn't matter."

"What's okay?"

"I'm here."

And the petite woman hugged me tightly before I could even close the door. With that hug, the strong defense I put up collapsed like dominoes. My legs and arms lost all strength. I leaned back because I didn't have the strength to resist the force of A-Nueng leaning towards me.

"Ar Nueng."

I fell to the ground like a dry leaf from a tree. My tears fell down my cheeks. I can't hold it in any longer. A-Nueng saw that I had lost all my will to live, so she cried bitterly and tried to wipe my tears.

"I know you're in a lot of pain. I know."

"Don't act like you know me."

"We wear the same mask. I can see right through you. The more you pretend to be fine at the funeral, the more I know you're in the same pain as everyone else. You can't lose."

I hugged the tiny woman back and sobbed until my whole body shook. So this is how you feel when you are dying. No.... Dying would be better. All the guilt is tearing me apart. All the words I said to my grandmother when she was still alive broke my heart.

("When will you die?")

("No. I can't stand the smell of old people. I can't be with you.")

("You will die alone. No one will care about you. That's how it should be."
)

"How could I do that to my grandmother? And after everything I did, how could she think of me when she was about to leave? Why would I do that? Sob."

I clenched my fists tightly and hit A-Nueng, who just sat there and let me hug her.

"If I could turn back time, I would eat with her and have a good talk with her. We might have made up by then."

"Ar Nueng."

"Or... If I marry Chet, my grandmother will die in peace."

"Don't blame yourself like that, Ar Nueng. Don't do that."

"Help me."

I felt like I couldn't continue. If someone gave me a knife now, it would be a kind gesture.

"Help me, Nueng"

A-Nueng hugged me and rocked me from side to side, as if she was putting a newborn baby to sleep. The cheerful woman is my best friend, and she will guide me through my difficult times. Nothing is paying attention to my feelings. Only she knows how sick I am. The petite woman kissed me in the temple to comfort me. Her tiny hand rubbed my head gently, knowing that what I needed right now was encouragement. And because I received her warmth, I stepped back and looked at the petite woman who was sobbing as hard as me.

"Nueng."

"Ar Nueng..."

A-Nueng wiped my tears from my face with a smile on her lips.

"Is there anything I can do for you at a time like this?"

"Whatever."

We stared at each other for a long time. And the petite woman leaned over, as if she was going to kiss me. But before she did, she seemed to realize that it was inappropriate....

"This isn't right... I shouldn't be doing this at such a time like this..."

I grabbed her collar to stop her from backing away from me.

"It doesn't matter."

"Ar Nueng..."

"Help me."

I have never asked for help from anyone in my life. I didn't really understand what I meant by what I just said. That's my permission. That's my request. I want her to do something to get me through this. When A-Nueng heard that, she leaned over me and pressed me to the floor, gasping for air.

"Just say the word, and I'll do anything."

"Whatever?"

The person above me slowly unbuttoned my black shirt.

"Yeah. whatever."

A-Nueng started to do as she said. I just lay still and put my hand on my forehead to cover my eyes. I didn't want to admit anything except the touch that A-Nueng gave me. This is confusing.

"Aaaah..."

My body responded to A-Nueng's stimulation. She swept her wet lips from my ear to my navel. There was a sharp pain in a few spots... but nothing unpleasant. And I started to get aroused because I couldn't deny my own physical desires.

"Is there anything else you want me to do?"

I lifted my arm from my forehead and looked at A-Nueng, who was looking at me through the waistband of my trousers. The petite woman's face turned red with embarrassment. But I know she's curious too.

"If I asked you to do it... would you?"

"Whatever."

A-Nueng looked at me like she was going to cry.

"You is my dream."

I smiled from the corner of my mouth and patted the petite woman's head before I pushed her down, as if I was someone in a position to order her around.

"Just go down there, and you will know what to do after that."

②⑧

SUPERIOR AND SUBORDINATE



I was shocked when I woke up because of the alarm on A-Nueng's cell phone. The petite woman was taking a shower and wearing her university uniform. She hurriedly closed the alarm and smiled apologetically.

"I'm sorry, Ar Nueng."

"It's okay. Are you going to university?"

I lay face down, naked, under the blanket. I rolled to the side and...looked at it as I asked a very obvious question.

"Yeah. I want to stay with you, but I have a quiz today. I'll be right back."

A-Nueng affectionately brushed the hair off my cheek as she leaned against the edge of the bed. I'll be thinking about you all day."

"Let's go quickly. I'm fine."

"But I will be fine.

A-Nueng asked with gentleness. This is the first time I smiled in this difficult time.

"Hurry up. I'll be up in a minute."

"Are you going to the funeral today?"

I fell silent because I wasn't sure what to do.

"Are my eyes swollen?"

"A little."

"Then I won't go. I don't want people to pity me."

I glanced at my friend's daughter and laughed weakly.

"I don't want them to see me the way you see me now."

"I don't look at you with pity."

"Then what do you do?"

"I look at you with love."

I tightened my lips and covered my face with a pillow before I shooed her away.

"Go to class now."

"Okay. I love you, Ar Nueng."

A-Nueng is very consistent. She says she loves me every day, as if it were her daily routine. Such as eating, brushing your teeth, or bathing. Five minutes after the tiny woman left, I woke up. shower, and change clothes. I went back to rolling over in bed. And when I'm alone, my sadness comes back.

Why does this hurt so much?

The phone beside my bed rang. I reached over to pick up my phone and saw Sam calling me. My sister said that she was waiting downstairs, still

sounding sad.

"I'll go down."

I'll meet her after that. Sam's imported yellow car was parked in front of the building. As soon as I sat in the front passenger seat of the air-conditioned vehicle, my beautiful little sister, whose eyes were puffy, started telling me how hard it was for her to get through that night. After that, she turned to me and spoke with a trembling voice.

"I apologize."

"What for?"

"Yesterday I was being unreasonable. I forgot that if you were too happy, it means you feel very sad. No one may understand you, but I am your only family left now. I should understand you more than anyone."

I didn't say anything. I just put my hand on her head, lovingly and understandingly.

"I was so annoying yesterday."

"We're the only two left, Khun Nueng."

"Ah-huh."

"I love you."

Sam reached out her hand to grab my thigh.

"Let's not fight."

"I never even thought about fighting with someone as confused as you, little one. Because I don't know if you'll understand what I'm saying when I scold you."

We smiled weakly at each other. The sadness of our grandmother's death outweighed the pleasure of our teasing.

"Will you go to the funeral today?"

"Of course. I can't let you carry this burden alone. I went a little overboard yesterday... I was in too much pain."

I admitted it honestly and shrugged.

"But I can't bear to show my tears to other people. Even our grandmother never saw my weakness."

"I understand. Knowing that you don't hate our grandmother that much makes me happy enough."

Sam sighed and seemed to remember something.

"Ah. I saw A-Nueng coming out of the building a moment ago."

I introduced A-Nueng to Sam at the funeral yesterday. The little woman was too sad to ask many questions. But she recognized A-Nueng.

"Ah. She spent the night with me. She knows that I'm unstable."

"I felt worse hearing that. It should have been me who did it the most to understand you, but it turns out..."

Sam stopped mid-sentence and stared at my neck.

"What is it?"

"There's a mark on your neck."

We both fell silent. Sam looked away from my neck and stared at me for a long moment. I knew what my sister was thinking, so I said something calmly. I didn't think about hiding anything from her, but I also gave her an order.

"Please pretend you didn't see anything."

"Okay."

"See you tonight."

I got out of the car and walked back into the building. Sam didn't say anything and went straight home. We know that we should not interfere in each other's personal affairs. Apart from Sam's visit, Piengfah also called me from abroad to express condolences for the death of my grandmother. She is the friend who knows most about my past. Even though she had never met my grandmother in person, she had heard a lot about her from me.

[Sorry I couldn't be there with you, Khun Nueng.]

"You won't be able to do anything anyway. You can't make her come back to life."

[Can't you accept my condolences well? You....There's no need to always be sarcastic, you know.]

"I'm just saying that you don't need to feel sorry for not being here. Your daughter is here after all."

I smiled when I thought about A-Nueng. How she helped me through my worst times. Even though I'm still sad and not completely over it, it's much better than being alone.....Much better...

[I'm glad to hear that A-Nueng can cheer you up. Thank you for loving and adoring my daughter. Honestly, I feel like it's better for her to be with you than with her grandmother.]

"Why do you say that?"

[You are a good role model.]

Role model.....I suddenly felt guilty towards Piengfah when I heard her praise. My friend didn't know that I was using her daughter to help me through my grief, using the word "guardian" as an excuse.

[I will never forget how kind you were to my daughter. I know she will grow up to be a good person; half of you is more than enough.]

"Don't give me that much praise. I'm not that good of a person."

[If you are not a good person, what else? Oh my... Oh, I'm calling to express my condolences, not to ask you to look after my daughter. Please accept my condolences. Know that you always have me and A-Nueng, who you can rely on.]

"Fah..."

I called my friend with a trembling voice. She left her daughter in my care. She trusted me, But what did I do...

[Yes? What's wrong, Khun Nueng?]

I have to stop... even though I've already started.

"I will look after A-Nueng as best as I can. Don't worry."

[I trust you. I'm not worried at all. I'll call you again later.]

Piengfah hung up, and I was left standing here, holding my phone tightly. I closed my eyes to gather the pieces of my heart that seemed to have been broken yesterday. I broke something else with it.....Trust...Because of my sensitivity, I betrayed the trust my friend had placed in me. Last night, I was drowning, and A-Nueng was the only log that drifted towards me. I sunk the log to save myself as a result. But there's still time. I should be able to get that trust back if no one knows what happened. I'm going to pretend it never happened. Yes... I've been doing it all this time. This time, everything will be the same. If we don't talk about it, no one will know. The stress of losing someone was replaced by new stress, namely the friend's trust that I destroyed. She left her daughter in my care. She never knew that she left a chick under the care of a monk.

Today, like yesterday, there were many people attending the funeral. Sam and I thanked those who came to pay our last respects to our grandmother together. When we had the chance, I said something to her.

"I'm going back to the palace."

"Is it true?"

My little sister looked at me, happy.

"You're finally going home."

"There's nothing there anymore. The person I was trying to avoid...is no longer there."

I glanced at our grandmother's casket, feeling sad. But I quickly calmed myself down because I didn't want other people to know how I felt.

"And you're not coming back. If I don't stay there, the termites will tear it down."

"That's good. I was worried about leaving the servants and security guards there."

"Do you want to sell it?"

"Khun Nueng."

"I'm kidding. Our grandmother loved that place. We should keep something as a memento for her."

I shrugged and sighed.

"That's something a good granddaughter should do."

"That's right. And your good and beautiful nephew is walking here now."

Sam nodded towards A-Nueng, who was walking with Folk. I glanced at my sister who was teasing me. I guess she couldn't help it, even though I asked her to pretend she didn't see anything this morning.

"Hello, Ar Nueng. Hello, Khun Sam."

I introduced A-Nueng to my sister yesterday, so she raised her hand to salute Sam politely. What was surprising was the way she addressed us was

so different....Ar Nueng and Khun Sam...

"Please sit down. Bring your friends with you."

"Let me accompany you."

The cheerful girl looked at me with puppy eyes. Sam, for some reason, looked the other way because she didn't want me to feel uncomfortable.

"It's okay. You should sit inside with your friends."

I tried to appear nonchalant when I said that in an attempt to project an air of normalcy. A-Nueng was confused but didn't ask anything. She just nodded and walked in. Sam opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but when I looked at her, she just felt silent.

"Okay."

That means I'm not ready to talk...

"Ar Nueng."

I didn't want to listen to prayers, so I walked around alone while everyone was listening to prayers now. A-Nueng was probably looking for a good time to talk to me, so she hurried over.

"Why?"

"What's wrong with you?"

Her shy voice, when the petite woman saw that I didn't want to talk to her like I did this morning, made me look at her with mixed feelings. Damn... I was too sensitive last night. Once we cross the line, it's hard to go back, It was so hard, especially with those eyes staring into mine.

"That's okay."

"It's something... I know. Is there something...bother you?"

The sticky woman stretched out her hand to grab my arm. And twisted my arm gently to release her grip and walked away.

"That's okay."

"That's something."

A-Nueng was convinced once she saw my reaction. I'm not one to beat around the bush because it's annoying. And I'm also very direct. So I went straight to the point.

"Okay. That's something."

"What's that?"

"Can you pretend nothing happened? Let's do a reset, and start from zero."

Everyone fell silent. Along with the sound of prayer, there was a sound that made my heart ache.....A-Nueng started to sob. As if she already knew what was bothering me was about last night. As the cheerful woman began to sob, she covered her mouth with her hand so that her voice wasn't too loud.

"Why... We were fine this morning."

"What did you think about last night?"

I asked, as my thoughts raced through my head. Should I be gentle or broken to end this? In fact, if we don't talk about it, we can pretend it didn't happen. Like that kiss... There's no point if we don't talk about it.

"Love."

"Is it really love?"

"That's it for me!"

"But for Ar Nueng..."

I looked at the petite woman in front of me and said those words like I was a cruel person my whole life.

"You're just something to take my mind off my nightmares. You said you'd do anything. That's what you did last night."

The petite woman backed away, exhausted. She nodded slowly and walked away without saying anything else. Why didn't she say something... Why did she leave in silence?

"Nueng..."

The tiny figure slowly disappeared without hearing what I wanted to say.

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. .
. .
. .

..... "I apologize."

Sunyata

②⑨

COUNT 1-5



I haven't seen A-Nueng since my grandmother's funeral. It's been almost two weeks. We haven't contacted each other yet. That cheerful woman probably didn't want anything to do with me anymore. Even though my heart hurts, I can understand it. This is probably for the best.

We are not suitable for each other. We shouldn't start anything between us. Luckily I moved into my palace, so it was easier for me because I was busy moving. It keeps me from going crazy....Ah... I haven't been back here for 7 years. Many things happened while I'm gone. It is a place full of memories.

"Is that all?"

Sam, who helped me move in, asked cheerfully because she was afraid I'd change my mind and leave this place empty.

"That's all. Are you sure you won't come back here with me?"

"Too far from my office. But I'll definitely visit often. When I'm here, I remember... our... grandmother."

And my little sister was almost crying again, so I hugged her to comfort her while laughing.

"Don't cry too often for other people to witness you. That's a sign of weakness."

"Our grandmother is my weak point. I really can't pretend to put on a brave face."

"It will pass."

"This is good. At least I still have you, who I can whine with."

"What about your girlfriend?"

"I want to look cool when I'm with Mon. Say, 'I'll come to you if I want to cry.'"

I laughed at my little sister. We proceeded to put everything into the palace. I am now the most powerful person in this palace. Ah... I'll call it mumah. My call is useless, except to look cool on my personal ID. I am now the caretaker of this house, replacing my grandmother. This is good. I no longer have to pay rent. Regarding her will, Sam told me that we would open it next week. I don't really care about that, because whatever I got, it's not mine. I intend to use it for the maintenance of this palace. As for myself, I have to continue searching for my dreams and talents. When things started to return to normal and I finished my activities, I...not doing anything and starting to feel anxious, I couldn't sleep...This wasn't the first night I couldn't sleep. During the day, I can pretend to forget everything. But when night fell, I only thought about A-Nueng and our night together. The image of a petite woman's smothering touches that made it difficult for me to breathe flashed through my mind, Crazy... It's not like I've never done something like that before. What is wrong with me?....That night, I went to bed at 6 am.

"Have you contacted A-Nueng lately?"

Chet visited me at the palace today. He spoke about his daughter passionately. Usually he only saw A-Nueng with me as a middle person because he didn't want to meet his grandmother if he could avoid it. They meet at a funeral, and A-Nueng's grandmother is not happy to learn that he was the one who impregnated her daughter.

"No."

"Usually you two are together all the time. Do you fight?"

"She's already a student. She probably prefers being with her friends."

"But A-Nueng is not a person who prefers others over you. Can you arrange for me to meet my daughter? I want to meet her."

"You are the father, arrange your own meetings with her. That is your right."

"I'm not close to her yet. Ah... even though A-Nueng speaks to me politely, I know there's still a wall between us. I don't dare..."

"If you don't dare contact her, don't meet her. That's all."

Apart from Chet pestering me about the cheerful woman today, there was someone else who called to bother me in the evening. It was someone I never expected to call me.

[Khun Nueng, this is mother.]

It was Piengfah's mother's voice on the phone. She didn't seem comfortable calling me. Ever since she found out who I really was, I felt superior to her every time we talked.

"How are you, A-Nueng's grandma?"

[Is A-Nueng with you, Khun Nueng?]

"No."

[Have you met A-Nueng lately... I know you're probably busy with the funeral and everything. But I have to ask.]

"She's not with me. We haven't seen each other for a long time."

[Really... Hmm, she's been coming home quite late lately. Sometimes she doesn't come home at all. I thought she was with you. That's fine then. I'll call her.]

I was a little worried, but I didn't ask anything. Two people have been talking about A-Nueng today. If there was a third, I would think she was trying to get my attention.

Earning money by being at home and doing nothing is very boring. I almost forgot why I ran away from home to live my own life. It's because I lack motivation to live because I have everything. Now it's the same. My grandmother's assets, a house that I don't have to pay rent for, and three meals a day are boring me... Until there was a call from an unknown number at 23.30.

[Is this Khun Nueng?]

"Who is this? Please introduce yourself. I'm not familiar with your voice."

[This is Folk.]

I pulled the phone from my ear to look at it to make sure it was my phone, Folk... the boy who followed A-Nueng like a lost dog?

"How did you get my number?"

[From the place you usually rent. I went looking for you, but you weren't there, so I asked for your phone number.]

And yes... This is the third person today.

"Why did you call me? Isn't it a little late to..."

I sat up and tried to connect the dots in my head.

"Did something happen to A-Nueng?"

[Yes.]

"What happened to A-Nueng?"

After I found out what happened to A-Nueng, I rushed out of the house in my grandmother's beautiful European car (which is mine now) to go see A-Nueng. People called to tell me that A-Nueng has been very close to her friends lately. She hangs out with them all the time and doesn't go home. In addition, many people approached her, and the naughty girl gave them a chance without bothering to filter it. That includes Folk, which he says he doesn't like.

Why am I frustrated with this? And why did I drive so fast to see her?.....And I ended up in a pub behind a famous private university.

This wasn't A-Nueng university, but the cheerful woman was here. Folk is waiting for me. He raised his hand to salute me before he led me inside the pub called 'Pub.'.....Very stupid...When I saw A-Nueng dancing wildly in her university uniform, I...immediately wanted to burn down this stupid "Pub".

"Nueng.....Nueng!!!"

I grabbed the petite woman's arm. She probably didn't hear me at first. She turned to look at me, her eyes were sweet because of the alcohol in her system. The cheerful woman just looked at me and smiled.

"I must be pretty drunk to see you here."

"Why don't you go home? You're so naughty."

"This is true Ar Nueng. Long time, no see."

A-Nueng gave me her Duchenne smile as her eyes wandered.

"Teenagers are like this, Ar Nueng. If we don't have fun now, when should we do it?"

While we were talking, a man who was dancing nearby suddenly hugged the cheerful woman from behind and put his chin on her shoulder, A-Nueng's eyes opened wide in surprise. She hurriedly withdrew her hand from her.

"What are you doing? I don't like this."

"I asked you to dance with me. Who were you talking to?"

The man turned to look at me.

"Is she your sister?"

"My mother's sister."

"Who?"

Since the guy pretended not to hear what A-Nueng had just said, I answered in frustration to get it over with.

"I am everything to her!!!"

I grabbed A-Nueng's arm and pulled her to stand beside me. I then looked for her wallet, which she probably had with her, before I dragged her out. She couldn't walk straight because she was drunk, but she could still communicate. She removed her arm from my grasp and pushed me away.

"Why are you interfering? I'm having fun with my friends."

"You look like you've seen a ghost. Was that fun? This isn't your style. Go home. I'll take you."

"No. I already told my grandmother that I had to work my report today."

"And you've been lying lately too?"

"Mind your own business. We're not close anymore, remember?"

When the kid replied to me, I was stunned. I was about to reply, but Folk rushed to stand between us...

"Please don't fight now. Let's get out of here first."

"You again, you act like a stalker. And you intervened to drag Ar Nueng here? I was willing to be your friend, but you complained about me? Get out of my life. Leave, right now."

Folk looked as if someone had just thrown dirt in her face. So I pushed his head back to push the shy kid away and face A-Nueng.

"If this is how you get my attention, you've succeeded. Let's go home."

"No. I'm not going home!"

"Okay. We're not going home."

I said that tiredly. But A-Nueng looked like she was going to cry.

"You just give up like that? If I say no, you have to force me."

"I know you want me to do that."

I sighed.

"If you don't want to go home, then we won't go home.....Let's go to my palace. Go spend the night with me there."

I finally managed to drag A-Nueng home with me. I took Folk to his dorm near the university before I went home. The housekeeper who came to welcome us was sent away so we could fight freely. And the best place to fight, where no one can hear us, is.....My room.

"If you want to fight, come to me. I'm ready."

"Why did you come to me?"

"I heard how naughty you have been all this time. Even your grandmother called me because she was worried. She said you came home late at night, and sometimes you didn't come home at all. Where did you sleep?"

"With friends."

"Do you have any friends you can stay with now?"

"I had to find a way to survive. I was kicked out of the only place I could stay. I just did something to make her think about something."

A-Nueng finally talked about that night. I'm ready for this because we can't avoid it. That's on my mind too. I think about it every night.

"If you're that angry with me, hit me. Don't hurt yourself."

"You make everything look simple. If I was angry, I should hit you. But I'm broken."

"Why make it difficult?"

"You are a very bad person."

Even though I told her to come to me, when she said, 'You're a very bad person,' I tensed up. It's like a thousand Botox injections being injected into my face.

"You're getting out of control."

"What you did was no different from a hit and run. There were no strings attached. There was nothing. We did it, and you just told me to reset, as if nothing had happened. If you weren't bastard, then what are you?"

"When did I hit you? You were the one who hit me!"

I argued, while A-Nueng just made a sound in her throat. Embarrassment made me put my hands on my face.

"What's the difference? You see me as a temporary sexual object. Do I look like your sex toy?"

"You're not a sex toy. Those things vibrate until the batteries run out. But you fell asleep because you were tired."

I'm just rambling, but it doesn't get any better. Everything becomes decreased when I compared it to an artificial penis.

"You came to me to make things worse?"

"No."

"Then why did you do it?"

A-Nueng looked at me and was about to cry again. I looked at my friend's daughter and sighed. I unbuttoned my shirt from the top to the last button to reveal my new black bra.

"I miss you."

I said this while rubbing my face, as if I were someone who gave everything because there was nothing left to lose.

"I miss you every day. You don't qualify as a sex toy because those things don't require my help on how to do them right."

"Are you trying to make up with me? Why does it sound like you're complaining, yet it makes me feel strangely good?"

Her sobbed turned into a strange question. I bared my teeth at the person in front of me because she didn't do what I expected of her.

"I'll count from 1 to 5. If you still have questions, I'll button the buttons one by one while counting."

"Ar Nueng."

"Nueng..."

"Yes?"

"I counted... Song."

I buttoned the second button. The petite girl looked hesitant about what she should do next.

"Sam...."

Because she was afraid that I would change my mind, she immediately attacked me. I, who was waiting for the cheerful woman, opened my arms for support her tiny body and hugged her tightly.

"Are you using this to persuade me?"

"Does it work?"

"Are you making up with me?"

"This is not making up.

I rolled my eyes because I didn't believe what I was saying either. Let's start from the beginning.

"Maybe I was trying to make amends with you. OK... right. I was angry with myself. I kept thinking that if I hadn't been so sensitive that night, we wouldn't have done it. I was worried about how your mother and father would feel. There was also the matter of your grandmother. Though what we did wasn't that bad..."

"Are you feeling good?"

"Well..."

I bit my lip and changed the topic.

"Your mother would kill me. Also, your father and grandmother. They all trusted me, but I did this..."

A-Nueng looked into my eyes and pinched my cheeks, as if she was trying to comfort me.

"Why do you care more about other people than me? It's about us! I always told you that I love you. That's how it is."

"You are still young. You have a lot of time to meet better people than me. You may think that you love me now, but once your world opens up..."

"It's right in front of me; you are my love."

The petite woman looked at me with eyes full of obsession. It's like she's seducing me. I looked at her face dreamily and started to feel like I didn't feel like myself.

"You were the only one who did that night."

I pushed A- Nueng onto the bed until she was lying on it. I got on top of her and slowly took off my clothes, one by one.

"You also didn't do it right that night. I think there are a lot of things we need to work on together.

"Ar Nueng..."

The petite woman looked at me hesitantly. I'm horny. I bent down and bit the bridge of her nose gently at her aggressive attitude.

"Ar Nueng will teach you."

③①

KID WITH A GRUDGE



I pushed A-Nueng onto the bed and unbuttoned my shirt with one hand. I leaned on one hand as I looked down at the drunk girl breathing heavily beneath me. A-Nueng looked excited but also seemed to have mixed feelings. Her eyes showed confusion. She didn't understand what I was thinking.

"Sometimes you are so hard to understand. You used to push me away, but now you say you miss me, and we are together in this position."

"I don't understand myself either. My worst side is winning."

I bent down and started brushing my nose against her neck. I smelled her scent.

"I didn't drink anything, but I feel drunk."

"You feel sorry for me, right?"

"I don't respond to pity like this."

"Aaaah..."

A-Nueng screamed uncontrollably when I bit her ear. Her body temperature rose, and her breathing became heavier. It makes me want to do more.

"Ar Nueng..."

"Huh?"

"If we did this again... would you dump me like you did?"

Her plaintive voice stunned me, and I started to feel sorry for her. When A-Nueng saw me stunned, she turned her back to me. I knew what she was going to do, so I hugged her from behind and snuggled into the nape of her neck. I continued talking to her while smelling more of her scent.

"I'm sorry I hurt your feelings. You must have lost confidence because of me."

"I cry every day."

Her whimper made me hug her tiny body tighter. My hands, never naughty or adventurous, now moved all the way to the zipper of her skirt. I slowly unzipped her skirt. The sound of a zipper being opened echoed throughout the room.

"How should I comfort you?"

I took off her skirt and started kissing sensitive areas of her body.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know."

"Do you like this?"

One of my hands went into hers.... A-Nueng withdrew.

"A... Ar Nueng."

"Yes?"

"I haven't showered yet."

"Are you not confident, or are you afraid?"

"It doesn't matter."

"But I'm not confident."

A-Nueng's silence was my answer. This was my first time leading, so the petite woman was scared. She was afraid it would hurt.

"It's okay. I'm not in a rush."

There are lots of ways...To encourage her to continue, I separated her legs and moved my fingers in circles.

"I will teach you."

"Aaaah..."

A-Nueng complied. Rather than reject me out of fear, she was willing to lay down and squeezed my shoulders. She relaxed and parted her legs. I licked her pursed lips to comfort her. But I also gave her orders while I was doing that.

"I want to hear your voice."

"No. That... That..."

A-Nueng bit her lip tighter.

"M...embarrassing."

I stopped moving my fingers, as if I was teasing her. It seemed like the petite woman had stopped in the middle of her journey. A-Nueng frowned and looked at me, still panting.

"Why..."

"I don't know how you feel."

"Tell me."

"What do you want me to say?"

A-Nueng hit my shoulder with her fists, but she refrained from verbally expressing her request.

"Ar Nueng!"

"Be honest with yourself. Tell me what you want."

The petite woman looked like she was going to cry, but she slowly spoke while covering her face with her hands.

"Please do that for me..."

"Do what?"

"Please help me."

A-Nueng mustered up her courage to reach out my finger and moved it slowly.

"Aaaaah... please. Ar Nueng. It feels so good."

"I can make you feel better."

I raised my hand and prepared to unbutton the petite woman's shirt, but A-Nueng squeezed my hand with her foot. I am surprised. A-Nueng's courage increased rapidly.

"Oh..."

"What are you doing now?"

"Take off your clothes."

Even though she was very shy, she didn't want to stop halfway, so...A-Nueng unbuttoned her shirt and unhooked her bra. She whined in

frustration when I moved my hand away from the area between her legs.

"Are you happy now? Is there anything else you want?"

I gave the petite woman a small smile before touching my inviting breasts with my mouth. I then answered as honestly as I could.

"I want you."

"Aaaah..."

The groan that slowly escaped her throat encouraged me. I bit, tasted, and sucked until the tiny creature beneath me covered her face in pain.

"I can't take it anymore, Ar Nueng."

A-Nueng pushed my head down out of instinct. We've done this before, even though I wasn't the one doing it. This time, I was determined to repay the naughty woman for entertaining me without asking for anything in return that night.....I slowly swept my tongue up to her navel. I circled her with a teasing tone to annoy her, and I succeeded. The Cheerful woman sat while biting her lower lip.

"Ar Nueng. So annoying. Do something."

"What do you want me to do?"

My direct question to her made A-Nueng sigh in annoyance. I smiled at her affectionately.

"Eat me. Now."

"I spoil you."

"Be greedy. I'm dying here,

"Like this?"

I separated her legs and felt her, still with her panties between my mouth and her naked body. Even though I complied with her wishes, it was not enough to satisfy her. It seemed like she was itchy, but I Scratched it with her clothes.

It's aimed at the right place, but not quite satisfying....

"Like that...but not really...Aaaah..."

"How about this?"

I slipped my finger under her panties and slipped one finger in... A-Nueng twisted her face like she was in pain, but she was also curious. I've experienced this before with my previous partner. Ah-huh... I made her feel comfortable, even though there was also pain. But it will only hurt for a moment. And everything will be smooth from there.

"And this?"

I pushed the panties aside until I could see her private parts, then bent down to pamper her, like I said I would... I Touched where she was. A-Nueng groaned softly to show that she liked this better. And because I wanted it to go well the first time, I took out my finger and replaced it with my soft tongue.

"I think you like this better."

"Aaaaah.."

"So you like it?"

"Ah-huh."

"What?"

I moved my face backwards. This makes A-Nueng express how she felt about completing it..

"I love it. Get it done. Please."

She was very direct in stating her wishes... my nephew.
This is the second time... something like this has happened between A-Nueng and me. And What was even more surprising was that I was the one who started it this time. Hearing the sound of the shower from the bathroom gets my blood pumping because I Can't help but wonder what the other person is doing in there.

Dug... Dug...

What is wrong with me?nWhen I think about last night's events, I get really excited. We made the point of 'intimacy', but in a way that A-Nueng can tell how it feels gently. One step at a time. No need to rush....As I let my mind wander with my eyes closed, A-Nueng came out of the bathroom wearing an oversized t-shirt she took from my wardrobe. The petite woman stood and stared at me for so long that I couldn't stand it. So I opened my eyes to see her.

"What's wrong? Why are you standing there looking at me?"

"I'm confused."

I tried not to smile as I sat down. Being coy at this point is too late. We've come a long way....Ah... very far.

"What makes you confused?"

"How did I get here?"

"Huh?"

A-Nueng frowned and looked around the room.

"I remember coming back with you, then everything went blank."

I looked into A-Nueng's eyes. The cheerful woman was still naive at the moment she looked back at me and tilted her head to the side... Very convincing... She pretended she couldn't remember anything after she regained consciousness? There's no way she didn't remember calling my name that night. But I will follow. I wonder how far she will go.

"You can't handle alcohol well, huh? Do you know how many you drink?"

"I don't remember much. I also have a bad headache."

The petite woman massaged her temples.

"My head felt like it was exploding."

"Probably because of the alcohol. Lie down."

I patted the bed so she lay next to me. I Wanted to see if she would do it. She shook her face to reject my offer. This is interesting. Usually, she would take advantage of every opportunity to be near me.

"It's okay. If I lie down, I won't get out of bed all day. Besides, I have to do a report with my friends today."

"Which friend?"

My voice became firm when I thought of the man who hugged A-Nueng last night.

"The one at the university, of course. A lot of group work for new students."

A-Nueng looked for her university uniform and frowned.

"It's not a good idea to wear what I wore yesterday."

"Of course not. It smells of alcohol."

"Why didn't you take me to my grandmother's house last night?"

"Won't your grandmother hit your head when you come home drunk like that?"

"Ah. That makes sense."

A-Nueng shrugged,

"There's no other way, I don't have anything else to wear."

"What time will you be home?"

"I'm not sure. I'll have to see if my friends will ask me out afterward."

"Nueng."

My voice immediately became loud after hearing that. This act of 'playing stupid' must stop now.

"Yes?"

"Go back home soon as you're done. I'll pick you up today."

"It doesn't matter."

"What game are you playing now?"

"I don't understand. What kind of game?"

The cheerful woman pretended to be stupid. So I crossed my arms in front of my chest and glared at her.

"Are you saying that you don't remember anything from last night?"

"What happened last night?"

"Do I look stupid?"

When she saw me looking at her, looking serious, she changed her approach.

"Ah... I remember now."

A-Nueng looked at the bed and...acting like she didn't care.

"We did it last night."

When the cheerful woman said so bluntly, I was the one who became embarrassed. But I have to stay calm to maintain my composure.

"So?"

Her casual question stunned me.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you expect from what happened last night?"

"Well..."

This time, I was the one who couldn't answer a simple question. A-Nueng maintained a straight face and shrugged her shoulders as if she didn't care.

"If there's nothing you expected, just pretend nothing happened."

"Nueng..."

"I think... we should reset and start from zero again."

③①

OUT OF CONTROL



I think I'm starting to understand how the cheerful woman felt about the landrun'. A-Nueng left without us saying more. I just nodded understandingly and told her...

"It's up to you. We can pretend nothing happened."

And A-Nueng left without looking back to look at me...Damn... Someone like ML Sippakorn has never felt this bad.nIt's good that I didn't do my knees and ask her to stay. If she wants to go, I won't stop her. We had a polite conversation. What kind of polite conversation we had! I was frustrated all day, and my only relief was Chet, who suddenly stopped by the palace. So yes, he became my outlet. However... it seems like I'm not the only one in a bad mood today.

"Listen, Khun Nueng.

Chet slammed 5-6 photos on the coffee table, frustrated. I, who was ready to attack him, had to hold back because he attacked me first.

'What's this?'

I took it and frowned.

"Why are you showing me photos of men? You Want me to choose someone to marry?"

"You don't like children."

My face stiffened a little because I was caught off guard. But I slowly put the photos back and repeated my question.

"So whose photo is this?"

"All the men who flirt with A-Nueng."

As soon as I heard it, I took it all back to examine it more carefully. Now I feel like my chest is expanding and about to explode. But no... Chet is more flighty than I am.

"All 6? Your daughter is very beautiful."

"This is not the time to mock, Khun Nueng."

"I praise your daughter. How could it be mocking? This is normal. Many guys flirted with me when I was at university. This is interesting. Everything is normal for a freshman."

I'm not sure if I clenched my teeth when I said that, but I faked a smile as I looked at the photos.

"You had someone take photos of all the men flirting with your daughter? Be careful. If A-Nueng finds out, she will be angry with you."

"I won't let her find out... I miss my daughter. I want to know how she's doing. So I Asked someone to follow her and report to me. And when I did that, I found these leeches."

"Do you like anyone in particular?"

"Khun Nueng!!"

"Okay. I'll stop teasing. I looked at the photos and picked one with great interest. It was a photo of a handsome man I knew very well because we only met last night. He was the one hugging A-Nueng right in front of me.

"Don't trust this one."

"For me, no one can be trusted. They are all men..."

"Yeah. She might go down the same path as her mother if she meets someone like her father."

Chet turned to me with an expression that was hard to describe. It seemed like he was angry and embarrassed at the same time.

"I'm joking. I'll be serious now... Someone called me last night. You remember the boy who went to the amusement park with us, right?"

"Yes."

Chet nodded.

"There's a photo here too."

"He called me at 11pm to tell me that A-Nueng didn't want to come home. He was drinking with his friends..."

I gave him more details about where it was before I pointed at the guy's photo.

"This man is hugging your daughter right in front of me."

"What..."

"If I were you. I would stop the fire before it started."

I don't need to say more. Chet immediately nodded meaningfully. Someone with his power could easily get rid of someone, especially someone who had crossed the line with his daughter. And I pointed it towards the light.

"Okay. I will stop this guy."

"Don't play too rough."

"I'm not a mobster."

We smiled at each other, knowing that no need to say more. Then, we changed topics

"What about the other five?"

"Are you going to get rid of everyone? You won't let her have a boyfriend?"

"She's not at the right age for that yet. Or do you think she is?"

"You are the father. I will not comment on this."

"But you are like a mother to my daughter. I want to know what you think."

"Mother?..."

I twisted my face, surprised.

"No. I can't take on that role."

"You will, if you marry me."

"Are you worthy?"

"You will be ready for that role when I become prime minister."

"Do you have a rank yet?"

"Not yet."

"Then you will have to wait a while before you can become prime minister."

"Let's change the topic."

I agree...

"I want to see my daughter. If I am a good father figure and can be talked to about everything, she will probably feel closer to me."

Chet looked at the photos as if he was thinking about something and suddenly his fingers shook.

"Oh. I have an idea."

"What?"

"I will be her cupid. What do you think?"

"What did you say?"

"If I'm too possessive, she'll be against me. But if I were an understanding father..."

Chet snapped his fingers.

"That's it. That's what I'm going to do."

"You are too hasty."

"I will be her cupid. I'll arrange to meet her and everyone she's dating. This is good!"

Chet cheerfully celebrates himself and takes the photos, preparing to leave.

"Are you leaving?"

"Thank you. You played an important role in finding a solution."

What did I do? This is not what I want.

"Good."

"I'll let you know how it goes."

So he was here to talk to himself, have fun alone, and left without giving me a chance to vent my frustrations. That's good of him.....Chet disappeared for about two weeks. In the same time period A-Nueng also disappeared. This makes me a little anxious. And when I'm at home with nothing to do, I practice my cooking skills because I started seriously considering making it a career. I was debating between opening a restaurant and doing food delivery using the same business model as a healthy food delivery monthly subscription.

"That's a great idea. Mon and I love delicious food. We will be your customer every day."

"I will give a high price."

"I'm rich."

I love my sister very much. She brags about her wealth in a very humorous way.

"If I open a restaurant it will definitely be around this area because, most likely the customer can afford my services. But I'm torn between that and food delivery. I like simplicity. So do people today. Nowadays, many people use food delivery."

I came to pass through the Thong Lor Area. Every piece of land is as expensive as gold. But it would be a good investment.

"What food will you sell?"

"Thai food."

"Good. I like Thai food. I will buy every item on the menu. Just let me know."

"How cute are you? Do you want to be my wife?"

"I can't. I was born to be a husband."

"Ah..."

We are close sisters. But in some cases, we don't need to get too close. That's weird. While my sister and I were walking around the rich area looking for a good location for my restaurant, my cell phone rang. Chet's number is on the screen. He sent a very anxious voice as soon as I answered his call.

[Khun Nueng, can you talk?]

"What is it?"

[I want you to accompany me. I really don't agree with this person that A-Nueng is dating.]

Hearing that about A-Nueng, I immediately straightened it out. Sam looked at me, surprised, but she didn't say anything.

'Where are you?'

[At a Japanese restaurant in Thong Lor.]

"What a coincidence, I was also in that area. May I invite Sam?"

[Sure, as long as you come.]

I went to the Japanese restaurant Chet told me to go to. It's not far from where Sam and I are. As soon as I got there, I saw A-Nueng's date. Sam and I looked at each other and blinked blankly.

"I'm surprised. Khun Sam and Ar Nueng are also here."

A-Nueng raised her hand to salute Sam and me politely before she introduced her friend, who did the same as A-Nueng.

"Yui, this is Khun Sam and Ar Nueng."

It was Yui's name that bothered Chet. That's because A-Nueng's date is a tomboy. I have to admit, from what I see, A-Nueng has good taste. The handsome woman she brought was beautiful. She has short hair, a sharp nose, and a very charming smile.... The only problem is A-Nueng's father.

"Hello."

Sam glanced at me slightly because she understood the situation well. My sister doesn't talk much. Because she is very confused when she speaks, she prefers to remain silent.

"Sweet couple."

I smiled at the handsome woman, like a senior who adores someone younger than her.

"Are you in the same faculty as A-Nueng?"

"Yes."

"How did you two become close?"

I smiled and put some salmon on her plate. Yui looked at me, stunned, and nodded. She blushed because she was being shy.

"We have been close since holding activities. And we happened to join in the broadcast club together, so we became closer."

"Ah. So you guys have the same hobby."

I nodded in acknowledgment and turned to A-Nueng,

"What about you? How are you? We haven't seen each other for a longtime.

"I'm fine. Having Yui with me helps a lot."

"Have you read the novels that are broadcast?"

I ask at A-Nueng then turned to talk to Yui.

"A-Nueng likes reading novels. She dreams of becoming a DJ and making audiobooks. Isn't that cute?"

Yui turned to the cheerful woman and smiled at her.

"You should read the novels that were broadcast several times."

"I will."

"Friends should help each other like this. You two make a great couple."

I smiled at Yui again.

"Please look after A-Nueng. I am relieved to see that she has such good and sincere friends."

"I'm going to the restroom."

Chet, who was trying to hold him back, prepared to run away, but I grabbed his arm.

"Sit down."

"But..."

Chet stammered. He was clearly frustrated and didn't obey me. In the end, I got up to go with him.

"Let me excuse myself for a moment. Please accompany A-Nueng for me, Sam."

I got up and walked away to talk to Chet. Father clearly frustrated. He shouted at me because he needed an outlet.

"I invited you here to help do something, but you encouraged them."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Can't you see that she's dating a tomboy? She's a tomboy!"

"Then? It's cute."

"Khun Nueng! That's my daughter. Her grandfather was a former prime minister. Her grandmother was a person with a title. And I'm the father."

"Can't you have a tomboy husband if you come from a respectable family?"

I glanced at Chet, annoyed.

"Dating a guy and having a baby at 16 like the mother is also not good."

"Khun Nueng!!"

"I'm just illustrating that even though A-Nueng is dating the son of a former prime minister, if he got her pregnant and dumped her because he was afraid of her father, then her dating is also just complete nonsense."

"Stop slamming me. The problem is, I can't stand it if my daughter isn't normal!"

I swallowed my saliva as I focused my gaze on Chet.

"Then tell her yourself."

"Because A-Nueng trusts you. I want you to be the one to tell her that."

"I wouldn't do something like that. If she has a good relationship, I will support her."

I said that, but I knew deep down I didn't like what happened either. But it would be immature of me to point that out.

"If you want to get closer to your daughter, please be as understanding as you say. If you can't sit, wait outside. I'll go eat now. I don't want other people to wait for too long. What you did was rude and immature."

I slammed it roughly before I returned to the table and smiled at A-Nueng's friend.

"Did you like the food, Yui?"

"This is very tasty."

"You are cute when you are shy."

I tilted my head and smiled at her. Sam glanced at me until I had to look back and talk to her through our eyes.

"You look really scary now."

"Don't say anything, Sam."

"Ar Nueng... How... old are you?"

Yui asked me hesitantly hesitated and quickly looked back at her plate sheepishly.

"34, and will be 35 in a few weeks."

Sam, who had been silent, just realized it.

"That's right. It's almost your birthday."

"You don't look like someone in their thirties at all."

The handsome woman praised me sincerely. It made me put my chin in my hand and talk to her attentively.

"How old do I look?"

"You look like you are in your twenties."

And the tomboy looked at me to look me in the eye.

"You look more like a sister than an aunt."

"You can call me „Phi if that's how you feel."

Bang!!!

After remaining silent, A-Nueng lost her patience and hit the table. Everyone fell silent. I was the only one who looked at her and warned her firmly.

"This is not something a beautiful woman would do."

"Then don't love me."

"If you say that... okay."

I looked back at Yui and....smiled at her again.

"There's someone prettier here."

Hearing that, A-Nueng took her wallet and left the table. Yui is unsure whether she should stay or follow A-Nueng. But in the end, she chased the cheerful woman out of worry. Just me and Sam sitting at the table.

"Can I make a sound now?"

"Of course."

I sipped my hot tea expressionlessly.

"What do you want you say?"

"You are out of control."

"I am not doing anything."

"A-Nueng really surprised me. How could someone so young make my sister, who is usually not easily touchy, turn out like this?"

"Change into what?"

My little sister turned to meet my eyes.

"Someone jealous."

"Nonsense. I didn't do anything."

I squeezed the cup of tea in front of my sister who was reading to me like an open book. My heart was burning, but I could only remain calm, so no

one would know that I lost my cool.

"You should have let Chet handle it. You're the one who can't stand it, so you take care of it yourself. You flirt, even though you've never flirted with anyone. Yui is probably not well now."

I smiled at Sam and winked.

"I just wanted to screen my friend's daughter's dates to see how sincere she was."

"Are you doing this as her mother's friend or..."

"Or what?"

This time, it was my sister's turn to wink at me while smiled cheerfully.

"Sugar mommy."

Sunny's

③②

IT'S LOVE



"Khun Nueng, there is a guest who wants to meet you."

I smiled from the corner of my mouth as I practiced my cooking skills. I knew A-Nueng would come to see me sooner or later, so I used this opportunity to also prepare dinner for us. It's as if I know the cheerful woman better now. She is easily agitated.

"You can let her in to the kitchen."

"I'm already here."

A-Nueng interrupted from behind the housekeeper before I could properly invite her in. The housekeeper excused herself after her duties were completed.

"What brings you here today?"

"Why do you do that?"

"What have I done?"

"You're flirting."

I backed out of the sushi I made from a recipe I found on the internet and turned to meet the cheerful woman's eyes. She looked very angry.

"When did I do that?"

"At the restaurant. You've never done anything like that before."

"How do you know? Maybe I did, but you never seen it."

"No! At least you haven't done that to me."

"Okay. Okay. I've never done that with you."

I nodded as if waving a white flag.

"And I flirt."

"Why? Why did you do that? Do you like Yui?"

A-Nueng clenched her fists and pursed her lips. I kept walking when I saw how angry she was.

"Yeah. She's cute. If she was at an all-girls school, she would be become a star."

"But Yui likes me."

"Let's see if she still does after today."

I smile widely.

"I've never been interested in a tomboy before. She's someone I want to try out with. It would be nice if Yui and I could explore..."

I teased A-Nueng by shaking my finger. A-Nueng finally couldn't stand it, so she grabbed my hand and squeezed it tightly.

"Explore what? What do you think you will do with Yui? Is That what you did to me?"

We looked at each other as I smiled from the corner of my mouth.

"What have we done?"

"What?"

"What have we done?"

"Don't dodge my question, Ar Nueng. You know what I'm talking about."

"I really don't understand. Did something happen between us?"

I blinked and turned around to continue making sushi, not caring how A-Nueng reacted to what I just said. But as soon as I turned my back to her, the petite woman hugged me from behind.

"Why can't I beat you?"

"Are we competing?"

"Why aren't you jealous at all? I'm dating many people, but you don't care one bit."

Her voice had clearly softened and was not as harsh as before. I knew she was testing me. But I am more mature and more experienced than her. Playing alongside someone who was under my care seemed immature. I don't like being jealous. Even if I did, I never would show it.

"I'm too old to do childish things like that. I'm too old to chase people who make me jealous. I want to live simply. If you like me, stay with me. If not, I don't mind."

"Then do you like me?"

Dug... Dug...

I chose to remain silent. A-Nueng sighed, but she hugged me tighter.

"You don't make it simple like you say. I'm Desperate."

"Nueng."

"Yes?"

"Taste this."

I took out the sushi I was inspired to make after visiting a Japanese restaurant today, and gave it to A-Nueng.

"Please tell me it's delicious."

A-Nueng looked at me timidly when I changed the topic, but she willingly ate sushi.

"Very tasty."

"I made it with love."

I shrugged and continued talking.

"Whatever I do, it is with consideration. I cook with love."

"Ah-huh."

"When I make love to you, it's also with love."

Cough!

And sushi the size of those sold at street markets costs 5 baht, splashed onto my face from A-Nueng's mouth. So right now, my face is covered with high-quality rice that farmers painstakingly grow.

"I... I'm sorry."

The petite woman covered her mouth with her hand. Her face was red all the way to her neck. I closed my eyes because my face was covered in rice. I slowly cleared up and maintained a calm demeanor, as if what I had just said was really cool.

"Spouting rice in my face like this isn't funny at all."

"I... I'm shocked. You used the word 'fuck'..."

She's right. We don't need to be too specific. And I'm starting to feel like it's not It's nice to look directly at A-Nueng in this way So I turned away from her.

"Okay. I admit it. I felt something when you brought your friend to the restaurant. Besides that tomboy, you also dated a lot of guys... Actually it wasn't easy for me. But for me to run around jealous of you is inappropriate."

"You are jealous..."

I could tell the petite woman was stunned. But she also tried hard controlling the muscles in her face, not to smile.

"So the sushi is good?"

I turned away again, ready to make more sushi. However, A-Nueng grabbed my arm.

"Hah? What's this?"

"You taste better."

I began to understand how that cheerful woman felt. If there is rice in my mouth, I would also spit it in her face in surprise.

"Of course. My edition is very limited."

"We're talking about this, and you're still making sushi?"

"What should I make if not sushi?"

We now communicate with our eyes. A-Nueng pointed her head towards the second floor, towards where my bedroom was.

'How about us, Ar Nueng?'

"You're too confident."

I laughed a little before communicating with her through my lips instead of my eyes.

"Go first. I'll clean up..."

A-Nueng ran out the kitchen and ran upstairs cheerfully.

"Come on, quickly. I will wait."

The sound of her loud footsteps made me smile. Even though I tried my best to remain calm, I couldn't help but feel the relentless onslaught of my desires....Good! Forget this sushi. This is not the time to cook!....I quickly took off my apron and ran upstairs. As soon as I opened the door to my room, I saw A-Nueng who was still wearing her university uniform, pulling her shirt from her skirt. She slyly waved at me with her palm facing up.

"My dear Ar Nueng.. please hurry..."

I closed and locked the door carefully before I stepped towards her very slowly, as if I was teasing her and making her want me more.

"I don't need to rush. I like to take it slow."

"Argh. I will neverable to beat you."

And it was A-Nueng who jumped at me like a baby monkey. Carrying the smaller person to bed and longingly kissing the brat who had disappeared for two weeks....I miss her; I just never said it out loud...Or maybe I... Never mind. I prefer to speak through my actions.

"I really missed you, Ar Nueng."

"If you miss me, why don't you come to see me?"

I slipped my hands inside her shirt to feel her smooth, bare stomach as I kissed her neck.

"You're busy dating all those people."

"You've been watching me... Ah... that's great."

Before returning into my kiss, I ran my teeth along her jawline.

"Even though you knew what I was doing, you didn't call me once."

"I don't need to. Your father told me..."

When I think about Chet, I freeze. I feel guilty. A-Nueng knew what I was thinking, so she cradled my face and forced me to look into her eyes.

"Don't think about other people. Just the two of us here, right now."

"But..."

I started to hesitate. A-Nueng saw that I was going to retreat, so she pushed me onto the bed and instead got on top of me.

"Is this idea? Good?"

"We've done it twice, Ar Nueng. We can't go back again."

The petite woman unbuttoned her shirt to show me her thin, white undershirt. Her soft scent made my heart race.

"I can't go back now. I want you."

My entire morale crumbled when I heard her stutter. I sat up and pulled her to sit on top of me. The pleated skirt makes it easy. I brushed my hand across her thigh.

"Ar Nueng... I want you... A... aaah..."

My fingers slipped beneath her panties to feel the warmth, wetness, and dampness. I knew right away that she was ready and there was absolutely no turning back.

"My dear Ar Nueng... come in."

I circled my finger around that area while looking at A-Nueng doubtfully. But as soon as she asked, I tried to put my finger inside....One... The petite woman was a little surprised when I entered. I understand what my niece feels. However, when I prepared to remove my finger, A-Nueng hugged me tightly and leaned her face on my shoulder.

"Keep going... Ah..."

I try to take it slow. A-Nueng bit my shoulder. It hurts, but I think it's a good thing. I'm almost asking her to bite me harder.

"So it's like this... This is how it feels."

A-Nueng said this in my ear when I stopped moving. Not long after, the very curious petite woman moved slowly.

"Ar Nueng....please be patient with me.I am learning. "

"It's okay. You can control the rhythm."

"Ah... that's better..."

And A-Nueng showed me that it was better. The petite woman seemed to have gotten used to it and found a way to control her steps. She started moving slowly and gradually gained speed. Her body temperature rose so much that I could feel it. The sound she made, made me look at her differently.She's all grown up...She's prettier...

"Ar Nueng, here... Ah..."

A-Nueng stiffened. She squeezed me tightly with her legs. Her body jerked, and she rested her head on my shoulder because of the force. As my fingers got wetter, I pulled them out.

"How?"

"That's delicious."

A-Nueng moved away from me and opened her eyes wide when she saw me feeling what was on my finger.

"What are you doing now!"

"Can't I?"

The petite woman blushed embarrassedly. This is nothing to be ashamed of. She loved it and now pushed me the bed.

"You're not done yet."

I saw people who became mature women in less than twenty minutes. She is now naughty and wants to take the initiative.

"Are you not tired?"

"I could do this all day."

"You seem to like doing this."

"Only with you..."

And the cheerful woman slowly brushed her lips against my navel to wake me up. She then removed my shorts easily.

"Let me taste you too."

I smiled at her and separated my legs.

"You can eat until you're full."

A-Nueng and I did it until 2 in the morning. Ah.. that's hours. With The blanket covering us, we were now lying face down. We spoke as if we had never spoken before, even though we had done this twice before.

"Are we going to pretend nothing happened like the last two times?"

The petite woman looked at me nervously. She was probably holding her breath, waiting to see what miracle I would pull off this time,

"Do you want to do that?"

"I'm tired of sulking."

"So..."

"So..."

A-Nueng looked at me excitedly. I winked at her nonchalantly.

"Just leave it."

"OMGGGG."

A-Nueng covered her face with a pillow and screamed, happily. She then looked into my eyes.

"It has happened. You can't go back on your words."

"Ah-hyh."

"That means we can keep doing it again and again?"

"You seem to like it very much."

A-Nueng put her hands on her cheeks and laughed cheerfully.

"It feels like my chest is exploding. I'm so happy right now."

The cheerful woman cried. It made me realize that she was very happy.

"You're like a dream come true to me. "

"Don't overreact."

"What are we?"

It was a simple question, but I was speechless. I'm not going to reject it or anything. It's just a complicated relationship...A friend's daughter....Someone under my care....A nephew... Saying that she is also my lover is....

"You look like you've just seen a ghost. But... I understand. You are my guardian. It must be difficult for you."

"Are you mad?"

"I wasn't angry when I found out you told my mother to get rid of me because I understand you. So I can also understand you in this matter."

She is very kind and open minded. I looked at her . She is a deep thinker who understands me well.

"Thank You."

"It's okay. We can make a deal. Love has to come with understanding.Come to think of it... there's something I want you to understand about me too."

"What's that?"

There was silence between us. A-Nueng shook her head slightly and pretended to be asleep.

"I'll tell you later."

"Can't you tell me now?"

"Sweet dreams."

"Nueng."

No matter how hard I tried to wake her, A-Nueng pretended to be asleep. What do I need to understand for her to understand me?....What...



AN UNDERSTANDING



Since we reconciled, A-Nueng has been attached to me. I understand the enthusiasm and energy of teenagers....A-Nueng has that much energy, huh.

"Ar Nueng..."

I'm sketching the interior design for my restaurant. However, the hottest kittens of 2000 bother me. A-Nueng rubbed her face on the nape of my neck and made a small sound.

"What are you doing now?"

"Work."

"You can't look sexy with every move you make like this."

The cheerful woman's body temperature rose even more. It was high that I could feel the heat evaporating.

"You won't let me do anything else?"

"I didn't say anything."

The little one slowly moved to my lap and put her nose to my cheek.

"I just want tenderness."

"If that's all, I won't stop you."

I put down my pencil and leaned back in my chair. When A-Nueng realized I was relaxing, she wrapped her legs around my thighs.

"Your body is burning."

"I think I'm sick."

"Then you need to rest a lot."

"Please help me to sleep."

I slowly ran my hands through her thighs and tucked them into her pajama pants. She wasn't wearing any underwear. The moisture I felt screamed her desire.

"Are you sure you want to rest?"

"Aaah.."

Her voice was full of desire, but she didn't dare express her needs directly. She just expresses it through her body. I smiled at her fondly and leaned down to bite her shoulder. A-Nueng was surprised.

"Ar Nueng..."

I immediately stopped because I knew there was something she wanted to say. But when I looked at her, she fell silent.

"What? What do you want to tell me?"

"There isn't anything..."

"If you don't speak honestly to me, I won't do anything even."

I removed my hand from her pants and raised my eyebrows with indifference. The little girl is unstable at the moment. She frowned and breathed heavily.

"Ar Nueng! This is not the time to tease me."

"Say what's on your mind."

When the kitten saw that I was serious, she tightened her lips. She seemed very hesitant. However, because her desire was too high to be rejected, she was forced to give in.

"Ah-huh?"

"Please don't think of me as strange... Ah, I didn't want to say this."

A-Nueng leaned in to snuggle her warm and alluring body into mine. I was starting to get aroused, but I was better at controlling my emotions than she was.

"Just say it. I want to know everything about you. I won't look at you strangely. What do you want to say?.....Nueng."

"I want you to... bite."

"Ah.."

I blushed a little when I heard that. But I try to look normal.

"Yes."

"I like it."

Oh... I became excited by what she said.

"Okay. I'll bite."

"Not biting. I want you to bite me hard."

A-Nueng hugged me tightly and bit my shoulder as a demonstration. She bit so hard that I was shocked.

"Isn't that too harsh?"

"I like..."

And the petite woman on top of me steps back, looking hesitant.

"Is that a bad thing, now that you know what it is?"

I am surprised. I never thought about that. But I could understand that it was some kind of wild emotion.

"No. It's just your choice."

I reached out my hand and pulled her head back by her hair, exposing the bare skin of her neck, before driving my teeth into her veins and biting her shoulder.

"Like this?"

"Aaah... right."

"My dear Ar-Nueng."

Although I think what A-Nueng likes is something normally, after we finished, I immediately searched the internet to see if other people were doing what we were doing. This opened me up to a world that A-Nueng and I were just getting into together, namely "BDSM."

I'm Sippakorn. I excel and have a degree. However, being dominant in this case is....Ah...Damn. Why don't I have any friends? And the only friend I have turns out to be my wife's mother... No. I mean A-Nueng's mother. Who can I talk to about this?

"Khun Nueng."

Sam's call when she entered my house took me by surprise. My little sister often visits. She smiled at me, and yes... she had Doraemon, her beautiful girlfriend, with her.

"What brings you here?"

"I want to visit as often as possible. I don't want you to be lonely."

"What are you doing? You look really stressed."

The woman with heart-shaped lips asked curiously because she could see from afar that I Was daydreaming. I glanced at the two and bit my nails as I thought about whether I should discuss this with them....Why do they have to be here when I need to talk about something unusual like this? How can I ask my sister about something like this? Seeing a ghost wouldn't be too surprising.

"There isn't anything."

"That means something is up."

Doraemon looked at me with her chin resting on her hand.

"What's that?"

"Are we close enough that I can talk to you about it?"

"huh?..."

Apparently, my teasing made Doraemon turn pale. Sam, who didn't know the situation, just thought it was my normal way of speaking. If you grew up with our grandmother, what I just said there is no harm.

"I was just kidding. You get scared easily... There's something on my mind."

I tried to make amends to Mon by answering her.

"But it's not something I can talk to anyone about."

"Is this about you having sex with someone who are you taking care of?"

"Sam!!"

"Khun Sam!!!"

Before I could get to Sam, her girlfriend came running to cover her mouth in surprise. I covered my face with my hands in shame. Why is she like this?

"What did I say wrong? That's something Khun Nueng doesn't want to tell anyone."

"So, you're talking about it instead?"

Mon sighed slightly and...twisting her face as she looked at me.

"I'm sorry, Khun Nueng."

"I think you heard it. You have a big mouth, kid."

"I have no secrets with Mon. But what is it about?"

When they saw my awkward reaction, they could guess the answer to the question. And since we've come this far, I nod in acknowledgment.

"Ah-huh."

"Did something happen?"

When they saw me admit it, they immediately asked because I was curious. My personal life is probably something that is of great interest to them.

"A little. Come to think of it... if I hadn't brought this up with you two, who can I talk about it with?"

I finally told them the important part. I could tell without having to look in the mirror how red my face was when I did that. Even though I tried to explain it as little as possible, Sam covered her mouth with her hands in surprise. As for Doraemon, if her skin is really blue (like Doraemon), it might be purple due to the acceleration of blood pumping at this time.

"That's nothing strange. Don't worry."

"Can I do that? I..."

I got up and paced in the living room because I didn't know what to do.

"I'm an ML, our grandmother raised me to be perfect, but I..."

"You?"

"You?"

Both Doraemon and Sam said that, as if they were echoing my words. It made me cover my face with my hands again because I really couldn't accept it.

"I like it."

And everything fell silent. Maybe only seconds, but it feels like forever....Finally, Sam broke the silence.

"If your partner is also happy with it, there's no harm in it. But you have to know your limits."

"Ah... Really?"

"You were born a leader. Our grandmothers instilled it, It's been in you since you were born. You could say that commanding people is your talent. I don't think... Being dominant is a bad thing."

I hugged myself nervously. This is the first time in my life that someone as confident as me has behaved like this. This is something difficult to accept....

"Don't take it as a bad thing. It's a personal choice, you like it. Your partner likes it too. It's a win-win situation."

Doraemon added. Sam Smiled, although it wasn't clear whether Mon's pure intention was just to give me support.

"Why do you two understand so easily? Be honest with me... Haven't you ever done something like this?"

"Yes. Mon is dominant."

"When did I do that?!!!"

This time Doraemon screamed loudly because she was shocked. Sam defended her innocence as she openly responded to her lover.

"When I'm a dog and you're my boss,"

"Not the same. What I mean is that I want you to be loyal and only love me like a dog."

"Didn't you also mean that you wanted me to lick you?"

"Sam!!! / Khun Sam!!!"

Sam and Doraemon had both left, leaving me alone. I continued sketching in my room as usual. A-Nueng stops by to spend the night after class. Now, this petite woman looks different. This forced me to stop what I was doing for a moment to find out why she didn't rush to hug me like usual.

"You're acting strange today. Usually you're very clingy."

A-Nueng's silence made me leave everything behind and focus my attention on her. The cheerful woman seemed so shy that I had to walk towards her.

"What is the problem?"

"Do you think I'm abnormal?"

"Huh?"

"When I ask you to... do those things."

That tiny woman looked at me nervously.

"You look strange this morning. Do you think badly of me?"

I was acting strange this morning. But it's not because of what A-Nueng likes. It's because of myself. That's because I like it too.

"You've been thinking about that all day, right? Looks like your not very cheerful."

"I don't want you to hate me."

The cheerful woman ran to hug me and sobbed softly. It was as if she was in pain but couldn't cry. I patted her light brown hair gently.

"I don't hate you. Not at all."

"Even though I have strange preferences?"

"Yes."

"I've been thinking all day that you must've hate me.."

"I like it."

"What?"

"I love what we were doing.. a lot."

I speak from the bottom of my heart. I like using my powers. Giving orders arouses my passion. Even though I don't want to admit it, I can't deny it. But everything must be within limits, not too much and not too little.

A-Nueng stepped back and looked at me, shocked. Her wet eyes opened wide. She forgot all her sorrows. As soon as I saw her reaction, I grabbed her hair back and lifted her face, forcing her to look directly into my eyes. I then smiled authoritatively at her.

"Ar Nueng."

"Stop worrying about this shit, and let's do what we both like."

I Leaned over and whispered into her ear.

"I don't want to waste any more time."

Sunyata

③④

THE PRICIPAL



Because today is a holiday, A-Nueng and I watched TV together at home. And what we choose to watch is none other than....”Fifty Shades of Grey. “... I admit I was quite surprised when I watched the film. Even though I had heard of it and knew what it contained, I didn't know that it included chains,whips, and handcuffs. But I had to pretend not to be surprised to look cool. I'm Sippakorn after all, Nothing can surprise me. Except for the cheerful woman who was enjoying watching a movie.

I watched A-Nueng with great interest as we watched the film. I swept my eyes from her hair to her face, neck, and waistline. I started to realize that the person I was caring for was actually an adult woman. Actually, I feel like she's been maturing for some time now. She was naughty when she was young. And now she's hot as fire...You won't be able to tell this just by looking at it....

"You have been watching me for some time, Your Majesty."

A-Nueng Winked at me slightly as she called me by the nickname we use when we do naughty things.

"You think I'm cute, right?"

When I was stuck in place, I just turned my gaze back to the television and denied it.

"I didn't pay attention to you secretly. And don't call me like that here. If other people heard it, it would sound strange."

"I couldn't help it. When I called you that, I became horny."

The petite woman ran her fingers up my thigh teasingly.

"Do you realize that the reflection on the television allows me to see your true facial expression? I saw how you looked at me..."

"How do I look at you?"

"How?"

"Didn't you pay attention to the movie?"

"Honestly? I also watched you through the reflection on the television."

We stared at each other. There are sparks. A-Nueng was about to lean on me, but I pushed her away indifferently despite wanting to be the same as her. I can't let her do what she wants this time... There must be a limit.

"Do you like things like that because of this movie?"

I changed the topic. A-Nueng pouted a little before answering firmly, frustrated that I didn't let her lean in.

"Films alone can't determine my choice."

True... but I like being dominant and giving orders because of my upbringing. Or maybe not? As I continued to stare at the television, A-Nueng slowly leaned her body towards me. It's like we're curled up while watching TV. I enjoyed combing my niece's silky hair with one hand. At the same time, A-Nueng rubbed her head against my neck and smelled my scent. Instead of watching television, we now make out. We started breathing heavily. The petite woman's naughtiness aroused my passion. I started to smell her scent too, moving from her hair to her temples.....But...

"Khun Nueng, there are guests here to..."

The housekeeper walked into the living room. I was shocked and immediately backed away from A-Nueng. Our strange reaction confused the housekeeper even more, but the older woman chose not to say anything. She knew her place and knew that she had no right to speak.

"Who's that?"

"Mr. Chet."

And not long after, my ex-fiance, who is also A-Nueng's father, entered cheerfully. She was surprised to see A-Nueng here.

"Nueng is here too? This is amazing, two birds with one stone. I want to talk to you too. What are you guys doing?"

Chet sat up and turned his attention to the television before she frowned.

"You two watching this? That's Inappropriate."

"How could that be?"

I asked, wanting to hear his opinion on this. Chet immediately plays father and lectures about how bad the movie is.

"A-Nueng will be tempted to try this kind of sexual activity."

"You look down on your daughter."

I shrugged nonchalantly indifferent.

"Even if A-Nueng isn't watching this, if she wants to know, she can look it up on the internet."

"I still think it's better not to watch it."

"You're like those old-fashioned people who were against the idea of free condom boxes in schools. If our parents were open minded when we were young, you would have used it, and A-Nueng would not have been born. "

As I blurted out that argument, the petite woman at my side turned around in another direction and tried to hide her laughter. Chet didn't seem happy when I broke his face in front of his daughter like that.

"A-Nueng is my daughter."

"But Ar Nueng is my guardian."

Chet's daughter defended me. That made her father lose face even more.

"And I finished watching it before Ar Nueng even opened it."

Oh...if she's already watched it, then why watch it again? I glanced at the petite woman and realized that she was a very naughty girl. She wanted me to watch it to arouse myself in broad daylight.

"Before we continue to fight, tell me why you are here."

Chet, who was still frustrated, calmed himself down and was willing to change the topic of conversation.

"It's your birthday this Sunday. I want to take you to the beach."

A-Nueng immediately grabbed my arm after hearing that and shook her head in disapproval. The words 'going out of town' perhaps has a more intimate meaning than just traveling for today's teenagers. She was probably afraid Chet would try to do something to me. Nobody can do anything to me...Ah... I forgot that the father can't do it, but the daughter has done enough.

"Beach? Where?"

"Phuket."

"Very far."

"My father has just opened a hotel there, so I wanted to take this opportunity to invite you to be one of our first guests. Of course, I also invited A-Nueng."

Chet looked at his daughter expectantly. And once he did, A-Nueng made a request.

"I will sleep with Ar Nueng."

I tried not to smile as I waited to see how dad would handle this. When Chet saw that his daughter had agreed to go with us, he immediately obliged.

"Of course you can. I will give the best room for the two of you.

It will be the most luxurious room your grandfather built."

"Is that a beautiful suite?"

"You can choose any room you want."

"Good. I want a beautiful suite."

Chet and A-Nueng smiled at each other cheerfully, both thinking about different things. I saw Chet, who was able to introduce A-Nueng to his world. Then I looked at A-Nueng who didn't think about her father at all. All she was thinking were naughty thoughts about what we would do in that beautiful suite.

"Will your family be there too?"

My question caused everyone to fall silent. A-Nueng's smile immediately disappeared from her face because she didn't want to meet her grandparents. She turned to look at Chet while waiting for his answer.

"Not just the three of us?"

"Well.."

The new father was confused. He nodded in acknowledgement of the mistake.

"Yeah, my family is coming too."

"And do your parents know that I'm coming?"

"No."

Obviously... I insulted the former prime minister by not attending the wedding. If they found out that I was going on this trip, everything would be ruined. None of his family members like me, except him and his daughter.

"You asked for this. Your parents don't like me. Go, You may bring A-Nueng with you. I'll stay here."

"Then I won't go either."

A-Nueng hugged me tightly, as if she were a baby monkey.

"Everyone is a stranger to me except Ar Nueng."

Chet pointed to himself, expecting his daughter to add the words „and father but A-Nueng was just silent.. It made my ex-fiancé look very pathetic.

"Come on, Nueng. Everyone is family. “

"No."

The firm refusal from the petite woman made Chet look like he was about to cry. So I covered my mouth with my hand and whispered so that only A-Nueng and I could hear.

"If you agree to go with him, I'll be your bespectacled principal tonight."

A-Nueng straightened up, excited, and looked at me disapprovingly believe.

"That's interesting, but... not interesting enough."

A-Nueng answered loudly and clearly. Chet didn't hear anything that I whispered. So he just looked at his daughter like a curious dog.

"What?"

I waved my hand to tell Chet to shut up before I made a new deal with the tiny woman.

"I will put you on probation and fail you in every subject."

"So?"

"Then, you have to go to the discipline room and be punished."

"How?"

We looked into each other's eyes in a way that only the two of us understood.

"You will be whipped."

"With?"

"A stick."

"And you will wear glasses?"

"Of course."

"At the study table."

"If we cleaned it all up, it would be very spacious."

"Isn't the room too narrow?"

"Ah."

"Okay."

A-Nueng turned to Chet and answered reluctantly.

"I'll go with you."

Even though Chet didn't understand what we were talking about, he smiled cheerfully before turning around to say how sorry he was that I couldn't come along.

"Are you really not going? This hotel is so beautiful. And it's your birthday."

When A-Nueng realized that, her eyes opened wide.

"That's right. It's Ar Nueng's birthday. No, I won't..."

"We have a deal."

The deal was sealed. A-Nueng sits down angrily because Chet is so happy that his daughter will be going on a trip with her family. As for me, I will celebrate my birthday in Bangkok alone. Nothing... in my opinion.

"Nueng."

A-Nueng just sat quietly in my room after Chet left. I know the petite woman was gloomy because she couldn't celebrate my birthday with me, so I approached her. But she turned her back on me and gave me the silent treatment.

"Are you mad?"

"How is that possible? I already made an agreement to go with my father. I forgot that it's your birthday."

"It's just a birthday. It's just the day I'm a year older."

"But this is the first year I can celebrate your birthday with you."

A-Nueng turned to look at me with red eyes. She was so devastated that...I have to try not to smile.

"But we are together almost every day. Isn't that enough?"

"This may not be important to you, but to me..."

"You're still so small."

"I'm not a kid!"

"You... You're my student, remember? A-Nueng's student."

I took out the shoelace I bought and tied the petite woman's wrists with the lace. A-Nueng's eyes were now sparkling.

"What's this?"

"You naughty girl. You argue with me non-stop with your hands on me."

"Or I won't tie her up."

I smiled a little. A-Nueng was still sulking, but she wanted to play that naughty game. So she held out her wrist to me reluctantly.

"Good... good girl."

"You're not wearing your glasses."

I sighed a little. It seems that this woman is very naughty and...details.

"Okay."

I got up to look for my computer glasses. A-Nueng looked at me and smiled cheerfully. She also bit her lips tightly.

"My heart is pounding."

"Are you happy now, Student A-Nueng? You are strong-willed. You naughty girl."

"What class am I in?"

"Whatever you want."

"Then, let's say... I'm in my final year of junior high school."

"Ah, you are still a short-haired student."

"You called me a student. If you want me to be a high school student, you need to call me Miss Nueng."

Correct...

"So how old am I?"

"You're at a good age. You teach religion. You're beautiful, but narrow-minded."

I was a little surprised. I know this is just a fantasy, but I didn't expect to be teaching religion. And what does this have to do with narrow-mindedness? I'm a limited edition. I'm very modern and forward thinking.

"Why this topic?"

"Teachers who teach these subjects may experience bullying. And I just saw the news that the teacher who won the first prize lottery teaches this subject."

She is very up-to-date...

"It's up to you. Any subject is fine. But I don't need to pray, right?"

When the cheerful woman saw me uncomfortable with this, she burst into laughter.

"You're so sweet. You let me do whatever I want. Say... You are a teacher in your thirties which is very old-fashioned and strict. And you teach religion. Wow... The principal of this school is very beautiful."

"I'm old-fashioned, but I'm doing this with a student?"

"Your thinking is not correct."

So far Sippakorn has developed... Sometimes I wonder why I do this. Do I have to go this far to try to reconcile with someone? I ML is arrogant,

sometimes dominant.

"If I was a bad girl, would you spank me?"

The cheerful woman smiled slightly yet teasingly as she asked in a tone of voice nasal.

"I'm going to do a lot of things. And... I'm tying you up now because you're so naughty. I'm afraid you'll try to get away from me."

"Don't talk too much. Do whatever you want to do. I won't try to escape. I want you to do it so bad, my whole body is shaking."

I laughed lovingly and raised my wrist, pretending to look at the time on my watch.

"It's almost break time..."

I said this while organizing. My cell phone alarm goes off.

"Did you hear the bell?"

"So?"

A-Nueng's eyes were filled with curiosity. I pushed the petite woman onto the bed.

"If you are a naughty girl, you will be disciplined. You will have to go to the discipline room and be punished. Please know that this principal is very strict."

"What if I'm a good girl?"

"You will be able to drink milk and eat something delicious, good girl."

Both options were so tempting that A-Nueng completely forgot about her frustration. She enthusiastically decides between being punished and rewarded.

"It's up to you then, Headmaster. Whatever... as long as you just look at me."

"You're a good girl. Then... since we can't celebrate my birthday together,"

"You will be punished and eaten at the same time. By This time, we are not pressured by time."

"If we don't press, then where's the fun?"

"I just used the wrong choice of words. I teach religion,not language. Please forgive my poor linguistic skills."

I tried to speak formally so A-Nueng giggled. Now that we are ready, we enjoy having fun without mischief. I'll take this as compensation that makes her feel it's not good because I can't celebrate my 35th birthday with...my A-Nueng.

Sunyata

③⑤

FAMILY



"Happy Birthday, my Ar Nueng."

I looked at the message I received from Phuket last night with boredom. Why is my house so quiet just because A-Nueng wasn't here for a day? As I let my mind wander, my phone rang. The screen shows Chet's number. I looked at him in shock, but I decided to pick up the phone out of curiosity.

Has something happened?

"How was it? Did you guys have fun?"

[First of all, happy birthday, Khun Nueng.]

"That's very kind of you. Thank you for remembering my birthday."

[Next... Can you come to Phuket?]

"Hah?"

[A-Nueng is very sad. He might feel better if you were here.]

I straightened up a little when I heard that. But if you immediately agree to it, it will make me look uncool. I have to play hard to make myself seem worthy...

"I don't know. I'm a bit busy. It's my birthday, so I have an appointment..."

[It doesn't matter. I thought you wouldn't come.]

"Have you booked my tickets?"

[What?]

"If you want me to go, book me a ticket."

He's so stupid. If I pretend to be busy, he has to push harder and make me feel important. Luckily I didn't marry him.

[Okay. I will book your tickets now.]

"See you."

I arrived in Phuket around 9pm. Since it was a weekend and tickets were booked at the last minute, it was difficult to get them. But Chet is a good guy. Because he was worried about his daughter and my well-being, he took care of everything. I arrived in Phuket only 50 minutes after me

left Bangkok in a car to pick me up from the airport without having to lift a finger. It takes a bit of a journey from the airport to the hotel in the Patong area. It's not just busy traffic and red lights in Bangkok, it's the same here. But I finally arrived at the hotel. It's not a very big hotel, but...

clean and beautifully designed. It is a mix of Chinese and Chinese styles

Portuguese. Still not too busy because it just opened. But it was bright and seemed safe because the staff was ready to greet me when I arrived.

"Khun Nueng."

Chet, who was waiting for me at the front, smiled at me gratefully. I tilted my head and looked at him knowingly.

"You're here because you're afraid your parents will see me?"

"Yes."

"Where is A-Nueng?"

"In his room. I'll take you there."

My heart was pounding with excitement. Even though it's my birthday, I'm the one here to surprise the little lady. Chet was about to get into the elevator with me, but I waved my hand to stop him.

""You don't need to come with me. I will surprise your daughter myself."

"I want to see his face when he sees you. He hasn't smiled all day, today."

"You'll see it in the morning. Don't worry... I'll take care of everything."

I looked so serious that Chet agreed to give me directions to my room and retreated. Actually, I didn't want her to come with me because I was worried that A-Nueng, being a naughty woman, would react strangely when she saw me.

Ding...

The elevator bell rang, and the doors opened. Chet said I only needed to turn left to reach my room, room number 421. I looked at the beautifully designed wooden door before I raised my hand to cover the peephole and rang the doorbell.

"Who's that?"

A-Nueng asked in her usual nasal tone. I try not to smile. I'm the one who's here to surprise him, but I'm also the one who's happy to see him.

"Who's that?"

He was very careful. That's a good thing. I removed my hand from the peephole and showed my face. A-Nueng immediately opened the door and

looked at me, frozen.

"Ar Nueng!"

"How are you, my good girl?"

"Is there anyone here with you?"

"No"

"Good."

"Your Honour."

"Oh. Is this how we do it?" I shrink my neck a little. A-Nueng slowly returned to his room and unbuttoned his shirt. He didn't say anything else. "Aren't you going to say hello first?"

"No."

I entered the room and closed the door while tilting my head to look at the petite woman seriously.

"We must have missed you very much." I call myself 'us' when I play the queen, that is when he calls me Your Majesty. I then grabbed his arm and pulled him towards me. "How are you doing when we're not here?"

"Very bored."

"And now we're here?"

"I really want to do it."

I grabbed her hair back and tilted her face to receive my passionate kiss. I felt the exact same way he felt. I miss him and miss him so much, even though we were only apart for a day.

"Oh."

A-Nueng screamed as I backed away, turned her towards me, and pushed her against the wall. I bite his shoulder, and my free hand slips under his shorts. I smiled when I felt the moisture on my hands.

"We just met, and you want me that bad?"

"I miss you all day. Even though the room is beautiful, without you here, it feels very boring. Oh.."

I spanked her buttocks until it hurt before I grabbed her with force. A-Nueng leaned her face against the wall and breathed heavily and tiredly.

"You might not be bored anymore."

"This is very good. You are here..."

"If I wasn't here, what would you do?"

The silence of the petite woman in front of me made me guess what the answer would be. I moved away from him and put my hands behind my back. It makes the people I care for angry.

"Why did you stop?"

"What did you call me... You're just a slave. How dare you talk to me like an equal?"

"If you don't like it, whip me." A-Nueng took a bite

his lips were tight in frustration. I smiled a little and walked over to sit on the bed with one leg crossed over the other.

"There are many ways to torture someone. Look at you... You're a slave."

crazy, When he realized what I was talking about, he stomped

his feet, because he didn't know what to do.

"Don't torture me like this."

"Do."

"Do what?"

"Do what you would do if I weren't here."

"I want to see you."

"Ar Nueng..." The petite woman blushed until her face turned red. Even though she really likes playing the submissive role, she might

too embarrassed to do what I asked. "But..."

"It's my birthday.

"Give me a gift."

Even I myself was surprised by my mischief. A-Nueng was a little doubtful before he slowly took off his clothes. He then walked over to sit on my lap.

"Okay... I'll let you see me as your birthday present. But you have to touch me while I do it."

"Ah-hah."

The child of a year ago has grown into a very sexy woman today. A-Nueng touched her sensitive area and moaned as she kissed me. My role was just to rub him here and there, and kiss and praise him occasionally, to encourage him to be braver.

"Ah..."

A-Nueng's emotions rose as she danced on top of me after she threw away all her shyness. I slowly lay down on the bed and looked at my friend's daughter, who was satisfying her physical desires

with his own hands.

"Good job... You did well."

"Do you like me?"

"I do."

"Do you love me?"

"I do."

"If you love me..." The petite woman climbed up to my face, grabbed my hair, and gave me orders. "Eat me all."

I opened my mouth to continue what A-Nueng started willingly. The petite body flinched before she pushed him away from me. But my emotions also rose very high. And I enjoy seeing the men under my command tortured,

"I'm not finished yet.

A-Nueng's legs were shaking. However, I separated them and slipped my fingers inside...

"I'm just getting started. And I'm going to torture you all night."

**

"You missed me, right?"

A-Nueng asked while walking to the bathroom while I watched her. The petite woman tilted her head and gave me her Duchenne smile as she asked that.

"What's wrong with you? Why are you so happy this early in the morning?"

"You flew to come to see me here. If it weren't for you

miss me, what is that?"

"But it seems like someone misses me more."

"You can't use the word miss; you have to say miss." A-Nueng took my place under the rain shower and wrapped her arms around my neck. "You're so sexy when you're soaking wet like this."

"Aren't you tired at all? Last night.."

"I never get tired when I'm with you."

"Teenagers are very strong."

"I'm also very addicted to sex."

"I think I noticed." I smiled at him fully

affection. As we stared at each other, our emotions rose. But the doorbell disturbed us. "Who comes so early in the morning? They don't know at all

manners." The petite woman scrunched up her face. But when she

hearing who called, he immediately fell silent. I had to laugh at that.

"Are you awake. Khun Nueng?"

"Your father who doesn't know any manners... I'm done. Hurry up and finish your shower."

"How can I finish it when we haven't start?"

"You're naughty again."

I grabbed a bathrobe and put it on before heading out to greet Chet. The handsome father looked at me and smiled as if he was impressed. What's this? Has he ever seen anyone wet?

"Are you taking a shower?"

"Yeah. Why did you come so early?"

"I want to take you to breakfast. What about my child?"

"He's taking a shower."

"Hah?" Chet looked confused because I said I had just finished showering. He's probably confused about how A-Nueng can take a shower when I also take a shower, unless...

We showered together.

Damn...

"We'll catch up with you in a moment. But... would your parents be okay if you asked me to have breakfast with you?"

"Actually..." Chet looked uncomfortable, but he nodded as if he had already made up his mind about something. "They- don't know it, but I meant to invite you."

"Meaning?"

A-Nueng came out of the bathroom wearing a bathrobe, just like me. He came out just in time to hear what Chet had said about inviting me to breakfast with him.

"I will tell my family that I will ask you to be my girlfriend and I want to marry you."

"Because A-Nueng loves you, and I have loved you for a long time. It would be ideal if we all became one happy family."

③⑥

THE ONE IN MY HEART... AND ANOTHER



If you think about it, life is funny. I thought I would never see Chet's family again in this lifetime because I had embarrassed them in public. But right now, I'm dealing with the former prime minister, who is Chet's father. He kept avoiding eye contact because he couldn't accept the truth of what his son was saying....

"I really love Khun Nueng.

He made a sound in his throat to explain that he hadn't thought about being polite to me. I just sat quietly as if I didn't care, as usual. Seeing Chet play this big was really entertaining for me.

There was another person sitting next to me with an annoyed face as his father repeatedly told me how much he loved me.

"You haven't learned anything from what happened?"

Chet's mother said while looking away, as did her husband. Honestly, I think Chet should listen

his family. Why love someone who ran away from marriage

the one where he was the groom? I'm so insulting

his family.

And I'm also in a relationship with his daughter... But this is something Chet doesn't know yet.

"At that time it was an arranged marriage. Khun Nueng didn't know me well at that time. But now we are closer. And A-Nueng really loves Khun Nueng. Khun Nueng also really loves A-Nueng."

At this point, grandfather and grandmother looked at A-Nueng as if they wanted confirmation of this. But A-Nueng just kept quiet.

"How did A-Nueng and Khun Nueng get close to each other?"

Even though the former prime minister didn't like me, he still called me "Khun Nueng."

"That's fate."

A-Nueng interrupted, as if to tell her story. This encouraged Chet to continue persuading his parents.

"See how much A-Nueng loves Khun Nueng? I think it would be better if you gave us a chance to..."

"I have a headache." The former prime minister interrupted the conversation and did not allow Chet to continue speaking. "I'll lie down for a while."

"Let's talk about this later."

And the grandparents went away, leaving us. I crossed my arms in front of my chest and leaned back in the chair. I looked at Chet, who seemed disappointed that his parents wouldn't try to understand him.

"I told you it was useless, but you insisted on making it happen. The result was as I expected."

I laughed nonchalantly while A-Nueng smiled, seeing that her grandfather and grandmother didn't want to follow her father. ree

"I don't care."

"What?"

"Even if my parents are against the idea, I will date with you."

"You've been doing it for quite a while now. Have I told you that I'm going to date or marry you?"

"But you didn't protest."

"I didn't because I knew your parents would never agree to it. What's more... you won't be prime minister." I shrugged and looked at A-Nueng. "And have you asked your daughter if she would be okay with me being her stepmother?"

"Of course. She loves you. If we marry, she will be your daughter."

"I never said that I wanted to be Ar Nueng's daughter." A-Nueng said this firmly, as she seemed to have exerted all her patience towards her father. "And I want to go back to Bangkok now. It's not fun here."

"Nueng..."

And the apple of everyone's eye left angrily. I still support Chet because I feel sorry for him because nothing goes his way.

"Why is life so difficult? I just want to be a good father, but my daughter doesn't obey me at all. I brought her here, but she doesn't look happy at all. I want to marry you, but she doesn't want to have it."

"You can't get everything you want. And I never said that I would marry you. Do you want me to repeat that so you can think about it?"

I'm a very straightforward person. Even though I've strayed a bit lately, I still want to stick to my guns. If I say no to something, the chance of it happening is zero percent. There is no hope. There will be no.

And when I was about to chase A-Nueng, Chet stopped me with his question.

"Why?"

"What?"

"You're not dating anyone. Why don't you give me a chance?"

"This has nothing to do with that. Because while I'm not dating anyone, I'm not dating you either."

"So that means you already have someone in your heart now?"

That question made me straighten myself out. I felt like I was being nailed and forced to look him in the eye so he could find his mistake. For a moment, I knew that I was losing control of my facial muscles. But I quickly put on my expressionless mask.

"Mr. Chet." I called him coldly. When I feel insecure or very stressed, I will call the person's name respectfully. "Listen to me."

"That is none of your business."

I walked away as soon as I finished saying that, leaving A-Nueng's father standing where he was without even thinking to look back. But Chet's words made me realize something. One day, someone will find out about A-Nueng and me. And if A-Nueng sticks to me without dating anyone, someone will eventually suspect something.

And that someone is... Chet. He would notice something, and it would get out of hand.

How can we prevent others from knowing about us? How to prevent suspicion?

"What are you thinking, Ar Nueng? Why do you look so stressed?"

With my hands in my trouser pockets, I looked out to sea. I turned to look at the petite woman and smiled at her

"I just let my mind wander."

"Don't tell me you're thinking about marrying my father."

"Don't you want iw? I'll be your mother."

"No! Which mother would do something like that to her daughter?" Woman

The petite grabbed my arm to hug him tightly. "Please don't marry my father."

"Do I look like I really like your father? Actually... I have something on my mind." I sighed and spoke to A- Nueng in a serious tone of voice. "If you cling to me like this, your father will eventually find out."

"You mean, about us?"

"Yes."

"Just let it be. That's good. I want everyone in the world to know about us, so that you are mine and mine alone. And my father will finally stop bothering you. My mother will stop liking you. Yui will stop dreaming about you."

"Yui? Your tomboy friend?"

"Yeah. He's been talking about you non-stop since you teased him that day, and I'm no longer his friend because of that. Geez... He's flirting with me,

but then he liked my girlfriend. Who wants to be friends with people like that?"

"What did you say?" I hurriedly stopped the person in front of me from getting louder. "What if someone hears us?"

"I told you I want everyone to know about us."

"No."

"Why? What are you afraid of?"

"Aren't you afraid that your grandmother will find out?"

Gasp...

A-Nueng can be stubborn towards everyone in this world, but her grandmother will always be an exception. The same thing happened to me and my grandmother. The petite woman finally realized that our relationship was like walking on a tightrope. If we keep it a secret and no one knows, that's good. But if anyone finds out...

I don't even want to think about the consequences.

"What should we do?"

"I'm thinking about it. It would be strange if you didn't date with everyone."

"But my grandmother won't let me have a boyfriend. She says she's afraid I'll be like my mother."

"But that would be strange, right? You're an adult now. You could say you don't want a boyfriend. But for you to always be with me is strange."

"So what should I do?"

"Should I accept your father's proposal so that people don't suspect us? If I get close to you because I'm your stepmother, it won't be suspicious."

"No!" A-Nueng shouted loudly. He acted like a child who was afraid of something. "No. I wouldn't. We're close now, and no one suspects anything. You're my guardian, and you're a woman."

"Your father just asked me if I have someone in my heart."

"And how do you respond to that?"

"I might be acting suspicious. That's why he suspected something. Your father isn't stupid."

As the two of us stared at the horizon that separated the sky from the ocean, we both fell into deep contemplation. A-Nueng leaned her head on my shoulder and said, as if she was talking to herself.

"Is our love wrong, Ar Nueng?"

"That might not be appropriate."

"Because we are both girls?"

"Because I'm your guardian."

"If we were strangers and I were not your friend's daughter, wouldn't the mistake be too great?"

I looked at the person who asked the question and followed his train of thought before I reached out my hand to place a piece

hair behind her ears as I answered honestly.

"I have no idea."

Yes. If we weren't connected in such a way and just became two

foreigner, is this not wrong....

It seems I forgot that I was worried about my relationship with A- Nueng. Until today, about two weeks after my birthday, that cheerful woman reminded me of that by taking me out to meet Chet and herself. For Chet and myself, this was unexpected.

"Strange. Today A-Nueng took me for a walk. Honestly, I'm happy. Usually my daughter rarely talks to me." Chet smiled at me enthusiastically. I remained expressionless because meeting A-Nueng was normal for me.

"Your daughter may feel closer to her father."

"Ah... My daughter. Oh, she's here." Chet waved his hand to signal A-Nueng where we were before he stopped when he saw someone with him. "Who did he bring?"

"Oh... That's Folk. The boys who went to the amusement park together
We."

I didn't feel anything. I just smiled at the boy who climbed the fence next to me. He was a shy kid back then, but he looks much better now that he is a college student.

They are both adults.

"Sorry. Siam Station is so busy that it will take a while before we can get on the Skytrain. Isn't that right?" A-Nueng turns to get Folk support. The shy man looked at the talkative woman shyly and nodded.

"Yes."

I remember A-Nueng was very against Folk when she was in middle school. Although they remained friends I don't know when they became close.

"What mood are you in? Why did you ask to see me?"

"Ah. Many emotions are flowing through me." A-Nueng smiled and went straight to the point. "I would like to formally introduce Folk to you today."

"Hah?"

"Hah?"

Chet and I choked in surprise. We both already knew Folk. Why did he introduce it to us?

And I knew why, as soon as the cheerful woman introduced Folk again formally, but with a new status.

"Dad, this is Folk... my boyfriend."

Sunyal

③⑦

THE GIFT



“ Nueng. “

“ Yeah? “

“ Are we going to talk about this? “

I followed A-Nueng into the bathroom and crossed my arms over my chest as I looked at the woman in my care, my friend's daughter and someone close to being my lover. The cheerful woman knew what she wanted to talk about, but she just gave me a wide smile indifferently.

“ I'm doing this because you're afraid that someone will suspect something if I'm too attached to you and don't date anyone. I'm dating someone now. My father and my grandmother won't suspect anything. “

“ Does Folk know he's being used? “

“ This is not pleasant at all, A-Nueng. “

I shook my head to show my disapproval. Playing with someone's feelings was selfish. If you didn't like the person, you shouldn't give them hope or use them by doing something like this.

“ Folk would agree with that. It is beneficial for everyone. He's happy to go out with me and I can use him as my fake boyfriend when in reality...”

A- Nueng walked up to me and laced her fingers around my second button from the top.

“ I'm with someone else. “

I grabbed A-Nueng's hand and squeezed it tightly while shaking my head.

“ This is not OK. As your tutor who will groom you to be a perfect lady, I cannot allow you to hurt someone for your own benefit.”

I pushed A-Nueng's hand away from me to show how serious I was about this.

“ Let's find another solution. Do not do this. “

“ What better solution do we have? I won't let you go out with my father. “

“ I never said I would date your father. I already rejected it. And I want you to do the same with Folk. “

“ Oh...”

A-Nueng tilted her head a little and looked at me mischievously.

“ Or you're actually jealous. “

“ Stop wasting time. “

I spread my five fingers wide before shoving the petite woman in the face.

“ I'm serious. You breaks up with him and confesses that...”

“ I'm in love with you? Fine. “

I gave the petite woman a bored expression as she used such a high pitch that it was like she was on top of a mountain.

“ You know what I mean. “

“ It's okay. “

“ Stop making that noise. “

“ Kiss me and I'll stop. “

“ Nonsense. “

“ It's okay. “

I tried not to smile as A-Nueng continued to give me her Duchenne smile. I just sighed and leaned down to kiss her on the mouth. To be honest, I never thought I would be doing something like this. I never thought I would adore someone so much younger than me that I would kiss her in a public place. This was nothing like Sippakorn.

“ Ah...”

I forgot we were in a public bathroom. And because I wasn't careful enough to check if anyone else was here, it seemed like another customer heard and saw everything. I could tell by the redness on his cheeks as he quickly left without even washing his hands.

“ Did she see us? “

“ What do you think? “

“ Brilliant. “

“ How is that? “

“ At least someone knows that we really love each other. I want everyone to know it. But it turns out that the whole world includes my grandmother, my mother, and also my father... and it's better that they don't know it. I'm happy the way it is. Keeping this a secret is kind of exciting. “

I reached for my hand to mess up her hair and smiled adoringly at her. I didn't know how to describe exactly how I felt. It was a mix of obsession, adoration, and cute aggression that I couldn't identify. Our relationship was

really complicated...

[What do you think about the matter?]

Chet's voice was on the other end of the line. I returned to my palace after leaving A-Nueng. The father did not dare to say anything in front of his daughter, so he preferred to call me to discuss it with me now.

“ It's what you wanted. You don't want her to date a tomboy, so now she's dating a man. “

She was clearly frustrated. And Chet knew it.

[Aren't you happy that A-Nueng has a boyfriend?]

“ What are you saying? “

[I understand. You love her as if she were yours. Knowing that she has a boyfriend worries you. I'm sure A-Nueng loves you too much to let you down... but those are just comforting words. Because even I don't believe what I just said.]

Chet ended the conversation without giving me any chance to speak. I thought of one of Rapter's songs. He asked and answered himself. That worked...

“ They're already together. We can't do anything about it. “

[But we can control the situation. I won't let her spend the night with him. I had one of my closest people follow her. I think one of the reasons A-Nueng is with him is because she doesn't drive. She has to use public transportation.]

“ And? “

[If she drives, she will go to spend the night with her grandmother or to your palace. Then I will buy her a car.]

“ Hey? “

I didn't think Chet was serious, but A-Nueng's grandmother called me two weeks later, surprised. She yelled through the earpiece that she had a new compact car in front of her house. I had to go to see it .

“ Seriously? “

I looked at the red Mini Cooper with the Union Jack on the roof. Chet, who was next to me, seemed happy to be able to give this to her daughter because it was the first time he was able to do something nice for her (because he just found out he had a daughter). Or, actually, he knew it, but he forgot. Well... A-Nueng was just a protein in his body.

“ Of course I'm serious. I think A-Nueng should have her own car. It is much more convenient to move around. Her grandmother told me that she rarely comes home because she is away from the university, so she usually goes to spend the night at the palace. From now on, you can drive home, Nueng. Ah... I'll transfer you money for fuel.”

He was a spendthrift. But...

“ No, thanks. “

A-Nueng flatly rejected it. She wasn't excited at all. She didn't show any emotion. She just walked up to me before telling him.

“ I do not know how to drive. “

“ Alright. I will show you. “

“ No. “

“ Nue...”

“ Alright. I'll talk to her.”

I took the car key from the rich dad and looked at A-Nueng. -

“ Your father bought it for you. Take it. Look... Now he looks like a sad dog. “

Chet's jaw dropped when he heard me. But when A- Nueng looked at him, he clearly looked down. And finally, the grandmother, who had been observing the situation, spoke up, trying to help.

“ Actually, I don't want you to receive such an expensive gift. But... he has to do his job as your father.”

A-Nueng's grandmother looked at Chet with hatred.

“ I hope you don't ask for anything again in the future. “

“ What can I ask of you or her? “

“ And I agree with the idea that you can go home now that you have your own car. “

“ No. “

A-Nueng remained firm. And I thought I understood why.

“ Take it. Aunt will teach you how to drive. “

“ No. I do not want it. I don't want to drive. I want to spend the night in the palace with you! “

The most direct woman with her feelings in this world let slip what I suspected. I admit that she was nervous and worried that her grandmother and her father would suspect something about why she wanted to sleep at my house so much. However... they both just laughed as if they adored her.

“ You don't want a car because you don't want to go back to sleeping with your grandmother and miss the opportunity to see Aunt Nueng? Hey... you're too attached to your aunt. “

My heart raced, as if I were someone guilty. A-Nueng looked at me. She was starting to realize that she was too obvious.

“ Oh ok... “

“ Alright. You can drive the car to Aunt Nueng's palace or come back here to sleep with your grandmother. It's up to you,”

Chet added, which made A-Nueng start to hesitate.

“ I can do that? Can I still spend the night with Aunt Nueng? “

“ Of course you can. “

I responded softly.

“ And will you teach me how to drive? “

" I can teach you too,"

Chet offered again. However, A- Neng continued to look at me and repeat her question.

“ Will Aunt Nueng teach me? “

“ Alright. I will teach you. “

“ Well then.”

A-Nueng turned to Chet and smiled at him as she took the key from her father, who really wanted to please his brand new daughter. -

“ I will accept your gift. “

“ Brilliant. Let me hug you, daughter. “

Chet enthusiastically hugged A-Nueng, while I crossed my arms over my chest, as if I were protecting myself. I didn't want anyone to know about my hidden fear. Even so...

“ Why are you so quiet, Khun Nueng? Are you worried about something? “

A-Nueng's grandmother had been noticing my condition, so she asked worriedly. I shook my head a little and smiled slightly at her.

“ It's no big deal. “

“ Khun Nueng. “

“ Yeah? “

“ Should I worry about this gift from A-Neng's father? “

“ What do you mean? “

“ People do things expecting something in return. Chet is trying with all his might to get closer to A- Nueng. Maybe he wants her to move in with him. Mom is a little worried. “

The worrying voice made me smile a little and shake my head in disagreement.

“ Even if he does, A-Nueng won't go. You can trust me on this. “

I was still the arrogant Sippakorn who spoke distantly to my friend's mother and A-Nueng's grandmother without calling her "mom." The first impression when we met was unforgettable.

“ It's good that you are the intermediary person. At least A-Nueng listens to you more than her father. Please, takes care of your niece for me. He bought her a car today. I'm not sure what he'll buy her next time. “

“ I'm sure A-Neung won't love Chet more than her grandmother just because he bought her a car. “

“ That's true. But she didn't accept it at first just because she was afraid that she wouldn't be able to spend the night in your palace. Maybe I should worry more about her loving you more than me. “

I just looked at the old lady who was mocking me with a slight smile on her face without responding. However, my heart raced for fear of being caught.

Damn. How much longer would I have to live with fear like that...? Chet's plan was a success. Once A-Nueng accepted the car, he was able to keep Folk-at a distance. I thought it was silly, but maybe he just wanted to spend money to please his daughter.

“ The car is nice. Everyone will envy you when you drive it to college. “

I sat in the driver's seat as I drove to the palace and left my car at A-Nueng's grandmother's house. I would have my grandmother's driver pick up my car later.

“ Why would they envy me? I don't even want the car. I thought I couldn't come spend the night with you anymore. “

“ Is that why you refused to take it at first? “

“ Yeah. “

“ I think it would be easier if you broke up with Folk. Your father bought you a car because he doesn't want you to use public transportation because he allows you to spend more time with Folk. “

It's so stupid. So, do all the years she visited at her house become my husband or my wife? Ops... but she was right.

“ He protects you because he is a novice at being a father. He is crazy about you. You should pay a little attention to it “

“ I'm trying. But it is not easy. I am closer to you than my parents. But how can they compare? We talk in bed every day. “

"What are you babbling about?" You are so naughty. “

“ Do you know what I'm talking about or don't you know what I mean? “

I didn't respond because I didn't want to continue that line of conversation. We arrived at my palace shortly after. The sky was now dark, but there were lights from the palace garden. As soon as I turned off the engine and was about to get out of the car, A- Nueng grabbed my wrist.

“ Hey? What's happening? “

“ I just realized it on the way here. We don't need to talk only in bed. “

“ What are you thinking? “

A-Nueng unbuckled her seat belt and sat on top of me in the driver's seat. After that, she tilted the seat back mischievously.

“ Hey. No. The car is very small. Don't be naughty. “

The cheerful woman didn't listen to me. She lifted her A-line skirt and looked me in the eyes.

“ Can you really say no? “

“ Can... “

The naughty girl put my hand up her skirt. I could feel the humidity.

“ But I can't wait..”

I could only laugh because I didn't know what to do. If she said no, the petite woman would lose confidence. So in the end I left it like that and swiped my finger.

“ Ah... help me.”

“ Just for this time. And don't move too much. The car is small. Others will know what we are doing if they see the car shake.”

“ If I don't move, how can I? Ah... it feels so good. “

A- Nueng leaned over me and rested her forehead against mine.

“ I like it when you use your finger. “

“ That's why I tell you not to move. “

“ Because I will do the movements. “

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③⑧

DIFFERENCE



In addition to being her mother's friend, tutor... and lover of A-Nueng, she was now also her driving teacher. A-Nueng didn't have class that day, so I offered to teach her how to drive around my palace. A-Nueng asked to turn on the radio to entertain herself before starting.

“ I get nervous when I drive, so let me listen to some music to calm down. “

“ Will you be able to concentrate? “

I didn't agree because when I drove or when someone drove for me, I didn't like listening to music. I found her annoying. I preferred to take a quiet nap. But this wasn't my car.

“ Up to you. “

A-Nueng turned on the radio and searched for the station she liked. Once she did, she snapped her fingers.

“ I found it. “

I listened to the DJ talking, who was occasionally rude and mischievous. She made me frown a little.

“ Can they talk like that on the air these days? Aren't you afraid that there are children listening to you and copying you? It is very rude. “

“ You're old-fashioned. “

“ What!? “

“ Listeners can think for themselves. And it's just entertainment. If you speak monotonously, as if you were reading the news, people will fall asleep while you listen. More importantly...”

A-Nueng wrinkled her face and pouted as she crossed her arms over her chest.

“ I want to be a DJ at this station. “

“ And you will have to speak so rudely? This does not work. You should get another degree. Find a new career. “

“ Don't be so old-fashioned. If I get to be a DJ, I won't talk so rudely. Also, I want to be on a show similar to... Club Friday, not one like this. “

“ Is it the program where people call to talk about their lives, for example, the death of a father, the fraud of a father-in-law, the cheating of a husband or the relationship with the stepson? “

“ Whose life is that? Why is it so sad? “ -

A-Nueng put her hand on her chest. I just shrugged because she was just babbling.

“ Let's say we end the conversation here and start driving. We haven't even started and you're already complaining like an old lady. “

“ Today you said that I'm old-fashioned twice. “

“ Oh? Does it make you lose confidence? “

A- Nueng rested her chin on my shoulder and leaned in, as if she were asking for tenderness. I love you no matter how old you are. “

“ Just drive. “

I shoved the cheerful woman in the face and acted very serious.

“ Let's start by starting the engine. Step on the brake and press...”

I taught her, starting with the first step. Actually, it wasn't difficult at all. I believed that A-Nueng could learn to drive easily because she was intelligent. It only took me a day. It was not that difficult....But... I figured it wasn't the same for everyone. While teaching, I noticed that A-Nueng was confused. She suddenly hit the accelerator hard and braked until we were almost flying through the windshield. It was lucky we had our seatbelts on. I tried to control my emotions and remain patient. I continued teaching her by speaking slowly. But it wasn't easy at all....Nothing.

“ Geez, Nueng. We are driving. Driving!!! “

I yelled at her like I had never done before.

“ How hard can it be? Just remember to hit the brakes before changing gears. D is drive forward and R is drive backward. Why can't you remember that? You are stupid? “

“ Give me some time. This is my first day. Everyone makes a mistake on the first try. “

“ I never did it. I was able to drive the first day I tried. What is this? If you're so stupid, don't drive. Ride a buffalo! “

“ Do you think riding a buffalo is easy? “

“ It's probably the same as riding a horse! “

“ Argh! “

A-Nueng slammed the steering wheel in frustration and got out of the car in the middle of nowhere. I was frustrated that she had raised her voice at me. But I still managed to get out of the car and yell at her to make things worse.

“ Good! Go away. You ride back on a buffalo. Damn! “

I yelled at her angrily and kicked the car.

“ Oh...”

And it was as if the world had come to an end when a sharp pain ran from my toe to the end of my hair. I wanted to cry in pain, but I didn't dare because I needed to stay calm. I only let my tears flow because I overreacted. Damn.' You are just a car; How dare you cause an ML so much pain? 'My...my nail was broken. Wait. What had she just exclaimed?...The pain reduced my anger and allowed me to compose myself. A-Nueng had gotten quite far away from me and I was starting to worry about my friend's daughter. Where was she going? I told her to leave, so she was leaving? Was she crazy?

“ Come back right now! “

I said it flatly as I stared into space, full of worry.

“ One... “

“ Two...”

“ Good. I will try to reconcile with you. “

I climbed to the driver's side and drove slowly to look for A-Nueng. I saw the little woman stomping without thinking into the distance. She didn't even care that her phone and her purse were in the car. She was probably very angry with me.

"Where are you going, young lady?"

A-Nueng glanced at me sideways and continued walking forward. Realizing that the little woman was playing hard to get, I started to frown, since she didn't have much patience.

“ Get in the car. Let's go home. “

“ No. “

The grumpy woman (that was her new nickname) responded sternly. I bared my teeth at her, but I knew it was all because I lacked patience. So I could only continue trying to reconcile with her.

“ Where are you going? Your phone and your bag are in the car. “

When I reminded her, A-Nueng seemed to realize this. She looked inside the car and bit her lips. But she continued to act and continued her walk.

“ I'm looking for a buffalo to ride. You said it's easier than driving a car. “

She was too irascible.

“ Get in the car. Let's go home. “

“ First I have to find a buffalo to ride. “

“ Where can you find one in Bangkok? “

“ I'll have to find something to take home because I'm stupid. “

“ If you get in the car, I'll let you ride. “

“ Ride what? There are no buffaloes in Bangkok. “

“ Ride me. “

And A-Nueng, who was in a bad mood, instantly turned to look at me as I stopped the car and froze towards her. The little woman looked at my wound, as if she wanted to ask me about it. But she was still mad at me, so she looked like she didn't know how to look. She wanted to ask, but she was still angry. She wasn't sure which one would win over the other.

“ W...what do you mean by riding? “

“ You have a great imagination. “

And the little woman began to have difficulty controlling the muscles in her face. She went from being angry to smiling happily at my offer. However,

she was still trying not to reconcile with me too easily.

“ Are you a buffalo? “

“ I am your everything. What else do you want? Who am I?” -

I put my hands on my head before putting them on my hips. Then I asked her one last time why it was so hot that I was feeling frustrated again.

“ Are you going in or not? “

“ Will I be able to ride you if I come in? “

“ Is there something else on your mind? “

“ You made me the offer! “

A-Nueng stomped away because she was in a bad mood again. But once I gave her the answer she wanted, she stopped.

“ Alright. I'll let you ride me if you come in. “

That made the petite woman smile and turn around quickly.

“ Okay, I'll go in. So do you want to be a cow or a buffalo? “

“ You're going to take advantage of this, right? “

How did I get to this? How did I come to offer to be a cow or a buffalo for the woman I told my friend to get rid of? . . . In the end, Chet decided to teach A-Nueng how to drive because he wanted to spend time with her as father and daughter. But the person who took A- Nueng to get the driver's license was...

“ Folk took me. He stayed with me all day. “

A-Nueng informed me while proudly showing her driver's license that she obtained it with just one try. I wasn't happy about that at all, as I focused on

the boyfriend A-Neng brought to the palace with her....My palace. It was our place... but she brought someone else here. What did she mean by this?

“ Why did you bring Folk? “

“ Ah. I invited him to have dinner here as a thank you for his time. And I've boasted about how delicious the food you cook is. “

“ And... you didn't think to tell me this first? “

I made it sound like I was joking. Folk couldn't tell how I felt because I was good at hiding my feelings. But A-Nueng, who was with me almost all the time, knew immediately that I was very unhappy about this.

“ I guess you're not free... Folk, let's do this later. Aunt Nueng is not available today. I forgot to tell you. “

“ Alright. We can do it another time. Then... I'll go first. Goodbye, Aunt Nueng. “

Folk raised his hand to show me his respects politely before bidding farewell to A-Nueng. He put his hand on her face to indicate that he would call her later. I looked at that, frustrated. I put my hands in my pants pocket to say goodbye to the man until it was just the two of us left.

“ Why haven't you broken up with him? “

A-Nueng turned to look at me and change the subject.

“ I like it when you're jealous. “

“ What? “

“ For me, being a friend or lover of Folk is the same. So I don't see the need to say anything... I don't want to lose a friend. “

“ You don't keep it as an option? “

I said this sarcastically and turned to walk inside the palace. But A-Neng grabbed my arm before I could do that.

“ I won't keep it as an option. I already told you that I only love you. “

“ I do not like this. You're not being honest. The man thinks he has hope. He may not want any of his boyfriend status for now, but someday he'll want more. This is not OK. “

“ He will never get what you get. “

“ Then break up with him now! “

I screamed loudly. Everything was silent until we could hear each other's breathing. A-Nueng looked me in the eyes and nodded.

“ Alright. I'll break up with him tonight. I'm still with him, so no one suspects anything. But if you think it's such a bad idea and it makes you uncomfortable, I'll do it tonight.”

A-Nueng raised her hand to hold my arm.

“ I'm sorry, Aunt Nueng. Please don't be jealous. “

“ Wow. “

I turned toward her, prepared to lash out at her again. But when I saw how she looked at me, I softened.

“ Why do you like to think I'm jealous? “

“ I want you to be jealous. You make me feel loved. “

“ What...”

ML Sippakorn's love is not something that comes easily. My parents couldn't do it... Can you imagine how good that makes me feel?

“ When did I love you? “

I spoke with indifference.

“ I'm just worried. “

“ Do you love me. It's just that you are very quiet. “

“ You're talking nonsense. “

A-Nueng did as I asked. She broke up with Folk. She told me that Folk cried non-stop because she didn't understand what he did wrong. It had been nice when he took her to get her driver's license. Even though A- Nueng acted like everything was fine, I was sure that she was sad; However, she hid her sadness behind her smile. She shouldn't have given him hope in the first place...

“ Let's run, Aunt Nueng. “

“ Huh? “

A-Nueng came into the bathroom at 8 am while I was brushing my teeth. The little woman was wearing her sweater and was ready to go for a run. She smiled happily at me.

“ Let's run to exercise. “

Although I felt strange, I thought it would be good to do this type of activity. We ran through the streets around my palace. The little woman was full of energy. She surprised me how energetic she was.

“ Why are you inviting me to exercise? I've never seen you exercise before. “

“ I want my heart to beat strong. They say that adrenaline causes our body to release endorphins (the happiness hormone). “

“ You are not happy? “

I ran after A-Nueng. I was following her train of thought. When I began to understand why she was inviting me to run, I slowed down and told her to

stop. -

“ Are you stressed? “

“ No. “

“ About Folk? “

“ I do not want to talk about this. Hurry up and follow me. Whoever reaches that intersection first wins. Come on! “

And the person who started the race walked away, leaving me behind while I waited frustratedly for a response. I didn't like it when others changed the subject when I asked something.

“ Nueng. Stop. We need to talk. “

“ First reach me. “

I took big strides to reach it. But it seemed like the more she tried to reach it, the further away she was because she was tired. As I focused on wanting to beat her, I started to realize something. I slowed down and looked at A-Nueng, who was far ahead of me. I couldn't reach it...We were too different. This was what she should be thinking about. My age.

"What are you doing, Aunt Nueng?"

I'm already at the goal....The joy of the woman, who was about to turn twenty, was reflected in me. A-Nueng was full of energy and had a bright future ahead of her, while I was a middle aged woman who got tired of jogging. We had different perspectives and ideals due to our age differences. No matter what angle I looked at it from, we weren't right for each other.

“ You are old. “

“ You are old-fashioned. “

I looked at my palm when it hit me... It really was old.

“ Aunt Nueng. Why did you stop? “

A-Nueng, who was at the finish line, ran towards me while complaining.

“ I'm tired. “

“ You get tired very easily because you are old. “

The little woman, who didn't know anything, made fun of me like she usually did. I looked at my friend's daughter and smiled at her as she sized me up. Then I nodded and ruffled her hair.

“ Yeah. I am older. You should invite friends your age to exercise with you... Maybe I was controlling you too much regarding your relationship with Folk. If you're stressed about it, why don't you call to apologize? You can tell him that it was something spontaneous... It might be a good idea. “

"What's wrong, Aunt Nueng?"

I moved my face to show that it was nothing and smiled understandingly at the little woman.

“ I'm old. “

“ I'm really too old. “

③⑨

BAD TIMING



“ I will not open a restaurant. I prefer to deliver food at home online. “

“ So you'll need a central kitchen. “

“ Yeah. If it is in the central area, it would be good. Then I can have the cars distribute the food from there. “

My sister and I met to talk about my business. I initially planned to do it alone, but Sam was worried about me, so she asked to be a shareholder. She didn't want me to fall without a safety net. Her justification was both endearing and irritating, and she left me unsure whether to feel resentment or appreciation.

“ I'm rich. “

I am someone who had a very high ego. I didn't want my sister as a safety net, so I wouldn't be seriously injured if she failed. But when I saw her determination, I softened. The good thing was that we could spend more time together after not having seen each other for more than six years.

“ Then why did I set up a meeting with the interior designer? “

We both turned to the handsome interior designer, who had been listening to us for a while. I smiled at him out of politeness, but I didn't feel any guilt for not having asked him to come.

“ It's a big waste of your time, Art. “

“ Alright. “

He responded in a deep voice and nodded. He was about the same age as me. He smiled slightly at me. I detected something in his eyes, but I pretended I didn't notice...

“ Lets talk later. Instead of an interior designer, we should look for a place for the central kitchen.”

I shrugged a little.

“ And in case you forget, I can do the interior design myself. “

“ But you are an architect. Your degree is not interior design. “

“ We're not going to use your service anyway. Thanks again for your time. “

I avoided apologizing to him, but instead thanked him. Someone like ML Sippakorn was never wrong.

“ I really want to try the food you cook. “

“ Huh? “

I turned and raised an eyebrow at him.

“ I heard from Khun Sam that her sister was a cooking teacher. “

“ Sam is exaggerating. “

I looked at my sister. I didn't complain or anything. The rich ML simply shrugged.

“ When I contacted Art, I told him that we were going to open a restaurant. “

“ She boasted to me about the food you cook.”

“ What was I going to say...? My sister's food is worse than dog shit, but she really wants to open a restaurant? That wouldn't be a good idea. “

Sometimes I thought my sister was asking for it...I looked back at Art and as I was about to tell him again that Sam was overreacting, a strange idea popped into my head. Then I changed my mind in a split second.

“ Come to the palace. I'll cook for you.”

Sam looked at me and looked like she'd seen a ghost. She knew well that I was not a friendly person.

" Will you join us, little Sam? "

“ I have to go to Mon's house today. Friday is her family day. And I want to be part of it. “

“ Ah-huh. So... what should we do? If Sam doesn't join us, do you want to go, Art? “

“ I was the one who said I wanted to try the food you cook. So I'm available. “

He was tolerant, not at all dignified. And I wasn't a flirtatious ML either, so after inviting Art, I also invited Chet and Folk to dinner. And of course... A-Nueng joined us. Everyone looked at each other, curious to know what was going on, except Art, our guest. Chet looked at the interior designer I brought in. He was aware of Art's motive. What he didn't know was why I invited everyone to dinner. Why was everyone so curious? I invited them all to dinner, so they just had to eat.

I decided to try a new menu: Thai sour curry with crab and crab roe. It was a little difficult to cook. Someone shared it in a Facebook post a few days ago, so I asked the housekeeper to buy roe crab and cook it for the first time. And as always, it was a success and seemed very attractive. Of course, it's also delicious. This is real food (because it is cooked in a palace).

“ Please eat. There's no need to be so proper. “

I said this and was the first to take a bite. Others did the same. Then everyone looked at me curiously, especially A-Nueng. She was sure they had many questions they wanted to ask me. Who was this Art guy? Why did I invite Chet? Why was Folk, who he already broke up with, there? I knew all those questions I had. And I was about to give her the answer slowly while we were eating.

“ How are you, Folk? “

I asked Folk. We didn't talk much because I was very arrogant. Then the young man stiffened and almost choked.

“ Ah... Khun...”

“ Eat slowly. “

I offered him a handkerchief. She almost bowed as he took it as if he were receiving the title from her.

“ It's very delicious. I've heard that Khun Nueng's food is out of this world, but this is my first time trying it. “

“ You can call me Aunt Nueng. “

“ What? “

“ You are younger than me. And A-Nueng also calls me aunty... It's okay....You're like a relative to me,”

I emphasized before talking to Art.

" Do you like the food? "

“ It's really delicious. “

“ Why don't you ask me? “

I laughed and waved my hand when Chet complained.

“ You can eat it whenever you want. Wow...”

“ It's true. “

Chet straightened, as if he had just won the "closest person to ML Sippakorn" trophy.

“ But why did you invite us all to dinner? “

“ I suddenly realize that it has been many years since I had dinner at a full table like this. Chatting over dinner is good. We can exchange ideas. I want your opinion about my business...”

So Chet, Art and I brainstormed about my business. Since I had a degree in architecture, I spoke with Art about the layout of the central kitchen. But when it came to the business side, I consulted Chet because he owned many businesses, both his family's and his own. Then it seemed like we were taking A-Nueng and Folk out of the conversation. We talked for over twenty minutes before I realized that...

“ Oh. “

The boys have remained silent.

“ You're probably bored.”

I turned to talk to the small woman.

“ But you have a friend your age with you. There's probably something you two can talk about. “

" It's a good thing you invited Folk, or A-Nueng would be completely bored. "

Chet added.

“ Yeah. When I look at A-Nueng, I feel old. Ha ha. “

And we talked again about topics that A-Nueng couldn't participate in before everyone left around 8 pm. I walked Art to his car.

“ Thank you for inviting me to dinner, Khun Nueng. Would it be okay if I came back? “

“ No. “

I responded with a smile on my face.

" I brought you here so you could meet Chet. "

“ So that you know that you are not worthy of me. Bye bye. “

I waved goodbye. He looked as if he had been hit on the head. He was completely confused and walked away in a daze. Chet, who had been watching nearby, approached with his hands in his pants pockets.

“ What made you invite him today? “

“ To talk about my business. “

“ I thought that you like me. “

“ He can't compare to you. “

“ Then why? “

“ If he is not worthy, he will get nothing from me. You can rest assured. Go home. I'm sleepy."

I said a weak goodbye. I didn't wait for him to get in the car and leave like I did with Art. Chet was used to me being like this, so he left voluntarily. Now it was time to say goodbye to my last guest.

“ Thank you for dinner, Aunt Nueng. “

“ Hurry home now. “

It was evident that I was sad to see Folk standing there. The handsome man seemed as confused as Art, but he went home quietly. Of all the guests that day, he was the one I hated the most. Damned. I invited him myself. Why was I being an idiot?

“ Aunt Nueng. “

A-Nueng, who had been waiting for me for a while, called me. I looked at the little woman and smiled .

“ Yes, my good girl? “

A-Nueng rushed to hug me tightly like a baby monkey. I was a little surprised as I tried to get it off of her because I was afraid that the housekeepers would talk about us. But I didn't see any sign of being able to get it off of her.

“ Let me go first. I don't want the housekeepers to see this. “

“ No. “

A-Nueng's voice was muffled because she nestled her face against my chest while she spoke.

“ I don't understand. “

“ What you do not understand? “

“ You brought a stranger home. You invited my father and Folk. What do you want to say to me? “

I stopped trying to get her off of me and let my arms fall to my sides. When A-Nueng saw my reaction, she hugged me tighter.

“ Tell me. What do you want to say to me? “

“ It's no big deal... Let me go first.”

I removed the arms around my waist and was about to walk away. But A-Nueng turned around to hug me from behind and put all her weight on me.

“ What are you doing? You are heavy. “

“ I'll hold on to you like this until you answer me. Do you know that if you are dead, you will weigh more? “

“ You are dead? “

“ Without you, I would rather be dead. “

I laughed. I made A-Nueng stand up straight and stop leaning on me. She looked at me and repeated her question.

“ Ah... I finally made you laugh. Tell me what happens to you? “

“ Aunt Nueng. “

“ I am 35 this year, while you are 19. “

“ Aha. “

“ I will be 40 in 5 years and you will be 24. “

“ Why are you talking about our ages again? “

“ Nueng... I'm old.. “

“ Are you asking me to marry you?... My God. I will do that! “

A-Nueng jumped happily without worrying. I looked at the person in her own fantasy world and put my head in my hands...Damn. This woman.

“ No. I'm saying I'm old...”

“ My God, my God, my God. “

“ Hey. Listen to me first. “

“ I can not hear you. What did you say? “

“ Alright. I already said yes. “

“ Nueng!! “

When I yelled at her, the little woman, who was trying to avoid what I wanted to say, remained silent. We both remained silent. The pleasant atmosphere became tense.

“ Yes?... Aunt Nueng. “

“ I'm very old. I've been feeling this for a while now. Your life is just beginning, while mine is withering. “

“ And? “

“ Our age difference is too big. You saw what happened at the table. You can't join the conversation because you don't understand what Art, your father and I were talking about. The only person you could talk to was Folk. “

“ I am very old. I will have gray hair in a few years. I get tired when I exercise. I can't even keep up with your pace when we run... “

My heart raced and my voice shook with pain because I couldn't ignore my age.

“ One day... you will get bored of me. You'll be upset because I'm old. I won't be able to see or hear well. I won't be able to have a conversation with you...”

A-Nueng cupped my cheeks and forced me to look at her. She smiled and spoke as if she were older than me.

“ What I can do? There is only one like you in this. “

“ Nue... “

“ You've lived so long without even thinking about loving or pleasing anyone but me, right? “

“ Is the same for me. I never thought of loving or liking anyone more than you. We are both limited editions. If we die, no one could replace us. Nobody can replace you.....Nobody. “

Tears fell down my cheeks. It wasn't sad at all. It was as if I was so moved by what the little woman said when she did it with such determination. And her eyes were the same as the first day we met. She was still obsessed with me. She fell in love with me again every day.

“ But I will die first. “

“ That's good. Because you will feel a lot of pain if I die first. “

“ You may have to use wheelchairs. “

“ I'm stronger. I'll push you. “

“ What happens if we can no longer have sexual relations? “

“ We have cucumbers. “

“ Naughty!!! “

“ You know what I'm talking about? Who is the naughty one? “

“ Naughty!!! “

And the little woman put her arms around my neck and brought me close to kiss me. I forgot we were outdoors, but I didn't care anymore. Because no matter who see us, they wouldn't dare say a word because they had no right to do so.

But I forgot something... There was someone who had that right and would have something to say about it.

“ I forgot something... “

Chet parked in front of the palace and ran inside because he had forgotten his wallet. He arrived just in time to see us kiss.

Damn... Of all the people who could see us kissing, why did it have to be A-Nueng's father?

Sunydai

④ ①

THE PERSON WHO RETURNS



Everything was silent. A-Nueng still had her arms around my neck because she didn't know how to react to look as least suspicious as possible. If she immediately took her arms off of me, it would look suspicious. But not taking her arms off me was even more suspicious. What could I do to make us less suspicious other than turn to look at Chet with a straight face, as if what A- Nueng and I were doing was normal?

“ You're so careless. How far were you... And you, why are you clinging to me like a baby monkey? “

I slowly removed A-Nueng's arms from me and put my hands in my pants pockets, acting as if everything was normal.

“ Go help your father look for his wallet. “

“ Yeah. “

A-Nueng walked away with her head bowed to play the role of someone who had just been scolded. Chet watched A-Neung walk away and then walked towards me. He remained silent. He made me nervous. Was I suspicious? I thought I had handled it well...

“ Will A-Nueng spend the night here? “

“ It's late. I don't want her to drive home alone. She still isn't a good driver.
“

“ Good. “

Chet stayed still. He didn't go in to get his wallet like he intended. But his daughter finally came out with the wallet that he returned to look for.

“ Where was it? “

“ In the dining room table. “

“ You want to go home? I will take you. “

“ No. “

A-Nueng responded almost immediately, without even thinking about it. Chet nodded and smiled at us.

“ I'll come back then. Don't sleep too late. “

The man my age smiled and walked away silently. It was like we were betting on a poker game. He had no idea if his silence meant suspicion or not. However, Chet continued to chat with A-Nueng in the same way as before.

“ Do you think my father saw us? “

“ I'm trying to figure that out. What do you think? “

“ Probably not. He talks to me the same way he always does. “

“ We have to stop being so careless. “

“ What is this? This is our house. Why do I have to worry about people knowing about us? If I don't make out with you, where's the fun? My tenderness comes from my seduction skills. “

I looked at the little woman, who was worried but still joking, and laughed out loud.

"Can you still be naughty at a time like this?"

“ We were having our moment. Shall we continue? I almost impressed you to the point of sleeping with you. “

I pushed her face hard and shook my head when I heard that.

“ How can you be so naughty? “

“ But I'm also pretty... My father is gone. Let's keep flirting. “

A-Nueng clung to my shoulder from behind and jumped like a rabbit. I waved my hand playfully, annoyed that she wasn't really bothered at all. I just wanted her to keep her composure from time to time. But even though I could still laugh, I couldn't get Chet's eyes out of my head when he looked at us. I hoped I was thinking too much.

Life continued as usual. Chet didn't show any suspicion of him. But A-Nueng and I had been more careful since that day. I forbade the little woman from kissing me in public, even in my palace. Yes... the bedroom didn't count..Ah... the bathroom neither. But everywhere else it was prohibited. A-Nueng obeyed willingly. Like I said, everything went on as usual. Until one day, while A-Nueng and I were arguing about politics because I wanted to test my friend's daughter to see if teenagers these days were paying attention to what was happening in our country, I heard a familiar voice from afar.

" What are you two talking about? "

They seem very stressed. It was a high and thin voice, similar to that of A-Nueng. I knew immediately who she was without having to turn to look. Piengfah's sudden appearance surprised A-Nueng and me instead of making us happy.

“ How did you get here? “

“ What is this? Surprise! Can't you look happy? “

The little woman's mother smiled at A-Nueng and opened her arms expectantly.

“ Why are you sitting there? run into my arms. “

A-Nueng did not know her mother. She glanced at me for a bit before walking over, carrying out Piengfah's order, and hugged her awkwardly. As for my friend, who really wanted to play the role of a mother, she hugged her daughter tightly and kissed her on both cheeks longingly.

“ You look like a grown woman without your glasses. I was only gone three months; How could you have changed so much? “

Piengfah turned A-Nueng around to examine her.

“ You are beautiful, just like me. “

“ How did you get here, mother? “

“ I took a plane. “

"I know..."

A-Nueng scratched her head.

"I mean, you just got back... Why did you come back here so soon? “

“ I missed you. Can't I come see you? Let me hug you again,"

Piengfah pulled the cheerful woman closer as she looked at me.

“ I missed you too Khun Nueng. But let me say hello to my daughter first. “

“ Take your time. Spend as much time as you want with your daughter. “

“ Ah... I can't believe it. A-Nueng looks much more beautiful now that she is a college student. I bet a lot of people flirt with her."

Piengfah turned to look at me.

“ Have you been taking good care of my daughter? “

“ I do what I can. You can ask her yourself.”

I put my hands in my pants pocket and looked at Piengfah suspiciously. My old friend moved away from A- Nueng, caressed her face and kissed her forehead.

“ Do you already have a lover, daughter? “

“ No. “

“ That's unusual. Someone as beautiful as you should date. At the very least, there must be someone flirting with you. “

“ There is..”

A-Nueng tried not to smile, while Piengfah gave him a sweet smile.

“ Many? “

“ Quite a few. “

“ And you don't like any of them... But I understand well. “

Piengfah turned to me. -

“ When you have someone like Aunt Nueng with you, no one seems good enough. She sets the bar too high. Everyone is worthless compared to her. “

“ Of course. I'm a limited edition. “

“ But I will tell you this. You have to be with someone of the same status. The most important...It must be a man. “

Piengfah looked at me as she said that, but then turned to smile at her daughter.

“ I'll sleep with you tonight. Let's go back to your grandmother's house. “

“ But...”

"Go sleep with your mother,"

A-Nueng, who was about to protest, closed her mouth when I interrupted her. Piengfah smile from cheek to cheek.

“ Thank you, Khun Nueng. She has to stop clinging to her Aunt Nueng. She is already older. “

And Piengfah continued chatting with her daughter, with me as a silent observer. I was cooking in the kitchen. She was trying a new menu: fermented rice flour noodles with crab. Getting the crab meat out of the shell took a long time, as did preparing the sauce. However, I couldn't concentrate on cooking at all. He felt like Piengfah was a time bomb and was waiting to see when she would explode.

“ Khun Nueng.. There was...”

I still turned my back on her. I tried to concentrate on cooking. I didn't feel like talking to her. She approached silently. I responded indifferently.

“ Are you going home already? “

“ Yeah. “

“ Aren't you staying for dinner? “

“ I plan to go to lunch with my mother. But I wanted...”

“ What's happening? “

I turned to look at her and raised an eyebrow. Although my heart was pounding, I kept my face straight.

“ I heard some strange stories from Chet.. “

“ About? “

“ Some kind of relationship between you and A- Nueng...”

Piengfah crossed her arms over her chest and stared at me. The phrase some kind of relationship was left to me to fill in the blank. If I felt guilty, which I did, I would know immediately what she meant. But I had to pretend I didn't know...

“ What type? “

“ Are you and A-Nueng in a relationship? “

“ Don't tell me you came here for this. “

Everything was silent. I had to make what she said sound as ridiculous as possible.

“ Actually, I also miss Thailand and my daughter. So when this came up, I was motivated to come back. “

I took off my apron and leaned on the counter as I entered into a staring contest with Piengfah.

x What do you want me to say? “

“ Anything. I just want to know. “

"Ah-huh..."

I was silent for a moment before answering. I wanted to see her reaction to this.

“ It's true. “

“ I'm in a relationship with A-Nueng. “

41

EVIDENCE



Silence enveloped us. And to break the silence between Piengfah and me, he continued talking.

“ It's a relationship between adults. We rarely confess our love and we never tell anyone. It's just between the two of us. “

“ And? “

Piengfah crossed her arms over her chest and stared at me, as if she were putting pressure on me. I wasn't one to back down from a staring contest, so I pressed on.

“ A-Nueng sleeps here more than 4 days a week because my house is closer to the university. I'm teaching her to drive. We don't have much activity. We mainly eat breakfast, dinner and sleep.

“ Sleep...”

“ We do things that two women do with each other. A- Nueng has very interesting preferences. She likes me to hurt her, but not too much. It turns her on. Sometimes we role play. I am the director and she is a student. If she is a bad girl, she will not get the full score and she will be punished. She likes to do it in the car or on the study table. Her moan reaches high...”

“ Enough. I give up. “

Piengfah raised her hand and waved it to show that she really gave up.

“ I know you can keep going. You don't have to be so sarcastic. Just say it's not true and I'll believe you. “

I smiled out of the corner of my mouth and laughed out loud.

“ What is this? “

“ I was only half counting...”

“ You can be sarcastic about anything, but you don't have to go to the extreme of saying that my daughter likes sadomasochism like in the movie 50 Shades of Gray.”

The mother acted as if she had goosebumps.

“ You described it so vividly. Did you have to go so far as to describe her moaning to her mother? “

" Weren't you here to hear that? So do you believe me or not?"

“ How could I? There's no way you're doing that with a 19 year old girl. “

I swallowed hard, but didn't argue. It's better for her to think that. And while we were talking, someone coughed. It was A-Nueng, standing with a bright red face in the kitchen with us. Since when was she here?

“ W...what are you two talking about? “

“ Just this and that, daughter. “

Piengfah quickly changed the subject and laughed.

“ Let's go see your grandmother. I'm done talking to Khun Nueng. “

“ Well... “

A-Nueng looked at me before walking towards her beautiful Mini Cooper. Piengfah walked away while I began to feel that....A big mess is coming.

[I really miss you, Aunt Nueng. Today is supposed to be my day with you...]

A-Nueng's voice was on the other end of the line. He made me smile. He was lying in front of the TV, drawing A-Nueng's portrait with a 2B pencil.

“ You're so attached to me. Spend some time with your mother. “

[Being with my mother doesn't make my heart race like when I'm with you. I had plans to do a lot of things with you tonight...]

“ Don't be so careless. Is your mother in the area? “

I put down my pencil and sat down nervously. A- Nueng responded to me as if she had no common sense.

[Of course not. How else could I call you and complain... Also! Did you have to tell my mother that I liked doing it at the study table?]

“ You were eavesdropping. “

I laughed happily.

“ Your mother asked, so I let her know. But it seems like she doesn't believe what I said. Obviously...her daughter is so cute. Who would imagine that she likes having her hair pulled when...”

[Don't say it out loud.]

“ Are you shy? “

[No. It turns me on.]

I couldn't really win with her. She was shameless.

“ This means that your father really suspects us. That's why he called your mother. “

[And? I will still be with you.]

“ It's not that easy. “

[Why make it difficult?]

“ You make everything seem easy, but it really isn't... Your parents trusted me. They trusted us so much that they didn't think that...”

[Promise me you won't leave me.]

“ Hey? “

I shrank my neck and dragged my voice.

“ Why would I leave you? “

[I don't know. But I'm scared.]

The small woman's voice on the other end of the line shook me. Maybe it's because I didn't think it would be easy. It would be really difficult. The probability of us being together was 0%. Daughter of a close friend. My ex-boyfriend's daughter. The person under my care. Where was the possibility? And how could she have gotten this far?

[Why are you silent?]

" I'm just thinking about this and that."

[You must be very stressed. Hey... I recommend you listen to the radio. Do you remember the station I told you I like and will be working with as a DJ? Turn it on now.]

“ I don't have a radio. “

[You can use the computer. Turn it on. Let's listen to it together.]

“ What do you want me to hear? “

I laughed. The cheerful woman who asked for my tenderness now gave me orders.

“ I don't like any songs these days. “

[I'm not asking you to listen to music. I want you to listen to the program where people call to talk about their lives.]

“ That's even worse. We don't even know if it's true or a made up story. People are weird nowadays. Why share your pain with others? “

[But I like listening to it, especially now that I have a relationship with you.]

“ Because? “

[When I'm stressed and feel like things between us are too heavy to deal with, I feel like we're not the only ones having problems. Others have problems too. And they got over it and now share it with others.]

“ Okay, I will try it. “

[Good. Listen to it a lot. So, when I become a DJ on that show, you will already be used to listening to these kinds of shows.]

“ Aren't you reading me novels now? “

[Because I should? We are already together. Our scenes are hotter than those in the novel.]

The animated laughter on the other end of the line frustrated and embarrassed me at the same time, and I couldn't help but yell at her.

“ Hey! “

Although I pretended not to give it much thought, I opened the website and searched for that program after hanging up the phone. Most of them called

to talk about their love lives. I was about to turn it off when he called a woman with a deep voice.

My name is B. My story is a little strange... I dream about someone frequently. But when I wake up, I can't remember the person's face. The only thing I remember are his crystalline brown eyes. He drew them every day, until one day I realized that those eyes exist in real life.

“ What do you mean by that? “

“ On television... I see them on television. I became a silent fan of the person. I acted like I didn't feel anything, but I scream at the top of my lungs inside every time I meet the person. But that person thinks that all I feel is hate. I'm not good at expressing myself, you know? I'm afraid that if I'm too euphoric, people will think I'm crazy. So to not look like I'm flirting, I pretend to hate her... Once, I was so harsh with my words that the person couldn't stand it. We fought and they slapped me. “

“ What kind of man slaps a woman? “

“ He is not a man...”

Is this what I had to hear? I turned my mouth around a bit before turning it off and going to bed. I had no idea that the next morning... the big mess will arrive.

Chet came to see me early in the morning and spoke to me in a serious tone of voice. He had never spoken to me so seriously before. He didn't even dare to raise his voice at me before this. But this time, he was more himself than ever. And he was playing a father role. He couldn't accept the fact that his daughter had a relationship with me, who is his guardian. And a woman...

“ I will have A-Nueng move in with Fah. “

“ Why are you acting like this so early in the morning? “

And the handsome father slammed something on the coffee table. A small SD card spun on the table. I looked at him, confused.

“ What is this? “

“ Clips recorded from A-Nueng's car. “

When I heard that, I quickly assessed the situation in my head and immediately realized what was happening. I could feel sweat forming on my back. A camera in A-Nueng's car revealed what we had been trying to keep hidden.

“ I saw what was recorded on A-Nueng's car camera. The sights and sound... of what you and A-Nueng did there. “

“ Khun Nueng. You are despicable. “

Sunyal

④②

UNWORTHY



Chet and I looked at each other furiously. And this was the first time that I was the one who looked away first. Because... I felt the same as him. Our relationship, the one between A-Nueng and me, was wrong not only in the eyes of others but also in my own. I had been feeling this way for a while now.

“ I do not understand what you're talking about. “

To be honest, I'm the one who understood this the most. But I couldn't admit it. Perhaps this was a hoax; Maybe Chet was trying to trick me into revealing the truth. I shouldn't agree with him.

“ Someone like you doesn't understand this? Are you telling me that moan is from a porn movie? They are the moans of my daughter and yours. And the image... “

Chet's face was so red and I didn't know if it was from anger or embarrassment. But it was enough to make me immediately end the conversation.

“ What are you saying? Did you install a camera in the car? “

“ Why do you think I'm lying when I want to know where my daughter is going and who she's going with? So that's why you wouldn't agree to date me or anyone else. It's because you're not normal... You like women. You

like girls... The girl that Piengfah and I entrusted to you. You broke our trust by blatantly doing it to the person in your care! Shameless! “

"Nueng..."

He couldn't find an excuse, so he was trying to deflect her.

“ I do not understand what you are saying. “

“ Khun Nueng... you are a very direct person, but you are lying about this. And it's very obvious that you are. “

“ Shut up! Who do you think you're talking to? “

I started to raise my voice and glared at Chet. He could be angry about this. But he couldn't speak to me without respect. That didn't seem right to me.

“ I'm talking to a liar. You are her guardian. You received the trust of a girl's parents and her family members. However, you eat it. She is just an innocent girl. She thinks about what you've done... The only reason she's not so disgusting is because you're a woman! “

“ If you were a man, how would this end? You are the monk who ate the chicken. You're no different from those directors who trick girls into motels and give them money. “

“ I didn't fool anyone. We are in love! “

In the end I collapsed. Chet stayed quiet and stared at me.

“ You finally admit it. “

I was shaking all over. I covered my mouth with my hand and sank onto the couch limply. I couldn't think clearly. My anger, mixed with fear, made me inadvertently blurt out what I could never take back.

“ What is the problem? It's me. How bad could it be... How am I not suitable or worthy of A-Nueng? “

“ How dare you ask that? If you have a conscience, you will know that you are not suitable for her. “

“ Say it, how? “

Chet slowly advanced towards me. I unconsciously took a step back to keep our distance.

“ First, you are a woman. “

" Then you have a problem with that. "

“ Secondly, your age difference is 16 years. Khun Nueng... it's 16 years. “

“ I spoke to A-Nueng about this. It is not a problem. We...”

“ Damn it! A-Nueng is still young. I understand her. But you. You're smart. You are the queen in every way. Why are you such an idiot when it comes to this? Khun Nueng... My daughter is only 19 years old. Her life is just beginning. Look at you. You won't be able to have children in a few years. “

“ Chet. “

I used my deep voice while trying to control my anger. But it seemed like the father in front of me was more out of control than me and didn't care about anything anymore. That included me, whom he used to adore.

“ She just entered college while you are withering away. When you walk together, don't you feel more like her mother than her lover? “

“ Enough. “

“ I'm not even talking about them both being women. A-Nueng hasn't even had a boyfriend. She grew up in an all girls school. She may think that you are the best thing in this world. But when she finds the perfect guy for her, she will forget you. She will be angry at the old woman who chased her and you will be jealous of her. “

" I told you to shut up! "

I covered my ears because I couldn't bear to listen to what he was saying. I plopped down on the couch like a scared little child. Chet was hitting all my weak points. The age difference was what hit me the most. I tried to forget everything. ..Yes... I knew that A-Nueng's life had just begun. I wanted to take a step back more than once, but the cheerful woman always managed to stop me. She always convinced me that we could get through it. But Chet was there now to confirm that what I was worried about was valid. That A-Nueng and I were together was just a dream. And I finally had to accept that. Chet leaned down right in front of me and removed my hands from my ears.

“ Break up with my daughter. Stop being selfish. “

“ What are you doing, father! “

A-Nueng shouted from the front door. She ran to push Chet away and hugged me tightly.

“ Why did you make her cry? “

“ How did you get here? “

“ I come here all the time. What is all this? What crazy thing are you doing?! “

“ I'm telling Aunt Nueng to let you go. “

“ Let me go where!? “

A-Nueng seemed confused because she didn't know anything. I looked at her surprised.

“ You don't know what we're talking about? “

I looked at Chet and knew it immediately.

“ You cheated on me? “

“ Someone as intelligent as you can be fooled. I guess love makes you blind and stupid. “

“ Aunt Nueng. What is she talking about? “

" Chet knows everything about you... and me,"

I said to A-Nueng quietly. I tried to get up with A-Nueng's help.

“ Your father wants us to break up. “

“ No! “

A-Nueng responded without even stopping to think. That made Chet look at her with fire in her eyes.

“ You have to do it. Otherwise, you will have to go live with your mother abroad. “

“ You're crazy? What right do you have to force me? “

“ The right of a father. “

“ You didn't even raise me. You just show up and say you're my dad now that I'm older. That doesn't give you any rights. “

A-Nueng, who had always been an obedient child and had never rebelled since Chet announced that he was her father, was now rebelling. She was like a tiger trapped in a corner and was ready to pounce on anything in front of her. Chet was stunned. However...he had his secret weapon, which was...

“ But I, your mother, yes. “

Piengfah seemed to have been listening for a while. However, she just showed up and announced it at the climax. But A-Nueng continued to fight with all his might.

“ You have no right either. “

" I talked to your grandmother and she agrees that you should move in with me. "

Piengfah looked at me and shook her head, disappointed.

" Khun Nueng... I love you very much. But this is my daughter. You ruined all the love and respect I had for you. "

" Fah..."

All her disappointment crashed into me. I felt like I was being stabbed with a thousand needles. Piengfah loved and respected me, even though we were the same age. But now, I don't know what it was in her eyes. It was disappointment and disgust. And it hurt me.

" I won't fight you like Chet did. But I will reason with you as the mother of a girl and your beloved friend. My words carry more weight than Chet's... Maybe you'll listen to me. "

" Aunt Nueng, don't listen. "

A-Nueng stepped between Piengfah and me. She was afraid that her mother would persuade me.

" Do not say anything. I won't break up with Aunt Nueng. If it's going to be this complicated, I'll just run away with Aunt Nueng! "

" Is this your love, Khun Nueng? "

Piengfah looked at me pitifully.

" My daughter can't even think like an adult. The only thing she can do is run away from her problems, and she asks you to run away with her. You are someone who should know well that running away doesn't help anything. "

" Stop talking, mom. I won't go with you! "

A-Nueng screamed and sobbed piteously. I saw a girl fighting with her parents because of a stranger like me. She made me realize. How did I get there...?

“ It's okay, Nueng. “

I grabbed the little woman by her shoulders. I pulled her to stand next to me before answering Piengfah as I looked at my friend sympathetically. I'll talk to your mother myself.

“ No. You will agree with her. “

“ Let me talk to her first. “

A-Nueng squeezed my arm tightly and shook her head. I looked at the little woman who was sobbing pitifully. A-Nueng really was too young. She fought for her love without reason and without looking to her future. She had lived her life for many more years than hers. I knew well that... love alone was not enough. Love had to go with logic. The head had to walk hand in hand with the heart.

“ Let me talk to your mother first. “

“ Please do not leave me. “

“ Aha. “

“ You promise. “

“ Mmmm. “

I responded, although I wasn't sure I could do what she said. I had to say it because I wanted to talk to Piengfah alone, without A-Nueng....Now Piengfah and I were on the second floor. We chose to talk in my bedroom because it was the most private space in that palace.

“So this is where you two sleep. “

Piengfah looks at the clean white bed, covered with a tight-fitting sheet. She seems to be thinking about something and I'm sure I can guess what it is.

“ Let's talk. A-Nueng is no longer here to interrupt us... So, are you taking your daughter with you? “

“ I have to. “

" It's strange that you're not acting like Chet. "

“ I know I can't use my emotions when I talk to you. You respond to reasons. I know you well enough to know how to deal with you. “

“ Correct. “

I put my hands in my pants pocket and walked towards the window where the light came in.

“ Are you angry with me? Knowing that I'm with A- Nueng? “

“ It would be a lie if I said no. I left my daughter with the person I trusted the most. But in the end, I gave it directly to her mouth. I left a fish for the cat to eat. “

“ You asked, so I answer honestly. “

“ Ah-huh. “

I'm not going to say anything. I was looking at Piengfah sternly, but now she nodded understandingly. -

“ You're right. I'd be angry too if I... “

“ But aside from anger, I'm also very curious... You are Khun Nueng, who doesn't care about anyone in this world, no matter how perfect that person is. Why A-Nueng? Why does it have to be my daughter? “

“ There is no reason when it comes to love. If there was, it wouldn't be love. “

I said the famous phrase from a novel and I laughed a little because I never thought I would be referring to it.

“ I do not know why. I don't know why she's so special. “

“ Do you feel responsible for her? “

“ Huh? “

“ You feel guilty for telling me to get rid of her, so you feel responsible for her. Maybe you let your emotions get the best of you. Maybe you're not serious about my daughter. “

" Do I look like a hit-and-run guy, Fah? "

I asked the person who said she knew me well. We stayed silent for a while. And the one who spoke first was Piengfah, that you finally had to fulfill your duty as her mother.

“ I think you've already decided that we'll talk like this in private. “

“ You have to be the one to talk to A-Nueng about this because she won't listen to anyone else. “

As Piengfah said, she was my best friend and the one who knew me the most since we were young. Letting my old friend talk to me in private meant that she would let A-Nueng go. I just wanted to talk to her privately to make a deal.

“ Alright. I'll talk to her. “

“ What will you do after you let her go? “

“ I'll wait until she's more mature and has better decision making skills. She will come back to me. We will both be adults. We know well that... the only thing that would improve this is time.. “

Piengfah approached me and raised her hand to stroke my arm comfortingly.

“ I'm sorry it's come to this point, Khun Nueng. I have loved you and I know well how painful it is to have a broken heart. But as a mother... I can't stand to see my daughter make the wrong decision. She is still young. “

“ She is 19 years old. “

“ In the eyes of a mother, that is being very young. I hope she forgets you and meets a good man. “

“ What if she loves a woman? “

" Then I won't be able to stop her. "

" For you and Chet, it could be anyone but me, I guess, "

I said in agony. But I also understood her. Piengfah, who at this point had to be a mother, she answered frankly.

“ Yeah. Anyone on this planet except you, who is her father's ex-girlfriend, her mother's first love, and also her grandmother's trusted guardian. That's what you are to her, Khun Nueng. All that and the weight of all that is suffocating. I'm sorry. I never thought I'd be telling you this in this life but...”

“ What? “

“ You are not worthy, Khun Nueng. “

④③

UNEXPRESSED FEELINGS



I had finally returned to living in the real world. Love... it wasn't about two people. Although we insisted that we loved each other, many factors were not in our favor. Seen from an outside perspective, without thinking too much about it, it was same-sex love. Or it was- simply-love between people with a large age difference. But when it happened to someone close or to younger relatives, the word simply was scrutinized until it became the key word. We had been fooling ourselves for too long. All that was left to do was face the truth.

A-Nueng had to wake up from that dream as soon as possible. Piengfah and Chet left me to talk to A-Nueng in private. The cheerful woman who had always had a smile on her face remained silent. She knew it and was completely against what she was going to say.

“ Nueng. “

“ I'm not going to break up with you. “

“ I'm not going to break up with you. “

“ I'm not going with my mother. “

A-Nueng preempted everything I was about to say, looking into my eyes with tears. It seemed like I couldn't even communicate with her.

“ I want you to listen to me. And you can decide what you want to do after that. “

“ Do not be evil. No matter what you say or how bad it is, no matter how much you make me hate or hurt you, I won't go. I will stay here! Even if you drive me away, I will persist, even if you don't want to see me. I'll tolerate it until you can't stand it. I'd rather die than break up with you! “

And the cheerful woman, whose smile had disappeared from her face, sobbed until I felt sorry for her. In the end, I was the one who couldn't stand it and pulled her into a tight hug. I swung her from side to side like she was swinging a cradle.

“ No one is dying. We will get to an agreement. I won't make you hate me. I won't scare you away. We will speak with reasons. “

“ You can't persuade me. You won't get what you want. I have decided that I will not go. “

I cupped her face and looked into her eyes as I spoke candidly.

“ Nueng, Now everyone knows about us and no one approves.”

“ I don't mind. It's my life. It is my love. Why should I care who approves or fails? “

“ But they have reasons. And I feel like their reasons are valid, too valid to ignore. “

“ I'm not listening. “

“ Nueng... What I have always been afraid of is not that others will separate us. But I'm afraid that you will change one day. “

“ What are you saying? How could I? I am determined to love only you. “

“ You have been in this world for 19 years. The number in front is still long. But your parents and I, or especially your grandmother, have been in this

world much longer and see it differently. Everything changes, especially feelings. “

“ Why? You do not believe me!? “

A-Nueng shouted as if she didn't want to be patient and found my explanation irritating.

“ How can others understand me better than myself, even you? “

“ I just understand how things work. Maybe... if we distance ourselves and do what others want, we can show them that no matter how much we distance ourselves, we still love each other...”

That wasn't true. People were separated by distance. People were not firm enough and were constantly changing. It would be nice if A-Nueng would forget me when we were apart... It was unworthy. Even if she was from an esteemed family, she was not worthy of A-Nueng in every way. I am a friend of her mother. I am her guardian. As Chet had said, if I were a man, I would be nothing more than a sugar daddy who takes care of a girl to cheat on his wife.

“ Do you want me to go? Can you stand it? “

A- Nueng leaned down to hug me. No matter how much she wanted to cry, she had to be strong, for her to believe what she had just said.

“ I can't. But I want you to be a little older than this. If our love remains unbreakable, then nothing can stand in your way. Not your father, not your mother, not your grandmother. “

“ You love me, right? “

The little woman shook my arm, waiting for an answer.

“ Tell me you Love Me. “

“ I don't know. “

I said something that I knew in my heart was a lie. That stunned the little woman.

“ What is what you do not know? “

“ Your departure will also help me understand myself better. It will allow me to understand myself better, just as it will allow you to demonstrate that your feelings will not change. “

“ Why do you have to be mean to me? Pretending to be bad is better than saying so you don't know. “

A-Nueng hit me weakly while she complained.

“ How can you say you don't know if you love me after all the time we've spent together? “

“ That's why you have to go. Think of it as... you're giving me a choice. “

Although I didn't chase A-Nueng away, the reason I used to make her leave was no less bad. We spent more time together than other lovers, but I didn't say I loved her. I also said that I didn't know although I did. It was painful, no matter how you looked at it.

After that day, Piengfah told me that A-Nueng had agreed to go with her. She would drop out of university and move abroad. Since that day we had not contacted each other again. I forced myself not to read the messages that the little woman sent me through LINE or answer her calls because I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to control myself and beg her not to leave her. If so, everything I told her would go to waste. However... After only a week, my restriction reached its breaking point when A-Nueng sent me a short message.

[Tomorrow I'm leaving with my mother.]

[I don't think I'll ever see you again.]

[Goodbye..]

What did "I'll never see you again" mean? She wasn't sure if that goodbye just meant she was leaving with Piengfah or if it had a deeper meaning. So I finally called her. The sobs on the other end of the line softened me.

“ What do you mean by the message you sent me? “

[You can translate it directly.]

“ No... What do you mean by never seeing me again? “

[.....]

“ Nueng. “

[I don't want to go with my mother. I can't stand not seeing you again. I'd rather die.]

A-Nueng's immaturity made me sob with her. But I had to clear my throat and play the role of her guardian like I used to do.

“ Don't talk about death. It's what losers do to escape their problems. I have never taught you to be like this. If you die, then what... Do you think you'll see me again in hell or heaven? I'm not going to die after you. Keep that in mind. “

[I don't want to die to escape my problems. But it is too painful to continue living I am broken.]

I understood well the word "broken" that A-Nueng used because I was as "broken" as she was. I was just older and had different ways of expressing it.

“ Go to your mother. We will be together when we meet again. “

[You can't even say you love me. How can I be sure that you won't change when I return?]

“ Nueng...”

I bit my lips painfully. What did I have to do? She also missed her terribly right now.

“ I... “

[Khun Nueng.]

A clearly more mature voice interrupted. It seemed that A-Nueng's grandmother took the phone from her granddaughter to talk to me. I swallowed hard before answering.

“ Yeah. “

[I didn't think you would talk to A-Nueng again. It's inappropriate... If you do this, it will be more difficult for her to leave.]

I could hear A-Nueng's voice in the background. She seemed to be yelling, but her grandmother stayed on the phone and continued talking to me.

“ I was worried because she was sending me strange messages. “

[Whatever A-Nueng sent you has nothing to do with you anymore. Please stop this relationship. You are an adult. Aren't you ashamed to be in a relationship with a 19-year-old girl? How would MC Kaekai feel... No, even if she was alive, you wouldn't care. You are rebellious to the core.]

Those words made me grip the phone tightly. I refrained from answering because I was wrong on this.

“ I insist that I call because I am worried about her. And please don't talk about my grandmother. Please she respects the dead. “

[Is it because she is dead that you don't care in the slightest about ethics or have no conscience? I don't want to interfere in your personal affairs. You can like women if you want, but this is my granddaughter.]

And the grandmother no longer called herself "mom."

[Do not take A-Nueng with you. Let her live a good and clean life.]

“ Is it so dirty to be with a woman? Your granddaughter must give birth to a bastard like Piengfah so that she won't be dirty? “

[You... you don't look like your grandmother at all, do you? Is there royal blood in you?]

“ What?. “

[Please note your title and the royal blood your parents gave you. But what can I expect from someone who grew up with her grandmother...]

And the line was cut. I looked at the phone in my hand and fell to the ground, powerless. That was the first time I had a direct confrontation with A-Nueng's grandmother. Damn...what that old lady said was true. I'm a woman. It was time for me to let her go. My love was impossible... Someone once said that if you think your life was bad, you would look at those whose lives were worse than yours. The truth was that I didn't agree with that. It was like putting pressure on others to make you feel better. But at this point it would help with my depression to listen to people who had it worse. I have been very sad lately...

I didn't know if it had anything to do with the seasons. It has been raining these days. The weather forecast said there would be storms and flooding. I looked out the window of my room, where A-Nueng used to stay overnight. When I thought about never hearing her laugh again, I felt alone. Maybe we had to be apart for a long time, maybe forever. So, to reduce my loneliness, I turned on the radio to the station A-Nueng always listened to on her laptop. I listened to it once, but I thought there was no point in listening to other people's problems, so I turned it off. But now I was very bored,I had to distract myself, so listening to this program was a good option. Many times, I can't help but wonder why someone would call to tell their life story to strangers. Ah... they probably want to get it out and tell someone...

I looked at the clock. It was just after 7 pm The flight from A-Nueng was at 9 pm. I assumed that at that time she was on her way to the airport. Maybe she was in a car and feeling sad. But... time would improve things. A-

Nueng would top it.

It will happen...But for me it wasn't that easy... A-Nueng was my first love. She had lived more than 30 years without loving or liking anyone because she didn't understand how it works. I kept thinking that this person is not, or that this person was not worthy, and I told myself that I would only get married if I found someone like me. Then this girl arrives... We were so similar that we became one.

The more I thought about how the cheerful woman who stopped by every day after school to cuddle with me was leaving, the emptier I felt inside. It was like there was a big blank space inside me. Loneliness and sadness were eating me up and breaking me down.

“ I missed you so much, Nueng. “

I picked up the phone, looked at A-Nueng's photo and cried. It would be a while before I saw the little woman again. Or maybe what we felt for each other would happen when we didn't see each other again. We would become strangers... like in those types of novels that always described a type of relationship until it became the title....Pluto... We will be each other's Pluto.

[Listeners who have a story to share can call us to talk... If no one else listens to them, we will.]

The DJ's soft voice made me turn to look at my computer, a certain feeling arising within me. Would telling my story make me feel better? Would someone listening to my story lift the weight of my heart and make everything easier?

I'm ML Sippakorn, who didn't even care to watch TV. But that night I picked up the phone and dialed the number the DJ gave earlier. It took about ten minutes for my call to come through. There was a person who wrote down the story to assess if mine was interesting enough to air.

“ It's a story about love between people with an age difference of 16 years... and we are both women. “

Once I gave that synopsis, it went on air immediately. There probably aren't many stories about same-sex love. And mine must have been quite interesting.

[Hello, Miss A. What do you want to tell us today?]

I used the alias 'A' because I thought of the person who used 'B' when I heard the show last time. Yes... it was that simple.

“ Ah...”

I paused briefly. There was dead air.

“ It's about love between people with an age difference of 16 years, and it's about to end. “

[You can continue. If no one else listens to you, we will.]

I laughed a little and started to think what I was doing was stupid. But the DJ's voice calmed me down. And I began to tell my story without interruptions.

“ It all started... last year. There's a girl who came and clung to me every day after school. I mean, she...”

I gave them a brief context.

“ At first I didn't pay much attention to it. The cheerful girl was just a customer who asked me to draw her for 100 baht. We stared at each other when I drew her. I had to draw her, so it's normal that I was looking at her face like that. But that girl tilted her head and smiled mischievously at me. Then she made fun of me... Are you secretly in love with me, looking at me like that...? “

“ And we got to know the names of each one. The name united us because we have the same nicknames... The girl's name is also 'A'. She has a beautiful smile and beautiful eyes. Although she wears very thick glasses, you can see how beautiful her eyes are. What I like most when I look at her are her eyes and her lively smile. And because her smile is so adorable, I

couldn't bear to chase her away. Or even if I did, she wouldn't go... We became close because we saw each other so often. One time, She disappeared and I was lost. It was very strange for me because no one had ever made me feel this way before. But she did it...and once I knew she had done it, she got out of hand, thinking she might make me jealous. I later discovered that A is the daughter of a friend, a close friend to whom I recommended that she get rid of the baby she had in her belly when she was 16 years old. It's not funny? The girl I told her mother to get rid of that day was now clinging to me and making me miss her, worry about her, and bond with her. And her parents trusted me to be her guardian. You can say that I was everything to her. I was her mother, her mother's friend, her teacher and finally... her lover. Oh. I just remember that I was once her fake mother at her school's Mother's Day ceremony. It's all so strange... A is a person I groomed and she didn't let me down in any way. She goes left when I tell her to do so. And she does well when I tell her. You can tell she is everything she hoped she would be. And it's terrible that someone who is her mother, her guardian, and her teacher is also her lover, isn't it? There is no way to see it any other way. Yes...I was hers all hers. “

“ Our love was not appropriate. Gaining the trust of her family was like carrying something very heavy on my shoulders. Her father liked me too. Her mother loved me. But I love their daughter. More importantly, I'm a woman... It's unusual, no matter how you look at it. It is inappropriate for everyone who looks inward. But A and I convinced ourselves that... everything would be okay. If no one knows... But there is no secret in this world. A's father caught us because he was curious to know why we were so close. She wouldn't drive the car he bought her because she would rather spend the night with me than sleep at home again. We took showers together. I flew to Phuket because we couldn't bear to be apart for just a day. And yes... we didn't end well. Her father attacked me. He was very disappointed in me. But A's mother, who has been my best friend since we were young, handled it well. She begged me to let A go. To be honest, I know our love is inappropriate, so I let her go easily. I begged her to get out of my life and go live with her mother abroad. I told her that would let us know if we really loved each other. A asked...if I loved her. A simple question, but I couldn't answer...”

And I started sobbing on the line. I put a hand on my chest. I clutched my chest because I was in a lot of pain. The DJ asked me, who had been listening silently for a while.

[Don't you love her?]

I smiled into the phone and nodded with tears streaming down my face.

I can't say it. I was ashamed. I cried so all the strangers listening to the show would know but. But I really couldn't take it anymore.

“ I want her to stay with me, but I can't stop her. Her life is just beginning. She hasn't even lived her life yet. It's not fair to stop her and keep her with an old lady like me. “

[Why do you think of her?]

“ Because that's. People's feelings change all the time. She will change and I won't be able to stand it. “

That was my fear. The reason I pushed A-Nueng away was to keep my distance so as not to get hurt. But when it came down to it, I was dying. And I was beginning to understand A-Nueng better. I wanted to die... Dying would be less painful.

[If A is listening, what do you want to say?]

"If she's listening, I won't say anything."

I quickly refused to say anything. Then the DJ changed his focus.

[Let me rephrase this... If A is not listening, do you have something to say to her?]

“ No. “

[Be honest, Miss A. We are here to listen to you. It might make her feel better.]

“ Will it really help? “

[Try it... What is hidden inside your heart? What would you like to say to A?]

I pursed my lips as I hesitated. I wondered why I called. But being able to tell my story made me feel a little better. I hoped someone would understand my suffering.

[I mean... Auntie loves you, Nueng.]

Sunyal

④④

PLEASE



I finished my story... The DJ rewarded me with a song request. Since I didn't know many songs, I requested Sadubpin's song. I had just realized that Sieng-Pleng's famous song is called -Your Song-.

I feel in my bed, in my bedroom, without strength. Getting to tell my story reduced my suffering a little. But that was all. I was still wondering why I did it. What had I gained by telling my story to the entire country? What did I expect...?

While I was massaging my temples with my fingers and listening to the song I requested, my phone rang. It was an unknown number. I looked at it hesitantly but decided to take the call. And the voice on the other end of the line made me, who was sitting with my back hunched, straighten up with emotion.

“ Nueng. “

[Aunt Nueng.]

“ You haven't left yet? Whose phone are you using? “

[I heard everything. Aunt Nueng... I love you too. I do not want to go anywhere.]

The little woman's sobs caused me to cover my mouth with my hands to prevent my sobbing voice from escaping. But I couldn't hold it back

anymore. Damn...she was really listening. I thought she would already be on the plane.

“ Where are you? Who’s phone are you using? “

[I'm in a taxi. I ran away from my parents.]

“ Cab? Nueng...”

I was stressed. I was starting to feel really bad for calling that program and complicating things.

“ Where are you now? “

[I'm going to go see you. I borrowed the taxi driver's phone to call you.]

“ Why did you do this to yourself? “

[You love me... Next time, tell me what you're thinking. Don't play like that. I'm so moved that I don't know how to react.]

It made me laugh to hear her laugh and cry at the same time while she also acted shy.

“ Your family will kill me. “

[I don't mind. I can not live without you.]

I smiled into the phone and nodded, even though I knew the person on the other end couldn't see me. What happened today makes me realize that I couldn't live without A-Nueng either. Maybe I should Let whatever had to happen happen.

“ I can not live without you either. “

[Hurrah. This is good. You admit it. I'm going to see you. You have to pay for the taxi and the phone because I don't have anything with me.]

“ Ah-huh. I will do that. Give me the license plate, just to be sure.. “

[You are so detailed. The registration is xx-10xx. I'm in...Argh!]

“ Nue... “

[.....]

Suddenly, there was a scream. After that, I couldn't hear anything on the other end of the line.

“ Nueng... Answer me. Nueng. “

Everything was silent. My heart began to race faster and faster, beating so hard that my hands were shaking. I didn't know what caused that scream, but it couldn't be good. Then I tried to call again. But no one answered and the line finally went dead. What had happened?!!! I was panicking. I breathed heavily and paced around my room, trying to get myself under control. A-Nueng gave me the license plate right before they cut the line. x...= xx-10xx. Yes. I would start from there. I called to report an accident, even though I didn't know what really happened.

“ I don't know exactly, but my niece... My lover was talking on the phone, then She screamed and everything went silent. Please... Please find out if something happened to her. The person on the other end of the line simply listened indifferently and told me to speak slowly. They asked me to repeat what happened. Then they told me:

[Everything should be fine.]

“ Hey! I just told you what happened. Can't you at least check it? Almost 30 minutes have passed. The registration is xx-10xx. My lover screamed. What if the taxi driver does something bad to her? Or maybe....It was an accident. Do you have to wait for something to happen before you act? Jesus!!!”

While I was yelling on the line, there was a call. It was the number A-Nueng used to call me from. For a moment, I felt sorry for panicking and calling the emergency line to yell at them. I immediately answered the call because I was very worried about A- Nueng.

“ Nueng. What happened? “

[I am not Nueng. I dialed the most recent call on the phone. Is this the woman's phone or the taxi driver's phone?]

There was a man on the line. My heart started pounding again. This was unusual, but I had to stay calm. I had to ask what had happened instead of panicking.

“ Who are you? The woman used this phone to call me before. “

[I am the rescuer.]

“ R... rescuer? “

[I'm trying to contact the deceased's family member, so I called this phone number.]

“ Who died? “

I asked him:

“ Who died? “

[The taxi driver. The passenger, the woman, was also seriously injured. We will send her to the hospital. Are you related to the taxi driver or passenger?]

“ Where... Which hospital? “

[We are sending the injured passenger to the hospital...]

I didn't even wait for them to hang up. As soon as I found out which hospital, I grabbed my car keys and ran away in a panic. My hands were shaking. I was so stressed that I had a huge headache. But nothing could stop me. My adrenaline pushed me to go see A- Nueng at the hospital, which was about 8 kilometers from my house. I hurriedly looked for the little woman when I arrived at the hospital. She was in the ICU. The doctors were trying to save her life.

“ You can not get in. “

The nurse blocked me because strangers should not get in the way of ICU doctors and nurses. Even though I knew it wasn't allowed, I just wanted to make sure it was A-Nueng who was there.

“ Please. Let me see with my own eyes what Nueng is... Please. “

I raised my hands to plead with the nurse without any shame. She had lost my ego. I begged for her kindness. The nurse insisted that I couldn't go in. But she gave me a brief summary and she handed me a wallet.

“ This is the property of the patient. I really can't let you in. Doctors are doing everything possible to save the patient. Please understand our procedure. “

I opened the wallet and saw that it was actually A- Nueng's ID. Now that it was confirmed, I was in even more pain. I fell to the floor and cried so hard that the nurse had to hold me up and check on me.

“ Please calm down. Sit there and wait for the doctor to come out. “

“ Is Nueng's condition serious? How is the little girl? “

I cried like a 3-year-old child who cries annoyingly. I couldn't hold it back anymore. Will she make it? Will she be okay?

“ The doctors are doing the best they can. “

“ Please...”

I grabbed the nurse by the arm and looked into her eyes pleadingly.

“ Let me do anything to help her.... Just give me a figure. I'll give you everything I have. My grandmother left me a lot. You can keep it all. Just please save Nueng. “

“ Don't do this, miss. “

“ Please save her. “

In the end, I sat on the couch in front of the ICU with the help of the nurse. All I could do now was wait. And waiting at the moment of life or death like this was torture. A-Nueng had been there for over twenty minutes without any update. I was nervous. And while I was waiting, A-Nueng's family arrived. They had probably just heard the news. They ran in. When Piengfah saw me, she rushed over and asked in a panic.

“ Khun Nueng, what did the doctor say? “

“ Nothing yet. “

“ It's all because of you! “

Chet, who was the most frustrated of all, ran in and strangled me. He was furious and needed to take it out on someone. And that someone is me.

“ A-Nueng was about to leave. But you had to be an idiot and call that show to tell your stupid story. Moron! “

Piengfah was the calmest of all of us. She tried to take Chet's hands off me and push him until I was out of reach of her. She yelled at him too.

“ Stop acting so crazy. What's the point of going crazy?! “

“ So that she knows that what she did was wrong. If it weren't because of her, A-Nueng wouldn't be like this. Aren't you ashamed to call a radio show and tell the country your story? You intended for A-Nueng to hear it, didn't you? You knew she would be listening. You knew my daughter would come to you if she heard it! “

“ You're crazy, Khun Nueng. How could you do this to my daughter? “

“ Why not? We love each other!”

Having held back all this time, it was me who was attacking this time.

“ Disgusting! You are a woman. My daughter is also a woman. How can you love each other? More importantly... We trusted you, but you stabbed us in the back by claiming our daughter. Disgusting. Negligible. Low! “

Chet used all his vocabulary to humiliate me. But I had nothing to lose at that moment. Even my shoes don't match. What could she lose? My pride? My ego? I had nothing left since they cut the A-Nueng line.

"Don't pretend to be a father who appreciates his daughter so much when you just met A-Nueng around the same time I did."

I pointed at Chet's face.

“ Everyone here forced us to separate. Everyone did what made them feel good. No one cared how much A-Nueng was hurting. “

“ Do not speak. You are the strange one among us all. “

“ Yeah? But I'm the stranger who loves A-Nueng the most. Has A-Nueng ever been happy in her life? Her mother left her with her grandmother since she was born. Her father didn't even know she existed. A- Nueng had to wear a mask throughout her life. She had to pretend to be happy. She had to pretend that she was fine growing up with her grandmother, without having a parents. But in reality, she was in a lot of pain. inside of her. Has anyone ever noticed that? “

“ And you? “

Yeah. I know. I talked more than ever.

“ I was the one who heard her stress when her grandmother pushed her to do things. She has never had freedom because her grandmother was afraid that she would walk the wrong path like her mother! Her grandmother was afraid that she would meet a man like her father. In the end, she had no friends, so she had to come see me every night. Did anyone know this? You... or you? “

I pointed at Piengfah and then at Chet. She wanted them to reconsider how much they knew about her daughter. They were both stunned, but they didn't want to admit it.

“ I don't blame her grandmother for pressuring her, since her mother had set a very good example. “

“ Don't put all the blame on me like this, Khun Nueng. That has nothing to do with what happened to A-Nueng and why she is in a hospital like this. If anyone is to blame, it's you.. If A-Nueng hadn't met you, her life wouldn't take this path... “

At this point, even Piengfah lost control. Normally, she was very reasonable. But now she blamed me. It all fell on me and I had to ask.

“ Am I that bad, Fah? Am I so unworthy of A- Nueng? Just because I'm older and female? That's all? “

“ Yeah. “

“ And you two are worthy of me? Chet...why did you want to marry me so much? Wasn't it because I'm perfect in every way? And you, Fah? Were you in love with me? Isn't it because I'm better than others? “

“ Then why, when A-Nueng loves me, can't it be like that? “

I fell to the ground and cried.

“ What madness is this? What did I do so wrong? I haven't done anything wrong in my life. Everything was fine. Why does everyone have to separate us. “

“ Khun Nueng...”

Piengfah looked at me softening, while Chet looked away, frustrated.

“ I have never been happy in this life until I met A- Nueng...”

“ I never thought I could love someone. Inside me... there are blank spaces everywhere. Whatever I poured or tried to fill them with, they never filled. I'm empty inside. I'm completely alone.”

I hit my chest as she said what she had never said to anyone before.

“ Until A-Nueng came into my life... Although it's strange, every day I see her, the blank spaces inside me gradually fill until I'm no longer empty. In this entire world, only A-Nueng could do that. I told myself every day that... there was someone who could make me love.”

“ Then external factors such as family members separate us. And will they only blame me for this? Why don't they blame each other for trying to separate us, which is what led to this? Why don't they blame themselves for never having been good people? Fah, if you had been a good mother, then I wouldn't have had to look for anyone else. And you, why don't you blame yourself for not being a good father, so she had to find a father figure? Why don't you blame yourself for being such a narrow person? Grandma, were you so aware that A-Nueng had to find her comfort zone? And I was all that to her. “

“ And A-Nueng is everything to me too. “

I was the only one who spoke, while the others listened to me in silence. I looked at everyone and put my hand to my chest to beg like I had never done before. I had no ego in me. The Sippakorn from before had died.

“ I wanted to beg for your kindness...Please don't separate us.”

④⑤

A DREAM WITHIN REACH



As we calmed down, we chose to sit in silence instead of yelling at each other. We were no longer pointing fingers at each other. We were finally acting like adults. Although we were still furious, we knew that what we did led nowhere. The doctor came out of the ICU to tell us that A- Nueng's condition is quite serious. Two of her ribs were broken. And because she was riding in the back seat without fastening her seat belt, she also suffered a brain trauma. It wasn't like in the series where the doctor told everyone to prepare for the worst or anything like that. Still, he was discouraging to everyone. None of us felt better. Aside from A-Nueng status, we discovered that the accident occurred because the car in front changed lanes and left the road to avoid hitting a dog.

The taxi driver of the car A-Nueng was in panicked, so he changed lanes and also fell on the side of the road. It seemed that the driver of the car in front was also in a coma. But we were too exhausted to try to find whoever was responsible for the accident. We just wanted A-Nueng to come out safely. The doctor came back in and came out after more than six hours. Even though we were all exhausted, the appearance of the doctor leaving the operating room was like that of an angel sent from heaven.

“ Everything went well. Since the patient is young, she should recover quickly. There is nothing to worry about. “

We smile at each other. Once I knew A-Nueng was safe, I collapsed and sobbed, even though I had never shown my weakness to anyone, not even

my own grandmother.

“ Alright....”

“ Don't blame yourself, Khun Nueng. “

Piengfah, who knew me best and was probably the angriest with me, she came over to lean over and take my hand.

“ A- Nueng is safe now, you should be happy. “

“ She shouldn't be hurt like this. It's my fault... “

“ Yeah. It's thanks to you. “

Chet was still filled with resentment. He looked at me with resentment.

“ Now that you know A-Nueng is safe, there is no reason for you to be here. “

“ Don't talk so much. You are also a stranger. “

A-Nueng's grandmother's voice was authoritative. That made Chet, who was threatening me, drop his jaw and hunch his back. He was afraid of her because of his past guilt.

“ Mother. “

“ I'm not your mother. “

The old woman bared her teeth at Chet and waved her hand to scare everyone away.

“ Everyone must go. Being here will not make A-Nueng regain consciousness. You'll be back tomorrow morning. “

“ Everyone can come back except Khun Nueng.”

The new father, who loved and was very protective of his daughter, still insisted before going silent once the grandmother stared at him.

“ The only person who can say who can or cannot visit her is the person who raised her. So you and you... “

Grandma looked at me a little and clasped her hands in front of her.

“ Don't show up here again. I won't allow it. “

Piengfah patted the back of my hand comfortingly as she helped me up. There was no point in us fighting now because everyone was still very shocked. The grandmother was very worried about her granddaughter. The father was very frustrated. I... the aunt, was suffering a lot.

“ Leave first, Khun Nueng. I'll let you know how my daughter is. “

At least Piengfah was trying to comfort me and lighten the mood. I voluntarily withdrew because I didn't want to fight. She also knew, deep down, that I was wrong. A-Nueng was in that condition because of me. It was normal for her parents and her family to be angry with me. But... I couldn't calm down when I was alone. The most torturous thing was waiting. I waited to see if she would regain consciousness.

I didn't care about anything before, but now I was wandering around my room. I couldn't think clearly or concentrate on my business. I tried to deflect using the same theory of-think about something more stressful. However, there was nothing more stressful than the A-Nueng matter.

I felt exactly like I did when my grandmother had just passed away. It was guilt. She was asking for help. I got through that because A-Nueng was with me. But this time you were different. My only friend...hadn't returned yet. I Need help...

I can't stand it anymore... Finally, I called Piengfah to ask her about A-Nueng's status. Although my best friend said she would keep me informed, she never did. I understood that she was just saying it to get over that moment. But I really couldn't take it anymore. There should be some progress or anything...

“ Fah. How is Nueng? You're not doing what you told me. You said you would tell me how she is.”

[It's not that I'm not keeping my word, Khun Nueng... But A-Nueng hasn't regained consciousness since that day.]

“ Since that day, it means the day of the accident. A week had already passed since that day. “

One week I tried to be patient and not go to the hospital. I had been waiting for a week for Piengfah to inform me about the status of A-Nueng.

“ You lie. Are you lying because you don't want me to go see A-Nueng? “

[Why would I lie to you? Do I sound like someone who lies about my daughter's condition...]

Piengfah didn't sound as cheerful as usual. But I still didn't want to believe her.

“ But the doctor said she should recover quickly. “

[But he did not say when she would regain consciousness. My mother and I are very anxious right now... Khun Nueng, if A-Nueng remains in a coma forever... what will I do...]

And Piengfah, who was thinking too much like a mother very worried about her daughter, began to sob. My friend's sobs also worried me, weakened me, and I collapsed on the couch.....

“ No... How can a lively girl like A-Nueng be in a coma for so long? She will soon regain consciousness. “

[My daughter will regain consciousness, right? Please tell me she will, Khun Nueng.]

Usually Piengfah was the one who comforted me and made everything better. But now she was the one breaking down and begging me to comfort

her. Despite my anguish and tears, I had to be a pillar because, at that moment, we all needed strength.

“ Of course he will regain consciousness. “

[.....]

“ She loves me very much. She promised that she would die after me because she couldn't stand to see me sad...she will come back to us. “

And as soon as I hung up, I cried my eyes out. I thought about the cheerful woman who talked nonstop about how we would be together until old age and how she would be with me, she would take care of me and she would die after me?

Why are you breaking your promise? Why aren't you recovering?... In the end, my missing A-Nueng defeated all my pride. Although I was forbidden to visit her, I visited her. Seeing A-Nueng in the patient's bed with all the machines around her left me stunned. I didn't know what to do. Grandma looked at me and nodded in greeting. Our relationship was not good at that time. Being in a relationship with A-Nueng shattered her confidence.

“ Has A-Nueng been like this all this time? How can she eat or go to the bathroom? “

“ They feed her. “

Piengfah responded briefly. I almost choked and cried. Feeding means that food was mixed with liquid and introduced through a tube that was inserted into the nose. I looked at all the waste bags released from her body. It was a shame that a woman as energetic as her had to be in bed like this.

“ Ah... “

I hesitated as I turned to talk to the old woman.

“ Have you been here with A-Nueng all this time, mom? “

“ Yeah. It's always been just the two of us. And that's how it still is.”

Grandma caught up with her. She reached out to pitifully adjust her granddaughter's hair.

“ I took care of her like that when she was born. Is the same. She is bigger. “

“ I'll help you. “

“ Do not waste your time. “

“ I won't allow it. “

A-Nueng's grandmother finally lost patience with me. She had been trying to maintain good manners, but when I insisted on doing what I wanted, she yelled at me. Seeing that, Piengfah quickly walked over to stand between us.

“ Please don't fight here. We are all stressed right now. “

" I've tried to maintain my manners as best I can. You broke our trust! “

Grandma looked at me with teary eyes.

“ A-Nueng wouldn't be in this state if you hadn't called that program...”

“ A-Nueng wouldn't be like this either if her father, mother, and grandmother didn't force her to move abroad just to separate us! “

"Are you still arguing with me when you're the cause of all this?"

“ If you ask about the fundamental cause of all this, it is your family that thinks our love is wrong. And thanks to you! “

I pointed at the old woman angrily.

“ A-Nueng didn't care that no one knew about us. The only person she cared about in this world was you. She was afraid of disappointing you! “

“ Yeah. I'm disappointed in trusting the wrong person... I've always trusted the wrong person. My daughter was pregnant without a husband, and my granddaughter is in love with the woman from an esteemed family whom she trusted to be her, maybe she is happier in her dream world. Is this what you want? Laugh then, because your granddaughter would rather be unconscious than she would be with all of us again! “

A-Nueng's grandmother's slap made my face turn red. She was crying. Because I hit her weak spot, it was likely that her heart would break as if she had pierced it repeatedly. Maybe she was thinking the same thing as me.

A-Nueng had not regained consciousness because her dream world was better than her real world...The real world was one in which no one accepted our love...And the grandmother fell into the chair she was in and sobbed. Seeing that, Piengfah also sobbed. So I was the only one who stood her ground and I looked at A-Nueng with determination.

“ It's okay, Nueng. I'll be here when you come back to us. You are like a dream. “

I walked to the side of the bed where the little woman was lying and leaned down to kiss her softly on the forehead. Then I whispered to her as if she could hear me.

“ I am a dream that is within your reach. You have to regain consciousness and be with me until we are old... please. “

④⑥

“ A “



Three months had passed... and A-Nueng was still in a coma. All of us who were waiting for the cheerful woman to return to us were beginning to lose hope. Chet, who was initially furious when he discovered that I was visiting his daughter, now acted as if nothing had happened. A-Nueng's grandmother and I took turns staying by her bed. And while I was waiting for her to come back to us, I was also starting my business. Yes... my food delivery service. I started small, using the palace as a central kitchen and not accepting too many orders a day. I started by sending samples to Sam's company.

I believed in word of mouth. Sam's celebrity friend Kate also promoted it for free. Shortly after I became very well known. I targeted office workers who didn't want to go out to eat because it was too expensive and would rather pay for weekly food delivery. I simply cooked according to the menus that my clients chose. Profits were satisfactory. I was considering hiring cooks to help with the kitchen and finding a place for a larger central kitchen. But no matter how busy I was with my business, I never forgot to find time to visit the little woman in the hospital. And I acted like A- Nueng wasn't a patient... Ah, you could tell she was cheating on me. But this made me happy.

“ You should get some rest, Khun Nueng. I can stay with her. “

“ No. I told myself that if A-Nueng regained consciousness, I would be the first person she saw... Okay, I'll include you too, mom.”

I laughed happily. She was starting to have polite conversations with A-Nueng's grandmother.

“ With your permission.”

I pulled out a voice recorder that I had bought some time ago. I used it to record my own voice. I would tell stories of what happened every day to A-Nueng, as if... she could hear me and understand me. At least, if she was still alive and breathing, she would know what happened each day. Hearing me in her dream was better than nothing...

“ Khun Nueng, you are here. Did you bring me food? “

Piengfah, who went to visit her daughter and also take turns with her mother, extended her hand to ask her for food. She was one of my customers who continued to rave about my food non-stop.

“ Ah... your food lengthens my life. I do not want to get back. “

“ Tomorrow? “

“ Yes... But I'll hurry back. I think I'll move back here. “

Piengfah was due to return to Australia the next day. She told me this sadly. She was worried about her daughter, but her husband demanded that she return. In the end, they agreed to move there after fixing everything there. If her husband didn't move out, she would simply get divorced. Guess if the husband agreed? Of course...she was his wife after all.

“ I'll go home and get some clean clothes. Stay with Khun Nueng first, Fah.
“

“ Alright. “

After grandma left the room, Piengfah ate and forgot her manners because she was starving. I couldn't help but laugh at that. My best friend looked at me out of the corner of her eye and sighed.

“ Do not laugh. It's delicious. “

“ I said nothing. As the person who cooked it, it makes me happy to see you eat it like this. “

“ You have so much talent. I envy A-Nueng,”

Piengfah looked at her daughter and twisted her mouth.

“ What kind of mother am I to say this? “

"A crazy woman... Ouch."

I pretended to scream when Piengfah gently hit me on the shoulder. Then I laughed.

“ What? “

“ You. You are so cold to everyone, but so gentle to my daughter. How is I different from my daughter? She came out from me,”

Piengfah pouted.

“ And of all the people in this world, you had to fall in love with a 19- year-old girl like A-Nueng. I do not understand it at all. “

“ I don't understand myself either. I never understood it.”

I shrugged and agreed with Piengfah.

“ You've known me since we were kids. You know I never loved or liked anyone, whether man or woman. Believe me, I'm the one who is most surprised by this... There is no reason when it comes to love. “

“ If there were, it wouldn't be love... Pluto? I read that one too. “

“ Do you also read novels? “

“ I found it when I went through A-Nueng's things. Before I know it, oh... the end. It is a good novel. “

“ We have the same taste. “

“ I don't want to leave my daughter. “

“ Don't worry, I'll take care of her. “

“ Can I trust in you? “

Piengfah looked at me out of the corner of her eye. I bared my teeth at her because I knew she was being sarcastic, as if she were saying that she left the chicken with the monk or she left the fish with the cat.

“ But we've come this far... In the end you got us all to be soft on you. “

“ Oh really? So you'll let A-Nueng and I be together if she comes back to us? “

“ It's hard to say... honestly, Khun Nueng, when I was in love with you, anything went. But when she's my daughter, she's different... You're perfect, but not yet...”

My best friend looked like she had dog poop in her mouth.

“ Honestly, no one is as perfect as you in this world. I'm being very confused. “

I think I understood how Piengfah felt. When you are a mother and you see that your daughter has a lover, you can't help but worry about her because she seems unnatural to you. But if it wasn't me, no one would be such a perfect person...

“ But...”

“ Huh? “

“ Something has been on my mind. Let me ask you frankly now that my mother is not here. “

“ About? “

“ Does A-Nueng really have those preferences?

My jaw dropped when I heard the question my best friend had. Both the subject and the asker were inappropriate for this conversation, a mother asking if her daughter is a sadomasochist. How should I answer that...?

“ You were talking and talking then...”

“ Are you sure you can accept it? “

“ Trust me. “

“ Nueng likes it when I use a stick. If we have ropes, she likes to have her hands and feet tied. She asked me to learn how to bind hojojutsu....”

“ Okay, stop it... I can't stand it. “

Piengfah raised her hand and signaled for me to stop.

“ I tried to keep an open mind, but just one sentence is enough to leave me dumbfounded. Let's keep that a secret between you two. “

I laughed until I almost choked when I saw my friend's face turn bright red. It was clear that she was not as bold as her daughter.

“ But... I think I know how A-Nueng is like me. “

“ Huh? “

“ Don't you want to try to do it with me? Then you will know if you prefer the mother or the daughter? “

“ Please return quickly to Australia. “

“ HA HA HA. “

Let's say that A-Nueng's family and I get along well. Although it wasn't 100%, they weren't as against me as they were when they first heard about us. Maybe it was because I had shown them that I was truly in love with her

and that I was serious about our relationship. And having tasted what it was like to lose someone important to you because you forced that person to do what you wanted, Grandma, Chet and Piengfah have softened. I, the one who pretended to be strong in front of everyone, cried uncontrollably when I was alone. I was afraid that one day A-Nueng would stop breathing. I acted like I was sure that A-Nueng would come back to us in front of everyone, but in reality she was very afraid.

“ Please open your eyes, Nueng. Please talk to me. “

If A-Nueng left me... there would be no one I could love in this world. But I was someone who recovered quickly. After crying, I quickly regained my composure and continued fighting. My daily routine included finishing my work, visiting the little woman, recording daily events for A-Nueng, and...listening to the radio. It had become my daily routine because A-Nueng said she liked it. It was also a good distraction. Listening to the problems and sorrows of others reminded me that I was not the only one sad and in pain. Others could be going through worse things.

“ Oh...”

I fumbled for the phone I normally used to listen to the radio. It turned out that it was at the same time that the nurse came in to check on A- Nueng.

“ Nurse. Can you stay with her for a while? I left something in my car. “

“ Sure. “

I had become attached to my cell phone and that radio show. I ran to the parking lot to grab my phone in the car. Once I got it, I opened the radio via 4G to listen to the program. The caller was telling a story, as usual. And I remembered that story. This person had called before... It was something about her liking someone but she didn't know how to express herself, so that person thought she hated her and they couldn't agree. She must have been a fan of that show. She had already heard it twice. She was also the one who... received an eye implant, and changed after doing it. She kept dreaming about someone until she could draw that person. And that person existed in real life. Ah... it was so strange.

I sat on the balcony of the parking lot while looking at the streets full of warm lights. I took out a pack of cigarettes that I had been wanting to open for a while. I often wondered why people had to rely on nicotine. I asked one and he told me that it helped you relax when you were stressed. Most people turned to cigarettes when they were depressed or just wanted to see what it was like. But I wanted to use it to reduce my pain. But how was it smoked?

“ Are you being naughty? “

Chet's voice startled me. We rarely talk these days. A-Nueng's father had his hands in his pants pockets while he looked at me and laughed a little. He looked like a troubled child when Chet's eyes drifted to the pack of cigarettes I tried to hide behind my back.

“ Too late. Give me one. “

“ Huh? “

Chet reached out to take the cigarette in his hand and raised an eyebrow.

“ Who recommended this to you? He is also perfect; good choice. “

“ Ah... I think it will be refreshing when I smoke it. “

“ You can chew gum for that. Why would you smoke...? Can you lend me the lighter? “

I gave him what he asked for. Chet looked at the lighter and laughed like he adored me.

“ You bought them but you haven't taken anything out of the package? What a newbie to being a bad girl. “

“ Stop talking so much. “

I took out one of my headphones so I could hear him clearly, but I was also listening to the program with the other ear.

“ I tried it when I was abroad. I'm not addicted. I just wanted to try it... Why don't you try it too? “

"Aren't you going to stop me?"

“ You already paid for it. Do not waste it. Try it,"

Chet handed me one. I would lose if I didn't take it, so I did and placed it in my mouth. Chet turned it on for me.

“ Inhale... “

“ Do not tell me what to do. I'll inhale whenever I want,"

I shrugged before inhaling it as coolly as I could. Then I choked.

“ You are so funny. It does not look good on you. “

Liquid came out of my nose and eyes. She was already tired of smoking. My throat stank too, and a sharp stab of coldness ran through my brain from the mint flavor. Well. I give up. I assumed the person was the always cool ML Sippakorn like before (without smoking) and gave the cigarettes to Chet.

“ You can keep the whole package. “

“ Thank you. “

We looked again in silence at the streets full of warm lights. I looked at A-Nueng's father, who had been fighting with me these past few months. He didn't really understand what was happening.

“ Why are you talking to me? You are not angry with me anymore? “

“ I will be angry with you all my life. “

“ I'm just taking a break. I'm tired."

Chet rubbed his eyes as if he were very tired.

“ I haven't slept well for many months. I'm stressed about my daughter... I'm in a constant state of fear. If I hate you too, the blood vessel in my brain might burst. “

"I understand why you're so angry with me."

“ I have loved you all the time. I wasn't mad when you ran away from our wedding. But... the matter of A-Nueng is very delicate for me. You may say I'm exaggerating, but I love my daughter.. a lot. Even though I didn't raise her, I really love her, adore her, and pity her. I'm really mad at myself because I didn't think she existed for over ten years. That's why, when I met her, I wanted to be a good father. But my anger led her to this. “

“ I don't blame you only for that. We all pushed her until it all turned out like this. “

“ If you could go back in time, knowing that she would be in a car accident like this, would you still try to separate us? Would you still be so angry with us? “

“ I would, but I wouldn't let her get in that car. “

“ So bad. “

“ You didn't see the clips like I did. “

When he said that, my face turned red. I cleared my throat and kicked the air. Damned. He didn't have to say it.

“ If A-Nueng regains consciousness, will you still try to separate us? “

“ Don't know. “

“ But what happened taught me a lot. We must be good to others while we can... A-Nueng's life is hers. As parents, we can only support her as best we can. I don't agree with her, but if she comes back to us... “

“ Please take care of her for me. “

My tears were coming, but I blinked them back. It wasn't a permit. I just didn't know what to do. And I had him to thank for trying to be a father even though his daughter hadn't regained consciousness.

“ What are you listening to? I saw you had your headphones on while we were talking. “

“ It's a radio program that A-Nueng likes to listen to. “

I shared one of my headphones with him.

“ You can listen to it while you smoke. “

“ I feel like a high school boy who shares headphones with his lover. “

“ Is that how you got involved with Fah? “

“ No. I got involved with her thanks to you. “

“ Crazy. “

I laughed and we both stayed silent to listen to the caller. The current one was concluding her story and the DJ turned to the last person she called of the day.

[You're on the air, A. You can start sharing your story.]

I smiled at the name, knowing it was an alias because I also used this when I called. That's how it was. The caller could use any name. No one would use their own name on a show like this.

“ My name is A and I am 19 years old. “

Wow... the same age as A-Nueng.

“ I have been weak since I was born. It is the result of my mother's failed attempt to abort me. “

Oh? I straightened up and focused on the caller's story because it's... so familiar.

“ My grandmother raised me. She is very strict because she was afraid that I would get pregnant without a lover like my mother. To be honest, I'm not mad at my grandmother at all. I understand her well. My mother's disappointment made me have a dark view of the world. She didn't allow me to have friends because she was afraid that they would have a bad influence on me. So I felt a little lonely all the time. Ah... you don't have to ask about boys. No one can come close to me. Even if there were some who did... I wasn't interested in anyone. One day I met someone... since the first time I saw her... To be exact, I have to say that in the first split second I saw that person, I froze. I couldn't take my eyes off that person. I said to myself: "This is the person I always dreamed of meeting." Ah... she is a woman. She was drawing at the street market. “

My heart was beating. I slowly drove away from the parking lot. Although I wasn't sure, something told me that I had to return quickly. Right now!

“ Oh? You go? “

Chet, who was enjoying the radio show, looked at me curiously as he ran away from me when the receiver fell out of his ear.

“ What's wrong, Khun Nueng? “

“ Not now, Chet. Not now! “

“ Khun Nueng! “

My haste made Chet realize something and run after me. I put on the headphones I lent Chet and hurried out of the parking lot to get back to the patient's room as quickly as I could.

“ I'm not a talkative person. I behave very well. But with this woman, I acted so foolishly. So much so that I look more like her daughter than someone who was flirting with her. I just wanted to be close to her, you see. Our age difference is 16 years. More surprisingly... She is my mother's

friend. It's like a novel, right? That aunt is my mother's friend and my father's ex-fiancée. “

I just missed the elevator. I got anxious. Waiting for it to go up and down was very frustrating. My heart raced and I thought I might have a heart attack if it continued to race like that. The elevator was slower than my heart could handle. It seemed to stop at every floor, as if someone was pressuring it to stop just for fun. In the end, I couldn't wait any longer, so I ran up the emergency stairs to the seventh floor. The floor where A-Nueng is...

“ The aunt revealed that she was not a nobody. Even my grandmother, who looked down on her at first, was surprised to learn that... the aunt had an ML degree. She can speak three languages: Thai, English and Russian. And she was the main drummer when she was in school. She was a queen. My God... how can there be someone so perfect in this world? “

First floor...

“ After my grandmother found out who the aunt was, she admired her a lot. So she left me in her care. We became close... She also became my tutor. “

Second floor... .

“ She also went to my school's Mother's Day event. You can say that she is my everything... I'm sorry. My voice is a little shaky. “

Third floor... .

“ She was my tutor. She helped me with everything until I proudly entered a prestigious university. Isn't it amazing?. “

Fourth floor... .

“ I received a reward when I entered university. We kissed. That's how it all started... You didn't hear it wrong. We are both women. We are 16 years apart. And we kiss. “

Fifth floor... .

“ We crossed the line and went far. It's incredible that someone so esteemed and perfect fell in love with me. She is a ML. She is very beautiful. She was not interested in the former prime minister's son or any important man. But she said she loved me...I wouldn't be so happy even if I won the first prize in the lottery. “

Sixth floor... .

“ Her voice was the first thing I heard when I regained consciousness. While I was unconscious, I dreamed about her all the time. It's probably because I could hear her voice, the voice that filtered through my brain, my memory, and my sleep. I seem really obsessed with her, don't I? Maybe I fell in love with her from my mother's womb. Maybe I've told myself since I was conceived that... she is my destiny. I will love this person, even if she is a woman. “

Seventh floor... .

I finally arrived at A-Nueng's apartment. I almost vomited because I ran up without taking any breaks. My tears ran down my cheeks the entire way as I listened to the little woman speak. I had to stop listening to the little woman speak. I had to slap myself to make sure it wasn't a dream. Hurts. I wasn't dreaming.

“ I've come this far... I think you're listening, aunt. Please allow me to announce this. “

I slowly made my way to the front of A-Nueng's room. I was very afraid of disappointment. I was afraid it wasn't what I thought it was. I could fall flat on my face if that was the case. So I stayed there and didn't dare open the door. But I thought the radio person knew...

“ Aunt Nueng! I have already spoken a lot; You should already know that this is our story. Go back to the room this instant! “

.
. .
.

“ I'm awake! “

At the end of that statement, I opened the door and saw A-Nueng sitting on the bed, giving me her Duchenne smile.

" Run and hug me. "

“ I've been in bed for so long that I don't have the strength left to... Oh, you're so strong, Aunt Nueng. “

A-Nueng's laughter turned into crying as soon as I hugged her. It was the same for me. I cried like a baby because I was so happy that this day has finally come...The cheerful woman was awake!

Sunyal

④⑦

AUNT'S GOOD GIRL



I hugged A-Nueng so tightly I could crush her in my arms. A-Nueng laughed and told me to let her go. But I couldn't let her go. It was real... She was real...It looked like new... This nasal tone of voice was real.

“ Nueng...”

I cried like a small child before falling to my knees next to the bed, limp. A-Nueng, who hadn't moved a muscle for months, could only look at me because she couldn't move. She called me with a trembling voice.

“ Please don't cry, Aunt Nueng. It makes me want to cry too. “

Even though she said that, I still cried non-stop. It was like everything I had kept inside me was exploding. I no longer kept control over all my emotions. Our crying contest had begun. When I realized this, I started laughing. Laughing through tears is a strange feeling.

"Don't cry, Nueng... You'll be tired."

I got up slowly and sat on her bed.

“ Let me be the one to cry. “

“ I pity you when I see you cry. You must have been in a lot of pain when she was asleep. “

"You have no idea..."

I extended my hand to wipe the tears from the cheerful woman's cheeks. A-Nueng looked directly at me with her crystalline brown eyes.

" You slept for a long time. "

" I dreamed about you all that time. You looked very sad in my dream. And you cried without stopping. But now I'm awake... Look, I'm awake. Stop crying right now. "

" Exaggerated... You're so exaggerated. "

I leaned down to hug her and continued crying. I felt relieved that the person in front of me was really safe now. She was conscious and talking non-stop as always.

" You must have had a very good dream. You didn't wake up for months. "

" I dreamed about you. So of course it was a good dream. "

" Do not do that again. Don't sleep so long again. I can not lose you. "

" This is great. I slept for a while and woke up to your declaration of love. My heart races "

"I didn't say I love you."

I was trying to act calm as I wiped away my tears. Then I looked at A-Nueng in the eyes and smiled,

"I love you, Nueng."

" Aunt Nueng..."

" This is a declaration of love. "

She started to cry.

“ Oh. Why are you crying because I confess my love for you...”

And that's how we were in a crying competition all night. It was like whoever had the most tears won... This didn't include Chet, who surprisingly cried like a baby, even though he was a man and didn't raise A-Nueng himself. A-Neung's grandmother also ran very early in the morning as soon as she knew that A-Neung had regained consciousness. She also cried non-stop. And last but not least... the person who cried the most.

[Why did you have to regain consciousness when I already flew here? Are you trying to get back at me for something?]

Piengfah cried because she was angry. She had to book a return flight as soon as she landed in Australia without even stopping by to see her husband, who would probably have already waited until he was covered in cobwebs.

A-Nueng's recovery was not like the one in the movies, where she can immediately get up and walk. Since she hadn't moved any muscles for months, she had to be under the doctor's watchful eye. She had to do physical therapy and have a thorough check-up to see if there was any injury to any organs. No one mentioned the relationship between A-Nueng and me. Everyone was more open-minded, but they didn't make it clear that we weren't just an aunt and a niece. Everything was done under my label as guardian-. A-Nueng and I were okay with that because status had never been important to us.

“ Now you can drive. Of the seven days a week... you have to come home and stay with your grandmother from Monday to Friday. On weekends...”

Grandma looked at me for a while.

“ You can go wherever you want. “

Although I was not very happy with this proposal, it was better than nothing. And although A-Nueng complained a little, as I said before, the cheerful woman was her grandmother's good girl, and she always would be. Chet didn't mention anything about marrying me anymore. I wasn't sure if

he accepted that I will never love him or if he gave up on becoming prime minister. But he was still the father who got in my way whenever he could. He just wasn't as obvious and aggressive as he used to be.

“ Daughter... the older you are, the more beautiful you look to me. “

Chet was going to see A-Nueng at my palace. He handed her a magazine and pointed to a page on which a handsome man appeared.

“ Do you know that being with a firm and handsome boy can be very refreshing? “

Do you now understand what I mean by my way-? If he could trip me up... he would.

“ A boy can't turn me on. “

And his daughter's response made him raise a white flag and leave. She was more direct than the most direct announcer on television...The time of misery and obstacles was over.

However, I was well aware from previous experience that we would face an endless stream of obstacles until one of us died. But A-Nueng and I made a promise to each other. We promised that nothing could stand in our way anymore. No matter what came our way, we would get through it together.

In my entire life I had never believed that love existed. I do not include parental love, which is a human instinct. But of course, before this I didn't think that a father's love was so pure. Some give birth to a child because they want someone to take care of them when they are older. I even doubted the love of... a family bond. So love between strangers seemed impossible to me. When someone came up to me, I used to scan them from head to toe and think: They like me because of my ML degree. They liked my good looks...Let's say that for me love did not exist. I judged everything from the outside. I didn't understand how someone who didn't know anything about the other could fall in love. That included Chet... the boy from the school next door who climbed the fence to pursue me until he became my boyfriend. Piengfah...my only best friend who fell in love with me. But life

threw me a curveball. The person who was born from them made me know love for the first time...

“ Aunt Nueng, come take a photo with me. Hurry up!!! “

I looked at the petite woman in her prom dress and a huge bouquet Chet bought her. It was as if she wanted to announce to everyone that -I am a very rich father, daughter-. Aside from A- Nueng's family on her mother's side, her father's family was also there to congratulate her pretty granddaughter. However, A-Nueng only paid attention to me, who was proudly watching her from afar.

“ No. You guys keep going. “

“ No. It's an important day for me. You must be part of it. “

A-Nueng and I exchanged glances. I shook my head to say no, but the little woman wouldn't allow it. She was pouting.

“ You do not love me anymore! “

As soon as I heard that, I pursed my lips because I didn't know how to look. All of A-Nueng's relatives looked at us, pretending not to know the true meaning behind those words.

“ You have such a strong will. “

“ Come on! Hurry up! “

Yes... my lover was born from those two. A- Nueng taught me many things. She taught me that my boring life wasn't so bad. I didn't realize many important things and made many serious mistakes. My grandmother... didn't hate me. She was the strictest with me because she wanted me to be perfect and well groomed. I realized that when I became the little woman's guardian. I wanted her to turn out to be what I expected of her. My dream... that I never knew I had until I cooked food for her and she liked the food I cooked. The pain... of losing the person you loved. It was obvious when I lost my grandmother, but I was even more scared and anxious when A-

Nueng had that The pain... of losing the person you loved. It was obvious when I lost my grandmother, but I was even more scared and anxious when A-Nueng had that accident. And finally...

“ I graduated. I'm moving in with Aunt Nueng. “

I looked at the little woman, surprised, as we took the photo. A-Nueng seemed very happy. Others watching would think she was happy to have her title in hand, when in reality...she was happy because of what she just told me.

“ Have you earned my reward? “

“ You call that a reward... I've been able to do it for a while. I just didn't tell you. “

“ Oh really? Can you do the hojojutsu now? Brilliant. “

“ Why are we talking about this in such an honorable ceremony like this? “

“ That's how I am. You do not like? “

“ Ops. You're not responding. “

“ I do not like you. “

And finally, what I was about to say was... love. The little woman made me understand that you could love someone even if you were not related. She was nothing more than a stranger I met at a street market and later found out she was my friend's daughter. The blank spaces inside me were gradually filling up, and before I knew it, they were overflowing. Everything was unexpected. There was no balance. It was fun. My lover was a woman., Our age difference was 16 years.... Strange, very strange. But it is what it is. When I realized this, I looked at the little woman who pretended to be sad when I said I didn't like her being naughty. Then I leaned in to whisper so only the two of us could hear.

“ I love you, Nueng. “

And to put a smile back on that face, I had to confess my love to her the way she likes it.

“ That's perfect. My aunt Nueng. “

It's like I've become perfect in every way possible. Nothing was missing. And there was nothing to overflow. It was like all my blank spaces disappeared because of this woman. I nodded and smiled at her. It was as if I was acknowledging what she called me and promising that I would always be her at the same time.

“ The aunt is good. “

THE END



SPO: ①

A-NUENG



Finally, I finished my degree. This means that I have taken another step forward as an adult. I will not be asking for money from my grandmother or father anymore because I'm old enough to take responsibility for many things on my own. The first step is to look for work. With that said, I just graduated, so I will take a break first... It wasn't easy to earn my degree. I have to treasure and make the most of this precious time. For example...

"Auntie Nueng!"

I jump onto my beautiful Auntie Nueng's lap. She's sketching. The beautiful woman looks at me with a smile. She doesn't show any annoyance. It makes me forget that I should have some manners with my lover. Ah... since when have I become so comfortable with her that I am totally myself around her? I don't even remember that.

"You're acting like a little kid again. Grow up already."

"What are you doing?"

I see that she's sketching. I just want to start a conversation with her.

"Why are you sketching?"

"It's for relaxation. My hand is stiff now because I haven't sketched for a while, so I want to sketch some when I have time."

"You're sketching food?"

"Ah-huh."

"You only think about your food delivery business."

I whined a little. Auntie Nueng laughs and pinches my nose.

"Can't I sketch the food I deliver?"

"You should sketch me. I'm much more interesting than food."

I pout and try not to smile .

"Sketch me like the first time we met at the street market."

When I say this, Auntie Nueng smiles merrily. She looks up as she tries to recall the event.

"It was a while back, huh? How long have we known each other?"

"Five years for you. But it's five years and fourteen days for me."

"Oh? You count the days too? So detailed. Didn't we meet each other on the same day?"

"No. I stalked you for almost two weeks before I approached you. On the 14th day, I chose to walk over and ask for a sketch. And that's how we met."

I smile and think back to the days when I was still wearing a high school uniform. I remember lying to my grandmother that I have tutoring schools in the evening, but in reality, I never even paid for them. I didn't want to stuff more knowledge into my brain because it's too stressful. If I don't pass the test, I won't pass, no matter how hard I study. I should use my time to stroll around, looking at birds and trees, for relaxation. But you get bored looking at birds and trees every day. I started to have nowhere to go, and I obviously can't go home. So I decided to stroll the street market near my school because I didn't know where else to go.

The smell of fish and raw vegetables gives a different vibe to the malls. I like the warm lights hanging on top of the stalls. I like the smell of smoke from the food being grilled. I like eye-shopping the 90 Baht t-shirts with illegal cartoon characters on them. I just strolled mindlessly. Until I walked past someone...

Thump...

Thump...

Suddenly, my heart pounded like it'd never pounded before. That strange reaction made me immediately halt and look around. I then saw someone in the corner of my eye. It's a gorgeous woman who in no way fits that setting. She was sketching merrily without care. It was as if the street market were a tranquil park filled with cherry blossoms.

Thump...

Thump...

Why is my heart pounding so hard at the sight of a very beautiful woman? Her beauty is not the key point. The key point is the pounding of my heart. I couldn't take my eyes off her. That day, I went back home with the image of an artist sketching at a street market stuck in my head. I couldn't shake it off. Who is she? Once I was curious, there were second, third, and fourth days. And my heart pounded harder with each passing day. I became a psychopath. I followed her home and found out where she lived. I still don't understand why I wouldn't show myself to her. Finally... the will to talk to her overcame my shyness. On the 14th day, I walked over to her, sat down, and became her customer.

"How much... for a sketch of me?"

"You're just a kid. I'll only charge 100 Baht."

I fell deeper when I heard her voice and saw her movement in full HD. I stared at her the entire time she sketched me. I forgot the time. I just knew

that I could look at her all day. Maybe my entire life, if that's not too much of an exaggeration.

"What's your name, sis?"

"Sis?"

The beautiful woman giggles with a coolly confident air.

"I think I can be your aunt."

"No way. You look so young."

"I'm not your sister, for sure. Ah... My name is Nueng. Everyone calls me Miss Nue..."

"Auntie Nueng."

"Huh?"

"I'll call you Auntie Nueng."

Her expression clearly shows that she's not comfortable with that. But I didn't know what had gotten into me because I insisted on calling her that. And since that day, I have clung to her. Until we are together today...

"You're a stalker."

Auntie Nueng appears stunned when she hears that. We've never talked about this before. After she finds out how I approached her, she is so embarrassed; it's cute.

"How can your heart pound when meeting someone for the first time?"

"Many fell in love with you at first sight, you just never fell in love at first sight yourself."

"That's true..."

The beautiful woman agrees with me and strokes my cheek lightly.

"Thank you for clinging to me until we finally end up together."

"You have to thank me a lot. If it weren't for me, you would die alone and lonely."

"So full of yourself."

"You love only me, no?"

I snuggle her neck like I always do when I want to ask for tenderness. And I know she will never be annoyed with me.

"When I was unconscious, someone sobbed and asked for me to wake up. Maybe that person forgets now."

"You keep teasing me, even though it's been many years. Honestly, if we hadn't met, maybe I'd be married by now..."

I immediately lean back and pout at the beautiful woman when I hear that.

"Don't you believe that you can love only me?"

"Nothing is certain in this world. Maybe there are A-Nueng #2 and A-Nueng #3."

"I'm a limited edition! Don't get me mad. If I leave you, you will cry like a baby. You're old now. No one will take you except for me. Geez."

"You're so full of yourself. What makes you think that no one hits on me these days?"

Auntie Nueng laughs in her throat. I look at her in panic.

"Someone hit on you?"

"I'm quite beautiful, you see?"

"Why don't I know this?"

"I didn't tell you because it's nothing important. Get up... You're heavy."

The beautiful woman nudges me lightly as she gets up and stretches because she's been sitting for a while. But I'm still stuck on our previous topic.

"Who's hitting on you? A man or a woman?"

"A man, of course."

"How did you meet?"

"Through a business deal."

"Are you jealous?"

The beautiful woman smiles merrily and pulls my cheek amusingly.

"You're still as direct as ever."

"I'm both jealous and angry... You didn't tell me that someone hit on you."

"Because it's not important..."

"If someone made a move on me and I didn't tell you, how would you feel?"

When I asked her back, she paused as if she understood. She then pats my head and messes with my hair.

"Don't overthink. I didn't want to stress you out, so I didn't tell you. And I don't think anything of him."

"Ah. Does this mean that if you start to like him, you will tell me? So you're telling me now means that you're starting to like him?"

Everything goes silent. Despite asserting that I am an adult now, I continue to whine like a kid. Auntie Nueng is starting to show that she's annoyed and frustrated. So to redeem myself and uplift her mood, I leap and lean on her, putting all my body weight on her like a dead person.

"Don't do this. It's heavy."

"My heart is broken. I'm dead."

"You're an adult now."

"Kiss me, and I will come back to life."

When I tease her like this, she switches from being moody to laughing immediately because she doesn't want to dwell on my previous actions. She eventually gives in and kisses me as I requested.

"I kissed you, please rise."

"I'm not fully recovered yet. Please take me to bed."

"You can never get enough, huh?"

"I know you like it too."

The beautiful woman sees that I still put my entire body weight on her, so she decides to carry me like a baby monkey and take me to bed like I requested. I whisper into her ear naughtily before we get there.

"Do you want to have more fun?"

"Huh?"

"We have cucumber in the refrigerator."

"Crazy!...A-Nueng! “

SPO: 2

MY FATHER'S PROPOSAL



Everyone around me, including Auntie Nueng, is always asking if I had any dreams while I was unconscious. If I did, what was it about... To confess, I don't remember anything.

But when I regained consciousness, I felt like I didn't miss anything. It was as if I were conscious of and aware of everything at all times. That included Auntie Nueng's food delivery business and what was going on around the world. If you believe in miracles, it was probably because Auntie Nueng told me everything when I was unconscious, and her voice got through to me. Isn't it a miracle...

I recall the moment Auntie Nueng rushed in to embrace me upon my awakening, like it was yesterday. It's as if I'm afraid that it was all a dream. Seeing someone I love so happy to have me back made my heart tremble. But that was three years ago. Auntie Nueng probably already forgot how sad she felt when I wasn't by her side. These days, her only concern is dealing with a large distributor who can assist in getting her food into convenient stores. And the owner of the company comes to deal with her himself. In other words, the owner of that company is hitting on Auntie Nueng!

I'm hiding behind a pillar to observe the middle-aged businessman who came to see his business partner at her home himself rather than meeting at his company. What's the need for the owner of a company that big to come himself? Doesn't he have thousands of employees?

"There are many menus, but what my customers like the most seems to be stir-fried chicken with red curry paste. This is a simple, inexpensive menu that anyone can eat on a daily basis."

Auntie Nueng is discussing business in an elegant manner. She doesn't kiss up to him like other business partners, who tend to do so with a large distributor. The man appears to be the one attempting to gain her favor, as he sits there beaming like a chimpanzee... This is so frustrating! Stop smiling already. I curse you to have gum like one of the chimpanzees.

"What are you doing standing here, Miss Nueng?"

The housekeeper says this as she walks by and sees me snooping around. This makes my targets turn to look at me all at once.

"I... am tired, so I lean on the pillar to rest."

"Why don't you go sit on the sofa?"

Auntie Nueng smiles from the corner of her mouth knowingly when she hears the conversation between me and the housekeeper. She then ends the conversation with the businessman by standing up and extending her hand towards the door to nudge him to leave.

"I'll contact the purchase department, so I don't disturb Mr. Jenpob too much."

"It's okay. You can contact me directly since you already have my number. I can expedite the process."

"I think it's better to do it through proper channels."

"Okay."

After that, Auntie Nueng walks the man to his Aston Martin, which is worth many tenths of millions of Baht, and watches until the taillight disappears. Once the man is gone, I immediately walk over to stand by her side.

"You're such a VIP customer. You want to use his distribution channel, but the owner of the company came to talk to you himself at your place."

"Well..."

Auntie Nueng shrugs and leaves it at that.

"Why were you snooping around at the pillar like that? Were you eavesdropping?"

"Yes."

"You're so honest."

"When can I ever lie to you... He's very rich."

"So is your father."

"But I didn't marry him."

That makes me smile, though I'm still nervous about all this.

"He seems so perfect. He's a millionaire and drives an Aston Martin."

"Come to think of it... that's true."

I look down, starting to feel unworthy. But Auntie Nueng flicks her fingers on my forehead so hard that I cry in pain.

"Why did you do that? It hurts."

"I think you have an excessive amount of free time now that you've graduated to be sulking at me every day like this. I guess living peacefully doesn't get your adrenaline pumping?"

"I can't help but feel bad. He's perfect, and he's making advances on you using business as an excuse. If you don't go along with him, he may sabotage your business deal."

"You're right..."

Auntie Nueng rubs her chin.

"Maybe I should be his mistress."

"Auntie Nueng!"

Auntie Nueng simply shrugs, making no excuses. She then walks into the palace coolly with her hands in her pants pockets. I'm starting to really sulk as I look at the beautiful woman's back, who doesn't care one bit about how I feel. I don't want to whine because I want her to know that I'm an adult now. But being an adult doesn't mean that you can't be jealous.

"Dad... I want to work."

I call my handsome father, who's ready to support me in every way. I just need to tell him what I want.

"Why work? You're born into a wealthy family. You have to do nothing until you become disabled."

"Are you making a joke?"

"Is it funny?"

My father laughs to get me to laugh as well. When I realize that he's trying to cheer me up, I can't help but thank him.

"Thank you. You make me smile."

"Where's Auntie Nueng? Why are you calling me to tell you a joke?"

"She's busy."

"Did you two fight?"

"No. It's nothing."

I quickly deny it to protect Auntie Nueng because I know that my father doesn't agree with our relationship.

"I just think that now that I have my degree, I should work. I overthink when I have too much free time."

"What do you overthink about? Can you tell me?"

"Ah..."

I hesitate a bit. But because I need an ally and my mother is not here while I can't talk to my grandmother about this, my father, who's ready to support me in every way, is my best hope.

"A guy is hitting on Auntie Nueng."

"Who?"

My father's voice turns deep and serious. I'm not sure if he is mad because of what Auntie Nueng did to me or if he's jealous because someone hit on her. Despite his disagreement with our relationship, it is clear that he still has a great deal of affection for Auntie Nueng. It's just that she's off-limits. Because Auntie Nueng is mine.

"He's a businessman..."

I give my father the necessary details about the business partner Auntie Nueng is dealing with.

"He's the owner of the company. Recently, he has been paying frequent visits to Auntie Nueng, and I cannot complain because I don't want to appear immature."

"It's your right. If she's wrong, you can lash out at her, daughter. I think... maybe she feels something for him."

I squeeze the phone in my hand, but try to laugh it off as if my father is telling another joke.

"Don't try to get us to fight."

"I mean it. If she didn't feel anything, she would have chased him away by now. Have you ever seen her talk to anyone for long or give anyone false hope?"

"But Auntie Nueng loves me..."

"Love is love. But as time passes, everything changes. Only a parent's love remains unchanged."

"I called to ask you to find me a job. How did we get to talk about this?"

"You were consulting me, no? How about this... How about you have a boyfriend to get back at her? I have a catalog of men for you to choose from. How about this one, Tiger Woods?"

"Yes?"

I just hung up from my father and am sitting mindlessly. Auntie Nueng, who has just finished showering, calls to me.

"What are you thinking? I heard you talking to someone."

"I was on the phone with my father."

"Your father is clingy to his daughter like no other."

Auntie Nueng laughs and walks over to sit at the dressing table. She's drying her hair with the towel.

"What did you talk about?"

"Ah..."

Ring...

"Let me take this call briefly."

The phone rings to interrupt us. Auntie Nueng picks it up and looks at the number of the person calling. She seems surprised, but picks up the call.

"Yes?"

She speaks in a deep, serious tone. I inch closer to see who she's talking to. Auntie Nueng glances at me and frowns, as if she's saying that I'm being rude. But who cares... I simply take a position in front of the woman who is conversing with a man right in front of me.

"It's okay. I will contact Mr. Kan myself... I don't want to bother you. It's very late now. I can't talk for long... Okay. See you at the same restaurant tomorrow. I will prepare all the documents... Okay. Thank you."

The beautiful woman hangs up and sighs. She then immediately turned to scold me.

"It's very rude to listen in on my call like that."

"If there's nothing to hide, why can't I listen in... Was the person who called the one who drove an Aston Martin to your palace today?"

"We were talking about business. Didn't you hear that there's nothing more to it?"

"Was it because I was standing here that there was nothing more to it?"

I intended not to act this way, but my father's words, saying that I'm just a sure thing, and Auntie Nueng's habit of chasing everyone she doesn't like away made me say it. She picked up his call during our time together... And this is our bedroom!

"Are you picking a fight with me?"

"Yes."

"I was talking about business, and it was work. I have to be active when dealing with a business partner."

"At 10 p.m.?"

I laugh mockingly.

"Isn't it kind of sweet to be talking business right now?"

"When will you grow up?"

"What?"

I stare at her in frustration. If the word "old" hurts Auntie Nueng, then the word "grow up" hurts me.

"What I'm doing is work. And you not understanding that and picking a fight with me, not only will disrupt my work, but is also very annoying."

I clenched my fists upon hearing that. I was feeling down before this, but her words make me furious.

"Annoyed? Now that you have someone new, I'm annoying? I've always been like this. You suddenly can't take it now?"

"I was giving you time to grow up. If you know that your being childish leads to problems between us, why don't you change?"

"I should have died in the accident. I shouldn't have regained consciousness to live to the day that you change!"

"I haven't changed. I'm teaching you that this is work... Where are you going!"

I walk over to grab my car key and am ready to rush out of the place. After I run downstairs, I rush to my car. But Auntie Nueng runs after me in shock. She grabs me and hugs me so tight that I, who am playing big, am stunned to see her like this.

"A... Auntie Nueng."

"Don't... don't go."

The shaking body of the beautiful woman makes me reach over to pat her back gently to console her.

"I love you too much, so I'm possessive..."

I confess frankly.

"His eyes, when he looks at you, are filled with obsession. He has an influence on your business. Moreover... My father said that people change with time."

"Your father?"

Auntie Nueng finally speaks. She leans back and looks at me.

"Chet?"

"Yes."

"What did your father say?"

"He said that if you didn't like him, you would have chased him away by now."

I look at her sadly.

"And that's what you normally do. But with him, you let him come here. You let him call you at 10 p.m. You seem to be with him a lot lately. And I've become lower in priority."

"I've never lowered your priority. I'm just so busy lately."

"I was being stupid... Would it be better if I went to study abroad? I'll give you space and time to build your business. I'll come back after everything is a success. "

"What's the matter? Why are you so shocked?"

"Don't drive out like this, please..."

Auntie Nueng drops to the floor, going pale. It makes me bend down to lower our height difference.

"We can fight, but don't drive out. Don't go out like this... I can't take losses like I did the last time."

Auntie Nueng didn't forget...I dash in to hug the beautiful woman and sob with her, as if to apologize and console her at the same time. My anger gradually drops and turns into guilt. Once I've gotten a hold of myself, I realize that I was being childish. I let my father's words get to me and was overly jealous, which made things worse.

"I'm sorry, Auntie Nueng. I was hot-tempered... I was too jealous."

Auntie Nueng hugs me back and sways our bodies from side to side. She doesn't say a word. It's like she's using her hug to tell me that she loves only me and is asking me to trust her.

"Study abroad? Where did you get this idea?"

"My father proposed it."

"I called my father to ask for a job, but he said... it's better if I go further with my studies overseas. If I'm farther away from you, I will become important again."

"And do you agree?"

I nod slowly and smile dryly.

"A little bit... What do you think? Do you want me to go?"

The beautiful woman goes quiet for a bit before she nods.

"Go."

"Huh?"

"If it's good for you, I won't get in the way. It's good... If it can make you more mature,"

“ Auntie Nueng. “

Sunydai

SPO: 3

THE SAD AR-NUENG



"Nueng... Can you accompany me today?"

"Huh?"

I'm watching television in bed when my beautiful aunt invites me to go out with her. Auntie Nueng is wearing a thin, white shirt with black slack pants. She looks very elegant. I can tell that she's going to a business meeting. With that man...

"It's okay if you're not free."

I jump up from bed when she says that. Though I was feeling bad last night, getting to confront that man is too interesting to pass on.

"I can go. I'm jobless, so I'm free. Please give me a moment to get dressed."

"Take your time. The appointment is at noon. We can have lunch after we're done."

"Okay."

I don't take long to get dressed because I have already showered. I chose polite attire, which is a blue body-fit dress. I let my shoulder-length hair down because it makes me look a bit more mature. As Auntie Nueng and I sit in the car, no one speaks. I don't know what the beautiful woman is

thinking. But for me, I'm uncomfortable and sad because Auntie Nueng doesn't seem to care whether I stay or go. She doesn't try to stop me. She doesn't do anything...

"Are we fighting?"

"Huh?"

Auntie Nueng glances at me a bit and shakes her head.

"No."

"Okay."

"Why do you ask that?"

"We have rarely said a word to each other since last night. You didn't hug me as well."

I like for my beautiful aunt to hug me to sleep, so I say that as a complaint.

"So I thought that we were fighting for sure."

"We're not fighting. I was deep asleep, so I slept like a log."

"Ah-huh. I guess you'll be fine when I'm not around."

Silence falls once again, and it continues on like that until we reach the restaurant. I'm thankful that there is no traffic today. We get to the place before time, but we don't order anything because we have to wait for our guest. Mr. Jenpob shows up after around 15 minutes. He apologizes and uses an excuse that causes me to twist my mouth.

"I apologize. The traffic was so bad."

Does he think that we took the Skytrain or what? We drove on the same road, but he dares say that the traffic was bad? Anyway... I don't say anything. I just sit quietly. Auntie Nueng introduces Mr. Jenpob to me.

"Nueng... This is Mr. Jenpob."

I raise my hands to pay respect to him out of good manners. Then Auntie Nueng introduced me to him.

"Mr. Jenpob, this is Nueng, my lover."

Everyone goes quiet. Me. Jenpob stares at me and asks.

"What?"

"This is A-Nueng, my lover."

The way he looks at me almost makes me laugh out loud. The businessman's look is one of disbelief. Well, I should say "doesn't want to believe" to be more accurate. Auntie Nueng doesn't want to waste any more time, so she pulls out the documents they talked about last night and gets to the point.

"To recap, I will start with four menus. "

She goes on to talk about the product details. Auntie Nueng doesn't talk about anything outside of the topic or chit chat at all. Everything is done professionally. It's Mr. Jenpob, who still seems out of sorts. He just nods, though it seems like nothing gets through to him.

"Okay... you can send the details to the purchase department."

"Okay."

She doesn't have to deal with him directly anymore? Geez...

"Then..."

The handsome businessman quickly gets up and excuses himself without even taking a sip of water.

"I have to go."

"Thank you for your help with everything. I won't forget it."

"Okay."

And the tall man walks out quietly. Auntie Nueng glances at me and asks.

"Why are you smiling?"

"You intend to take me here to introduce me to him?"

"Yes. I don't want you to have any lingering doubts about us. It's better to make everything crystal clear. And Mr. Jenpob is starting to cross the line too much... Calling me at 10 p.m. is quite rude."

"Ah-huh."

"Order something. You haven't had breakfast, right? Let's do brunch."

Auntie Nueng orders for me because she knows well what I like. I look at the beautiful woman, who looks perfect from her clothes to her face, voice, and movements. I can look at her all day.

"Why are you staring at me? Say what you have to say."

"I was really stupid last night, wasn't I? Is this why you chose to do this to solve the problem?"

"Ah-huh."

She's so direct. Can't she be less direct? Geez....

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I just realized that I made you overthink. I used to be more firm. But when it comes to work, I let it pass because it helps make things easier. I thought it didn't matter that he hit on me because it would lead to nothing if I didn't respond."

"It's not like me to do that at all. I mean, to use my charm to help with my business. It's low. So I chose to make everything clear today."

I got my Auntie Nueng back... But her talking about this frankly makes me feel guilty for acting silly last night. I should know her better than anyone. So what if she flirts a little? She won't take it far anyway.

"Will this impact your work?"

"It's okay. If we can't sell in convenience stores, we can sell the way we used to. I'm not doing it to get rich or anything. I have a home and a car already. I just want to make some money to pay for the palace's upkeep."

The waiter served our food not long after. Auntie Nueng rolls the spaghetti on her fork but won't eat it. It's like she's just playing with her food. I look at her curiously.

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Ah. When I cook, eating out is a bit strange... So, have you decided where you will go for your degree?"

Auntie Nueng asks without even looking at me. I can guess this is what's stressing her out and making her seem more serious than usual.

"I'm still deciding."

"Why don't you go to England? I like Hermione's accent. If you study there and learn that accent, it would be cute."

"Auntie Nueng..."

"Or the US is also nice. Australia, as well."

"I'll probably go to stay with my mother if I go."

I reply and observe her closely.

"Yeah. You won't be lonely if you go live with your mother."

"Will you be lonely?"

"I've been alone all my life. I'll be okay if you're not here with me."

"But you won't have anyone to hug."

"I'll use a body pillow."

"Who will be your slave?"

"Plenty. Many are obsessed with me."

"Do they know that you like for them to crawl to you and lick you from your toes up?"

I say that, trying not to smile. Auntie Nueng looks at me with sparkling eyes.

"I'm trying to be open-minded and let you go further with your studies overseas."

"You won't get to hold a stick. You won't get to scold and whip someone. I'm not even talking about the cameras."

"You will yearn for me if I go."

I sip water, knowing I hold the upper hand. But Auntie Nueng makes me spit it all out with her response.

"No need to worry; we have cucumbers at the palace."

Splat!

"Cough. What are you saying?"

"Cucumber. What's so shocking?"

"You get so embarrassed every time I talk about cucumbers, and now you're saying it yourself? How can you?! You're going to use a new item when I'm

not here?"

I pout in frustration because I won't get to have fun with her.

"It won't be as fun as doing it with me."

"Then, don't go."

"Huh?"

"Don't... go."

The beautiful woman looks down at her spaghetti and says that with a deep voice. She's trying to sound normal.

"If you go, no one will do those things with me."

She's finally admitting it... She's so tight-lipped. She's crazy in love with me but tries to act cool.

"I remember you saying that you won't get in the way if it's good for me. You were just saying that to seem cool?"

I laugh as I ask because I know that she won't reply to me. But the beautiful woman replies willingly. It makes her so adorable in my eyes.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes... I was just saying it to be cool."

"But you don't want me to go?"

"Ah-huh."

Why is she so cute? I want to roll her up and eat her up so that no one sees her being timid like this her entire life. Ah... Auntie Nueng has made me fall in love with her repeatedly since the first day we met until now.

"So... how should I tell my father that I'm no longer going?"

"You already told him that you'd go?"

I haven't said anything to my father. But seeing her down and out like this makes me want to tease her a bit more.

"But if you don't want me to go, I won't go."

The beautiful woman immediately looks up at me. She's clearly happy to hear that. I can no longer hide my smile.

"Please don't be so cute. I can't hide my smile any more. Argh."

"Why can't you smile?"

"Never mind. Just knowing that you don't want me to go makes my heart so full. Okay... I won't go. But you have to make up for making me feel bad. I was sad the entire night last night because you didn't hug me."

"I was crying."

"Huh?"

"That was why you didn't turn to hug me... Geez. My Auntie Nueng."

I reach my hand out to hold hers, but she's still looking down and out.

"I'm not going. Please hug me tonight. But..."

My cool Auntie Nueng looks up at me and smiles slightly. Because she's always proper, this reaction is a lot from her already.

"Huh."

"Are there any cucumbers in the refrigerator at home now?"

SPO: ④

GIVING IN



Though we've made plans, in the end, Auntie Nueng didn't use cucumber like I imagined we would. But never mind. It's just my imagination and fantasy. That Auntie Nueng wouldn't use vegetables to satisfy my bizarre fantasy doesn't really bother me. As I'm watching TV, the housekeeper carries a sizable package.

"What is it?"

"I have no idea, Miss. It's for Miss Nueng."

"Auntie Nueng shops online? Strange... She told me she doesn't even know how to transfer money online."

I mutter to myself as I think back to when Auntie Nueng asked me to teach her how to transfer money online. Maybe it's for this. My curiosity makes me follow the housekeeper and try to grab the package from her. But Auntie Nueng sees it first.

"Don't be rude. It's my package. Why are you trying to get it?"

"I know. I know."

I scrunch my face a bit.

"What did you order?"

"A toy."

"What is it? Figure toy?"

"Something like that."

"Open it. I want to know which one you got."

I walk behind her, put my hands on the shoulders of the taller woman, and jump excitedly. But Auntie Nueng smiles slightly and shakes her head.

"No."

"Stingy."

Auntie Nueng doesn't even try to console me. The beautiful woman just takes the package and walks upstairs immediately. So I can only sulk and stick my tongue at her behind her back. I also complain loudly for her to hear me.

"Very stingy. I don't love you anymore."

"You will go back on your words tonight."

Nothing can make me stop sulking. Argh! I'm still curious... What Auntie Nueng ordered is still on my mind. My curiosity is too high, so my sulking quickly changes to my being mad. Auntie Nueng doesn't talk about the figure toy she bought. It's as if it doesn't exist. During our dinner, I fold my arms across my chest and keep quiet. That makes Auntie Nueng kick my shin.

"What's the matter? Why do you look so moody?"

"Do we love each other?"

"Of course."

"Then why do you keep a secret from me? What did you buy?"

"What you are doing, if I use the most common saying, is... someone who enjoys prying into the affairs of others."

"Auntie Nueng!"

The beautiful woman laughs merrily before she places deep-fried minced fish with red curry paste she cooked herself on my plate. She also pours delicious sauce, with cucumber in it, on it for me.

"Eat up, so you lighten up."

"I'm moody."

"I'll make up with you tonight."

"Nothing can make me stop sulking. You keep it a secret from me."

I scrunch my nose. So, Auntie Nueng raises her hands as if she's raising a white flag.

"Okay. Okay. I'll tell you."

"What is it?"

"We may use cucumber tonight."

I was startled and sat up straight away. I look at Auntie Nueng, who acts as if it's nothing big,

"It seems like I've reconciled with you. You're not mad at me anymore?"

"What... I'm still mad."

My voice is clearly softer, and I'm clearly happy.

"Why did you suddenly change your mind?"

"One's love life should be colorful. I have a very hot, young lover. I have to adjust."

"You're not teasing me, are you?"

"I can just be teasing if that's what you want."

"We have cucumbers here. Why did you have to order and have it packed so tightly?"

"It's a special kind."

Though I'm a bit embarrassed, the feeling of excitement is higher. Auntie Nueng is grinning merrily. Dinner goes well. My rage dissipates as quickly as my curiosity grows.

I walk out of the bathroom in my Pikachu pajamas after I finish my bath a little after 9 p.m. Auntie Nueng looks at me and shakes her head a bit.

"This is what you will wear to seduce me tonight?"

"Do I need to wear anything when I seduce you? I won't. I'll take everything off!"

"You're so active... Go wait in bed. Let me shower first."

"Why do we have to prepare ourselves this much? It's like we're making a formal appointment for it."

"Doing things differently makes it more exciting."

"True. I'll wait. Hurry up and take your bath. Yay!"

I get on the bed and clasp my hands on my belly as I wait. I can hear the sound of the shower in the bathroom. It means that Auntie Nueng is bathing. My imagination about tonight runs wild. Getting to make love with Auntie Nueng is so exhilarating. Ho Ho Ho.

Creak...

The bathroom door opens. Steam flows out of it into the bedroom. Auntie Nueng walks out with only a towel wrapped around her body. It makes me

smile merrily.

"You're more ready than me."

"As you pointed out, why should I wear anything to seduce you? I'll be taking it off anyway."

"Savage."

"Close your eyes."

"I have to close my eyes?"

"For your good health."

"Wow."

I giggle. I'm more charged up than usual. I close my eyes like Auntie Nueng told me to do. Not long after, I felt something cold on my eyelids. It makes me frown. "What's this?"

A familiar touch and smell make me reach for it. Sliced cucumbers are placed on both my eyes. I immediately knew that I was fooled.

"You tricked me."

"That's cucumber."

"I don't mean for it to be used in this manner."

"What should I do with it?"

"Auntie Nueng!"

I twist my face. All the excitement about what I've imagined will happen tonight is gone. Yet Auntie Nueng gets on top of me and locks my hands in place to stop me from moving around.

"What are you doing? I'm angry right now."

Clink.

That's the sound of my right wrist being locked. This surprises me. I then notice steel handcuffs shining on my wrist. Okay. I'm excited.

"Where did you get that from?"

Clink!

My other wrist is locked in the same manner. And my hands are put over my head.

"Now, close your eyes."

The cucumber slices are placed on my eyelids once again, but it feels different this time. I was frustrated to be fooled at first. But I'm excited now.

"Relax."

I didn't reply. I just let Auntie Nueng do as she pleases, as she's always dominant in our games. She slips my pants off easily while my shirt is just lifted up. I breathe heavily as my excitement rises. Auntie Nueng's moist lips caress my entire body, particularly my belly.

"Ah..."

When we can't foresee what will be done to us. our emotions rise quickly because of the excitement. My emotions uncontrollably swing in response to Auntie Nueng's touches everywhere her lips move. Being tied and not being able to respond is torturing, but I like it. It makes me feel good. And it makes Auntie Nueng feel good as well.

"I will be the prison warden today. You're a new prisoner who's a prostitute."

"Why that profession?"

"Because you will be good at your job."

I'm slapped on the hip and given an order.

"Split your legs."

"A... Auntie Nueng."

"Who's your aunt?"

I'm taken back when Auntie Nueng adjusts my posture herself. Yet, nothing happens after that.

"I want you to get excited and beg for it."

"Ouch!"

Something is slowly slipping inside of me. It startles me. I arch my back, twist, and turn. But Auntie Nueng holds me down by my shoulder. She also covers my mouth.

"Be good if you want to stay out of trouble in prison."

"A*&lm.%"\$"

I shake my head to try to get the cucumber slices off my eyelids. I can see Auntie Nueng with one of my eyes now. What I see is a beautiful woman staring at me and smiling.

"What? Are you afraid? I haven't even started."

Auntie Nueng is holding something in her hand. It looks like a remote control with a wire attached to what's inside of me. She smiles, and then turns it on. My eyes widen in panic as soon as it vibrates. Inside my body there's a new sensation I've never felt before

"A*&lm.%"\$"

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

The beautiful woman, who's playing the dominant role very well, turns it off. I immediately frowned.

"Do you feel good or not?"

"This means good."

Buzzzzzzzz.

Despite the strange sensation, my body tells me that it loves the new toy Auntie Nueng bought. My emotion quickly rises, and it races to the finish line in a matter of minutes. I'm embarrassed by that. Auntie Nueng, who knows my body well, turns it off and smiles.

"Do you like it?"

I nod and give her a weak smile.

"If you like it, then it's not good. Because I don't want you to like it."

Buzzzzzzzz

Because I just finished, my body can't take any more stimulation. So when the toy vibrates, I startle and start to lose control of my breathing. It's coming again...

"A*&lm.>%\$"

"Why are you so weak? You finish so soon... Again."

I stare at Auntie Nueng in shock. The beautiful woman turns it on again, nonchalantly. Auntie Nueng leans in to talk to me, snuggling my neck. Even though my body can no longer withstand it, the beautiful woman's seductive voice repeatedly causes me to go soft.

"Do you love me?"

As my ears listen, my body jerks repeatedly until I start to become weary. In the end, I give in, though I was the one who was very active in the

beginning.

"I give in... I give in."

"What? I just started."

"No more. I give in. Gasp!"

And again...My legs shake because my body is telling me that I may lose consciousness if we go on. I don't know what to do, so I flip over and try to crawl away. The person on top of me, however, grasped my ankle and drew me towards her. She hugs me from behind and shows me the remote control in her hand. She also bit my ear.

"Where are you off to... Why are you afraid? Don't you normally have a lot of customers each night?"

"Be professional."

She smiled from the corner of her mouth and pushed the remote control to the highest setting.

Buzzzzzzzzzz

“ Ahhhhhh. “

I yanked on the bed sheet, dropping my jaw. The vibration causes my entire body to tense up.

"I... I can't take it anymore. I give in."

"What? Oh... what a mess."

Auntie Nueng presses stop and says that as I explode. Though I'm exhausted, I'm also embarrassed that I made a mess in bed.

"I... I'm sorry. I can't control it."

"That's not very hygienic."

"I'll wash it in the morning."

I look at myself. I'm as messy as the bedsheet.

"Let me go wash myself up first."

Auntie Nueng shakes her head and pulls the toy out of me. She then positions herself between my legs and lifts my hips.

"I'll clean it for you."

"Auntie! It's dirty."

I startle when Auntie Nueng bends down to have a taste, using the word "clean." As previously stated, my body is at its breaking point, yet it is powerless against the gentle touch of the warm tongue. It's too good to say no. I hesitate. I feel bad to have her do this, but it feels so good.

"So what do you prefer, the cucumber or me?"

"What's more delicious, the cucumber or me?"

"Good question."

The person underneath me pulls me to sit on her. She's so good that she can talk while she's doing it. I'm starting to become aroused again. I inhale with my mouth and start to move. I start out slowly and ..,

"Of course, you're better."

"You are also more delicious."

As I get into a rhythm, I move my hips faster. I grab her hair with one hand, as if I'm riding a horse. Auntie Nueng is the horse, of course.

"I'm about to, ahhhhh..."

"Burst on me."

"Ahhhhh."

I jerk again and immediately drop down in bed beside her because I'm afraid that I will create a mess again. Auntie Nueng flips to get on top of me and strokes my face adoringly.

"What are you afraid of? I haven't finished you up."

"Don't talk like that."

I cover my face with my hands.

"I'm embarrassed."

"How's it? Do you want more?"

I shake my head vigorously as I close my eyes. I don't even have the strength to talk. I can only ask for my life.

"No. I give in."

"Nueng."

Auntie Nueng's voice slowly fades away. It's as if someone is calling me from the top of the cliff, and all I can hear are the echoes. I regained consciousness again in the morning...I am normally very energetic. But last night, it's like all the energy was sucked out of me. Auntie Nueng, who should be sleeping beside me, is not here. But that's not surprising because when I turn to look at the clock, it shows...

"11 a.m..."

To be honest, I've never woken up this late before. And Auntie Nueng didn't think to wake me up. Never mind. Last night was brutal. I think I should stop daring her and reevaluate myself when dealing with the beautiful aunt. Because when it comes (down) to it...Like, really come... How can I describe it so you get the picture? I slipped into my robe and headed downstairs after changing into the clothes that Auntie Nueng had laid out for me at the foot of the bed. Before I go down, I see the package sent

yesterday in the corner of my eye. So that's what I was curious about. Auntie Nueng bought those toys to play with me. It's not a figure toy, like I had thought. Very spicy...

I look away from that package and go downstairs to look for my beautiful aunt. I don't know what she did after I fell asleep. I have to apologize to her for being so weak. There must be a rematch. I must have not left her hanging last night. And I found Auntie Nueng at her usual spot-in the kitchen.

"Auntie Nueng."

"You're awake."

The beautiful woman is wearing an apron. She turns to smile at me.

"You're up late today."

I look at her with obsession, as usual. Every morning, when I see her face, I am thankful to have been born and to have won her heart.

"Ah... I'm exhausted. Someone sucked all of my life energy last night."

"You're exaggerating. Are you hungry?"

"Yes. What are you cooking?"

"I'm still deciding. It's good that you're here. Please help me decide."

Auntie Nueng grabs a few vegetables to show me as she asks.

"I only have cucumber and eggplant... Hey, where are you going?"

When I see those vegetables, I immediately turn and run up the stairs out of fear. I can eat anything, but not menus that are cooked with something in that shape.

I give in!