



หายดีแล้ว กัลป์สิน

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Credit to the Original writer;

SixteenSeven

TWENTY-ONE

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"Yesterday morning, someone found the body of a young girl in an abandoned building in the Phra Khanong area. They hit her face repeatedly with bricks, tied her arms behind her back, and there were signs of rape. Police officers and forensic teams examined the scene and said they could not identify the victim because she was not carrying anything to identify her."

'The discovery of the body of a young woman who was murdered yesterday morning was reported. Journalists from each agency used recording cameras, both image and video, and attempted to capture the scene of the incident. Although they later deleted the images of the body before showing it, they also attempted to film the crime scene where the area was cordoned off with yellow tape, preventing entry to unrelated people.'

Each news program tried to present a different perspective from that of other channels, to achieve its own ratings. Some had 3D simulations to

show the state of the wounds on the deceased's face. Every corner of the crime scene was filmed as if they were searching for circumstantial evidence, as if they were agents conducting their own investigation. And now one of the TV stations' news programs was gaining popularity, especially when the news anchor talked about important topics.

That was the turning point of the case.

'Currently, there are several Internet users on social media who are sharing their opinions about the state of the body of the victim who was brutally beaten in the face and had her hands tied behind her back to prevent her from defending herself. These murders resemble the serial murders of 18 years ago'

'They took the life of a young woman by hitting her in the face until she died''

'She had both hands tied behind her back, as if she didn't want the victim to be able to defend herself'

'And the choice of day and time to act, only at night when it rains'

So that the young girls of that year would be afraid, no one dared to leave the house when it rained. Although they were not the victims, the next morning someone would find the body of a young woman. Her faces were beaten until they were crushed, causing fear in the community.

As soon as the news broke, it set off a storm on social media like a mini storm, with harsh criticism over the factual accuracy of the case. People began to compare the similarities and differences in the state of the bodies. Some even asked where the killer was imprisoned. And since social trends wanted to know, the media could not let this topic pass.

'Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio, accused of serial murder 18 years ago, has been released. The death penalty was reduced to 80 years in prison. After Mr. Wisut had good behavior, his sentence was reduced again to just 18 years and he was released two months ago'

Mr. Wisut's face appeared on the screen. He was a man of about forty, with sunken eyes, sunken cheeks, and a thin mustache. His face was disgusted by what had happened since he had created fear in society before and was the author of a serial murder that hit a young woman in the face until she died, leaving 7 victims.

Police responded to the crime scene to conduct an investigation. Lieutenant Tul arrived at the scene twenty minutes after the inspector contacted her to join the investigation team. Several police officers controlled the surroundings to block strangers, especially the media, who were slowly beginning to arrive. Two or three journalists bombarded everyone who arrived at the crime scene with questions.

“How is the state of the body?”

“Was the victim attacked?”

“At this moment I don't know, I'll know when I go to see the scene.”

The lieutenant who was intercepted and asked questions, responded evasively before passing through the yellow barrier and entering. She witnessed objects all over the surrounding area, inside an abandoned 8-story building after building only the ground floor pillar frame. Lieutenant Tul's eyebrows furrowed when she saw one of the forensic officers taking photographs of the evidence on the cement floor. There were underwear scattered. Not far away, there was a high-heeled shoe with the strap untied at the ankle. The sight made Tul unable to help but imagine the horror the victim had to face.

“Lieutenant Tul, have you just arrived? Come here.”

The inspector was not far away, with Lieutenant Jew, who had also been summoned and had arrived not long ago. Tul walked past several agents toward an area that might have been built for a building elevator. There were wheelbarrows of cement abandoned by workers and construction

materials piled up against the walls. Not far away, forensic doctors surrounded the victim's body.

“Inspector, the victim...”

“She was also raped, huh..”

Inspector Pichet, who took personal responsibility for the case, looked at the place where her panties and high heels were left.

“The perpetrator most likely attacked her in that area. It's possible that she fought back and tried to escape before ending up here, about five meters away.”

The lieutenant who had just been called after her punishment was over, sighed. Tul looked around in front of the entrance and the noise of a large number of journalists could still be heard, even though the surrounding conditions were not conducive to the meeting because the ground was wet from the storm the night before.

“Could it be that there are still traces of the perpetrator out there? Car tires or... shoe prints.”

“That's how it is. Inspector, I will immediately inform the inspection team,”

Lieutenant Jew was quick to add to his superior's assumption, which Inspector Pichet also agreed with. As soon as she received the order, Jew ran out and reported to the inspection team to find evidence. If they were lucky enough to find shoe prints, they might be able to identify the culprit.

“It seems that the coroners are about to begin an autopsy. Let's hear it first, okay?”

Inspector Pichet was taken to the place where the body lay and the agents of the Forensic Institute were there. They photographed every angle of the body before placing it on a sheet for a preliminary autopsy. Tul saw Dr. Che-rán who was crouching over the lifeless body. Not far from where they first

found the body, there was a pool of blood. Knowing that she had suffered sexual abuse and struggled to survive before that moment, Tul silently prayed that her victim would not suffer too much when she exhaled.

But even so. Anyone who saw the state of this poor victim's body would probably turn around because, whatever the reason, no one could understand the murderer's brutal actions against his victim.

“The deceased was hit by the perpetrator with a brick in the area of the face until she died. The parts of the skull that were damaged are believed to be the nasal bone and the hole under the left eye socket.”

The serious injuries suffered by the victim were clearly visible on the front of her face, where the forehead bone of the young woman's skull was partially fractured, from above her eyebrows to her nose, which was previously intact and now cracked. Her right eye socket was also torn, as were other tissues. However, her right eyelid protruded from her eye socket.

“What caused her right eye to pop out?”

“Due to the strong impact on the left side of the face, the right eye was squeezed until it protruded.”

A blood-stained block of brick that was the murder weapon was seen in the hands of one of the main evidence collection units while the medical examiner examined the victim's body, turning it over to check the wound on the back. Both of the victim's hands were tied with a green nylon rope to make it difficult to remove them after death.

"The rope looks new, the perpetrator probably just bought it,"

Tul said as soon as she noticed it, Che-rån nodded before beginning to examine her tightly bound wrist. Because of what happened to her, several false nails had fallen off.

"Find the false nails that have fallen off, they must be in this area,"

Che-rán told the remaining forensic team as she extended the victim's fingers for a detailed examination:

"There are nails that have come off. There is dirt and cement powder in the nail gaps. Almost all fingers have scratches and abrasions that can damage her fingerprints."

"It probably happened when she was attacked or tried to defend herself..."

"It could be that they dragged her across the floor, inspector, because she also had scratches and dirt on her clothes and all over her body,"

Said the doctor, judging by what was found on the deceased's body. Upon hearing this, Inspector Pichet simply nodded and accepted. It was rare that he was able to work with Dr. Rakkit's daughter, inevitably she received keen observations and detailed information that was of great use to the investigation.

"And there is one more thing..."

Said Che-rán while showing the splashes of blood stuck in the indentations of the fingers of the corpse's right hand.

"If the perpetrator tied her hands before committing the murder, the blood should not have splashed between her fingers. This indicates that he tied them up after killing her."

Lieutenant Tul knelt down so that the blood stains were clearly visible.

"Very strange. The murderer should have tied her hands first so that the victim would not resist. But there would be almost no scratches on her bound wrists if the victim had actually been struggling."

"Yes, this blood may not be hers. We have to examine it carefully, because it could be the blood of the perpetrator when he tried to defend himself."

"It is true, it is possible that the victim used the brick to hit the perpetrator, angering him and causing him to want revenge,"

Lieutenant Tul added in her assumption about what may have happened.

“Inspector, we reviewed the crime scene and we could not find bags, wallets or identification documents.”

A police officer came to inform her of what had happened because apart from the underwear and high heels that were found 5 meters from the place where the body was found, there was nothing that could help identify the deceased.

“What about the tire and shoe prints? You found them?”

“Shoe prints were found that are believed to belong to the perpetrator. We are now gathering evidence.”

Inspector Pichet praised the police officer before ordering him to return to duty. The unknown identity of the victim could delay the investigation, but at least there were still forensic institutions that would help confirm who the deceased was.

“Can you estimate the time of death?”

“Some muscles are already quite hard. My guess is that she died about six or eight hours ago, between 11:00 p.m. and 1:00 a.m.”

Lieutenant Tul observed the clothes that the deceased was wearing, she was wearing a red dress with a strap, it fit her body although it was a little baggy. That indicated that she might have returned from a party before being taken there. Ella Tul told the inspector that she would find out about the deceased's friends or close acquaintances to help identify her. This would facilitate the identification process, especially since the initial autopsy was completed and preparations were made to take the body to the forensic institute..

Lieutenant Tul walks towards Che-rân while Jew was not there to mock her

“Are you back at work now?”

The doctor was the first to greet her. At first she thought she would never see her at the crime scene again.

“The inspector called me to ask for help. The results of the committee's consideration indicated that there was no disciplinary violation.”

Che-rán did not respond until the two left the abandoned building that was still empty. As soon as the police appeared, an army of journalists almost ran in without paying attention to the yellow barriers of the situation control officers. They had to use megaphones to issue orders banning anyone not involved. But no one listened..

“Good luck, Lieutenant.”

Tul knew that Che-rán was secretly teasing her before the forensic doctor left in the opposite direction, leaving the police to deal with the media.

The body of the unknown woman was transferred to the Institute of Forensic Medicine, while Inspector Pichet and Lieutenant Tul observed in a room separated by a glass wall. At that moment Dr. Che-rán was using a pair of small pliers to remove a fragment of brick embedded in a hole that used to be a human face. Small pieces of bricks were picked up and placed on the tray one by one. Some were damaged, making it impossible to guess which organs used to be there. The door to the observation room opened and Lieutenant Jew entered with the progress of the investigation.

“Inspector, from what I asked the people around, no one saw the incident at the time it is believed to have occurred. There were also no tire tracks found around the building, so we think it's possible the perpetrator parked on the side from the road and took her inside the building.”

“There weren't many houses in the area and it was very late. It would be difficult for anyone to notice. The inspector was beginning to give up on the idea of there being witnesses.”

“Foot size is 27.5 centimeters, approximately the same as a US size 10. Judging by the size, it is definitely a man's foot.”

Lieutenant Jew said in a fluid voice as he handed the inspector the documents he had just received from the forensic unit. Tul leaned forward to read it from the inspector's hand. From the first page was the size of the soles of the feet as reported by Jew.

“Would you like to try to find the brand of the shoe from the tread pattern?”

Tul said, because the printed image on the sole of the shoe seemed quite clear.

“We have to look for him, leave the inspector here alone...”

Jew's voice was mocking.

"Anyway, try searching first, in case it leads us to clues that lead directly to the perpetrator,"

As the head of the investigation team said, when she gave the order, no one dared to disobey. Jew received the order before leaving the observation room with the other research team who received the task in hot weather. At least the team never lacked for anything, whatever weather conditions they went through, be it hot or cold, they had to look for shoe sole patterns, which was considered a tedious task. Tul turned her attention back to the autopsy that was being carried out. They began by examining the external wounds. After cleaning the wound, the forensic assistant adjusted the surgical light, shining a bright light on the deceased's face, allowing Che-rán to carefully assess the damage. Lieutenant Tul respected Che-rán's sensitivity, knowing that even Che-rán herself sometimes had to look away from her because she couldn't bear to look at a victim for too long.

“The left facial skeleton and nasal bones were severely damaged when hit by a brick, causing the skull to crack. The front part of the brain was damaged and the left eye socket was torn.”

Che-rán slowly explained each part in detail. The skin and muscles around the face were torn and pushed down. The bones from the forehead to the cheekbones were broken, the nose was broken, and the right eye was protruding from the strong impact. Inspector Pichet even turned around and

sat down again, as if to avoid the terrible state of the corpse. In his head he thought in retrospect, If he had encountered cruel acts like this, since the beginning of his entry into the police.

Che-rán removed the cotton swab from the deceased's cheek to send it for fingerprint examination. This was because her fingers were so damaged that it was impossible to take samples of her fingerprints.

“Has anyone from your family or close contact contacted you?”

"No one has contacted me yet."

Tul turned on the microphone to answer the question. As it was suspected that the victim had just returned from a party, it was spread through news on almost all channels, but no one reported a person missing or provided any clues about her identity.

“The team has collected blood samples from the deceased's fingers, right?”

"Yes, doctor,"

Assistant Bank said, waiting to press the camera's shutter button to record while Che-rán carefully examined the victim's hands and nail tips.

“Each finger had abrasions. Six inches of fake nails fell off, leaving the real nails exposed and broken. The nail holes were filled with dirt and powdered cement.”

The doctor used a small knife to take tissue samples from the inside of the dead person's nails and send them for DNA testing in case the perpetrator's cuticles were clogged with dirt.

“I swear, since I've been working, I've never encountered anything like this before. She's definitely in trouble, but the perpetrator has no sympathy...”

Bank said as he lowered his camera. While Che-rán examined the corpse's wrists, they barely had any abrasions despite being tied with a rope, according to what was said during the autopsy carried out at the scene. If the deceased had fought, there would be abrasions all over her body,

especially her arms, but the murderer did not decide to tie her up from the beginning, but he only tied her up after he had killed her. What was even sadder were the traces of sexual harassment. Che-rán was silent for a moment before speaking in a low voice about what the deceased had experienced.

“Her genitals are torn. There are scratches in the thigh area. It is suspected that this was because the perpetrator was trying to commit a sexual act.”

Che-rán checked if there were semen stains that could remain inside and outside the vagina. The only thing she couldn't accept was knowing how many women were victims of some men's raw instincts. Although human thought was superior to all creatures, on the contrary, they were less able to refrain from sexually assaulting young women, claiming that they only wanted to vent their libido. Sexual harassment was not only limited to penetration of the genitals, but also included eye contact, touching or rubbing without consent.

Additionally, many victims were unable to report the incident due to legal loopholes or social norms. Without physical evidence of a woman's reproductive organs, it was difficult to hold perpetrators accountable for their actions. The forensic procedure continues until reaching the surgical stage of the thorax and abdominal cavity. Che-rán examined the internal organs of the deceased and found nothing abnormal. Her ribs were not broken or injured at all. The doctor then carefully removed the dark red mass called the heart and placed it on a tray. Using a needle, she began taking blood samples from the coronary arteries.

“Send it to Mae so she can help you analyze the substance.”

In the observation room, there was only Lieutenant Tul now. The inspector had asked to leave first seeing that nothing else could be done. Tul insisted on staying as she watched Ran perform the final steps of the procedure. Finally, they stitched the wounds and cleaned the blood from the body. Everyone knew the seriousness of this case. No matter how many hundreds or thousands of incidents they encountered, it could be said that they could overcome the dark side of their minds. But this was different. How much could one human do to another human?

Che-rán turned her head to look into each other's eyes from time to time. At least seeing Tul standing there made her feel more encouraged to get over all of this. Lieutenant Tul came out to sit and wait outside the observation room while the autopsy was completed. The forensic team took the body of the deceased to the morgue waiting for contact from her relatives, or until the police managed to discover who the unknown woman was. It was a while before Che-rán came out to meet the lieutenant in the hallway.

“Has the inspector gone?”

“Um, I'll tell you the results myself... Does your neck hurt?”

Tul asked because she had just seen Ran come out while she was massaging the back of her neck before quickly lowering her hand when she saw someone sitting and waiting.

“A bit. When I was picking up bricks, I probably stooped too low.”

“You want a massage?”

Tul offered to ease the pain. Lieutenant Tul walked behind her, raised her hand to gently move the hair on her neck, with the tips of her fingers she began to press muscle points, applying pressure sometimes strong, sometimes light, until she reached her shoulders..

“A little here.”

Ran put her hand where she wanted her to press harder than before. Tul followed easily until the aches and pains Che-rán felt began to subside. She felt better and told the lieutenant to stop.

“You are very good at giving massages.”

Tul smiled at the praise. But before they could continue interacting, loud footsteps were heard coming down the hall, causing them both to return to work mode. Assistant Bank who had just arrived was a little confused to see why the lieutenant and the doctor remained silent, without saying anything to each other.

“The cause of death was due to being hit repeatedly with a brick. He hit her face and skull causing brain damage,”

Che-rán said as she lowered her voice, trying not to make eye contact with the person in front of her for fear that she would misinterpret something about her.

“It is estimated that the time of death was between 11:00 p.m. and 1:00 a.m. There was some food in her stomach that had not been digested, indicating that she had eaten shortly before her death.”

“Um... As for the DNA results, if you get them, let me know immediately. We will compare them with the list of missing persons or criminal records.”

“Please give me a day or two, including the results of the substance analysis. I think the deceased probably only regained consciousness when she was at the scene. But before that, the perpetrator probably used drugs to make her unable to fight and took him there.”

“That's possible. I will investigate this matter immediately and if any family members contact me, I will notify you immediately.”

The seriousness hidden in the conversation between the two people made the person who had just arrived feel extraordinary tension. Banks suspected that Dr. Che-rán had left the operating room first because she wanted to inform the Lieutenant. But she could only wonder in her heart why she didn't dare to ask.

Tul returns to headquarters with the results of the autopsy that could have more implications for the investigation. Inspector Pichet was in her office when the lieutenant knocked on the door asking permission to enter. The senior policeman's serious expression showed that he was deep in thought. The board behind his desk contained photographs of the condition of the unknown woman's body. The serious wounds on her face and the fact that her hands were tied behind her back, in addition to the fact that there was a period of time in which the perpetrator committed the crime and several other details were quite important clues to the case.

“The forensic analysis showed that she was drugged before being taken to that place. When she managed to react, that was when she began to defend herself.”

Tul said because the inspector already knew the cause of death and the incident.

“Um, the deceased's friend contacted me and helped me confirm the identity. We showed them the clothes she was wearing and the response was that they matched.”

“Oh really? So....”

“Just as we expected. Before she died, the deceased was at the Cube pub near Ekkamai with about five friends. There were a lot of people in the pub because it was Friday night. Everyone was drunk and dancing on the floor. The friends did not remember what happened. Around 11 p.m. they realized she was gone. They thought she had called her lover to take her to her house.”

The inspector took a moment to catch her breath, giving the lieutenant time to reflect on the events of the previous night. And also the testimony of a group of friends, she didn't want to blame anyone and maybe no one wants bad things to happen. It was very likely that the deceased woman was taken from a performance venue, since she was intoxicated and perhaps drugged until she was unconscious.

“When was the last time your friend saw the deceased?”

“That's the problem. Nobody remembers anything after 10:00 p.m. As far as they knows, there were people in the pub drinking liquor and ordering cocktails from each other. So they weren't careful,”

Said the inspector, as he secretly sighed. The burden on his heart was like a huge mountain that fell on him and crushed him.

“Then I will expedite the forensic examination of the substance in case we find it...”

"Wait a moment, Lieutenant,"

Said the police chief in charge of the criminalistics department, to prevent his subordinate from being careless. He stood up from his chair and tapped his finger on the board that had a photo of a corpse stuck on it.

"I have a story, I was very confused and wanted to tell you."

Tulle stayed still. She considered this to be important to the inspector. Otherwise, he wouldn't have left the forensic institute to go work on that himself.

"At that time you were probably still very small. But this happened when I had just joined the police."

The inspector began to open up about the matter. Worry made the face of the man in his 40s look older.

"There were a series of murders that occurred around that time, about eighteen years ago. The perpetrator targeted women around thirty years old or younger, who worked as masseuses or café singers. He used the same method with all seven victims."

Tul tried to remember eighteen years ago, when she was around 11 years old and studying in primary school. She wasn't too young to not understand what was happening around her, but adults generally tended to avoid talking about scary news with their children.

"Inspector, do you mean that he also hit his victim in the face until they died?"

"Yes, the police at the time could not find the weapon used, but it was thought to be a hammer. The perpetrator tied each victim's hands behind their back, before punching their faces until they died... Just like this victim."

"But it is possible? The murderer has been caught... right?"

“They caught him. The court sentenced him to death for premeditated murder. The murderer at that time was a night taxi driver. He was secretly in love with a masseuse who was her first victim, and he killed her because she rejected him. And then he continued to do it with young women who had the same job.”

Inspector Pichet spoke of a murder case that was giving the police a headache. Although the perpetrator was eventually captured, fear still existed in the hearts of the people at that time and never disappeared.

“If the murderer is still in prison, does that mean someone is impersonating him?”

"I hope so, Lieutenant..."

The senior police officer turned around, grabbed a whiteboard marker, and wrote something on the whiteboard:

"Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio... but he was spared from execution. From the life sentence he was reduced to eighteen years, and was released two months ago.”

News of the murder of an unidentified young woman became public after it was revealed that her name. It was Mrs. Ployphat Chaipakdee, 24 years old, working in a leading company. She had just started working less than two months before her tragic death. Ella phat never had enemies anywhere, and she was not the kind of person who hated herself to the point of wanting to be killed in the most cruel and inhumane way.

Social trends were going in that direction, when the media began to present the murder of this young woman as the same as 18 years ago, when 7 victims were in similar conditions. The public was furious when they learned that this serial killer had been sentenced to the maximum penalty of death, but he later confessed in court and, as a result, his sentence was reduced to life in prison. However, his sentence was reduced to 18 years because he behaved well while in prison and was pardoned, so he was only incarcerated for a few decades.

Pak Wisut Saengkhaio is suspected of killing a young woman while he was at an entertainment venue with his friends. Like his victim 18 years ago, he chose to take the same actions against this victim. Several reports contained this term in relation to women working as sex workers at night. That Mr. Wisut still held a grudge against them to the point that he couldn't abandon his crude nature and commit another murder case.

News spread about the perpetrator of the serial murder and the incident was repeated, causing fear among the public. They pressured the police to quickly arrest Mr. Wisut and bring him to court demanding that he immediately receive the death penalty.

“Someone reported that he was seen in the area near the place and it has been confirmed that it was him.

“Have you sent someone to look for him?”

“I sent it but I couldn't find it. It is suspected that he changed his name to get a job. We are currently checking flats and apartments in the area to see if Mr. Wisut is there or not,”

The investigator told Lieutenant Tul who was beginning to study the evidence, witnesses and important clues that Mr. Wisut had. Starting from a case from 18 years ago and finding differences. The first thing Tul discovered was that of the seven cases from 1998, no victim was raped. There were no traces of sexual harassment and no stains of Mr. Wisut's semen were found in the victims' vaginas.

The second difference was that the seven victims were tied up before being murdered. The rope was easy to remove and had marks on the victim's wrists, which were scratched from the effort. And most importantly, he might not be able to buy the same rope now. 18 years ago he used a cloth rope, but in the last murder case he used a nylon rope.

And finally, although it was raining that same night, the place where the bodies of the seven female victims were found was just grass on the side of the road. The rain washed away their blood, so that around the incident site the puddles of rainwater were stained with bright red blood. But the murder

of Miss Ploypaphat was the opposite, she was inside an abandoned building in the shade, without rainwater to wet it.

When she explained this to the inspector, she received the response that she knew about the matter, but that she could not ignore that Mr. Wisut was a suspect. Therefore, he had to be arrested as soon as possible to find out if he had committed a repeat offense or if it was not really him and someone was imitating the way he committed the crime.

Lieutenant Tul arrived at the Institute of Forensic Medicine with Jew immediately after receiving notification that the results of the analysis of substances on Miss Ploypaphat's body had come back. In front of the laboratory, Maethinee waited, but there was no sign of Che-rån, who had never been absent when delivering laboratory results.

“Ran is working on a case, Lieutenant. I'll give you the results.”

Maybe it was because Tul's gaze looking around the room was too obvious, so Mae blurted out the reason why she was the only one there, before handing him the newly printed document.

“We found xylazine, an anesthetic that veterinarians use on animals.”

The two police officers read documents together while listening to the forensic toxicology officer answer questions about what the substance was.

“Reports of the use of this medicine on victims are very few, in fact very few, but everyone who takes it will feel drowsy and some may faint within a few minutes. However, if taken in excessive amounts, it can cause death due to acidosis.”

After hearing the explanation and understanding the increasing impact of the drug, Tul found more evidence that supported her assumption that the perpetrator used this drug mixed with alcoholic beverages to render the victim unconscious. If such a conclusion was reached, it was possible that the suspect was someone close to the deceased because it was not necessary to trick her with anesthesia. Tul frowned, confused, did that mean that the

murderer's chosen
victim could be anyone?

“These medicines are not easy to buy, right? They will most likely only be used in veterinary hospitals or must be dispensed by licensed pharmacists.”

Lieutenant General Jew asked, remembering that the impact was quite severe and it was not yet allowed for use on humans. It was to be used to find people who could buy this medicine.

“Yes, this medicine is not sold in regular pharmacies and can only be purchased by authorized veterinarians. This medication is classified as a controlled substance under FDA regulations. However, if someone really wants it, it is not difficult to find it.”

Mae expressed her opinion because there had previously been incidents of drugged people mixing them with drinks, as happened to this victim..

"In the case from eighteen years ago, there was no evidence of drug use,"

Tul said, remembering the clues she had gathered about points of inconsistency. For a split second Maethinee's facial expression changed but then she looked at Tul for a moment, considering.

“The police suspect a murderer from eighteen years ago. Are you following him on the news?”

“Um, we're looking for him now. There is someone who saw him living near the crime scene.”

Jew responded. He felt that he might have said something wrong when he saw Mae let out a soft sigh.

“Maybe because the forensic tools at that time were not ready enough to test the substances in the victim's body, so they did not find any drugs, or maybe there were none.”

Later, the two police officers said goodbye and thanked them for the substance analysis report, which was faster than expected. Lieutenant Jew seems a little worried about her, but Mae said that she just wasn't getting enough rest. She looked at Lieutenant Tul's back with an uncomfortable glint in her eyes.

The Eastern Bus Terminal was crowded because many people were heading to other provinces. Ticket sellers called out to passersby carrying backpacks and asked them where they were going. A large tour bus and a van with capacity for ten people were parked behind the building. You could see a thin man who didn't seem to be getting enough nutrition. His hair was short and covered by a hat, hiding his sunken, doubtful eyes. A mask and scarf covered his bearded mouth, muffling his voice as he bought a ticket to Chanthaburi.

“Two hundred, the bus leaves at four twenty.”

The ticket seller frowned as she tried to understand the meaning of the voice, but agreed to tear up a 'Bangkok - Chanthaburi' note while waiting for the skinny man to take the money out of his pocket. He felt familiar, like she had seen those eyes before. But she couldn't think of anything. On the table were two old crumpled one hundred baht bills. He immediately lowered his head and left without waiting for anyone to recognize his face.

There was another half hour until departure time. The driver still did not allow passengers to board the bus. Passengers who wanted to go to Chanthaburi sat patiently on the benches inside the station. The light breeze inside the station did not relieve the passengers from the stifling heat. No one, not even those under shelter, was spared from the scorching weather. A thin man with a worn hat was sitting where he thought he would be least disturbed. His throat was dry, even drier than the desert. However, he chose not to risk going out to buy something to drink. Time passed slowly. The sound of the bus announcement began to be heard to call the passengers. Finally, the driver of the Bangkok - Chanthaburi van made a sound to call the people who were waiting to board the bus.

The driver received the passengers' tickets and told them to get on the bus. When we got to the line there was a man whose hands were shaking, which

made the van driver look up. He suddenly had goosebumps, even though the man in front of him did nothing to him. But before the driver realized that it was a face he had seen before on the TV screen... A police officer approached them.

The newly arrived Lieutenant Tul grabbed the thin arm and did not let him escape. His body was shaking more than ever, his expression was one of fear, not even the brim of his hat could hide something in his eyes.

“Mr. Wisut, we have to arrest you on suspicion of murder. You have the right to contact a lawyer or legal advisor. We have a government lawyer for you if you need one.”

“No, no, it's not me, it's not me who did it!”

A man in his forties tried to free himself from the hold, but to no avail. Tul decided to put the suspect's arms behind his back to prevent him from struggling and told him to calm down. The van driver backed away and the people inside the bus station began to pay attention. Several more police officers came to help restrain the man. They tried to handcuff him, but Lieutenant Tul resisted.

“Hey! He is still a suspect.”

Not long after, Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio was tied up with handcuffs and had no chance to defend himself and fight.

'At sixteen and eighteen minutes (16:18), police officers arrested Wisut Saengkhaio, a serial killer who had committed multiple crimes the previous night. It was initially reported that he wanted to flee in a van to Chanthaburi province at the bus station...!

The news of the alleged murderer's arrest ended suddenly when Che-rán closed the screen of her laptop. Silence filled the room, illuminated only by the light of the table lamp. She thought of the killer's face hidden behind the hat and the mask that covered his mouth, hoping to hide his Identity. He was detained by several police officers at the terminal, according to television. A wave of death penalty demands emerged after the perpetrator,

who had been released from prison, was arrested for a second time. The community expressed anger and took revenge on a system that was considered unfair to the murderer who took seven innocent lives, but only served 18 years in prison. This was unfair to the victim's family, who suffered greatly knowing that the perpetrator had a chance to have a normal life again. Those who had died would never again have the opportunity to live a full life and their families would never see their loved ones again.

A knock on the door brought Che-ran out of her thoughts. Bank walked into her room carrying a familiar looking paper bag.

“Doctor, aren't you going home yet?”

Che-rán shook her head in response, looking at the paper bag in Bank's hand who placed it on the table. When she saw the store's name on the bag, she recognized it immediately because she had been eating it frequently lately. Whether she bought it or someone who was the sister of the store owner gave it to her...

“Lieutenant Tul sent it and asked me to give it to you.”

“Bank, you can take some for yourself.”

The young assistant smiled, embarrassed to admit the truth.

“I already received a bag of cookies as payment for shipping...”

"Okay, thank you, you can go home now."

Said Che-rán. Although he was a little joking, Ran wasn't as scared as before. Banks said goodbye before leaving the room. Che-rán took a paper bag from the bakery and saw that her favorite croissants were there. The anxiety in her heart had subsided a little, but that didn't mean It would disappear.

At headquarters, they were ready and waiting to begin the interrogation. Tul protested why the suspect had been arrested using handcuffs, because there

was no evidence other than a criminal record and a similar murder method. Not even Inspector Pichet listened to his protests and stated that these reasons were sufficient to make him a suspect. He also attempted to flee after it was announced that the police were looking for him.

Lieutenant Tul personally went to the headquarters evidence storage room, where a collection of case files more than 10 years old were collected. Agents soon recovered thick, dusty files from seven murder cases from 1998, in which Mr. Wisut was the perpetrator. She put it on the table reluctantly, as if she blamed the policeman for asking her to deal with the dusty shelves.

“Thank you so much.”

"Bring them back quickly,"

The police officer ordered sternly before the lieutenant loaded all the case files in her arms, taking them to the criminal department where almost no one was left once the work day had passed. The light bulb on the work desk was on when Lieutenant Tul arrived. She left the files and began to classify the first case with the victim's last name, what she did for a living, and the date of the murder. Tul discovered that after victim 1 was killed, the distance from victim 2 was almost a month. However, after that, victims 3, 4 and 5 followed in sequence and only a week apart. There was also witness testimony confirming that the first victim was a young woman who Mr. Wisut liked but whom she rejected. And in each of those cases, the police officer responsible was...

'Police Captain Tech Techakomol.

Tul just laughed without making a sound. She closed the case file number 6 as firmly as ever and then shoved it into the stack of files she was already reading. Now with only the last case left, she looked at the photo of the seventh victim before reading her name...which made her heart immediately fall to the ground.

'Mrs. Watcharin Chanthanasatien'

②②

TWENTY-TWO

.. ————— ·  · ————— ..

Regarding the investigation of the murder case of Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio, accused of the murder of Ms. Watcharin Chanthanasatien.

Dear Attorney General,

"On the afternoon of June 13, 1998, Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio (the accused) drove a yellow-green Toyota Corolla taxi, license plate MG7653 from Bangkok, to pick up the deceased, Ms. Watcharin Chanthanasatien, in front of the bus stop near Meri Massage along New Phetchaburi Road. However, the victim was not taken to her home and began arguing with him. After arriving at the place where her body was found, he parked his car and attacked the woman. Watcharin hit her on the back of her head until she lost consciousness and took a rope to tie her hands so she couldn't fight. He dragged the deceased's body with her face down until she died. The taxi used by the accused was a vehicle to facilitate his criminal acts

This is the statement of an important witness, Mr. Rakkit Chanthanasatien, husband of the deceased. He testified that prior to the incident, Ms. Watcharin had called from a public telephone booth near the bus stop, saying that she had stopped to buy snacks for her daughter at a nearby sandwich shop and that she was going to home. But since it was raining, she intended to call a taxi to go home and not wait for the bus. The defendant admitted that he had misunderstood the deceased's job by hailing the taxi from in front of the massage parlor, and that was why he committed the same murder that he had committed on her six previous victims.

Investigators seized the weapon used in the crime as well as the vehicle used in the getaway.

In this case, the investigating officer had completed the investigation. The accused had admitted to having committed the crime with which he was charged. According to the review, the defendant's actions constituted a violation of Article 289, paragraph 5, that is, the premeditated murder of another person by torture or cruel acts punishable by the death penalty.

Greetings, the undersigned:
Police Captain Techa Techakomol.

Investigation Inspector, Surveillance Division 2, Police Criminal Investigation Division Tul felt upset when she read her investigation file. Because she strained her eyes in a dimly lit place, her tears fell without her realizing it when she closed her eyes. Her heart felt tight and the air around her became thinner. She never expected that such a terrible incident would have happened to Che-rán. Since Tul never asked and avoided delving into personal matters, she finally knew why the doctor's family only had two people, father and daughter. Che-rán herself never mentioned her mother at all.

Never...

She turned to the next page, there were photographs of the autopsy from the Institute of Forensic Medicine. The nature of the crime was the same as that of the first victim, the deceased's face was beaten until it was almost destroyed. At the scene of the incident, a bag with sandwiches was found, which coincided with the testimony of her husband. A cruel killer left something he considered useless and took her purse to delay police from immediately discovering who the victim was.

Tul closed the file and her hands shook as she raised them to cover her face. Her mind was filled with countless questions: Why? Why had she never known this before? Even if she had known the truth before, she would not

have been able to prevent the sad events from happening. But it would be better if she didn't let Che-rån face this potential pain of learning that her mother's killer came back to haunt her, repeating the same crime after 18 years, as if her time in prison wasn't hers. I would have corrected it.

The files of the seven murder cases were placed on a shelf in the desk and locked to prevent them from falling into the wrong hands. The last female police officer left the criminal investigation division but had no intention of returning home. She went to the prison room for suspects inside the headquarters building. There was no one there except the only night shift police officer who allowed Lieutenant Tul to meet with the serial killer. Mr. Wisut was squatting like a shrimp in a cage, brightly lit by a light bulb overhead. He was still dressed in the same clothes, only his hat and mask had been removed. Tul looked at him uncertainly. The afternoon he was arrested, Tul still thought that this man's appearance wouldn't be good enough if he showed up at an entertainment venue and poisoned someone. He would definitely be the center of attention. But he could not completely erase what he had done before.

“Mr. Wisut.”

The thin body shuddered, looking at the policewoman he had met earlier at the bus terminal. The light shining from the ceiling hid her eyes behind the dark shadows of her wrinkled face, making the man look almost twice his age. Tul knelt down so they were on the same level.

“Do you still remember the murder eighteen years ago?”

The last movement Tul saw was to start laughing. Mr. Wisut did not laugh hysterically, he just laughed as if he was mocking or expressing his discontent with the past.

“Why you ask?”

The voice of a man of about forty years old was hoarse, dry, as if he had not drunk water in several hours.

“The last victim, a woman named Watcharin... Do you remember her?”

Tul tried to suppress her emotions when the man started laughing again. Everything about him could scare anyone who saw him.

“I don't remember her. Should I remember her ?:

“Did you kill her because you thought she worked in a massage parlor? Even if she really worked there like the previous victim, you shouldn't have killed her....”

He laughed out loud again in his throat.

“Who cares?”

The mocking voice stopped when Tul immediately grabbed him by the collar from outside the cell. The police officer guarding her ran in and begged her to stop. But Tul was still gripping the collar of the man's shirt tightly, her eyes flashing with anger, staring into the face of a man who barely cared about what had just happened.

“Please take me to prison again. It's a good job for you.”

Lieutenant Tul was so angry that she could barely hear anything but the voice in her head. She really wanted to hit the man in front of her without caring about right or wrong. The more she saw the glint in his defiant eyes, the more she stared back and the hand clutching her neck trembled more. Tul clenched her jaw as the images of that night's events that she read about in the documents appeared in her head like a replay. The husband and daughter of the killer's latest victim never knew that Mrs. Watcharin would not return home that night. Then her lifeless body lay in the cold rain, in pain and agony until her last breath. Tears filled her eyes due to hatred and anger. The view of him in front of her was completely blurred, Lieutenant Tul released the collar of Mr. Wisut's shirt. She was almost no different from a bad police officer who used violence to impose the truth. Even if he was truly guilty, the investigation had to be carried out according to the law. She looked up at the ceiling before her eyes looked back.

The serial killer's laughter still echoed in her ears, so Tul decided to turn her back on him and walk away.

That night, Che-rân realized that she was not concentrating enough to read and tried to read the same paragraph three times, but nothing penetrated her head and she finally had to give in. The young woman took off her clear-framed glasses and placed them on the book. Changing targets she found a Siamese cat curled up on her bed. She squirmed when someone purposely went to wake her up, but she kindly let Che-rân rub her stomach. Many times Che-rân thought that he only ate and slept as he pleased. Che-rân sat and played

with the little cat, hoping that it would help her relax and overcome her anxiety. At this moment, someone knocked on the door. Her father opened the door and saw that her daughter was not in her usual place sitting at the table reading a book.

“Ran, someone is looking for you.”

“Now? Who?”

Che-rân stood up and looked at the digital clock on the reading table. The first thing that came to mind was the name P'Thiwa, but Dad's response helped clarify it.

“Is there a problem with work? I asked her to come into the house but she refused. I think a lot of mosquitoes are already biting her outside.”

Che-rân left the house wearing Shin-chan cartoon pajamas that Mae had bought her in Korea. The dim light from the bulb in front of the house allowed her to see the person behind the wooden fence. The person who was stubborn enough to reject her father's invitation to enter the house, Lieutenant Tul had her back turned to her, looking at her feet without realizing that the daughter of the owner of the house came out to meet her.

“Someone didn't tell me she was coming.”

Her sweet voice made whoever heard it jump a little before turning to look into her eyes for a split second. Che-rân saw a sparkle in her eyes before the

other person lowered her head and looked at her feet again. She had her mouth open as if she wanted to say something, but no sound came out.

“Is there a problem?”

Che-rán knew immediately that there was something that made the lieutenant different. She should have made fun of her pajamas if it were any other time. But Lieutenant Tul came to the house at a time like that... With a strange expression. Che-rán held Tul's cold hand as she stood in front of her. The last time Che-rán saw Lieutenant Tul so tired was the night she was driving and passed by her while she was sitting at a bus stop in the pouring rain and trying to hide the problem she was facing. Maybe it wasn't long ago. But Che-rán didn't want her to think that she had to endure it alone.

“About that case...”

The lieutenant was silent for a few minutes, before establishing direct eye contact with Che-rán,

“Is there a problem?”

Once again the doctor received silence in response. Tul seemed hesitant to speak, torn between thoughts that she shouldn't be there in the first place, disturbing the doctor's rest and possibly causing Che-rán to feel upset that she was hesitant to speak on the matter. Her hand that was starting to feel a little warm grabbed her smaller hand in response. But she still didn't dare to make eye contact with the person she was talking to.

“The method is similar to the previous case, so...”

Tul took a deep breath, until now she still couldn't say a complete word,

“So... I read the old case file... Mr. Wisut.”

Although Tul didn't explain everything, Che-rán was able to understand. At that moment she was silent for a while until Tul felt afraid. At first she avoided eye contact, but after a while, she raised her head and looked into the eyes of the woman in front of her. But before she could say anything,

Che-ran suddenly hugged her, Tul hugged her back, reaching up to stroke her dark brown hair. Her nose could still smell the shampoo and she assumed that Che-rán had just washed her hair. As she spoke, she stared at the light of a tall bulb in front of the doctor's house.

“I'm sorry....”

“Because?”

Tul had an empty feeling in her heart when she heard that sweet and random voice. She was a little lost, as if she was holding back tears.

“You shouldn't have accepted this job... You should have known beforehand, doctor.”

“I just found out too. P'Tul you didn't do anything wrong.”

“But...”

“I won't quit my job. And also, why do you call me doctor? Why don't you call me Ran?”

“I'm sorry.”

“You feel it again.”

Che-rán released her hug, but the distance between them remained the same. She reached out to gently pinch the other person's lips, as punishment. Tul held that hand, resting her cheek against it, as if she needed to rest for a moment. Che-rán couldn't say anything.

“Can you continue with this case?”

“I can do it.”

Che-rán was not good at lying. Her pair of beautiful eyes trembled, it was clear that the feeling of losing her mother always bothered her. Eighteen years ago, Che-rán was not so little, there were many things she could remember...her mother was a university professor. She was the wife of a

medical examiner and the mother of a daughter. She still remembered her mother's voice, including some memories of her presence. Like the day she was so sick that her mother had to take time off work. The day the three of them went to the beach together each year, or even the day she had to give a speech on Mother's Day, her mother raised the camera and took a photo of her daughter in front of the stage. And finally, the day her mother left her... her father explained what happened to her with words full of lies, to make her understand that mom was simply sleeping and would never wake up again.

Until Che-rán finally found out what happened to her mother. The beautiful face of her mother that she had in her memories had been destroyed, luckily she was already mature enough to handle such things.. Che-rán realized that thinking about her mother made her cry. Even Lieutenant Tul's face was blurred. She tried to blink quickly to get rid of the tears, but it didn't work. Tears fell down the sides of her cheeks, and the lieutenant used the pads of her fingers to gently wipe them away before hugging her again. This time she added a soft kiss to the temple of her eyes.

“I'll be responsible... I'll take care of it for you.”

Tul comforted her with words and actions, holding the smaller person as much as she could. This may have alleviated some of the sadness in her heart. Before either of them realized that the place where they were hugging was in front of the fence of the house, a neighbor opened the window and looked at them. That could cause problems for the doctor, so in the end they separated.

“Nice pajamas.”

Of course, hugging took away many of her worries. And Tul, who did not let any opportunity to mock her escape, could not keep her mouth shut. Che-rán laughed softly, making a soft sobbing sound. At that moment, Tul struggled a little with herself, trying not to let her heart beat as she looked into the pair of beautiful, tear-filled eyes. The corners of her eyes and the tip of her nose were red, her cheeks were flushed, and there were tear stains that she tried to...wipe off herself.

Che-rán looked beautiful when she cried, but she probably didn't notice her. Still, Tul didn't want her to cry often, so she held back.

"You can go home now,"

The owner's daughter urged in a low voice.

"Umm... Good night."

Che-rán raised her mouth slightly as if Tul had said something wrong:

"Say it again... I'm going home."

"I'll be home soon."

"Drive carefully."

Tul smiled, but before she could leave, her cheeks were touched before Che-rán placed a soft kiss on her lips.

"You can go now."

It took a long time for Tul to regain her composure but then finally, she walked back to the car, smiling at the girl dressed in light pink, standing and waving goodbye in front of the wooden fence until the car slowly drove away.

The next afternoon, an interrogation was scheduled for Pak Wisut Saengkhaio, an ex-convict serving a life sentence for the murder of 7 young women who, after receiving a reduced sentence, was released from prison two months early. But now he was once again a suspect in the murder of a young girl because the nature of the incident was very similar to his past methods and still shocked the public today. Inspector Pichet himself took on the responsibility of interrogating and Lieutenant Tul went to help observe his behavior. If she had doubts, she could protest directly. Tul still couldn't find a connection between the suspects. However, because the inspector insisted on interrogation, Lieutenant Tul could not refuse. If the person who caused

this latest crime was not Pak Wisut and he was truly a prisoner of society, the police were simply doing their job.

An ex-convict was sitting in front of the two police officers who were going to interrogate him. Lieutenant Tul tried to erase from her brain the topic she spoke to him about the night before. But how it ended in a fight, both sides stared at each other. Those deep eyes made no attempt to contain her anger, nor did Tul give in to that look.

“I'm the investigative inspector. Police Lieutenant Colonel Pichet Amnuayphon, who will carry out the interrogation.”

His voice was firm and intimidating, giving her much encouragement at first. Inspector Pichet opened a collection of evidence files and autopsy reports in order to investigate the suspect.

"Mr. Wisut,"

The inspector lowered his voice, hoping to intimidate.

"Before this, did you know or have you seen Miss Ployphapat before?"

Tul could barely take her eyes off his haggard face, with an unshaven beard interspersed with a few white streaks. The inspector's questions were the same ones she had asked the night before, about the last victim in the case 18 years ago. Tul intended to provoke him, but no, the nature of a murderer is not to care about his victims. Mr. Wisut smiled sadly and many wrinkles appeared on his face. He looked ten years older.

“I don't know her, should I know her?”

If he intended to anger the police, it didn't work. The inspector could control his emotions better than Tul, so he didn't show anything and continued asking.

“From 10 at night the deceased disappeared, until 01:00, when she died. Where were you?”

“Asleep in the room... alone.. “

“Are there witnesses? Like next door neighbors?”

"No,"

The former prisoner responded briefly. Tul tried to detect suspicion in his voice. Imagining that he was a convicted felon who had just been convicted of a crime, upon release it was possible that he would not want to get involved with anyone. And maybe no one would dare to be friends with him. After a search in Mr. Wisut's history, it was known that during two months he changed jobs twice. He first applied to be an apartment security guard before being fired when the landlord discovered his criminal record. Recently, he applied to be a construction worker and lived in a tin shed provided by the contracting company.

“We found shoe prints at the scene. They are the same size as your shoes. Your size is 43, right?”

A faint sound of fist chains jingling could be heard as the person in question was moved to look their own feet. He was wearing shoes that he bought at a flea market. And when searching at the room where she used to sleep, although he found a pair of slippers, the pattern of her soles did not match the footprints on the muddy floor.

"Um, maybe,"

He replied nonchalantly, not thinking about the size of the shoes he had been wearing for a long time.

“The results of the forensic DNA tests will be available today; If they match your DNA, it will be conclusive evidence.”

The suspect just laughed as if he had never heard anything funny before.

“Is this a threat, police? Ah... Things are better now than before. It is not like before.”

“Are you referring to the case from eighteen years ago?”

"You didn't leave any trace back then,"

Tul intervened. She did not want to defend him, she just wanted to tell him the information obtained by reading all the case files.

“There are no fingerprints of yours in the cracks of the nails of the deceased who could have fought with you. And none of the victims were raped. Therefore, no sperm stains remain.”

There was silence in the interrogation room. Lieutenant Tul raised both hands on the table and narrowed her eyes at the man in front of her.

“But curiously... This case left many traces.”

“What else do you want me to admit?”

Mr. Wisut laughed again, like the night before in the prison cell. The laughter mixed with his asthmatic breathing made him seem very aggressive.

“We never force a confession.”

"But you brought me here and handcuffed me."

He slammed the handcuffs on the table and made a sound.

“Because you tried to run away from us.”

"I wasn't going to run away!"

The suspect shouted loudly as he turned towards the inspector who was also trying to speak kindly, but his words seemed oppressive to the point that it almost made him lose his mind.

“I haven't been home for years and suddenly the television says that the police are looking for me again. Even though I didn't do anything, I didn't do anything!”

"Okay, I understand."

The inspector raised his hand to stop the lieutenant on his right who was about to open her mouth.

“One more question, please. I heard that while you’re in prison, you also received treatment for your depression, right?”

Her hand passed over the sheet of paper. It was a document received from the Department of Corrections regarding Mr. Wisut's behavior in prison. Besides being a neat and well-behaved prisoner, the only obstacle was that he had to be constantly treated for depression, taking medication regularly and non-stop. The man who had been imprisoned for decades seemed calm, to the point that he was almost like a normal person, he nodded his head in response.

“And after you got out of prison, did you go to the doctor? Or did you take the same medicine as before?”

There was a moment of silence after the inspector's question, as if the suspect was considering whether or not to answer.

“No...”

His voice was so low that I could almost not hear it.

“Medicine is expensive. Food and living costs are already enough. Where would I get the money to buy it?”

“I understand.”

Inspector Pichet turned and told the lieutenant to also write it down in her notebook. But Tul still had doubts until she asked the question that had been stuck in her mouth.

“Inspector, but depression has almost no effect on the outcome of this case. It cannot be used to reduce the sentence, nor can it be used as an excuse to commit murder, even if you ran out of medicine...”

"I know, but it is information that we must preserve,"

The inspector reminded the information that will be recorded in the transcript of the interrogation.

"It's about drugs, Inspector,"

Tul continued. She was increasingly confused about the suspect. Even with antidepressants, his small income as a construction worker still couldn't afford them, much less buy anesthetics, the purchase of which was limited.

"Do you know this medicine?"

Inspector Pichet took a photograph of the drug sample tube that was found in the deceased's body in sufficient quantities to make her lose consciousness. Mr. Wisut looked at him blankly before shaking his head.

"If we find out that you secretly ordered this on the black market, you will be punished more severely than if you confess honestly."

It was of no use, although the inspector used threats many times, but he did not make the person say anything. The evidence and clues indicating that Mr Wisut was the one who committed the murder of Miss Ployphapat was very limited, making it impossible to hold him responsible. He was currently just a man who had a history of committing similar crimes before and lived in the same area where the crime occurred.

"W...when will they release me?"

The inspector sighed. Although Mr. Wisut was acquitted of this murder, that doesn't mean his tarnished history didn't dispel their suspicions. Releasing him could make the police a target of the public and they could be widely accused of allowing the criminal to roam again.

"At this time, the police have to look for additional evidence. And to prevent you escape, we may have to stop you first."

The ex-convict's haggard face became distorted, the veins in his temples bulging before he began to moan madly. If it weren't for the fact that he was a serial killer who had committed murders in other people's lives, Tul would probably feel sorry for him. Inspector Pichet ended the interrogation only because the suspect was not prepared and could not provide further evidence. Mr. Wisut continued to complain about his hometown, his parents with whom he had lost contact in the years since he was in prison, and the inconvenience he had caused himself.

Che-rán waited for the results of the personal identification test from the laboratory the day before the police sent a DNA sample from Mr. Wisut to compare the sperm stains on the corpse's vagina, as well as the dried blood splatters from the perpetrator on the fingers of the deceased. As soon as the test results were known, the agents seemed surprised by Mr. Wisut. The computer screen displayed the personal verification results that were compared. That could help the essentially innocent suspect detained by the police.

“The deceased's boyfriend confirmed that he had not seen her in three days and that he had not had sexual relations in the last week. The police have questioned him and he has the alibi of having lunch with his family. Of course, there are witnesses who confirm this.”

Che-rán said about her doubts that the sperm stain belonged to someone else. Because there was a case in which the deceased had sexual relations with another man before being murdered, and that made her a suspect.

“Could it be someone else in the pub...”

“It's difficult to verify because there were hundreds of people there that night. Furthermore, her friends said that at first she was always visible. When they realized she was missing, they went to look for her in the bathroom but couldn't find her.”

“The blood alcohol content of each of her friends was very high, but none of them were exposed to anesthesia or other drugs. It is possible that the

deceased had been administered xylazine by criminals who wanted to get her out of there.”

Mae explained part of her work that she had been reported to the police several days ago.

“But it's really strange if she was the one who committed the murder. Because 18 years ago he barely left any traces. This must be an imitation or just a coincidence in a similar way,”

Mae commented, looking at her friend close to her with concern. Very few people knew that the last victim of the serial murder case was Professor Rakkit's wife or Cheran's mother.

“That's possible. If it is true, Mr. Wisut would not have left any trace. There are many traces in this case. He was arrested solely because he had a record. If that's true, he will be very upset with the copycat who blamed him.

Che-rân didn't blame him. He also differentiated the case quite well. Although her expression changed to the point that her close friend couldn't help but feel worried.

"I'll call the police to report the DNA results,"

Cher-án said, murmuring to her friend, who took her by the arm and told her she was fine. Before leaving the laboratory, she made a phone call with Tul. As soon as Tul received a phone call from Che-rân informing her of the results of the sperm and blood stains, which did not match the suspect who was detained after interrogation, Tul hurriedly walked to Inspector Pichet's room. She wanted to inform him of this immediately until she forgot to knock on the door to ask permission. She was a little surprised when she saw that the inspector had another guest. Tul reluctantly greeted the police officer senior to her before turning to speak directly to the inspector.

“Inspector, the DNA results of the forensic examination have already come out. It does not coincide at all with that of Mr. Wisut.”

Inspector Pichet sighed and his face showed undisguised tension. There is no evidence against him. It seems possible...

"Either way we can press charges."

The two people in the room turned to the police officer, their eyes wide.

"After all, he is a man who has a bad history behind him. If he is released hastily, he could generate public discontent with the police. I think it's best to postpone it for now."

Since the last time they discussed taking on the responsibility of interrogating the police captain who killed her young lover, Tul had barely avoided confrontation with Captain Dan and was determined not to open her heart to listen to any opinion that came out of his mouth.. Even after a hundred years, Captain Dan would not be able to adjust his attitude to become an honorable police officer with more dignity than this.

"No, inspector. He should be removed from suspect status in this case. We must seek the truth and not act based on social trends."

"You always argue about everything, don't you?"

Captain Dan laughed as if he were arguing with a child.

"I'm just giving a suggestion. At least wait until you find more evidence or catch the real criminal. Until then, it's not too late to let go."

"Simply detaining him as a suspect is too much."

"So, Lieutenant, please tell me. Why do we release serial killers back into society? Evidence alone does not make the public listen. That is our reason."

"If the documents are presented to the prosecution, they will be returned because there is almost no evidence."

"Let the prosecutors consider it, not us."

“Can't you be a little responsible?”

"Okay, enough, Lieutenant Tul."

The inspector raised his hand to persuade the two to stop arguing. He, too, did not agree with Captain Dan's suggestions, especially to go to the prosecutor and file a lawsuit. But he couldn't help but think that this was the way to avoid putting pressure on the social trends that functioned as a justice system. Since the sentence was reduced, until the prisoner in the serial murder case was imprisoned for less than 20 years, this was the result of the police's slow work to catch the perpetrator.

“We may have to keep Mr. Wisut detained. Listen to me first, lieutenant...”

He stopped Tul, who wanted to protest.

“Right now, we will rush to look for evidence until it can be confirmed that he is one hundred percent innocent, or until the real perpetrator is caught. We are doing all this to make the public feel comfortable.”

Tul snorted, not turning to look at Captain Dan's expression as he couldn't control her emotions anymore.

“Then I will investigate this matter myself.”

“Please, although we have to check who went to the club that night, even if there were hundreds of people, we have to investigate everyone thoroughly.”

Not even the inspector himself was worried about Lieutenant Tul's integrity. Of course. She had a simple personality, was not afraid of any influence and always stuck to the truth, causing many problems for people. At least now she still agreed to listen to him, even if she slammed the door shut.

The investigation began again, starting with those closest to Miss Ployphapat. The investigation team began to question a friend, lover or even someone who had been involved with her. They also questioned co-workers from companies that imported products to sell in the country. Her

deceased had only changed jobs for two months, she had never had any conflict with anyone, there were no problems at work and everyone who had interacted with her gave testimony in unison:

'Miss Ploypaphat is not the kind of person who makes anyone dissatisfied with her.'

“She just moved from a logistics company to this company. She didn't tell me the reason for the change. The salary is not much different.”

The testimony from the personnel department caused Lieutenant Tul to ask the name of the former company that should have been included in the deceased's employment history. She decided to travel with Jew to her old workplace... There was no one there who hated her to the point of wanting to commit murder.

“No, there is no problem here. Maybe she moved because she wanted to seek a new challenge.”

“We ourselves don't mind employees coming and going regularly,”

The sales manager told Tul. He seemed unconcerned about the police investigation, or perhaps he didn't believe that his employee's death had to do with internal company matters.

“She worked in this section, right? Who did she use to work with?”

“Most salespeople take care of customers. She often went out to receive them, rarely staying at the company. But if I remember correctly, she has her own desk, her old desk is near the window in the second row.”

The manager pointed to the farthest table by the large window occupied by a new person. Some employees furtively looked up from their computer screens, wondering what the police's reason for coming here was, which might be more interesting than what was in front of them.

“People here usually don't have any problems, right?”

“Not really. Except when we are in a meeting, sometimes we have to ask each other questions.”

“And if there is a problem, you can report it directly to the manager, right?”

“Um... Normally no one comes to inform me. What is this, the police suspect this place?”

The sales manager started to seem rude after being questioned. But Tul raised her hand and denied.

“I only ask. With the same salary and position, if it's not work-related, it's definitely your coworkers, right? But if it is confirmed that there is no problem, I will not ask again.”

Lieutenant Tul said what came to her mind, then looked around her to observe the change in the sales manager's expression, then laughed as if it was just a joke.

“Nothing, lieutenant. If there is something you need to know, you can also ask someone else.”

She pointed towards the sales staff desk. They hid behind the computer screen as soon as the manager looked in his direction.

"I will definitely ask, but let me ask the manager one last question,"

Tul said calmly, pretending not to notice the strange behavior of his interlocutor.

“Here, does the company request the employees' social networks? Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, things like that?”

“Why did you ask the manager that?”

Jew asked as soon as they left manager Ploypaphat, of a logistics company, after receiving a response that the company did request a personal Facebook account for each of its employees.

“Which? Facebook?”

“Yes, is there something wrong with that?”

Tul stopped when she reached the car parked in front of a large office building that rented space to several companies. As she looked back, she breathed slowly, considering where they should start.

“No problem. I was just thinking that if a company asks for an employee's Facebook page, it might be because they don't want the employee to complain about the company or people in the workplace, so as to monitor their behavior on social media,”

Tul said. She didn't want to speculate that the deceased could have had a bad personality, there were people who didn't like her, it could have been something unexpected. And of course, Tul did not agree with company actions that invade employees personal space, such as prohibiting posting negative things about work and sometimes limiting individual expression. If there is a conflict of interest with company superiors, it could mean a reprimand or even dismissal.

"If a company requests access to its employees' Facebook, whenever there is a problem, they can be banned from posting, or employees can be careful not to post about work on Facebook,"

Jew said, thinking about what his superior was saying.

“But if that's the case, it means that the deceased probably didn't post anything on Facebook....”

“Try asking your friends about the deceased's Twitter account. If there is a... Try checking the timeline when she was at her old job and if she happened anything relevant to him.”

In an apartment room, all the lights were off, it was completely dark even though it was late at night. The curtains were drawn tightly, so that only the

dim blue light of the computer screen illuminated the face of someone moving the mouse and clicking. From time to time you can hear the sound of keyboard keys being pressed. Nothing was happening, everything was normal, except for a few dozen photographs hanging on the wall above the computer screen.

They were photographs that he had taken of a young woman. Most of them... Rather, they were all secretly photographed, even when she was eating, working at her desk, meeting with clients, walking home alone. There was only one photo of her walking hand in hand with a man, but there was a pen mark that crossed out the photo of the man's face. Even... There was a photo that showed her sleeping in the car. The woman was wearing a red dress that fell over her shoulder, revealing soft white skin that was caressed by the photographer's hands.

The sound of the keyboard pressing sounded again, and the words appeared on the screen:

'News about a serial killer returning to action.'

The mouse moved to click on the latest news program on YouTube, and the news anchor's voice immediately came out of the speaker.

'The police have informed us about the progress of Mr Wisut's interrogation. Police are gathering important evidence and the serial killer is still in custody...!'

A smile appeared on his face reflecting the blue light of the computer screen. He laughed deeply, mocking the stupidity of the police.

②③

TWENTY-THREE



PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

Someone at work has been following me

Now I have a new job and moved out of my old place, but the paranoia still hasn't gone away. I couldn't sleep well and had to take medication to get to sleep. I had to see a doctor because I was worried, would I still do it? I want to tell stories and I want to share experiences with everyone to be able to face it. (1)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

Let's start from the beginning. I applied for a job at my old place since I graduated. Suppose the man, A. There are about 4 people who accompany me at work. A has the task of taking care of us, training us and giving us advice more often (2)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

He asked me to talk about work, but A suddenly asked an off-topic question. Have I gotten home, have I eaten, what am I doing, have I slept? I didn't respond and he waved at me repeatedly. Likewise, there was no one else who A treated like this other than me. When I post an IG story- (3)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

I don't know where he got my IG from and suddenly he followed me (I didn't follow him) and I started to feel uncomfortable around him. For example, in my stories, sometimes I post a new Taylor Swift song and he responds: 'Do you listen to foreign music too? Don't you listen to Thai music?' It's strange that even though I don't respond, he continues saying hello until he starts publishing the stories only for close friends (4)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

The workplace is becoming more and more uncomfortable. I mean, he often walks up to my desk, leaning too close. I tried to prevent it, a friend also helped intervene. The most difficult thing is in the morning. When he got to the office, he gave me a cup of coffee with a post-it note. I didn't dare drink it, so I had to secretly throw it away when I went to the bathroom.

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

During my lunch break, I went out to eat with friends, but when I returned to my desk, it looked clean, like someone had packed my things for me. I remember when I came out, my desk wasn't like this. I thought maybe his intention was to do something good, but I felt uncomfortable with what he had done. I didn't want anyone to interfere with the things on my table (6)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

If you're wondering how I knew that A came to clear my table, I asked another senior who was late to eat, so I found out and now I feel very uncomfortable. If there is a company event after work, I have to ask my friend to sit next to me. And he can still serve me liquor. Several seniors in the office helped him until I felt uncomfortable, so I no longer attend any events when he was present (7)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

At this point I want to say that I already have someone close to me (we are dating now). I always ask him what to do. Fortunately my boyfriend understands and if he is free he will come look for me. One day, A saw me

getting into my boyfriend's car. I really wanted him to know and stop following me. (8)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

But he didn't stop, he kept the same attitude. He texted every day, even when I didn't respond. He even bought me coffee (which I never touched and just threw away). My friend suggested telling the manager, but I'm still not sure. What if other people think I'm making a fuss for no reason? Maybe he wasn't flirting with me. Some people at work said he was just being nice (9)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

It's gotten to the point where I can't accept it at all, it was my birthday. He gave me a gift: a photo album. When I opened them, they were all photos of me that he secretly took. When I first saw the photos, I felt more scared than happy because he was secretly recording my every action. When I work, meet with clients, chat with friends, I am very afraid (10)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

There's also a photo of me getting into my boyfriend's car. But he crossed out my boyfriend's face. Oh, and each image has a caption. He described that she loves me more than anyone. He said he was willing to do anything for me. Honestly, I really want to vomit. Doesn't feel comfortable at all (11)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

One day I went to see a movie with my boyfriend. After watching for about 10 minutes, someone just sat down next to us. But he didn't watch the movie, he just stared at me until I felt like I was being watched. My boyfriend changed seats with me, blocked me and stared at the boy until he left (12)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

I don't know why he was there. But it must be because I posted a photo of a movie ticket on IG Story and he saw it. I really didn't expect him to follow me to the movies. At that moment I didn't understand what I did to give him a little hope (13)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

Can't I post movie tickets? That's wrong? Am I careless to the point where you will harass me? It was my fault? (14)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

I couldn't stand it, so I decided to tell people. But they said they didn't see anything wrong. A didn't do anything wrong, he just wanted the best from me, it was my fault, why didn't I accept it? When I got to this point, I thought enough was enough. I couldn't take it anymore so I looked for a new job and quit (15)

PloySwift @ploynpt. April 2

Many thanks for everything. Now I feel better and have a new job near my boyfriend's work. He is always there to pick me up and drop me off. My parents also felt a little more comfortable. As for those wondering why I didn't reject it, I already did by all means. Even when he found out that I had a boyfriend, he didn't stop at all. I have changed jobs now and I hope he don't follow me again.

All of the Twitter threads detailed privacy violations by the person at her former workplace, which Ploypaphat had to deal with about 2-3 months before her death. As soon as the investigation team noticed the trend, they once again questioned people close to the deceased to confirm how the harassment incident occurred. The deceased's boyfriend seemed surprised when asked about it.

“Do the police believe it was her work?”

“We need to investigate all possibilities. And yes, he is one of the suspects we are currently Investigating,”

Lieutenant Tul explained as she looked at the face of the man who was still sad because he lost his girlfriend to a murder.

“If so, I remember it well....”

The young man felt nauseous when thinking about what had happened in the past, he took deep breaths several times. Eyes bright with confusion, he stared at his clasped hands on the table. At that time, Ploy and I were still close and not dating. I knew he was a salesman there. There was a time when Ploy felt uncomfortable with the elder who taught her and came to trust him...

“What did he say?”

He put her hand to her forehead trying to suppress her emotions as he imagined that he was the man who took her lover's life and also abused her in the last days of her life.

“Mainly what Ploy said on Twitter. At that point, I asked her to report it to the police, but Ploy didn't want to cause problems and she decided to just change jobs. After that, her mental condition was not very good. She was constantly paranoid. When she went out with me, she was afraid that someone would watch her or follow her secretly....”

Tul felt sorry for the young woman. There were many more victims whose privacy had been violated by someone. They always think they do it with good intentions, without realizing the fear it causes to those who don't want it. What's more, some people whose love has been rejected by their victim think that this is reason enough to invade their life even more.

“I didn't think about that at all, I didn't think... Two months later, Ploy walked away from her job, she felt better and more comfortable because she no longer saw the man, and he seemed to have stopped following her. But if... If the Police said maybe he, then I...”

The young man swallowed, as if he had a lump in his throat. He always blamed himself for not being able to save his girlfriend. In the past he believed that the nightmare would disappear, but instead this happened.... Tul took out a handkerchief and handed it to him. Although there were no tears at all, his broad shoulders trembled violently.

“We will locate him to interrogate him. We may need to contact you again to identify you.”

“I'll help you. Ploy shouldn't have faced something like this.... Tears dripped down the back of his hand.”

He cried like the first day he found out that his girlfriend had left him forever. It was a feeling that a living person had to endure when accepting the departure of a loved one. No matter how much time passes, his hearts will not be able to heal. And for a murderer, it only takes decades to receive forgiveness from people who were not even related to the deceased, and still be able to go out and continue living in society even though their hands have cut off their chances of survival.

“Is Mr. Rueangrit there?”

Tul returned to the private importing company and met with the sales manager again. He seemed a little worried when he had to face the young lieutenant who had questioned him earlier. This time, the police returned with new clues that clearly showed who the person was who had previously had problems with the deceased.

“He didn't come to work today, he used his license rights.”

“Oh...”

Tul stopped, raised her head and looked around the office. Then she looked at the manager and thought about how the employee decided to take the day off,

“Then we have to ask you. Is it true that he engaged in harassing behavior at work?”

"Well, talking like that may be too much, Lieutenant,"

He muttered as he gathered the courage to calmly refuse, although he still didn't dare make eye contact with Tul.

"People fall in love or like each other at work. There's never been a rule against that here. Rueangrit just...he liked her. Here everyone knew it."

"And you didn't realize that the woman wasn't playing along?"

The manager's face paled when Tul attacked, but he still tried to defend himself bravely.

"There's no one playing around here. You can see for yourself that the woman did not reject him. That means she was giving him hope. Who wouldn't think of that?"

"She may not know as well as the people here what happened at that time, but I am sure that she felt uncomfortable with Mr. Rueangrit's behavior, and she was also disappointed with the evaluation of the manager who was indifferent to the employee problems here until she had to resign and change jobs."

By then, other employees had stopped paying attention to the work they were fully responsible for, when it was more interesting to see the manager being attacked by the police. For a few minutes he looked constipated, as if he were weighing his thoughts. Most importantly, he would face the company so that he would not relate to the problems that occur under his supervision or fully admit and explain what happened.

"Think carefully that if Mr. Rueangrit is related to the death of Miss Ployphat, you will be considered to be withholding important information, obstructing the officer's work and...."

"Okay..."

He raised his hands in surrender. Beads of sweat appeared around the mouth and the tip of the nose, even though the air conditioning was cold.

“Yes, it really happened, but I didn't think it would be serious, he didn't stalk her that often, right?”

The manager turned to seek help from the others, but they all looked away and hid their faces behind the computer screen. Some people shook their heads in disgust at the manager's cowardice. He bit his lip and cursed under his breath until Lieutenant Tul felt sick.

“Instead of protecting the victims, you chose to hide this matter and prioritize the company's image. Who will respect you for that?”

Tul harshly criticized, causing discomfort. Then he lowered his head to register what he had just been told. If the manager had been willing to talk about his previous harassing behavior, the victim could have been saved from the predator. It was a pity that Tul couldn't remember the faces of all the employees he asked the day before. For better or worse, it was possible that she had spoken to the man, but she had not asked his name.

“B...but he probably wasn't involved in the serial murders reported on the news, right? Records like that would have surfaced before the company hired him.”

Tul looked at him with an indifferent look. Until now, the man in front of her was more worried about the bad image that would be produced.

“We have to investigate this again, but if he has no criminal record, it is possible that he is not related to the previous murderer.”

“Can the police contact him? Or do you want me to help you contact him?”

After embarrassing himself in front of the entire department, the director offered the police a way out. This was an opportunity to save face.

“In this case we must ask for your collaboration. Not only his phone number, but also your place of residence.”

The two police officers arrived at the apartment of Mr. Rueangrit, a suspect in the murder of the young woman he had been harassing. Tul ran into a bit of trouble when the guards refused to let them in until she showed her police badge and stated her purpose with determination.

“I am a police officer. We are investigating a case and we have learned that the suspect lives here.”

“Oh, you're an undercover police officer. What case are you investigating? Heist? Or murder?”

Asked a fifty-year-old aunt in charge of the apartment. Tul turned to make eye contact with Jew and asked what they had to say.

“Murder case. If you want to know, cooperate with the police.”

He used a calm tone of voice, as if he was talking to his mother, and it also surprised the older woman quite a bit. She put her hands on her chest and raised her voice.

“Did he kill someone? In what room? Is he in the room now!?”

“We think he is in his room because he didn't go to work.”

The woman took the two to room 504 with a spare key kept in case of emergency in case the room owner refused to open the door or was away. Lieutenant Tul decided to try knocking on the door to see first and asked the wife to stay away from her. If Mr. Rueangrit were the culprit, perhaps there would be more unexpected events than agreeing to go to the police. But there was no one.

“Is Mr. Rueangrit in the room?”

“Mr. Rueangrit, if you are there, open the door.”

Lieutenant Tul knocked several times but there was no sign of the owner of the room coming out and opening the door for her. She put his ear to the door but couldn't hear any sound from inside the room.

“What should we do? He's probably not in the room. How about we wait in front of the apartment until he gets back?”

Jew whispered softly. It was clear that this suspect was outside, otherwise there would have been a reaction from inside even though he refused to open the door. Tul sighed heavily, she was upset and she didn't want to give up.

“Ask the aunt to open the door.”

“It will be OK? We don't have a search warrant.”

“I will take responsibility.”

Tul grabbed the stick she had tucked into her waist so she could get in after turning the spare key. Inside the room it smelled musty, the air ventilation was not good and all the windows were closed tightly. Plain colored curtains do not allow outside light to pass through. The shape of the room was not too small, so a lot of furniture could be placed, divided into a kitchen area and a sleeping area, almost the same as a condominium. Dirty clothes piled up in the hamper, dirty dishes in the sink, as if the owner of the room had returned in a long time.

Jew went into the bathroom to check on him, while Tul looked around the room. In the corner near the bed, next to the window, there was a computer on a table that the owner seemed to really like. This chair is the type of chair that gamers usually use, with a backlit keyboard and a large CPU. But what was most surprising were the dozens of photographs taped to the wall above the computer.

They were photographs of Miss Ploypaphat in every pose. Tul, of course, studied the images anxiously, thinking about how the young girl must have felt uncomfortable being harassed, her privacy invaded in more ways than she could understand. This was not simply creepy behavior, it entered criminal territory. And seeing that there were pictures of her in her room didn't eliminate this scary behavior at all..

“Phi, I found a bottle of xylazine in the bathroom. He still has It.....Damn, he's crazy.”

Jew immediately cursed when he saw the photos of the girl on the wall. Tul pointed to one of the photographs in which Ploypaphat was asleep in the car.

This is the clothes he was wearing on the night of the murder. The last person who was with him at that moment was this crazy man.

“Can't. I have to call the inspector.”

Wait a minute... Tul stopped Jew before deciding to do something that no one else expected, that is, turn on the suspect's computer. But this time, instead of reprimanding her, Jew handled his superior's stubbornness well enough to understand what Tul wanted to examine.

His computer was not password protected, it was probably because he did not expect anyone to open it secretly. The screen still showed secret photos of Ms. Ploypafat. Tul took a deep breath, moved the mouse, and opened several folders that had the potential to become crucial evidence. in this case. Given the disgusting behavior of this stalker, it was possible that there were some things hidden.

“Oh no, this is terrible... Very terrible. Damn psychopath!”

Jew looked away as he opened a folder called 'Finally, You're Mine'. It contained scenes of crimes committed by Ruengrit against the deceased. When he left her helpless, when she was left unconscious on the cement floor, or even when she regained consciousness only to find out what had happened to her. Tul took out her cell phone and took a photo of the main evidence from the computer screen before closing the file. She suppressed her anger and moved her trembling hands to swipe the mouse and open Google Chrome that he had integrated into Windows to view the search history. As it turns out, it's full of information this killer needs...Anesthesia

“He are also looking for Mr. Wisut's information. That means he intended to make it look like a copy right?”

“Maybe. He also found out when Mr. Wisut was released. He prepared a rope to tie the victim, and also a hammer to kill her. However, there were bricks present, and that made the hammer unnecessary,”

Tul analyzed, biting her lip until she turned pale. If so, that means that he might want to continue killing his victims in a row, or maybe he would stop doing so... Because at this time, Mr. Wisut had been arrested.

“But what is known is that he killed her with a plan. He had been following the victim and knew exactly what she was doing, where, when and with whom. He chose the day and time to act like a serial killer, perhaps because he wanted to divert the attention of the police? Or could it be a mental illness like Mr. Wisut?”

The assumptions that existed until that moment gave Tul a headache. The humid air in the room didn't help her breathe easier. But before deciding to turn off the computer and leave the murderer's room, her eyes noticed a plastic tip protruding from the desk shelf, which caught the lieutenant's attention to open the shelf and take it out. It was flat plastic from a photo printing shop. Lieutenant Tul poured dozens of 4x6 inch photographic papers into her hand. It was an image of the young woman being harassed and photographed without her knowledge while she ate, she walked to her house, even when she went out to throw out the trash in front of the house. Even in casual clothes, she was secretly photographed.

Lieutenant Tul's heart pounded when she saw the girl's face in the photos. She was not Miss Ploypaphat. However, the victim was someone else.

“Jew, is it going to rain tonight?”

A girl took her umbrella out of her bag and opened it when she heard the sound of thunder as she left the subway station. Little by little, heavy rain fell, fortunately there were no storms that made the route impassable. The young woman decided not to use an online motorcycle taxi service because there were long lines, but little time to walk and exercise.

Walking along the sidewalk of the main road in full traffic, the young woman turned into an alley that led directly to her house and had no street lighting. No matter how much the villagers report to the authorities, it seems that the job is left to the department. This is in contrast to the 'Bangkok, City of Light' posters put up by various politicians trying to win votes for themselves. The rain continued to fall, becoming more intense, hitting the umbrella she held tightly. She tried to walk towards the light. The surrounding atmosphere began to become too quiet, there was no one and not a single vehicle passing through the narrow alley.

More than once she heard footsteps stepping through the puddles behind her. She made him think that perhaps she had heard wrong. The young woman tried to get rid of her fear. In less than a kilometer she would arrive at her house. How could something bad happen to the alley she had walked through since she was little? But someone sneaked up on the unsuspecting young woman, She was wearing a dark trench coat and was also wielding a hammer, a deadly weapon. Before she even realized the danger, it was too late...

The hammer in her hand was raised, ready to taste the woman's blood. Lightning flashed and revealed the face of the assassin. However, something unexpected happened when the lamb that was about to become prey suddenly dodged nimbly. And instead of putting his hands together to beg for mercy, he grabbed the wrist holding the hammer before swinging it with such force that it would likely break the bone. There was no way the woman he was looking for could be that strong.

A man in a raincoat stared at his prey, trying to force himself not to panic over things that went beyond his plans. Until she could see... That the girl in front of him was not the person she wanted, but someone the same height as her, seen from behind they looked similar, wearing the clothes she usually wore, only she wasn't it was the same person. This showed that he had been deceived.

“You are under arrest.”

Lieutenant Jew spoke over the sound of the rain. But due to her carelessness, in addition to her wet clothes that made it difficult for him to

move, he was attacked by the criminal. The killer kicked him hard in the stomach, causing him to slip away from him and he took several steps back. Luckily, the support team appeared in front of him when he was about to hit Jew with the hammer in his hand.

“Stop there!”

Inspector Pichet shouted orders at the top of his voice. The plan for Jew to impersonate the victim seemed to be working, but which perpetrator would obey his orders? As soon as he knew that he was surrounded by the police, he decided to throw the hammer in his hand towards the group of officers, pushing Jew who was still in stomach pain to fall to the ground, before taking the opportunity to run in another direction.

“Lieutenant Jew!”

Tul gritted her teeth. She immediately ran after the killer, refusing to wait for orders or warnings from the inspector. He ran into a narrow alley and Tul chased after him so fast that she almost caught up with him.. The heavy rain hit the surface of her face but did not hinder her at all. The young lieutenant reached out to grab the collar of his shirt, but when he tried to free himself he lost control and fell alone.

“How are you going to survive? Don't even think about running away.”

Said Tul, looking at the figure that was about to get up from the path full of puddles of water. Tul approached slowly, her hand gripping the handle of the staff in case he could use it to protect himself. In a split second the man stood up, the sharp knife immediately cut Lieutenant Tul's stomach, with only a line. Luckily she was able to avoid it in time. She didn't expect the criminal to have another weapon after throwing his hammer at the police.

“Get away!”

Without waiting for Tul to react, the criminal repeatedly threw his knife forward, aiming for Tul's abdomen, but she was able to dodge it with greater dexterity. It became clear that the other party was neither skilled in combat nor physically fit. He relied on dirty tactics and exploited his

physical superiority as a man to dominate his victims. Tul decided not to use a weapon, trusting that she could handle the situation. She managed to kick the villain in the stomach, retaliating in the same manner as the attack on Jew.

The body of the man in the raincoat fell to the ground again, coughing from the blow to the stomach. The knife was still gripped tightly in his hand, not moving an inch. Tul planned to finish him off, but the villain turned to stand up, brandishing a knife to prevent Tul from getting any closer. Tul continued to pay attention to his hand that continued to move the knife. Relying on a self- defense stance, she finally managed to grab his wrist and twist it so hard that the knife slipped from his hand before Tul kicked the crook of his leg, causing him to kneel on the ground. The force of resistance and the loud roar that rivaled the sound of rain caused Tul to push him onto the paved path.

“You are arrested on charges of attempted murder and physical assault on an officer.”

He put handcuffs on him to prevent the accused from being able to defend himself. The shout of Lieutenant Tul's name was heard from another investigation team that had just run after them, causing the owner of that name to shout back to reveal her whereabouts. He lowered the raincoat from his head, revealing Mr. Rueangrit's face and the methods of the case from 18 years ago. Luckily, Lieutenant Tul and Lieutenant Jew were able to investigate and surmised that that night he might commit another crime by targeting a young victim from her workplace, who she was unaware was being harassed the whole time.

Inspector Pichet, who rarely ran like other police officers, criticized Lieutenant Tul for not waiting for his orders, but considered it fortunate that his subordinate had not suffered any serious harm. He ordered other officers to detain Ruengrit at headquarters. Meanwhile, Jew, who was still in pain after being kicked in the stomach, approached his superior. They looked at each other and nodded, relieved that they had managed to catch the criminal despite being soaked and bruised.

“It doesn't look like the movies. He kicked me and my stomach hurts so much I can barely stand,”

Jew complained, but then he saw blood stains on the surface of the clothes on Tul's stomach.

“Phi, Isn't that blood!? He stabbed you!”

The cell phone kept ringing since Che-rân was still showering in the bathroom. She came out in her pajamas, with a towel on her small shoulders, and took her cell phone that was no longer ringing. The name 'Mae' appeared on the screen, warning that her close friend was trying to contact her and sent her a message to call her back. This was so urgent that she felt a little worried. But before she had time to contact him, Ella Mae called again.

“Hello.What happened?”

[Ran! Lieutenant Tul was stabbed.]

Che-rân's heart immediately began to pound. She could hardly come to her immediately, although it was already late.

[She... went to catch a criminal... And there was a knife, too; Jew just called me to tell me.]

Mae, herself was so scared that her speech was so stuttering that she barely understood the important points. Che-rân returned to the bedroom and opened the closet to change clothes. Her little cat was startled when she heard a knock on the door that made her jump out of bed and go to Cher-an's room while he wagged her brown tail.

“Where are you now? The head office or the hospital?”

[I don't know. I think she just left there...!]

Mae's voice was cut off by the sound of her cell phone ringing. Che rán took the phone out of her ear to see who was calling.

‘P'Tul... .

“Mae... Lieutenant Tul is calling me. I have to answer.”

[Uh-Uh, tell me how things are going.]

Her close friend immediately hung up the phone, giving way to Che-rán moving her fingertips to answer a call from P'Tul who at that moment did not know how she was or where exactly she was.

“Hello where are you? Mae said you were stabbed.”

Her voice sounded worried. The clothes she was preparing were thrown on the bed, but Che-rán heard a soft laugh from the person on the other end of the line.

[I wasn't stabbed. Jew just panicked, which made everyone else panic too.]

“So where are you now? You're fine, right?”

[Well... A little hurt. But it's okay, the wound will heal.]

“But you said they didn't stab you? What type of wound are you referring to? Where?”

Che-rán accidentally raised her voice..

[Do not scold me...]

The person being scolded made a soft and low voice. Until the doctor secretly felt guilty and breathed slowly, trying to calm down before speaking again.

“Where are you now, P'Tul?”

[Well... In front of the house.]

The lieutenant responded in an indirect tone, similar to that of a naughty child who secretly does things that violate school rules..

“Can't you enter the house? Or did you forget the key? Call P'Tihn to open the door.”

[No... I'm in front of another house...]

Che-ran's heart was beating fast again, she walked to open the curtains of her bedroom, focusing her eyes on the road in front of her house. Under the soft orange lights, she could see that the lieutenant's car was indeed parked there, but the rain was still falling so she couldn't see where she was standing.

“When did you come? Why did you not tell me?”

She was impatient and she hurriedly left the room and went down the stairs to the ground floor, followed by a furry cat behind. The little mushroom must have been quite surprised by what had happened.

[Just arrived...]

As soon as Che-rân opened the door of the house, she realized how hard it was raining. Lieutenant Tul stood sheltering from the rain under a narrow tent in front of a thin slatted fence. The girl looked like a puppy that had fallen into the water until Che-rân had to run to open the door and pull her under the garage roof. Tul smiled shyly as if she knew the doctor might reprimand her harshly. But Che-rân did something unexpected, she hugged the lieutenant whose body was wet from head to toe. She felt a little upset with herself because she forgot that she was angry at someone who acted however she wanted. But she was also happy to know that Tul was still trying to reunite with her even though she was facing problems.

“Ran... You'll get wet too.”

The tallest person, only a few centimeters, did not dare to return the hug. She only warned because she saw that the pajamas that were now also getting wet. Still, Che-rân didn't care.

“Why were you in the rain?”

Tul was relieved by the sweet tone of her voice because she didn't scold her like usual.

“I've been wet since we caught the criminal.”

But you didn't change your clothes and you let them get wet.

“If it hurts, what would you do?”

In the end, Lieutenant Tul could not escape her reprimand, she could only smile which bothered Che-ran. The lieutenant couldn't help but have her arm gently pinched. How much pain would someone who has just passed through a battlefield feel?

“I can go to the doctor, right?”

“What doctor?”

Che-ran couldn't help but feel irritated by her cunning attitude. Removing her hand from her grasp, she gently pinched the lieutenant's stomach without realizing that it was the area that had been scratched by the knife. Tul screamed louder than before, without pretending. Her new wound became so painful that she bent over.

“Is the wound there? I'm sorry... Does it hurt a lot?”

Che-ran held her. The more she looked, the more she saw that the white T-shirt had blood stains on it. Tul tried to force a smile at the doctor even though the wound was still throbbing. Earlier, Jew had helped give him some medicine because he saw that the wound was not very deep and would not be that serious.

"Come in first, I'll bandage your wound,"

Urged the owner of the house, pulling her arm. Feeling reluctant to continue fighting in the current situation, Tul accepted and allowed herself to be guided to the smaller person's house, the same place she had visited before.

Tul didn't expect to be taken upstairs to her bedroom, so she walked up the stairs carefully. Upon reaching the second floor of the house, the cat quickly entered the room in front of the guest and took a long time to remember before recognizing Tul. Tul held her breath as she walked through the door that led to Cher-án's room, doing her best not to let drops of water fall to the floor, but ultimately she couldn't avoid them completely.

Che-rán's bedroom was as clean and orderly as her office at the Institute of Forensic Medicine, and she also had a bookshelf in the corner of the room. There was a reading table with the little mushroom sitting while wagging his tail and looking at the lieutenant like Che-rán did. Tul could also see a shark doll lying face up on the edge of the bed.

“Is the uncle already asleep?”

Tul asked because she only saw the cat and her Ran. The lights downstairs had also been turned off and Tul was also taken to the bedroom. But Che-rán, who was looking for a first aid kit on the shelf, shook her head.

“Dad is abroad.”

“Ah...”

Tul tried not to look at the little mushroom, his blue eyes were like security cameras watching her everywhere. The small hand brought her closer to her again, before Che-rán placed the first aid kit on the table.

“Let me see the wound.”

“Actually I already cured It, but...”

Tul remained silent when she saw the expression of fear on Che-rán's face, and immediately agreed to lift the hem of her shirt, exposing her stomach, which she was injured by a scratch with a sharp object, making a long cut from the waist almost to the navel. Fortunately, the incision was not deep enough to require stitches. Cherán looked up after deciding that she had to do it.

“P'Tul, take a shower first.”

“D...shower here?”

“Um, if your wound is wet, the medicine won't help. I'll find you clothes.”

“Ran, wait a moment. Actually, it's not a big problem....”

Tul grabbed the thin arm to go back and speak first. But the moment she saw the other person's face, her stubborn voice disappeared. She knew Che-ran was worried but she just wanted to see her. She admitted that when faced with a criminal with a gun in her hand, for a moment, fear arose in her heart, almost close to the word fear of death. But it wasn't because she was thinking about herself, she was just thinking about if something happened to her, how would Che-rân feel?

Tul rested her head on the small shoulder as she had done before. She didn't hug her for fear that the other person would get wet. Che-rân used the pads of her fingers to caress her wet hair and whispered softly to the stubborn girl that she should take a shower.

“P'Tul, take a shower and let me dress your wound.”

"Um..."

This time she agreed, even though there were many things on her mind that she wanted to say but might have to postpone for now. Tul was given a towel, a new toothbrush, and Che-rân's clothes that she should be able to wear, before she was pushed into the bathroom. Tul spent some time in the bathroom, letting the warm water cleanse her dirty body. The long incision on her stomach gave her a tingling sensation. She looked worse than the first time Jew tried to give him the medicine. Maybe it was because she did not receive proper medical treatment in the first place and her wounds were also exposed to the moisture from her wet clothes. Luckily her bleeding had stopped, but she wasn't sure whether to leave the wound open or cover it.

Tul was attracted by the smell of soap and shampoo that lingered on the clothes that Che-rân had prepared for her. She reminded her of the woman

who used it regularly. While she was lost in thought, she didn't notice that she was approaching the bedroom door, which had been left slightly ajar. Che-rán had changed her clothes and was reading a murder mystery book while she waited for Tul to finish showering.

“Would you like to dry your hair first?”

“Alright. It can be dried alone.”

Tul felt a little embarrassed. Perhaps this was the first time she let others see her long hair because she usually liked to tie it up. Her ponytail kept her from getting in the way while she worked. Che-rán didn't say anything after that. She approached, taking the lieutenant's hand to sit on her bed without forgetting to bring the first aid kit.

“Sit back and relax. You can lie down if you want,”

Suggested the owner of the room, pointing to the empty space on the bed to the guest who still seemed a little hesitant. Tul finally obeyed and she made herself comfortable leaning on the soft pillow at the head of the bed. She looked at Che-rán, who was sitting near her, looking for something for wound care in the first aid kit.

“Please lift your clothes.”

“Don't you want to lift it yourself?”

“I will hit you.”

Tul laughed softly as she heard the fierce woman open the hem of her shirt to reveal a long gash on her stomach. After showering, the wound looked better, but still needed treatment. Che-rán used a clean cotton swab soaked in a small bottle of saline solution before gently cleaning the wound.

The doctor tried to look away so as not to focus on the rippling muscles that were clearly visible on the stomach of the policewoman who was performing routine exercises. She herself did not know that Tul was also having a little difficulty breathing, not because of the burning sensation in

the wound that had been applied with medicine around it, but when Che-ran's hand touched her skin. she, made her flutter. Not including the glances that alternately looked at her face.

Tul really loved every time she got the chance to see her sweet face up close. When Che-rán took something seriously, she became much more charming. Tul really couldn't control her gaze.

“Who did you have to catch? Why are your wounds like this?”

Che-rán asked in the middle of the silence, with her eyes fixed on the person who had been looking at her in silence for a long time.

“Well... The case is my responsibility. The real culprit has been found.”

Tul was careful with her words, fearing that her words would influence Ran's mind like before. She couldn't help but feel worried when Che-rán looked away. Tul reached out to stroke the hair on the side of Cherán's cheek, she couldn't help it.

“He was someone from her old office... The one who harassed her for months until she had to leave work. Coincidentally, today I found out that he was planning to... Do the same thing with another victim. So I went and caught it in time.”

Could the doctor approve it? But instead, Tul was greeted with dissatisfied glances at her.

“So you didn't take any precautions? Have other officers suffered injuries like this?”

“Jew, he disguised himself as the woman he were attacking. And he kicked him in the stomach.”

“So, what was your role in suffering injuries like this?”

Che-rán continued scolding her while she was busy removing the gauze to cover her wound. Tul was a little surprised when she Che-rán put some force on the wound, so that she couldn't continue properly.

“The criminal escaped.”

“So?”

“So I ran after him to catch him.”

“Alone?”

“I was the only one running to catch up with him. Well...I was alone... Oh my god, how can you be a doctor and hurt sick people?”

Tul said as she grabbed the small hand that was pinching her arm. She made a face to gain pity points, but it seemed like she was in good condition, her points must be very negative. Che-rán removed her hand from her and when she saw the deep affection and tenderness in the Lieutenant's eyes, she could barely contain her smile. Che-rán remained calm, carefully applying clear adhesive tape to cover the wound and then placing another layer of gauze over it, despite Tul's constant concern due to her discomfort.

Tul moved closer and smelled the seductive aroma that captivated her. Che-rán tried to look her in the eyes, but gently pushed Tul back to keep her distance. But could someone who is stubborn enough do it?

“The next time they hurt you...”

“The first person I will go to will be you, Ran.”

That person spoke sweetly. She seemed happy when she saw Che-rán's cheeks turn red, although she received displeased glances in her direction.

“Do you only come to see me when you're hurt?”

“Not at all.”

Tul corrected herself when she heard the question.

“I always want to come see you....”

“You pretend to speak well.”

“I am honest.”

“If someone tells you not to trust the police, do what they tell you because the police are the most dangerous people.”

She didn't know when Lieutenant Tul closed the distance between them until they could feel each other's warm breath. Dark eyes narrowed to look at her lips, which held a hidden meaning.

“I'll let the little mushroom stop you.”

Both parties laughed thinking about the previous incident when they were interrupted by the meowing of a cat.

“I guess next time I should buy him cat treats.”

“Are you thinking about buying the little one a sandwich?”

Tul murmured in her throat, still watching the lips that showed a sweet smile. She touched her soft cheek, but Che-rán took her hand and kissed her palm, making the heart of whoever saw her tremble.

"Let me put this box away first,"

Che-rán laughed when she heard Tul complain like an offended three-year-old.

“Just a moment... P'Tul.”

Tul allowed Ran to return the first aid kit to the shelf as usual. As for her, she could only look at her with sad eyes. Che-rán took her time to come back and make fun of her. Her heart could never deny how much she loved spending time with Tul. And with every moment it seemed that the two were getting closer until the relationship was like an hourglass always full of sand. Her feelings had increased more and more. Cher-án walked back to the puppy that was blinking on the bed, opening her arms to hug. Cher-an's slim waist while she was still sitting. Then her face was at the level of Che-

rán's stomach, looking up to plead with her. Che-rán smiled widely with great affection. She took the small towel hanging from her shoulder and helped dry Tul's hair, which was not completely dry yet.

“You will get sick if you don't dry it...”

“Only a little. People who don't take good care of themselves used to behave like this almost all the time.”

Che-rán silently punished her by gently pulling on her earlobe until she barely felt any pain. But that made the lieutenant take the opportunity to press Che-rán's small hand against her own cheek. As she sends a pleading look that made the viewer's heart tremble. When the two were together, Tul begged her more often. The skillful police officer who carried confidence in her pocket, or the one called Tul, really made her heart beat constantly.

And in the end Che-rán gave in to her heart. She cupped the cheek of the person sitting on the bed, before lowering her face to give her a sweet kiss, pressing hard to let the other person know how she felt. Tul tugged at the slim waist, moving her lips to respond to the kiss slow and firm, as much as she wanted. Che-rán's breathing hitched as her mischievous hands slowly slid beneath the surface of her pajamas. Tul rubbed and touched the smooth, soft skin until Che-rán almost lost her balance. If she didn't hold her, then the back of Che-rán's head would probably collapse.

Her fingertips slid through her still damp hair, squeezing it as they felt her kiss a little stronger than before. Tul exerted a little force to support the woman's body in her arms, leaning on her legs. She broke her kiss just to give her a break, catching her breath before adjusting the angle of her face to begin a deeper kiss than before. It was as if neither party wanted to refrain from touching each other.

Tul opened her eyes, noticing the beautiful eyelashes that glowed softly as they looked at each other sweetly. She began to kiss the tip of her chin lovingly. Che-rán also gently kissed the tip of her nose back. Her fingers stroked Tul's hair, curling it around her waist. She also felt disturbed by the mischievous palm that was still tucked under her shirt.

“Ran....”

A soft voice called her slowly and pleadingly. The moment she said it, she knew what P'Tul wanted from her.

"Yes,"

Cherán responded with a trembling voice. She also didn't realize that her heart was breaking when she kissed her. The tip of Tul's nose sniffed the scent of her cheek and whispered close to her ear, as if she didn't want to give her a chance to think and refuse.

“Can I ask? If I were you, what would you say?”

In the first place, Che-rán had no intention of avoiding this situation. If she didn't open the opportunity, there would be no way to allow someone else to enter her room and sit on her bed with her sitting on her lap. Hugging each other and taking turns kissing each other sloppily like this. Che-rán touched her lips and then her jawline to let her know that her feelings at that moment were also difficult to deny.

“Um...”

Tul smiled widely like a child after receiving approval from Che-rán's mouth. Her face came closer, the soft and sweet aroma of Cher-án's body dazzled her more and more with each day that she passed. She planted light kisses along her white neck, slowly moving down to her slender shoulders, pressing soft kisses across the silk fabric. Meanwhile, her fingertips. unbuttoned the doctor's nightgown, one by one... Slowly, until she was able to lower the top of the fabric, exposing her shoulders. Tul kissed her soft and tender skin almost every inch, her fingers could even touch the small black spot near her collarbone, making her almost unable to control herself.

The buttons on Che-ran's pajamas had been completely undone by the person in front of her. The doctor was a bit at a disadvantage since those mischievous lips began to bother her so much that she couldn't do anything according to her wishes. Hands caressed her body more than the tentacles of

an octopus, making her gasp. Ran kissed her sweetly before she undid the buttons on the lieutenant's nightgown.

Their top clothes fell and piled up on the floor next to the bed. Ran never wore a bra at night, while the lieutenant's bra was soaked by the rain so her breasts were bare. She looked at her anxiously, like a person caught in a trap from which she could never get out. Che-rán's breath caught in her throat as Tul moved her face to her chest and placed kisses on the area, moving them slowly up and down.

When there were no clothes to cover her, the warm palms occupied those plump breasts easily. A sweet moan escaped those thin lips of hers as her fingers caressed her chest, hoping to tease her. Che-rán buried her face in Tul's black hair, Her body was hot and with every touch of hers she felt a tingling sensation that made her feel good. Tul moved her face lower than before to cover the top of her light brown breasts with her own lips..

“Oh-ah... P'Tul.”

Her pretty face rose slightly as she let out a humiliating moan, both hands grabbed the arms of the person who was pampering her breast with the tip of her tongue so wet that Che-ran felt like she was dying. The voice saying her name seemed to make Tul like her and want to make fun of her more. The cold vapor of the air conditioning touched the skin as Tul opened her lips, as if letting Che-rán rest and breathe. Che-rán opened her eyes to see the person slowly moving her face to the other side of her chest. She dragged her lips across the surface of hers, inviting her to hold her breath and wait before closing her eyes as the tip of her tongue touched the top of her breast that she had not yet tasted..

“P...P'Tul.”

Tul was ready to open her lips and raise her face to see Ran, who could no longer stand up, calling her name. Now that she was receiving a more passionate kiss than she had before, Che-rán pursed her lips in hopes of helping ease the anxiety growing in her body. But then she was unsurprised that she accidentally hugged Tul's neck while her body lay down easily on the bed.

Even though her lips barely parted, Che-rán snuggled closer to the bed with her arms still around the neck of the person on top of her who was straddling her body. Her lips kept touching as if she were going to disappear.

“Ran, you are very beautiful.”

It wasn't just a compliment to please, that made the owner of the soft white body show an adorable expression of embarrassment. Tul leaned down and kissed her soft white shoulder blades, placing her lips on her forearms. She cradled her face, holding her small hands, gently touching both palms and the back of her hands with great affection before slowly lowering her body. Che-rán squeezed her stomach to accept the kiss that reached her lips.

“P..P”Tul, I...”

Cher-án seemed unsure, and the observant person could see it. Che-rán looked down, without much confidence in Tul's downward movement. Tul, who was still holding her hand. Tul brought her own cheek closer to caress the back of her hand with her fingers.

“It's Okay, trust me.”

Che-rán allowed herself to lift her hips slightly, allowing the pajama pants to slide down from her slim waist and off her shapely legs, floating in the pile of other clothes. Che-rán closed her eyes, holding with one hand the black hair of the person who was getting between her legs. She held her breath each time Tul waited to pass through her. Tul kissed her inner thigh, before the tip of her tongue gently touched her entrance with her lips pressed tightly against her soft part, the woman shivered.

“P..P”Tul, ah...”

Che-rán shouted the name of the person who was pampering her with a hoarse voice, and that made Tul even more happy. The tip of her tongue moved up and down, emphasizing her point, making her fragile body tremble more than before. Her thin legs were pinned by another person's

hand pushing her. She also moved her hips towards her lips, the gesture was so seductive that she almost went crazy.

Her beautiful face lifted and she rested her cheek on the soft pillow. Her free hand grabbed her blanket and wrung it until she was crumpled, her toes tensing. At the same time, Tul helped quicken the pace, responding to needs when she knew she should. Che-rán felt very satisfied in a few moments, her thin waist contracted, she moaned incoherently and weakly removed her hands from Tul's hair. Tul looked up between her legs and slowly approached her, caressed her cheek and then gave her a kiss as a reward.

"I really like it,"

Said Che-rán. Those soft eyes looked at the face of the person who had just given her happiness. As if no matter how much she touched her it wasn't enough.

"I like it too."

"Do you want me to do it for you?"

She, asked sweetly as she looked at the other person's face. Tul's heart was beating so fast that it was jumping out of her chest as her body was turned towards the bed. She stared at the body of the beautiful woman on top of her, slowly lowering the bottom of her pajamas until they came off her white legs. Now they were both naked. Tul felt Che-rán's wet entrance pressing against her without realizing how tempting it was. Tul could barely take her eyes off the person on top of her, who was leaning down to kiss along her jaw, down to her neck, teasing her body. Until she could only make moans stuck in her throat with irregular breathing..

Che-rán tried to use her fingertips on the top of her breasts. She looked at the satisfied expression of Tul, who raised her hand and gently stroked her dark brown hair before her thin lips revealed a teasing smile. She made the heart of whoever saw her tremble until she accidentally pressed her fingertips. The younger person's hair was gently ruffled to release the anxiety within her body, while the tip of her tongue caressed the top of her

breasts. Che-rán also liked it very much when she heard Tul's strong voice calling her by her name.

“R..Ran..”

Cherán looked up from her chest that still looked tempting. Tul sat up, lifting her body towards her in a pleading manner, before exchanging a heated kiss when she couldn't take it anymore as Che-rán was controlling the game. Instead, Che-rán was expelled and forced to sit with her knees bent on Tul's lap. Where the person who seduced her comes back to take advantage of her many times.

The youngest almost melted under her embrace, her plump breasts being touched again by those warm hands. The light brown tip of the nipple played gently, igniting emotions that had only been extinguished moments ago. She still couldn't compare to the sparkle in Tul's eyes that seemed to want to swallow her whole.

“Please get up for me.”

Tul's hoarse voice whispered, begging for her approval as she kissed her shoulder, which she seemed to like very much. As embarrassing as it was, Che-rán allowed herself to sit on her knees with two arms around the back of P'Tul's head. Che-ran saw that her breasts were almost level with Tul's face. Just when she wanted to fix it, suddenly her slim waist was held in place. Before she knew what Tul wanted, a slender finger touched her sensitive part and penetrated her body. It was so soft that Tul knew exactly which parts would make her body tremble when she caressed her.

“Don't make fun of me... Ah...”

Her voice trailed off. The moment turned into a moan as those thin fingers slowly penetrated her body, causing Cher-an to accidentally press her nails into Tul's shoulder blades until they almost scratched her. Tul helped her by moving her wrist in and out slowly so she could adjust it until she got used to it. She secretly looked at the thin lips that moved and bit lightly. Her face lifted to give her a comforting kiss and a soft whisper so that the person she was talking to wouldn't tense up anymore when she felt the warm, wet

touch on the tips of her fingers. Che-rán moved her hips slowly helping to control the rhythm before taking control.

The sweet moan made Tul almost go crazy and die every second. She still couldn't take her eyes off this woman's beautiful face. A face so seductive that she wished she was the only one who could see it. The plump breasts arched at eye level, both arms hugged the back of her neck, pressing her until Tul's face was buried in this soft chest. She immediately tasted them with her lips, using the tip of her tongue to lick them like an insatiable person. It elicited a sweet moan and an even bigger reaction from the woman in her arms.

Che-rân ran a hand through her hair before raising her head as she continued to move her hips in the lap of the person beneath her. Her white teeth bit her lips as she continued to let out guttural moans shouting Tul's name over and over again. Tul herself did not let her control the game herself, she helped her move her wrists according to her rhythm, alternating slow and fast until Tul felt her fingers being pinched inside her. Her other hand held the small person's back in her arms as Che-rân arched her back and thrust, until the warm juices of her body spilled all over her soft thighs and slender fingers.

The small body threw its weight into its companion's arms, her red face resting on her broad shoulders as it weakly hugged her body, trying to regulate its breathing in and out.

After going through a love story that required a lot of energy, Tul couldn't stop pressing her lips and kissing the temples, the soft cheeks and the beautiful shoulders that she liked so much.. But then Tul was a little surprised when a wet, sensitive part of her was touched by Che-rán's fingertips, as if she wanted to do something for her too. Her small hand pushed the other person's shoulder to lie down on the bed, with her following her down and snuggling next to her, resting her head on the arm that hugged her.

“Umh, there...”

Tul whispered completely inaudible. A loud moan rose from her throat as Che-rán slid her fingers, moving between the petals to help her release the pent-up emotions within her body. Che-rán accelerated the rhythm of her fingertips, while she kissed Tul's white neck, who hugged her tighter until she sank into her arms and her body contracted for a moment. Her breathing relaxed and her cries calmed from exhaustion. She hugged Cherán tightly and kissed her on the forehead, replacing the word 'love'.

Che-rán herself tilted her lips upward and lightly kissed Tul's cheek. She wrapped her arms around her waist, careful not to touch the almost forgotten scars from what had happened. Tul grabbed her blanket and covered their naked bodies, curled up on the bed.

“Maybe the little mushroom will tell the teacher about this.”

Che-rán started to laugh. She almost forgot about her cat, who was still in the bedroom and probably saw everything.

“I'm sure he will. Daddy definitely won't leave you like this...”

She said threateningly as she gently pinched Tul's white cheek.

“But the professor's daughter is also naughty. Oh, you...”

Tul made a mocking sound as her arm was pinched. But this time it wasn't that Che-rán didn't like it, she was just embarrassed. She hid her smile as she turned her body a little. But since she was still in her arms, she couldn't choose anything but to hug the thin arms that surrounded her waist.

However, it seemed that Che-rán made way for Tul to sneak in, stealing the moment without realizing it, when she felt the soft touch of Tul's lips planting kisses on her beautiful shoulders, then flowing towards the attractive white area of her neck., making her feel more than just dizzy. Warm breath gently caressed her soft skin, as Tul's arms tightened around her, moving closer until their bodies were pressed tightly against each other. And even the hands that had been on her waist began to wander upwards,

exploring her swollen breasts, with the warmth of her possessive hands leaving her breathless again.

It seemed that the atmosphere on that rainy night was not only full of bad things. Sweet moans rang through the air as the two women continued to exchange intimate touches, lingering throughout the silent and solemn night in the room. They lay there as the sound of rain and thunder rumbled outside, seeping through the cracks.

24

TWENTY-FOUR



With the weather after the heavy rain that had fallen all night, even though she was huddled under a thick blanket, she still felt the cold air and had to move her body towards the warm steam, which automatically made Tul wake up a little. Little with a thin arm around her waist, still sleepy, she pressed her eyelids to prevent them from opening when she realized who the small figure in her arms was. She simply leaned down and her face touched the forehead of the person in her arms. Tul succumbed to lethargy, breathed slowly and fell asleep again. However, Tul had to wake up again when she felt a wet touch on her right cheek, along with the sound of the breathing of a living being snoring before the perpetrator shouted 'meow' so loud in her ear, that the stranger who was dared to sleep in her bed, she had to get up.

“Oh hello.”

Tul looked at the furry creature with one eye. His blue eyes stared at her,

“I'm P'Tul, don't you remember?”

The little mushroom responded with a voice that sounded like it was scolding her, just like when Che-rán scolded her. The cat made the person who was still asleep wake up as well. Che-rán smiled a little, put her arm around the waist of the person next to her, put her face in, making Tul feel affection for her.

“Are you awake.....”

“Um, the little mushroom woke me up. He was probably wondering how I could sleep here.”

Tul used the pads of her fingers to gently remove the hair from the other person's cheek.

“Mushroom usually sleeps in bed.”

“Aside from asking for your bed back, will you also want to fight for your mother?”

Che-rán showed a wide smile, without being able to deny that she was very happy to wake up in Tul's arms. She raised her head and pursed her lips to gently kiss her rosy white cheek, hoping to convey a word of love without speaking. When she couldn't take it anymore, she buried her face in those broad shoulders like before. Tul lifted her beautiful face towards her before pressing her lips to the same spot. The cat interrupted again, making the two people laugh who never let go. Mushroom began scratching his paws against the blanket, and Tul thought that if she still refused to give his mother back, maybe her face would have scratch marks from the little cat.

“I'll take a shower first. If you want to sleep a little longer, that's fine.”

“Yes...”

Tul thought she was going to die when Che-rán stretched her arms and got out of bed, the blanket falling from her body, revealing her soft, white bottom. She looked so beautiful that she wouldn't let anyone see her. Che-rán thought about getting a blanket to cover herself, but the stubborn figure refused to lie down according to her instructions. Tul stood up and hugged her from behind. It was clear that she was waiting for something when she began to kiss Che-rán's soft white neck, causing her to tilt her head slightly at her touch. Tul then approached her beautiful shoulder that she liked, before whispering softly:

“Do you want us to take a bath together?”

“What do you want?”

"Nothing, a shower means a real shower."

Tul made that excuse while the expression in her eyes changed like that of a defendant who gives up evidence.

"We could save some time, right?" It's almost six. I also have injuries, so bathing will be difficult."

Che-rán couldn't help but smile when she heard the other person's excuse for asking them to bathe together. She turned and kissed the cheek of the person who was resting her chin on her shoulder. She liked to see her red cheeks, which Tul didn't notice.

"Come on."

She squeezed toothpaste onto the toothbrush she had just opened the night before, then handed it to someone else before squeezing some out for herself. Che-rán turned to look at the mirror, she saw the reflection of the person next to her who was also standing brushing her teeth. Tul first finished brushing her teeth, then leaned in front of the sink to rinse her mouth, and placed the toothbrush back in the glass. After washing her face and eyes, she waited for Che-rán who took longer.

"Here, look."

Tul saw a red scratch on her upper arm and then turned to show her.

"I wonder if the little cat scratched me last night.."

Che-rán hit the red marks that contrasted with the white skin, causing laughter from the person who liked to make fun of her. Tul smiled as she watched the petite woman lean down from her to rinse her mouth and face. Before approaching her, she gently kissed those eyelids of hers, up to the tip of her nose, touching her thin lips that smelled of mint toothpaste.

"Why don't you take a shower?"

Che-rán allowed her to kiss her again until she was satisfied, then slowly pushed her shoulders in protest, even though she had said she wanted to

save time. If she hadn't held back last night, she thought they would have missed work in the morning, which would make the others wonder why.

“Well, you're pretty...”

Che-rán smiled and used her finger to stroke the other person's chin, saying,

"If we hadn't stopped yesterday, you would definitely starve to death."

"You..."

Her mocking words made Tul realize that it was she who was being teased. Her heart was pounding at the thought of Che-rán hugging her neck, but instead she gathered her hair into a bun and used a ribbon to keep it from getting wet, before they took her to the other side of the bathroom. Che-rán grabbed the shower hose, turned on the warm water switch, before trying to pour water on herself to see if it was hot enough or not. Every one of her actions was under Tul's supervision. Tul helped slowly pour water all over Ran's body, especially on her smooth back. She noticed the faint red love marks on her white skin, which she had left the night before, scattered across her chest and around the back of her neck and leaned her face down to kiss them.

“P'Tul, please.”

Che-rán asked the taller person to be careful so that water did not enter the wound on her stomach even though she was wearing a waterproof band-aid. Turning around, Che-rán felt her face heat up when she saw that there was not just a small scratch on Tul's body. But she kept her mouth shut, promising herself that she would never fall into temptation.

“Do you want to take turns?... I mean rubbing your body.”

"I know,"

Che-rán patted the person who spoke on the shoulder. But it must have been so soft that Tul didn't feel anything, instead she smiled mischievously. She

squeezed bath soap that smelled like flowers into both hands. First they took turns rubbing each other's bodies. Che-rán was very gentle in rubbing Tul's body, but Tul had to be careful, fearing that if she touched her harder than this, Che-rán would get hurt.

“Ran, let me wash your back.”

Her fragile body obeyed, but Tul put liquid soap in her hands again and rubbed it all over her soft, white back. She did not forget to press her lips on Che-ran's shoulder with great affection. The scent of the bath soap was fragrant, causing her to brush the tip of her nose against the other side of Che-ran's shoulder until her foam stuck. Che-rán, who saw that, laughed softly, but instead of using her hand to wipe away the foam, she used the tip of her nose and they touched each other. Tul looked at those thin lips as if asking permission before Che-rán raised her face slightly so that their lips could easily touch. The two kissed repeatedly without thinking about time, even though their initial intention was to shower together to save time.

Tul was wearing a casual shirt that Che-rán had prepared for her. It wasn't her style of dressing, but she would at least wear it first so she could go home and put on clean clothes. Her wet clothes from the night before were returned to the bag to be washed. The owner of the skin care products, she began applying them all over her face. Tul stood and watched for a moment before she was led to sit next to her.

“Sit down first, I'll put it on for you.”

Fortunately, the chair was big enough for two people to share a seat. Tul turned her head to follow the hand that held her cheek, closing her eyes as Che-rán gently spread the cream all over her face, softer than a feather, barely feeling anything. Or even when she teased her and Che-rán pinched her, Tul still felt that Che-rán only lightly touched her body.

“Do you want to put on makeup?”

“I have to go home to change my clothes.”

"I want to try to do your makeup, P'Tul..."

A sweet voice pleaded. Could Tul reject her? No, Tul finally stood still and let Ran spread the makeup on various spots on her face before using a sponge to spread it, absorbing it into her soft white skin. Tul kept her eyes open and glanced at her personal makeup artist from time to time. Che-rán seemed to have fun choosing cosmetics that fit her style.

"Do you normally do your eyebrows?"

"If I'm in a hurry, I don't do it. I just put on lipstick and leave the house."

Tul watched Che-rán take a dark brown eyebrow pencil and then run the tip of the pencil along her eyebrows. Tul noticed the person who seemed very serious about putting on makeup. She didn't dare tease her now because her eyebrows would be crooked so it would take time for her to make them up again. Her nose smelled the same soft, fragrant soapy aroma of her and Che-rán's body. The lieutenant's eyebrows were beautifully aligned, looking stunning. Che-rán chose a lip gloss that could suit Tul's lips. She then applied red color gently on her lower lip. She asked Tul to press her lips together before smearing some more. But she still wasn't satisfied with her job.

"Do you want me to add a little blush?"

"I have never used."

"Just try it."

She didn't know if Che-ran's request was effective or if Tul could never refuse it, but the lieutenant saw the large cheek brush that Che-rán used to apply blush. The small hand held the tip of her chin to tilt her face slightly, before gently running it over her cheek. Che-rán did the same with the other and seemed satisfied with her own work.

"Jew will definitely ask."

Tul looked at her face, painted with makeup, in the mirror. She couldn't help but think what would happen if her subordinate noticed something else about her. But the special makeup artist seemed very happy, looking at her work with sparkling eyes and continuing to praise her.

“I really like it. I want to do your makeup often.”

“I like you too.”

Tul smiled mockingly, but the other person laughed as if she agreed with everything. But before everything went any further, Che-rán realized that she had not put on makeup and had not yet prepared the breakfast that her father always prepared. Tul stood up and told her to sit in front of the dressing table as usual. When she finished and was ready and as it seemed that the wait would take too long she said:

“Do you want me to make something to eat?”

“Umm... I don't know what's left in the refrigerator. Can you turn on the gas?”

“Of course, I'll cook while you put on your makeup.”

“Please look at the food on the mushroom plate, whether it is finished or not. The can of food is on the shelf near the plate.”

“Yeah.”

Tul approached and pressed the tip of her nose to kiss her soft dark brown hair, before leaving the bedroom and going down the stairs. She didn't know where the little mushroom was, but he had finished the food on his plate. The special guest of the house opened a shelf to take the can of food out of it and then put it in a container. The sound of food hitting the bowl seemed to summon the furry creature which ran out of nowhere, tail sticking out behind it, quivering happily. It was as if she had forgiven Tul for stealing her bed and her mother the night before, because she only wanted food.

Tul created intimacy by stroking the cat's back as it bent down to eat its food in a bowl. After a while Tul got up and opened the refrigerator. She decided to take three eggs and a piece of ham. She saw some bread on the counter and thought about making an easy ham and scrambled egg sandwich to eat together. Because if she had to cook rice, it might take a long time and the doctor would be late for the office. As the younger sister of a hotel chef, she rarely cooked, but she still had some skills. Eggs seasoned with oyster sauce and soy sauce were beaten before turning on the gas stove and reducing the heat. She put the butter she found in the refrigerator in a flat pan until it melted. After that, she poured the eggs slowly until the entire area was filled. She used a wooden spatula to gently stir the soft yellow eggs, until they were fragrant and cooked. Che-ran went down to the kitchen while the cook was frying ham over low heat, the aroma reached the nose of the owner of the house who smiled as she approached and stood behind Tul

“I'm getting hungry. You're a good cook, Lieutenant.”

Ran let out a double-voiced sound that sounded like she was mocking her, causing the listener to smile. Tul turned off the gas stove and served the ham on a plate.

“You can sit and wait. I have not finished.”

“Drink coffee? I have a coffee maker.”

“Um, please give me a glass.”

“No sugar, right?”

The one she remembered, she took two glasses and put them on the table. She put the coffee beans into the grinder. Soon, the kitchen inside the house was filled with the aroma of coffee and scrambled eggs. Tul spread a thin layer of butter on wheat bread, then spread mayonnaise and finished with scrambled eggs and ham, along with another slice of bread. There were enough scrambled eggs and ham to make more sandwiches, three in total. Tul took a knife and cut her sandwich in half making each

sandwich into a triangular shape just in case the doctor would find it easier to eat it that way. At that moment Che-rán finished and took the hot coffee.

“This isn't uncle's glass, is it?”

“No, this is mine.”

The belief that simply smiling could prolong a person's life for decades, as of last night, probably meant that both women would live long lives. They had no idea that simply spending time together could bring them so much happiness. Not only in the good times, even in the worst, they still had someone who listened to them and comforted them with both words and actions. The two each ate two sandwiches filled with scrambled eggs and ham, leaving the remaining two slices that Che-rán asked her to pack in case she got hungry before lunch. The owner of the house offered to wash the dishes because Tul had prepared something to eat for her.

Tul was sitting with the cat, who began to throw himself into her arms and let Tul rub her stomach. It took a while for Che-rán to put her last cup of coffee in the sink and walk to say goodbye to the furry cat and then leave the house with Tul.

“Will the criminal be interrogated today?”

Ran asked as she closed the door of the house. She turned around and found Tul standing and waiting.

“Umm, it will be this afternoon. All the DNA samples we collected from him have been sent to forensics. But even though the results were not available in time, we still have strong evidence against him.”

“Then good luck,”

Tul raised her hand to scratch her cheek, looked outside the fence to see if anyone was passing by.

“Nothing... Not even a kiss? Like... A lucky kiss?”

Che-rân wrinkled her nose, then pulled the hem of the shirt Tul was wearing to bring her closer before giving her a lucky kiss on the lips as she wished, causing a big smile to form on her face.

“You can go now. See you at work.”

“Umm.”

Tul walked back as if she didn't want to leave. The doctor helped open the fence. Che-rân would drive her red Mazda, while she walked to her car that was parked all night near the fence. Che-rân stood and said goodbye in front of the fence before the truck returned to her house to change clothes..

Lieutenant Tul left for the Central Investigation Headquarters, before the interrogation began, which would take place in two hours. First she went to her house to change into the clothes she wore every day, but she didn't know how to remove the makeup that Che-rân had put on her. She wasted no time in answering P'Tihn's question about where lanbochenanteuorny had gone because she did not return home. Her brother, who liked to gossip, didn't believe she had stayed at Jew's house, but fortunately he didn't ask any more questions.

The area in front of the headquarters was still full of journalists and several neighbors interested in a murder case similar to the one 18 years ago. The investigation team managed to arrest the true perpetrator of the case. However, the public's distrust of the authorities' work was stronger than before, with claims that Mr. Wisut's previous arrest had been reversed. Tul entered the building with several officers. Lieutenant Jew, who had just left Inspector Pichet's room, ran towards her superior with important news in her mouth.

“Phi, the inspector said he wanted you to interrogate him because you found the evidence and arrested him yourself.”

"Okay, ten o'clock, right? You come with me?"

Tul looked at her watch, she had almost an hour and a half left. It was enough to gather various supporting documents and prepare for the interrogation.

“Yeah. The inspector will also come to witness the interrogation with... uh... the commander.”

Tulle frowned. If you don't count the previous case where one of the police officers was the accused, he was behind the scenes to help minimize the law, but Tul had never seen such a high- ranking police officer show any special interest in no case to the point of wanting to see the interrogation.

"Don't tell me you're worried this has something to do with an old case."

“Don't know. But if the perpetrator wasn't Rueangrit, I would be afraid that he might be the scapegoat for the case eighteen years ago.”

“It is very unlikely. Seeing the situation, Rueangrit is a stalker who tries to copy the case.”

“Although it's unlikely, that's what they fear. If it has anything to do with this case, it would be a big hole in a case they tried to close eighteen years ago.”

Lieutenant Jew said after her initial assumption.

“Judging by Mr. Rueangrit's story, he was born and lived in Bangkok since he was a child. 18 years ago, he was only 14 years old, he could not have committed a crime with up to 7 victims.”

Tul couldn't think clearly. Her heart did not want to believe that a person who had harassing behavior had committed a murder several years ago. Although her methods were similar, he seemed careless. There were so many things that were hard to believe.

“But... Why do you look blushing?”

Jew managed to draw his superior, who was thinking about her doubts about the case at hand, to a topic she had been thinking about since she was

on her way to the barracks. But she didn't expect him to be so fast.

“Phi... You also draw your eyebrows.”

Jew even grabbed her upper arms to turn her head toward her so he could see her clearly. Her eyebrows were made up, with powder, blush and lip gloss that made her look different than what she was used to. Where was Tul planning to go?

"Uh, yeah."

Tul pushed the tall man's hand away and looked anywhere but into Lieutenant Jew's bright eyes.

“Have you spoken to Dr. Ran?”

“Hey?.”

But she fell off her horse with such a simple question. Her very confused expression made Lieutenant Jew raise her eyebrows.

“Yesterday Mae called Dr. Ran to tell her that you had been stabbed. Have you talked to her yet? When the doctor finds out, she will be worried.”

“Yes, I told her.”

Her voice sounded different. She was like someone who made excuses even though his detective instincts told Jew that this wasn't normal. His superior was hiding something, his ears were redder than his cheeks, which he was trying to hide.

“Where did you and Dr.Ran go?”

Tul acted like she was choking on her own saliva, trying to act as normal as possible until it seemed abnormal, then she spoke very loudly, abandoning the topic and going back to work on it.

“Why do you keep asking? Call the medical examiner to ask if they have the DNA test results. Now.”

The young lieutenant left the order before walking away in another direction, leaving Jew very confused.

“I just asked her where she went with the doctor. What happens?”

An innocent expression looked around the room before stopping in front of a large mirror, realizing that there were several police officers watching her from the next room. Someone opened the door and entered, distracting the defendant who was awaiting interrogation. Mr. Rueangrit looked at the policewoman whose face she recognized after the fight they had the night before. A smile appeared on his face because he didn't expect to lose to a woman. He didn't know how much training the young lieutenant had received, to the point where she couldn't stand it.

Lieutenant Tul was sitting in front of him, looking at the accused with disgusted eyes when she saw that he never regretted his actions. He not only took a woman's life, but also made her feel afraid and until the last moment of her life he continued to attack her body. By not getting any consent from her, he easily took her life cruelly, abusing her only because he wanted to replicate the murder case from 18 years ago.

If Lieutenant Tul had not investigated until she learned that the defendant was about to commit another crime with a new victim, another life would have been lost at the hands of this murderer. It seemed that he himself did not think that the police already knew about his plan, so they managed to prevent it.

"Listen, police, how did you know that the next person was Ning? Please tell me,"

Mr. Rueangrit opened his mouth and asked before the police questioned him. That expression of interest with a smile made Tul decide to ignore his provocative attitude.

“Does it matter how the police find out? As long as I'm not the victim of a murderer like you, that's enough.”

He laughed like a madman. The chains and shackles of the handcuffs made a loud noise in the interrogation room.

“You cops are very funny and very interested in serial killers, I thought no one would come for me. I... worked very fast.”

Tul looked at him with cold, disgusted eyes. Many times she met with suspects who tended to experience mental instability. Research articles in the field of criminology also described the entire behavior of this group and showed that, in addition to psychological conditions, growing up in a certain social environment could easily turn a person into a criminal..

“We have interrogated him and the evidence does not point towards him. Therefore, Mr. Wisut is not involved in this case.”

Rueangrit shrugged indifferently:

"Why isn't he involved? Also, last night I followed Ning from her work and saw her coming home alone, so I was worried.”

"Oh..."

Tul crossed her arms in front of her chest and leaned against the back of the chair, narrowing her eyes at the man in front of her who refused to admit that he had done anything wrong,

"You meant to accompany her home, but with a hammer, a knife and a rope.”

“It's normal, everyone brings it.”

"The same green nylon rope you used on Miss Ployphat? You better not try to tell me anything.”

Lieutenant Tul lowered her voice to intimidate the accused, who had searched his house without a search warrant to have sufficient evidence that the accused had committed the crime before and would act again the night before.

“It happened by accident, I bought a rope to use at home.”

"But Miss Ning said she wasn't close to you. She didn't even know that she had been followed by a stalker all this time. She also knows that, although you did not plan to harm her, your behavior seriously intruded on her private area. That's enough to make you a criminal.”

He laughed in a voice that sounded like an asthmatic, shaking his head.

“These women are strange. They come to talk to me, they smile at me, and when I do something, they say I'm a stalker. What is this, police? What I did is the same as what people in love do.”

“They didn't even accept you,”

“And then what? That time they gave me hope.”

“No, you crossed the line and you just wanted to win. Even when she changed jobs, you still.....”

“Heh... If you mean Ploy, I can explain. I was very close to her when she was working as a senior and had to teach new kids. She listened to everything until we talked more and more. I took good care of her. I bought her coffee. I never gave Ploy more work than she could handle,”

Rueangrit said dreamily, contrary to what the victim said on her Twitter account.

“She felt uncomfortable, she rejected you many times.”

“That is not true. She never rejected me even once. Until one day, I discovered that she had betrayed me when she got into someone else's car.”

He acted like there was something stinky under his nose as he remembered the past he didn't want to remember.

“That man is the one she really loves, not you..”

“Umm, he is rich, no matter what, women will be like that in the end. She chose a rich man who drives a Benz. She wanted to spit as an insult, but she stopped herself, I just wanted to point out that the man is not sincere, but hey, it might be appropriate if she is just a woman who wants to depend on a rich man so she can relax at home comfortably, receiving money.”

"Your way of thinking is so pathetic."

Tul clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palms as she thought about the devastation of a man who lost his lover.

“If a woman doesn't like it, then she doesn't like it. And no matter who she is dating, you have no right to judge what kind of person she is. Even if she is dating someone rich, what's wrong with that when they are happy together? A loser like you has no right to ruin their lives.”

The defendant raised his hand to rub his face. In fact, his stalking behavior worsened when the woman's rejection led him to devise plans to take violent action against his victims, including responding to his needs in a sexual manner to demonstrate how much power he had over them.

“The results of the forensic DNA test with sperm staining match you. You can't deny it anymore.”

Lieutenant Jew contacted the Institute of Forensic Medicine directly informing them of the important news he had just received. Of course, the evidence was compelling until there was no way to escape. Mr. Rueangrit sighed and only smiled at the desperate conclusion.

“After today, we will request a search warrant to examine your home for additional evidence. During that time, you will be detained and will not be eligible for bail.”

He didn't let any words come out of the defendant's mouth. Previously, they entered the suspect's room without a search warrant, but Inspector Pichet was lenient because they managed to save someone who could have become the second victim, and again caused fear among the community.

But before finishing her interrogation like this, Tul still thought about one more thing. The young lieutenant looked towards the observation room with a large separate mirror in the middle. A senior police officer was there to see how the case would end.

"I have another question,"

Tul said as she thought about the keywords Mr. Rueangrit had searched on his computer.

"Did you imitate the way Mr. Wisut committed crimes?"

"No."

He laughed softly in his throat.

"Then why did you try to imitate him with the second victim? You brought a hammer to attack her,"

Tul asked again. There seemed to be no other reason than to try to frame Mr. Wisut. Or was he obsessed with the identity of the killer to the point of wanting to imitate him?

"Do you know the case from eighteen years ago? If you knew, you would know how famous he was."

His voice sounded cooler, almost similar to the tone he used when describing the behavior of the women he stalked. His eyes wandered, captivated by the images in his head, returning to those happy memories.

"How could he kill seven people before being caught? Furthermore, they were all prostitutes, which is why he received the nickname... Jack the Ripper of Thailand. And did you know that the evidence that could identify the criminal from his first body were the prints of his shoe?"

Her eyes shone with a sickening intensity, Tul realized that she had misjudged, thinking it was just an attempt to frame a convict who had just

been released. Mr. Rueangrit's obsession with serial killers had reached such a level that he could no longer contain himself.

“When it became known that I was wearing Onitsuka Tiger shoes, everyone bought them until they were sold out. Did you know that back then I had to buy used shoes at the local flea market before I could get new ones?”

His expression was as if he were talking about his favorite singer or artist. The mental symptoms of people who fall in love with criminals did exist, but Tul did not believe that she would see it with her own eyes.

“In conclusion... You imitate him because you like his methods.”

“Who wouldn't love it? Back then, the kids in my neighborhood were talking about it.”

"Mr. Wisut... That serial killer, perhaps you have met him,"

Tul mentioned because the two were detained together at the headquarters, even though they were in separate cells. However, the expression in Mr. Rueangrit's eyes suddenly changed. Such was the lack of confidence in what he thought, but it was also evident in front of the man he admired in his childhood.

“Did you know that this is what makes me never disappointed in him?”

The overhead light cast shadows on the suspect's face, Mr. Ruengrit smiled, almost like a stage mask.

“The old man looked tired in the confinement room, almost destroying childhood memories of him. His face was withered, filled with a deep sense of resignation, to the point that he couldn't believe that the old man who was captured once again couldn't be the killer nicknamed 'Night Rain Killer'.

"It is possible that he was never captured, not even as a suspect..."

He said in a whisper. What's worse, he laughed, turning up his nose in contempt,

"Maybe that old man in the cage has been the scapegoat for the last eighteen years."

The copycat murder case was finally closed after successfully arresting the real perpetrator, namely Mr. Rueangrit Sangsuwan, who was an employee of an international goods import and export company, never had a criminal record, before a serious incident involving a young victim whom he harassed for months. It was tragic that no matter how careful her was or how many people around her prevented the young girl from coming to harm, in the end the killer managed to track down her obsession at the right time.

Lieutenant Tul was still confused about what the defendant told her. Inspector Pichet seemed to understand how her subordinate felt. A heavy hand hit her shoulder several times as Tul watched other police officers arrest Mr. Rueangrit and jail him.

"Don't get involved in the game. We can close this case and end it there. We will release Mr. Wisut after today's press conference."

The inspector paid attention to the expression on Lieutenant Tul's face from the beginning of the interrogation until she heard the defendant's words that managed to silence Tul. All the police officers could hear it, including, of course, a police officer at the command level, who couldn't sit still when he heard that. It was evident how this 18-year-old case caused quite a stir among the police, even though they managed to catch the perpetrator.

"I wasn't joking at all, Inspector. He copied the methods of a serial killer, which shows that he must be very much in love with the killer."

"No one knows this better than the police officer working on the case at the time, Lieutenant. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of leads, hundreds of investigative teams. Sometimes someone will tell you false evidence to spoil things. And about the shoes, that's Another story: Onitsuka shoes were popular at that time because celebrities also wore them,"

The inspector said as someone who was aware of the events at that time. The nickname given to the murderer was Jack the Ripper of Thailand. Maybe it's not an exaggeration, most likely there were people who were so crazy about this that they formed a fan club amidst the discontent of the families of the deceased. But the distortions in the human mind did not end there. Whether it was the shoes the killer was wearing that were worn out, the jokes about not going out on rainy nights, or even imitating the way a man dressed in a raincoat walked while holding a hammer, creating a feeling of fear in the eyes. pedestrians. You could say that that time was a year that remains engraved in people's hearts to this day.

Lieutenant Tul still didn't feel comfortable. The expression on Mr. Rueangrit's face and eyes still shone in her head as if someone was repeating the image of him. Being in love with someone might not be something strange, but when it comes to a murderer who kills people, Tul was able to understand the environment in which Mr. Rueangrit grew up, the family that raised him, the friends with whom he chose to spend his time a while., the distortions of society that were too difficult to correct.

On the same day, Wisut Saengkhaio was released from the prison cell of the Central Investigation Headquarters. The man in his forties looked tired, shuffling along the path, head down, not making eye contact with anyone. His old bag had been returned and was hanging over his shoulder. While he was in temporary prison, he made him look ten years older and even thinner as if he had never touched rice even once.

At that time, he was discovered to be innocent and was removed as a suspect in the murder of a girl he had never met before. He didn't seem happy, his eyes lost hope about what he should do in this life. The sun and air outside the building were very hot and humid. It seemed like that was the only thing that made Wisut realize that he was free again. His right temple was hit. It was a bottle of water that fell near her feet. Wisut looked up to see where It was coming from, then another water bottle flew and hit his eye socket.

“Bastard, how could they let you out? How dare you come out without shame?”

“You are a murderer. People like you can't live with other people. Go back to prison!”

A group of people still angry about his actions from decades ago gathered to punish him. Although Mr. Wisut was not the perpetrator of the present case, he was still someone who did not deserve forgiveness.

This was the reality that Mr. Wisut had to face. His whole life could not go back to the way it was before. He had to wait and hide so that no one would find out that he had killed someone before. The family at home didn't know how bad things had happened to him until now. But all that was nothing compared to the lives of the seven victims... And one of them was the girl she loved so much. But because of this, the police determined that he committed the crime because the girl rejected him. Even Mr. Wisut could never say what happened from his own perspective.

But even if he couldn't... The fact was that the murderer was simply standing, silent, motionless, as if he was being frightened by those who were unaware of his own moral weakness. Water from the bottle was repeatedly splashed in Mr. Wisut's face, and some even threw it at his head. Dirty words were spoken, causing the man who never intended to fight for himself to be peppered with insults.

“Stop him now!”

A scream was heard throughout the area before one of the officers rushed to intervene to not let the mob advance any further. Lieutenant Tul's eyes widened when she saw the water bottles scattered on the floor, interspersed with the soaked face of the former inmate who had just been released again.

“Why are you interfering?”

“All police officers are the same.”

“Take him to prison again, he went out only to kill people!”

“Let's get out of here.”

Tul grabbed his thin arm before leading him away from the group of people who were still throwing water bottles and throwing harsh words at the backs of several police officers. The young lieutenant was called to control the area, but in front of the headquarters the chaos became even greater after Mr. Wisut was taken out of there. Tul sighed when he saw the man who did not maintain his original serial killer appearance, as Mr. Rueangrit had said.

"Wipe your face first."

Lieutenant Tul took a handkerchief and handed it to him to wipe his face. The eye socket that was hit by the water bottle seemed swollen, but fortunately it was not broken.

"You're going back to your city, right? Do you have money to take the bus?"

Mr. Wisut looked at the face of the policewoman who sympathized with him. Although she was the one who caught him at the bus station, she was the one who asked him about the case decades ago, and she also sat down to interrogate him even though there was no basis for any truth against her. Tul didn't wait for an answer, she took out a five hundred baht note and put it in the hand of Mr. Wisut, who was holding the money without saying a word.

"Use it for the trip home, buy something to eat on the way,"

The lieutenant said in a low voice that only the two of them could hear. For several minutes, the serial killer remained motionless, staring at the money in his hand. His shoulders began to shake... You could also hear the sobs that were stuck in his throat. The man who was labeled a serial killer finally cried.

②⑤

TWENTY-FIVE



“Did he say that?”

Che-rån asked again to be sure. After the lieutenant came to her at the Forensic Institute at night and told her what happened in the interrogation room, the last sentence of the copycat murder suspect still lingered in her mind. Although at the press conference at the National Police Headquarters the media was told that Mr. Wisut had nothing to do with the Rueangrit case and that the nature of the crime was simple plagiarism due to fanaticism. They also asked the public not to accept irregularities like this case again. The murderer was not an idol. Many lives were lost at their hands. There were people who were psychologically affected and still paranoid about this incident. The murderer had been written in the pages of history.

"Um..."

Lieutenant Tul took a deep breath, feeling the coolness of the cotton ball soaked in salt water, cleaning her wounds. In addition to going to see Che-rån because she wanted to talk to her, she took this opportunity to have her clean her wound once again.

“I don't know if it was manipulation or not. But there's no reason for him to say that.”

“P'Tul, are you worried?”

“There is no evidence to confirm it, apart from Rueangrit's words...”

Tul did not want to directly state that another of the reasons that caused her discomfort was the reaction of the serial killer who had just been released from prison for the second time after the Police managed to catch the real perpetrator. His somewhat unstable mental state, his constant words that he had done nothing, the desperate look in his eyes and the lack of meaning in the life of the famous monsoon killer. All that was left was a helpless old man, very different from the image Rueangrit left behind.

“At that time I was still very small. Dad and the adults didn't tell me anything,”

Said Che-ran without making eye contact with the person she was talking to, she was busy covering the gauze according to the length of the wound. Her voice was so soft that the listener could feel it. She was eager to discuss this further.

“But I could hear the adults talking about him. There were many suspicious things. For example, the location of the incident was far from our house. If he had veered off the road, my mother should have known from the beginning and she would not have let him go that far, but the police said that the perpetrator's intention was to find his victims in different places.”

When she finished placing the waterproof cloth that she covered with gauze, Tul pulled the hem of her shirt to cover her stomach before taking Ran's hand. She worried that events from decades ago might influence her mind.

“That is compelling evidence.”

Che-ran nodded, holding Tul's thumb tightly as they took her hand again.

“When I grew up and started working at the forensic institute, I tried to find the autopsy reports of the seven cases and read them. But the autopsy was not carried out on all of them in the same place, some were carried out at the police hospital. Mom's autopsy was performed by the hospital. The police have tried to ask for it many times and still haven't gotten it.”

“Once I asked for all the files that were preserved, in which there were autopsy reports. Would you like to read them?”

“Did you save them? Can I read them?”

Tul nodded, slowly tightening her grip,

"As you said, some people have had autopsies performed many times before getting conclusive results. And for the last victim, it was done at the police hospital that published the autopsy report. So the report was kept in the crime file at headquarters."

Tul told what he found in the case file but she hadn't had time to read it in detail, so she took it home.

“But you'll be fine, right?”

Tul continued to express her concern through her voice and her worried eyes. If Che-rán read the autopsy report where one of the seven victims was her biological mother, Tul did not want her to feel bad because of the memory of her mother.

“Alright. It was a long time ago, and at that time, I was still little. The day my mother died, I was asleep. So, I didn't understand what happened. There were times when I wondered what would happen if my mother was still here... Which makes me a little sad... Sometimes I feel guilty when I almost forget my mother's voice, but luckily there is still a photo of her to remember. How it was.”

Tul admired the only daughter of a senior doctor at the Institute of Forensic Medicine. Someone who made her feel more impressed after meeting her. Compared to before, she was now more open. Tul admired Che-rán just as she was today. She was stronger than anyone but she had a soft side.

“Can I ask?”

Tul waited until Ran nodded to respond.

“I wanted to ask you this a long time ago, why did you want to be a forensic doctor? Is there any reason?”

There was a moment of silence, so Tul thought it was inappropriate to ask. But Che-rán nodded again before answering,

"Actually, if it weren't for Dad, I probably wouldn't have been interested at all. But when mom died... This case became so famous that everyone was talking about it. Mom was the only one who had a profession unlike the other victims, so everyone kept speculating about her relationship with the perpetrator. Everyone talked about mom... But mom could never tell the truth.”

That's something that really is an issue in society. You could say that at that time it was not very different from today. People loved to debate topics that were trending in society.

They would rather guess who the culprit was than celebrity gossip. Sometimes they forgot that there were real victims in this incident and there were family members of the deceased who did not want to know the many possibilities why their loved ones could have died but people still acted like local detectives.

“That's why they say that the dead cannot speak, but forensic doctors can speak for them. It's because of situations like this.”

Che-rán nodded. A pair of beautiful eyes shed a few tears before she looked away and wiped away her own tears. Tul saw the young woman reach a point where everyone respected her in her career, following the goals she had set for herself. Che-ran never left out the little things that could easily be overlooked and stuck only to facts that could be proven. The lieutenant raised her hand and gently stroked her dark brown hair soothingly, trying to ease her pain.

“What's wrong with you, P'Tul?”

Tul saw Ran's red nose,

“Since the last time, I still haven't received a response... Why did you want to become a police officer?”

The situation reached the moment when both opened their hearts. Tul felt that she had nothing to hide. She never wanted to hide it, it was just that the opportunity to tell her had not appeared.

“It's a bit embarrassing to say...”

The policewoman smiled wryly as she thought about the reasons that led her to want to become a police officer, which she had done a long time ago.

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“My father was a police officer, but when I was little I didn't have good memories of him. I don't know if he was a good cop or not, but he was never a good father.”

Che-rán listened attentively and did not interrupt as the older woman told her story, although she noticed a secret interest in her eyes.

“He rarely came home, claiming to have a case or that he was on duty. He never took me anywhere to travel. He never picked me up at school, he rarely talked to me... Even though I was still little, I could sense that he didn't really love me. I could say that I was like a girl who lacked affection...”

Tul said without making direct eye contact with Che-rán. It wasn't that she found it difficult to talk about her own family, she was just a little embarrassed to think about her childhood that wasn't like other children's.

“But since dad was a police officer, when we were little we lived in a police apartment, so it wasn't so bad. My mother opened a rice shop in front of the house and our regular customers were the neighboring police officers.”

When Tul told her that, she began to feel more confident, as if she had reached a point that could become a good story in her own memory.

“The uncle was a traffic policeman, he always directs traffic at the intersection in front of the school every morning and afternoon. His directorial pose was so cute that everyone liked him. The children's parents gave him gifts at every opportunity. The uncle always gave them to me and my brother, especially the food stuff.

“I remember when I was little, there were traffic police in front of the elementary school.”

“Um, and about what the guy gave me, it was just out of kindness, he was a good cop. The uncle also had a daughter, three years older than P'Tihn. At that time we were close friends because we had played since we were little. She had a similar personality to her uncle, kind and often took me out with her. She even took me to Bangsaen beach in the morning and we returned in the evening. Dad thought I was too dependent on her.”

Tul lowered her head and exhaled softly. Currently, it seemed that she no longer communicated with her former neighbors on the police floor. But the memories of her they created of her still made her feel happy every time she remembered them.

“Seriously, the guy wasn't the only reason I wanted to be a cop. But after my parents divorced and my father left us, we had to move from the police department to grandma's house... I never saw my father in person again, except when I saw it in the newspaper. He did a lot of work and was promoted faster than anyone else. It seemed like Dad was good at it... I thought he was talented, but more I saw people praising him. I felt bad. Like I said, my dad may be a good cop, but he doesn't think about anyone but himself.”

Che-rán just realized that he knew almost nothing about Tul, other than having an older brother who owned a bakery. In fact, she was afraid to delve too deeply into her family members, fearing that she would overstep her boundaries. Until now, she understood that the two brothers grew up almost alone, relying more on the good will of the people around them than on responsibilities within the family.

However, they never left the circle and lost sight of the realization of their own intentions. Che-rân is happy and admired Tul a lot.

“Every time I see dad, I... Always thinking about the uncle, it made me think that we can also be good police officers and at the same time be able to sympathize with others... Lately I've been doing my job well. I don't follow other people who are willing to take risks and often don't get along with me... I'm fine, right?”

Tul chuckled. She could understand most people's opinions about police officers and there was no one-size-fits-all solution. However, after experiencing it herself, she discovered that all the accusations against them were justified. The efforts of good police officers to change and improve the situation finally had to give in to the old system that had been entrenched for decades. They could only hope to survive each day amidst society's negative perception of their profession and in the face of colleagues who perhaps did not have the same attitude, without losing their true intentions and being equal to them.

"Well, if you were like everyone else, you wouldn't be sitting here with me right now."

“Before you also thought that all police officers were the same, right?”

Che-rân wrinkled her nose slightly, remembering the times when they had fought. She wanted to go back to that time and see Tul in a better light.

“Sorry, I've met a lot of police officers like that, so I don't really trust them..”

“Okay, I'm also sorry for being impatient at that time.”

“I know.”

“Oh, you...”

The stern voice of the police made Che-rân smile. A small hand reached out and gently touched her white cheek, and she found an opportunity to press

her cheek against that palm. She closed her eyes and snuggled softly like a kitten longing to be loved.

“When will you be free? Do you want to go eat at my house with dad?”

The unexpected invitation made the policewoman's eyes widen and her head straighten.

“You mean... Do you want to tell uncle?”

“Um, I'll talk to dad first, or when you're ready.”

“I'm ready to tell the people I know, the people around me... I don't want to announce it, I just don't want to hide it. It would be great if uncle knew. How could I not want to tell him how much I like his daughter?”

“Your mouth is very sweet. Don't let me see you say things like that in front of dad.”

“Don't threaten me... But my uncle won't care, right? The fact that I am a woman.”

“A long time ago I told dad that I liked women. Back then, he always introduced me to his male students.”

The answer eased Tul's worries a little. Although she didn't know much beforehand, she could guess, from meeting Professor Rakkit, that he raised his daughter well and she didn't think that she would be closed-minded and unwilling to listen.

"The guy will like me, right?"

“Why not? You only spoke once and you already made a big impression on dad.”

Che-rán secretly gossiped about his father. Luckily, a few nights ago he didn't see his daughter hugging the lieutenant in front of the fence. At that moment his father thought they were just talking about work. But when

Che-rán re-entered the house, the intelligent adult smiled the smile he used to win hearts..

There was a loud knock on the door, almost causing them both to separate when they heard that the person knocking on the door was Maethinee.

“Ran, are you there?”

Che-rán was about to remove her hand from Tul's lap, but she held it and didn't let go.

“Is Mae one of the people you're going to tell?”

After understanding what Tul wanted to convey, Che-rán smiled slightly before nodding and returning the grip. She then let her friend in.

“I'm in. Come in, Mae.”

A Chinese restaurant became a meeting place between representatives of political parties and a police officer with the rank of commander. Many plates of food were served on a round table and a waiter served wine to an older man. The two retirees drank while enjoying the wonderful taste of the food while continuing to talk about general topics that sparked joyful laughter.

“You have two children, both studying medicine. With this arrangement, I'm sure you won't have any difficulties. If you are sick, your children will take care of you.”

Praised the police chief when he heard the story about the family of the DPR deputy. Anyone who knows him would surely feel jealous because he had not only one, but two children to carry on the family name. They were both intelligent, top-notch students studying medicine.

“The boys take private classes. I barely have to encourage them.”

"Oh, at least they can show their intelligence to their parents."

He continued to praise the man whose face was beginning to turn red from the alcohol or the words of praise.

“You're overreacting. I know you don't have a family, right? You must be a workaholic.”

Perhaps because he kept laughing and turning to ask for liquor refills from the pretty young woman next to him, he didn't notice the big police officer's expression when he mentioned the family Big Tech abandoned a few years ago.

Furthermore, the most recent meeting couldn't be said to have been impressive. He discovered that the policewoman who caused him a lot of trouble was his own daughter.

“Not so much.”

“Find happiness for yourself, Khun Tech. Women today are beautiful and have many talents. When you're old, you will have someone to take care of you.”

The alcohol arrived in front of them, awaiting the celebration. Big Tech agreed and complied without any resistance. He was careful not to let the other party know what he was hiding.

“Internal news has spread that the authorities will decide the election day in the middle of the eighth month. The campaign period is approximately two months before election day. You have to leave government service, are you ready?”

Finally, the important topics of this meeting were discussed. Tech seemed more relieved that he was going to step forward for his own life.

“I am always ready. According to the rules, I can return to government service if...”

“That won't be necessary at all. No matter what happens, people will definitely choose you as number one. I have studied other parties that sent candidates, but not all of them have a vote base. I only ask you to trust our party.”

The party representative promised, and Tech's big smile grew wider and wider. He couldn't contain his excitement until his heart started pounding.

“At the beginning of next month I will make an appointment to sign a contract with the party and invite you to register for the elections.”

“I feel very honored that you can schedule an appointment now.”

Tech agreed when he could rely on the influence of others. The councilman raised his glass and took a sip of Chinese wine before realizing there was another matter he wanted to address.

“Oh, yes... The party was worried before, but it's good that the case can now be closed.”

“Which case?”

“A murder case that imitated one from 18 years ago. At first there was much speculation that the old killer was at it again. It turned out to be a psychopath who used to be in love with someone he killed, right? I just finished watching the press conference before coming to see you.”

Once again, the burly policeman managed to hide his expression so well that no one noticed.

“My subordinates were quite careless. They arrested the old murderer because they had not found any evidence yet.”

“But anyone would think that way. I still imagine the way he killed those women by smashing their faces..”

He couldn't say anything, but he still used his hand to spin around the glass. His own face showed disgust when he thought about the tragic death of the young woman.

“That case also made your name famous. You were the one who closed the case and caught the murderer eighteen years ago.”

“That's my job.”

Tech handed him a glass of wine, to which the other party responded positively. The two glasses collided together, making a loud clinking sound, before the bitter tasting yellow liquid flowed down the mouth and throat until the glasses were finished. The police commander changed the subject simply because he did not want to talk about the past. In fact, that was the case that earned him praise for being able to rise through the ranks.

Jew still felt upset. Not because he was dragged away without warning, but because he just found out that her good superior was dating Dr. Ran, and they didn't tell him first. Tul saw him, who was still upset like a child, and had to take him to the mall to calm down, and bought her mango flavored ice cream that Jew really liked.

“When I asked you why you were blushing, you should have told me.”

“At that time, I still hadn't spoken to Ran to tell anyone. I would definitely tell you first.”

Tul almost put down the spoon and let Jew eat all the yellow mango ice cream in the big bowl by himself. But from the look on his face, Jew still hadn't gotten rid of his anger, still he stuffed the delicious food into his mouth without holding back.

“Mae knew it first.”

“Well, she's Ran's friend, so she was the first to know. But you discovered it before P'Tihn, isn't that good?”

Hearing that, Jew seemed calmer. Tul had almost never persuaded anyone. She might have joked with Che-rân, but she never sulked like Jew did until that moment when it took her an hour to calm her subordinate down and she

also had to pay with a big bowl of mango ice cream to put Jew in a better mood.. But the main reason she took him to the mall was....

“What's happening? Are you going to buy her an engagement ring? Isn't it too soon?”

She brought Jew to the front of the jewelry store, but when he spoke, he went too far, so Lieutenant Tul shook her head.

“You are crazy? I just wanted to buy you a gift... Maybe a necklace.”

She pursed her lips and spoke in a dull voice. Tul raised her hand and rubbed the back of her neck.

“I want you to help me choose it. I'm not good at choosing.”

“Isn't that unfair? You only bought me ice cream, while you bought her a necklace.”

"Shut up and come in,"

Tul said as she dragged Jew into the jewelry store. Because of its beauty and not being too expensive, it was definitely suitable for couples who were just starting to date.. The staff greeted them politely before taking the two of them to look through a display case lined with necklaces, the light reflected and bright.

“Is there any item you recommend in particular?”

The person who was willing to help in choosing jewelry did his job immediately. The employee presented the products, classifying them one by one. From newly launched necklaces to various models of silver pendants that could be added if desired. Tul listened attentively, asking questions from time to time.

“What is the budget?”

Jew asked quietly in a whisper because he saw that his superior had not yet made a decision.

“Let's look for it first and then see the price.”

“You can try to choose one from our collection, in case you want to order something special.”

The employee handed her a notebook and placed it on the glass table in front of her. Tulle accepted it, slowly opened the book and looked at each page with concentration. Jew, who had never seen his superior like this before, couldn't believe his eyes. Since she dragged him to the mall without telling her, he didn't even think that she would buy her a necklace. Until now, Jew still couldn't believe that 'Tul liked Dr. Ran.

After deciding on the design of the necklace and silver pendant, Jew hardly needed to suggest anything. He acted more like a witness to confirm her love for her. She pulled out a credit card and handed it to the cashier to pay for the special gift. The store reported that the requested necklace would take approximately three days to be ready for pickup. The two police officers then left the store, a slightly shy expression on Tul's face.

"I have to keep this a secret, right?"

"Yeah, don't tell Mae because she might tell Ran."

Tul ordered with a firm voice like when they gave orders while working. The young man made a key movement to close his mouth tightly, obviously he was not going to spread the news.

A striking red Japanese car was parked in front of the two-story house. Cherán had never been to Tul's house before, but after leaving her several times, she knew that her house was not far from the alley. The young woman didn't have to wait long after sending her a message letting her know she had arrived before hearing the sound of the front door opening. Tul, who was wearing a loose T-shirt, shorts and flip-flops, left dragging her sandals and walking towards Cherán.

“Come on, go in first.”

The owner opened the door allowing the important guest to enter before closing it. Then, she slowly turned to take Ran's hand, who was waiting for her, and led her to the house she shared with her older brother. Che-ran wanted to read the tests and the results of the autopsy report so Tul' had invited her to her house after work. Luckily the house wasn't too messy. Maybe because it was just the two of them and they took turns taking care of things at home. In front of the house there were potted plants, which may not be as big as the garden at the doctor's house, but they offered plenty of shade and were pleasant to look at.

Che-rán took off her shoes and put them on the shelf as Tul said. She entered the house and found the living room first. Not far away was a dining table where the brothers sat and ate together while watching the news every morning. P'Tihn probably wasn't home yet, so it was just the two of them.

“You can sit and wait here. I will go up and bring you the case file.”

“It's up?”

“Um, my room is upstairs, but you can go up there if you want. It's a little messy... but I already cleaned it.”

Tul spoke without looking at the guest, who smiled slightly at the unusual behavior of someone who was normally not afraid of anything. Che-rán immediately accepted, because she herself wanted to see the bedroom. It was true that Tul had cleaned her room first because it looked clean and tidy. The soles of her feet felt like they were touching the wooden floor. The owner of the room must have mopped the floor to receive her special guest. In the center of the room there was a bed that could accommodate one person. Next to the window was a reading table with a shelf next to it containing textbooks. There were many books on law and silver medals and gold medals that were probably from school days, hanging on the wall located in the corner of the room.

“Do you also play the guitar?”

“Yes, I bought it a long time ago, but I can only play a few songs. I kept it so it wouldn't get dusty.”

Tul answered honestly. In the past, she wanted to learn how to play the guitar to look good, but apparently she failed.

“Sit down, I'll go get the file.”

Che-rán chose to sit on the bed, still looking around the room with interest. She waited for the older person to carry the stack of files and set them on the floor, then turned to grab a folding table and held it out in case it was used. Then Tul sat on the edge of the wooden platform next to Che-ran. The owner of the room reached out to take a notebook from the small shelf at the head of the bed and opened the marked page to give it to her Ran.

“I read them for a while and wrote a summary of each deceased.”

Che-rán rolled her eyes and read the handwriting on the paper that summarized everything, including how Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio killed all the victims. It is known that all the victims were beaten in the face until it was crushed and almost unrecognizable, then their bodies were abandoned in the deserted streets of Bangkok on a night where a heavy rain washed away all their blood. All the victims were prostitutes. Except in the last case, Mr. Wisut admitted that he misunderstood the last victim and made him stop committing murder and was finally arrested by the police. Wisut admitted that the seven victims were his doing.

Victim 1: Miss Wipha Chanporn (24 years old)

Profession: Masseuse.

Her face was hit with a hammer until it cracked and shattered from the middle of her forehead to her lips. The victim was found next to the train tracks, not far from the massage parlor where she worked. A girl that Wisut secretly liked but who rejected him. His disappointment led him to commit murder and also unleashed his hatred towards women who worked as prostitutes.

Victim 2: Miss Sopita Khamnoi (26 years old)

Profession: prostitute.

The hammer hit her face in several places, causing her skull and forehead to be crushed (not as severely as the first victim). She was found under the turnpike, far from where the victim was waiting for customers. Almost a month after the first victim. She is the first person who has nothing to do with Pak Wisut. He allegedly chose the victim while he was driving looking for a prostitute.

Victim 3: Miss Siri-amorn Hongpha (28 years old)

Profession: prostitute.

They hit her face with a hammer until it cracked and shattered in several places. Found in a quiet alley near the victim's residence. Police learned that the victim had borrowed about 5,000 baht from Wisut. Wisut admitted that he used sexual services to pay the money.

Victim 4: Miss Sukanya Iamsaard (23 years old)

Profession: Masseuse.

They hit her face with a hammer until it broke and shattered on her forehead. Found among a pile of garbage on the side of the road, far from residential areas. The police knew that the victim knew Mr Wisut because they came from the same province, Chanthaburi province. He had a question about where to live because he was going to start working in Bangkok.

Victim 5: Miss Wimonwan Nuchphum (31 years old)

Profession: Masseuse.

Her face was hit with a hammer until it cracked and shattered in several places. She was found near the train tracks, near where the first victim's body was found. Miss Wimonwan was a colleague of Miss Wipha (the first

victim). Police believe the killer was tempted to choose a victim known to the first victim and also left the body at a nearby location.

Victim 6: Miss Nongkran Thepwathi (19 years old)

Profession: Saleswoman

Her face was hit with a hammer until it cracked and shattered in several places. It was found in the rice fields on the outskirts of the city. Far from where all the previous victims were found. Wisut admitted that he used the victim's services in exchange for taxi fares.

As Che-rån turned the page to read the latest victim, Tul moved her hand to cover it and motioned for her to hand it over. But the youngest kept it and did not give it back. They both looked at each other and knew the meaning that the other party wanted to convey.

"I can read it."

When she said that, Tul gave up and let go. If Che-rån said she was fine, she wanted to believe it, no matter how worried she was inside.

Victim 7: Ms. Watcharin Chanthanasathien (38 years old)

Profession: University professor.

Her face was hit with a hammer until it cracked and shattered in several places. Found in a quiet alley on the outskirts of town. The killer's final victim was a mistake. Coincidentally, the victim stopped a taxi in front of the massage parlor. And that was the cause of Wisut's misunderstanding, mistakenly thinking that she was a prostitute. The final victim made the murderer stop committing crimes.

Che-rån took a deep breath, feeling a little overwhelmed. She realized that she had probably overestimated her ability to remain calm, even when attempting to read a summary report on the perpetrator's crimes. Tul felt guilty for suggesting she read it. She knew that Che-rån kept the victims'

criminal records for her own reference. Denying it now probably won't convince the other party.

“Let's start reading it, okay?”

Tul asked, calling Che-rån to concentrate again. She hesitated for a moment before inching closer to Ran, who was opening the file of the first victim, a girl the perpetrator secretly liked. When they flipped through the report detailing the autopsy results, Wipha's face showed more damage than the other victims, as if the killer was venting his hatred by disfiguring her beautiful face, which she once admired.

“Her face suffered more damage than the others, right?”

“Um...”

Tul tried not to look too closely at the photos, unlike the forensic expert who was used to seeing corpses.

“In the autopsy report it was written that being the first victim, the perpetrator left the greatest number of traces. Clay-covered footprints were found, and at the time a rumor spread that these were Onitsuka shoes, causing people to rush to buy and wear them.”

“Were these shoes popular at that time?”

“Maybe. But Rueangrit also spoke about this matter. I tried to find the information.”

Tul took the notebook from her and opened the last page about famous brand shoes.

“Onitsuka Tiger sneakers were very expensive at that time, but today they are as popular as Nike and Adidas. Young people really like to wear them. Although the killer was not popular, celebrities and singers have already worn these fashionable sneakers.”

“This means that the shoes are not specific to a particular person.”

“Yes, Onitsuka Tiger was very expensive at that time. If it weren't for teenagers wanting to buy it to show off to their friends, ordinary people probably wouldn't think about buying it.”

Tul didn't want to use prejudice to help her assume, but she couldn't help it. However, if the murderer was Mr. Wisut, he probably would not be able to buy expensive Onitsuka Tiger brand shoes, because he had difficulty even eating.

“There were hammer marks on the back of her neck.”

Che-rán turned the paper over and opened it to another page. Photographs of serious injuries and investigation reports appeared on the back of the head for comparison.

“Yes, there were reports that the perpetrator attacked them by hitting them on the back of the head, tied their hands behind their backs, and then killed them.”

“If he hit her from behind, does that mean the injury occurred when the victim was trying to flee? That means the perpetrator parked the car before the victim had time to escape. So it's true?”

Che-ran's question made the listener think. Tul remembered the passage she had read about the characteristics of the events and thought there was something unusual about it. She quickly arranged the rest of the case files on a folding table and realized that whoever the victim was, the narrative of the investigation was written in the same direction.

“Yes, the perpetrator said that before getting out of the car there was an argument with the victim so the perpetrator parked the car at the scene of the incident. He then continued the attack by using a hammer to hit the victim's head, and tying her hands with a rope behind her back. This is a very misleading scenario, it only makes us believe this.”

“It's very strange. Normally, when we take a taxi, if the driver goes off the road, we will definitely be suspicious. It is true that the place where most of the bodies are found is in Bangkok, but the sixth victim, her body, was

found in a rice field far from the city. Do you think she'd accept being taken that far off the road?"

Che-rán takes out Miss Nongkran's case file and opens it to see a description of where her body was found. It was said to be located on the road from Lat Krabang to Chachoengsao province.

"It's strange, if the perpetrator injured the victim before using a rope to tie her, why didn't the police find blood stains in the taxi?"

Not that she had never questioned it before, but when she tried to look for a copy of the relevant evidence, she found no trace of blood in the taxi, not even signs of struggle. Until it was finally concluded that Mr. Wisut had attacked the victim after he got out of the car.

"However, most of them would probably take cover in the back seat if they were still conscious. And if they managed to escape the vehicle first, it is unlikely that the perpetrator who exited from the driver's side would be able to reach them because she would have to go around the car."

"Could it be that he used sedatives? But the evidence does not detect anything about it either. I asked Mae earlier. It could be that nothing was found or that the forensic experts at the time did not have the equipment that could examine the substances in the body."

Che-rán sighed without hiding it. Each piece of evidence was so weak that if she lived in that time, she might not be able to let it go so easily. Is there a photo of the gun she used?

"Yeah."

Tul quickly flipped the paper to the page that contained all the evidence she had gathered. It was an ordinary hammer for driving nails.

"Twenty-seven millimeters in diameter. The perpetrator claimed that he used it to harm each victim."

Che-rån glimpsed a wound on the back of the head of one of the victims, but the extent of the damage and the depth of the wound appeared to have nothing to do with the weapon used by the perpetrator.

“Where did they find the weapon?”

“The author kept it in his car and the police found it. He did not want to admit that an investigation closed decades ago could be reopened. Even after trying to read all the details, I couldn't find any logical explanation for how they decided to close the case completely since there were still loopholes in the case.”

“Seeing the damage to the wound, I think the weapon was just a small hammer.”

Che-rån put down the file she had in her hand before taking out the other file on the victim to look at the wound in the neck area, which looked the same. The photo was taken after her hair was cut to check the condition of the wound.

“For example, if they were in a hurry to catch the murderer, maybe they caught the wrong person, because Mr. Wisut was someone who had connections with the victim... I mean, some of them were prostitutes. If the client did not pick them up, they would use the nearest taxi that would take them to meet them at the hotel. Maybe that's one of the reasons Mr. Wisut is involved and knew about them.”

“It could happen. But we have to prove it. The doctor didn't dissuade the thought that it might have been more of a hunch. But as she said, the details of the case made it very likely that it had really happened as the lieutenant thought. Did you find blood stains from the hammer?”

Tul came out of her thoughts. She hesitated for a moment before turning around to grab the last file in the pile.

“Well... The police found a hammer as a weapon in the perpetrator's taxi, and also blood stains..._

Until now, Tul felt like she couldn't speak without considering Ran's emotions. Che-rån herself understood the reason why she did not finish speaking. Tul wanted to tear the criminal data file from Che-ran's hands, who stubbornly grabbed it, not wanting to let go.

"I can read it, really,"

Che-rån confirmed her words, although she had a little doubt in her heart. Ella Tulle continued to feel worried, she tried to avoid those pleading looks, but in the end she had to trust Che-rån.

<Lady Watcharin Chanthanasathien>

Tul tried to jump to the page about the weapons used in the incident, according to the doctor's initial question. It was the same hammer, but this time it had dried blood stains on the handle. This compelling evidence ultimately allowed Mr. Wisut to be arrested.

“Police reportedly found a hammer in the taxi after arresting him.”

Che-rån remained silent for a while until the person sitting to her left's heart sank. Tul briefly looked at her calm face, before Che-rån spoke in a low voice:

"Mother... she also had a wound on the back of her head, didn't she?"

Her small hand was about to turn to the next page, but Tul stopped her.

“You don't need to look, I'll look for it.”

“I want to see it for myself. Alright.”

Tul could only give up when the doctor stubbornly insisted on her words and opened the page with photos of the wound on the back of her head, and found no difference from the previous victim. The victim was hit in the back of the head with a hammer and fell before the perpetrator committed the murder. But the person who couldn't contain herself was the daughter of the last victim who died... Tul immediately closed the file and put it away as

soon as she heard faint sobs from the person next to her. She immediately went up, sat on the bed and hugged the heartbroken Ran to her.

No one can 100% separate personal matters from work. Not even a surgeon could operate on someone close to him, his relatives or his own family. Perhaps the reason Mrs. Watcharin had the autopsy done at the police hospital, Tul thought, was that Prof. Rakkit would not be able to perform an autopsy on his own wife. Additionally, her daughter lost her mother when she was little. Tul repeatedly blamed herself for not being stubborn enough to forbid her from opening the latest victim's file.

“I'm sorry... I thought about how much pain my mother was in at that moment.”

Che-rán sobbed in the arms of whoever comforted her. Can she heal Ran's pain and trauma? Even in her own heart, she felt the same pain.

“You don't need to read it. Alright. I'll try it myself.”

Her small hands gripped Tul's clothes tightly, trying to erase the image of the injuries her mother had received. But no matter how hard she tried she couldn't erase it, even though she only saw the wound that left the victim unconscious, not the facial wound that caused his death. Che-rán had actually overestimated her own thoughts, thinking that she would be able to handle it. Several minutes passed before Che-rán stopped crying. She sobbed softly before Tul reached out to grab a tissue from the nightstand and handed it to her. The owner of the room helped her wipe away the tear stains on her red cheeks.

“Do you want to wash your face and eyes?”

"Um..."

Che-rán answered easily, got out of bed with Tul's help, then walked towards the bathroom that was on the other side of the stairs.. Tul was close, not far away, while the little girl lowered her head and went to get water to wash her face and eyes. She took her own towel to help wipe the other person's face. Che-ran gave the older woman a small smile, instead of

telling her that she was fine. But before they could talk more, a voice came from downstairs saying that her brother had returned home.

"Let's see if my brother,"

Tul said, taking her hand as she came down from the second floor. Some of the lights had turned on. P'Tihn, who had just left the kitchen, stopped when he saw the guest. He made a confused face very similar to his sister's. Che-rån raised her hand in greeting.

"Hello..."

Tihn was stunned, looking down to see the two hands joined together. He immediately understood without having to ask:

"Hello, was it Tul who invited you? Are you hungry? Have you eaten?"

"I have eaten, thank you."

Che-rån smiled widely. She used to hide behind Tulle, but now she was starting to feel more relaxed.

"Why did you come home until now?"

"You ask me like a mother. I went to the reunion party, didn't I tell you, don't you remember?"

Tul nodded and pursed her lips slightly, although she didn't really remember what his brother said.

"Dr. Ran, do you want to eat something? That way you won't be hungry when you return home. Or you'll stay the night... Argh, what's wrong?"

Tihn hadn't finished speaking, he screamed when his sister punched him on the arm to ask him to shut up. Che-rån laughed softly when he saw the two brothers fighting like children.

"What are you talking about? The doctor will go home soon."

“Who knows, right?... Dr. Ran, would you like Tul to take you?”

“Alright. I brought the car. It's parked in front of the house.”

The important guest pointed to where her car was parked. P'Tihn nodded and continued asking if Che-rán wanted him to prepare something to eat, until Che-rán had to accept the invitation, which was difficult to refuse. Tul took her to sit down and waited for her on the couch while she turned on the television, in case the little woman felt more comfortable at home.

After reading the case files of the seven victims, Tul still felt uneasy and thought there might be something more than what meets the eye. She did not want to discuss the matter with Inspector Pichet, who she believed in the decades-old investigative process of police officers. And she probably thought reopening the case would be difficult. It was unclear how such actions would directly affect the Central Research Headquarters, until she Tul decided to secretly investigate, even though there were no clues left because so much time had already passed. There is only information left on the Internet, the Storyteller Bloggers about famous murderers of the past, including all the opinions of people in the world of social networks, and they found a lot of interesting things.

Some said that Wisut was not the real murderer. He was the scapegoat. The perpetrator remained at large and was probably a high-ranking official, a police officer or a descendant of a politician who had now fled abroad. Although Tul might have delved too deeply into those speculative thoughts, she would not ignore the matter completely. Images of Onitsuka Tiger shoes allegedly worn by the perpetrator on the day of the incident circulated on the Internet. Although it was more of a product recommendation blog than helping with a police investigation, Tul noted the make, model, and year of sale for future reference.

She was determined to investigate this case. She also took the time to put Jew in the car and leave without telling the young man next to her, her destination.

“Do you want to go get the necklace you ordered?”

Jew asked in a suspicious voice.

"No."

Tul said quietly. The older policewoman's serious attitude made the people sitting next to her looked at her with a strange feeling.

"What's the matter? Oh...why did you take the toll road? Where will you take me?"

Tul pointed to his own cell phone so the person next to him could see it. On the screen was a GPS navigation application that goes to Chanthaburi province.

"I asked for it at the house search at the Department of Corrections. I have something to talk to Mr. Wisut about a case from eighteen years ago."

The house of the ex-convict, who was recently released, was about 30 kilometers from Chanthaburi town and required a long drive from the main road because the GPS could not determine the address accurately. From time to time they had to stop and ask directions before realizing that her destination was not far away.. Because it was located far from the city, the surrounding area was quite spacious with trees, grass, and bushes growing abundantly. The houses were very far apart and people did not expect an SUV with a Bangkok license plate to pass through their street. Tul decided to park her car to ask directions at a small store.

"House number 29, Town No. 3? There are only a few houses at the end of the street. Maybe there... Wait police, let me think."

A woman in her thirties pointed in the direction the car was heading. But she seemed unsure, before a young man, probably her son, approached with curiosity in his eyes.

"It's a wooden house, Mom, I remember,"

He said, but those words only made her spend a long time, her eyes widening as if she had remembered something.

“Yes, of course, but there shouldn't be anyone else in the house. I've never seen anyone.”

“Mom, don't you remember? He returns to the store,”

Said the young man as he mocked his mother, avoiding the slap aimed at the back of his head. Quickly, he walked over and stood next to the policewoman.

“Shall I take you, Phi? I'll ride my motorcycle and lead the way.”

“What are you going with him? You're looking for excuses again!”

The supermarket lady scolded him, but the young man didn't want to listen. He hurriedly put on some flip-flops, went out, started the old motorcycle that seemed to have been inherited from his father, and gestured for the two police officers to follow him. Tul drove his car following the boy's motorcycle for less than a kilometer. To the right was the temple and not far away they saw a tall wooden house and an old, dilapidated building that seemed to have been abandoned for a long time, as the boy's mother suspected.

The two agents got out of the car and looked doubtful at the wooden house in front of them, not knowing if anyone lived there. The wood was beginning to rot, the ivy plants were sticking to the walls of the house and there were certain areas that could clearly be seen being devoured by termites.

"Are you sure?"

Lieutenant Jew was the first to ask. If I said it was a place where teenagers like to hunt ghosts, it would be more accurate.

“Yes, it's here. Who are they looking for? I haven't seen anyone here for a long time,”

The young man responded, not daring to look at the window of the house, as if he was afraid that someone would look down.

“He himself said that he couldn't contact his parents. His family may no longer exist.”

Tul turned to consult with Jew when they arrived at Mr. Wisut's house. This could simply be a useless act.

"But he had no intention of returning home?" Or has he not arrived yet? You gave him the money that day, right?"

Jew repeated, remembering that again. But that didn't make them confident that Wisut would return or if his family still lived in this house.

“The only way to know is to try to call him.”

The two police lieutenants decided to call Mr. Wisut until they were absolutely sure that no one was inside. Mr. Wisut's name was called many times, followed by a young man secretly observing them from afar. But no matter how much they called, there was no response from inside. Before deciding to return, Tul noticed a pair of shoes that had been taken off and left on the wooden beam steps that were beginning to collapse.

"Jew,"

The lieutenant told him to look at the shoes she remembered so well. Wisut wore them after being released that same day.

"Phi, if he... is really here, he should answer."

Jew stammered, not wanting to imagine the worst-case scenario, but unable to help it. Lieutenant Tul put on a serious face, raised her head and looked at the houseboat, before making the decision to carefully walk along the beam of the creaky old stairs. Jew clung to the arm of his superior, who no longer looked like a brave police officer. As they climbed the stairs, Tul turned the rusty knob and discovered that the door was open. As soon as the

door opened, a foul smell immediately hit her nostrils, making them step back before realizing what they were seeing.

The body of the serial killer hung above the ground, with a large rope tied around his neck to the beam of the house. Wisut had already been dead for several days.

②⑥

TWENTY-SIX



“Mr. Wisut died no less than two days ago by hanging himself with a rope tied to the beam of the house, using this chair as a support point. His body had dark green marks on his lips, fingernails and toenails, his tongue was stuck, and there was blood in his mouth under the white conjunctiva. There are pus stains on the floor where he died a few days ago.

The forensic doctor at the regional hospital, who was contacted by the Provincial Police to perform the first autopsy, confirmed the condition of the former inmate's body. His body was lying on the floor of the house, which was covered in thick dust and cobwebs, ensuring that no one had lived there for years. Tul saw the clothes Mr. Wisut was wearing and immediately knew that they were the same ones he had been wearing three days earlier when he was released.

"He probably thought he had nowhere to go. When he returned, his parents were gone, there was nothing left. So he decided to commit suicide,"

Said an inspector from the Laem Singh district police station in a sad tone.

“Inspector, do you know his father and mother? They are dead?”

Tul turned to ask as soon as she heard it.

“Both have died since Mr. Wisut was arrested. At that time the case became famous news. Five years later, his father was hit by a truck and died instantly,”

The inspector recalled, telling the family's heartbreaking story. A person who lost the head of the family after his eldest son was trapped in prison and waiting on death row, not knowing that his father had died tragically.

“As for Mrs. Na, Mr. Wisut's mother, she lived alone after that. Lately she forgets things or she seems confused. The kids here liked to throw her things into her house, tease her to get out of it, and call her crazy. But she was like this because she lost her husband and her son, who turned out to be a criminal. No one knew she was dead until someone found her body.”

Tul sighed when she learned that another family's life had fallen apart since the events of eighteen years ago.

“Inspector, we found a note and a 500 baht written in pen. You could say it's a suicide note.”

A man got up from the body and handed her the bills that he had just found in his pants pocket. The local inspector unrolled the purple paper so he could read the letters clearly.

“It really is a suicide note...”

“I can see?”

Said the police lieutenant, picking it up and reading it. Although she did not know how many five hundred baht notes Mr Wisut had, Tul did not want to confirm that they were the five hundred baht notes she gave him for the trip home. Tul hoped that he will use the money to find a little happiness, even just a little. It was sad to know that he was struggling, but he still hadn't been able to use it.

'The day I left prison, my father and mother did not come to pick me up. I thought, maybe I was an ungrateful guy. I was sure that my father and mother must hate me and I no longer dared confront them. But no, it turns out that my father is dead, and so is my mother. There is no one waiting for me at home, everything is gone, there is nothing left. This is karma I didn't do but I have to pay, I hope it ends like this.”

Once again Mr. Wisut was dissatisfied with the judicial process that sent him to prison. Although the facts could not be proven, until now Tul is sure that there were several strange things in the lawsuit from several years ago. The case documents lacked substance and the evidence was so weak that prosecuting anyone was unthinkable. However, this caused the taxi driver's life to turn upside down and he was branded a murderer by society until the end of his life.

“So, it must be a suicide, right?”

“When combined with his mental health history while in prison, plus the condition of the body that shows no signs of a struggle, there were no signs of a break-in in the house, the door was not locked... I believe he committed suicide.”

Lieutenant Tul looked down, hiding the feelings of disappointment that were rising to the surface, repeatedly wondering why she didn't question Mr. Wisut when she had the chance. Maybe that's one of the reasons this man made the decision for him. It is better to leave this world than to be blamed for the same mistakes over and over again.

“Then we will take the body to Laem Sing hospital before the journalists arrive. Afterwards it will be even more chaotic.”

The police lieutenant nodded and stood still for a while, watching the rescue team and the hospital's forensic team help organize the wrapping. Mr. Wisut's lifeless body was hidden behind a clean white sheet.

“P'Tul.”

Jew returned to the house, making way for the rescue team to take his body before heading towards his elder who was there waiting to inform him of the events from where he had gone to investigate, Monks and The administrators of the temple testified that two days ago, in the middle of the night, Mr. Wisut went to look for his mother's ashes. He probably just found his father's ashes at home. Meanwhile, his mother was living alone at home when the cremation took place. When it was over, no family came to bring

his ashes from the temple the last time anyone saw Mr. Wisut before he committed suicide

"If he returned home that same night, it is very likely that his death occurred late at night and early in the morning,"

Tul assumed based on the information she received. There were two boxes of ashes on the shelf. As she approached, Tul also noticed many finger marks on the wooden surface that was covered in thick dust. This probably happened when Mr. Wisut wanted to tell his parents that he had returned. Tul dared to open a wooden drawer with the handle loose. She was so loose that she had to use her fingertips to try to get it out. There were empty shelves, shelves full of scraps of cloth, some coins, until Tul found a shelf full of sheets of paper and decided to take out the whole pile to take a look.

Most of the sheets were made of jute from the temple works, some of which had been eaten by termites. Until Tul thought, what can she find in these pieces of paper? However, there was one envelope that made her think that the letter was probably the one that had been opened and read the most because of the wrinkled folds of the envelope. An envelope that may have once been a white envelope, but has now turned from yellow to brown. Tul took out a worn piece of paper and unfolded it before realizing that it was a letter written by his son to a mother. Wisut wrote it in his own handwriting from prison in an attempt to contact his family.

'I don't know if this letter will reach you mom and dad. I have written to you many times but I have not received a response from anyone. Perhaps it is because father and mother are no longer interested in this traitor, or because you did not receive my letter. This time I entrusted a letter to my friend's relatives in prison, hoping that this letter would reach my parents.

I'm fine. How are mom and dad? Sorry, I can't send money anymore. I don't know if you have enough money to meet your living needs. I would feel more comfortable if I could trust Wut, but her son can't be trusted. As for Nee, that bitch, she would probably be happy with her husband and probably very embarrassed because I was her older brother. The director said that if I behaved well I could get out of prison sooner than expected. Even if I am on death row, the sentence will be reduced if I try to be good

and follow all the rules and regulations as best I can. There are several prisoners who asked to be transferred from Bang Kwang Prison to live in another prison at their home. I hope one day I can do that, so mom and dad can come visit. I miss them so much, I miss my home, they can hit me all they want. I just want to go back to my old life. I'm already fed up with life in Bangkok."

Mr. Wisut's letter consisted of two pages. The first page he had just read ended up revealing more about an ex-convict's past. It was mentioned how he attempted to write letters to his family but was unsuccessful until an attempt finally reached his mother. Mr. Wisut was not an only child, he had a younger brother named Wut, who is said to be no longer with the family or may even have died. And the other is Nee, a sister who lost contact with the family due to a breakup caused by something written in a letter.

Tul took the second letter. His handwriting was scattered all over the paper, like the first one.

'I don't know if you will believe your son's words. The police forced me to confess because they had evidence against me and the government lawyer they provided me was not serious about helping me. They were all the same, they only said that if I admitted wrong doing, the punishment would be reduced by half, until I realized that I had been tricked. I'm just a fool known as a serial killer. Most likely it is karma from a previous life that makes me responsible for things I did not do. I just hope mom and dad believe me and find a way to help me, but the legal fees are too expensive. If I had to borrow money from that bitch's husband, he'd probably chase me like a dog. I will definitely never leave here.

I admit, the first woman who died, Wipha, was beautiful, so I liked her a lot. But she didn't want to be with a poor taxi driver who bought her a gold necklace, she didn't even wear it. When she kicked me out, I never saw her again, only occasionally passing by the massage parlor. When Wipha died, the next morning the police came to question me because a friend of hers told them that she had chased her. But the police let me go because there was no evidence against me. Father, mother, do you remember Aunt Noi's daughter who sold pigs in the market? She attended the same elementary school as Wut. She also died from the same killer. I saw her corpse, her face

was destroyed. I went to her just to help confirm who was hers, seeing her condition I felt sorry for her. But suddenly the police said that I was the one who had killed her. How could I do that to someone I've seen since childhood? Some of the other women who died, I've seen them, we only spoke once. And some of them I had never seen before. Especially the last woman, it's true that I picked her up, but I swear, I took her to the front of the alley of her house. How can I kill someone I've only met once?

In my past life, what sins have I committed that I have to take responsibility for that damn bastard? I don't know if karma really exists. Why is the killer still out there? He was very brutal, as if he hated women who prostituted themselves. I can't even imagine doing something like that. Is that really possible? I can not do it. I'm not the one to blame. Although no one believes me, I hope mother and father believe in your son, okay?"

Tul only realized how hot her eyelids were when she read the entire two-page letter to the end. She had a headache that felt like it was going to explode. She raised her hand and pressed her eyebrows with her fingertips. Every sentence, every word written in Mr. Wisut's letter tried to tell his parents how it was possible for him to kill up to 7 people.

"The police forced me to confess."

Tul read the sentence over and over again. No wonder that phrase always bothers her. She felt disgusted every time she thought of the name of the police officer who was in charge of an important case at that time. From what Tul thought, that person would do anything to reach a high rank that few people reached. Who knows how many people's lives he had stepped on to get to that point. Tul swore to herself that she would investigate this case until evidence was found that her father arrested the wrong person and deliberately falsified evidence against a man just to close the case that made his name famous. Tul felt disgusted, she wanted to know if that person still had subconscious thoughts. A police officer who performs his duties illegally for profit is as bad as a murderer.

News of the serial killer's death spread faster than fire spreading across a field. Several news agencies reported that Wisut returned to his hometown in Chanthaburi province before deciding to hang himself in his own home. This is believed to be due to unbearable stress due to peer pressure, coupled with the mental health issues he has experienced since he was in prison. As reported, the Central Bureau of Investigation issued an order prohibiting the disclosure of the suicide note, ensuring that no one in the society would sympathize or empathize with the killer.. Ultimately, the murderer's death seems insignificant compared to the atrocities committed against the victims and families who suffered loss 18 years ago.

Tul returned to the base the afternoon of the same day. She accidentally closed the car door so hard that Jew, who was returning with her, was shocked. On the way they exchanged words about the case. Jew attempted to read Mr. Wisut's two letters, but no one seemed to hear the description conveyed. Perhaps because the letters were written from prison they had less weight, or perhaps no one wanted to listen to what the perpetrator of the murder was saying. With this important witness gone from the world, only the police were left in charge of this case, to take responsibility for things.

Jew knew what his superior wanted to do once they returned to base. Inspector Pichet came out and met the two who had just arrived.

“Is there a problem? Where are you going, Lieutenant Tul?”

The inspector thought that the two had returned to inform him about an ongoing case, in case they needed to coordinate with the Laem Sing district police. Furthermore, Mr. Wisut had just been released from a previous copycat murder case, and shortly after committed suicide. Jew looked uncomfortable. He responded quietly, afraid that someone wouldn't hear him.

“I would like to speak with the police on duty about the case, Inspector.”

“What the case, what do you mean?”

“A case from eighteen years ago. We found a letter that Mr. Wisut wrote while he was in prison where he said that he was innocent.”

The elevator doors opened as he reached the 16th floor of the Central Bureau of Investigation building. Lieutenant Tul entered a carpeted area, separate from the rest of the office, reserved for high-ranking police officers at the commander level. This was Tul's first time here, but that didn't worry her or make her want to back away in the slightest. After just a few steps, she found a teak door with a plaque that read: “Office of the Commissioner of the Central Bureau of Investigation.”

“What are you doing here? What range? What unit?”

The police officers at the station hurriedly let out hostile roars to ask seeing Tul's clothes that were not uniform from head to toe.

“Who you want to see? Your clothes are inappropriate.”

Tul took her badge and held it up for the other party to see:

“Police Lieutenant Tul Techakomol of the Criminal Investigation Division. I came to see the commander.”

The police officer's expression changed slightly when he heard the uninvited guest's surname. He even had to lift the badge to read it clearly, before clearing his throat and lowering his voice almost twice as low as before.

"Follow me, he's in his office,"

The officer said. It seemed that the only benefit she had left from his father was a last name that made everyone on the base hesitant to go against her, fearing that she might have connections to the commander, which could put them in a difficult position.. Tul was not happy that people treated her as if she were privileged, but at least that saved her from arguing and wasting time. The police officer led the way to the office's interior teakwood door, which was polished to a shine. Above the door was a plaque with a name engraved on it, just like the one outside.

Lieutenant General of Techakomol Technical Police

Commander of the Central Investigation Bureau

"Sir, someone wants to see you,"

The subordinate said respectfully as the teak door opened slightly. Without waiting for permission, Lieutenant Tul entered to look at the person inside her. The police commander was sitting in his large, comfortable, overstuffed chair. He didn't even say a word when he saw who entered his office. He simply waved his hand to his subordinate to leave the visitor alone with him.

“What brings you here to see me?”

Tul did not respond immediately, but looked briefly around the room as if to understand the living conditions of the man who was the head of the family but had abandoned his responsibilities decades ago. Although he wasn't much different from what he expected, she couldn't help but feel sorry. A beautifully decorated Buddhist temple stood in one corner, its walls decorated with images of revered monks, indicating deep, perhaps even fanatical, religious devotion. It was ironic that someone with such a tarnished past would worship so seriously. Tul wondered why he prayed every day and if his prayers were ever answered.

"There's something I want to talk about,"

Tul said. It had been decades since she had spoken to her father. She had no intention of thanking the man who didn't raise her. She couldn't deny that her pent-up feelings were filled with the desire to win, to show him that she grew up well without a father.

“What's that? Do you think I have the whole day free?”

Tul's eyes narrowed and she didn't give up. Tul meant that he seemed to stand still and do nothing. His desk was immaculately clean and tidy, with files neatly stacked as if they were just for show, making anyone who passed by believe he was hard at work. However, the young lieutenant

decided to swallow those insulting words, fearing that she would not get to the main point if she said them.

“About Mr. Wisut.”

“Who?”

“A serial killer from eighteen years ago.”

“Eighteen years ago, what's the point? There are hundreds or even thousands of cases that I handle each year. Do I have to remember them all?”

“Taxi driver accused of murder, framed with false evidence, forced to confess. Do you remember now?”

Tul stared into those eyes and couldn't guess what he was thinking even though she was deliberately provoking with her words. Tech mocked her with a smile. He seemed to see her as a child, inexperienced and daring to challenge authority.

“What do you know? Then how old are you? A girl like you wouldn't understand how to handle cases.”

“Wisut hanged himself at home.”

“I've seen the news. Prisoners who have just been released from prison often suffer mental damage. That is normal. If you feel it, go and cremate the body.”

He had her hands comfortably crossed on the table.

“We found a letter he wrote while he was in prison. He sent it to his mother. In the letter it was written that he was framed. Read it...”

Lieutenant Tul took out two letters that had been wrapped in a ziplock bag from the forensic evidence unit to prevent the ink from disappearing from the handwritten letters. Big Tech didn't even take it, but looked at it with a pitiful expression.

“Do you believe that?”

“I believe it more than the case report you wrote.”

"You would think that you have so much confidence in yourself, just because you've been given the responsibility of such an important case, you're meddling in other people's affairs,"

Tech's voice was low, using the tips of his fingers to push away the thought about him as if he were something disgusting.”

“Let me tell you that the criminals in Bang Kwang Prison, hundreds of them, wrote letters trying to contact their families, declaring their innocence. Everyone wants to continue fighting their cases even after the trial is over. So, thinking about which case is decided right or wrong, what about the other cases? You don't have to sit there and destroy everything, right?”

“It is well known that the evidence is weak. For all seven victims, including the last victim, the cases are full of holes. Instead of sending the bodies to the forensics, you sent them to the police hospital, which does not have a medical forensic expert to help with the examination. And you are going to tell me that is transparent?”

Big Tech stared at its own flesh and blood that it so despised. The arrogant expression on her face that he didn't even want to see. He argued like a child who wanted to win. From the beginning, Big Tech did not want to let his frustrations flow throughout the game. Now dissatisfaction flowed until he involuntarily clenched his jaw when he thought that the one who dared to dig into the case he was responsible for was his own daughter.

“Then you should try asking the families of the murdered victims. Are you satisfied with the results of the investigation or do you want to revive this case?”

Tech said, like someone who had the advantage and saw the confusion hidden behind the penetrating gaze. of the girl in front of him.

“It will be known that you sympathize more with the murderer than with the family of the deceased. Come on, I dare you..”

In the parking lot in front of the Institute of Forensic Medicine building, Lieutenant Tul was sitting in her black van, not getting out even though it had been parked for a long time. In her hand she held a velvet box the size of a hand. The owner could only sigh. She had just picked up the necklace she had ordered, but she didn't feel as happy as she should. Her eyes looked out of the car into the distance. She occasionally looked down thinking of phrases that she couldn't get out of her brain.

Although deep down she knew that Wisut could be the scapegoat in the case 18 years ago, this means turning a blind eye to the empathy of the perpetrator who had not yet received proof of his innocence. What's more, the families of the seven victims, including one she knew, continued to suffer no matter how much time had passed. The death of a loved one was an eternal suffering, a loss that robbed you of the life that should have been yours. This robbed a person of their day, their time, and their chance to be together.

Tul closed her eyes. She still had a headache even though she had taken headache medication. Her brain thought over and over, telling herself what should she do? Going to meet Che-ran would be awkward when there were so many things to worry about. But then she heard the sound of a cell phone in the seat next to her, someone she wasn't ready to talk to finally called.

Ran♥

Tul snapped her fingertips and pressed the answer button before raising the cell phone to her ear. She returned to the sweet, reassuring voice that had dispelled many worries.

[Is P'Tul still on duty? Did something happen tonight?]

The young lieutenant could barely recover her voice. She was stunned and responded:

“No, nothing.”

[Today dad said he had free time. Do you want to come home to eat with us?]

Tul's shoulders slumped, her face pressed against the steering wheel, trying to keep her breathing from being so loud that others could hear it. The sad image of Che-ran looking at the photo of her mother's injuries at that moment made her feel guilty to this day. Furthermore, she had to confront these two people, the victim's husband and daughter. Although her mind was still filled with thoughts about the case from eighteen years ago, there were still people who had not received justice before.

[Hello... P'Tul, did you hear me?]

“Um...”

[What's wrong? If you're not ready, it's okay...]

“Ran...”

Tul forced a tone that didn't sound like her. Her fingers pressed her eyebrows to ease the pain.

“Can we talk for a moment?”

Her somber eyes watched the medical examiner come down from the building, but she decided not to send a signal to indicate where her car was parked. Che-ran looked left and right for a moment before seeing a van with a license plate she remembered parked not far away. Tul looked down as Che-ran immediately got into her car. The velvet box was hidden, not allowing the person who opened the door to see it when she sat in the car.

Che-ran felt a gloomy atmosphere in the car due to the strange attitude of the person who called her to meet her. She didn't even turn to look at herself, she just lowered her head. Seeing her hand on her lap, the doctor reached out and held her hand. But Lieutenant Tul didn't respond to her hand when she had a problem and she had a lot to say.

[There is something wrong?]

The smell of the light perfume that Che-rân used when she came home from work always fascinated Tul. But at that moment everything was different, it was as if she carried the entire world on her back.

[Have you seen the news?]

Tul didn't know how to start.

[Suicide, right? I saw it.]

Tul noticed once again that Che-rân avoided mentioning Mr. Wisut's name.

“P'Tul, you went to Chanthaburi to meet him, right?... I just found out from Mae that you and Lieutenant Jew went together since the morning.”

The lieutenant nodded. She hadn't told anyone about the clandestine investigation of the old case, not even Che-rân. However, she had no intention of hiding it if the situation worsened.

“It was reported that he had been depressed since he was in prison, but in reality there was another reason why he committed suicide. At home...his parents were gone. There was no one home, only ashes remained on the floor. He wrote a suicide note saying that he himself must atone for karma that he had not committed.”

Both the expression and sad eyes of Mr. Wisut that she saw last time were still stuck in her head. Who deliberately projects that image over and over again?

“Do you mean they forced him to go to prison?”

"I think so, but I know that first I have to prove it,"

Tul chose her words carefully, fearing that they would not be accepted by someone who, like her, believed more in evidence than intuition. However, Che-rân didn't care about that. She was more concerned about how she was

feeling and the physical exhaustion she clearly felt from driving back and forth between provinces for several hours.

"Wouldn't it be better to just rest? P'Tul has been outside all day."

Tul took a deep breath and murmured that she was fine, although in reality her body was exhausted from the fatigue accumulated during the trip, as Che-rán had feared. However, she herself did not want Mr. Wisut's death to be in vain.

"P'Tul, you don't have to investigate right now. Don't force yourself,"

Che-rán repeated, looking at the stubborn woman who wasn't listening to her at all. She knew that P'Tul wouldn't stand idly by if something was out of place. However, if they wanted to investigate and look for evidence in a case that had taken place almost twenty years ago, perhaps they could analyze it a little more carefully. However, her phrase expressing concern made the listener interpret the opposite.

"I'm not forcing myself."

Her voice sounded more challenging, her eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"That's better than letting a man who was a scapegoat die for a crime he didn't commit. You also see that this case is full of loopholes, right? All the evidence could have been falsified."

The more Tul tried to control herself from getting angry, the angrier she seemed. She turned her head, unable to look Che-rán in the eyes, afraid to see the disappointment in them.

"You speak as if you were already convinced that he is innocent."

Tul seemed to see superimposed images while talking to her father, who was not even listening. But at that moment Che-rán, the person she loved more than anyone else, the person who never criticized her with an emotional tone or harsh words, made her entire body feel numb.

“There was a letter he wrote while he was in prison. He sent it to his mother. I found it at his house.”

Tul tried to explain. She felt like a child who was insulted by her father:

“He said that he didn't do it, that they framed him and forced him to confess.”

There was an awkward and unusual silence in the car. It had happened to both of them before. It was Che-rán who looked away first, but still did not withdraw her hand. Until now, Tul had not been brave enough to return her grip. It seemed like there was a gap between the two of them due to a misunderstanding, because they saw the story from a different angle.

“It's not that I don't want to hear it. But they are just his own words, there is still no evidence to confirm it.”

“You think like this, even though you believe that the evidence used could be false evidence.”

“We still don't know for sure. We only know that it is not normal, but we cannot prove it yet.”

“So, how did you know?”

Tul accidentally put emotion in her voice. She pulled her hand away from her small hand in her lap, raising it to press against her forehead that had not yet healed from the pain and her eyelids that were beginning to feel hot. Che-rán's words were almost no different from the irresponsible words that came out of his father's mouth. This made Tul feel increasingly irritated, as well as a feeling of disappointment that little by little was accumulating in her heart. They both used to have the same opinion and always supported each other, but not anymore.

Che-rán removed her hand from the person who had just raised her voice. She didn't even have the slightest reproach in her eyes as she looked at the person next to her. This lieutenant had a bad temper, but that was before they began a serious relationship. Che-rán didn't want to blame Tul for not

caring about her feelings. She probably carried all the problems on her shoulders. She must have been so tired that she wanted to let it all out and make the two of them fight.

“I'll go now.”

Tul didn't hold back even though she wanted to explain. However, that might be no different than making excuses. Now that she thought about it, that would probably worsen her still unstable emotions. She could only let Che-rán open the door and get out of the car. Tul leaned forward with her forehead resting on the steering wheel. In her jacket pocket was a velvet box hidden. The woman who was going to receive this necklace was no longer there. There was only one person left who was still sad and alone with guilt.

The next morning, after assigning a team to assist with the investigation, Lieutenant Tul received information about Sunee Saengkhaao, who was related to Wisut. She moved from Laem Sing district, Chanthaburi province, to live with her husband, who was a government official at the Royal Palace, Bangkok province. Additionally, she had changed her name to use her husband's last name, thus severing ties with the family she left behind.

Tul decided to set out on a journey to meet Wisut's last living blood relative, even though she had avoided her during several years of touring in Thonburi. Tul thought there would be no one home during the day, but when she pressed the doorbell a second time, she heard a woman's voice answering from inside.

“Who are you looking for?”

A housewife of about forty came out, opened the door and looked at the two police officers who were in front of her house. She probably thought they were insurance agents, until Lieutenant Tul showed her her police badge.

“We are the police. There are some questions we want to ask.”

Her expression immediately changed to that of a different person, as if she anticipated what she would be asked even before Tul spoke.

“You are Mrs. Aramon Sittichai, right? Do you know this man?”

“No.”

As soon as Mr. Wisut's photo was presented to her, she barely needed time to look at it for a moment. Instead, she hurriedly responded with a harsh voice and tried to return to the house as if she did not want to continue talking to the police.

“Aunt, you haven't even seen her. Who is it?”

Jew asked again to confirm, but she shook her head instead of answering, not even bothering to look at the photo in the visitor's hand.

“I don't know, I said I don't know.”

“But he is a criminal who has just been released. Anyone who watches the news has probably seen his face.”

“What do you want? I still have a lot of homework to do. My husband will be back in a moment.”

She tried to avoid further arguments. It happened according to the predictions of the two police officers.

"We understand that you don't want to talk about the past, but there is something we need to know."

Tul lowered her voice, trying not to be so reckless that it made her uncomfortable. She was so surprised that she did not want to give a statement. The young lieutenant took the business card out of her pocket and handed it to Mrs. Aramon, or her old name, Sunee.

“You can contact me if you are ready to talk. I guarantee that this matter will remain confidential.”

A housewife in her forties accepted the business card with trembling hands. She seemed weak and afraid that someone outside would see the two police officers standing in front of her house. Afraid that someone would come and listen to her conversation.

"We'll go now."

Lieutenant Tul bowed slightly to the older woman before leaving her. They heard a soft sob, followed by the sound of the iron fence slamming shut.

"Yesterday morning, police at the Klang Investigation Headquarters confirmed that the death of Wisut Saengkhaio, an eighteen-year-old serial killer who was recently acquitted, was a suicide. Denying the rumors that....!"

The doorbell of the bakery rang as a new customer entered. Tihn hurriedly pressed the remote control to lower the announcer's voice as he watched the elementary school kids who had come in to select some snacks from the shelf. The two children's loud chatter made the store owner Interested in approaching them.

"Nong Ton and Nong Nam, have classes started?"

"Since two days ago."

"We were waiting for dad to come pick us up. So we stopped by here,"

The girl responded with a clear voice and a smile so wide that you could see one of her teeth that had just fallen out. Tihn smiled back, leaning on her arm and watching the children buying their favorite pastries. His bakery used to have regular customers of almost all kinds. From company employees who stopped by to buy snacks during the day and in the morning, to elementary, middle and high school students who went after school. One of them were two younger brothers who had just arrived holding hands, also becoming one of the regular customers. The sound of bells was heard again, this time it was a man wearing a dark green food delivery uniform. At first, Tihn

thought it was an online food order, but the man headed straight for the two children.

“What did you guys buy?”

His voice sounded tired. Tihn was able to guess that he was the children's father, although he had never seen him before because as far as he remembered, the two children were always picked up by their mother. But that day their mother probably had urgent matters to attend to, so their father would have to take charge.

“I can take this?”

“How much? Better just one, because it's expensive.”

The father's voice was a little quiet because he didn't want the store employees to hear him, but Tihn had enough manners not to listen. Until the two children finished choosing the desserts they wanted, an egg tart and a pineapple tart, the food was placed on the checkout table. Tihn prepared it and put it in the microwave behind him to warm up.

“How much is the total?”

The man asked even though he himself had already roughly calculated the prices from the signs on the shelves. Tihn pressed the register to count the two pies.

“The total is thirty-five baht. I'll give you cake and chocolate, it's a new recipe from the store.”

"Thank you really!"

The daughter shouted loudly as she pointed with her hand at the small cake she had just placed on the counter before looking at her father, who seemed displeased. He took out two twenty baht bills and paid before receiving the change.

"I'll wait for you outside."

The middle-aged man bowed and told the two children that he was going out. Tihn told the children to sit and wait in chairs in front of the counter. But at this moment the store bell rang again, a man came in and almost collided with the driver of the grabber who was about to leave. Tihn looked up to see who had arrived, before receiving a familiar greeting from an old friend he hadn't seen in a long time.

“Does your store also accept Grab? That would be great too.”

“No, he is a client. Why did you come here?”

“You said you opened a bakery nearby. I was passing through, so I stopped by to support a friend. What do you sell?”

Without hearing the answer, the new boy walked around looking at the snacks on the shelves with great interest. Shortly after, the microwave alarm sounded, so Tihn did not continue talking to his friend. He turned around, took the two cakes and put them in the package, not forgetting the box of chocolate cake. The boy walked over and took the plastic bag from the store owner's hand. He took his sister's hand and walked towards his father.

“I thought of you and your sister when I saw those children. At that time, Tul always followed you and was with you, I remember.”

When he saw the two children leaving the store, the stern-faced man spoke again while reminiscing about the past.

“Um, but I remember that Tul doesn't like you.”

“I only made fun of her a little, just a little, why is she so angry?”

His beautiful face shook with laughter when she thought about his friend's little sister, who always kicked him hard in the shins for the reason he had just mentioned.

“And how is your sister now? Is she a police officer? Where?”

“Because you want to know?”

“I'm just curious. I didn't think your sister would become a police officer. Nowadays, the police aren't so good, so I don't know why people still like them.”

He smoothed his hair that had been combed, as if he always took care of it. The appearance itself was very good. The man sat in the chair that had just been occupied by the children who had left the store. He pulled an e-cigarette out of his shirt pocket before realizing it probably shouldn't be done.

"I can't smoke here, right? But this doesn't smell anything.”

“No, there is no showcase. Don't smoke, damn it, put it away first.”

Tihn firmly refused, until his friend, who had a beautiful white man's face, tickled his mouth in disgust. He put the cigarette back in his pocket, raised his legs and crossed them in a comfortable position, inhaling the aroma of the baking cookies instead of the fragrant smoke of the flavoring agent.

“It's great for you to stop being a hotel chef and open your own store. How much is the rent per month?”

“You make a lot of questions. Are you from my competitor's store or something?”

His mocking words brought laughter from an old friend.

“Fuck it, I just want to know.”

“You just returned from the United States and you still don't have a job? Do you want to apply to be an employee at my store? We are short of personnel. You don't need to have experience to work here.”

Tihn was still bothering his friend, he stopped acting like someone he hadn't seen in a long time, if we don't count the reunion a few days ago. You could say that since he was little, from elementary school to high school, Tihn almost grew up with him. This friend had good experience in managing a food business, which had now expanded to the suburbs and several

provinces, allowing his parents to send their only son abroad to continue his studies after failing to enter a university in Thailand. His name was... Kavin Kalavanich.

In the evening, someone reported seeing a person being hanged in the incident along with several police officers. They immediately secured the area. Local residents gathered in front of the door, watching the actions of the police, some tried to look inside. Finally a van from the Institute of Forensic Medicine followed him.

"I'm friends with his wife, a police officer. Normally in the morning she went out to take her children to school, but this morning I didn't see her leave and I thought maybe she had gone somewhere. I called several times, but no one answered. When I saw the house, I found her husband hanged there."

The witness who first saw the body said it with tears streaming down her face, raising her hand to cover her mouth, trying to contain her emotions.

"Earlier we found the body of his wife, who had also died. We express our deepest condolences to you."

Tul spoke words that could affect the hearts of her listeners, but she had to tell them the truth. The middle-aged woman cried so much that other neighbors had to come and comfort her. As for the other residents who gathered in front of the house, they could only murmur but refrained from saying out loud: 'What a gloomy fate.

Tul called Jew to deal with other witnesses before breaking through the yellow tape barrier to examine the crime scene. In the living room, the body of a middle-aged woman in pajamas was found sitting on the couch with her neck bent until her chin touched her chest. Forensic agents took photographs, collected evidence and examined the wounds on the body, especially on the neck, where strangulation marks were visible indicating that the victim had been strangled with a rope, causing suffocation and death. Not far from there the body of the head of the family was found.

Hanging on the stairs, where the witness who found the body could see it from the window. He used a rope tied to the beam of a ladder to hang himself from the second floor. His body had changed color to dark green, just like the corpse of Mr. Wisut, whom the young lieutenant had just seen the day before.

Tul turned away from the sad sight of her in front of her and turned to walk around the ground floor of the house to look for other evidence or even surrounding objects that could help in the investigation, such as evidence of a burglary in the house. A dark green food delivery driver's uniform jacket, propped on a chair in the kitchen. On the dining table there was a thin cotton cloth covering the remains of rice. But there was a plastic bag on the table, which immediately made Tul's heart fall to the ground. Snack bag from the P'Tihn store.

There wasn't a single cake left in the bag. The family was supposed to have already eaten it. But before Tul could see more, an officer's voice was heard from above calling for him to come.

“Lieutenant, the bodies of the son and daughter were found in the bedroom.”

Lieutenant Tul hurried up the stairs to the second floor of the house, where there were only two separate bedrooms. In the small bedroom on the right was an agent from the Institute of Forensic Medicine. She assumed it was a child's room, with a bookshelf full of cartoons, a desk, and a computer placed in the corner of the room. The lifeless body of a child who was probably only in primary school was found on the bed. The bed was wrinkled, probably from the struggle.

“He has a green bruise under his chin. The perpetrator may have used this pillow to press on his nose and he can't breathe,”

Said the familiar voice of the medical examiner. After two days, they barely spoke to each other. Tul approached and tried to keep her distance so as not to disturb her work. Flashes of light flashed as another forensic assistant took photographs of the body for storage.

“Please save this pillow for inspection. In case there are saliva stains from the victim.”

“Doctor, please come and check the other room.”

Che-rán accepted it without turning to look at the source of the sound. She tasked other forensic agents to continue examining the boy's body before getting up and walking towards the master bedroom. But there was someone standing in her way. For a split second, their eyes met, but Che-rán looked away, not wanting to look at the policewoman, acting as if they didn't know each other. Tul remembered the first day they met, when there was a huge brick wall between the two of them. Tul finally gave way, letting Che-rán pass her. Her heart hurt to the point of numbness, but the person who made things worse was her.

The lieutenant followed the forensic team some distance to the master bedroom, which was initially reported to be the parents' bedroom and possibly also the bedroom of their 8-year-old minor daughter. The girl's body lay face up on the bed, not unlike that of her brother. She noticed water stains on the sheets around the girl's waist. Her face was streaked with tears for fear of suffering the same fate as her brother.

“He pressed the pillow against her nose just like her older brother. She had urine all over the mattress.”

“The doors and windows of the house are all closed. There are no signs of theft. The deceased's wallet and valuables are still there,”

Lieutenant Tul said after the doctor explained the basic condition of the girl's body. Although she didn't want to rush into making a decision, based on the circumstances of the incident, the cause, or even the inappropriate way the perpetrator acted, could this really be a suicide?

“Could this be a family murder-suicide... or not?”

27

TWENTY-SEVEN



The bodies of the Kuechaiya family were lying, although the police assumed that the investigation pointed to a suicide. The perpetrator was Mr. Phuwadon Kuechaiya, husband, father and head of the family. After killing his wife and his two children, he ended his own life by hanging himself.

It was a tragic event that no one wanted to happen. The small bodies of a boy and a girl lay side by side, looking peaceful as if they had just fallen asleep. They died at ages 11 and 8, too young. It was possible that they understood what they were facing and did not have enough strength to fight for survival. Worse still, fear dominated their subconscious until the end of their lives.

The bodies of the father and mother were handed over to another forensic doctor for a new autopsy. As for Che-rán, she would perform an autopsy on the two children. The motivation for suicide could be due to family financial problems. Therefore, the focus of the autopsy was solely on examining the time of her death.

“At twelve minutes past three (12:03) the autopsy begins.”

Next to the observation room, Lieutenant Tul stood alone as other police officers watched. another medical examiner perform an autopsy on the father and mother's bodies. Some were ordered to investigate additional evidence. While she went there voluntarily and stated that the two children could have important clues that would help in the investigation. Yet another

reason. was that she simply wanted to have a chance to talk to Che-rán even though she was treated as if she didn't exist since she was on the scene.

“Tissue was found in the nails of the right index and middle fingers. I will send It for a DNA test.”

“Could it be from the father? He had a scratch on his arm... Maybe it was from the boy when he tried to defend himself,”

The lieutenant assumed through the microphone so that the people in the other room could hear her. At first Tul thought she would be ignored and no one would respond, but at least Bank's assistant still bothered to talk to her while she waited for the doctor to scrape the tissue under her nails.

“Most likely, Lieutenant.”

The door to the observation room opened and Lieutenant Jew walked in with a serious expression while holding a notebook in her hand, ready to report all the progress she had discovered.

“From the examination I discovered that this family really had serious financial problems. Phi... At first the father was not a Grab driver. Three months ago he was a manager at a bank branch, but because there was a problem of embezzling customers' money of more than two million baht, he was sued and fired.”

“Embezzlement? He did it?”

Lieutenant Jew shook his head and let out a small sigh before explaining the rest.

“It wasn't him who did it, but his nephew, whom he helped get a position at the bank. That was the person who embezzled clients' money and was caught. After he was fired...she destroyed Mr. Phuwadon and there was no place to work anymore. Furthermore, he still had to pay all the debt in the name of his nephew. In total, he was sued for almost three million baht, which is a problem to this day.”

“Where did the nephew go?”

“I couldn't contact him at all. Perhaps after taking the money he fled abroad.”

Nobody wanted such an event to happen. Tul did not have the courage to pressure or criticize Mr. Phuwadon's mistakes, because in the end he was a victim of erroneous beliefs that led to betrayal. He had to bear the weight of debts that he did not contract and, in addition, take charge of three other lives. Not having money nowadays almost means not being able to continue living. This may have led to the decision to end his own life and that of his family.

“When questioning a woman from the neighborhood who was close to this family, she said that a month before Mr. Phuwadon sold his car to pay his debts, but it was still not enough.”

Jew continued. You could say that he himself almost never faced the problem of not having money. He had a family that supported him since he was born. If he wanted to do something, learn this or that he could always do it. But that doesn't mean Jew didn't know what people who didn't have money were like. After listening to the possible reasons that could have led to this tragedy, Lieutenant Tul sighed and raised a hand to run it through her hair. Her eyes focused on the soulless body of the child, who was in the process of a craniotomy. In another room the sound of an electric machine could be heard.

Che-rán checked the brain damage, there were black blood clots around the area, caused by a lack of oxygen that threatened his life for a long time.

“His brain was damaged. The cause of death was because her breathing was blocked, that is, his nose and mouth, which caused the brain to lack oxygen and caused damage to the point of death.

"Well, it should be clear that the murder weapon was the pillows,"

Tul muttered to herself. Both pillows had been sent to the testing unit as was protocol. According to Che-rán at the crime scene, it turned out that

there were saliva stains from both children, as well as the father's fingerprints scattered on the pillow. The autopsy continued until an incision was made in the body to examine the internal organs. The stomach of an eleven-year-old boy was removed, placed on a tray, and the rotten, crushed surface was cut away with a sharp knife. Che-rån slowly opened it to check the food that remained in the deceased's stomach. Only a thick, sticky liquid was found that could not be recognized as what she had eaten.

“Of the plates on the table, what was left of food were sautéed vegetables and tortillas. It seems like it was outside dinner,”

Lieutenant Tul reported about the findings at the crime scene. The doctor did not immediately respond to the conversation, causing the person who tried to talk to her to feel a little discouraged, before finally hearing a calm-voiced response for the first time.

“The food that remained in the stomach cannot be known because it was almost completely digested. However, I found a sticky liquid in the duodenum or the first part of the small intestine that connects to the stomach. If they had dinner around six in the afternoon, the estimated time of death was between 9 or 10 at night,”

Che-rån explained as clearly as possible. She used the tip of a knife to take a sample of the thick fluid from the stomach and placed it in a test tube for further examination.

“Let's continue preparing your sister's body.”

“Doctor, do you want to rest first?”

“No.”

Upon hearing the confirmation from the doctor, no one dared to interrupt. The boy's body was treated and his organs were restored to their original state, Che-rån carefully sewed it closed. The assistant turned around to prepare for the next autopsy. The body of a girl, smaller than her brother, was transported while the doctor waited for new rubber gloves.

“Will you stay and watch?”

Jew asked Tul that he got up from the chair when the girl's autopsy was about to begin.

“Um, I want to know the details.”

Everyone knew that autopsies took a long time. Furthermore, Dr. Che-rán was so meticulous and she paid attention to every detail that she could examine herself much more than other forensic doctors. For this reason, many police officers chose to go out to look for other clues instead of sitting back and watching the autopsy until the end of each process. But she...she understood that his superior was probably just a mistress who wanted to see her mistress work.

The little girl's lifeless body lay in front of Che-rán, replacing her brother. Tul stared at the young woman in the other room through the glass. Performing an autopsy without interruptions was not easy, physically or mentally, especially when you had to find out the cause of death of a young child. However, Tul knew very well that at that moment she was not in a position to say anything.

“She fought less than her brother, there was almost no trace. But it may be that she also fought hard against the perpetrator,”

Che-rán said while checking the girl's external physical state. Che-rán found nothing on her arms or even on her nails. She moved to a quiet area of her face, as if she was simply asleep and didn't know anything.

“A wound was found on the inside of the lip due to a bite.”

Each eyelid carefully opened, Che-rán continued to tell the story of what she found.

“Bleeding under the conjunctiva.”

She saw the tear marks on her pale cheeks. There were also mucus stains around her nose. You could say that the little girl already knew what was

going to happen to her, because the pillow pressed against her face. Che-rån sighed silently behind her mask and closed her eyes. She sat for a moment to avoid feeling even more shocked before completing her task.

After the autopsy was performed on the daughter, her body was taken to the morgue along with the other family members. Che-rån came out after wiping the germs off her hands. Her eyes saw Tul who was standing in front of the hallway. She pretended not to see her and intended to walk past her, but the other person seemed to have intended to wait for her from the beginning.

“Um... What are the results of the autopsy?”

The lieutenant asked curiously, secretly looking at the woman's face. The day before yesterday she accidentally raised her voice even though she knew she shouldn't. But she felt so guilty that she didn't know how to start a conversation.

“The cause of death was asphyxiation due to a pillow covering her face. Most likely, her brother died first. However, for parents, I need to talk to Dr. Sorawit before I can come to a conclusion.”

Tul nodded in understanding, feeling the distance of the phrase and the tone that Che-rån used. An awkward atmosphere was starting to form between them, but how could she blame her if it was her fault? The sound of other people's footsteps echoed in the hallway. A forensic officer went to look for Ran as she looked at the policewoman with a slightly confused look, wondering what they were talking about.

“Dr. Ran, Dr. Sorawit is waiting. He asked if you wanted to discuss the autopsy results now.”

"Yes, let's do it now,"

Che-rån responded simply before following the officer, almost leaving Tul standing there awkwardly, until she turned around and shouted,

"Are you coming too?"

Lieutenant Tul responded quickly and hurriedly followed her, knowing that she was still angry but it was better than not being able to cooperate at all. The two medical examiners were already waiting in the room when Ran joined them. Photographs of the external wounds of the corpses were placed on a large table to facilitate diagnosis and mutual conclusions. Lieutenant Tul introduced herself to the senior doctors, who responded warmly upon seeing the results of her previous work at the forensic institute.

“I hope we can work together, Lieutenant. But I guess it would be better if you was paired with Dr. Ran, right?”

“Let's get started... Blank, you already printed the photo, right? Put it here.”

Che-rán was quick to interrupt the conversation, which could have gotten sidetracked. She turned around and ordered her assistant to rush in and expose the images taken during the recent autopsy. Then they began to talk about the death of the four family members.

“Let's start with the father first. Mr. Phuwadon died by hanging. It is believed that he broke his neck, possibly due to a fall from the second floor, which caused a fracture of the neck cartilage and led to sudden death,”

Said Dr Sorawit who performed the autopsy on the head of the family. Che-rán took photographs of the compression marks on the skin around the body's neck. Someone approached her and stood behind her because they wanted to see It too.

“What time do you estimate the time of his death?”

The head doctor took a deep breath, his lips pursed in deep thought.

“There was barely any food left in his stomach. He must not have eaten anything for at least six hours or more. Estimating the time is difficult, but judging by the stiffness of her body, I would say it was around 10 pm or 11 pm. Do you agree, Dr. Ran?”

"Yes,"

Che-rán responded as she returned the photo she had in her hand to its original place.

“As for the son and daughter, it is estimated that they died between 9 and 10 p.m., due to the nature of the food residue in the stomach.”

“Meanwhile, the mother hardly ate anything. However, it is believed that she died around the same time as her children.”

"She was strangled with the same rope that Mr. Phuwadon used to hang himself. Our evidence team has examined it.”

Lieutenant Tul provided the information which was again given to the forensic medical team. Everyone saw the photo, in addition to the rope marks on the neck of the deceased, scratch marks were also found. It probably happened when she tried to use her hands to loosen the rope that was strangling her neck.”

The rope had Mrs. Vanassaya's blood stains on it due to a scratch on his neck. And after her death, her husband used the same rope to hang himself.

“But I still have doubts. Why didn't she use the same rope for her children? Don't you think so, Dr. Ran?”

Dr. Sorawit turned to ask with concern.

“Because if you kill by pressing a pillow to your face, it requires more time and effort than just a rope.”

“Yes, using a pillow like that on the face causes more suffering in children.”

Both doctors agreed, but it took Che-rán a long time to know the answer to such doubts. Lieutenant Tul loomed close to her, she could understand the grim expression she had had since the autopsy began. The death of a small child seemed to have had a great impact on Che-ran's mental state.

“This is my own guess, I think he probably didn't dare to look at his son's face when he took action.”

“And when children sleep, it will be easier if they cover their faces with a pillow.”

Tul supported this hypothesis with another point of view. There was silence in the small conference room of the forensic institute. Even the head doctor, who had experienced many shocking events throughout his career, took longer than usual to articulate her words. Finally, they said: It is possible.

"So, can we determine the order of death, Lieutenant?"

“According to the autopsy results and other evidence found at the scene, Mr. Phuwadon first strangled his wife before going upstairs with his children. Otherwise, his wife might have interfered with his actions. And most likely, his son was not completely asleep, which is why he tried to fight with his father,"

Lieutenant Tul explained as she weighed the evidence and summarized the series of events that led to the death of each victim.. When she finished speaking, her gaze returned to Che-ran, as if she were looking for support in her words. Che-ran accidentally turned her head and made eye contact with the person standing nearby, just for a fraction of a second. She knew the person wanted her help to talk. So, since it was work, she first had to let go of her pride.

“Yes, the father took the final action against his daughter. Due to the state of the little girl's body found at the scene, it is possible that she woke up and wanted to go to the bathroom. And from the way she cried, maybe she saw what her father did to her brother, before it happened...”

Che-ran took out the photo taken from the crime scene. There was a pale yellow water stain on the bed, in the same area as the girl's body. The evidence includes urine stains on the bed indicating that the princess had not had time to go to the bathroom, tear marks on her cheeks and snot on her nose, as well as the pillow used in the incident.

After summarizing the diagnosis of the cause of death and the possible sequence of events, the entire medical team agreed to write the results of the autopsy report in that format. Assistant Blank picked up photographs

and various documents on the table and put them in a box. Before Banks could gather his things and walk after Ran, another person immediately approached him.

“Let me help you. You have to put it in your office, right?”

Before the young assistant could react, Tul had already taken the box from his hand and then followed behind Che-rán. Banks barely knew what was going on between the two, especially since he had heard even more rumors about a closer than professional relationship between coworkers. Then, he let Lieutenant Tul carry the document box and follow Ran closely.

Che-rán knew that the person following her was not Bank, she had heard Tul talking to her assistant. She knew that the other party was trying to get close to her. Che-rán had no intention of getting angry about the incident. But she didn't want Tul to vent her emotions either by raising her voice or pulling her hands. No matter who, those actions did not make her happy. What's more, Tul let time pass for almost two full days without trying to reconcile with her. That was what made her reluctant to soften her heart easily.

Che-rán did not return directly to her room, first she stopped to talk to all the officers who passed by her. It took everyone more than five minutes to talk to her. She pretended not to see the person holding the box as she waited behind her. Although Che-rán returned, she walked in another direction instead of in her own room, with other people still walking behind her, who were unwilling to wave the white flag.

“The family in the news, those two children...?”

Tul did not expect his brother's reaction to change when he told him about the case she was handling because she wanted to ask for more information about the plastic bag she saw at Mr Phuwadon's family home. Tul believed that the family had gone shopping

“Yes Phi...Their father did. There must have been financial problems that made him make that decision.”

Tihn remembered the father of the two children who came into his store. A middle-aged man dressed in a food delivery jacket who tried to get his children to help save money by taking a piece of candy each. His face looked tired as he took out his wallet and took out the money to pay. He had financial problems, Tihn would have guessed. The bakery owner sighed, his expression not ready to believe the truth. Just the day before the two children had gone to buy sandwiches.

“The two children stopped here almost every day after school and bought cakes. It's only been a few days since classes started...”

He said with a voice that sounded like he was about to cry.

“Usually their mother picks them up and yesterday I saw their father come to pick them up. I didn't know why.”

Tul felt sorry for her older brother. She didn't expect that the two children would become customers there and that Tihn would get to know them well and they would become very close. Tul touched her brother's hand that was on the table and caressed it gently, hoping to provide comfort.

"I'm sorry, Phi.”

“Um.”

Tihn nodded his head slightly, still not making eye contact with his sister. Sadness slowly gnawed at his heart as he thought that the two children would never return to the store.

“Don't cry Phi. I will cry too.”

"I'm not crying, let's see your friend over there,"

The older brother turned in another direction, gesturing to his younger sister to pay attention to the person who was also in the store. Jew was looking at the cakes while the two brothers talked, he didn't want to interrupt. Tul

looked at her brother with concern, before deciding to let him have a moment alone. Then she approached Jew and asked him to go out with her.

“Are you done talking?”

“Um, those two kids are regular customers here. P'Tihn often chatted with them.”

“I'm sorry for him.”

"No one wants something like that to happen."

Tul tried to lower her voice so that her brother wouldn't hear her. She choked on pity, feeling more compassionate than a police officer should feel. Her brother felt a sense of loss as he realized they could no longer be seen. Whoever they are, they will definitely feel lost, like losing an old friend who they can never find again. Jew inhaled until his shoulders rose and relaxed, then took a deep breath. He wanted to bring up another topic to alleviate some of the sadness in his heart.

“Oh, yes... I've wanted to ask for a long time, does P'Tihn make a profit? The cakes are very cheap compared to other places.”

Tul smiled slightly. She was used to this problem. She had also talked a little with her brother about why she wouldn't try to set a higher price.

“Honestly, I eat the lava sandwiches he sells for thirty baht each. That's not fake lava, can you Imagine Phi?”

Jew pointed to the bakery shelf full of overflowing lava, arranged on the pastry shelf. The pieces were the size of a palm, but were sold at a very low price. The two police officers spent more time in the bakery until P'Tihn felt better after hearing the news of the two children's deaths. Tul waited until she was sure that her brother was really okay, then said goodbye and left the shop carrying the sandwiches she had bought as if to distribute them throughout the base. But she intended to keep it for herself to eat.

Tihn looked at the door of the store that had just closed. His broad shoulders fell again, when his younger sister was there he forced himself not to weaken. Then the noise of the door rattling was heard again. The bakery owner stood up to greet a customer, but it turned out to be his old friend who he thought would never stop by again.

“The one who just left was your sister, right? Her face hasn't changed at all,”

Kawin smiled, but he didn't pay much attention to him.

“And who is the person who is with her? I think I've seen it somewhere before.”

The family murder case ended with the conclusion that the man who was the head of the family. was the one who killed his wife and two children, before deciding to commit suicide. The reasons were debt, the dismissal of a stable career and not being able to continue supporting the family. Police officers from the investigation team obtained additional information. It turned out that the two children's school fees had not been paid, and the school took firm measures not to inform the children about the previous semester's grades.

The cold coffee was already tasteless and there was nothing served on the table. Her brain seemed to stop, unable to write long sentences for a while. It seems like there were still a lot of things to think about, both new cases and old cases that are still unsolved. She thought about what should come first: comforting P'Tihn or the problem with Che-rán. At that moment, while carrying a box of documents and following Che-rån almost around the forensic building, she ended up with the box she was holding being taken by the doctor and placing it on the table.

Che-rån turned to talk to the other officers, not caring if the lieutenant would stay or go. Tul remained with her ears wide open in the same place for a long time, before murmuring that she was leaving, but Che-rån did not listen to her and had to leave with her shoulders slumped.. Thinking about that made her want to cry. It seemed very fitting that she would get that attitude from Ran. She had already rejected the invitation to have dinner together at her house with Professor Rakkit. Tulle tried to imagine herself as Che-rån, rejected and then being attacked with screams, rejecting every well-intentioned offer, she would have been so angry that she would not want to face her anymore.

Her white hand slid into her jacket pocket, intending to take out the necklace box she wore every day. But at that moment, she discovered that her jacket pocket was flat and empty, she had to reach in again and realized that the pocket was actually empty. About to fall asleep while she was writing the report, Tul immediately woke up with a start, sat up straight, and put her hands back into her other pockets. Only change was found in her pants pocket. She immediately took the bag from her and poured all the contents on the table, but she didn't find.... The dark velvet box that contained a silver necklace made especially for Che-rån..... Had disappeared...

Tul opened almost all of the desk drawers, although she never opened them to put anything of value in them. She had to get up and look in every corner, also walk to the parking lot to look for it, maybe it was under the seat of her car. She called P'Tihn in case she had accidentally dropped it in the store, but she still couldn't find it. Tul pushed her hair back until it was messy, tears filling her eyes. It seemed like she would have to reorder the necklace.

“Should I look for it at the Forensic Institute? I was there half a day. It seems like I should go there.”

In less than ten minutes it would be time to finish the job. Che-rån took off her uniform and hung it on the hook behind her desk, ready to return home. But her mind was still busy thinking about the items Blank had left on her

desk that afternoon. It was an important item that someone had left behind. And yes... It was a red velvet box just big enough to fit in her hand that Lieutenant Tul probably dropped and left in her office. Blank found it, so she figured it couldn't be anyone else's. Blank wanted to return it but he didn't have her contact number, so he left it with someone close to Lieutenant Tul, specifically Ran because he thought that no matter what happened, Lieutenant Tul would probably come back and take the important item.

Annoyance hit the doctor. She was busy reviewing cases in the afternoon, so she didn't have time to contact her and ask if she was missing something. But a few minutes before finishing the job, she became arrogant and refused to call her. Her mind kept thinking about why until now Tul hadn't realized that she had lost something important? What kind of crazy person always carries a piece of jewelry with her even when she goes out to investigate cases. if she falls, who would bring her back?

There was a knock on her door when Che-rán decided to call Tul to go get her important things before going home, but Che-rán probably didn't need to do that because...

“Ran, you're still there, right?”

Che-rán felt more nervous than when she had the opportunity to talk to her that morning. Perhaps because there were no work problems that should come first. The doctor pressed her lips tightly before ordering the person outside her to open the door and enter. The lieutenant entered the doctor's office, which looked familiar to her. Her dark eyes looked at Che-rán, who was still sitting behind the work desk, and she saw the velvet box there, in front of the young woman who had originally intended to return it.

She felt relieved, as if a mountain had been lifted from her chest. But Lieutenant Tul acted erratically, not knowing whether she should thank her and then accept it before leaving or she should just tell her directly that, in fact, her necklace was hers,

“You came looking for this, right? I'm about to leave.”

Che-rán stood up and put the strap of her bag over her shoulder. She tried to direct her gaze in a direction other than Tul, but the room wasn't wide enough to pass through. The person who was trying to make peace was blocking her way.

“We can talk?”

Tul herself didn't want to leave it like that. Fortunately, the doctor agreed to stop and wait to listen, without moving away from her. But even so, Che-rán's attitude did not seem to be kind at all. Tul looked down like a child full of regret. She stepped forward to grab the velvet box on the table and held it up. The words she had painstakingly prepared long ago stuck to her lips. She did not dare to say a word when she stood in front of Che-rán. This situation did not allow sweet words because she had acted badly and had made her angry.

This was more difficult than chasing the guards in the interrogation room.

“What?”

Che-rán was the first to speak. She looked around her with her arms crossed for a long moment but she didn't seem to get a response. She could guess what Tul was going to say. There was a part of her that wanted to sulk a little more, but when she saw Tul's depressed expression, she couldn't stand being mean any longer.

"I'm sorry for being mean to you,"

Tul finally spoke after remaining silent for a long time but still looking at the ground, not daring to make eye contact with the person in front of her.

“I didn't dare come see you because I still... had to think about it more.”

“Are you OK?”

The lieutenant nodded in response, pursing her lips tightly before speaking softly.

“Not one hundred percent, but since I don't have you, I don't know how to be better.”

It was hard to avoid looking at her after Lieutenant Tul said those words. She refused to look at her until she realized that the phrase had meaning, Che-rán raised her hand and used her fingertips to move the hair that fell on her cheek to the ear of her interlocutor. She almost forgot to breathe as she saw the incredible sight of her in front of her.

"Is this all you wanted to say?"

"There's more..."

Both hands seemed a little nervous as they picked up the velvet box.

“It was a special gift that was accidentally lost, almost causing confusion in the search.”

Che-rán tried to hide her smile from her, fortunately she had refrained from opening it and revealing its contents. A part of her was curious to the point of desperation, but she tried to hold it back, knowing it wasn't her.

“I wanted to give it to you since yesterday. Would you like to open it?”

Tulle gave it to her and she accepted it. Her small hand slowly opened the mysterious box that was with her all day. The lieutenant secretly looked at the sweet smile on her lover's face upon seeing the silver necklace.

Throughout her life, she had only understood the meaning of the words-to give something and expect nothing in return. It was a little cheesy, but Che-rán's smile really made her feel that way.

“When did you buy it?”

Che-rán looked at her with a smile that few people could see, Tul herself smiled just as widely. She did not regret it at all because she carefully chose it with her own hands and the silver leaf pendant turned out to be beautiful as expected.

“It's been a while. Well... I asked them to make the pendant, so it took me a few days.”

“P'Tul, please help me put it on.”

The sulking person seemed to have forgotten her anger. Che-rån slightly lifted her shoulder-length hair, took out a shiny silver necklace from the box, and then put it around her white neck. Tul approached to reduce the distance between the two before bringing her hand to the little girl's body and placing the hook.

“I bought the necklace because I had doubts, can a doctor wear a ring or bracelet when entering the operating room? When I discovered that those two elements had to be removed, I decided to buy you the necklace...”

Said Tul the reason as she walked away when she finished putting the collar on her. She still didn't dare look directly into her eyes.

“So... Why a leaf?”

“The meaning of your name...”

Tul answered a little hesitantly, avoiding Ran's gaze.

“The tree of joy, right? That's why I chose the leaves.”

Che-rån looked at Tul, who had a sensitive side when she decided to buy her a gift. She reached out and gently pinched the lieutenant's cheeks, feeling irritated by her sweet apology.

“Do you like it?”

“I like it.”

Che-rån's eyes shine as does her charming smile. Tul held the small hand that was still on her cheek, leaned her face, seemed to lightly kiss her palm in exchange for the words:

"I miss you."

She blamed herself for letting time pass and not accepting it quickly. With each gentle touch of her hand, the young girl's heart trembled. Her feelings were not just about releasing anger, but rather wanting the other to know how adorable she was. Her hand moved from her cheek to caress the edge of her lips, looking at each other before giving each other a sweet kiss as a gift.

At first Tul barely reacted in time, but since it was a familiar touch to her, she responded with thoughts of longing and searching. Her arms surrounded the person's slender waist, bringing her closer until she could smell her intoxicating aroma, feel her warm breath gently caressing her skin. Those soft lips pressed together many times. Luckily it was after work, no one bothered them at their pace, as if they had given them the time wholeheartedly.

When their relationship improved and was ready to be revealed to those closest to them, Tul took the opportunity to frequently visit the forensic institute's canteen during lunch hours. Sometimes there were other people who continued to follow her, specifically Jew, who wanted to eat or investigate. Wherever Tul went, he was willing to accompany her, as long as there was the beautiful Maethinee he was also eating.

Because she was only acting as a matchmaker to build their relationship. Tul herself only knew at that moment that Jew's relationship progress had not moved anywhere. Maethinee, the jewel of the Forensic Institute, no matter how much she denied it, people could see her feelings for Jew.

As for Jew himself, it had been clear since he admitted that he liked her but couldn't bring himself to develop the relationship beyond talking because he didn't have trust. And she often got upset when asked why she didn't want to explain, so her answer was....

“There are many people who come to make fun of me...”

Tul has just discovered that a police lieutenant, daughter of a politician, whose height was one hundred and seventy, would be reduced to a few cents when he feared that the woman he liked did not feel the same. When they returned to the base at night and had almost reached the building, Jew

realized he had left his cell phone in the car, so he had to run back to get it and tell his superior to go in first. Tul planned to wait for him, so she picked up iced coffee from the drink machine, not forgetting to buy another glass for Jew.

"Give me a glass of Americano, too."

A loud voice came from behind her and she saw Captain Dan walking towards her. If she had known beforehand that the man was here, she would have gone out to keep her distance.

"I will pay for mine."

"Have you paid the lieutenant? let me pay."

"I've already paid,"

Tul said quietly, as she put the coffee in the cup. But she also had to wait for Jew so she was forced to stand and wait in the same place even though she didn't want to waste time talking to this police captain.

"I hardly see you in the canteen lately. Do you prefer to go out to eat? Or are you bored of the food here?"

Captain Dan tried to start a conversation even though he knew that the other party had become an enemy due to the many conflicts and disputes that had occurred. It seemed that the latter was the day she was about to interrogate Police Captain Krittidet according to the commander's orders, but Lieutenant Tul disobeyed and was summoned for a disciplinary examination and was also suspended from government service for almost a week.

Although he had always warned and reminded Lieutenant Tul, due to his desire to win, she did not follow his orders..

"I'm going out to eat."

"Are you eating alone with Lieutenant Jew?"

The question was strange and the tone sounded more like holding back laughter. This made Tul look at him out of the corner of her eye,

"Seeing how close you two are, you probably know that Lieutenant Jew likes women."

Tul never had high hopes for this man, but she didn't expect this person to have such low thoughts about everything. She prayed that the coffee would be finished so she could get out of there.

"Well, I'm not being homophobic. Now that the world is opening up, I understand, but you two can't possibly like each other, right?"

Finally another cup of iced coffee came out, Lieutenant Tul reached in and took it. Her eyes widened at the person who was still babbling.

"We don't like each other. I've known Jew since we were in school, so we're close."

Tul saw Jew who had just returned to the building, but didn't want to leave any misunderstanding for Captain Dan to interpret beyond that. Her sharp eyes saw a tall and robust young man with a handsome face. He would definitely be the target of women's affections if they didn't already know his true attitude.

"And I already have a girlfriend, she is also a woman. Thank you Captain, for wanting to ask."

****Wait! What?! is Lieutenant Jew a woman?? I'm confused.. hahaha.. As far as I remember, at the beginning of the novel it says Jew is a he, right?..... Well... anyways let's continue reading.. *****

The investigation of the murder that occurred 18 years ago is still carried out in secret and only two people are involved in the investigation process: Lieutenant Tul and Lieutenant Jew. They were trying to find witnesses involved in the incident. A family member, a friend, someone close to the

seven victims, but some family members completely refused to cooperate for no reason. They didn't want to have old memories and talk about the murderer who just committed suicide. But they had to find another truth

Then-Lieutenant Jew managed to contact a man who claimed to be the younger brother of the sixth victim and was willing to provide evidence, stating that his older sister, who was only 19 years old, had to become a sex worker to support her three younger brothers and knew Mr. Wisut as his brother. Lieutenant Jew hurried to arrange an appointment and a place to ask more questions before rushing to tell her superiors to get ready.

The victim's younger brother currently did not have a permanent profession. He served three years in prison for drug trafficking and sale. After his release, his only high school education and a troubled past made it difficult for him to find work. He lately works as a self-employed motorcycle taxi driver, especially late at night. It is known that at night there are usually many clients and even late at night people continue to use his services.

When the appointed day arrived, Lieutenant Jew was the first to arrive at the meeting place, near the residence of the person who wanted to testify. At night, this place was very dark as there was no lighting so she couldn't help but criticize the authorities for leaving this place in the dark. Who would dare to go through this path? Lieutenant Jew parked his car near a small indoor soccer field, following the advice of those willing to provide evidence.

Jew sent his location to his superior, who would take less than five minutes to reach the location. The police opened the door and got out of the car. Rubbish and cigarette butts could be seen scattered on the floor of the old, dilapidated shophouses. Most of them are closed and uninhabited. The sound of thunder echoed in the night sky, causing the tall figure to raise his head and look up. There was no sign of rain today, but suddenly the time came. In that case, he needed to find a new meeting place where they could shelter from the rain while talking, that would be better.

Suddenly there was a sound of something falling to the ground, making the lieutenant jump in surprise. He turned his head and saw round yellow eyes

shining brightly at the brick wall where two trash cans were lined up. A tricolor bobcat wagged its tail as if it hadn't accidentally dropped anything.

"You scared me, my God,"

Jew murmured under his breath, chuckling to himself. At least for now, before Tul arrived, he had a furry friend to keep him company. Jew called softly to the cat, beckoning it to come closer. It is said that wild cats are usually tame when they are hungry. Thinking that Jew might have something to eat, the tricolor furry creature jumped off the brick wall, running and wagging its tail, until it approached Jew who quickly grabbed his cell phone to take a photo.

The flash light that you forgot to turn off turned on automatically in the dark. The image of a small tricolor cat looking at the camera looked perfect. This satisfied the photographer who quickly sent the photo of her to the only woman in her heart hoping she would enjoy this cat photo. However, before Lieutenant Jew could get up, a heavy object was suddenly thrown at him, hitting him hard on the back of the head. Jew immediately fell to the ground, causing the tricolor cat to hiss before fleeing and disappearing into the darkness.

Red blood slowly seeped from the wound, surrounding his head, as the heavy rain fell, hitting him drop by drop...

OMG!!! Pls. Author don't let him die... I still wanted him to end up with Dr. Mae. *

②⑧

TWENTY-EIGHT



Both sides of the narrow street were lined with old abandoned businesses that had been closed. Only the car's headlights illuminated the road. The windshield wipers moved back and forth when the weather suddenly changes without warning. The rusty iron bars in front seem to indicate that it is an indoor soccer field, based on the location Jew sent earlier. However, it didn't seem like he was waiting. Tul was about to park her car at the end, but when the headlights illuminated the football field where no one should be, she saw someone lying motionless on the ground near the brick wall.

In shock, Tul hurriedly jumped out of her car without considering her safety. If it were a trap at least she could defend herself. The rain fell harder as she ran towards the unconscious body lying on the ground. Lieutenant Jew was lying on her back, unconscious, her body was wet, her face was pale, she had a slight bruise on her cheekbone and the blood around it had run down her neck to the ground, mixing with the rainwater that fell from the darling.

“Jew! Jew!”

Tul repeatedly shouted her partner's name, while lightly hitting her shoulder. But the tall body still did not respond. Tul checked the throat area for a pulse and let out a sigh as she realized that Jew was still alive. The lieutenant quickly grabbed her cell phone and immediately called an ambulance, constantly checking the Jew's pulse in case the situation worsened. While she was waiting for help, Tul did not encounter any other unusual events except seeing Jew's cell phone lying not far away. Nothing

resembling a weapon was used to harm him, and no one appeared to attack again.

Shortly after, a loud ambulance siren sounded from afar. The blue and red lights shined in the pouring rain. The medical team went to help the injured man and found a serious wound in the back of his head that caused Jew to immediately lose consciousness. The blow had been so dangerous that it could cause disability. But then, as the medical rescue team was about to transfer Jew to a stretcher, what Tul had suspected finally became visible. She previously didn't dare turn Jew's body over to see for herself for fear that he would be more serious.

Lieutenant Jew's hands were tied behind her back with a rough white rope. If anyone was to be held responsible, it was the person who invited her to join the investigation of the case eighteen years ago. Tul was sitting waiting in front of the emergency room, her face buried in her hands. Her body, which was previously soaked by the rain, began to dry out. She couldn't stop thinking about Jew's injuries, wondering how it happened, who did it, and the traces she left behind. Ella Tul couldn't understand the criminal's motive for tying Jew's hands like that and leaving her lying there... did he do it on purpose so Tul could see?

Tul saw Che-rán walking towards her with her close friend from the Institute of Forensic Medicine... The woman Jew liked. She noticed that Mae's eyes were red as if she had just cried after hearing the news.

“What did the doctor say?”

“They did an X-ray and there are no blood clots in the brain. Now the doctor has stitched up the wound, I'm waiting for Jew to wake up.”

Tul answered Mae's question, not daring to make direct eye contact with the other party. Che-rán used both hands to gently caress her friend's upper arms while whispering softly that he was okay. It was true, as the saying went, even if an injured person's condition is not as bad as she thinks, if he has not recovered, you will not be able to get relief.

“Can I enter or am I not allowed?”

Mae asked quietly, making the person who had been waiting, in front of the emergency room for a long time nod in response.

"Only two people can enter, but I can't because I'm not in good condition,"

Tul said, pointing to her clothes, which were still wet and also had some blood stains. She could only remain silent in front of the emergency room, grateful that the nurse didn't tell her to leave. Che-rán asks her friend if she wanted her to accompany her inside, but Mae refused and said it was fine. She then walked through the frosted glass door to check on Lieutenant Jew.

"Do you want to go home first?"

When they were alone, Che-rán turned to the person whose body was wet.

"Jew's parents are coming, I want to wait for them."

Che-rán did not argue, she approached, sat in the chair next to the lieutenant and took out a tissue that she had in her bag to help remove the dirt stains on her arms and face. Tul gave in to Ran without complaint. In her head she kept thinking about Jew's attack and who had done it. Of course, this possibility could be seen in several ways, but Tul ruled out the possibility that Jew had been attacked by robbers, because her valuables, including her cell phone and wallet, were still intact.

If it turned out that the person who attacked was someone who didn't want to allow the 18- year-old case to be unearthed and reinvestigated, that meant someone knew what the two of them were doing. And she was responsible for making Jew... Have to risk dangers and injuries like this.

"Is there something you want to tell me?"

Che-ran asked with concern. Because whenever she Tul felt uncomfortable, she used to show it through her facial expressions. Her dark eyes always looked at the hand the doctor was holding. Many times Tul opened her mouth to speak but she hesitated and had to exhale.

"Me... and Jew... we were investigating the case together from eighteen years ago."

Tul finally explained to Che-ran. The lieutenant bit her lip and looked away, avoiding eye contact with the person next to her.

"Tonight we had a date with the younger brother of the sixth victim. He agreed to give a statement, so we scheduled a meeting at 9:30 p.m. Jew arrived first and was attacked..."

"You didn't arrive in time to see what happened?"

Tul hesitated to answer that question. It wasn't because she got there in time that the criminal had to flee before acting, but because the culprit left Jew's unconscious body for her to find for a reason Tul didn't know.

"When I arrived, Jew was lying unconscious, there was no one around him, but he was attacked in no more than five minutes because before that he had just sent me his location."

"Mae also said she just chatted with Jew. She sent him a photo of a cat, but after that she didn't respond until Mae heard the news that he had been attacked,"

Che-rán said about what her friend told her. Could someone have hurt Lt. Jew after he sent herself the cat photo, five minutes after Tul arrived on the scene?

"I think the culprit abandoned the Jew purpose."

"Why do you think that?"

"Jew was hit from behind, in the back of the head, which could have left her unconscious."

Tul felt the back of her head with her hand. The area that the emergency nurse had previously reported on.

"But when I saw him, he was lying on his back."

“If they hit him on the back of the head until he passed out, he should have been lying facendown...”

Che-rán said that was exactly what it was supposed to be, but according to Tul's testimony, it was completely contradictory. If it was so bad that Lieutenant Jew fainted immediately, there was no way he could turn around unless the criminal did so for some purpose.

“There is something else that worries me... Jew had his hands tied behind his back with a rope.”

Tul emphasized with a heavy tone, a meaning that Che-rán understood immediately. The criminal's modus operandi was the same as that of the perpetrator of the murder case that they were secretly investigating together. He tied the victim's hands with a rope, so that it would not be easy for him to struggle during the heinous murder. If Jew received the same treatment... The two lieutenants would probably take it as a potential message about the case.

“But the villain left Lieutenant Jew without doing anything.”

Tul nodded. It's just that she still didn't understand the actions of the criminals. She didn't understand what the villain was doing. Did he want to threaten her? Or just teach her a lesson?

“When I arrived, I didn't see anyone except Jew who was lying there... The field was very wide, if I was still in that area and running, I would definitely see him.”

Tul raised her hand to press her eyebrows when she felt a stinging pain. She tried to imagine when she arrived on the soccer field. Che-ran reached out and helped her massage her forehead. Tul lowered her hand and let the doctor run the tips of her fingers over the spots that made her feel better. She couldn't help but think about what she was facing and she was still missing something. She could not be sure if Mr. Wisut who died was innocent. Jew was attacked when she was preparing to interview a witness. These things were even more debilitating, she still found it difficult to find a way out of this problem.

“P'Tul is not alone, I will help you...”

“But...”

“I had intended to reconsider this case from the beginning. I have spoken to my father many times. He wants to read the autopsy report himself... Although we are still sad for my mother, we have to do it if we want to know the truth.”

The two looked at each other for the first time since they sat down and talked. Che-rán's eyes seemed firm as she made her see what she wanted. Tul nodded in response, letting the other person smooth the strands of hair from her forehead, like a stray cat whose owner had come to pet and soothe her head.

“I understand... But if you can't handle it, please tell me any time.”

“Aren't you the one who always maintains silence?”

The reprimand made Lieutenant Tul smile. She rested her cheek on the little girl's palm as she liked to do. The heavy feeling in her heart eased a little. The only hope in the midst of this worst situation was to wait for Jew to regain consciousness and tell everyone that he was fine in his joking voice.

The warmth of the touch of her hand was the first thing the injured person felt. His heavy eyelids slowly opened and looked into the light of the room. He wanted to turn around and see where he was, but he couldn't because his neck seemed to be in a cast. The pain spread until his eyebrows drew together in front of the owner of the warm hand that held his. She immediately called the nurse when she saw that the person being cared for moved.

“Jew... Can you hear me?... Nurse, the patient is awake!”

After that, a team of doctors and nurses rushed around the patient's bed to perform a preliminary physical examination, measuring blood pressure,

vital signs, and checking various body movements until there was no room for the wound to move and to be able to ask him about what had happened.

“Overall, there is nothing to worry about with your current condition, but we may need to monitor your symptoms further. I will arrange for you to be transferred from the emergency room to a normal room to rest,”

The middle-aged doctor said to the patient's relatives sitting by the bed. Mae nodded in acceptance and thanked the doctor before he and the nurses allowed them to be alone together again. Jew seemed too weak to move, perhaps due to the effects of the medicine and the pain that only allowed him to smile slightly, it was enough to reassure the beautiful woman who had not yet let go of her hand.

“If you call me and I can't turn around, don't worry, it's because I'm in a cast, not because I'm arrogant.”

Mae laughed softly at the joke, which was still funny. She played hard while she was still in pain. Tears filled her eyes until she had to raise her hand to wipe them away.

"When they hit me, I thought I was going to die,"

Jew said quietly, still remembering the feeling of the blow to the back of his head. The blow was so strong that he fell on his face, his eyes blurred and he could barely see anything. His arms and legs were completely numb, unable to move as he wished. The split second before he lost consciousness, he thought that he would definitely die. Even when he woke up, he still thought he was dreaming. But the warmth of someone's hand holding him let Jew know that this was reality.

"The fact that I was about to die made me think..."

Jew murmured softly, allowing himself to relax and regain his happiness from now on.

“At that moment, I only thought of one thing. I didn't even ask you to be my girlfriend. How could I die first?”

"Stop talking nonsense."

Mae gently pinched his arm, making Jew smile widely. Although he was still very weak and couldn't move his neck, he could only give him a sweet look that made her feel embarrassed.

“Will you go out with me?... I've been chasing you for so long, how is it possible that you don't want to go out with me...”

The last sentence the high lieutenant spoke was to correct his embarrassment. It's not that he relied on the sympathy points he obtained to benefit himself. It was more that when not be different from when he woke up and found Mae next to him, he thought that her feelings might..

"Did you just realize that?"

Mae pinched his arm again, making the injured man wince in pain.

“So do you want to be my girlfriend?”

The lieutenant asked again when he still didn't hear a clear answer, hoping that Mae wouldn't be cruel by turning away someone who had just been seriously injured.

“Okay, yes.”

“How can you make me want to hug you? I can't do that now... When will I be able to take off this cast?”

He continued talking, playing non-stop, causing a soft laugh from the beautiful woman who was next to her. Mae lowered her head and hugged him gently, whispering a request to stay like that for now, until the injured person still smiling widely like someone who had passed out of consciousness. Finally, when the nurse came to announce that the patient needed to be moved to the recovery room, and at the exact moment Jew's family arrived at the hospital, the two reluctantly let go.

His injury might not have been anything to worry about, but the support he received was so complete that his mom and dad wondered why he was in such a good mood.

The next morning, Tul returned to the small soccer field under the toll road where Jew was attacked the night before. She continued thinking, because she immediately helped Jew who was unconscious. Compared to the photo of the three-colored cat that Tul asked Mae, the cement floor where the cat was standing was the one where Tul was standing now. Jew was playing with the cat and he was sneak attacked, which seemed to make sense. However, due to the state of the cement floor, it was difficult to see the criminal's footprints.

Even if it happened on dirt or sand, it would probably be full of footprints from rescuers coming and going. Tul tried to walk away from the scene, along a brick wall, until she reached a small alley, a road that led to a residential area that the perpetrator could have used as an escape route. If each household were systematically asked if they saw anything suspicious the night before, based on the accounts of other police officers who had been there, the general opinion was that violent incidents occurred frequently in this neighborhood. Often without theft, but could involve drug trafficking or other illegal activities. Many residents chose not to get involved because they thought it was none of their business. It would be difficult to catch the suspect if he did not cooperate.

But that wasn't the only reason that brought her back there. After examining the crime scene but not being able to find any important clues, the young lieutenant decided to walk towards the alley that would lead to the settlement under the toll road to look for the person they wanted to meet the night before. Ms. Nongkran's younger brother, the sixth victim in the case 18 years ago. After last night's incident, the police in this area questioned Mr. Witoon because he the one who arranged a meeting there with the policeman who was attacked. However, at that moment he was driving his motorcycle towards some passengers who were several kilometers away.

The passenger had confirmed that his testimony was strong enough to allow him to be released as a suspect.

Tul walked through the narrow corridors of the slums under the toll road, trying to find a house according to the written address. She stopped briefly to ask directions at a small grocery store, before realizing that just one aisle ahead would be her destination.

Mr. Witoon left the door open as if to receive guests at any time. Tul took the opportunity to take a look inside. Inside the house, there was a shirtless man lying under a fan while he played with his cell phone. Suddenly, without warning, a boy of about ten years old ran out of the house to meet a strange woman he had never seen before in the neighborhood.

“Who are you looking for?”

The boy asked briefly. But before Tul had time to respond, he turned to speak to the man lying in the house:

“Uncle, someone I don't know who has come to the house.”

The man seemed a little upset that someone he didn't know was bothering him while he was resting. But still he rose and sat down, squinting at a woman whose face he had never seen before, and thinking that perhaps she was a former creditor. Tul took her police badge and held it up to show her ID.

“Police, are you Mr. Witoon? I just want to ask....”

“What police? I just got back from the police station. I told them I didn't know anything.”

Mr. Witoon raised his hand to shake his head with an annoyed expression. Nothing seemed to go wrong, until he had to talk to the police again.

“Yes I know. But I want to ask something else. Lieutenant Jew.... The policeman who was attacked, he was the one who contacted you.”

With those words, the homeowner was silent for a moment, thinking and considering for a long time before saying a few short words. He stood up shaking his head, walking over to take clothes out of the old wooden closet and put them on. He signaled to the guest to enter the house.

“Um, can you go? I'll talk business with her.”

The boy let out a small sound of disgust, before thinking of something better and extending his hand in front of the older man.

"I gave you this morning, you bastard,”

Even though he said harsh words to the boy, in the end the boy ran out of the house with twenty baht as payment. Mr. Witoon shook his head in annoyance and turned his attention to the guest standing by the door.

“Go ahead, police.”

Tul hesitated for a moment, then took off her shoes and entered the small house that was filled with equipment in a room. The homeowner closed the door behind him, pressing the fan head to turn toward the guest. The empty space in the middle of the house was where the two person facing each other.

“Your son?”

Tul asked about the child before.

“No, my nephew, his mother is in prison for opening an account for money laundering. As for his father, he left her when the child was born. As for his mother's new husband, I don't know where he went. So, I'm taking care of him.”

The man gave a long answer about the story of the child he was taking care of Tul nodded in understanding. Although it may seem complicated, in reality not everyone in this country had a perfect life. Not all families were prepared to care for children, considering social conditions that left some groups without a choice. She couldn't judge someone for what he shouldn't

do. Because living every day, making a living, especially combined with the responsibility of caring for a child, is very difficult in a country that does not provide much support to young children,

“How is the police officer who was attacked?”

“He has regained consciousness and is currently being treated,”

“Okay, okay. There are a lot of addicts around here, they rob people to get something So you have to be careful.”

The owner of the house pointed around her, assuming that the community he lived in was full of crime and that the police were not taking care of everything. Until now, residents in these areas have had to find ways to take care of themselves instead of relying on help that never came.

“We are currently looking for the perpetrator, but other police officers have tried asking people around here....”

“How could they confess? The person who escaped, perhaps entered his own house. But it doesn't seem like anything is missing, right?”

"Yes, nothing is missing."

Tul shook her head. She didn't know how far the incident with Jew had gone. When she found him he was tied with rope before the rescue team untied him on the way to the hospital. That was all she knew. If it reached the ears of jourmalls, they would probably interpret it a hundred different ways. But if they knew that they were secretly investigating something... It would be a big problem. It was scar that the police wanted to keep it a secret, but Tul had no reason to tell the man in front of him.

“Come on, I thought they were going to arrest me earlier. Luckily there was a passenger who helped confirm my whereabouts. Huh... Why would I attack him when I really wanted to tell him something? Dresses? I even let them arrest me.”

He said after having let Tul in so they would stop being suspicious.

“And about the things you wanted to tell us, at that time, did you ever tell the police?”

“I said it, but I was still young, I was only fourteen when 'Am died. So the police didn't listen to me.”

The victim's brother simply laughed at the memory of the past. Losing his older sister at that time was like losing the family's main strength. He had to earn money even though he was still young, but the lives of his other three brothers were more important.

“You said you had seen Mr. Wisut. That's right?”

“That's how it is. One night, P'Am came home late and called someone to come pick her up, so I went and saw her get out of the taxi... Mr. Wisut, the guy who just hanged himself, right? He was driving that taxi I..”

Witoon narrated the incident as if he was thoroughly checking it to inform the police that he came to see her. He considered himself lucky to still have the opportunity to tell the story

“And what happened next?”

“Well, I arrived just in time to see them... uh... my sister let him take her in the car. The police probably already knew because Mr. Wisut already admitted it, right? My sister gave the taxi a ticket in exchange, but that's all... I waited until she got out of the car. Did you know that Mr. Wisut was stupid because he didn't know that his money had been stolen?”

Tul frowned at the last sentence that he had never heard before.

“Stealing money?”

“Yeah. The meter only cost two hundred baht, P'Am definitely had the money to pay for it. But she did that so she could secretly take money from the cabin of the car, she stole almost three thousand or more at that time. Mr. Wisut probably didn't know, she just walked away without giving it much thought, but I didn't think he would kill P'Am for that.”

His voice sounded mixed when he talked about his sister being murdered..

“Does that mean your sister agreed to do this with Mr. Wisut because she wanted to trick him into taking his money?”

The man in his thirties shook his shoulders slightly, his eyes seemed sad as he remembered the past.

“He pretended I was talking bad about him. Yes, P'Am not only made money by selling herself, but also stole money from sleeping customers. She would sometimes get a few thousand and take them home for us to use.”

The events that Tul heard were barely recorded in the case documents. As she read each of the victim's documents, it seemed like the police in charge of them overlooked the little things. Mr. Witoon breathed lightly before continuing.”

“But one day, she came home with things, like expensive watches and shoes for me to wear. If something didn't fit me, I could sell it. The police wouldn't come to arrest me for that, right?”

“Shoes? Do you remember what shoes they were?”

Tul's attitude made the man think strangely. A slightly absurd question assaulted his mind. He scratched his head lightly as he tried to remember.

“At that time shoes were expensive, Scholls, Converse, Onitsuka...”

The behavior of stealing money and valuables from clients who used the sexual services of Miss Nongkran Thepwathi, one of the serial murder victims, was seen as another piece of the puzzle. The important thing was that Lieutenant Tul could gather the information. But it was a pity that Mr. Witoon had not kept the expensive shoes from eighteen years ago. But at least he could tell the story. The perpetrator could be someone who used his services and whose property was stolen by the victim.

After returning from the settlement via the toll road, Tul immediately headed to the recovery room. Her brain was full of new clues that she wanted to toll Jew. While it could be difficult to track and discover who had purchased services and what goods were subsequently stolen, it was better than having no information at all. Shortly after, Tul arrived at a private hospital. Because as soon as Mr. Atip Sarasin came to know that his beloved son was injured while conducting research abroad, he shifted Jew to get the best treatment at his trusted hospital. Although Jew did not show how much money his father had, and even liked to keep his money when they went out to eat together, Tul understood Jew's family situation. How could the daughter of an opposition politician act normally?

As soon as the glass elevator arrived at the VIP floor, the legs that came out were a little tight. Tul asked the nurse at the counter before walking towards the nurse showing her her hand. There were not many patient rooms on the entire floor, Tul walked to the front of the room that had the name 'Ansaya Sarasin' written on it. Her hand went up and knocked on the door for etiquette, then slowly moved the door to the side.

The room looked like a five-star hotel suite with a separate living room at the front, clearly visible from the patient's bed. It was just that there were no walls separating it. The large windows had curtains that opened so that it was possible to see the view of the city from the tall building and still open the sliding doors to let in the breeze from the balcony. Tul had just discovered that hospital patient rooms could be this luxurious

When Tul entered, the sound of sports news from the TV on the wall gradually decreased. A middle-aged man, whose face was familiar to one followed political news, was sitting on a couch not far from the patient's bed. He took off his jacket and left it on the armrest of the couch, but he still looked elegant in a white shirt and a dark blue patterned tie. His face, which showed signs of aging, looked at Tul through rectangular glasses that he usually used to read books and Important documents.

“Oh, you arrived just in time. I have to go home for a while.”

Said the Jew's father, smiling slightly at the person he considered his own daughter. He raised his hand to greet Tul and nodded to return the greeting.

“Have you eaten?”

“I have eaten already,”

“Why didn't you tell me you were coming? He wanted to give up a Coke, but he really wanted to drink it.”

A familiar voice rang from the bed. The patient was still lying in bed and he couldn't move her neck because he was still in a cast, for two weeks at most. But his son's honest words made his father sigh.

“Didn't the doctor forbid you to do it?”

“The doctor didn't say that. He thought of it himself.”

Tul laughed softly at the small argument between father and son. It was clear that these types of incidents occurred frequently, even at the level of high-level politicians, he could not remain angry with his son. Especially regarding the job Jew had told him about, his owl father was not very happy that he had put himself in danger. It was possible that the events of the previous night had not made Mr. Atip happy.

“Since Tul is here, there is something I want to talk to you about.”

“Father, I told you that was the one who didn't take care of myself. As for Investigating this case, we both agreed to investigate together.”

“I won't say anything about that. I just want to talk.”

Mr. Atip lowered his voice, conveying seriousness to his son. Tui turned around and nodded slightly to let the sick man know that she was fine, before sitting down on another couch in front of the older man.

“I have never opposed, I have never prohibited you from anything, but I have the right to know what happened as the father that I am, right? What were you doing to get hurt like that?”

Tul felt the same way when she watched political debates, when Pak Atip did not trust the government and was sometimes critical. The opposition

leader was so good and solid in debate that he could intimidate his audience. However, Tul couldn't help but think that Atip was now open to listening and considering the reasons why he chose to exercise the rights of a concerned father instead of scolding his two daughters.

"We're investigating a case, dad,"

Tul admitted truthfully, because as the oldest in front of her said, he had the right to know when a family member was hurt.

"Is the perpetrator someone involved in the case you are investigating?"

Mr. Atip asked in a serious tone. She had not yet been able to catch the perpetrator who attacked his son, It was not a robbery and Jew himself held no personal grudge against anyone, in fact, there was no evidence left at the crime scene, especially CCTV cameras that were not installed in the area, making it difficult to find the perpetrator,

"Dad, do you remember the serial murder where the victims were women who sold services? The criminal only committed the crime when it was raining at night, a case from eighteen years ago."

Tul was careful with her words, she observed the expression of the man in front of her who frowned thoughtfully,

"The perpetrator has been caught in that case, right? The one who just hanged himself? You found it yourselves."

"Yes, the case was closed, but not long ago someone Imitated the murder method of the case 18 years ago, which made us arrest Mr. Wisut. This made us see the gaps in the investigation of the case at that time. A lot of the evidence was very weak and we couldn't see it. I want to investigate this case."

The senior politician reflected on what he heard. It wasn't that he didn't agree with what they were going to do, because they just wanted to know the truth. But if he tried to see it only from the starting point, he thought it was impossible for two policemen to change the situation and fix it. The

case had been closed and, furthermore, there was almost no evidence left to investigate

“In the case at that time, who was responsible? Have you tried to consult with the police involved in the case?”

The adult's suggestion made Tul turn her gaze to Jew who was listening to the conversation on the patient's bed. In fact, It was the smartest thing to do if she wanted to revive this case, but the police officer responsible was none other than the man she hated.

“That policeman is my father. Tech Techakomol.”

“Commander of the Central Detective Police, who will run for election?”

Tul nodded. She wasn't something to be proud of, her father wasn't an amazing father like most people. Who would make an example of him or listen to her speeches? Who knew there were fathers like him? This only made Tul feel embarrassed. Fortunately, Jew's father was not so narrow-minded as to hate the daughter of a politician opposed to him. But he actually encouraged her, more than anything.

An hour passed, before Mr. Atip left, Tul followed the elder she respected to the front door, feeling like a daughter saying goodbye to her departing father. A heavy hand gently patted the lieutenant's shoulder.

“I am worried about this case. Even if you expose the matter, the government is unlikely to allow electoral candidates tarnish their reputation by being associated with past abuses. They'll probably find a way to suppress the news. Not to mention, even Big Tech itself might not allow you to investigate this case freely. I know him well.”

Mr. Atip was no longer surprised where the young lieutenant in front of him got her stubbornness from.

“I just wanted to tell you, if there is anything I can help you with, just say it. It may not have connections as important as the government. But I can help put pressure on the political game. You understand?”

Lieutenant Tul returned to the base the afternoon of the same day, but not with Jew because he needed to rest a few more days as advised by the doctor, not to work too much, not to spend more energy than necessary for almost a month. Therefore, Tul had to work alone, there would be no partner for a while. As soon as the policewoman set foot in her unit's office, the investigating officer and his co worker approached her,

“Lieutenant, it's good that you came. I needed your help.”

Without waiting for Tul to catch her breath, a young police officer approached and then took Lieutenant Tul to the interrogation room used to question important witnesses. At that moment, inside were a police officer and a young woman who had probably come to report things that Tul didn't know much about.

“What happened?”

“The woman came to report a crime. She had her body covered in bruises, but when she was asked, she refused to say a word. She came here because her friend forced her.”

They looked towards the witness room, there was a young woman who towered her head. Next to her was a police officer interrogating her, clearly upset that she refused to say anything

“Did you suffer physical damage?”

“We think so. But she didn't say anything, even though she came to report him. I almost sent her home, luckily you arrived first...”

The policeman only realized that he might have said too much until Lieutenant Tul looked at him coldly.

“Uh... I just thought that with a policewoman, she might be willing to talk.”

Tul was able to understand the reasons given by the other people, opened the door and entered the room, while patting the shoulder of the police officer who almost uttered cruel words out of annoyance. He could make

the victim afraid to speak. The police lieutenant said she would take care of the matter herself before sitting in the chair opposite the poor young woman,

"Hello, it's just you and me in this room. All the men have left, don't be afraid."

Tul chose to use a soft tone of voice to coax her. The woman raised her head slightly and silently watched to see if what this policewoman said was true. Tul noticed that she had a bruise at the corner of her mouth and a red mark on her right cheek, as if she had been slapped very hard.

"Then I will ask a question. You just have to shake your head and nod to respond."

"Almost a minute had passed, that bruised face that was about to swell, nodded."

"Was the person who hurt you a member of your family or not?"

She shook her head.

"Is your lover?"

She shook her head again.

"Is he your friend or acquaintance?"

Once again, she shook her head. Tul frowned slightly as the question did not help address anyone close to the woman. But before asking another question, she heard the voice of the victim who until then had not even thought of saying a word.

"I....I'm a sex worker..."

"She paused, eyes wide, as if she wasn't sure what to say.

"The person who bought me... is the person who hurt me."

"Were you physically attacked?"

Che-rán asked before entering the exam room. Insider was a young victim of physical violence who was taken by Lieutenant Tul to the Forensic Institute to have her injuries checked.

"She didn't say anything else. She's probably afraid because the law won't protect sex workers,"

Tul whispered softly. Even she herself had not told the other agents at the headquarters after learning about it from her alleged testimony. After a while, she took the opportunity to take the young woman to examine her body there and trusted the medical examiner that she was the only one still available.

Ran nodded in understanding and pushed the door in. Inside the room, there was a young woman sitting on the bed waiting. Tul followed her inside and closed the door behind her. Because she wanted the victim to feel comfortable, the male officers were not allowed to come in and help

"Let me check you, when I'm done, I'll treat your wounds. Don't be afraid, okay?"

Che-rán addresses the emotional state of the victim. Besides her body being covered in wounds, she must have also experienced trauma. The doctor speaks softly and asked the victim to look up. She raised her head slightly to examine the scars and found a dark purple bruise on the white area of the neck. When she looked closer, it became clear that it was probably the mark of a finger pressed firmly against her throat. The woman screamed in pain when Che-rán tilted her face slightly to one side of her.

"I'm sorry the bruise only happened a few days ago and she's still in pain..."

Che-rån said, letting the police behind her watch every action and listen.

“Did he strangle you?”

Tul expressed her own opinion, but the victim remained silent, not daring to say anything. Che-rån turned her head to check the wounds on other parts of her body. Her thin forearm had a long line as if she had been hit with a stick. With just a light touch, the woman retracted her arm because her wound was not yet healed.

Ran immediately apologized and was more careful than before. On her right arm, there was a bite mark, which seemed to have caused her quite a bit of pain... Apart from that, there were also scratches around her wrist, as if she had been tied with a rope before fighting until she was injured.

“Was the person she met someone who was violent during sex?”

“Do you mean... bdsm?”

Tul grimaced thinking about the pain the victim had to endure.

“Yeah. Create a feeling of happiness by hurting your partner during sex. You will have superior strength or tell your partner to call you boss. However, it must arise from the consent of both parties. If there is no consent, it will harm the other party and will not respect her body at all. This is considered a physical impact that is directly harmful to her.”

“Ah... You know it very well.”

Che-ran's eyes flashed, staring at the person who was mocking her without looking at the situation. Until the lieutenant had to purse her lips as if she were closing her mouth, not daring to speak more. Che-rån looked again at the wounds all over the woman's body before discovering that there were scars under her clothes. She had bite marks spread all over her chest and inner thighs. Lieutenant Tul helped take photographs of the wounds found at various points.

“As I said before... You didn't agree with him from the beginning, did you? Did you not allow this type of violence?”

She shook her head, pursing her lips tightly, holding back tears. She allowed the doctor to apply medication to her inner thighs.

"That shows that the perpetrator forced her..."

Tul concluded as she looked at the young woman who was no more than twenty-five years old, but had to face this terrible event. Could she handle it? She didn't even dare to come forward and report the problem, until her friend had to force her. It was probably because the laws in this country do not protect sex workers because it is also considered a crime.

“Can you tell me who it is? Do you know his name?”

The police lieutenant's question confused the victim. She almost held her breath. At first Tul thought that maybe she wouldn't get more than this. It was possible that the victim did not know the name of the man who purchased her services. But her trembling hand reached into her pocket to take out her cell phone,

“Did you take the photo?”

She nodded, moved her finger a few times on the phone, and then handed it to the lieutenant so she could see the photo on the screen. The man in question had been secretly photographed without him realizing it. His white face and elegant appearance quite attractive. But he looked very familiar, as if Tul had seen his face somewhere before. That made Tul frown and it took her a minute to figure out who he was

"Isn't this. P'Tihn's friend?"

29

TWENTY-NINE



“Do you mean Win?”

The older man put down the bowl of rice and reached out to grab his younger sister's cell phone, Tinh frowned when he saw that the person his sister was asking about was his old friend who had just returned to Thailand not long ago.

“It's true?”

Tul asked again to be sure. Although his pale face had not changed since childhood as he knew him, It would be better if P Tihn confirmed it again.

“Um, this is my friend Win, why? What did he do?”

Tihn returned the cell phone to his sister. His face was still sad from what Tul had say to him before because it was definitely not anything. Tul sighed deeply, using her spoon to push the ham omelette onto her plate, not feeling as hungry as she should have been.

“Phi, are you still in contact with him? Do you know where he studied?”

“She studied in the United States and only returned about two months ago.”

Tinn said as he observed her sister's expression, which still didn't look good.

“If you ask me if I'm still in contact with him, I only spoke to him when he returned to Thailand. We met for the first time at the reunion party I attended that day, and he used to stop by the store.....”

Her brother's response did not meet Tul's expectations. She tried to dredge up childhood memories of him and vaguely remembered that Tihn was very close to this friend, often taking him to pick up his younger sister from elementary school or inviting him to his house. However, Tul remembered that he didn't like his friend Tihn very much. He seemed arrogant, spoke harshly, and often interrupted her when she spoke to her brother with mocking words that would seem more impolite than a joke. It got to the point where she had to tell Tihn that she didn't like him. After that, Tihn never invited her friends again. Then he found out that Kawin had gone to study abroad. But he didn't expect that once he returned, they would still be in touch like before.

"So what did he do?"

“A woman came to report violence against her body during sexual relations... Do you like the movie Fifty Shades?”

“Not really, BDSM sex should be based on mutual consent from both parties. But your friend did it to a woman who didn't want that. The woman was abused until she had bruises all over her body, Phi, you probably didn't know he has tastes like that, right?”

Tul tried to digest what her brother said. Hanging out with friends who have a personality like that might not be possible. But that could be due to his prejudices that he had ingrained since childhood.

"I didn't know about this...”

Tihn frowned slightly, pausing to think as if something had just crossed his mind.

“But he is marred, right? if I remember correctly, he posted it on Facebook a few years ago.”

Tul almost choked on her rice after hearing the new information, even though there was nothing strange if a man in his thirties had been married before. Unlike her older brother, he seemed to have difficulty finding a suitable partner. Tihn quickly checked his friend's personal account to find a recent photo of him and his wife, which appeared to have been taken almost a year ago.

“Here it is.”

This time, Tul took his brother's cell phone to see him. The photos were typical of a couple having dinner at a restaurant in New York City. The man was Kawin and the Asian woman next to her also appeared to be Thai. When she clicked on the tagged woman's name, Tul had to squint to get a closer look and realized that the woman had a friend who just so happened to be someone she knew.

Thiwa Thawichakul

In the afternoon, Lieutenant Tul went to the Attorney General's Office alone after Che-rân helped make an appointment. The Lieutenant sat in the waiting room waiting for prosecutor Thiwa to meet with her. Che-rân had briefly told her that prosecutor Thiwa sometimes offered legal consultations. To be sure, she had to ask Thiwa directly.

Maybe it was because they hadn't seen each other in days, but every time they met, Tul secretly admired her suit that fit her slender figure so well. On the other hand, prosecutor Thiwa did not seem happy to meet the Lieutenant. She might have been stressed by the demand she had to face, but she sacrificed her time to go because Ran had asked her to.

“What's happening today, Lieutenant? My head hurts handling police colleague's case. Did you know that the court reduced his sentence to life in prison? And that was before the appeals court even reviewed it,”

Thiwa said with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. When she took up Lieutenant Tul's case, the accused, a police captain with the Central Bureau of Investigation, asked the court to lighten his sentence due to his clean professional record and his status as a state official who had never failed to

perform his duties, its functions. Despite prosecutors' insistence, It was difficult to go after someone with such powerful connections. Furthermore, even if the death penalty could be imposed, he would ultimately be pardoned and sentenced only to life in prison.

“I saw the news. But you can file an appeal to punish him more severely, right?”

Thiwa didn't respond, just shrugged her shoulders slightly. She didn't want to let him go either, because she knew she would attract public criticism if his sentence was reduced to life imprisonment. He was a murderer who brutally took lives and hid the bodies by hurrying them underground for months

“So what's up? Let's get straight to the point.”

The prosecutor lifted her watch and looked at the time, as if she wanted to tell her that she didn't have much time. Tul quickly took out her cell phone and opened a photo before showing it to the person in front of her.

“This woman, do you know her? I saw that you are her friend on Facebook.”

Thiwa took a moment to remember.

“I remember that one time she came for a consultation because she wanted to sue her husband for divorce.”

“Demand a divorce? Is this her husband?”

Tul quickly changed the photo to a photo of a husband and wife and then showed it to the prosecutor.

“I have never met her husband, but it could be him. If you ask about details of the divorce case, I prefer not to discuss it. It's quite personal.”

Thiwa's tone was serious, indicating that she was only sharing limited information since she was someone who had provided legal consultations to these people and was reluctant to reveal anyone's secrets.

“The problem is not the woman, but her ex-husband. Yesterday someone came to report that he had been sexually abused during sexual relations.”

Tul's words made Thiwa frown slightly but she still listened.

“I have not called her to question her because the only thing we have is a photograph as evidence of the woman. I know that he lived abroad for almost twenty years, he was married before and has now returned to Thailand. That's all I know.”

Thiwa crossed her arms, as if she needed to think carefully about how much she should say.

“Let's just say that the divorce case has an element of physical assault. Because the case occurred in the United States, the woman just wanted to see if she could file a lawsuit here. If not, she has a legal team there to handle it..”

Lieutenant Tul nodded in understanding, piecing together the connections of what she had heard. At the very least, Kawin had a history of violence against women that led his ex-wife to file for divorce.

“That should be enough. Thank you so much.”

Tul put the notebook in her jacket pocket and bowed her head slightly in gratitude to the confused prosecutor. She just asked a few questions:

“Why did you have to go here instead of just doing it over the phone? Don't you think I don't know about you and Ran,”

Thiwa said as she crossed her arms and watched the young lieutenant's somewhat uncomfortable reaction. Tul pursed her lips, not knowing what to say in response to the implied reprimand.

“Ran... Did she tell you?”

“I asked her, so she agreed to tell me.”

Thiwa tried not to express herself even though her heart was quite heavy. It was like she weighed a rock when she discovered that the two of them loved each other. She also likes Che-ran, but Che-rân only saw her as an older sister to her... And Thiwa herself had been willing to make it that way for years. But when she thought she would have to lose against a police officer Che-rân had just met, she felt upset.

"Go back to work and don't show your face too often,"

Thiwa said half jokingly, making her interlocutor smile, Lieutenant Tul bowed once more before immediately turning around and walking in another direction, not waiting to be shooed away a second time

After receiving additional information about the man who committed violence against the sex worker, Lieutenant Tul contacted the victim to identify if it was indeed Kawin. He agreed to cooperate and will go to the Central Investigation Bureau on the same day. Lieutenant Tul returned to the Criminal Investigation Unit office with a glass of iced Americano in her hand. Generally there were not many people in afternoon because each officer had to go out to investigate outside the area. But at the lieutenant's table someone took a seat, It was no other person than Che-ran who raised his head and looked at the person who had just entered.

"Lieutenant, you arrived on time, the doctor came to see you, I didn't know where she should wait, so asked her to sit and wait at your desk first,"

Said the same young police officer who received the report about the attacked woman the day before. He rushed to tell her because he was afraid that Lieutenant Tul would not like someone occupying her desk. But instead of seeing an angry expression, he saw the lieutenant smiling widely. Tul raised her hand and waved, indicating that she was okay.

"Why did you come to see me? Have you eaten?"

The lieutenant dragged another chair to sit near her, placed the coffee cup on the table and watched Che-rân take out the file she was carrying. It was the document from the previous day's examination of the worran's injuries.

“I brought the report documents. Have you eaten too?”

“Um... It's late, who hasn't eaten yet?”

Lieutenant Tul did not answer the question correctly. She deliberately wanted to irritate Che-rán, In fact, before returning to the office she stopped to eat at a restaurant. The lieutenant whose arm had just been hit could barely feel it. Her eyes scanned the documents in her hands, one could tell that there were cuts and bruises visible all over her body. How much could that woman endure? Why would they take such actions for his own happiness and cause so much suffering to others?

"Maybe we have to call her in for questioning, because if the woman doesn't agree but has wounds like that all over her body, that's not normal,"

The lieutenant said, frowning slightly as she counted the wounds on the woman's body., which were numbered no less than twenty.

“How was your conversation with P'Thiwa?”

"She had a history of physical violence against his wife, which resulted in her filing for divorce in the United States before he returned to Thailand less than two months ago,"

Tul said, sharing the information she knew. Although Kawin had a rather unpleasant personality in his childhood memories, he seemed incapable of hurting anyone. But since it was about sexual preferences, she couldn't judge. It had been almost twenty years since she last saw her older brother's friend, and people changed with time and circumstances, becoming strangers with unknown personalities.

“So, what is Thiwa's relationship with her....”

“As I already told you, the woman one came to consult about the possibility of filing for divorce because her husband was physically abusing her.”

Che-rán was silent for a moment, trying to think of the connection between the two events.

“P'Thiwa told you what kind of physical abuse?”

The doctor asked, and she received a gentle nod in response.

“Okay, let's assume first.... Could it be that his sexual preferences are causing her partner pain? His wife might also be facing similar problems.”

Lieutenant Tul considered her words because, from what she knew from Tihn, Kawin must have been married for at least five years. During that time, a man with a conduct disorder like this was unlikely to refrain from committing violence against his wife during sexual relations

“But if they had been married for several years, it is possible that his wife initially agreed until he became violent. Or maybe little by little the symptoms of his disorder began to appear, that's why she wanted to get divorced,”

Che-rån explained, referring to the wounds, on the sex worker's body, which indicated the man's behavior: an abnormal marriage, where he almost degrades the dignity of the other person without caring at all about his humanity.

“In any case, we have to call him to question him.”

“It will be OK? Isn't he a friend of P'Tihn?”

Che-ran asked softly. Because officers involved with victims or suspects could introduce bias into the investigation, but the lieutenant shook her head slightly.

“We know each other, but almost twenty years have passed and we are not that close. It shouldn't be a problem,”

Tul said, not expecting her brother's old friend to have much influence over her. After all, her brother wouldn't interfere if his friend was really at fault. Che-rån continued organizing the files she was carrying because there were still things she wanted to talk about. The lieutenant took an ice cold Americano and drank it. Although the ice was beginning to melt, It still

tasted delicious. She brought the glass to the doctor, who tilted her head slightly towards it, her thin lips pressed against the same straw, taking several sips of the lieutenant's coffee.

“Mae asked Lieutenant Jew to take an x-ray at the hospital that day and there was a picture of a wound on the back of his head.”

Lieutenant Tul approached Ran so they could read the document together. Atip Sarasin, Jew's father, confirmed that he wanted a detailed investigation into the attack on her daughter and had entrusted it to the authorities. Although they had not been able to catch the perpetrator, they were doing their best to follow every lead.

“Generally, if they hit you in the back of the head, especially in the neck area, it is very dangerous. May cause disability. Looking at Lieutenant Jew's wound, I believe the perpetrator used a stick or a heavy object.”

According to Che-rán, the wound on the back of Jew's head was quite serious. Seven stitches were even necessary to close the wound. However, the results of the skull x ray have not been confirmed,

“Jew doesn't remember anything before he was hit. The perpetrator sneaked up behind him.”

Tul sighed, still unable to stop thinking about it. The person who attacked Jew intended to intimidate them from investigating this case further. That's why he left Jew lying there, injured, waiting for someone to find him, with no intention of taking his life.

“But if. He was someone who really didn't want the investigation to continue he probably knows what you're going to investigate, right?”

“I think the same too, but... I haven't told anyone. It's just me and Jew... There is also another person, the victim's younger brother, who has a clear alibi that is confirmed by the witness,”

Tul did not want to believe that she could be that person from the Central Bureau of Investigation. After the recent murder case, Mr. Wisut died

shortly after, leading to speculation and discussions within the office. In addition to the dozens of officers, two policewomen and inspector Pichet, who was watching from afar, there was probably someone who secretly knew about the investigation she was carrying out

"Maybe there is someone inside who knows about this matter, but..."

Tul spoke again, she pursed her lips in thought,

"It was very risky, and he was very brave to hurt Jew... Everyone knows that he is Mr. Atip's son. As a result, the risk of this case being exposed is greater than before, It would be better if he attacked me, because... No, I mean, I'm trying to think like the criminal."

Che-rán opened her mouth to argue, but had to stop when she heard what the lieutenant wanted to say. She really didn't approve of anyone being hurt, and she disapproved even more when she heard her lover say that. It's true, what Tul said, if the villain knew that Lieutenant Jew was the son of a politician, his actions were full of courage, which showed that the person who did it might really want to challenge her.

The lieutenant's cell phone rang, a ten-digit number with no name making her a little hesitant to answer the call. But when she brought the phone up to her ear, a voice answered on the other side of her, causing Tul to keep her back straight.

"Okay, see you outside, Yes, you can send me the location.."

That was the woman from the day before. She originally made an appointment to come here, but she wanted to talk somewhere else. Tul removed the doubt from Che rán's gaze before they decided to go together. The two stood up and the chair that Tul had taken earlier was returned to its original place. But before they could leave the office, someone approached them. The person Lieutenant Tul least wanted to see. But it can never be avoided.

"Oh Doctor Ran, what are you doing here?"

Captain Dan looked at the two women alternately. He still remembered his previous conversation and realized that there were only two female police officers in this department, so...

“Oh, I know.”

She clapped her hands hard, as if he had discovered something amazing.

“Hello Captain, We haven't seen each other in a long time and you are still the same as always.”

Che-rán did not care about the etiquette of the young police officer in front of him and greeted him in a calm tone and appeared unperturbed by her words as if they were a compliment or an expression of friendship. Before leaving, Tul greeted the senior police officer. She then lifted her hand and placed it on Che-rán's small shoulder, approaching her as she walked in front of Captain Dan.

ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

Kindly reset your memories and make Lt. Jew a girl coz she really is.. 🤗
🤗 I don't have the energy to reread the novel from the start to edit.. it a waste of time to do.. At this moment my goal is to finish this novel so I can upload ASAP..

The designated meeting place was a small cafe located inside a gas station not far from the Central Bureau of Investigation. The young woman wore a long sleeved turtleneck to protect herself from the hot air, but It helped her hide the bruises on her neck. She lowered her head when Lieutenant Tul and Dr. Che-rán entered the cafe. The interior was relatively empty except for the three of them and the staff at the counter. After ordering, Tul chose

to wait for her drinks, and it was Che-ran who approached the seated young woman.

“How is the scar? Did you take the medications?”

She nodded in response. Her eyes did not dare to make eye contact with the doctor sitting in front of her. Soon Lieutenant Tul joined in and gave Che-ran a drink.

“We already know who he is if you wants to press charges.”

Unexpectedly, the woman's expression showed no signs of relief that the police could act so quickly. Rist she seemed like she was ready to cry at any time to relieve the pressure in her heart. The strange behavior made Che-rán ask in a low voice, hoping that the other party would calm down.

“Don't worry. He doesn't even know you reported him to the police yet. But after this, it will happen according to the legal process.”

This is not about comparing or judging the appropriateness of consensual sexual relations. However, Che-ran was quite sure that what the victim showed previously, during the physical examination, indicated deep suffering. In addition to fear of her male influence, there were also concerns about her profession as a sex worker, which is still considered illegal in this country. How funny it is, even when they are attacked or physically abused, the law still cannot protect them. Worse still, they are even considered criminals

"I... I'm sorry, police... but I..."

The young woman sighed repeatedly, trying to contain the tears that were overflowing. Her physical condition looked better than the day before, but her mental condition had worsened as she thought all day about what she should do next.

“I probably won't continue with this case and won't try it.”

In the end, she said a sentence that made her feel guilty. From hearing her voice on the phone to entering the store and seeing that her expression was not good, Tul seemed to have predicted what would happen from the beginning.

“Can I ask why?”

Actually, I agreed from the first time. That was something she had not told them since the first day she reported the matter to the police.

“But yesterday you said yourself that you didn't agree and he forced you.”

"I thought it wouldn't be that bad..."

She replied, her eyes wandering and still not making eye contact with anyone.

"At first I thought it was funny, even when he tied my hands and beat me with sticks. But the violence got worse until I couldn't take it anymore."

“Did you tell him that you couldn't stand it, that it hurt you, or that you didn't want it?”

Che-rán continued asking. The victim bit her lip until it turned white, choosing to direct her gaze towards the three glasses that were on the table.

“My mouth was closed, so I can't say anything.”

“Consenting to have sex doesn't mean you have to give in until it's over. If you can't stand it in the middle of the activity, you can tell your partner, if it turns out that he refuses and continues doing it, it means that he is forcing you.”

The doctor's words made the woman's side tremble as she held back her sobs. She raised her hand to cover her mouth, still insisting that she would not sue the man who bought her for sex and abused her as if she were nothing more than a toy.

"But physical assault is a criminal case. We cannot allow him to be compromised,"

Tul said seriously. She was not angry with the victim who did not want help from the judicial process, but she was angry that she had wasted her time pursuing this case.

"It's up to the police to handle it, but I... I confirm that I agreed with him, and I knew from the beginning what he was going to do. I don't want to take legal action, I don't want to go to court, pay legal fees, waste time and get nothing in return."

The woman's voice sobbed a little. Her words emphasizing that she did not want to press charges made the police sigh because she did not know what to do.

"In any case, we may have to summon him for questioning. And regarding costs, we can help you."

She pursed her lips tightly, as if hesitating whether to accept the offer or not, but she shook her head.

"It's up to the police to do what you want. However, I already said that! I don't mind doing it from the beginning. I just wanted to say this."

The lieutenant returned to the police station along with the doctor, who abandoned her cat before going to see the victim. The woman did not want to take any responsibility despite receiving compensation. Even Tul confirmed that it was important to call people to confess their crimes, but she still refused. If the victim did not continue the case she would simply end it.

"P'Tul, are you still thinking about that?"

"Um, she have the right to protect yourself. I can not do anything about it."

She leaned against the steering wheel, staring at the back of the car in front. Che-rån reached out and held the lieutenant's hand in her lap.

“Tul, you can proceed with this matter according to the steps. Call the man for questioning, do what you can. Don't think too much, no one blames you.”

Tul did not respond immediately. She ran the tip of her thumb over the back of her soft hand, feeling wormed before sighing,

"Um... I'm a little upset."

“You can be upset, but you shouldn't take out your emotions on other people.”

"Ran... I don't have that habit anymore,”

Lieutenant Tul said, her voice hoarse and making the other person laugh softly. Just when the light turned green, the two had to let go of each other's hands and the car moved slowly again.

"P'Tul, are you free this Saturday?"

Asked the young woman next to the driver.

“I am free. Where do you want to go?”

“I want to invite you to eat at my house. The last time I invited you, I was rejected.”

Her tone was a little complaining, to the point that anyone who felt guilty rushed to accept the invitation.

“I will go. It's night, right?”

“You can come at five. Give me time to do housework and cook rice first. Do you want to eat something special! Any food allergies?”

Che rân looked at the person she was driving, who seemed thoughtful before responding in a friendly tone.

“I'm not allergic to anything. I can eat everything. I'll eat anything you make.”

“After you say it, you have to keep it,”

Che-rân joked with a sweet smile. With her left hand, Tul gently shifted gears and extended her arms toward Che-ran, for a hug. The doctor frowned slightly, gently scolding her for not concentrating on driving properly, but still, she relented and took her hand. Inside the car, with soft and relaxing music playing in the background, the atmosphere was not too calm.

The setting sun was beginning to cast long shadows of the weekend night. In the Chanthanasatien family's two-story townhouse, stability reigned with the preparation of a sumptuous dinner to welcome her daughter's important guest. The kitchen was filled with the aroma of skillfully prepared dishes. Professor Räkkit, a senior doctor at the Institute of Forensic Medicine, was used to taking care of his daughter alone since his wife died. That's why he was so skilled in culinary matters. Che rân acted as the chef's assistant, trying to lighten the load but apparently without success.

Her father kept telling her to do simple things like peel shrimp, chop vegetables, beat an omelette and cook it. Aside from that, she also helped get some things for her father. The Siamese cat walked around his feet until Che-rân had to carry him out of the kitchen in her arms. The sound of a loud car engine reached the house, drawing the attention of the cat and its owner to see who was approaching. Suddenly Che-ran's cell phone rang, answering the question, the owner of the car that stopped in front of the house was Tul.

“Father, P'Tul has arrived. I will receive it.”

The girl went to tell her father, who responded without looking back because he was still busy boiling red curry in a pot. The Siamese cat walked on all fours following Che-ran to the front door of the house. His blue eyes shone brightly when he saw who had entered.

“Hello little mushroom, do you still remember me?”

Tul crouched down towards the cat who was not intimidated by the visitor. She reached out and touched his little head, until the cat could remember who the person was. He bowed his head at the soft scratch and let out a moan with such satisfaction that Tul smiled.

“Look, I have food for you.”

“Tul are you really going to bribe him?”

Che-rân smiled widely, watching as Tul picked up the furry cat to hug him carefully. The little mushroom seemed to give up and didn't fight.

“Who knows, maybe one day I will occupy the mushroom bed again, right?”

Tul acted as if she was joking with the cat, but the essence of the problem completely affected the cat's owner, Che-ran hit the person who spoke mischievously on her shoulder, eliciting a soft laugh from Tul before they walked together to meet the professor who was inside the house. In addition to seeing him when she visited Che-rân, this was the first time her daughter introduced him to Tul, who also brought his favorite egg tarts from her brother's store.

While waiting for dinner, the little cat tried the gift that Lieutenant Tul had given him. Of course, the little guy seemed to like it so much that Che-rân complained that her cat liked people who gave him more food. Not long after that, the dinner prepared by the professor was ready to be served and Che-rân helped her father carry it and put it on the dining table outside. Tul offered to serve rice on the three plates before they sat down to eat together. She had chatted with Professor Rakkrit before and it made her feel less

tense. Furthermore, everything went very well when they both agreed to make fun of Che-ran.

“It's too salty? Dad, you said to put a lot of soy sauce in it.”

Che-rán who was eating the eggs, turned to Tul who was collecting them. She put a large spoonful of tortilla and rice in her mouth. Che rán was relieved to not see her make a strange face that cost her, her life.

"Honestly, I don't care,"

The professor sent a hidden message to Tul, who was still munching on rice and eggs. But the lieutenant shook her head, trying to chew it all before swallowing it.

“It's okay, I like to eat salty food.”

A warm laugh immediately arose from the professor sitting in front of her, until Che-rán had to gently pinch Tul's arm.

“My daughter is not good at cooking.”

"It's okay, I can do things."

After saying that, she could only lower her head, unable to smile, and quickly stuffed the rice into her mouth.

“Dad, you talk too much.”

“Because? That is good, no? I no longer have to worry about what you will eat.”

“You say it as if you were going to hire Tul to be a cook.”

"I can be a cook too.”

After Tul finished speaking, she turned around and smiled sweetly at Che-rán, who was the target of ridicule from the two gang members who had formed since they started chatting together. Che rán had to use her elbow to

push Tul's arm to stop her from talking for her father's sake. She didn't know if she intended to score points with her father or not...

Dinner continued in the middle of the conversation of the three. The little mushroom kicked playfully near them, running back and forth between their legs. Che-rán continued to insist on not giving her cat anything other than his usual food. Additionally, the food prepared for humans was too salty for the cat palate.

The important guest volunteered to wash the dishes for the hosts, while Che ran swept up the leftovers into a garbage bag. After that she waited to take the plate from Tul's hand that was covered in soap, to rinse it with clean water. Her lively conversation was constantly filled with laughter and witty jokes. One person mocks, while the other responds with annoyance. The last plate had been turned over in the sink, before Tul bent down to turn off the water valve and dried her hands with the clean cloth that Che-rán had brought her. Professor Rakkit himself was going to see his small garden outside the house. As for the little cat, no one knew where he had gone, he was probably sleeping somewhere after playing with everyone all the time since they cooked.

"I want to see a photo of you in a fluffy skirt at a school event."

Che-rán stared at her. If it weren't for her father who kept burning her childhood stories in the middle of the table, Tul probably wouldn't have protested or wanted to look at those old photos. But in the end, the homeowner's daughter had to take her to sit and wait on the couch while she searched for her family photo album. Che ran sat next to her and opened the album page after page with Tul approaching.

"This is all. Maybe from kindergarten,"

Che-rán with a fluffy skirt would look like a beautiful princess, as the teacher said. She smiled until her eyes widened at the camera, causing the person who saw the photo to smile as well. In every movement, from lining up on stage, appearing on stage with other friends, to the last photo of a six-year-old girl taken with her father and another woman who could be her mother.

“This is Mrs. Ran.”

If she says Che-rán looks like someone, it would probably be her mother. Mrs. Watcharin's face was now as beautiful as Che-ran's. Her hair was longer and her makeup was more mature. Fortunately, those childhood memories were recorded in photographs and stored in an old album that she would occasionally opens to look at, even though the person in the photo was no longer there. Che-rán did not feel sad. She continued opening the album, page by page, Inviting Tul to see her childhood. What did she ever do? Where did she travel? Until the three of them, fathers and daughter, took a photo together in front of the 'Highest Land of Siam' sign, in the Doi Inthanon National Park. Another photo is of Phra Mahathat, with the little model sent by her parents smiling at the camera.

“I used to go to worship the relics with my parents at Doi Inthanon.”

Che-ran said, remembering her childhood.

“That's good. I had never been to Chiang Mai before, I had only been to the beach,”

Tul said in a lower voice. She was a person who never let herself be taken on trips by her family, like other children. There was only one traffic police uncle who invited her to go to Bangsaen together every year. Until she and her brother had the opportunity to touch the sand on the beach.

“Do you want to go when you have free time?”

The words spoken by Ran invited her listener to smile widely. She looked at Che ran with bright eyes like a child's.

"We'll go to Chiang Mai later, that's a promise,"

The lieutenant's voice brightened immediately. Although she didn't have much free time lately, at least she would have a little trip with Che-rân, She would really look forward to it....

In the middle of the night a terrible storm fell. The sound of thunder roaring loudly was surprising. Most people would stay home because it was not the right time to go out. The rain fell hard and hit the paved road where there were puddies of water. The street lights flickered before going out, leaving only darkness. A young girl's eyes widened when she found herself lying in the middle of the road, soaked, with raindrops touching her pale face and she was so pale that it hurt. While her brain was very confused and trying to figure out how she got here, someone came up and stopped in front of her.

The tall figure of the mysterious person was dressed in a black raincoat, his face covered with a mask so that only his black eyes were visible, looking at the body of the young girl who showed signs of fear through her expression. However, she could not utter a cry for help with her lips because her mouth was covered with a cloth, her hands were also tied, her eyes trembled when she saw the big hammer in the man's hand. She trembled with fear and wanted to get away from him, but she couldn't.

The man knelt in front of the woman who couldn't get out of this situation. And in this life, she could never forget those pitch black eyes of hers, as if he could kill her in the blink of an eye if he wanted to.

“Do you know why you are here?”

Even his voice was colder than the rain that fell on her body. The head of the hammer was placed near her ear and she looked at it in horror. She let out a gasp and tried to shake her head until the man was ready to remove the cloth covering her mouth.

“Please, please, please let me go...”

A pitiful young woman shouted over the sound of heavy rain above. Tears flowed mixed with raindrops. But the man who saw her only managed to laugh, and put the cloth back on her until it covered the woman's mouth as before. She shook her head violently, trying to plead for her life through her tear-filled eyes, but the man didn't even bother to look at her.

The head of the harmer was dragged by the woman's body, as she struggled in vain. His strong hands grabbed her long, thin legs, stretching them over the paved path, squeezing them as tightly as iron pliers until the owner of the legs could not remove them.

“When I gave you a chance, you didn't respond....”

The sound stopped. The young woman could see what would happen to her leg when she saw that the iron hammer had been raised, and in just a fraction of a second, she immediately screamed with the cloth covering her mouth before feeling a deadly pain that she had never felt before in her life. The man in the raincoat paid attention to his work. The girl's knees were almost crushed, her legs were distorted as if they had no bones.

“Do you remember what you did?”

Tears welled up in her eyes until they became cloudy. She could feel excruciating pain in her legs. Although the person asked her questions, she still didn't understand. Or even if she had to think of an answer immediately, the fear that took over her mind made her unable to think of anything, she only hoped that she could survive this situation.

The cloth covering her mouth was lowered to her chin. Those trembling lips couldn't even scream for help anymore. The man brought his face close to his, leaning his ear as if he wanted to hear words of confession about what she had done. When he didn't get the answer he wanted, he shook his head as if he was really disappointed. The woman screamed again with a trembling voice when the man in the raincoat hit her leg with the hammer, hitting the same spot as before. The young woman steeled herself and endured the unbearable pain that hit her for the second time in a row.

The hammer hit her kneecap again and again without stopping, until the sound of crushed flesh and bone resounded louder, competing with the rain. Her right leg twisted, mirroring the same contortion as her left leg. Sharp bones penetrated her skin, looking terrifying, as blood slowly seeped out to stain her stockings. Finally, the ordeal ended when the victim could no longer act and was left breathless on the cold sidewalk. She could no longer

feel her legs beneath her knees. Her mind was blurred, almost losing consciousness, until she heard it again, a voice that echoed from far away...

“Do you not understand people with disabilities even a little?”

Lieutenant Tul arrived at the scene less than half an hour after the police car inspector and the foundation vehicles stopped to surround both sides of the road to prevent the entry of anyone other than officers. Tul crossed the yellow and black barrier line, entering the scene. The expressions of many officers were quite tense and clearly worried. The young lieutenant did not stop to ask anyone about the situation. She approached the place where the body was found. The streets were wet from the rain that had fallen during the night and the puddles were filled with a red liquid. Tul tried to avoid accidentally stepping on it. Inspector Pichet was not far from the body. The forensic team had not yet arrived so the lieutenant had the opportunity to clearly check the state of her body with her own eyes.

The lifeless body of a young woman, a victim of cruelty, lay in the middle of the road. Her once recognizable face was now damaged and destroyed beyond recognition. As her gaze moved downward, the knees of the corpse were crushed, as well as her left leg twisted unnaturally, pointing in the opposite direction. While her other leg seemed to be deliberately bent, she also had her hands tied behind her back. Lieutenant Tul's head immediately became dizzy as she tried to think about what was happening. Even Inspector Pichet himself was left speechless, he shook his head pointing to the team from the institute of Forensic Medicine that had arrived at the scene.

Tul quickly turned to look at the medical examiner, and saw Che-rán walking after the other officers to get to the lady. And when she could see the state of the victim's face, Che-rán immediately stopped in her tracks, accidentally holding her breath.... It had happened again... It was the same method that serial murder had used eighteen years ago. But they couldn't confirm whether it was a copy or a repeating pattern, especially since the original author was dead,

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THIRTY



The agents who saw the body did not dare to deny the brutality that the lifeless body of that unknown woman suffered. The severe wound on her face was quite prominent and may have been the main cause of her death. Forensic institute agents took photographs as evidence while Dr. Che-ran knelt over the body and took a moment before explaining the injuries.

“Her face was severely injured, resulting in a tissue tear, a skull fracture, and possible brain damage. Based on the torn edges of the wound, it is suspected that the perpetrator used a blunt and heavy object to hit her face.”

There was something different about this murder case compared to previous cases that used similar methods. Although the case was closed with the conclusion that it was a copycat murder carried out by another person, this time the level of damage was much more serious. The perpetrator brutally destroyed her entire face, including destroying her lips, teeth and chin until they were unrecognizable. Dr. Che-ran ordered her assistant to pick up the teeth that had fallen out and were scattered, mixed with blood and tissue remains on the street.

Che ran took a piece of cloth that the perpetrator had previously used to gag the victim's mouth, tying it around her head. The cloth was stained with blood, falling into the oral cavity where it was beaten until it shattered.

“The perpetrator probably held a grudge against the deceased. We should target people close to her or people who had problems with her.”

Inspector Pichet stood up and analyzed the situation not far from the body but Tul believed that investigating this might not be so easy. At the moment it was still almost impossible because they could not identify the victim.

“Couldn't they find her wallet, Inspector?”

“They couldn't find anything. The perpetrator probably took all of her belongings. I don't want to rule out the possibility of a robbery, but...”

"Based on the condition of the corpse, if the perpetrator only wanted valuable property, there was no need to do something like that to the deceased,"

Lieutenant Tul continued the sentence left halfway by the inspector, narrowed her eyes and looked at the medical examiner, who was examining the two legs that clearly looked damaged. Che-rån held her left leg bent and discovered that the joints had been destroyed, so that only the muscles that held the upper and lower legs together remained.

“The perpetrator used the same weapon to beat him to the bone. The knee area was severely damaged, both kneecaps were broken, the distal part of the femur and the tibia were broken. In her right thigh there a bone protruding from the flesh. We have to take her for an x-ray first, maybe it will reveal clearer details... And due to excessive blood loss, the deceased was probably beaten before she died.”

“Was it also the perpetrator who left her left leg like this?”

"I think it was the perpetrator's work,"

Che-rån responded to the inspector's question, who couldn't bear to see the complete body. What confused Lieutenant Tul was that the perpetrator seemed to have deliberately made the person who found the body see the victim's terrible condition. It was very similar to when she found Jew unconscious. What was the meaning of his action of deliberately breaking and bending one of her legs?

“Can you estimate the time of death?”

“The deceased was exposed to the rain throughout the night causing the temperature to drop more quickly than usual, but it is believed that she most likely died in no less than six to eight hours.”

The doctor touched and palpated the woman's pale body, making initial assumptions about how long she had been dead based on her muscle stiffness. Forensic officers turned the victim's body over to examine the wounds on her back. The initial question that arose when she saw the victim's arms behind her back was answered immediately, since her wrists were tied with a crude rope. Tulle recognized her immediately but tried not to jump to conclusions... Apparently it was the same type of rope that the perpetrator used to tie Lieutenant Jew's hands after attacking her until she was unconscious.

Che-rán examined the bruises on her arms caused by pressure that led to abrasions on her wrists, possibly because the victim was struggling when she was attacked. The doctor slowly opened each finger, one by one, before discovering a surprising mark.

“The tips of all ten fingers were burned. Perhaps the perpetrator did it to slow down the identification of the victim.”

Lieutenant Tul stared at Che rán, who was staring at her. They probably had the same feeling that this murder case, regardless of who the perpetrator was, contained clues that were deliberately left to defy the police, as Tul had previously suspected... The morning news reported that the body of an anonymous woman had been found, brutally murdered, and the perpetrator abandoned her body on a less-traveled street. There were no CCTV cameras to capture the crime. The police and the foundation managed to prevent any news agency from taking photographs or writing reports about what happened. The revealed cause of death was that she was hit in the head until she died.

As for details other than that, including the condition of the face destroyed and both knees crushed until the bones broke with the legs bent, these were only preserved by the Central Bureau of Investigation to avoid distortion of the case. Tul followed the coroner to the institute to act as an observer during the autopsy of the body on behalf of Inspector Pichet, who had

been called to Central. The lieutenant had documents from the evidence unit that helped find information about the clothing the deceased was wearing. Judging from the surface, she was wearing normal clothes. A cropped shirt with a slightly cropped waist, skinny jeans, and sandals. She showed that she wasn't planning on going anywhere before her death.

However, the last information that Lieutenant Tul received turned out that every item of clothing worn by the deceased was all brand-name clothing. Each outfit cost no less than 40,000 baht and could be purchased in department stores full of brand-name stores. This information let Tul know that this poor woman was no ordinary person. However, she could also be a descendant of millionaires, who represent less than 10% of the total population of this country.

Tul wanted to take back her words that the criminal might not want her valuables. For better or worse, he had probably taken them. Another possibility that arose was a ransom demand. However, Tul immediately denied it because there were no ransomware thieves, they only look the victim's wallet. In today's era, people no longer carried cash. And, of course, he might not be able to use the deceased's credit card or other cards to withdraw money as he wanted. So what was the reason? If it was related to the case 18 years ago, why choose rich people as victims? It would probably risk becoming big news and would be easy to capture.

The woman's lifeless body was taken to the autopsy room after being cleaned. Dr. Che-rán entered in a green coat, ready to do the exam. Her beautiful eyes looked towards the observation room, meeting Lieutenant Tul's worried gaze. She seemed worried, especially about the doctor's mental state, since she insisted on taking responsibility for the autopsy even though the body looked like the one from eighteen years ago.

“The police still can't identify the deceased, right?”

“Currently we only know that the clothes the deceased was wearing were very expensive and from high-end brands. This shows that she was

probably a rich woman. However, no family member has yet reported the disappearance of a person matching her description,”

Said Lieutenant Tul, speaking into a microphone to relay the initial clues the police found to the doctor. Che-rân saw serious injuries on the victim's face, making it almost impossible to recognize her face.

“Doctor, can you tell us the age of the deceased? the lieutenant asked again.”

She tried to guess that the victim was between 20 and 25 years old, but she wanted to get definitive confirmation from the medical examiner.

“We have collected DNA samples. As for her age...it is difficult to estimate because her teeth were damaged. However, the teeth we collected from the crime scene were sent to a forensic dentist. It may take some time, but we will let you know as soon as we have the results.”

Che-rân began examining the external injuries in detail after performing an initial autopsy at the crime scene. The wound was an indication that a blunt weapon caused serious tissue damage. The muscles, facial tissues and skull were significantly affected. There were fractures, bruises and lacerations, especially notable to the right eyeball which had been pushed into the skull by the force of the impact.

“The cause of death has been confirmed as previously stated, due to a crushed skull and brain damage.”

“The weapon? You can tell me?”

Che-rân carefully examined the wounds, while tilting her head slightly to the side, allowing her to observe the edge of the bruise around the right temple, which was caused by the weapon used by the attacker. With a grim expression, she ordered her assistant to immediately take photographs for documentation.

“It is believed that the weapon was a hammer.”

Che-rán hid her concern, trying to suppress any tressor in her voice.

“Judging from the severity of the wound, in some areas there are concave areas that form a circular pattern. If it were a stick or another weapon, the wound would not be as deep. The perpetrator may have used a large hammer. I will help determine the size of the weapon with a three-dimensional model.”

“From the head it went to the arms, where the rope was removed, there were long abrasions on the skin that extended from the wrists, Furthermore, the flesh around the wrist showed signs of struggle, evident by the obvious scratches.”

Che-rán carefully examined each finger, one by one.

“They had been charred by the fire to the point of affecting the deep layers of the skin, making it impossible to collect fingerprint samples.”

"There are no signs of sexual abuse,"

The doctor said as she examined the unidentified woman's genitals, in stark contrast to previous cases of copycat murders. In that case, the perpetrator left evidence on her body to satisfy his lust. However, this assassin left nothing behind, displaying a thoroughness that was almost terrifying, Bank even bent down to rub his knee while the doctor examined the wounds in the area. The deceased's two legs were placed on a board, with an X-ray film showing the bones in detail from the knee area down, causing the legs to wrinkle. Che-rán confirmed her previous statement that the perpetrator had attacked her while she was alive, judging by her bruising and bleeding. Her right leg had more serious injuries, showing signs of having been repeatedly hit with a weapon, causing her skin to shrink. It was another case of assistant Banks carefully moving her knee, making sure she was still in good condition,

The naked body of the corpse had been prepared for dissection and examination of the internal organs. Che-rán took the scalpel and held it in her hand. But then, she noticed something abnormal about the breasts of the woman lying in front of her. Normally, a woman's breasts would droop

naturally due to her gravity, rather than remaining rigid like hers. Che-rân lowered her scalpel and reached out to touch the deceased's breasts, noticing the rigidity that was not her normal flexibility. She noted the discolored surgical scar, approximately 4 centimeters below the breasts on both sides of her.

She took the knife again. But this time Che-san did not split along her body as usual. Instead, she gently pressed the tip of the scalpel to re-incise the surgical scar. She opened her just enough to insert the clamps under her pectoral muscle.

“Did the deceased ever undergo breast surgery?”

Lieutenant Tul, who was observing her every movement, became curious when she saw the doctor take out a round piece of silicone like a drop of water and place it on a tray. Che-rân turned around to look at the area beneath the base, gently wiping away the blood stain until she could see ten letters and numbers written on it. Yeah. Each pair of silicone breast enlargement implants will have a serial number stamped on them, indicating that the implants are insured and certified as non-piracy silicone. This should be enough for the police to investigate the deceased's medical history at the surgical clinic.

Inspector Pichet had not even given his permission when the door to his office suddenly opened. As time went by, the senior police officer began to get used to the reckless nature of his subordinates in the investigation unit. Lieutenant Tul greeted him before hurriedly reporting the progress of the case they were handling together.

“Inspector, the forensic examination revealed that the deceased had undergone breast augmentation surgery. The silicone implants had a manufacturer's serial number. We are currently investigating which clinic the implants were sent to. Once we find out which clinic she underwent the surgery at, we will soon know the identity of the victim.”

Tul placed on the table the documents she received from the Institute of Forensic Medicine, including photographs with the serial numbers and brands of silicone implants exported to various beauty clinics and hospitals.

“Very good, lieutenant. Is there anything else?”

“The deceased was most likely a rich woman, judging by the designer clothes she was wearing. We are currently investigating where the clothes were purchased, whether they were made within a certain period of time or whether they were new... However, compared to breast silicone research it can provide faster results.”

Tul organized her thoughts and summarized them into words for Inspector Pichet to hear. Although there were still questions, she could not speak directly to the inspector,

“Did the forensics find no traces of the perpetrator?”

“They haven't found it yet. The victim was not sexually assaulted and, apart from the weapon, which forensics confirmed to be a hammer, there were no other signs of injury that led anywhere, not even to the perpetrator...”

Tul said, feeling upset because was so far away behind the murderer. It would take her quite a while to find him, especially since she didn't know what awaited her ahead.

“We have to discover the identity of the deceased before we can discover who held a grudge against her.”

The lieutenant nodded, still pursing her lips, unsure if it was appropriate to talk about what she had been thinking since the body was found at the crime scene. But inspector Pichet seemed to notice the uncomfortable expression before he could ask.

"Is there anything you want to talk about, Lieutenant?"

“Could this be the case...”

“Is this the case that occurred eighteen years ago? Okay, lieutenant. Everyone thinks so.”

The inspector nodded, indicating that Lieutenant Tul was not the only one who had doubts about this matter. Although the reporter had already reported the news, in fact, almost all the police officers on the base knew what happened.

"What do you think, Lieutenant?"

The inspector asked curiously, it wasn't that he didn't know that Lieutenant Tul was secretly investigating this case with Lieutenant Jew, who was attacked earlier. Therefore, it was not strange that the lieutenant thought this way.

"I've tried to review all the murder case files from eighteen years ago. The evidence pointing to the perpetrator in each case is minimal. But there is a common thread among the victims, namely that they all traveled in Mr. Wisut's taxi. The evidence linking the murderer is the hammer that was found in the taxi. However, I asked Dr. Ran to examine the victims wounds and It turned out that the hammer found was much smaller than the size of the victims wounds.”

Inspector Pichet listened carefully and did not interrupt.

“And in this case... The perpetrator left no evidence that could be traced and also destroyed the identity of the body to delay the investigation. The weapon used was a hammer, so I suspect it could be related because the method was the same,”

Tul said of her own hunch because there was no evidence to support this assumption. More than a minute passed while the lieutenant waited for the inspector to criticize her so loudly that people outside could hear, but the senior police officer just sighed.

“Lieutenant, how do you know that he is not an imitator.”

“This is different. In the case of a stalker who claimed to idolize the murderer eighteen years ago to imitate the method of action, but he left footprints for the police to easily locate. But this case is different... The perpetrator left nothing.”

“But Wisut is dead and there is no evidence to prove his innocence. The case from eighteen years ago is now closed. It will be difficult to reopen it and juxtapose it with the current investigation. And when investigating any case, he never uses his own feelings. Investigate based on the evidence and clues available. Lieutenant, do you understand what I'm saying?”

Inspector Pichet always had a sense of regret for his past government service throughout his life. He tried to adapt so he could be like the others. Although he wanted to help his subordinates as much as possible, he had to be careful not to let Tul suffer the consequences,

"I understand,"

Lieutenant Tul agreed, but she didn't care. At that moment, the inspector was like her adult relative and at least he was still willing to listen.

"So, Lieutenant and Dr. Ran are they dating?"

The inspector suddenly changed the subject without asking.

“Ah... How did inspector know?”

“The guys from the unit said you brought her here to introduce her.”

Not knowing how to express or say anything, Lieutenant Tul just scratched her cheek to get rid of her embarrassment, feeling uncomfortable.

“I didn't mean anything by that, I asked because my daughter... well, one day she brought a friend to stay at our house. She even cut her hair. My wife wanted me to talk to her about it, but I don't know where to start,”

Lieutenant Tul nodded. It could be that he was so caught up in the image of a Criminal Investigation Unit inspector that he forgot that he also had a life outside of there. After hearing the inspector talk about his daughter, it

reminded her of her own father, who liked to be strict but eventually gave up because she still wouldn't listen.

“You may also want to tell your parents indirectly.”

“Should I do something? Or what should I say?”

“Inspector, you don't need to do anything to make it special. Just acted normal, like you usually does. If she is ready to tell her parents, she will do it herself,”

Tul advised, thinking about the time she went to dinner with Che-rån and her father. A comfortable family environment that she could feel without having to do anything more than necessary... A knock was heard on the door of the inspector's office, before it opened, followed by a young police officer with a surprised expression. He quickly showed respect to him and immediately conveyed the important news.

“Inspector, someone posted a photo of a dead body on Twitter. Now it's leaking everywhere.”

The image of the open wound on the deceased's face became a hot topic in the world of social media after the image was posted by an unknown person. Within hours, the image had been shared on so many platforms that it was impossible to trace who started it. Media teams then caught the trend in the news even though the photos were censored to help reduce the chilling effect on those who saw them. However, this issue raised questions in society.

“Why, when it was first reported, did the police only explain that this unidentified young woman had been hit on the head and not on the entire face as seen in the leaked photos spread on the Internet?”

The voices of various audiences have been divided. Some said this should not continue out of respect for the deceased. And legal action should be taken against the person who spread it, no matter who she is or what agency

she belongs to. But no matter which direction social trends leaned, everyone who followed the news was assumed to be heading the same way.

_The deceased's face was destroyed, just like the stalker case that happened not long ago and still similar to the serial murder case 18 years ago....

_Since the perpetrator of the stalking case was arrested and Wisut, the recently released serial killer had committed suicide, who else could be the perpetrator of that murder?

When the serial murder case that occurred 18 years ago was discussed again, especially because the police deliberately did not reveal the initial status of the victim, the media came out to pressure the lieutenant general. Pol. Tech Techakomol, current commander of the Central Investigative Police Bureau, to explain why police officers deliberately concealed facts from the public. On the other hand, because Big Tech was the ruling party's electoral candidate, political news journalists provided brief interviews with the leader of the opposition or opposing party, on an emerging hot topic.

"I respect the work of all agents. There may be some facts that cannot be revealed because they could affect the outcome of the case. Blocking the entry of journalists is the most appropriate thing to do,"

Said Mr. Atip Sarasin in a firm and calm tone. He knew that some of the police officers going to the area were probably not high-ranking people like Big Tech, but rather small people who didn't want anything to go wrong during their work.

"But when the public has questions about the nature of the case, at this point, I agree that the public deserves answers to clarify their doubts."

"Do you have confidence in the actions of the police? Your daughter was attacked while Investigating the case and to date there has been no progress in capturing the perpetrator,"

Asked a journalist, referring to a previous incident in which a police lieutenant from headquarters was injured in an attack and when she was

being treated in the hospital, Atip, her father, had been interviewed many times.

“Because my daughter is a police officer, I am quite familiar with the officer's work process. I am sure that there are stages in the investigation of a case. But if you ask me if they are following up on my daughter's assault case, of course, as a father, I would not let it go.”

“Do you think there is something mysterious in this case because they have not been able to catch the perpetrator?”

“I do not think.”

He said simply.

“I am confident that all parties involved in handling this case have done their best. However, for certain things, as I mentioned at the beginning.”

He paused, as if his next sentence directed at high-ranking officials who might feel uncomfortable sitting in their seats under the onslaught of public scrutiny, in almost every way.

“Regardless of the cases that just happened or that happened a long time ago... if the public asks, they have the right to get the exact truth. Anyone who tries to hide it should not represent the public. I think that's all.”

“Who distributed that photo?”

Silence enveloped the hallway inside the forensic institute, not even the sound of breathing could be heard. All the officers bowed their heads, as if waiting for someone brave, willing to accept severe consequences, to step forward and take responsibility for this mistake. Otherwise, everyone who was at the crime scene that morning could be held responsible for what happened.

“I asked, who spread the photo? Doesn't anyone want to talk?”

Initially, Dr. Che-ran was the type that few people dared to approach. Almost all the forensic agents knew how to behave with her when working on her and knew that they should make as few mistakes as possible. But if something went wrong, the only thing left was to bow your head and accept fate.

“Everyone knows that our code of ethics establishes that we must respect the dead as if they were our own brothers. And let me tell you that I will not tolerate what happened.”

Che-ran's words were not harsh, nor did she raise her voice, but she suppressed them, causing the people to drown in guilt. On the other hand, they asked for prompt justice against the person who leaked the photos.

“Maybe it was an offices from another unit,”

“First I want to check my people. Furthermore, the image was taken from the crime scene where there was no one except the forensic team and the police.”

Che-ran emphasized the possibility that the person who had done it was an official from the forensic institute. But now no one wanted to admit it. She scanned everyone one by one, not even excluding her assistant Bank, who was her right-hand man, or the photographer assigned to the crime scene. However, the leaked image did not appear to come from a DSLR camera, but was instead taken with a cell phone.

“If no one wants to admit it, we must all take responsibility together.”

It seemed like a fair approach for all parties involved. Che-rán could not violate people's rights to request inspection of their phones and social networks. However, then one of the officers, who had been avoiding eye contact from the beginning, slowly raised his hand... Everyone turned to look at him with one eye,

“Do you have something to say?”

The young officer, who had been on the job for less than a month, looked like he was about to cry. He said in a trembling voice:

"I took photographs at the crime scene, but I swear I didn't take clear photographs of the corpse. And the leaked photographs were not taken by me."

There was an awkward silence after his confession. No one dared to look at Che-rån now to see what kind of expression he had.

“Why do you have to take photographs? That's your job?”

"No, I just... wanted to make it clear that I was working."

It was only natural that everyone likes to take photos while working and post them on their personal social networks. But as Che-rån mentioned earlier, professional ethics had to be a primary consideration. There was almost no need to pick up your cell phone while on duty.

“Starting today, you will not be allowed to go to the crime scene and you will delete all photographs taken at the crime scene.”

The new officer meekly accepted, although the leaked photo might not be his. But due to the social media frenzy surrounding the unidentified female victim, crime scene images she shared privately spread into the public domain, even though her body was not visible. One day, forensic institutions would definitely investigate and find out who the real culprit was. Che-rån returned to her office after discussing ethics with the new forensic officer. Her assistant, Bank followed her, while the doctor began organizing the documents on her desk.

“It could be from the rescue team, doctor. They arrived at the place before us,"

He said, a little afraid that Rån would scold him. But Che-rån just nodded, before her assistant decided to say goodbye to her and leave the office,

leaving her lost in her own thoughts.

She didn't want to sugarcoat the truth as outrage on social media pointed fingers at the officers involved in the incident. However, distributing or forwarding images of a deceased person was illegal. Furthermore, if she herself, as a person directly related to the deceased, turned a blind eye to ethics, then it was the same as considering someone's death only as a tool to attract the attention of the social media world

Che ran's phone rang and the screen showed the name 'P'Tul' It had only been less than two hours since they last saw each other, but she felt as if so much had happened, leaving her as emotionally drained as if several days had passed.

[Ran, I know the clinic where the deceased had breast surgery. I'm going there now.]

Tul headed straight to the plastic surgery hospital as soon as she received the report. This was not a small clinic like she thought. The building was large and spanned several blocks, so she had to stop and look around for a few minutes in front of the entrance, before deciding to enter. The Interior lobby was spacious and she was immediately greeted by the receptionist at the front desk

“Have you called or made an appointment with a doctor first?”

She asked with her sweet voice. Tul took out her police badge and revealed the purpose.

“I am Police. We are investigating a case and found out that the victim had undergone surgery at this hospital.”

The receptionist's expression suddenly changed in surprise, but she still had enough control over herself. She asked again in the same polite tone as before:

"What happened, police officer?"

“Died. But since we couldn't determine her identity, the medical examiner found a silicone implant with a serial number compatible with this hospital.”

Tul explained all the details and showed the documents she had brought. The young woman in front of Tul raised her hand to cover her mouth, seeming surprised by the news and immediately nodded, indicating that she would immediately contact the patient department of the hospital. After sitting in the lobby for a while, a staff member approached Tul and guided her to a small examination room where no one else was present. On the other hand, someone introduced themselves as a representative of the hospital that had previously treated the woman. Her expression didn't look good, she hugged the patient's history file to her chest.

“Lieutenant, can I know the details of the case? The hospital is concerned about violating patient confidentiality if we disclose any information about the patient.”

“Don't worry, according to the law, the hospital has received permission to disclose information. The serial number of the silicone found matches the patient's medical history at this hospital. The police must immediately discover the identity of the deceased.”

Tul explained, reassuring the hospital's ethical considerations. She considered herself for a moment before she agreed to place the file on the table for the policewoman to examine,

“She came to have breast surgery with us four months ago.”

Tul slowly opened the patient file to the first page, showing a brief history of the operated person. In the corner of the paper was a two-inch portrait taped. Although the condition of the body could not be determined, her hair was curly and dyed reddish brown, as soon in the image. The young woman was so elegant and confident with her makeup that the lieutenant felt her chest tighten when she thought that the perpetrator had destroyed that face of hers so that it no longer looked like her original one

Name: Kuljira Chotianan, 24 years old.

"Chobanan."

Lieutenant Tul muttered to herself softly, frowning. She seemed as if she had heard her last name before her.

"Lieutenant, are you sure it's her?"

The staff asked again to confirm. Tul observes her confusion and doubt, refusing to believe that the dead girl was indeed the person in question.

"The serial number matches the patient's OPD... It's the same person,"

As soon as they heard the police's confirmation, the staff placed their hands on their chests and exhaled loudly. The silent examination room was suddenly filled with vivid reactions that made Tul feel strange.

"Please forgive me... I still don't believe it."

"Who is she? You know her well, right?"

The question that came out of the lieutenant's mouth caused a gasp again,

"Khun Kuljira, is the daughter of real estate businessman Kornchal Chotianan."

The investigation team, made up of the Criminal investigation Department and the Forensic Agency, received information about the deceased as soon as Tul knew who she was. Tul herself, after leaving the cosmetic surgery clinic, did not rush to go anywhere. She took her cell phone to look up the background of 'Kuljira Chotianan' because she was still curious to have heard of this surname. She wasn't sure where she had heard it before, and she was sure she had never met anyone with that name before.

The website's search results page displayed results that helped clear her doubts from the first page by revealing the biography of Kuljira Chotianan: Real Estate Heiress Ha Khrueanan. Kuljira Chotianan was 22 years old at the time of the incident, was driving a Maserati car and ran over a disabled

man crossing a zebra crossing and died instantly. She refused to measure the amount of alcohol she had drunk Social media was unearthing information about the Anan Group heiress who ran over a disabled person and died.

Recalling the incident of the heiress of the real estate king who was drunk and hit a disabled person, causing his death, Kuljira Chotianan denied all accusations and emphasized that it was the fault of the deceased... The family of the deceased cried as they did not receive compensation for the case, Heiress of Chotianan. The family of Kraisit Wangcharoen, a disabled man, who died as a result, revealed that they had not received any compensation from... Summary of the Kuljira Chotianan case

Summary of the Heiress of Chatinan' case o Kuljira Chotianan, the heiress of the Anan group. real estate company, was acquitted of driving while intoxicated and running over a disabled person who died instantly....

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Chotianan Heir

Kuljira Chotianan, whose daughter?

Kuljira Chotianan Biography

The last case of Kuljira

Tul took a deep breath when she learned the true identity of the dead woman. Two years earlier. There was a famous case that received a lot of public attention. During the incident, the rich heiress ran over a disabled person with her car and died instantly. However, instead of justice being served to the grieving family, Kuljira Chotianan, the perpetrator, managed to escape all charges. She denied consuming alcohol at the time of the incident and immediately called her father for help. At that moment, someone took a photograph of the young woman standing near the car, making a phone call. In the background you could see the state of the car, a wheelchair that was overturned and completely destroyed, and the body of a disabled man who was lying motionless in the area of the zebra crossing.

After that day, Chotianan family representatives and lawyers exploited legal loopholes and Miss Kuljira's testimony, claiming that the deceased was guilty of crossing in front of her car when the pedestrian traffic light turned red. They proclaimed her innocence, without even compensating or expressing remorse to the grieving families. The reaction on social media at the time was intense. News programs on every television station helped reveal the truth until, over time, the news slowly faded from people's memories. Although there was still news about the development of the legal case, the commotion on social networks was not as great as the first day.

The Heiress of Chotianan or 'Kuljiza Chotianan' had escaped punishment and continued to live a normal and happy life, even though the incident at that time ended a person's life forever,

③①

THIRTY-ONE



Heartbreaking screams echoed in the deserted hallway of the forensic institute. Tul, who had just returned from the plastic surgery clinic, realized that the deceased's family must have arrived shortly before her. She took a deep breath and looked down at her feet, feeling completely helpless about what to do next. No matter who the deceased was or how she behaved in the past, officers should not be prejudiced during the investigation. Tul tried to separate her personal feelings from her professional duties, because it was important to uphold this principle. She pushed away the distracting thoughts of her before entering the morgue

Che-rán was inside with the other forensic officers, looking at each other as the lieutenant arrived. In front of her was the lifeless body of Kuljira Chotianan, with a white cloth wrapped around her body up to her face. Unlike other bodies that required facial confirmation from someone close, they couldn't do that with Kuljira.

The three relatives of the deceased were around the body. Also present was the head of the Chotianan family, a man Tul often saw in newspapers, magazines or on social media. He owned a real estate company that developed residential and condominium projects. The man, in his fifties, seemed to be as distressed as his wife, although he did not express it. His other son, judging by his school uniform, appears to be a high school student. He held his mother from falling to the ground, unable to look at his sister's body.

“They have come this far, why haven't they caught the perpetrator yet? What are the police doing?”

The head of the real estate conglomerate shouted, his voice echoed throughout the room. He looked around, looking for someone to bear the brunt of his wrath. At that moment, Tul stepped forward, looking directly at his angry gaze.

“You're a police officer, right?”

He continued yelling, his eyes lowering to focus on the woman's police badge.

“Call your boss. I need to talk to someone who understands this problem and can handle it immediately..”

“I am the person in charge of this case. Now we...”

“I just want to talk to the commander, Tech... I know him, Tell him I need to talk to him now.”

The man in front of her didn't even hear Tul's words. He pointed his finger at her face before giving her order nonchalantly, not caring how she felt. Che-rán, unable to remain silent any longer, cast a reproachful look at the man who showed no respect for others.

“If there is anything you need, you can tell Lieutenant Tul. She was the one who investigated the plastic surgery clinic and managed to identify Miss Kuljira.”

The patriarch took a few minutes to respond and it was clear that he did not entirely agree. His eyes were filled with doubt and disbelief that the officer in this room could do justice to her daughter

“Weren't you the ones who leaked the photo of my daughter's corpse?”

His tone was bitter, accusing Che-rán without giving her space to reply. Although the incident did not originate from The forensic institute, as the

main doctor in charge of the crime scene, she still felt responsible for the situation

"I will speak to the commander and convey this matter only to the special investigation unit,"

Mr. Chotianan gave an ultimatum. He held his wife and his son by the shoulders, who did not open their mouths to speak to anyone, whether they were forensic doctors or police officers. After the deceased's relatives left, only a few officers remained to finish the job. Lieutenant Tul herself had not left yet, she followed her lover to the front of the private room. Since the call for attention due to the leaked photos of the corpse, Che-rån still had not said a word. Watching the young woman take off her robe and hang it on the railing behind her desk, she noticed her worried appearance as she rarely looked like this..

"As I said... about the photo of the body, they could be members of the rescue team. They arrived at the place before the inspector,"

Tul said. She didn't want to point fingers, but if the perpetrator wasn't a member of the police who was called in to investigate after hearing the news, nor was it something from a forensic institute, then it could have been someone else who did it.

"I can't run away from that problem."

Che-rån spoke softly, with her shoulders drooping. Both sides of her face fell as she lowered her head to rearrange the documents neatly arranged on the desk.

"Do you want me to find out who that person is?"

Tul looked at her lover who had stopped her actions. She pursed her lips as if trying to restrain herself from showing her weakness to anyone, but in the end Che ran had to give in again. She turned to Tul as she stretched out her arms, and Tul immediately reached out to hug her.

"It's not your fault, Ran,"

The lieutenant raised her hand to gently stroke her brows hair, hoping to comfort her. She could understand the feelings of someone who had never made a mistake before and she didn't want anything bad to happen.

Although it was not Che-rán's fault, as she was the one confronting the deceased's relatives, it was not easy to accept any evil that had occurred.

"I'm a little upset. He didn't use nice words."

"Just let him talk, You usually don't care much about those things. Why are you being so sensitive now?"

Tul answered honestly. Regardless of how others belittled her, Che rán always responded with work efficient enough to silence them. Now it was different because the usually strong doctor seemed vulnerable. But that didn't mean that Tul wouldn't like her or that she wouldn't be by her side to comfort her until she felt better.

"When he spoke I didn't even listen..."

She said in a dull voice because she buried her face in Tul's shoulder.

"I'm also menstruating, and that makes me much more sensitive..."

Tul smiled widely as her lover confessed. To be honest, she didn't care much about the relatives of the deceased who would hand the case over to someone to investigate. However, she had done her job to the best of her ability. Although Che-rán did not cry or shed tears, the dropping corners of her mouth made Tul's heart soften. So she lifted her face and used her lips to gently kiss her fringed forehead, hoping to ease some of her worries.

"You always make me feel good."

"Hmm."

"Yes before, no matter how bad things were, I always found a way to do it. Unlike now, where we tended to seek each other out, relying on warmth and tenderness to soothe each other's souls. But if you were wondering if it was

a loss or not, the answer was no. Knowing that someone loves us always makes us feel better.”

Ten minutes later, Tul helped the doctor pack her things. Dusk passed and darkness enveloped the city inside and outside the halls of the building, Inside the forensic institute building, lights. Illuminated the hallway as the two walked home together.

“Ran, do you know who the deceased and her family are!”

Tul asked her what she had been thinking since she returned from the surgical hospital. Che-rán nodded, she remembered it as soon as she knew the deceased's last name,

“I know, it was big news at the time.”

“The tragic accident at that time went viral overnight, including the behavior of the perpetrator who did not regret the incident. They did not even compensate the families of the deceased. Furthermore, the legal process could not provide justice as it should have.”

“I should probably look up the family of the disabled person who died... But as far as remember, he only had one mother, right?”

“Yes, I do remember correctly... When the reporters went to the interview, the only one there was his mother.”

Lieutenant Tul secretly sighed. It would be difficult if this cruel murderer was an elderly woman living alone after losing her disabled son. She probably wouldn't have had the strength to pick up a young woman and torture her by repeatedly beating her until she died. But she should not discriminate because of her feelings. From the description of the case, there was no doubt that there were people who might have held a grudge against the deceased. Tul had to meet the disabled man's mother to ask her about the date of the incident and what she was doing at the time and if there were witnesses who could confirm it.

“Let's consider if this has anything to do with the incident where Kuljira once hit a disabled person while driving. Could it be that the perpetrator broke both legs to look like the disabled person? Do you think that is possible?”

“But why did he have to bend a leg? It was enough to hit her.”

Che rân raised a slight objection, not because she disagreed with Tul's hypothesis. Each considers various possibilities, reasons, and all possible scenarios regarding the perpetrator's intentions.

“Perhaps it has nothing to do with the state of the victim's body after being hit by a car, don't you think?”

“No, he had a motorcycle accident before and they had to amputate both his legs. Of course, he didn't have any legs beat.”

Tul had a hard time thinking of anything she might have missed. But what was certain was that Kuljira Chotianan behaved badly with the man's death. She did not even agree to pay compensation, much less was she willing to meet with the relatives of her deceased two years earlier. The more she thought about it, the more she didn't understand.

“We can put that matter aside for now. I have something to say... Before you arrived Tul, the deceased's family had a fight because no one was with her before she died. From what I heard... The deceased probably moved to live alone in her condo, she no longer lived with her family. You could try to get the CCTV footage in the condo and maybe find out when she left and at what time.”

“Um, I'll continue the investigation.”

Che-rân nodded. Arriving at a red Mazda car parked in front of the building, the doctor turned to Tul when they had to say goodbye.

“Where did you park, P'Tul?”

“Over there. There is no regular parking here, only for doctors.”

Previously, when she joked without choosing the moment, she might have been criticized by Che-rán's critical gaze, but not now, because instead she received a sweet smile.

“Please return carefully.”

“You too. I'll text you when I get home.”

Tul leaned over to kiss Ran's shoulder through her shirt, not afraid of anyone accidentally seeing her. Che rán got into the car. It took her less time than usual to prepare to move. She left without forgetting to say goodbye to the person who was still there, waiting until the red Mazda was gone before returning to her car that was parked nearby.

As soon as the name of the victim of that horrendous murder case was revealed, more than half of the public, expressed sympathy for the victim, including his family members. Although they did not know the reason for the incident, most people called the perpetrator a 'despicable murderer. Although there could be differences of opinion regarding the methods and seriousness of the acts committed, a sense of moral responsibility still made people believe that wrong doers should be brought to justice through legal processes, rather than facing criminal charges, death at the hands of others.

However, there was a group of people who had a different opinion. In the past, Kuljira Chotianan was not even punished for her actions that ended the disabled man's life. The public's anger, which had not completely disappeared, made them consider the actions of the 'heinous murderer justified, and only then did their relief begin to emerge. When the justice system failed to provide justice to those who had the money to pay the law, accepting this violent treatment. Instead, they sympathized by ensuring that the perpetrator was not caught or received as little punishment as possible.

Like 18 years ago... When a serial killer whose victim was a prostitute, was hailed as a hero. If Mr. Wisut had not left this world first, he would

probably be arrested and interrogated again. Although more than half of the people were beginning to question the same direction thinking That... Maybe the serial killer was never caught.. And he was back

Lieutenant Tul set out on a journey to search for the mother of a disabled man who died two years earlier due to the accident. A woman approaching retirement age rented an apartment and lived alone. She supported herself by working as a domestic worker. As far as she could remember, when the media focused on the family of the deceased, they followed her trend and started interviewing her and as a mother she announced two changes in her life. . . First, there was accident that caused her son to lose hath legs.. And second, a second accident, but this time it cost his son his life and he would never go back.

Tul sat across from the mother of the disabled man who was struggling to make ends meet In these difficult times. Although life was quite difficult due to the rising cost of living, she still had to bear her mind tormented by the death of his son. She was clearly distrustful of her own actions before the police, as if she feared that if she showed any symptoms, she would immediately become a suspect.

“Auntie, don't worry. I'm not here to question you or anything like that.”

“I understand, Police. If you want to know something, you can ask me.”

The aunt responded humbly.

“Can you tell me something? Last Tuesday, from afternoon until morning, what did you do and where were you?”

“I was in my room, I got home from work around five in the afternoon. I also bought two portions of food. You can try asking the curry rice seller in the market,”

She replied without wasting time composing or thinking about the words, perhaps due to past experiences when asked harshly. Tul documerited

everything she said in a notebook before the other party continued speaking.

“I just stay in my room, eat, do housework, watch TV, maybe fall asleep at 9 pm. I don't go anywhere.”

For some reason, Tul believed that this old woman was not lying. With the CCTV camera evidence that the lieutenant first asked the flat owner to look at, she also went a long way to confirming this. The aunt came back from work with two plastic bags of carry in her hand and she didn't go out again all night. There was no way she could commit murder and get past the security cameras. The address and location of the incident were also very far away, it would take more than an hour if there were no traffic jams. Therefore, Lieutenant Tul ruled her out as a suspect. But before she said goodbye in her, the aunt asked a question.

“Police... Is it true that both of the criminal's legs were crushed?”

Tul was silent for a moment. The condition of the body was no longer a secret, especially when leaked images were released allowing the general public to see the dramatic end of the Chotlanan heiress. The lieutenant nodded and the old woman took a deep breath before speaking again.

“I have always believed that anyone who makes a mistake will face the consequences, but I never thought that would happen in this life... I'm sorry.”

Tul remained silent, without saying a word. No one could predict whether the law of karma was seal or not. Will those who make mistakes really face consequences and feel remorse beforehand? Before this time, the disabled man's remaining family members had to endure the torment of losing him. Although the court acquitted Kaljiru, allowing her to live a happy life with her wealth, unlike the old woman sitting before Tul, her face was dark with sadness. Until now, whatever the reason, Tul didn't really believe in the law of karma. However, when the law could not provide justice to the grieving family, at least there was still 'karma' for those who believed in its existence.

The atmosphere inside the Central Bureau of Investigation was tense, especially amid the struggle to cope with the pressure of overwhelming media coverage. The supreme commander issued an order to hold a meeting and summon all relevant personnel, including those from various departments. Also present was inspector Pichet, head of the Criminal Investigation Division, sitting at the head of the table, surrounded by the assembled public, discussing the case of the murder of Kuljira Chotianan,

The inspector from one of the divisions was present to give a progress report, summarizing all the information collected by the police officers.

“On Tuesday, July 2, the body of an unknown young woman was found, it was later determined that it was Kuljira Chotianan, the daughter of Mr. Kornchai Chotianan.”

“Let's skip it. We already know those basic details, Tech said with a hint of annoyance in his voice.”

"Yes sir"

The inspector stammered, turning the page he had prepared to address this meeting. His hands were shaking slightly and he didn't even lift his face to look the Commander in the eyes.

“On the day the body was discovered, no wallet or cell phone, nor any other items belonging to Khun Kuljira, were found. The Criminal Investigation Division speculates that the perpetrator deliberately destroyed items that would help identify her identity rather than simply stealing valuables.”

“Have you checked the telephone network?”

“An investigation of the cell phone network revealed that the last place she visited was the crime scene. As for her laptop found in her condo, there were no social media logins or records of contacting anyone for a date. There was no clear evidence that she was going to meet anyone.”

The entire room fell silent as everyone held their breath, waiting for Big Tech to speak. He was contemplating, looking for the quietest way out. In

just a few weeks, he would have to resign as commander to run for election. Especially when opposition leaders had given interviews to the media and used subtle pressure tactics on him. Big Tech's situation was worsening, raising concerns within the ruling party. Therefore, he must immediately expedite the closing of the murder case involving the Chotianan heiress.

“Did anyone hold a grudge against the deceased? Investigate this. Look for those who could benefit from your businesses..”.

“The investigation is ongoing, sir. I am Inspector Pichet, who is investigating this case,”

Inspector Pichet responded through the microphone before reporting directly to the commander.

“After conducting an investigation, we learned that the deceased worked with Mr. Korachai, her father, in the project marketing department and often interacted with clients, but There is no evidence to suggest that anyone benefited from her death. My team has investigated members of her family, but that's all we've been able to gather so far.”

The Inspector did not forget to mention that the work was not his. Who would have thought that in the morning Lieutenant Tul would come and report her progress without him asking until she could report it in time at the meeting?

“So...”

Big Tech was obviously reluctant to speak,

“What do the relatives of the disabled person who died from the Khun Kuljira attack say?”

The heads of each division lowered their heads, some people cleared their throats in embarrassment. Everyone knew about the accident two years ago. There was no evidence to suggest that the perpetrator could be one of the deceased's relatives who hated Kuljira. That seemed highly unlikely, since everyone harbored his anger to some degree

“No, Mr. Kraisit Wangcharoen, he only have his mother left. She is now 58 years old, she lives in an apartment in the Khlong Tan area and works as a maid in the same area, which is dozens of kilometers from the crime scene. There is no possibility that she committed the warder,”

The inspector reported according to Lieutenant Tul's explanation after going to question her. Big Tech didn't respond immediately, he was lost in his own thoughts for a while.

“Sir, seeing the way the murderer acted, could it be an imitation of the case from eighteen years ago?”

“Another imitation? Mr. Jaroon, do you think it is a trend that young people like today, like clothing and footwear? If you see people killing like this, will you follow them no? Do you want me to answer the journalists' question that way?”

Tech interrupted with a long sentence dismissing the opinion of the inspector who dared to speak in the middle of the silence.

"I hereby order that the investigation focus on the possibility that the suspect is a person who holds a grudge against the deceased, a person who may have benefited from her death,"

He finally said quietly. The gaze of the most powerful person in the room swept over the attendees one by one, slowly.

“I will soon have to resign from my position. I don't want any unresolved problems, I want this case closed forever. On behalf of the Central Commissioner of investigative Police, I will assume final responsibility for this case. I ask for cooperation from all of you.”

Kawin entered a restaurant due to an old friend's meeting request. His handsome face did not seem to be in a good mood because the place he was heading to was outside, with no air conditioning to relieve the heat, even though the wind was blowing comfortably. Tihn raised his hand from the

dining table at the end to call out to his friend, who continued to move his neck to relieve the heat as she walked towards him. The elegant young man pulled out his chair and sat down opposite Tihn. His eyes swept over with a hint of disappointment, trusting his friend's instincts to choose a restaurant, but he never expected him to find out in this place.

“What? Are you very hot?”

Tihn observed all his movements. He didn't expect his friend to be so hot until a few drops of sweat appeared, in the point of feeling guilty for calling him here.

“Um, I'm hot. Thailand is getting hotter, I'm not used to it. Wherever I go there is always air conditioning,”

He said as he took a handkerchief to wipe away the sweat. He honestly didn't want his friend to worry about that, but this heat didn't allow him to express himself.

“I'm sorry, I saw that they had craft beer here. You were complaining about wanting a drink.”

Tihn assured his friend while offering her the restaurant's signature alcoholic beverage. Then the waiter came over to give them the menu, inviting the two to choose their dishes. Kawin observed everything with a look that seemed to ignore each element.

“Please place the order for me, whatever is fine. Get the beer first if you can,”

Kawin replied, letting his friend take the job in choosing. Tihn ordered several dishes according to the instructions, Most of them were dishes that he had eaten before when he went there with his sister, as well as recommended menus at this restaurant. He did not forget to order a glass of beer for his friend and after a while, the employee brought the glass, which was soaked because of how cold it was, and served it on the table. Kawin's mood immediately seemed to improve when he tasted the yellow beer.

The different dishes were served in stages and many times Kawin asked him to help him pour the bone broth into small bowls. Tihn explained and fulfilled the order, squeezing in some lime for flavor before handing the bowl to Kawin. This happened because at gatherings with a large group of friends, he would almost always suggest what everyone should eat and how to enjoy each dish, just as he did when he was the star chef of a hotel.

“If I don't have you, how can I eat something delicious, Chef Tihn?”

Kawin said as he compared the sizzling beef ribs served on the table.

“How should I eat this?”

"Put it in your mouth and chew, you idiot,"

Tihn mocked until they both burst out laughing. The conversation at the table developed slowly, as old friends used to do. They chatted and exchanged ideas until Tihn took the opportunity to ask about something he did to her... Having to make an appointment with his friend to meet,

“A few days ago Tul asked me about you, about how you attacked a sex worker... Did you really do it?”

It was a question that didn't give the other a chance to think, Kawin looked up from his plate of food and rolled his eyes as if he remembered what he had done.

“Because? Are you going to arrest me?”

“Not yet, but maybe I'll call you to question you. So did you really do it?”

Kawin declined to answer directly. He looked at his friend's face as he thought, why was he the one researching something about him and not his sister? He put the cutlery down until he heard the sound of it hitting the plate before reaching for the beer to rinse his mouth until the glass was empty.

"Tell me,"

Tihn hurried, but his friend motioned for the staff to refill his glass.

“Okay, I'll tell you.”

The man's white face began to turn red from the beer.

“Yes, I hired a woman. She agreed from the beginning that she would do something strong. I like it like this..... It's my own taste.”

Tihn narrowed his eyes that resembled his younger sister's, wanting to find fault or read his friend's thoughts. They served a glass of fresh, cold beer to Kawin, who tried to explain what had happened to his old friend.

“You may not understand. But I've had it since I lived with my ex wife. I would find a trick or make it more painful and more powerful. That made me like it even more. But, every woman hired agreed with everything I did, but this woman was very hurt and maybe she couldn't take it, so she reported it to the police and accused me of hurting her.”

Kawin felt upset because in the end there was a talkative person who accused him to the police, but he did not expect that this police officer turned out to be the younger sister of his friend. He still remembered the time she kicked his shin with all her might just because she didn't like him

“Maybe you went too far and that's why she report you,”

“The others were able to tolerate it and I gave them more money to treat their wounds. I don't see the need to file charges against the police,”

Kawin denied responsibility. He raised his glass and drank again to get rid of his irritation. But that didn't continue any further because Tihn decided not to ask any more.

“By the way, are you replacing your sister to investigate me? Because she is currently investigating an important case, right?”

“Danum Win, do you also follow the news of this country? I don't believe it.”

“I saw it, the news was very viral. Or are you the one who doesn't follow the news?”

"I saw it too,"

Tihn put down the cutlery when he finished all the food on his plate. He took the remaining half of the beer, but before raising it to drink, he spoke again.

“Who do you think who did it? Police said it was probably someone who had a grudge against the deceased, but there is no solid evidence yet.”

“Your sister is a police officer, Instead of asking me, did you ask her? How could I know?”

He said as he leaned back in the chair. The wind was blowing hard so it wasn't too hot. The weather was cool and humid, it looked like it was going to rain soon...

“But I think the perpetrator will be caught soon. If a family with money like that is involved, they won't let it go anymore. Have you seen the body? It's very scary.”

Tihn looked skeptical at those words.

“Where did you see?”

“In a tweet, at that time I wanted to know, so I went to see when they said that photos had been leaked, but now they are all deleted. Her parents also sued everyone who leaked the photos of the body. But I don't know how they were able to track it, the cyber police work quickly.”

He took the glass again and drank the beer even though his body slowly began to turn red from her face, along his neck and arms.

"Damn, but I think she deserves it. In the case where she once drove and killed someone, she got away with it easily. Those rich people have so much influence in this country. They just snap their fingers and they will get their way. Did you even know that rich people despise each other? Those

who have been rich for generations look down on people who just got rich, even they look down on me.”

Kawin continued to babble non-stop, his voice filled with annoyance and the effects of the alcohol made him open up more easily. There seemed to be a history or connection between him and the deceased, which Tihn noted in the story.

“You mean... you also know Kuljira?”

The clock on the wall read past nine o'clock at night, but the lights in the criminal investigation office were still on. One of the police officers was heard snoring, asking for time to sleep for a while before continuing with his work. While another person was still sitting at her desk, her eyes were fixed on the computer screen playing CCTV footage. To the right of her was a box of food that the doctor had given her and a cup of Americano so she could spend the night. CCTV footage had not yet revealed any major clues as to who the deceased met.

The sound of snoring continued to be loud, but Lieutenant Tul didn't mind it at all. The truth was it was nice to have companions by your side. Since Jew was hospitalized, she rarely worked with anyone. After splitting the task of reviewing the collected CCTV footage, she decided not to return until she found something. Kuljira's Mercedes Benz was found parked in the condominium, Police found her car keys in her room, leading them to believe the person she was with may have picked her up. However, although CCTV footage from the condo's elevator and lobby captured it around 9 pm, once Kuljira left the condo building, she was never seen again by anyone or the CCTV cameras.

Kuljira mysteriously disappeared. Only mobile network data showed that she had arrived at the crime scene before she died.. All of Kuljira's friends unanimously said that they did not call her anywhere. Her family didn't know either because they hadn't lived together since the deceased moved in alone. Nothing bad had ever happened until this incident.

Tul closed her eyes, which felt hot from forcing herself to stare at the computer screen for too long. She moved her neck, which was beginning to hurt. She had never before handled a case as dark and complicated as this one. However, despite her best efforts, there was still no evidence linking her to the perpetrator. That person was extremely careful, left no trace, avoided CCTV cameras, and planned meticulously as if he were creating a masterpiece to show to the world.

The young lieutenant let out a loud sigh, but it was drowned out by a loud snore. She replayed the CCTV video clip again...

A knock on the door caught the attention of Che ran who was reading a book, and when she turned around she saw her father opening the door. The little cat, who was lying on the bed, raised his head slightly to see who was disturbing his sleep.

“Haven't you fallen asleep yet?”

The father said when he saw his daughter still reading a book at the table. Che-ran took a bookmark to separate the pages she was reading before closing them.

“Dad, what's wrong?”

Professor Rakkit came over and sat on Ran's bed. He reached out and stroked the soft fur of the cat that had been watching him since he was at the door, and slowly stretched his body to let Grandpa rub his stomach.

"I'm worried about the case you're working on."

The father was not telling the complete information, but Che-rán knew very well what he meant,

That case had been a source of news since it occurred. The condition of the corpse's face was so damaged that it was almost unrecognizable, and no one could confirm whether it was a replica of the previous case or not.

However, the elderly medical examiner from the institute of Forensic Medicine seemed quite worried,

He was aware of pressures within the institution, including the police headquarters, indicating that senior officials did not want the case to be widely publicized. The best course of action was to control it and keep it a secret. That night, Professor Rakkit received a call from the central investigation commander directly related to the murder case.

“I would like to request the cooperation of the institute of Forensic Medicine, as well as the professor himself. If the media comes to request interviews, please do not speculate that this case may be related to someone else, whether it is a replica or the case from eighteen years ago.”

Professor Rakkit emphasized that he was not involved in the decision-making process. He currently only holds the position of consultant. However, he could understand what Lieutenant Colonel Tech wanted, even if it meant suppressing people like this. Because of a case from eighteen years ago, his wife was the victim of a cold-blooded murderer.

“I have fulfilled my duties, dad. It is up to the police to investigate further. You don't have to worry,”

Che-rân responded, knowing very well what was worrying her father, but she didn't want to mix personal matters with her work duties.

“I know... But if something happens again, can you promise not to force yourself?”

No one could predict that nothing bad would happen again. The retiree once promised himself that he would not allow any incident to disturb the peace of his daughter since the day her mother died. As he struggles with the question of why he had to be her mother, the father tries to find an answer that would fit each stage of her childhood. Until she finally discovered the truth that she continued to hurt her emotions many times.

"I'll promise,"

The daughter promised her relieved father. Her rough hands, which had endured more than sixty years of worldly experience, caressed the soft light brown hair of her little girl

“If there is something, tell me or Tul if you don't want to talk to me,”

The name that came out of her father's mouth made the young woman purse her lips, unable to understand what was happening.

“Thank you for taking it to present it to me.”

"Father, it seems as if you have never seen her."

Che ran looked at her father who was standing next to her with a big smile. From some angles, he looked younger.

“I mean bring her as your girlfriend. I used to feel guilty because I kept recommending people you didn't like. Now you found Tul. She alone and she's much better than all those that I look for you.”

The conversation between father and daughter was mixed with laughter as they remembered the days that had passed.

Che-rán's phone rang and the name "P'Tul" appeared on the screen that her father could see and did not want to pay attention,

“Dad, you can go. Say goodbye little mushroom.”

The respected person turned around to say goodbye to the cat in two voices before leaving his daughter's room. Che ran answered the phone when the door was closed. The voice of tiredness from working overtime came loudly from the other end of the phone. P'Tul continued to complain and beg non-stop, causing a smile to spread across her sweet face.

A week had passed, but in the Kuljira murder case the identity of the perpetrator had not yet been found. The police had raised several hypotheses about who was behind the shocking incident and how they managed to trick the deceased into leaving her residence, evading the

numerous CCTV cameras in the capital, which could not capture the image of the young woman, and the mysterious figure, who took her.

The best news in recent days was that Jew had been released from the hospital and returned to work two days earlier. But the bad news was that they didn't return home the night before because they were too busy watching CCTV footage of the crime scene late into the night and decided to stay the night. Tul allowed Jew to sleep on the couch because she didn't want her to be hurt again if she could move her neck again and chose to sleep on the floor with a blanket.

Shortly before three in the morning, Tul gave up on the computer screen. Her eyes began to sting, making her unable to see anything else. However, just as her head was about to fall onto the pillow, she had to get up again because her cell phone suddenly rang loudly. Inwardly, she thought that if she had fallen asleep from the beginning, she would feel better than this. Jew barely moved when Tul received the call. If it hadn't been for Inspector Pichel's call, she would have said harsh words. Additionally, people who don't get enough sleep tend to be irritable.

[Lieutenant Tul, where are you? Can you come to the crime scene now?]

The lieutenant did not respond, but her silence could be interpreted as: "What happened, inspector?"

[Someone found the body of a man lying in a pool of blood on the grounds of Chanwit Pittaya School.]

The inspector's voice sounded worried. He took a deep breath before saying the last sentence.

[His face was also completely destroyed, as was... Kuljira.]

③②

THIRTY-TWO



WARNING: This chapter contains scenes of violence and murder.

The Chanwit Pittaya School marching band loudly played the national anthem at exactly eight in the morning, as it did every day. The faint chanting could be heard from the students standing in a row on the field, from high school freshmen to seniors, who would soon face their graduation exams. When the national anthem ended, Instead of the usual morning prayers, a teacher's voice echoed through microphones across the field.

(Dear students, the principal did not hear you sing the national anthem. Therefore, I would like to ask everyone to sing the national anthem again in a louder voice. The marching band will play the song again. As for the flag, it is not necessary to lower it again),

The end of the sentence from the teacher who acted as the morning announcer made all the students look at each other in confusion. There was a loud murmur throughout the field before the sound of the national anthem returned making the children sing louder than before. Although I didn't really understand what they were doing, it was better to do it so I wouldn't have to sing again. As soon as the playing of the national anthem ended, the entire field was silent for a moment, waiting for the teacher to announce whether they had passed or not

(Still not satisfactory, but acceptable. Then we continue with the prayer. Please everyone maintain the same standard.)

Almost all the students put their hands together to pray, except for people of different religions who simply remained silent. The morning sunlight began to spread across the skin of the high school students. They were lined up in a field with a roof to help protect them, except for the late students, whose heads were filled with sunlight. In their hearts they prayed that this morning's prayers would and soon. However, the results were not as expected, when the same teacher prevented the children from returning to class.

(...Director Kanok, who has just returned from a study trip to Singapore, wants to talk to you.)

This was definitely not something pleasant for the students. Honestly, there may be some who would take advantage of that short time to rush through their homework. Some kids don't even care who had something to say. They turned their backs on him to talk to their friends, it was a way to pass the time while the director went on stage and spoke loudly into the microphone.

“Hello, my dear students.”

A man approaching retirement age with a plump body, half bald and greasy head, with gray white hair hanging on the sides of his temples that he tried to comb carefully, those bright eyes looked around as if observing the behavior of each student....

"Hello everyone,"

He repeated once again, in the same cheerful tone as before. The response was no different than the first. Only a few children looked at the director who was on the stage, but they did not respond either.

“Hello students. According to etiquette, when someone says hello, how do we respond?”

There was a moment of silence in confusion as they heard the director's strange demands. Teachers from each grade stood to control the line of children, gesturing for them to follow the wishes of the person on the podium in front of the flagpole.

“Hello, hello.”

The director smiled satisfied at the greetings of the students, feeling all eyes on him. Maybe it was because the distance was far enough that he couldn't notice the confused looks in the children's eyes. Some of them turned their heads and whispered to their close friends, with words that probably would not enter the old man's ears. Director Kanok continued in a soothing voice.

“Last week I made a study visit to the Sunyu private school in Singapore, As you know, Singapore is a country that excels in developing its human resources, making its citizens among the best in Asia. Although it is a small country, this country makes use of all its resources, its power is more efficient and it attracts many tourists every year....”

The situation among the students returned to normal, meaning that no one was paying attention to the principal's conversation. The children bowed their heads, whispering to talk about more interesting topics instead of listening to Mr. Kanok's ramblings. Even the teachers were engrossed in their own conversations. Few people at the school really absorbed the principal's intricate speech.

“Did you know that Singapore is home to a diverse population of various ethnicities? Sunyu Private School also welcomes students from various countries who will become quality citizens of their country. I really hope that one day you too become a qualified citizen, citizens of our country,”

The sunlight became more intense every second. Many students ran out of things to talk about and turned their attention to the director on stage who was still speaking. That gave them another new topic to gossip about, with some people saying,

"When will the director stop talking?",

And others who were trying to listen and managed to pick up on some points, saying to their friends,

“He's using the school's budget' to go to Singapore' or 'Last semester he also went to Japan.”

“Next week we will welcome a school evaluation committee that will review our school, both the facilities and the way it is taught. As Chanwit Pittaya School competes to win the White School Award for the third year in a row, teachers will need to work together with all students, alumni and supporters to compete for this prestigious award.”

Instead of sparking enthusiasm and helping students, these motivational speeches actually became a source of irritation for listeners. However, it seemed that the director could not differentiate between dissatisfaction, thinking that murmurs of dissatisfaction were a positive response.

There was no one in the school who did not know the reputation of Mr. Kanok, who had just moved to Chanwit Pittaya School two years ago. Day by day his work became more visible to the eyes of the school children. This meant that nothing he did at school produced results. He often received complaints that something was broken, whether it was the bathroom or the fan in the classroom. But the principal said that the school did not have enough budget to repair that part. Even the damaged bathrooms had to be closed for a semester. Additionally, students had to raise their own money to purchase and install new fans.

As for fixing some things, it was indeed difficult for the director. At that time, in his first year on the job, he demolished the school's auditorium and built a new one with a budget of five million baht. Because construction took more than a year, students were unable to use the area.

Until the end of last year, the new auditorium building was finished, but it was not much different from the old building, just renovated with some additional air conditioning. However, there was an opening ceremony led by the director, which earned him praise for the project. To the surprise of the students, it turned out that the new auditorium hall was not built for student use, but rather to hold weddings and other events to generate

income for the school, especially considering the large number of air conditioners installed.

After completing the activity of lining up to salute the national flag in the morning, the students in each row separated and walked to their respective classes. The talking points that led to heated arguments never ended. Due to the principal's selfishness, none of the students respected him. Not to mention that he rarely showed his face as he should because he only took the time to go on a study trip abroad, or rather spend the school budget to have fun, seeking happiness. But Mr. Kanok never seemed to care about that. He barely heard the protesting voices of the students, even the teachers who were his subordinates.

Those who cooperated with him would obtain direct and indirect benefits, which is why almost no one dared to oppose his manipulative behavior. Any teacher who protested would face internal harassment within the school. In the end, some teachers chose to behave because they couldn't take it anymore.

Principal Kanok walked confidently, receiving greetings from the teachers as they passed him on the way. He called out to a group of male students who were about to swerve to avoid him, insisting that they stop and greet him. He scolded a boy because his shirt wasn't tucked into his pants, before launching into a boring lecture about school rules and regulations. When the bell rang to signal the start of the first class, he reluctantly let the children go, allowing them to go up to the building

The principal's office is located on the lower floor of the school building. The air conditioner immediately cooled the room when Director Kanok opened the door. Inside, the spacious room was decorated with a prominent shrine in front, where the owner of the office could bow and pay respects to him at any time. In the center of the room was a set of sofas for guests. In the deepest part was a teak table so well made that rarely used it,

His way of life was very different from where the nearly two thousand students at Chanwit Pittaya School lived, who had to deal with hot classrooms and rely on cool, obsolete equipment.. Some items had been passed down from generation to generation and many had broken down

without being repaired or replaced. They felt abandoned by the director, who cared little about their well-being and who treated them as if they were insignificant.

Hashtag #famousschoolsinthel adpraodistrict

It had been trending on social media for some time, flooded with messages from several students who could no longer tolerate the principal's behavior. However, despite an investigation by a Ministry of Education committee, the principal did not suffer any consequences because he provided a detailed explanation of the school budget and showed how it was used for various beneficial purposes. After that, news about the Chanwit Pittaya School gradually disappeared from public debate. Until the day of judgment arrived.

On Friday night, director Chanwit Pittaya stopped by to have fun at a massage parlor in the Ratchada area where he was a regular customer, completely naked, in a bathtub full of soap bubbles, surrounded by pretty girls who never stopped pampering him. He always bragged about his wealth and traveling to various countries. Regardless of how others saw it, to him, it was just an ordinary pursuit of happiness for a man with abundant wealth. The fleeting nature of wealth did not concern him, as he had a way of continuing to accumulate wealth, even if it meant having to endure the suffering of others. It was a lifestyle that, for him, did not require validation from anyone, not even the hundreds or thousands of people who suffered under his leadership.

After finishing his pampering, surrounded by the fragrant aroma of soap, the director put on the clothes he had taken off earlier: his favorite dark green silk shirt. He sprayed himself with a lot of perfume to cover up the remains of his wife's secret trip, before finally saying goodbye to the young woman who accompanied him to the exit of the massage parlor, like a father leaving his daughter.

The underground car park was relatively quiet, there were no people and no parking fees, because few people dared to enter except the occasional customers. Most were familiar faces and were used to free parking. A fat man walked down a dimly lit street, taking his car keys out of his pocket.

He opened the door of his second-hand Mercedes, a relic from the 90s that he bought, because he likes old things

The director climbed into the car, his leather seat creaking loudly as he sat in it, before slamming the door shut with a loud slam. He took his time adjusting, first starting the engine and then adjusting the seat to his liking. He tuned the radio to his favorite station and listened to a talk show about Buddhism without realizing that he was not alone in the car.

Something resembling a rope appeared in front of Director Kanok. Without even having time to scream for help, the object immediately strangled his neck hard, harder... and harder as he struggled. He tried to remove the rope that was strangling his neck. His legs kicked and he nonked repeatedly with his hands, banging, but no sound came out. Disadvantaged in both strength and cunning by being attacked from behind, the director finally lost self-awareness and did not move

The rain fell continuously, hitting the concrete floor covered with dark green paint, which was an outdoor sports field, puddles of water were everywhere. Drop by drop of rain caused the old man to wake up and find himself lying on the ground, unable to move properly because his hands were tied behind his back. When he tried to get up he had difficulties because his weight and age meant that his body was not as agile as that of a young person. But then... A memory suddenly flashed through his head as if someone was deliberately repeating it. The director immediately trembled in fear as soon as he thought that he was being attacked and wanted to be killed.

"Help... Anyone..."

The pathetic man shouted in a hoarse voice asking for help, but it was useless. With eyes wet with tears, he looked around in all directions. His gaze was much sharper than usual and he discovered that he knew this place better than anyone.

Sports fields, academic buildings rising on either side, a national flagpole behind the podium he once stood on to address school children. Chanwit Pittaya School.

However, at that moment he had a different feeling. At night there was no one in the heavy rain. The school building was completely dark and silent. Suddenly, a flash of lightning made the director feel worried. But before he could wonder how he got to the school, someone wearing a raincoat approached him, with a sound so thunderous that he felt the force of the impact. In just the first second, the director thought that the person in front of him was the one who had come to help him. But when his eyes looked at the big hammer in the man's hand, his lips immediately turned pale and trembled. Was it because of the cold or was it caused by overwhelming fear?

“Hello, director. Do you know why you are here?”

Strangely enough, even though the surroundings were filled with the sound of rain that made conversation impossible, the director could hear it clearly. The mysterious figure crouched down enough that cold, piercing eyes could be seen peeking out from behind the mask that barely covered half of its face. A semi-retired man tried to fight the tiger. Out of the corner of his eye he looked at the hammer next to his head. His lips trembled as he responded.

“What will you do me? Why did you bring me here?!”

He lowered his head, laughing as if what the director said sounded ridiculous.

“You are the director of the Chanwit Pittaya school. Don't you remember what you did to this place?”

A shiny silver metal sheet was removed from the raincoat. The director immediately recognized that it was a knife. It was not an ordinary kitchen knife, but a pocket knife, the length of the blade was more than ten centimeters. His wet body trembled as the mysterious person used his clothes to sharpen a knife.

“I will give you another chance to regret what you have done.”

“Did my wife send you?!”

The director exclaimed loudly, looking stupid and pathetic. His brain could only think that his wife knew of his actions in secretly satisfying her lust with a young woman the age of her daughter in a massage parlor.

“My wife hired you? D... Tell me how much she gave you, I'll give you double!”

The mysterious person's eyes seemed devoid of empathy, as if they had never felt compassion for any living being. He shook his head as if he was disappointed. Before the director could come up with a new answer that might give him a chance to survive tonight, one of his arms was pulled roughly, causing his body to lean against the strong pull of the other party. And as much as he struggled to get it off his back, it was in vain. An indescribable pain, making a crying and howling sound like an animal being attacked, came out of the director's mouth. His arm was slowly torn apart, the tip of the blade sinking into his bone. Eternity seemed to pass in unbearable slow motion, filled with unbearable torment and despair.

His face was red and his mouth was panting when the torture ended. His veins stood out next to her temples covered in white hair, and they were also scattered across his bald scalp. He could feel a warm liquid flowing from the wound on his arm, but all he could do was pray for this to end and for this person to let him go home. He missed seeing the faces of his daughter and his wife lying in bed. He wanted to sleep somewhere warm, not on the cold rain-soaked ground. A cruel incident like this had never happened in his life.

At the same time, the director heard a happy hum from the mysterious person. He wiped the blood from the knife on the director's shirt until it was clean, just before the second show began.

“Have you discovered it? I'll give you a chance until the blood ran's out.”

Red blood pooled on the cold cement floor, washed away by raindrops. His brain was blank with shock, unable to reflect on the reason why he had in endure this kind of treatment, like an animal in a slaughterhouse, His body

tensed again as his other arm was removed, just like the first. His lips trembled, letting out a pained moan that sounded pathetic

“N. no. please....”

No one heard his voice, just as he did not hear the voices of his students crying out for what they deserved. The sharp tip of the knife pressed against the flesh of his arm, slowly making a long incision, like cutting through thick paper. Fresh red blood gushed out, mixed with the rain. The director's screams grew weaker until they became nothing more than a whisper. The sound of his breathing coming out of him was soft, tears running down his cheeks, begging for a sympathy he would never get. The mysterious person couldn't understand what he meant. Then he grabbed his face and then lowered his head until he could see his eyes shining mercilessly.

“What did you say?”

He lowered his head until his ear almost touched the director's lips who was trying to say a word that sounded like I'm sorry. But it was too late, the person in the trench coat laughed until his shoulders shook because the director led just because he wanted to survive.

"Are you apologizing for something you don't even know you did wrong? Do you want me to believe someone like you?"

If someone came and saw the picture of the current director, they might not be able to believe their eyes. His chubby chin was squeezed tightly by a strong hand, his face held high before the tip of a sharp knife was pointed at his throat.

“You should apologize to the students.”

His voice was as cold as rain, and the edge of the knife directly cut his throat. Red blood immediately gushed out like a broken faucet, splashing in all directions, even on the assassin's face. The director's face was contorted in a desperate attempt to survive, his choking sounds resembling those of a drowning person. His eyes opened, looking up at the sky in his final

moments.

06:23

Police officers examine the crime scene. In front of the Chanwit Pittaya School fence, a little chaos ensued as students arrived but not allowed to enter the school gate. However, the teacher's explanation added to the confusion because there would be no teaching and learning process and all students were asked to return home safely. Then the children asked what happened, because there were no important events and it was not a holiday. And why did police cars and ambulances enter their school? Some teachers seemed to have tears in their eyes as they spoke, and others were so shocked that they couldn't speak. They simply said that something had happened at school and asked for everyone's cooperation to return home safely.

Lieutenant Tul arrived at the scene after the inspector called her. She had to park outside and walk past the students who were still gathered in front of the fence to enter the school. She heard Jew's voice following behind her, asking the students to let them pass. And as soon as she came out, she grumbled, of course.

“Who is causing problems at school? Don't you feel sorry for the students?”

Reporters from many news agencies began to arrive one by one. Therefore, the police had to immediately control the scene of the incident. The two police lieutenants avoided being interviewed because they had just arrived to check it out. The only people who arrived at the scene were volunteers from the Ruamkatanya Foundation, who arrived first before other officials. However, before Lieutenant Tul walked towards the place where her body was found, two people from the Foundation team walked past her.

“This must be a serial killer. He was very cruel.”

“His face was completely destroyed. I took a photo of it right in front...hey! What the hell?!”

A volunteer was surprised when Lieutenant Tul grabbed his arm and held him tightly, refusing to let go. Tul even squeezed it as hard as she could until the volunteer frowned and the cell phone in his hand almost fell to the ground.

“Why are you taking photographs of corpses? Delete them now!”

Tul shouted, her voice so loud that nearby officers turned to see what had happened. The lieutenant took out her police badge to reveal who they were:

“It's illegal to photograph a dead body, did you know that? Delete it now or let the police do it for you.”

The two volunteers hesitated for a moment before one of them nodded and agreed to delete the image from his phone. Lieutenant Jew came forward and asked to check whether his mobile phone had also been removed from the trash or not.

“From now on, don't take any more photos. Be careful, they can sue you. I'm warning you,”

The senior police threatened with words of warning. Since they did not know who had leaked the photos online last time, the investigation could not trace them. But in any case, whoever the officer was, if he wasn't tasked with collecting evidence, he couldn't photograph a dead body to cause a sensation. However, no matter how these people were eliminated, they would never completely disappear.

Tul held back her anger as she walked towards the place where the deceased lay. Her sneakers stepped on a puddle of water that had formed on a small soccer field with a concrete floor. Officers had blocked off the surrounding area with yellow and black barrier lines. The Forensic Institute team had not arrived yet, so no one had handled the corpse yet.

Jew cursed and looked away when she saw the corpse. The smell of blood spread everywhere and she wanted to run and vomit. Tul was careful not to get too close to the corpse, as she might destroy nearby evidence. However, the weather conditions the night before should have changed the situation at the incident site.

The corpse of a slightly fat man was lying in a pool of blood. His face was destroyed so it was impossible to identify him. The appearance of him was similar to Kuljira's corpse. The upper collar of his shirt was stained with blood, which was probably caused by a serious wound to his face. Tul's eyes were focused on his knee in case he too was hit and broke his leg. But no, both legs were straight and appeared normal, with no visible signs of injury. Did the killer not crush this victim's legs because he wasn't involved with disabled people like Kuljira? But what could be said was that it was pretty clear that it was probably the work of the same killer. He dared to commit a crime in less than a week. And this time, the victim was a man... no longer a young woman.

"The forensics have arrived,"

She informed her superior Jew, who hurried to stay away from the body, Ella put her hands to her head, not knowing what to do. Agents from the Forensic Institute led by Dr. Che-rán arrived at the scene. The doctor almost walked past Lieutenant Tul, but stopped when she saw the state of the deceased's body in front of her. Although she had previously been informed about the incident, she now had to meet that gaping face. In the same period, some superficial feelings arose in her chest that she still could not overcome. Lieutenant Tul took a step forward and stood in front of her, making eye contact with Che-rán, who had just regained her composure,

"Are you OK?"

"I'm fine."

Tul could feel the uncertainty in the weak voice Ran was trying to convey. Ever since Kuljira's body was found, Tul had a bad feeling that a similar incident would happen again if the police couldn't catch the killer. The person most affected was none other than Che-rán. Regardless of who the

perpetrator is, committing a crime in a manner similar to the decades-old case would make her remember an incident from the past, in which he last a member of her family,

A team from the Institute of Forensic Medicine immediately went to the crime scene. They also took photographs to keep as evidence, before beginning a preliminary autopsy. Dr. Che-rán knelt over the body of the deceased. Parts that used to be the face, eyes, nose and lips were destroyed, the bridge of the nose was broken and one of the eyeballs protruded due to the compression force. And it probably affected his skull. The murderer was crueler than him when he killed Kuljira

"But the cause of death was not due to....a blow to the face,"

Dr. Che-rán said calmly, Her hand gently touched the intact part of the victim's face, slowly lifting her chin to reveal blood stains on her neck and horizontal incision marks from a sharp object. Lieutenant Jew, who was some distance away from her, instinctively put her hand on her neck in fear,

"From the wound, I can tell that the weapon was a sharp object that stabbed his neck, probably hitting his throat and major arteries. This caused him to lose a lot of blood and die."

Che-rán explained her doubts about why there was a pool of blood all over the corpse. It was truly terrifying for anyone who saw it. The investigation team helped coroners turn the deceased's body over before discovering that, as expected, both of his hands were tied behind his back. But there was one thing that was different about Kuljira's body, combined with the reason why the perpetrator used to slit the deceased's throat

"Direct wounds were found on both arms, which caused the deceased to also lose a lot of blood,"

Che-rán said based on the marks he found in theory, cutting off an arm can cause a person to lose their life if first aid is not provided in time. However, when she saw the large amount of blood stains, the murderer deliberately decided to use such brutal and cruel methods. Leaving a completely different trail than the first body, choosing the crime scene within a school

that was still teaching, and leaving the body in front of a flagpole that could have had some meaning

“Lieutenant, according to the security guard who first found the body, the school closed at 8 pm and after that there was no one here. But when he arrived, he saw the director's car parked in the field. However, when he entered the director's office, there was no one inside...”

A police non commissioned officer ran to report the progress. He paused for a moment at the end of his sentence as he looked at the corpse wearing a Thong Chai silk shirt, leather shoes, including his identity as a bald person with only a few gray hairs...

"This corpse is suspected to be the school principal."

"Yesterday morning, the body of a murdered man was found at a school in the Lat Phrao area. It was later discovered that he was the school's principal, Mr. Kanok Sappawat. It was said that his face was broken and his mouth was open. The perpetrator used a knife to cut his neck and both arms until he lost a lot of blood."

The news situation throughout the morning was filled with the second shocking news in a row, which had a high probability of being the work of the same serial killer. Although the cause of death was excessive blood loss, his face was mangled beyond recognition, much like the criminal who murdered the Chotjanan heiress. The name of Mr. Kanok Sappawat, principal of Chanwit Pittaya School, had been reported as the victim. The family of the deceased was contacted and immediately came to confirm the identity of the body. His wife and daughter testified that Mr. Kanok told them the night before that a meeting would be held with the administrators of each educational institution and perhaps that was why he would be late, however, when the police asked the principal of another school whose name was mentioned, it turned out that there had been no meeting.

The testimony caused confusion in the investigation. Police interviewed other people involved, trying to determine who might have had a motive and whether anyone had an alibi. Only a few had the potential for revenge that could lead to Mr. Kanok's murder, but they had solid alibis And Mr.

Kanok also had nothing to do with Miss Kuljira, the first victim. Most news agencies reported on the developments in the murder case. Some reported on the personal history of the deceased at that time. There was a societal interpretation that this was the reason he became a victim of a serial killer. People on social media were able to dig up old issues that had happened before about Chariwit Pittaya School students having problems with the principal's work. The famous school in the Ladprao district became a trend again. What started only on Twitter has now spread to other social media platforms.

1 hour before. Summary of the famous school in the Ladprao district.

1- Main murder case according to news reports this morning. Police suspect it may have been caused by the same killer as fpewaris_chotianan. So, are social researchers investigating what this director did in the past?

2- Mr. Kanok Sappawat currently serves as the principal of Chanwit Pittaya School. There used to be a trending hashtag #famousschoolsinthe Ladpraodistrict which was previously trending on Twitter. This caused people on Twitter to start investigating to find out what happened to this school. At that time the students demanded the following.

3- The school bathrooms are in poor condition, closed for repairs for more than a full semester. Not only in two classrooms but throughout the school, there are signs that say 'The bathroom is out of order and several taps that do not work. There is virtually no time to file a complaint and receive approval for repairs. They graduate and leave school.

4- The classroom fans were broken. Some are so old that they cannot be used. The student raised the issue with the supervising teacher, who referred it to school administrators for further investigation. They want to allocate the school budget to buy a new fan. But the principal's response was so silent that the students could not bear the heat. They raised their own money to buy a new fan.

5-The elements necessary for the study are not received as they should. For example, some of the study tables are old and damaged so they cannot be used, there are few volleyballs left, some are punctured. Many practice equipment is damaged and can no longer be used. Teachers of these subjects are desperate and have proposed budgets to buy new equipment. This question was also met with silence. Some teachers have to spend their own money to pay.

6-The school auditorium was dismantled and rebuilt, which took almost a year and cost more than five million baht. However, when it was finished, it looked almost the same as before, just with the addition of air conditioning. It was also not designed for student use; instead, the venue was opened to host weddings and raise large amounts of money for the school. But where does the money go? Whose money goes in his pocket.

7- Any teacher who spoke out to help their students almost always felt moved. Some students who managed to stay in touch with these teachers reported that the teachers who left had been bullied by their colleagues. It was about favoritism and gaining the director's favor to advance their career.

8-However, the director's office looks luxurious there's a photo at the end of the post), with marble tiles, a full set of sofas for guests, and a teak table that costs who knows how much. The air conditioning is always on, keeping the room cool and comfortable throughout the day, while the school covers the electricity bill. (Meanwhile, students in classrooms rely on fans. If the fan breaks, they have to pay out of pocket to replace it.)

9- Organizing a trip abroad is a waste of money. Recently, Director Kanok has just returned from Singapore for 5 days and 4 nights. He takes photos with the Merlion and travels to various locations. But after returning, he admitted that he was on a study trip? Students rarely see the principal's face because he travels almost every month. At least twice a month.

10- The complaints have reached the ears of the Ministry. The Ministry of Education sent a committee to investigate. But in the end, Kanok easily flew under the radar and some say he had connections. But no matter how punished he is, he will probably transfer to another school and continue to

behave as before. (From the past until now, Mr. Kanok Sappawat has always held the position of principal in more than 4 public schools.]

11-This post is not intended to discredit the deceased, but rather to demand the justice that the school children deserve for their selfishness and greed. How many problems have been caused to children without institutions being able to take action?

8.7 thousand comments

Sanam Chal: Because of his behavior, I don't want to say this word, but he deserved to die.

CR Seven: The man riding a white horse came to help Thailand. All that remains is to kill one more person and the country will be even higher than this.

See other comments.

“The name of the deceased was Mr. Kanok Sappawat, aged fifty-six. We found his Mercedes W123 parked inside the school, located not far from where his body was found. The wife confirmed that the clothes she was wearing when he died were his, as was the car.”

Lieutenant Tul announced a brief briefing over the microphone to warn everyone in advance before the autopsy began. The body of the deceased had been cleaned of all traces of blood, as well as serious wounds on the face. Meanwhile, Dr. Che-rán, who was in charge of performing the autopsy, had prepared. Her father, Professor Rakkit, asked to observe in the same room as Lieutenant Tul because he was worried about her daughter, who refused to listen to his protests.

Tul herself couldn't sit still in her chair. She could only stand and look at her lover who was fulfilling her duties. Of course, currently the parties involved in the had to endure pressure from all directions, including unresolved internal problems. This situation was aggravated by the high possibility of

serial murder cases. Victims were identified as individuals with a history of misconduct, unverified misconduct, or self-inflicted misconduct.

However, why did the killer in the Kuljira case decide to destroy several pieces of evidence, delay every step in identifying the victim's identity and even burn the fingerprints of his ten fingers? While in the latter case, the killer deliberately left all evidence indicating who the victim was, including the choice of crime scene and the victim's car and wallet. Or was the killer sure that the police would never find him?

"Come on, sit down first, Lieutenant,"

Professor Rakkit called after her, who continued to get up to sit down. Tul agreed to do what the major told her, although she still couldn't think clearly where the case was going.

"It's not just you who wonders if the culprit is the same criminal from eighteen years ago."

Tul cocked her head and looked at the doctor who had brought up this delicate topic, visibly shaken by his own experience. Recently, she discussed this matter with Che-ran and they ended up fighting to the point that she didn't dare mention it again. But the man who had lost his own wife in the incident now wanted to talk to her about it.

"Back then, the situation was almost no different from today. No clues, no traces, or who the victim was in conflict with were found. I had the opportunity to perform an autopsy on one of the victims. She was the second victim at the time, and we were under pressure as to whether she was a victim of the same serial killer or not. The situation was the same as now..".

The head doctor looked towards the autopsy room, at his daughter. She was examining the victim's face for traces of what appeared to be the blunt weapon that killed Miss Kuljira.

"The distance from the first victim was almost a month. Her injuries were less serious and she also left footprints. The killer became more confident,

more careful and, of course, began to defy the authorities more...”

Tul did not argue because she thought that the situation was no different from what the teacher said. After the police fail to catch whoever killed the first victim, it only increases the killer's confidence to commit a second murder. In both cases the same behavior occurred, although they were almost twenty years apart. If it really was the same perpetrator, who was he now? How old was he? And how did he avoid capture, especially given the meticulous investigation led by this young lieutenant?

“Professor, do you agree that... Mr. Wisut, who was arrested earlier, may not be the real murderer?”

The senior medical professor showed no expression when asked a question without any evidence to confirm the truth. He himself was no different from Che-rán in wanting to believe in more demonstrable things. But because...the evidence in the decades old case was weak against the seven victims, including his own wife, he couldn't help but question it,

“I'm sure that one day it will come to light.”

He ended there and didn't say anything else, but it was enough to make Tul feel that there were still people who disagreed with the case documents that were full of loopholes. Definitely anyone could see it.

In the autopsy laboratory, Che-tán was looking at the long indentation on the deceased's Adam's apple. The wounds and cuts were so deep that the tissue was torn. They put a tape measure on it before muttering a number to her assistant.

“The wound measures eight centimeters long and four millimeters thick.”

Che-rán used both hands to open the wound and check the damaged internal organs.

“The incision hit the trachea and carotid artery causing the death of the deceased. A lot of blood came out when he died.”

The cause of death was confirmed again. Che-rán noticed another clue when she had not taken her eyes off the victim's neck. There was a bruise that looked like a long line around the corpse's neck and also many nail marks. Most likely this was due to struggles on the part of the deceased himself.

“They strangled him with a rope before he died.”

“Strangled? Could it be that the perpetrator strangled the victim until he was unconscious and then took him there?”

“Yes, he didn't die from strangulation. There were also signs of resistance on his arms, perhaps abrasions from lying on the ground, And a lot of blood, indicating that he was cut with a sharp object while he was still alive.”

Everyone who listened shuddered a little as they thought of the cruel actions of the perpetrator who forced his victim to endure torture until the last seconds of his life. Che-rán carefully examined the laceration, similar to the neck but on both arms, having an incision that measures more than 10 centimeters long and 2 millimeters wide. The wound was very deep, reaching the layers of fat, muscle and even bone. In addition to the weapon being quite sharp, the perpetrator himself must have used a lot of force, as demonstrated by the deep penetration of the weapon, which cut the skin.

“The wound in the arm caused the victim to lose a lot of blood, it could have caused shock and death without needing to cut his throat.”

Che-rán's voice slowly lowered towards the end of the sentence... By observing the final methods of torturing the previous victims, they were able to deduce that The perpetrator had an underlying psychological problem. In general, most murderers in Thailand committed crimes out of impulse or momentary anger. Few people wanted to witness the suffering of their victims before they died. Of course, those people.... They had abnormal behavior compared to normal humans.

Lack of empathy for others and putting yourself at the center of everything. That was the behavior of a psychopathic person.

③③

THIRTY-THREE



The small meeting room inside the forensic institute opened, led by Assistant Banks who hurried in to organize the photographs of the director's body that had just been autopsied. Che-rân followed him with Lieutenant Tul, who still wanted to continue discussing the direction of the investigation. Of course, both did not rule out the possibility that the murderer was the same person, considering the cruel and ruthless method used to take the life of Miss Kuljira, the heiress of the Chotianan family.

Photographs of the two dead people were placed side by side. Their faces were mangled from the beating, but the other injuries were different

“Mr. Kanok died because he lost a lot of blood from the wounds on both arms and... his neck was cut. That's why the crime scene was full of blood,”

Said Che-rân, summarizing the cause of his death,

“As for the estimated time of death, it should be around 10:00 p.m. to midnight. From the undigested food in the stomach, he probably ate some before his death... Or maybe it was caused by the stress of being killed. Additionally, he was older and had a history of diabetes. Additionally, the digestive system in the stomach works more slowly,”

“He told his family that he went to a meeting, but when we asked the director what he mentioned, they said that there was no meeting last night. We are trying to find out where he really went,”

Lieutenant Tul reported on what was found out. Maybe the deceased lied to his family and went somewhere. She asked Jew to find out where the headmaster's Mercedes W123 had gone before ending up at the school where the body was found.

"I sent the blood and food from her stomach to Mae for examination. In case we find alcohol or drugs she took after eating."

Lieutenant Tul took photographs of an elderly man who had been stabbed to the point of bleeding, interspersed with images of a young woman whose knees were shattered, one of her legs was twisted and pointed upwards in a deformed state. Perhaps there was an important meaning that the killer wanted to convey.

"Remember when I thought that the reason the killer destroyed both of Kuljira's legs was to deliberately make her look like a disabled person who had died?"

Tul raised an issue that had been troubling her from the beginning, when the second case occurred almost at the same time.

"But the director, he was stabbed until he bled to death. Maybe he's not directly related, but considering his corrupt behavior with the school budget, it makes me think of a saying he says..."

"Squeeze blood from a stone, make a person bleed."

"Yes, I think the perpetrator may not be someone close to the two victims. If the goal is to choose victims based on the mistakes they cover up, then the pattern of events is in line with the victim's behavior,"

Tul concluded, echoing all the previous assumptions. Che-rán did not deny anything because she herself was suspicious from the beginning. She took a photo of Kuljira's feet once again to reconsider. If that was the case, a broken knee not only meant a sign of disability, but it could also be caused by something else.

"Could Kuljira's bent knees mean 'one-legged rabbit?'"

“One-legged rabbit? The game we played when we were little?”

“Judging by its appearance, yes.”

Che-rån held up the photo so that others could see it.

“But the meaning of the saying was that she insisted on pleading not guilty for running over a disabled person with her car and causing him death. She denied it was her own fault.”

Tul pursed her lips tightly, unable to think clearly if what happened was exactly what the perpetrator wanted to convey. What they both really understood was that this was undoubtedly a serial murder case. If you looked at the way the victims were selected, you would probably never end up with only one or two people before the perpetrator was caught.

“This may not be the first murder he has committed. I mean... It seems like he planned it very well,”

Said Bank the attendant, who remained silent for a long time. His comment caught the attention of the other two people in the room. Tul nodded her head and sighed as she thought that the investigation was not going well. How fast had she actually advanced?

“The perpetrator was very clever, at least he studied the victim before acting. He didn't just look for him. When Principal Kanok lied to his family about attending a meeting, the perpetrator knew exactly where he was going and took him back to school.”

“Could it be that he called Mr. Kanok to come back to school?”

Tul shook her head before explaining the information she had just received from the investigation team not long ago, No contact number of anyone was found on the director's cell phone. Although it could be that the perpetrator didn't delete it first. Ran had discovered that he had been strangled until he passed out before... Being killed. They found sweat stains on the driver's phone, side seat, but the driver's seat and steering wheel had been cleaned.

There were also traces of damage to the car door. That must have been the perpetrator's doing

The lieutenant's cell phone rang and she immediately answered the phone quickly. Her junior, who had only been out of the hospital for a few days, barely waited for a greeting and quickly blurted out the progress report she received.

[Phi, we found out where Mr. Kanok's car went. It was at Thara Massage Parlor on Ratchada Street. Do you want to go?]

The two police lieutenants arrived at the massage parlor in Ratchada, where there was a CCTV camera at the front of the building that could capture images of cars entering and leaving the car park. Lieutenant Jew humed her superior into a small, narrow security room. It seemed like this massage parlor didn't prioritize safety very much, or perhaps it hadn't developed well over time. There were only a few CCTV cameras installed on the different floors, each floor had one camera, located at the front of the building and at the entrance and exit of the parking lot. Inside the room, an old computer projected images from all the CCTV cameras onto a single screen. When officers arrived, the massage parlor manager followed them to oversee the investigation,

"Did Mr. Kanok use the services here that night? If so, what time did he arrive and leave?"

Tul asked immediately. The young manager dressed in a dark blue suit adjusted the collar of her slightly wrinkled shirt before answering the question.

"Mr. Kanok arrived here around 7 pm and left around 10 pm."

“Why did he come here?”

“He comes to bathe with the girls. He comes here often, usually with two or three girls.”

"Please let me see the security cameras since I got here,"

Lieutenant Tui turned to the security guard uncle, who said nothing, clicked the mouse and searched for video clips from before Mr. death. Kanok. There was no one outside the building because it was not yet open for service.

“Last night, when it happened, weren't you the security guards in the parking lot? Didn't they exchange parking tickets to collect fees?”

The director lowered her head and did not look anyone in the eye. She answered Lieutenant Jew's question in a low voice.

“N...no. There are only two guards here. One is in front of the entrance, the other is parked on the second floor because there are always cases of drunk customers going crazy.”

“Is the parking space free?”

“Yes, I never charge parking fees.”

Lieutenant Jew sighed when she realized how low the security system was in there. But still, it seemed like... this place had been under construction for years. It attracted a varied clientele, including older age groups looking to satisfy their desires with young girls. And when an incident occurred, they will not be able to provide assistance.

“I found it. He arrived at 6:48 p.m..”

Tul pointed to an old Mercedes that was passing in front of the building towards the parking area. Shortly after, Mr. Kanok appeared through the large glass door monitored by the camera, where about ten young women were sitting inside. About five minutes later, the man brought three young women with him. Use the service on the second floor, the same usual room.

As the manager said, the four of them walked past the CCTV cameras on the second floor before disappearing into the room. There was a security guard watching, but after that nothing happened.

“Please speed up a little, but don't press jump. I want to see it until he comes out.”

Lieutenant Jew was already familiar with her superior's habits, so she was not surprised that they spent time there checking and observing the CCTV cameras while the deceased was there. They watched many customers come and go, selecting the girls of their choice and directing them to the various available rooms. Also, because the massage parlor was not located near a main road, not many people passed by. Most of the traffic was vehicles entering and exiting buildings and parking lots.

Speeding up the recording could make the image appear blurry but still visible. But then Tul noticed someone walking past the camera in front of the building.

“Stop! Wait! Back... Back again. Here please slow down.”

On the night of the incident, it was raining heavily since late afternoon, making it difficult for anyone who wanted to go out for a walk. But not that person who had been captured by CCTV cameras..... That person was wearing a completely black raincoat. He looked more like a shadow across the street than a human being seen in a raincoat. Only the hood that covered his head made him recognizable as human. Considering that the massage parlor was not located on the main road and there were not many pedestrians passing by, Tul had been watching for about three hours and had not noticed anyone else except this person.

The mysterious figure in a raincoat walked past the CCTV camera in front of the building. He did not seem to be affected by the raindrops, but instead walked past them. He acted as if he had accidentally crossed this path and had nothing special to do. He then reappeared at the entrance, where another CCTV camera captured his image. Tul saw him doing something that no ordinary person would do.... He looked at the CCTV camera.

For several minutes, the person in the image did not even flinch, as if everything was frozen in time. Behind the mask that covered her face, there might be a hidden smile.... Even if someone found out about her presence there later, they would not be able to prevent the terrible event from happening. A television station news agency published footage from a CCTV camera in front of a former massage parlor in Ratchada, sparking a public uproar. They saw a photo of someone in a raincoat, walking towards Mr. Kanok's last location before he died.

The news anchor called him The Raincoat Killer,

Various interpretations and criticisms that invited speculation were hotly debated about this strange behavior. The killer stared at the camera for several minutes as if he defied anyone looking for him. What the person did next was damage the deceased's car, knock him unconscious, and then take him to the school to carry out a cold-blooded murder.

Most people agreed that he made a very smart and also scandalous move. There was no way this case was his first murder, especially... The nature of the incident involved using a hammer, smashing their faces to death, and also doing it at night when it was raining heavily. He was very similar to the killer from the past who was called Jack the Ripper from Thailand. What was even more surprising was that after Wisut Saengkhaos death, there were calls to bring justice back to him as a scapegoat, who had been labeled a serial killer for over twenty years. He was treated unfairly during the investigation, arrest and detention. When he was in court, even the government lawyers did not fully help him. Then when he was released, he couldn't even start a new life. He was once again a suspect in a murder case that he did not commit.

Unfortunately, before anyone could be by his side, Wisut decided to take a small space and leave this world forever. Things become clearer when a murder occurs in the same way. The killer simply changed his target victim from a prostitute to a rich person who had a bad history but escaped the legal process with connections, money or anything that proves that this country has no laws against the rich.

For more than two years, the aunt has not heard from him. Let alone make up for her son's funeral. Not even a word of apology. Several news agencies, responding to the needs of social trends, contacted and requested interviews with the relatives of the disabled person who died in an accident to tell the story of what happened at that time. But I never expected that his life would end like this.

"I ask for justice and I will continue to do so,"

Said the mother who had to endure the devastation after losing her son, avoiding answers that could cause conflict when asked by journalists.,

“How do you feel about death, Kuljira?”

However, it was not just the mother of the car accident victim who was interviewed. Schoolboy Chanwit Pittaya was also called for an interview with questions not very different from those of the first person. When the greedy principal took the school's money for years, he left this world leaving a blood stain on the field in front of the flagpole, which they had to clean up together. Therefore, the school agreed to open the school as usual. The students had also learned the news as they were prohibited from entering the school at that time.

“Although they finally examined him, they only told him to move to a new school. It may be that he still behaved the same way. I his makes us wonder if there should be criteria for punishment like this, so that incidents like this don't happen?”

A candid comment from a student questioning a fair judicial process to prevent repeat violations. Some had unearthed the previous records of the former principal of Kanok, who previously ran a primary school. There was a problem where parents demanded answers about the cost of lunch, as sometimes their children only received white rice and a piece of pumpkin in sauce despite paying a few cents each month.

Although the voices of those affected maintained that the two men did not deserve to die, this went against the trend of a society that has long been oppressed by inequality. Therefore, they thought that the raincoat killer's

actions were not just revenge against the rich who were trying to cover up his problems.

But this encouraged people to think that if only the legal process could hold these rich people accountable, they would not live comfortably on piles of money and gold like they do now, and would be punished for their own mistakes. If they were fair, people would not idolize a murderer or consider the death of the two victims justified.

“Are you saying that the culprit was a Thai teacher who wanted to teach proverbs through murder?”

The annoying words of a police officer who would soon be promoted to inspector irritated Tul, who made assumptions about the nature of the crimes in both cases.

“I did not mean that. But if the captain doesn't understand, I'll explain it to him again.”

The young lieutenant suppressed her hatred by breathing deeply and trying not to look at Captain Dan. Inspector Pichet summons the Criminal Investigation Unit to discuss the progress of two serial murder cases, which caused many citizens to panic that something bad would happen again,

“The two people who died had a bad story that made the news at the time, Kuljira, who once killed a disabled man with her car, adamantly denied her guilt.”

Tul used a red laser beam to point out the image of a young woman while she was still alive, before moving towards the image of a bald old man.

“As for Mr. Kanok, he always corrupted the school budget. And the students created a hashtag to spread the news, but then went silent. There are victims of what they did, but they never received punishment for their actions. I think that is the connection between the two victims chosen by the perpetrator,”

Lieutenant Tul said as she looked at all the investigators in the room, especially inspector Pichet. Jew who was standing in the corner of the room, silently raising her thumb in support. But there was still one person who couldn't let go.

“I don't know, Lieutenant, Are you saying that these two people deserve to die based on everything you said?”

“You seem to have trouble interpreting it, Captain.”

“Whoa, calm down, young lady... What is clear is that the murderer is now a hero for the lower middle class, after going through the trouble of killing rich and evil people and trending on Twitter all day,”

Captain Dan shrugged. He did not agree with public sentiment at the time.

“I'm not saying I agree with the murderer's actions, but I'm talking about the reasons for his victims' choices.”

“Do you know what society thinks today? Do you want us to announce something like that? Yes, it is true, the murderer chose victims who had committed crimes before and were not punished because they were rich and used money to solve their problems.”

They will also criticize us and say that the police have no principles and that one goes with the flow.

“I'm not following the crowd. This is my point of view with all the clues and evidence I have obtained. What we have to do is not be afraid of someone criticizing us, but we have to try to catch the murderer who is still at large if we don't want this to happen again.”

“So, it's simple. Just announce that the rich today should be careful, if they do something illegal, which could fit a proverb or two, it is best not to leave the house or go anywhere alone, because someone will come and take the law into their own hands to kill them,”

Captain Dan continued speaking provocatively, giving her a penetrating gaze in a defiant way. He seemed to have a feeling of victory when fighting a woman he had been unable to defeat since day one. He did not expect that Lieutenant Tul would dare to challenge him both professionally and personally, especially after having a relationship with another woman.

“It's enough. I agree with Lieutenant Tul. We have to make some assumptions before investigating.”

Captain Dan laughed mockingly, showing no respect for Inspector Pichet's support for the other party. He shook his head slightly and spoke in a bored tone:

“Then, Inspector, you are also on her side. Therefore, due to the way we handled this matter, this case will be transferred to the special investigation unit.”

“And you, captain, do you have any constructive suggestions, or are you just going to continue being defiant.”

This was the first time anyone had seen the inspector and the captain facing each other. Especially Inspector Pichet, who despite often calling his subordinates to his office to be reprimanded, never scolded anyone in front of the entire unit. Captain Dan clenched his jaw tightly, trying to find someone who would agree with him.

“Then i will give my opinion on this case. The killer considered himself a hero, hunting down and killing rich people who appeared in the news, because he wanted to gain popularity, And about that saying, he just wanted to have his own characteristics. if we start guessing and the media finds out, wouldn't that make the killer even more famous?”

Many people who were originally sitting silently slowly nadded their heads towards Captain Dan. They all had the same thought that perhaps the fact that Lieutenant Tul was his wife and influenced him to adapt to social trends, as Captain Dan had accused her of.

“Another thing to consider is that the rich have wealth that allows them to hire lawyers to defend their cases and find ways out of problems. So, is it the fault of the rich that the poor end up in prison? Simply because they don't have the money to pay bail? Only keyboard warriors try to fool themselves into believing that everyone in this world is equal, when in reality not everyone is born equal.”

Captain Dan's tone was filled with suppressed emotion as he expressed his annoyance at the narrow-mindedness of a certain group.

“Regardless of which angle we look at it, even if some people disagree with the brutal deaths of the two individuals, empathy for the deceased is diminished when it is revealed that they previously escaped punishment due to their wealth.”

“IT the inspector decides to investigate the case according to the saying, it doesn't matter. But I would like to choose to investigate it in another way, without having to wait to discuss it with my dear new protégé.”

Lieutenant General Tech was waiting for a phone call from a representative of the government party he had wanted to contact him that afternoon. The man at the top of the tower was visibly shaking. This was not due to accusations from the public, but because he was concerned about the position he was applying for. Sweat dripped down his forehead even though the air conditioning was working properly. The TV in the room was barely on all day because he couldn't stand listening to the news these days. All he did was give orders to the agents to filter the information before sending it to him so he could decide how to proceed.

The ringing of the mobile phone used to contact the ruling party rang at exactly 1 p.m. Tech hurriedly answered the call after preparing to answer the questions of the party secretary who was on duty for him.

“Yes sir.”

[Mr. Tech, what does today's news mean? Another murder has occurred, but that's not all... Is it also related to a case from eighteen years ago that you were in charge of? How is this possible?]

As Tech expected, he was questioned about the case he had been responsible for when he was still an investigative inspector.

“That's right, sir. Currently everything has entered the investigation process. And as for the case from eighteen years ago, it has been closed and we have compelling evidence, including the motive and the relationship between the murderer and each of his victims. I can guarantee you, there is absolutely nothing wrong with the case.”

[And how could it happen again? Did someone just think of doing it again?]

The party secretary's voice was one of disbelief it was clear that social trends were causing this. Political parties began to fear that their popularity would decline if they continued to allow this serial murder case to enter the campaign period.

“The possibility is high, but I can't confirm it yet. Looking at the cause of the director's death in the second case, he died from blood loss, not because he was hit in the face. Compared to other cases, the murderer probably had more personal grudge against him. The police will immediately accelerate the investigation from this point.”

[However, if the murderer is caught quickly, don't let an embarrassing scandal ensue. You must hurry.]

"I understand, sir,"

The senior police officer said humbly even though his hand was clenching his cell phone because he was angry with the party secretary who kept emphasizing that he had to close this case as soon as possible. Otherwise, this could affect the political future that is about to enter the elections. Tech was under enormous pressure. He called his subordinate who was outside to come in, listening to orders accompanied by angry shouts like someone seeking relief.

Closing the case quickly wasn't difficult, especially when he was in a position to send anyone around. The killer was to submit to him immediately, just as he did when he closed the case 18 years ago.

This is not the first crime that the murderer has committed. Because of that assumption, Che-rân once again carried out a deeper examination. She saw sharp cuts or puncture marks embedded in the body, indicating the severity of the injury depending on the area stabbed. If the stab wound penetrated deeply into a vital organ, nerve or blood vessel, the wound caused by a sharp knife would be different. The incision in his neck severed a major artery, causing his death and excessive blood loss. Generally, those who commit these acts tend to find themselves in a chaotic emotional state, unable to control themselves, they get angry easily and are vengeful to the point of committing reckless acts. But that was not the case with this murderer...

The results of the 3D simulation scan were shown. You could see how the deceased's skin was cut with a sharp knife. And it wasn't just a cut in the skin, but the killer plunged the tip of the knife into the flesh before slowly using force to make a long incision. This caused the wound to open and more blood than usual to come out. The thickness of the knife had to be large enough, otherwise the knife might break when doing so. The murderer must also have been someone with great power. He could be a burly man with enough strength to drag the director's enormous body that weighs more than 80 kilograms.

Che-rân bit her lip as she thought, but then a knock on the door caught her attention. Bank hurriedly opened the door and entered without waiting for permission. The young man's expression seemed surprised by the chaos that was happening outside. The police from the Central Investigation Bureau came here. They said they had a letter asking them to take the director's body and Kallica's body to the police hospital to do fresh autopsy.

Those beautiful legs followed the medical assistant who took her to the front of the Forensic Institute which was filled with 4-5 police officers

standing together like a mafia gang. Captain Dan looked at the medical examiner he had to deal with. A slight smile appeared on his beautiful face when he saw her

“Hello, Dr. Ran. I came here on the order of the Central Command of the Investigative Police to take the bodies of those who died as a result of serial murders to the Police hospital. We will perform an autopsy again with a team of highly experienced forensic experts and better equipment.”

A young man one hundred and eighty centimeters tall was holding a document that had been sealed and signed by the Commander. Che-rån received the document and read it quickly. From the details, everything about it was as said, the headquarters wanted to investigate this case. All matters were handled by their own officials, including the autopsy process. They admitted that they did not want interference from other institutions, causing confusion and conflict. Meanwhile, the forensic agency had already made a mistake in his work.

“The commander is not happy with the leaked photographs of Khun Kuljira's body. And the coroners have not yet issued a statement of responsibility.”

Captain Dan smiled as if he was the winner of this game of tricks, but Che-rån simply returned the document to his hand.

“Although there are documents, the decision of the Forensic Institute does not depend on me. I probably won't be able to hand over the body.”

“Doctor, you performed the autopsy on both bodies, right? Why can't you make a decision? It is better not to make excuses. This is a direct order from the Commander, if you do not do so, it is considered disobeying the order he made.”

Che rán looked through the frame of her glasses with a look of disdain. She didn't want to have much to do with people like this. Captain Dan acted like he was Big Tech's son, which was worse than his own son. He may not have shared the same bloodline or DNA as Tech, but they had a cocky

personality. Wherever she looked, she only saw his own reflection and thought that everyone should listen to his orders.

“The forensic institute is a private organization, it is not under anyone's jurisdiction. If the police want to take the body, we must first wait for a meeting between our committee members. It's not just about arbitrarily deciding to bring in five people, especially people that I've never seen conduct an investigation for this case.”

The police officers accompanying Captain Dan looked at the female doctor in front of them, using extremely hurtful words, making them unwilling to remain silent. But Captain Dan, who was sent directly by the Commander, took a step forward to approach the young woman who did not even take a step back. He seemed to underestimate this forensic doctor.

“Relax, doctor, You know how big this case is. We need many agencies to step in and help with the investigation so the public can calm down. Simply allow us to take the body for another autopsy to help ensure that your autopsy results are correct.”

The policeman's sentence hinted at a touch of sarcasm. But no matter what, he still didn't trust the forensic doctor who rarely collaborates with him, unlike Lieutenant Tul, who might have affection for her.

“Don't turn to the public to do another autopsy. If you want to do another autopsy, you at least have to find the mistakes first. Or if there really is one like you said, make me a list, You shall not take possession of the body of a deceased person as you please. It's not to help chock, but rather to interfere with the work,”

Che-rån responded without fear of hurting any of the police officers. They began to look at each other about what to do. If they returned to the base empty handed, it would be of no use to them.

"Doctor, listen, I have no ulterior motives.”

Captain Dan lowered his voice trying to convince Che-rån to accept in this case, the community is paying special attention.

“So far the perpetrator has not been captured and the community is condemning us so we have nowhere to defend ourselves. Therefore, the police want to close this case as soon as possible. If you have to wait for your committee to decide, this will be much longer... The best way is that since you are doing the autopsy, you can decide to transfer the body to us immediately. Don't you think?”

“The investigation is complicated, as you know. We have already provided the most relevant evidence to the police. The forensic institute acts as an impartial unit, guaranteeing transparency in our work. Unless you have ulterior motives.”

“Hey, isn't that an excessive accusation?”

Police Captain Dan pointed at her without any courtesy because he couldn't wait to stand still while listening to the cruel words coming out of this woman's mouth, initially, he did not mind that there were many officers standing in this area of the Forensic Institute. But then, someone's worried voice shouted to stop them.

“Stop! What do you want here, Captain?”

Dr. Rakkit, the institute's senior advisor, stepped between the two. The old man's face did not show his usual friendliness.

"I came here to collect the bodies of Miss Kuljira and Mr. Kanok to take them to the police hospital, following the orders of the police commander."

He again held up a document with his seal and authenticated signature. But the head doctor didn't even read it.

“It seems we won't be able to do that until there is a decision among the committee. Captain, you better go.”

With these words coming from the mouth of a respected doctor, Captain Dan could not argue because he considered them unequal. But he was so hurt that he couldn't stop saying insulting words.

“I don't think the forensic specialists paid enough attention to this case to refuse to turn the body over to anyone.”

"I paid close attention to the bodies of all the dead that were brought here,”

Che-rân replied immediately, not at all afraid that the strength of the person in front of her could defeat her at any moment if she so desired.

“Even if one day you are the one lying in bed in front of me, I swear that I will not discriminate and will fulfill my duties honestly.”

Captain Dan clenched his fists as he interpreted the hurtful phrase. But currently, he could only leave empty-handed. Che-rân looked at the back of the disgusting figure until it disappeared from sight. Professor Rakkit sighed at his daughter's courage in facing the police officer's madness. Luckily, someone ran to him for help, calming the situation just in time.

“Follow me, Che-ran.”

Professor Rakkit turned in his daughter, who refused to make direct eye contact with him. She nodded slightly before agreeing to follow her father down the quiet hallway. The burning emotions in her heart began to subside a little until all that was left was the worry that her father would blame her, even though it wasn't her fault at all.

The professor's office had a pungent smell of old wood, with a small statue of Buddha located near the door. The owner of the room walked directly to his desk, took out a stack of papers and handed them to his daughter, who accepted them confused. The documents seemed to have been stored too long, they were old and slightly wrinkled, with yellowish stains the etiges. The typeface resembles a typewriter font and read: Autopsy report of Mrs. Sopita Khamnoi

Che-ran's eyebrows furrowed slightly as she felt familiar with the deceased's name, But before she could think about it, her father responded to her curiosity.

“Eighteen years ago, your father performed an autopsy on the second victim in a serial murder case. Before the police came and took her to the police hospital for another autopsy,”

The medical professor said in an embarrassed tone. Although he himself had faced that situation before, the pressure was similar to what his daughter had to go through now. However, at that time the forensic institute did not have enough authority not to listen to the headquarters orders and had to hand over the victim's body.

“By comparing the autopsy results of the victims, both ours and those from the police hospital, it was discovered.... That the autopsy results had been significantly altered. However, I managed to save this report, with hoping that I could help you.”

'Chutikarn Panjasap, a member of the House of Representatives, posted a message on his own Facebook page and expressed his confidence in Lieutenant General Pol Tech Techakomol, a new member of the ruling party currently running in the general elections, saying that He Commander would soon arrest the criminals who committed these two serious crimes...?

"I'm going home,"

Said Tul, indicating that she had arrived home at almost 7 p.m. Tihn managed to lower the volume of the television when the news anchor had just mentioned the name of someone who should not be mentioned in that house. He then looked at his younger sister who looked exhausted. Tul did not return home the night before, and the next morning an important case suddenly happened to her.

“Have you eaten?”

“Not yet, Phi, do you have anything to eat?”

Her voice sounded like she was expecting a big meal. Her understanding brother immediately came over and opened the lid to serve on the table.

Then he opened the pot that had just heated the curry, poured it into a bowl, and took the freshly cooked rice. He prepared everything as soon as his sister told him that she would be returning home today.

“Do you want to shower first or eat?”

"I'll eat first."

Tul left her large bag to take the files home, then went to wash her face to relieve her tiredness before returning to the dining room table. She helped herself to two spoonfuls of hot rice and grabbed the fried chicken with her bare hands without thinking about etiquette.

“I've met with Win,”

Tihn opened the topic of conversation at the table. His sister, who was still chewing rice with her mouth full, could only stare at him waiting for him to continue.

“He said that from the beginning the woman agreed and that she would give him money for the treatment. I don't know how much he gave, but I don't think the woman reported the crime.”

His brother said honestly from what he heard from his friend. But Tul's expression didn't seem surprised when he heard that. Once she swallowed the rice, she responded slowly

“The woman came and said she wouldn't give it much importance. Because she didn't want to waste time filing a lawsuit or paying attorney fees to fight the case. But I'll still call your friend to fix everything... It's just that I'm in the middle of something right now.”

Tul finished her sentence in a low voice. She always firmly stated that she would solve every case she handled, even if they piled up like a mountain.

“Principal Kanok Sappawat has changed schools four times, not including Charwit Pittaya School... At Phibun Primary School, where he once served

as vice-principal and budget administrator, there a problem of corruption in lunch allocations for the students....!”

The two brothers turned their attention to the television screen, where a news channel was reporting on the work history of the victim in the latest serial murder case. Old news footage from almost ten years ago showed students eating only white rice and soup on trays.

“And before that, he was a mathematics teacher at Kasem Anusorn High School, for more than ten years!”

“Oh, Phi...”

Tul had just remembered that she came home because she wanted to ask her brother something. She had previously read Director Kanok's biography while she was at headquarters,

“Kasem Anusorn High School, that old school... Isn't it where you studied?”

③④

THIRTY-FOUR



There were the fried chicken noodles that Lieutenant Tul had mentioned she wanted to eat. So, at lunchtime, she picked up Che rán at the Forensic institute to go eat together at the restaurant. She boasted that she had never found a place where the noodles were as soft as this one. The doctor, who had also been treated to a delicious meal with Vietnamese noodles earlier, accepted the lieutenant's invitation to try and see if the food was as delicious as she said.

The fried chicken noodle restaurant was full of customers, as expected from a famous place. And now it was lunch time, the surrounding office workers were going to get food. Luckily, there was still a table available for two people, although they might have to wait a little longer. The lieutenant provided excellent service, pouring water into ice-filled glasses for herself and Che rán, and not forgetting to put straws in them.

"I didn't expect Captain Dan to come see you,"

Lieutenant Tul began on the topic they had been discussing since they were in the car. As time went on, the policeman who would become an inspector found more and more problems with anyone who disagreed with him. The day before, after the argument, Tul realized that there was an order from above to take the body and transfer it to the Police Hospital, But judging from the circumstances, it seemed that Captain Dan himself had gone to receive the order.

“They probably didn't wait to make a big deal out of it, that's why they didn't tell many people, planning to take the body away in silence.”

Che ran guessed. Although the Captain's arrogant behavior almost caused trouble, it seemed like he just wanted to intimidate the forensic team into submission.

"I shouldn't have gotten lost. I wanted to see his face when he was hit with a sharp tongue... Oh, you..."

The lieutenant did not retract her arm in time and received a strong blow from the person on the other side of her. Che-răn glared at her, annoyed that she could still joke.

"I thought you were worried about me."

“Of course I'm worried. Who wouldn't be worried about her girlfriend?”

Lieutenant Tul rubbed her arm, pretending to feel pain even though it didn't hurt at all.

“If he had been there, he wouldn't know your true strength: Let him know that no one would give up on him that easily.”

“Who do you think I am?”

The sulking person reached out to hit her again, but the lieutenant grabbed her little hand and held it, smiling playfully. At this moment, two plates of fried chicken noodles were served, causing them to immediately let go of their hands as they realized how hungry they were on the way there. Che-ran took the spoon and fork she had closer and handed them to the lieutenant.

“You can pour it if you want and then mix it. I'll do it for you,”

Tul offered, reaching out to pour the sauce from the small bowl in front of her before giving the noodles a good stir. Che răn nodded gratefully, with a slight smile as Tul prepared everything for them to eat. After Tul finished preparing Che-ran's, she also poured the sauce on her plate.

"I have something to tell you, P'Tul, but it's better to wait until we finish eating,"

The words sparked curiosity, making Tul stop chewing and look at her with a raised eyebrow. Che-rán was quick to explain:

"This is the autopsy report. Dad already told you, right? A case in which he had performed an autopsy on one of the victims in the case eighteen years ago, before the police hospital came to collect her body, for an autopsy again."

"Then what? Are the results different?"

"It's different. There were wounds and lacerations that were clearly in the shape of a weapon, precisely on the right temple. My father measured it and it turned out that it was more than 40 mm in diameter. However, in the police hospital autopsy report, that was not written and the size of the weapon used was smaller than the wound, almost 10 mm."

When they previously read the summary of case records collected by the head office, they clearly remembered that the written details were somewhat illogical and unconvincing, making it difficult to let go.

"Can I see the autopsy report?"

"The documents are at the forensic institute P'Tul, eat first... otherwise, next time I won't talk about work while eat."

Che-ran secretly scolded her lover. Because when something else caught her attention, she barely picked up the noodles that she complained she wanted to eat so badly, to put them in her mouth. Tul complied well without a single argument, but it seemed that the two would not be free from work when the flat screen TV on the wall of the restaurant reported on the developments of the serial murder case that was currently a social trend.

In fact, it could not even be considered progress in the investigation, because the clues they had still could not identify who the murderer was. In recent days, until that morning, before leaving for work, dozens of

journalists waited to ask the police about the status of the case. Tul herself was peppered with questions before leaving to meet Che-ran at lunch. She thought that on the way home there would be a dozen more reporters waiting outside the building.

When there were no reports of progress, many media outlets relied on trends that dived into each victim's personal story. Some took topics shared by detectives on social media, shared their opinions and turned them into news. They analyzed video clips showing a mysterious person in a raincoat, speculating on her approximate age, height and appearance. Even though the quality of the video was so bad that it was difficult to see it clearly, they still managed to turn it into a major news story.

“Today's journalists are better than the police. I don't know what the police do every day. If I could catch the criminal myself, I would.”

Tul pretended to be deaf and did not hear the conversation of the customers at the next table. She shrugged at Che-ran and gestured that she was fine when Che-ran looked at her with concern.

“Well, we are really working slowly, we haven't made much progress. But for this case, we have tried to improve the quality of the video and sketch a composite image,”

The lieutenant nodded towards the news program, which she was still analyzing, who was the culprit. Meanwhile, her research team has been doing it from the beginning

The CCTV footage only shows his eyes, and enhancing them doesn't help much. We only know that he is white, of Chinese descent and is about 180 cm tall. We still don't know how old he is... But he seems to be an avid sportsman, judging by his appearance, he can carry an 80kg man like a school principal.

“The author was probably right-handed. The wound on the neck was cut from left to right.”

Che-ran also showed her hand and slid the tip of her finger down the lieutenant's throat from left to right. The weapon used was not an ordinary kitchen knife, but a pocket knife, judging by the wound.

"I understand. I will pass this new information on to the rest of the team."

When she finished speaking, Tul put more noodles in her mouth. Her mind kept returning to the case and she seemed to remember something that, although not very influential, was still related to the case.

"I just found out that Mr. Kanok used to be P'Tihn's high school math teacher,"

Tul said. It was almost a coincidence, but when his older brother told him about the antics of his high school math teacher, Tul was surprised to see how such a person managed to rise through the ranks to an executive position without being expelled from the educational system.

"Began offering additional tutoring sessions for children in the afternoons after school. Each group had no more than ten students, but tuition cost several thousand baht. He gave exam advice that was almost always spot on. One day a student reported it and the other teachers didn't get excited about it, but he got away with it because there was no proof. This made him more selective in choosing who he would tutor, ensuring that his secret would not be revealed again,"

Tul explained.

"It seemed to be an additional source of income on top of his eager teacher's salary. But when asked how P'Tihn could know this despite not having taken tutoring, he replied....."

"Win received additional tutoring. Sometimes I shared exam tips with him."

Several years ago, Tul was still too young to tell her older brother to be careful when choosing friends. However, after learning that an old friend of her brother's had committed violence against a woman and had a similar story with his ex wife, she felt compelled to warn P'Tihn to avoid and

distance himself from, this old friend. But her brother was old enough to know what was appropriate and what was not. He was much older than her and there was no way she would have to teach him.

On the way home, the two stopped to first buy a cup of coffee. The Institute of Forensic Medicine Tul's third home after her own house and the Central Bureau of Investigation. In addition, she also gained special rights that other forensic agents could not, such as entering and leaving Doctor Che-ran's room whenever she pleases. Che-rán took out a copy of the autopsy report document that she had been talking about while they were eating earlier and then handed it to The lieutenant.

“I made two copies, one is for you.”

Tul looked up and smiled widely at her girlfriend's thoroughness, which always made up for things she sometimes overlooked. Then, she began to read the documents in her hand, scanning Professor Rakkit's autopsy report. There was an image of a wound near the victim's temple, with measuring instruments showing its length and width

"And judging by the depth of the wound, the torn tissue, and the damage to the skull, the weapon was most likely no ordinary hammer. It is possible that it was a mallet, which is larger, heavier and produces a stronger impact. However, police said the perpetrator repeatedly hit the victim with a hammer, causing serious damage.”

Che-rán analyzed it based on the characteristics of the wound. her father had detailed the size and possible weapons used. However, when the situation worsened with the discovery of many victims of the serial killer, the headquarters ordered a new autopsy, And the new report significantly narrowed down the details.

“This should be enough to confirm that the condition of the wound does not match the weapon found.”

“I compared the autopsy reports from the forensic institute and the police hospital to see the differences. This could help show that there is something wrong with the case.”

“How could I live without you?”

“Exaggerated.”

Despite saying so, Che-rán also hid her smile, then turned to take another document from her own desk. But before the two could speak again, Lieutenant Tul's cell phone suddenly rang. She pulled it out of her pocket, frowning slightly at the anonymous incoming call, before answering.

“Hello.”

[H...Hello, police...]

The woman's voice on the other end of the phone sounded strange. Lieutenant Tul raised her eyebrows slightly, as she felt that this was someone she had contacted before.

“Who called? Need help?”

There was silence for a moment until Tul thought that the other party might have hung up the phone, but the voice that sounded hesitant said softly,

[I'm Aramon Sittichai... You once came to my house.]

It didn't take long for Tul to remember the woman who had called her, Che-ran, who was standing nearby, looked up from the documents in her hand and saw the lieutenant talking to someone on the phone.

“Mrs. Aramon, what's wrong?”

[There is something I want to talk to the police about, related to my brother's arrest 18 years ago.]

Aramon Sittichai's mother, or real name, is Sunee Saengkhaio, the deceased sister of a former serial killer. She made an appointment to meet in the afternoon, when her husband was at work, her three children were at school, and no one was home. Tul walked to the front of the house she had visited and had to return empty-handed, but the person with her that day was Jew.

Che-rán initially hesitated to follow her after discovering who her girlfriend was talking to on the phone. And Tul, she didn't want to worry her at all. Although her conversation about Mr. Wisut ended in an argument last time, Tul couldn't help but worry that this might affect Che-rán's feelings as a member of the murder victim's family.

The two arrived almost ten minutes before the agreed time. Lieutenant Tul pressed the doorbell to call the owner of the house, indicating that she had already arrived. Not long after standing and waiting, she heard a response from inside before the door opened. This time there was no surprised look from a woman in her forties like the first time because she knew the police were going to her house.

"Hello, Mrs. Aranon."

Tul showed her police badge even though the other part of her already recognized her. The hostess looked over her shoulder at another young woman standing behind her. The lieutenant hurried to introduce him:

"This is the forensic doctor. We investigated this case together."

The woman did not show any protective attitude, unlike the first time, where she seemed cautious. Now I want to talk to the police. The owner of the house invited them to sit at the dining table. Food was served to the guests, two glasses of water were placed in front of them, before Mrs. Aramon sat down, looking ready and calm, unlike the first time.

"Is there something you want to tell me?"

Tul asked politely. The hostess nodded, unable to wait any longer, she decided to talk about her old family for the first time in years.

"I have a reason why I don't want to contact my old family again,"

She said with a voice that sounded bitter as she remembered the past she didn't want to remember.

“My husband works in the royal palace, and it wouldn't be good if my family were found involved in serious crimes. My brothers... One of them is a murderer, the other is a drug dealer who just got out of prison. I just... want to cut ties.”

“He wrote about his parents and two other brothers in the letter. We managed to find you thanks to that.”

The wife of the official who had left her past behind nodded slightly, her lips pressed tightly to suppress her feelings.

“In the beginning, I still sent money to my parents every month. But after the birth of my second child, expenses started to increase, so I stopped sending them money, I also didn't have much time to visit them... Until the day my brother was arrested... I was so scared and stressed that I had to take sleeping pills... I was afraid that it would affect my husband's work... so I decided not to contact anyone else.”

It was clear that although time had passed, the stories of the past were still imprinted in her mind, when it came to choosing a path for herself, her husband, and her son's future, she was willing to give up her family's reputation to find peace, and in the end she realized that life was her own responsibility.

The rising cost of living, the struggle to come an income and the risk of becoming involved in crime and jeopardizing her husband's job, had made Mrs Aramon choose the best path for her.

“Didn't your family contact you either?”

Lieutenant Tul let the silence last for a while before asking again.

“In the past... there were only landlines. As for my parents, they don't have a phone, so we haven't communicated except...”

The forty-years-old woman stopped to think for a moment. One moment, her gaze wandering around the edge of the table, not making direct eye contact with anyone.

“My brother knows the address of my husband's old house before we moved here.”

“Has he ever come to see you?”

The woman nodded. The two hands that were clenched were tightly clenched,

"Once he came to borrow money. As I remember... At that time there was a serial murder case. But at the time, I didn't know whether my brother was involved or just a suspect. He came to borrow money, he said a passenger stole all his money and left him nothing to pay the rent..”

Lieutenant Tul remembered and put together a story from all the information she had received. There was an incident where a passenger stole Mr. Wisul's money. The thief was a young woman who became the sixth victim of the serial murder case. He agreed to have sex with Wisut in exchange for a fee, not realizing that she was actually looking for an opportunity to steal his money. The testimony of the two witnesses was so consistent that Lieutenant Tul almost sat on the edge of her chair.

“What time did he come to see you? Do you remember the time?”

“He came to see me around midnight, I don't remember much. He came and shouted in front of the house, so my husband gave him money so he wouldn't bother us...”

She doubted again if she should speak, or not, raising her hand to close her mouth. Her eyes wandered with a worried! expression:

"My husband and I are not involved in the murder case. I only lend him money.”

“We know. We are now investigating what really happened at that time.”

“That night, after my brother went to borrow money...”

She began to tell his story, although she still feared that she would not have luck with the things she always tried to avoid.

“The next day, they found the body of another murdered woman. At first the police still couldn't catch the murderer so I didn't have time to think about anything, until... my brother was arrested... I was very afraid, because that night he came to borrow money, but I didn't expect that after that he would go... to kill... to kill people.”

“Was it the same night? Are you sure?”

Lieutenant Tul asked again.

“Yeah. At that time I was afraid that the police would come to the house.”

“You said before that your brother knew your old address, where is it?”

The woman was a little surprised when asked. It didn't take long for her to think better and she found the answer:

“Near my mother-in-law's house. It's a little far from here, at Wat Paknam,”

Tul turned her head to make eye contact with Che-rán sitting next to her. Because as far as she remembered. The body of the sixth victim was found in a rice field on the outskirts of the city, almost to Chachoengsac province, which is far from Thonburi, more than 40 kilometers away. It takes less than an hour to get there. However, before she had time to consider the possibility that Mr. Wisut had committed the crime, the cell phone on the table suddenly rang loudly.

“My husband calls. I'll answer the call first.”

The woman got up and left to answer her husband's call, giving the two guests the opportunity to begin analyzing the events that probably occurred that night.

“If the incident matches the case report, is it possible that he drove a taxi to pick up the victim after borrowing money?”

“Absolutely impossible. I went to question the younger brother of the sixth victim, it was true that it was Wisut who took her home, they had sex to pay for the taxi and then the victim stole the money, according to their

testimony. After the money was stolen, she borrowed money from her sister, Mrs. Aramon, so there's no way the victim accidentally ended up in the same tax again.”

Tul explained all the information he had to Che-ran, telling her all the events in all likelihood, by then Mr. Wisut could emerge with evidence that would confirm his whereabouts and suggest that perhaps he was not the one who committed the crime.

“If I had really committed a crime that day, I wouldn't have wasted time borrowing money from someone before carrying out the act. There was no way he would have driven across town and dumped the body elsewhere in Bangkok. He had already hurt his victim and then put her in the car at that point, it would be a different story.”

“But inside the taxi there were no stains of blood, sweat or hair from any of the victims. It was hard to tell if he was in the car or not.”

Che-ran helped confirm the evidence found in the case files. Although almost no traces were found in the taxi, it was concluded that he had delivered it.

The owner of the house returned to the table in front of the two guests, with an expression as if she was carrying a heavy burden on her shoulders all the time. Lieutenant Tul immediately asked the next question she wanted to know.

“Ms. Aramon, have the police never come to see you before? Doesn't anyone know that you are Mr. Wisut's younger sister?”

She nodded her head. At that moment she was very afraid, but no police came to her house. The arrest of a serial killer 18 years ago only revealed that he was from Chanthaburi province and came to drive a taxi to Bangkok. No one mentioned Mr. Wisut's family, no one knew if he had siblings.

"So why did you decide to talk to us today?"

The forty-year-old woman was silent for a moment before answering

“Because there was news of a serial murder that resembled my brother's case. He made me think about it again...”

Her eyes were wet with tears,

“And I only found out after he got out of prison, he went to see me...at my mother-in-law's house. When he found out that I had moved, he left a letter...”

“What's in the letter? Did you save it.”

She shook her head slowly, trying to hold back her sobs until her head and shoulders shook as she told the story.

“I threw it away because I was very afraid. He wrote that he didn't do it... Why didn't I tell the police that he came to my house at that time? Why didn't I go to help him as a witness? We are brothers, we grew up together, why did I ignore him...?”

The atmosphere in the car on the way home felt different than before, and Tul could feel it. The soft background music of the radio helped ease the tension, but the woman next to her continued to stare out the window without saying a word. The driver looked again and again with concern. Tul gently extended her left hand to hold the small hand lying on the chair. Che-rån turned her head back to look at her and her hands intertwined

“What are you thinking?”

Che-rån took a deep breath and looked at her hands. After a moment of calming down, she finally spoke:

“P'Tul, how much do you think we learned today?”

“Legally speaking, his sister's testimony is generally less reliable, but if she really wanted to help her brother, she should have agreed to testify in the

first place, not now... Regardless of fear or any other reason, I'm sure she wouldn't lie.”

Tul expressed her direct opinion. From everything she heard, Mrs. Aramon Sittichai seemed reluctant to get involved with her former family. Additionally, she feared that someone would discover her family's connection to serial killers.

“The average time of death for each victim is between ten at night and midnight. The perpetrator chose to commit the crime at the time when sex workers usually start working. If what Mrs. Aramon said is true... You shouldn't have been able to go back and forth between your sister's house and the crime scene in such a short time.”

Tul finished her sentence in sketch form. The possibility that Mr. Wisut had committed the murder of the sixth victim was very small, especially from the autopsy results of the second victim recorded by Dr. Rakkit, the condition of the injuries and the weapons found were not coincided. It was possible that at least the two victims mentioned had not lost their lives at the hands of Mr. Wisut as the accused.

“One of the victims was from Chanthaburi, the same province as Mr. Wisut. In a letter to his mother, he mentioned helping police identify the body, it is true that he was always close to the crime scene and that made him a suspect, especially if he was close to the victim. He will be a suspect, even though it has not been previously proven that he killed the first victim who rejected his love.”

Tul analyzed,

“Nothing that the behavior seemed illogical, when seen from the opposite point of view. However, this is just a hypothesis that has not been proven to be true,”

Che-rån listened attentively. She admitted that the 18 years old serial murder case deserved to be re-examined. The investigation had many weaknesses in the case file, and the autopsies of the victims were performed with a lack of transparency, omitting Important details that violated forensic

medical ethics. All of the above made it impossible for Che-rán to pretend that she didn't feel anything. For years, her mother's memories were clouded by the constant question of why her mother was the victim of a serial killer. Although this weighed heavily on her, it could not compare to the pain of knowing that the murderer was still at large, unpunished and living a normal and happy life in society like any other ordinary person.

“Ran...”

A soft and random voice called Che-ran who was lost in thought. Tul took a moment to look away from the road and stare at her lover until Che-rán had to gently criticize her.

“Drive carefully, watch the road.”

“I'll talk to the inspector about this. If possible, I could do both cases together.”

Tul said while she was still holding Ran's hand. Since it was decided to reopen the case 18 years ago, a lot had happened... the death of Mr. Wisut, the attack on Lieutenant Jew when she met with witnesses, and even a series of murders with a similar pattern. Tul tried to remain calm, avoiding the conclusion that the perpetrator himself was responsible. She carefully followed the evidence, step by step, until she reached a convincing result.

“We have to work together. After all, forensic medicine is also involved. “

But Tul hesitated,

“Are you okay?”

“Alright. I can handle it.”

"Okay, smart doctor,"

The lieutenant joked with slightly sarcastic words, so Che-rán gently pinched her cheek as punishment.

“But if something happens, you have to tell me, okay? Don't keep it to yourself,”

Said Tul. She respected Che ran's decision but she also wanted to protect her from as much emotional stress as possible. Just admitting that the killer may never be caught was devastating for the victim's family. Tul could barely begin to understand the depth of Che-ran's pain. Che-rán responded with action, resting her head on Tul's arm. Revealing the vulnerable side of her to the person who could comfort her with kind words or reassuring gestures, which made her feel better and better. it wouldn't be an exaggeration if she ever said that Lieutenant Tul got her used to having someone by her side.

Lieutenant Tul presented a report detailing discrepancies in the 18-year-old serial murder case to Inspector Pichet. Through extensive research, she discovered two main points that indicated that Wisut Saengkhan might not be the true author.

1.

The Police Hospital estimated the time of Ms. Nongkran Thepwathee (victim number 6), recorded on June 7, 1998 at 10:45 p.m. And on that date and time, Mr. Wisut arrived at her sister's house, met with her sister and her husband as witnesses at that address.

2.

EM. Sopita Khamnol (victim number 2 by Dr. Rakkit Chanthanasathien, forensic doctor, showed a wound on the right temple that clearly showed the shape of a weapon, the diameter of it was 43 mm. This is different from the size of the hammer that Mr. Wisut has (27 mm). Other clues could not be clearly confirmed, but there were great doubts about Mr. Wisut. It was possible that he had been involved because of ties that showed his relationship with each victim, making him a suspect,

Inspector Pichet sighed hesitantly, finding a point of conflict with the previous investigation, but Lieutenant Tul returned with so much documentation that it was impossible to argue on this point. And also, why

did Mr. Wisut's younger sister now appear to confirm that her older brother was innocent? However, one could say that her younger sister's testimony was completely unreliable.

If the Inspector signed that acceptance, it meant that the case had to be formally reviewed. If it was discovered that there was a mistake that led to the arrest of an innocent person, the investigation team at that time would surely face disciplinary measures, which could be severe, even up to demotion or dismissal according to the rules.

Nowadays, many police officers were involved in cases from the past, their careers had progressed so well that it was completely impossible to admit that they had ever done anything wrong. The Inspector had a vague idea that this was not the way to go to carry out the investigation smoothly. But he will become an obstacle, a thorn, a nuisance, and in the end he must surrender to the power above.

The tip of the pen remained on the paper for a few minutes, before going on to sign the confession. It was better than having to sit and be embarrassed later for fear of power. As throughout his service several years ago. There was never a day when he was proud of it.

“Let's continue with the news about the serial killer case. The reporter received the latest report from the police who are currently carrying out an investigation, whether anyone saw the suspect or not. Initially, the perpetrator was thought to be a man,, 180 cm tall, age unknown, Chinese descent... There are also additional reports that the police will investigate this case in parallel to the 1998 rainy season serial murder case.”

The announcer spoke solemnly, echoing the latest report they had just received, They responded to public demands for an investigation to discover whether the killer was the same individual or not. They had the same method, hitting the victim's face, tying their wrists with rope and choosing to do it only on rainy nights. However, the police also did not eliminate the issue of impersonation, as in previous harassment cases.

A presenter sitting on the other side of the long table mentioned information that supported the direction of the investigation.

“If viewers still remember the 1998 serial murder case, it was closed with the arrest of Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio, who was detained for more than 18 years and was only released four months ago the news program showed graphic images and a chronological diagram of events from the time the suspect was incarcerated until his release, Mr. Wisut was again suspected in a copycat murder case, before ending his life in his hometown. He left a suicide note stating that he had not received justice.”

“Due to these reasons, this makes the public, especially in the social media sphere, wonder if Wisut Saengkhaio was just a scapegoat, when another shocking incident occurred after his death.”

This news has spread to people who have expressed their position in the direction in which support should be provided. When the matter reached the ears of the opposition politician who had given an interview on police work, Mr. Atip Sarasin, he stood in the middle of the media to express his opinion.

“As a representative of the people, I support a review of an 18-year-old case based on facts. An operation to revive this case is very unlikely. But if the case is flawed or new evidence is found, this must be proven immediately in addition to politically influential and well-known people, now teams from various news agencies had also gone out into the field to interview people on the street who still remember the details of the 1998 case.”

A middle-aged man, his face was censored while giving an interview to field journalists.

“I remember that in the past no one dared to leave the house in the rain, especially women. One night, my girlfriend was late from work, so I had to drive to pick her up.”

The anonymous person enthusiastically recounted the events that occurred at that time, which he remembered clearly

“Before the police could close this case, seven people had already died. It took months until it closed, right? I still wonder why they chased the taxi driver. At first he denied it, but finally he confessed, perhaps due to pressure.”

The journalist asked again if he was sure that the police had caught the real perpetrator.

“Personally, I don't think so. Everyone says the police made him a scapegoat... Especially in the recent case, I think the real culprit has returned.”

The unsolved serial murder case and the police are yet to arrest the perpetrator, had caused fear among the general public, making every night filled with fear. This day would have been a normal day if there had not been heavy rain that suddenly fell since the afternoon. Every night, as the raindrops fell, the question arises: who will be the next victim?

Due to unfavorable weather conditions, traffic in the capital was slow and congested. The sound of thunder added a layer of unease, sometimes surprising someone sheltering under a bus stop while waiting for the bus they want to arrive. Not far away, a person stood alone in the rain, blending into the darkness with his dark raincoat, making him almost invisible to anyone. His eyes, filled with an eerie gleam, fierce fixed on a young woman sitting at the end of the chair, hunched over her phone, oblivious to the imminent danger.

He reached into his raincoat and pulled out something. Raindrops fell to the ground, covering the sound of his footsteps, approaching the young woman he was aiming for, waiting for the right moment. When human instinct detected danger, she immediately rushed towards it.

Lieutenant Tul rushed to the scene as soon as possible after receiving notification from the local police station that they had managed to arrest the "Raincoat Killer" Although she was still confused by the message she received, she arrived ten minutes later. Several people stood by and watched the incident while holding up their cell phones to take pictures and record videos.

The lieutenant pushed her way through the crowd and approached a police officer who was standing in front of a man in a raincoat, sitting next to a bus stop, his hands cuffed.

“This guy, Lieutenant. They told us that he was going to hurt a woman, but a good citizen was able to help him in time.”

As soon as she saw that the police from her headquarters had arrived, the police officer who contacted her immediately gave her a brief explanation of what happened. Lieutenant Tul nodded before reaching out to pull the waterproof hood over his head, including the black mask that hid almost half of his face.. It turned out that he was a teenager who was probably 18 years old, looking bruised, bleeding and with a split lip, probably due to the anger of the residents. Before the police arrived, the nearby crowd speculated angrily, believing that the serial killer was still young and probably not old enough.

“What is your supposed weapon?”

“Here.”

Tul received a hammer with a wooden handle and an iron head, similar to a hammer in general, although it was worn. The smaller head size is not much different from a normal hammer, so it seemed like a common item found in every home. The lieutenant looked at the teenager who did not dare to look the police officer in the eyes before exerting force to make him stand up.

The boy tried to defend himself by moving his arms and Tul gently released them again. She sighed and shook her head, telling the other officers that there was no need to bother him because all she wanted was to measure his height. After learning that the child was only a few centimeters taller than her, it did not coincide with the registered data of the murderer..

“Call his parents to tell them about the attempted assault charges, He is not the serial killer we are looking for.”

Lieutenant Tul gave orders to the police at the local police station before returning home empty-handed that night. It was a situation she didn't expect to encounter, but she ended up dealing with it. It wasn't just one person, police officers in the entire Bangkok area were in chaos and confusion. Even the central investigation office couldn't catch a breath. Murmurs and complaints from those detained and taken for interrogation were recorded

daily, more than ten a week. Most were teenagers dressed up to imitate the raincoat-wearing killer who had become a sensation. They stood in various places in the city, chasing people, some even causing panic in the middle of the night, causing chaos throughout the society.

The final act involved Captain Dan, who threw a high school student into a chair for questioning. A confiscated fake knife and hammer were found on the table.

“It was just a joke. My gun was fake. No one would get hurt with it, right?”

The teenager's brave words made the police around him turn around in annoyance, Lieutenant Tul, who had just returned, also seeing the irritated Captain Dan, let out a loud scream. He almost hit the boy if not because someone had stopped him. And it wasn't just about posing as a murderer creating chaos, the police were also receiving numerous phone calls claiming to have clues about the notorious case. Several people reported seeing the killer appear in front of their own homes, and these all turned out to be false reports.

In the morning, the weather was still cloudy after heavy rain all night, the two-lane road in the village alley did not have much traffic. The guy from the house at the end of the alley went for a morning walk with his big dog, like he did every day. The four-legged creature walked anxiously in front of its master, pausing to sniff a power pole before lifting one leg to do its own business, until reaching an abandoned area where grass had grown. Despite his owner's attempts to return him to his normal path, the big dog refused to listen, as if there were something more interesting than his master's orders.

The old man saw the strange behavior of his beloved dog and approached him. But he did not see any foreign object in the grass. But the dog kept sniffing the same spot, tail raised skyward and trembling as he tried to push the thing away. Something round, like a ping pong ball, rolled across the floor

The dog's owner crouched down and stared for a moment to see what it was. But suddenly he.... was shocked to the point of screaming loudly. The slimy lump, milky white with a black spot in the middle, smaller than a golf

ball, covered in grass and dirt where the dog had pulled it from, and blood stains around it confirmed that it was... A human eyeball. The old man's hands were shaking so much that he almost let go of the dog's leash. He couldn't stand seeing his dog sniffing his eyeball with her snout, as if it were a new toy.

③⑤

THIRTY-FIVE



Warning: This chapter contains scenes of violence and murder.

The local community was well aware that the construction of a small 'Check Point' shopping centre, located next to the main road and the Skytrain station, had met with opposition from the small community that used to live there and trade there, before being forced to move by the developer. The developer claimed to have prepared relief measures. In the end, the old shops and buildings in the area were completely demolished to build a new, modern shopping center in Bangkok

Behind the scenes of a construction project, there were always connections and support from influential figures. Over the past few decades, the Kalavanich family's restaurant business had continued to grow. This success was due in part to the management skills of the head of the family. However, the most important factor that led to its current success was...

“Why can't we contact her? Try calling your secretary.”

Mr. Kasem Kalavanich was so desperate that he shouted at his subordinates who were rushing to follow his orders. It was the second time he organized a meeting with local politicians, early in the morning. She probably wouldn't feel anxious if the last time they saw each other went as agreed and he didn't postpone the date on the grounds that he was busy with business

“The secretary doesn't know where the deputy is, but last night she posted on her personal Facebook that she went to dinner with Mr. Chom...”

"She's really going to get rid of me. I have thought about it.”

Kasem uttered an insult when he predicted that the meeting could fail again as before he played and did not come to sign the contract. I really wonder who would be stupid enough to vote for him if he didn't buy votes. In addition in being a businessman, Mr. Kasem was also highly respected in the neighborhood where he lived. He regularly donated money and supplies, especially when the community was affected by disasters such as fires that had burned dozens of homes. Kasem was the main provider of assistance in times like that. Because of this, he was approached by a political party to help him gain votes in exchange for cotinections and opportunities for business advancement. Therefore, whatever Kasem needed could be easily achieved through local politicians who had a mutually beneficial relationship wits him.

However, the current situation was not going according to expectations. The ruling party faced problems daily and its popularity plummeted. A large number of pledged votes remained outstanding and there was no sign that they had been completed. The district representative, whom she most wanted to see, was constantly absent from scheduled meetings. Furthermore, he was having dinner with his business rivals, who would probably share the profits in the future...just like she did before,

“Where did Kawin go? is there anyone I can trust here?”

Mr. Kasem grumbled, even taking out his frustration on his son, whom he had not seen all morning even though she had recrived a call to meet him. His son lived abroad for more than half of his life and had to take his things to Thailand due to a problem and had to depend on his father again.

“Mister, something big has happened,”

Said one of his subordinates who opened the door and entered with a panicked expression.

“Someone found a body on Soi 21. It looks like he just died last night!”

“Why are you telling me that? Whoever dies is their problem. I have a problem too,”

Mr. Kasem responded angrily. It didn't seem like it was something important enough to affect his life. However, his subordinates moved slightly, still pale.

"It's related to you, sir. They said the person who died was... MP Chutikam, the person who was meeting you today.”

The sky was really cloudy, as if it could rain at any moment. Police officers controlled the crime scene, which was an open area no different from previous cases. The two-lane road had wide open spaces in several areas, which were left empty until the grass grow. Local residents and the media stayed away from the area surrounding the site.

Lieutenant Tul arrived at the scene as soon as she received the news that someone had found the body of an unknown woman, lying in a pool of blood. Initial reports indicated that the victim died from a blow to the head, leading investigators to suspect that this could be the serial murder being investigated. The policewoman, with long strides, entered the cordoned off area, preventing the entry of unauthorized people. Coincidentally, her gaze met several people walking directly towards her from the other side of the main street.

Che-rán along with other officers walked along with their team. The two made eye contact for a moment before Tul nodded gently to her lover and then they walked together towards the crime scene. Che-rán had reiterated her commitment to pursue the case, with the sole objective of catching the culprit, regardless of whether the case was related to the incident 18 years ago or not.

The woman's body lay on the side of the road, surrounded by a puddle of blood-stained water and with her arms tied behind her back like the two previous victims. Her suit was covered in mud and blood stains. Something that caught our attention and could not be ignored was that there was a large campaign poster with a politician in the background. The condition of the body was so terrible that the agents who saw it were speechless, unable to utter a single word. The most terrible thing was the lifeless face of this victim who had no eyes. Her eye sockets were hollow, her eyes were gouged out, blood was flowing down her face, her lips were parted as if she was screaming at the top of her lungs in agony before her death.

Everyone in the place forgot to make their own voices. Lieutenant Tul looked away from the gruesome corpse, trying to think of the reason why this person was also subjected to the cruel treatment of a murderer. The medical examiner knelt over the lifeless body, her voice mixing with the chatter of the agents collecting evidence. Every step of the autopsy process was carefully documented. Something that set this victim apart from the others was that the killer left her face intact. Perhaps on purpose to show that the eyeballs were missing.

The wound occurred before the victim died, judging by the profuse bleeding. The perpetrator used a sharp object to tear out her eyeball, including her eyelid, which was also torn. We may have to check if there is a chipped bone in the eye to make it clearer, Che-rán explained clearly as she caressed the corpse's pale face, covered in blood stains. Her hand moved to the side of her head where her hair was also stained with blood, and she found that not only were her eyes missing...

Both of this earlobes had been cut, leaving only holes dripping with blood, creating a homifying sight for officers on the scene. Che ran closed her eyes for a moment as she faced the brutal reality of this unknown woman's body,

“Her ears... They were mutilated in the same way. Was any part of her body found?”

“One of the eyeballs was found about 200 meters from this place, in the village of Mueang Tri. Meanwhile, the other organs are still being searched,”

Tul replied seriously. She was told the eyeball was found before the body was discovered a short distance away, It was possible that the perpetrator decided to dispose of the body part remotely, and could have done so in a different location, Currently, in addition to another missing eye, two earlobes also needed to be found.

“As for the cause of death... Was it due to excessive blood loss?”

Che rân shook her head gently, her rubber gloved hand holding the head of the corpse that had injuries related to blunt force trauma. Bruises that appeared on the scalp indicated significant impact from the weapon, possibly causing a skull fracture and potentially impacting the brain.

“The perpetrator most likely used a blunt weapon with enough force to hit her in the head. It's possible that she broke her bones and caused some pretty severe brain trauma
it was no different from previous murder incidents. The attacker continued to coldly torture each Victim, even though they had serious injuries. Doing so before death would have quite serious consequences. The victim could not endure the pain of near death for long, but died from a blow to the head. It was the main cause of his death.”

“Lieutenant, we found ears and eyes that are believed to belong to the victim. Each part was scattered in various locations within a radius of approximately 400 meters on the grass. An ear was found in a garden, in front of the town.....”

“I writes down where they found it and immediately takes the pieces for forensic examination to see if they really belong to him.”

Lieutenant Tul responded to the officer that she was going to inform him of her progress, she turned around and established eye contact with Che-rân who was already looking at her. The look in her eyes showed that they had the same opinion on this case. The murderer's abuse towards the three victims had different characteristics. Although the third victim's face had not been damaged to the point of destruction, her eyes had been gouged out and her

ears had been cut off, and then thrown away. Therefore, it was very likely that the murderer had left another message.

Lieutenant Tul raised her head and looked with a dignified voice at the campaign poster that served as a backdrop to this terrifying scene. Did the perpetrator deliberately create a situation similar to the incident where Principal Kanok was murdered near the flagpole inside the school? If so, then the message on the poster, which showed the face of a middle-aged woman covered in makeup with her hands raised in supplication, could be a clue.

Thank you for all the voices of the residents of Laksi and Chatuchak, -Mn. Chutikam Panjasap.

Tul looked down to see the corpse of the unknown woman. Forensic agents turned the body over to observe from behind. Her suit was stained with blood, but her face was still intact and her hair remained in good condition even when covered in blood. If she was the deputy of Chutikarn... How could the culprit manage to reach her so easily that he could kill her without anyone seeing or wondering?

"P'Tul, we found someone's car that crashed into a tree on the side of the road."

Lieutenant Jew who was controlling the situation outside the scene approached. However, she still kept her distance and tried her best not to look at the state of the corpse.

"When we tried to check the owner of the BMW, the license plate was 1887, and from the documents found in the car, the car belonged to a member of parliament.... The one on the campaign poster..."

Lieutenant Jew nodded toward a large board mounted on a pole. Although she had already guessed it before, Lieutenant Tul was not happy that her guess was correct....

"We will play the dash cam video clip in case you captured the incident. Phi do you want to come see It?"

Lieutenant Tul immediately ran to the scene where they found a car that had crashed into a large tree on the side of the road. Her mind was filled with countless questions about the bravery of the perpetrator, to the point of her leaving behind dash cam files. The more she thought about it, the more she realized that she couldn't understand this murderer's thoughts.

A sleek black BMW sat on the side of the road, its quality evident by the lack of visible dents or scratches. However, the left front bumper, which hit the tree, suffered more serious damage than expected. There were long scratch marks, as if they came from something being rubbed, near the right side door. Forensic agents were examining fingerprints on the steering wheel, alerting investigators to the initial findings.

“The airbag was working when the car hit the tree. We found a cell phone under the driver's seat, indicating that she may not have been able to call for help at the time of the accident. The fingerprints that were found are mostly from the victim who opened the door herself.”

Lieutenant Tul approached the police officer who was removing the memory card from the dash camera to view it on the laptop she was carrying, hoping to find key moments where the perpetrator took action. When they opened the file and zoomed in, the screen showed the last recording. The camera images were recorded at night, so visibility was only as far as the headlights, showing streaks of heavy rain hitting the windshield. The windshield wipers made an occasional movement from side to side. The road, believed to be not far from where the body was found, was understood to be ahead. The digital number in the lower left corner showed the time, 22:05.

Suddenly the camera shook violently accompanied by the screams of a woman who lost control of the car she was driving on the slippery road. The vehicle swerved off the road and hit a large tree. The driver's screams then appeared to fade, possibly indicating that she momentarily lost consciousness. However, suddenly, in the front camera images, where before there was nothing but an empty road, someone appeared.

He was wearing a raincoat and was coming out from behind the tree that had been hit. Even though he wasn't looking directly at the camera like in

the CCTV footage at the massage parlour, they could still clearly see that it was the same raincoat, the same color and an action that had no reason to go in front of the camera as if he did it on purpose.

Tul clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palms. Once again, the murderer who not afraid of anything, delied the police who could not catch him

(Night of incident)

A large campaign sign was placed on the side of the road so that passersby could easily see the beautiful message of thanks for each vote from the residents of the area. Fake smiling face of a middle-aged woman with crossed hands. But who didn't know hypocrisy? The citizens who relied heavily on that shamelessness probably didn't realize how they dared to make such a big sign with the citizens' tax money.

The rain began to fall harder after a cloudy and drizzly day. A woman was being dragged by a very strong hand, making her unable to fight back. He left her lying an the ground, mixing with the rubber pavement filled with puddles of rainwater. She felt sudden pain all over her body and head, especially in her right knee, until she could not move, perhaps because of the previous car collision. After regaining consciousness, she tried to get out of the car to get help, but she was attacked and dragged to this place... In front of her own campaign sign...

Her lips were covered with a piece of cloth and she couldn't scream for help. Additionally, she had both of her wrists tied behind her back, leaving her in a helpless state. As she tried in think of a way to survive, she wondered if anyone would follow this path or not. But she was in vain, she only found darkness, heavy raindrops wetting her body, and campaign posters with a budget of millions of baht that were actually no different from ordinary steel poles. The advantage was that people could see the beauty of it during the day and it was made with her own signature.

And then as if to give the victim time to worry about what would happen to her, the mysterious man in a raincoat moved his feet closer while holding the hammer tightly in his right hand. The woman screamed again, but no sound came out because her mouth was tightly closed. The serial killer on the news who was being hunted by the police, appeared before her and chose her as his next victim.

"You know what you're getting into, right?"

His voice contained laughter, as if something was really ridiculous. Judging from her eyes, she could see that the other party was very scared. The assassin stared at her with sparkling, piercing, merciless eyes, behind a mask the same color as his raincoat, hiding a wide smile of satisfaction.

"Look at your campaign posters, do you remember promising something to the people who elected you? The beautiful rhetoric of politicians, promising to faithfully serve the people, even showing down and begging for votes, and then what? Have they obtained real results?"

He spoke with a voice that was almost drowned out by the rain, but it sounded very deep. The politician tried to defend her life with eyes full of tears, fused with raindrops, while her story unfolds in several parts.

"Do you know why I didn't give you the opportunity to speak?"

Deputy Chutikam shook her head. She tried to scream through the piece of cloth covering her mouth.

"Because you never listen to people's voices, so I don't need to listen to you."

His cold words were incomparable when the next second she saw silver metal reflecting its light, being removed from the raincoat. The woman in her forties widened her eyes. Her body trembled from the freezing rain and the fear she felt. A strong hand reached out and grabbed her hair. The woman stopped all her fighting, not daring to move her head, her eyes were scared when she saw the sharp blade on her cheek.

“Ears that never listen, well, it's not necessary to have them.”

At the end of his sentence, the blade of the knife moved slowly to cut the soft flesh of her earlobe. The pain was unbearable, more than anything she had ever experienced in this life, without even the chance to cry. Before long, the piece of earlobe fell to the ground. Red blood instantly stained her cheeks, neck, and expensive clothes

“When society is in trouble, where do you put your ears?”

The pathetic member of parliament was almost unconscious. Her blurry vision could only vaguely capture the image of her in front of her. When the assassin's hand moved to her other ear, she could only scream helplessly before the excruciating pain occurred a second time. The knife slowly cut through the soft flesh on the other side, A little more difficult than when the right hand was used to hold the knife. However, this only increased the torment inflicted on the victim because it took longer to complete. Blood splattered back into her face as pieces of her earlobe fell to the ground.

Without any mercy given to someone who was on the verge of death, her limp body fell to the ground, her eyelids drooping and trying to look at the raindrops falling on her face. But it wasn't over yet... When the killer stood up and straddled her pathetic prey, she looked nothing like the fake woman on the campaign poster

“On a day when people needed help the most, where were you? In the community that was almost the basis of your vote, you disappeared when the fire burned their houses. You didn't show up to see how much suffering the people here were experiencing...”

The edge of the knife still never left the person's face, which slowly weakened with each passing moment. He had her ears cut off, but she could still hear the murderer reinforcing her past selfish actions, in the middle of the people but never paying attention to the needs of the people. She only does good for a time by her will, then ignores those who demand it, considering it a trivial matter that does not affect her.

Every day she ate well, lived well, and felt comfortable. There was no need to tire herself out unnecessarily. She didn't expect to end up like this... She died at the hands of a murderer who was slowly killing her.

“You saw everything that happened, but you pretended not to know. You no longer need eyes to see anything.”

He squeezed the tip of her chin so hard it hurt and he moved her head to escape. He raised the tip of the knife again and pointed it at the left eyelid, before pressing it and twisting it to remove the eye. A dark red liquid flowed out along with a twisted scream that sounded like an animal coming out of a piece of cloth. Her body writhed in agony, pain flooding every fiber of her, leaving her speechless from the moment she rolled her eyes and fell to the ground in a pathetic manner.

He removed one eye but it wasn't over yet. The tip of the sharp knife pierced the other eyelid again, doing the same thing. The difference was that the victim no longer screamed as if she were dead. Because she could no longer bear the immeasurable pain. The second eye rolled across the pavement, leaving only two circular holes in her face.

The murderer watched the councilwoman's last moments with an expression of disgust. The woman's lips moved, indicating that she was still alive. His tall figure stood up, his thick hands grabbed the hammer and held it tightly, then raised it above her head. With all his strength, he hit the center of the head. Mrs. Chutikarn's body convulsed one last time before she took her last breath.

The news of MP Chutikarn Panjasap's death spread faster than a forest fire. The worst thing is that she was murdered by a serial killer whom until now the police had not been able to catch. The ruling party refused to grant an interview, saying it had to discuss the problems that had occurred, and also denied that the late lawmaker had political enemies and that the party had nothing to do with her death.

Rain fell throughout the day as predicted, and thunderstorms were expected to cause the capital and surrounding areas to face bad weather for several more days. Previously, rain had made things difficult for commuters,

causing flooding and traffic jams. However, currently people lived in fear that something bad would happen to them or their families. On the other hand, some people argued that if they had done nothing wrong, why should they fear being killed?

The Central Bureau of Investigation came under great pressure due to its extremely slow work, resulting in the deaths of three people. One of the victims was a respected politician in parliament. Several media outlets began to investigate MP Chutikarn's past actions, as it was likely that she had made a mistake similar to that of the two previous victims.

The body of the latest victim was sent to the Forensic Institute for a detailed autopsy. Lieutenant Tul and Inspector Pichet arrived half an hour later, avoiding the mass of journalists gathered at the entrance of the building. Although she was criticized by the media for not providing clear information about the case, it was better than being stuck in front of reporters for an hour and missing the autopsy.

Fortunately, the Forensic Institute did not allow outsiders to enter, except for officials and people who had appointments. Therefore, the building was relatively empty, no journalists entered to cause a commotion. But there was someone waiting in front of the observation room. Captain Dan seemed displeased upon meeting his colleagues, including the crime squad inspector, but showed no signs of intimidation.

"The commander wants the parliamentarian's body to be taken immediately to the police hospital for an autopsy,"

He said directly in an authoritarian tone, receiving direct orders from The commander. Lieutenant Tul took the document from his hand to read it. As stated, the letter was signed by Police Lieutenant General Tech Techakomol, citing the need for several things, including better preparation and equipment of the police hospital to conduct autopsies smoothly. This also demonstrated his intention, as an election candidate from the same party as the late deputy, to investigate the case with integrity and immediately arrest the murderer. Before finishing reading, Tul didn't know how many times she breathed. She thought that after Che-ran and the Forensic Institute had previously refused, the other party would probably relent. But it turned out

that they were doubling down and acting like stubborn children. He seemed like he was determined to do what he wanted.

The forensic experts always cooperated with headquarters and there was never anything wrong, so they probably would not have handed over the body. The young lieutenant handed the document back to the other person, placing it firmly in her hands, not caring if it was crumpled or not..

“You yourself know that now the person in charge of investigating this serial murder case is my team. Actually, I don't need to ask permission from people who don't have the rights, right?”

Commander Dan said citing his sense of justice in carrying out the investigation, which he had separated from the team from the beginning, Who doesn't know that he went directly to the Commander to get a role in this big case?

"Then why didn't I see you at the place this morning? If you hadn't told me, I would have thought you were just someone handing out documents.”

“Lieutenant.”

The young captain lowered his voice because it hurt him to hear the criticism, If this time he returned empty-handed, he was not sure what consequences he would face, since that would be considered a breach of duty from him. However, if Lieutenant Tul disobeyed the commander's orders, she risked disciplinary action. He still considered himself superior to Lieutenant Tul in many ways

“Captain, leave. Forensics are about to begin the autopsy. Don't get in the way, it's just a waste of other people's time,”

"Disobeying orders will have consequences,"

Captain Dan said, not just referring to Lieutenant Tul. His gaze turned to the inspector who now had the courage to sign the report highlighting the errors of the investigation carried out 18 years ago. Anyone could risk being dismissed from service for conflict with the police commander.

Mrs Chutikarn's lifeless body was thoroughly cleaned of blood stains before being taken to the autopsy preparation room, Lieutenant Tul arrived just as Che-rán appeared along with her two assistants. The atmosphere was tense, filled with intense pressure. Although Captain Dan was not around, the room still felt heavy.

“Ms. Chatikam Panjasap, 44, member of parliament for Bangkok, Laksi Chatuchak district. The night before the incident, she went out to eat with an acquaintance before leaving around 9:30 p.m. The incident occurred around 10:00 p.m., after the car lost control and crashed into a tree on the side of the road,”

Lieutenant Tul reported the story of the deceased so that the forensic medical team could hear it. Che-rán nodded before beginning to investigate the external scars on the body.

“It has been confirmed that there was an accident before. This long bruise appears to have been caused by the seat belt that held her from her right shoulder diagonally to her stomach. Can I see the x-ray of the ribs?”

The medical assistant prepared an Che-ran pointed out several broken points on the bones and told his assistant to write down:

“The right clavicle is broken, three ribs are broken from the fifth to the seventh bone. What was the condition of the driver's seat when it was found?”

“The seat was close to the steering wheel and the deceased had a small body. She may have hit the airbag with all her might.”

“The airbag prevented her head from hitting the steering wheel. She had bruises and broken ribs from the pressure of the seat belt,”

Che rân explained,

“These injuries were quite devastating for the victim, especially since she was a middle-aged woman. This also made it difficult to move and defend against the assassin.”

Her face was pale from blood loss, with wrinkles visible on her cheeks that indicated her age. Both of her eye sockets were hollow after her eyeballs were torn out, making it difficult to continue watching the scene for more than a minute. However, Che rán, who was committed to her duties, could not help but check the condition of any corpse she found. The overhead lights were adjusted to illuminate the area she was examining. Holding a magnifying glass, she first checked her left eye socket for scars.

“The perpetrator used a sharp weapon to cut the eyelids, severing the muscles that hold the eyes together. It was done in both eyes. The cut started from the inside corner and went clockwise, indicating that the perpetrator was right-handed. The cut most likely reached the orbital bone. If we scan with 3D simulation, we may find scratches on the bones. I also want to check if there is damage to the eyes...”

Che rán explained. The metal tray prepared by the medical assistant was not pleasant at all: it contained two eyeballs that the perpetrator had thrown in different places. Lieutenant Tul braced herself when she saw a small ball-shaped object, gelatinous in texture, with a black pupil and branching blood vessels around it

“The wall of the eyeball was torn, an open wound was visible, and blood was coming out of the white part of the eye.”

Che-rán then turned her attention to the incision in the cartilage of both ears, making its unevenness.

“The perpetrator was right-handed, but cut off her left ear with his non-dominant left hand. As a result, the incision wound was uneven, causing more bruising to the tissue on the left side, compared to the right side.”

“But is it possible that he can also use his left hand?”

“Yes, but perhaps he is not as skilled as his right hand. He's definitely practicing with his left hand.”

Lieutenant Tul did not think that there would be a case where the perpetrator could use both his left and right hands, which would cause confusion for the officers when arresting him, but there were many people who were good at using both hands. He may be left handed, but he has been trained to use his right hand. Some people even practice using their left hand because they want something different and it has more benefits than just using their right hand.

As for the fatal wound in the center of the victim's head, Che-rån discovered that the bruises on the scalp could be used to measure the size of the weapon used in the attack. She asked her assistant to immediately hand her a tape measure.

“There is blood under the skin, and the edges of the wound are not smooth, the central diameter is about 42 mm. Now I will proceed to dissect and open the skull,”

Che-rån reported. The information was so similar to the autopsy report from 18 years ago that Tul couldn't sit still as Che-rån prepared to make an incision with her scalpel, opening the victim's scalp.

“Inspector, did you see the size of that hammer?”

Inspector Pichet, who had not expressed his opinion from the beginning as he watched, raised his hand to prevent Lieutenant Tul from continuing to speak. A serious expression appeared, as if he harbored fears he never dared admit.

“I know, that big diameter must be a one-pound hammer. That's no ordinary hammer for diving nails.”

“In this way we can establish that the perpetrator of the crime in both cases is probably the same person.”

“It's too early to draw conclusions. But I will allow you to examine this assumption.”

“Her skull was fractured when she was hit. The weapon is believed to have been a hammer.”

A bright flash of light appeared as Assistant Bank took the photo,

“It was clear that the nature of the crime and the weapons used were all similar to the case 18 years ago. So similar that they could be the same person.”

The sound of electrical machines echoed throughout the operating room as Che-ran opened the deceased's skull. Tul did not return to her seat, her eyes fixed on the doctor who was lifting the brain mass to examine it.

“The brain tissue was swollen and bruised, blood was found under the brain. This confirmed the cause of death of the deceased.”

Lieutenant Tul remained waiting for the doctor who had just finished performing the autopsy and left the room to relay information to the media learn that filled the front area of the Forensic Institute building. Not long after that, she returned with a face that looked a little tired from having to take on heavy roles in so many cases in a row.

“Are you okay, Ran?”

“I'm fine. And you? Have you slept?”

Che-ran secretly criticized the person who likes to sleep late and get up early. Sometimes she barely slept at all. She was even more worrying than Che-ran herself. However, the opportunity to be alone did not last long when the assistant left.

“Is there any evidence to confirm that this victim was the work of a serial killer? if it is not measured by the characteristics of the incident,”

Tul asked, immediately delving into the problem. Even though everyone knew about her relationship, it may not be appropriate to show it in front of others at work.

“If we get confirmed results from the 3D imaging scanner, it could tell us more. For example, something left in the bone of the eye socket is most likely the material of the knife,”

Che-rán said, similar to the case where they found pieces of chrome that stuck to the skull of one of the deceased and caused the arrest, of the accused. But by the nature of how to stall the knife before cutting it slowly, just like the serial killer. And the torn edge of the wound also has the same characteristics

“If the culprit is the same person, wouldn't a saying that fits this case be great?”

Assistant Blank couldn't help but express his opinion about what had remained in his mind from the moment he saw the state of the body in place.

“What does it mean?”

Tul completely forgot and when she asked what he meant, Che rán gave her the answer.

“Pretend you don't know what's happening. And let the problem pass without doing anything.”

Of all the events that had occurred, this situation had put pressure on Big Tech to the point that decisive action was needed. He sought help from influential figures he knew well and closely. However, due to the lack of prior scheduling, the meeting was rushed and quite sudden. Therefore, the

police chief arrived at the television station, waiting anxiously for more than half an hour.

Prominent figure Sirapob Siriwat left his room with distinguished guests who had been talking to him from the morning until after 1 pm after finishing lunch. The sound of the conversation alternated with laughter in the conversation, and they continued talking non-stop, causing discomfort in the heart of Big Tech who was trying to prove that he was there too. But the secretary asked him to sit in the waiting room until the guest returned.

“If I didn't need your help, I wouldn't have thought of setting foot there.”

The police chief, who was more arrogant than anyone, held a grudge in his heart. Sirapob finally entered the waiting room, pretending to greet him even though they had just looked at each other.

“Hello Tech, sorry, I have an Important guest today. Have you been waiting long?”

The two shook hands and gently patted each other's shoulders. Tech tried to suppress his dissatisfaction because he needed help from the other party.

“I have a problem and I would like to ask for your cooperation.”

The expression on the face of the influential person in the entertainment media business changed in an instant, but Tech did not notice.

“What's happening? if it is not on my shoulders, I will gladly do it for you.”

Fortunately, the other party did not find anything wrong with his tone. Whether sincere or not, it could be that he is the kind of person who likes words of flattery, until he got used to phrases like that.

“The two of us have been friends for a long time. We always help each other with anything, right? So far, I see that no other TV news channel has as many followers as Sirin TV. Therefore, I ask for a little cooperation.”

Tech said, full of hope that his words would come true and reassure his listeners.

“You probably know that during this period the police are facing big problems, especially with the latest serial murder case that happened to MP Chutikarn.”

“I know the news, my deepest condolences. I know that you will also run in the elections with the same party,”

Sirapob said calmly, without revealing which direction he was facing.

“Yes, what happened also saddens me. Currently, many police officers are actively investigating ongoing cases. We won't let it pass. I encourage all officers to continue searching for the perpetrators.”

"So, what can I do for you?"

Asked Mr. Sirapob. He was a person who had just lost his son a month ago to murder. However, they actually received a strong reaction from the public as a prominent businessman. When they began to recover, they experienced revenue losses of hundreds of millions of baht. It all happened due to the stubbornness of a police officer who insisted on solving the case of the death of his son. He probably didn't need to worry about this man in front of him.

“Because I have always worked for the people, you should know that the current flow of news will only cause division in society. Do you see the opinions that say victims deserve to die? All the young people in this country follow this news, you know? Therefore, I request your cooperation in helping to present the true news.”

“Because news like that can be sold. The more sensational they are, the more people like to see them. They really don't care about the truth, commander. They just want interesting news,”

Sirapob laughed, even though there was nothing funny about it. He did not see the change in the Commander's expression as he was reluctant to lower his noble principles to come pleading in front of him. But act's do it.

“I will try to publish news that benefits the police.”

“Thank you so much,”

The two influencers spent more time talking about it. Shortly after the news was broadcast, Tech excused himself to leave and Mr. Sirapob called his secretary to escort the big police offices out. When Big Tech left, he leaned back on the couch, rubbed his chin, and his expression changed. He said in a disdainful tone, which he had been holding onto for a long time.

“Maybe he's afraid that the party will kick him out before he can show up.”

The Central Investigation Bureau held a large meeting, summoning all the police officers from the units involved in this still unsolved case, because it could not catch the murderer. A senior police officer, Commander Tech, chaired this meeting to clarify the responsibilities of each party. Tul sat with her mouth yawning when she had to listen to the script being read. Her tired tone said what she already knew, even superiors wanted her to know more than she let on, but she was forced to listen to what they said.

“Don't get carried away. Don't believe in lies. Please cooperate with all officers to help each other catch the perpetrator and punish him according to the law.”

"Roring,"

Lieutenant Tul whispered to Jew, making sure only the two of them could hear. Jew sat with her eyes drooping, nodding her head from time to time. Since the meeting began, she had only half-listened, catching some parts and skipping others. All the content was bland and without substance. She understood the formalities of this meeting and it was broadcast live on the Facebook page so that the public could hear the direction of the investigation, in addition to showing police transparency. In fact, it would be better if you spent this time discussing the next steps of the investigation.

“Therefore, I intend to form a special investigation team, collaborating with the entire police force, of course with the Criminal Investigation Division that will lead this case.”

Finally, this meeting had reached the most important stage and needed to be discussed first. Inspector Pichet, who was sitting in the front row, moved slightly because he had been in charge of the case since the death of Miss Kuljira, heiress of the Chotianan family. However, everything went as expected

"Because the old investigation team failed to fulfill its duties and acted against the investigation guidelines, we need to replace the police officers for the new investigation..."

The commander said without looking at the mentioned person. Inspector Pichet looked down, as if he was preparing for a situation like this.

"Police Captain Dan will assume the role of leader and representative of the Crime Unit starting today...."

"Damn,"

Lieutenant Tul muttered openly, making no effort to hide her displeasure. She tried with all her might not to look at the man who rose from his seat and stepped forward to greet and express his commitment to his newly assigned role. This was met with loud applause from the other officers who recognized and respected Captain Dan.

"Did they really ignore the inspector like that?"

Lieutenant Tul did not respond. Previously, she and the inspector had predicted that they would be the target of this meeting, but they had not anticipated that this would result in a change in leadership. They raised issues without discussion or joint meetings, Inspector Pichet was freed from his position as head of the investigation team only because he agreed to sign the investigation 18 years ago so that it would be repeated.

The punishment was no different from being forced to leave for deviating from obligations that should be fulfilled. This was enough to explain that high-ranking police officers reacted differently when they had to admit their own mistakes, ready to defend themselves against anyone who dared to question them.

After the meeting was over, Commander Dan formed an investigative team with media from various news agencies who were allowed to participate for additional interviews and take photographs. Lieutenant Tul hurriedly dragged Jew to follow her and look for the inspector who left the meeting room before the others, But instead of seeing a depressed expression on his face, the inspector handled it well and stood drinking coffee with a straight face.

“Do you want a glass? I invite you.”

“Inspector, regarding the investigation team, yes....”

Inspector Pichet raised his hand to prevent Lieutenant Tul from saying anything, He leaned over to take a paper cup from the coffee dispenser before pressing two more cups for his subordinate.

“The commander already gave the order, I don't think we need to participate in the investigation.”

“So, do we really have to cooperate with Captain Dan?”

The idea of having to work alongside people who not only had conflicting attitudes but also arrogant thoughts, and whose presence was almost intolerable, was terrifying. If they carried out the investigation according to the instructions set by Captain Dan, it would most likely only end in chaos and frustration.

“I don't want to say this but..., do you never follow orders, Lieutenant?”

The ambiguous wording and cryptic clues made it difficult to understand, causing female listeners to frown, It seemed more like a reprimand than advice. However, the inspector helped clear things up when he handed cups of coffee to the two police officers.

“I don't want to say this anymore, but if something happens I will be responsible. So, let's form our own investigation team.”

“But... Everyone has joined Captain Dan. We have no more members.”

Although the inspector's permission sounded liberating, it seemed like too much if there were only a few members on the Team. There were only Lieutenant Tul, Lieutenant Jew and the inspector himself.

“I don't think our team has to be just police, right?”

Additional reports indicate that MP Chutikarn Panjasap had been involved in facilitating benefits for businessmen who are forcing people to move from an area that is currently being converted into a community commercial hub

The news anchor said on the TV screen reporting the information he had just received. Like the previous victims, they had to dig up information about the wrong doings this third victim had committed. The images alternately showed construction sites located next to main roads and electric trains. Although no name was mentioned, the people who lived there knew quite well

The bakery owner, who always followed the news, frowned as he watched the news. His thick hands took his cell phone out of the gray cloth bag his sister had bought him. When he felt familiar with the location of the department store under construction, he wrote a keyword with his finger and immediately found it.

Check Point, Community Mall, a project of the Vanichakit Group

Mr. Kasem Kalavanich, President and CEO.

An elderly man's face appeared on a website about the construction of the Community Mall. His first and last name looked familiar, too familiar to suggest he was anyone else. Tihn hurriedly exited the website and switched to a calling app to contact someone he knew well.

Kawin

The call waiting tone rang once, twice, three times, as if dictating the rhythm of his breathing. Finally a woman's voice was heard: This number cannot be contacted.... Tihn took a deep breath....

Kuljira, Director Kanok and Deputy Chutikam

They were all related to this old friend.

③⑥

THIRTY-SIX



Lieutenant Tul was banned from joining the investigation team led by Captain Dan. While this was not entirely unexpected, she was not even given access to the vital information that she herself had helped search for. However, since Inspector Pichet was still part of the team, he could share information with the lieutenant about the progress of her investigation.

"He pressured the forensic experts to deliver the body to the police hospital,"

Inspector Pichet said wearily. In fact, the party rarely consulted him or provided important information. What he knew came from joint meetings with team members.

"They're really determined to get it, aren't they?"

Although the forensic report we received is complete and it is not necessary to perform another autopsy, Lieutenant Tul complained. Captain Dan went to the forensic institute twice and refused to give up. This dogged effort reminded him of what happened to the body of a murder victim 18 years ago. The police hospital re-autopsied the body, but important details were omitted, information did not match, and the investigation was diverted.

She herself does not want to disparage the work of police hospitals, but currently working with forensic agencies provided an additional layer of transparency. This ensured that another agency was monitoring and verifying the integrity of the investigation, thus preventing any cover-up.

Especially in important cases, how would the public receive it if the headquarters insisted on repeating it a second time?

“I think we should hurry up and form a team. Do you want me to help you find members?”

“There are no problems with the members.”

Lieutenant Tul said as she looked at Jew who had been next to her from the beginning, If it weren't for her, that she had connections everywhere, she wouldn't have been able to gather so many people into the team.

“The problem is simply the location. We cannot use this place as a meeting place.”

“My wife has a store for rent, I can make special requests. But she may be a little far away and difficult to travel.”

Lieutenant Jew looked back and forth between the other two men, P'Tul and Inspector Pichet, before suggesting another, possibly better way.

“If we are looking for a place, in my house there is a large conference room.”

The day of the special investigation team's first meeting at Lt. Jew's house, more precisely at the home of opposition party leader Atip Sarasin. Dogs barked as the car drove through the fence of the house. The front yard featured a small waterfall and a koi pond. Tul respectfully raised her hand to Jew's mother, who was holding a chocolate colored poodle, and came out to greet the guests, urging them to come in

"I'll ask Aunt Mong to bring you some snacks, miss,"

Said Aunt Mong, who was the housekeeper who had helped take care of this house for more than ten years. Tul had just learned during the trip that Jew's family had two maids and a driver for her father. When Jew was little, she also had a babysitter who had resigned because she was getting married

and starting her own family. The room she was going to was on the top floor: The housekeepers lived on the ground floor, while her older brother's office used to be on the upper floor.

At first, Tul was worried that the arrival of many people would disturb Jew's family. However, Atip was happy to welcome them and even said it was better than letting her daughter go far from home. Remembering that her youngest daughter had been attacked, Jew's mother was still very worried. She called every night to see how she was doing.

"I cleaned it up a bit, so it's worth living in, tight?"

Jew asked as she opened the door to the spacious room. In the middle, there was a large table that looked like a conference table with several chairs stacked nearby, probably enough for everyone. There was a desk in the corner, a tall bookshelf, a clean old leather couch, and a clean blackboard on the wall.

"What work did your brother do to get a room like this?"

"Film producer. This was his first meeting place before he left to set up a business with his friend somewhere else,"

Jew responded, revealing something she hadn't told anyone before.... They began rearranging tables and chairs, and posted photos and progress reports on various projects they had collected on the board. They then waited for the other members to come one by one. Shortly after, another investigation team also arrived. The people from the Forensic Institute led by Che-ran went with Mae and assistant Bank. Followed by several police officers who were part of the investigation team, one of whom was Phusit, who had assisted in the search for the suspect's IP address and helped recover the deleted data. In addition to that, there were the officers from the evidence examination unit, prosecutor Thiwa and her assistant from the prosecution team

"Actually I was busy when you contacted me, but I didn't want to work with the people at the center."

Thiwa greeted her with a slight shrug and a self affirming statement. And on this side, there is also Ran,

“Anyway, please don't show your love too often in front of me.”

That...

Thiwa didn't wait for a response, she walked over to take an empty seat near Che rân, raised her eyebrows and looked back, telling the lieutenant in front that she was being provoked. Lieutenant Tul looked at the first woman who joined her team after receiving permission from the inspector to form a joint investigation team. Che-rân sent a smile in response. For her, if it weren't for Tul's cooperation, she wouldn't have done this. Everyone was well aware of the conflict between the police headquarters and the forensic institute, especially after the pressure to hand over the body for a new autopsy, so as to imply that forensic medicine was not effective enough. Lieutenant Tul seemed nervous as she stood up and all eyes turned to her.

“As everyone knows, we are looking for a serial killer who has not been captured so far, There are currently three victims of this murder. They were beaten until their skulls were crushed; it is believed that the weapon used was a hammer. The diameter is more than 43 mm and there is also the rope with which he tied the hands of all his victims.”

Lieutenant Tul paused before continuing.

“The first two victims, Miss Kuljira and Director Kanok, had their faces smashed. But to Deputy Chutikarn, the perpetrator, she left her face intact, perhaps she wanted to show that her eyes were gone.”

“Miss Kuljira Chotianan, the first victim, had her knee beaten until it shattered. The perpetrator deliberately bent her left leg upwards and died because her face was beaten until her skull and head were crushed and her brain was damaged.”

“The director, Mr. Kanok Sappawat, the second victim. His wrists were cut along both sides and his throat, and a major artery, were slit. He lost so much blood that he died.”

“The last victim, MP Chutikarn Panjasap, had her eyes gouged out and her ears cut off, and then she was dumped in a different, distant location. She died from a single hammer blow that instantly crushed her head.”

Tul explained the condition of the bodies found at each crime scene, based on the photographs displayed on the board. She had previously submitted full details to Criminal Investigation Unit officers, but this was rejected before the third incident occurred. And this time she picked it up and took it out again.

“The state of the body left by the perpetrator is similar to the proverb that reflects the behavior of each victim previously reported. First, a one-legged rabbit, he insisted he was innocent. Second, sucking the blood and flesh of the school fund makes you corrupt. Then, thirdly, closing your eyes and listening to the suffering of the citizens only serves the interests of the capitalist.”

Lieutenant Tul was grateful that no one there laughed at that assumption. Everyone was still listening intently, unlike Captain Dan, who stubbornly dismissed it as nonsense. Even prosecutor Thiwa, who didn't seem to like her very much, was still waiting for more information. She didn't see any difference of opinion.

“Okay, the three cases seem to be connected and the perpetrator is quite skilled in his actions. So what does this have to do with the 1998 serial murder case? Isn't the reason you called me because you want to reopen an old case?”

It is true that legally cases can be reopened for investigation, but it is very rare for a conviction to be overturned after many years. Even if new evidence or witnesses are discovered that can prove your innocence, the evidence must be strong. Reopening a case will only be considered if there are compelling reasons. Additionally, if the convicted person is deceased, the court may not need to reconsider. Unless the real perpetrator can be caught.

“The 1998 serial murder case occurred from May to July. The perpetrator killed a total of 7 women by hitting them in the face until they died. The

perpetrator chose his victims from his jobs as masseuses and prostitutes. Except the last victim, who mistaken for someone else...”

The Lieutenant's voice softened at the end of the sentence. She looked at Che-rán, who nodded as if to say, 'Keep talking. Don't worry.

“Shortly after, when the last victim died, Mr. Wisut was arrested in a serial murder case in 1998, and the case was closed,”

On the other side of the board were also photographs of victims from old cases. Clearly different from the current victims, both in terms of charges in the victims, from a prostitute at night, to a person of wealth and status free from punishment for the mistakes he committed.

“From the autopsy records of Dr. Rakkit, who performed the autopsy on one of the seven victims, the diameter of the hammer was found to be a weapon that matched the current case, The perpetrator used a hammer to attack the victim's face. He used crude rope to tie their wrists, and also chose to commit the crime only on a rainy night, so there is a possibility that the real murderer was never captured 18 years ago, and returned to commit another crime,”

Lieutenant Tul concluded, before turning to Jew, who was ready to discuss as many clues as possible about the perpetrator they had gathered.

“The current perpetrator, as seen in the images found on the CCTV camera of the massage parlor and the front camera of the car, is approximately 180 cm tall, can use both hands, right and left, his eyes are small, like if he were of Chinese descent. This is the description of the document perpetrator.”

Jew shares a sketch of the criminal drawn with a modeling program to analyze his appearance.

“If he really were the same person as 18 years ago, his current age would probably be around forty years old.”

“But he must have taken very good care of himself, because he could carry a male victim who weighed more than 80 kg. Only Cristiano Ronaldo has

that strength at 40 years old,”

Prosecutor Thiwa expressed in another opinion that sounded like a joke, until Che-rán had to gently nudge her.

“Okay, if we follow this principle, then 15 years ago It would have been like twenty years, right?”

“Mr. Wisut became a suspect when he was 29 years old, and yes, the suspect at that time was a man between 25 and 30 years old and worked night shifts. Like the victim or perhaps a customer who previously purchased sexual services.”

"But we will not ignore the possibility that this could be a case of copycat murder similar to those that have occurred before,”

Tul added firmly.

“Mr. Rueangrit, the suspect who previously imitated the murder of him, admitted to having read the story of the murder, the method of the murder, the signature, the story, all through the Internet. We will follow any lead from every page and every website.”

“But in terms of reading old documents, Mr. Wisut always had a relationship with almost all the victims. If the perpetrator was someone else, what motivation did he have for carrying out the murder? And 18 years later, he changed his target from prostitutes to rich people?”

Prosecutor Thiwa asked again, but this time the lieutenant herself had also prepared an answer..

“Once upon a time there was a murderer from South Korea, who broke in and killed a rich man in his house and then set it on fire, on the grounds that he was born into a poor family that had been oppressed by the rich since childhood. He had a plan to commit serial murders to get revenge on the rich.”

Tul cited this example of extensive research she conducted. Some criminals grow up in challenging socioeconomic environments that turn them into criminals. Others, however, may have mental health problems that cause them to deviate from social norms without being conscientious towards their peers.

“Just like in this case, he may have fallen in love with a night worker, but she rejected him, This serial killer then took revenge on the sex workers, believing that they were to blame for his rejection, and so he took responsibility, himself to kill them.”

“And this is what I want to convey. Of these two cases, with a fairly large distance of 18 years it is possible that the motivation of the perpetrator has changed. And another reason too, it may be a psychological influence.”

Many people at the meeting nodded their heads in agreement with the argument.

Citing real-life case studies where it was quite possible that the perpetrators could change their own goals, become more methodical and plan their actions better than before. Furthermore, if they tried to attalyze the motive for the murder, it was possible that the perpetrator had unresolved issues with an individual of a certain status. He could feel oppressed within the class system of society, much like the behavior exhibited by the victims themselves, who previously acted in similar ways.

“Given his abilities to execute, destroy evidence, and evade security cameras, this is not the first time he has committed acts of this type and he has also managed to evade arrest quite effectively. Previously, we found a Honda Accord with a fake license plate abandoned about 10 km from the crime scene. That is the vehicle used by the author to take Deputy Chutikan's car off the road.”

Lieutenant Jew pointed to a photograph of an old sedan, more than twenty years old. Some of the paint had faded due to its age, most likely it was an old car that was neglected. There were traces of paint left from the politician's car that crashed into her.

“Apart from long scratches, we found no other evidence, fingerprints, or sweat stains. When we examined it, we found that the perpetrator purchased this car through a used car sales website. The previous owner admitted that he never met the buyer. That made him untracable.”

There was silence in the meeting room with a tense atmosphere, because they were going to pursue and arrest the person who had barely left any traces, except for the camera images that he had deliberately passed around as if in defiance of the police.

"Due to the nature of the crime, the perpetrator did not hesitate to let us know directly whose body it was,"

Che-rán spoke in the middle of the silence. She stood up and walked forward, while Jew hurriedly stepped aside.

“In the first case, the identity of the victim was delayed, but her body was left in the middle of the road so that people could see it easily. Then, in the second case, the perpetrator chose to leave the principal's body at his school, as in the third case in which the body was placed right in front of his campaign sign, which allowed us to immediately identify the victims.”

“If we speculate based on his behavior, in the first case it is likely that the perpetrator wanted the public to know who the victim was, as if he deliberately wanted to get enough media attention, and then revealed that the victim had previously committed a fatal murder. In the second and third cases, he chose to announce it boldly because it seemed like he had already presented himself to the media.”

He is a criminal who is desperate to reach the highest levels of participation
Prosecutor Thiwa agreed with all the points mentioned.

“Currently the forensic team found that there was a foreign object embedded in the deceased's eye socket. We are analyzing its composition. Perhaps it is a weapon material with unique characteristics that can identify the criminal.”

“If the perpetrator was a member of the military, then it wouldn't be surprising. These people underwent rigorous physical training. No one at the meeting questioned Prosecutor Thiwa's views. Because, if forensic agencies discovered that the weapons used by the criminal were only owned by law enforcement officers, such as in the case where a police officer used his baton to wound the victim, then this would narrow down the list of suspects..”

“Most-crimes in Thailand occur out of anger caused by differences of opinion and onmitics that lead to murder. And more than 90% of suspects come from close people, family, friends or enemies. But as said, these criminals are not ordinary people. He chose his victims among the targets he had set. Now we have to investigate looking for someone related to these three victims.”

Lieutenant Tul raised the possibility of who the perpetrator could be.

“Police had spent a lot of time investigating close acquaintances of the victims, looking for anyone who had a grudge strong enough to lead to murder. However, now that it was clear that these three cases were the work of a serial killer, other motives had to be sought as the main motive behind the crimes.”

“Please help verify the cell phone numbers of anyone who contacted the three victims. Include any strange or fraudulent numbers.”

The cyber police, or Dab Phu of the Technology Crime Analysis and Inspection Division, took over this task.

"Please help find information on all the men in their forties who were around the incident and related to the three victims,"

Said Lieutenant Tul, addressing the investigation team who could be trusted because they had been with her since the incident, moved to the base see that the previous lieutenant had followed up on the witnesses and evidence in the case 18 years ago.

“As for all the documents and investigations from that time, I can help search for the records of Mr. Wisut's trial,”

Suggested Prosecutor Thiwa, because the information in the possession of the prosecution was different from that in the possession of the police.

“If only it wasn't destroyed first.”

Lieutenant Tul nodded. She had heard that Mr. Wisut's trial was closed to the public and only his decision, which sentenced him to death, was announced to the public. Although he was later pardoned and released, if he spent more than half of his life locked up for a crime he did not commit, this could be his last chance to prove his innocence.

“Does everyone understand? Please help.”

The first meeting of the joint investigation team ended with many members saying goodbye and returning home. They returned the glasses of drink that the housekeeper had served them. Prosecutor Thiwa was the first to approach Tul, who was busy arranging various files on an empty shelf. From that day on they will meet here every week.

“I have a friend who is a journalist at TNS. If you want the media to push for transparency within the head office and get over the problem of trying to exclude forensics, I can ask my friend to cover the story,”

Thiwa kindly suggested. Given social trends, the police and investigation teams were not viewed favorably by society. From an outsider's perspective, it was impossible to tell who was really working and who was just seeking recognition. What had been proven so far was that the police had not been able to capture the perpetrator.

“Thank you. It would be nice if the media helped again.”

“And be careful with other media directed by Mr. Sirapob. You remember that, right? His son was burned to death in the car.”

Lieutenant Tul nodded, remembering her first case as a criminal investigator. Initially the case was closed by his family, concluding that the accident occurred due to the victim's negligence, as they did not want any further scandal. However, Tul continued her investigation and eventually revealed that the victim was murdered out of revenge. Disobeying orders and exposing the deceased's family for abuse of power made Tul a likely target of media controlled by influential figures. It was no surprise that he had faced special scrutiny and attacks from these sources

“The rich man is probably watching you. Whatever you do, be careful.”

Thiwa raised her head slightly because she intended to return. However, she realized who was behind her and had not gone home, immediately changing her voice,

"Why haven't you come back yet? Do you want to be alone?"

Che-rân let out a soft sound of protest, but the prosecutor simply shrugged her shoulders in annoyance before officially leaving. Tul pretended to organize the files collected on the table until they were sure that there was no one else in the room, she walked towards Che-rân, who was still sitting in the same place, waiting for the moment to talk to her.

“You want to go back? You have to take me first, right?”

"Lieutenant Jew will accompany Mae. As for Bank, he went with them and got off at the subway station.”

There was a moment of silence between the two before the lieutenant remembered that she had something to say.

“Regarding Mr. Wisut, whose name I want to clear, actually...”

Tul hesitated on the verge of explaining the feelings she wasn't sure if she should express, not knowing how to proceed.

“I know this is difficult. It was not only Mr. Wisut who was affected but also the families of the victims who lost their lives at that time... You have

to be sad again about this because the murderer is still at large, and the policeman who drove the case at that time was my father... I can't stand this feeling anymore.”

Che-rán reached out and took the hand of the person in front of her, knowing very well that Tul was definitely referring to the day when they argued about this matter until she accidentally raised her voice. It was the same day she found Mr. Wisut's body and the day she faced the stubbornness of her own father.

She knew that her father handled the case carelessly, thus destroying not only the lives of other people but also those of the deceased's relatives, one of whom she loved. Tul continued carrying that on her shoulders, always careful not to let this matter affect Che-ran's mental state to much.

“P’Tul you don't need to put up with other people's mistakes. Everything that happens today is not your fault. Don't look, don't feel like you have to be responsible for me.”

The doctor looked at Lieutenant Tul, who lowered her head and made eye contact with her.

"P’Tul, you're doing your best, you know that!"

Tul responded with a soft sound in her throat, lowering her head slightly to rest her forehead against Che-ran's soft hair. They encouraged each other through words and body language to make the other person feel better.

Several police officers followed in the footsteps of the commander, who visited the Institute of Legal Medicine. His previous request for cooperation was recently rejected and now, Tech had to come in and discuss the issue itself. The man with the crest adorning his chest and shoulders ice him away with a stern expression, not making eye contact with anyone,

“I don't know who you're looking for.”

The commander wishes to meet Professor Rakkit Chanthanathien in person. A police non commissioned officer entered and informed his intentions to the officer at the counter, who quickly dialed the phone number of his senior advisor and asked if he was receiving visitors. He continued to cast paranoid glances at the police officers who were waiting and applying pressure.

"The professor is waiting in the office, please come this way,"

The receptionist gestured as she invited the police commander and his entourage to follow him. Everyone was well aware of the tension between the two units. The forensic department almost refused to accede to the center's request to hand over the body to the headquarters. Although there had already been some disagreements before, no one expected the dispute to escalate to such a point

Evidently, although he had retired as director of the Institute of Forensic Medicine, Professor Rakkit was still respected to the point of having his own private office. The police officer immediately opened the large door to comfort his boss, before telling him to stand up and wait at the front of the room.

"We haven't seen each other in a long time, professor."

"Sit down,"

Rakkit said in a calm voice. It had been a long time since they had seen each other face to face and they talked alone like this, facing each other.

"What brings you here?"

"I won't beat around the bush, because we've wasted a lot of time lately,"

His voice sounded authoritative, and also so arrogant that he believed he could give orders in anyone.

"I want the forensics to send the bodies of the three victims to the police hospital, we will take care of it."

“I'm afraid the answer will be the same as what my daughter told your subordinates. We can't hand over the bodies.”

His words of rejection caused Big Tech to raise its eyebrows. He saw the face of a retiree who didn't want to give up. But that doesn't mean he'll allow himself to be rejected like that.

“A few day's have passed but the police have not been able to do anything. What clues have the forensics given us that we can follow to catch the criminal? This shows that the Professor's team is not efficient enough.”

“We work diligently and meticulously to defend the interests of the deceased. We always provide accurate information to the police. My team has nothing to hide.”

“Wouldn't it be more efficient if the police hospital also carried out an investigation? Just in case the forensics miss the details. You must understand, Professor, that the public is watching closely how this case is handled. They want to be sure that justice will prevail.”

Tech tried to reason, carefully ravigating the conversation, but the old man in front of him remained stubborn in denying him until a hint of anger arose within him,

“Forensic medicine is an institution that does not take anyone's side. It is different from the police hospital, which sides with the headquarters. If you want to do another autopsy, you have to consider yourself. Wouldn't it be worse if you did? I won't change our decision.”

Professor Rakkit defended his own words. Several years ago he made a mistake when he decided to deliver the bodies of all the victims to the police hospital by order of his superiors And after that, there were a lot of suspicious things and he couldn't verify the autopsy report because it was taken based on what the police hospital had. And today, I wouldn't let that happen again

But Big Tech is a man who was never denied anything he wanted. When he heard his objections and his inflexible attitude, he felt more belittled.

"Is this because of this?"

His hands trembled with anger as he pointed at the professor in front of him in an accusatory tone.

"Professor, even though he dug up the autopsy report 18 years ago before revealing it, don't think I won't hold you responsible for this,"

This problem was almost the fundamental basis that made the commander unable to sit still in his chair. He had to run for help or threaten and coerce others. If this matter reached the ears of journalists or high-ranking politicians, it was unlikely that he would emerge unscathed. Events in The world of politics seemed inevitable. Leaving a position of authority cleanly might not go as planned if the other party managed to prove the truth.

"None of the other relatives of the deceased have problems or hold grudges. The murderer also hanged himself a month ago. Why are they going to sue again?"

Tech spoke carelessly without considering other people's feelings. He looked intently at the man who had lost his wife to a serial killer.

"If you think what she is doing is providing real justice to the victims and their families, why are you worried?"

"Look! Even the professor himself didn't let this matter go, so why didn't he sue him then? It's been 18 years and now you want to lead others to reveal the truth."

The discussion between the two sides was full of emotions, especially Big Tech's loud voice that sounded, making everyone at the door shocked as they heard every sentence, every word. Including Che-ran, who had just arrived and heard them talking about the victim from 18 years ago.

"My wife... murdered due to a misunderstanding.... That's why the police told me and my daughter that she was only 11 years old at the time."

Her father's voice sounded shaky, it seemed as if he shedding tears. No matter how many years had passed, her mother's death. remained a scar that would never fade. Her father could do nothing but take the police's word for it, and the night shift taxi driver was arrested and jailed.

“If it were me, I would prevent my daughter from getting involved in this matter. But look what the professor did, he let her perform an autopsy on a corpse that died in the same conditions as her mother. The teacher is even colder than me.”

He said unceremoniously and full of insulting words. Although he himself never raised his daughter to adulthood.

“I'll give you until next week to send the three bodies to the police hospital..”

The commander of the Central Investigation Police finally gave his ultimatum. If the expert still refused, he himself was ready to take decisive measures. Big Tech opened the door to the room and walked out. He saw no one except his own men who were standing and waiting.

“Let's go back.”

A newly formed investigation team from the Central Bureau of Investigation, led by Captain Dan, suspected that there may have been an advantage between the deceased and the perpetrator involved in the crime, possibly related to business. It all started with crucial clues about MP Chutikarn's involvement in allegedly providing benefits to Vanichakit Group businessmen, which was currently being widely reported.

Kasem Kalavanich was summoned for questioning after police discovered he had a date with the Chutikarn MP before he died. The sixty year old businessman stated that this was true, but that it was just a meeting to sign a business contract. He was also saddened to hear the news of her death.

Kasem was released from suspect status because he had strong evidence at the time of the incident, but Captain Dan still did not believe that this businessman had nothing to do with the parliamentarian's death. Before she died, she went to dinner with her business rival Vanichakit Group. Perhaps the signing of the contract was not easy and that could be the reason for this murder.

Tul returned after witnessing Mr. Kasem's interrogation. Fortunately, Captain Dan wasn't interested in breaking out and kicking her out, so he secretly recorded all of their conversations. When she returned to the unit office and had not yet had time to sit in her chair, Lieutenant Jew entered carrying a set of documents, with a reserved and strange attitude that went unnoticed by her.

“What is it?”

"I have something you should see."

Jew looked left and right and realized that no one was interested in them. She then put the document on her superior's desk. Tul frowned slightly looking at the paper that was full of letters arranged in a row. When she tried to look closer and read it, she realized that it was a list of names and some digits that represented a certain amount of money.

“These names are the names of residents eligible to vote in the four main electoral districts that were MP Chutikarn's voter base in the last election. The opposition party filed a lawsuit claiming they were buying votes, but the KPU rejected it,"

Lieutenant Jew whispered, making sure only the two of them were present. She remembered it because it was her father who filed a lawsuit for re elections to be held in that district. Since then, this matter had been kept secret, so she had personally gone to collect all the information from her father.

“The court did not accept the lawsuit because the person who was the interviewer... was Kasem, the person who was summoned for interrogation.”

Jew lowered her voice further, forcing Tul closer.

“But Kasem... is a well-known person in the area. He always does charity work, donates money and distributes funds to the villagers twice a year. He reasons that his donations are normal and not to buy his votes. Therefore this matter is dismissed.”

“Representative Chutikan is in the government party, right?”

Jew nodded in response, causing Tul to exhale openly, as if to indicate that there was no need to waste time searching for an answer. If they brought this matter to Captain Dan's investigation team, the results would be unpredictable.

“It is the same party that will nominate the commander in the partial elections. Whether it's good or not, it probably won't allow us to investigate this matter.”

Tul avoided saying the word father out of shame.

“In this scenario, the investigation will probably be limited to the framework desired from above. Coupled with the ruling party's declining reputation, they may not be at risk of new scandals or accusations of vote buying. The higher-ups definitely wouldn't allow an official investigation into this matter, that was for sure, thought about that too, Phi. This has been in the news for some time, but it was quiet because the information came from the opposition. I think this is a matter of political intimidation.”

Jew also sighed, because the evidence of electoral corruption at her hands turned out to be something the higher-ups didn't want to hear,

“But we can investigate it ourselves. I heard in cross-examination that MP Chutikarn and Mr.Kasem had a mutually beneficial agreement. If he won, Mr. Kasem would receive help to further his business ventures. If the Community Mall is successful, anything is possible.”

Tul shared her opinion on the matter and admitted that whatever path they take, they will have to get involved in politics to some extent. There was no

other way. Someone had just entered the office, forcing Lieutenant Tul to immediately collect the voter registration documents and put them under the table. Captain Dan had just sent Mr. Kasem home after finishing his interrogation. He looked at the two policewomen before smiling mischievously.

"Forensic scientists will send the bodies of the three victims within the next week,"

He said as if declaring victory. Tul had never paid attention to her empty words before, letting them fall on deaf ears, but this time she was taken by surprise.

"The commander himself went and spoke at the scene, and this... "

Commander Dan threw the document that reported the erroneous evidence of the 1998 serial murder case on the table.

"Returned this because the professor's autopsy records of Rakkit are not valid."

"Why can't it be used? He did the autopsy himself."

"The professor is the victim's husband. It is possible that he used his personal emotions to influence the outcome of this case."

"The body the professor examined was the second victim."

Tul stood up even though her height was not comparable to the man in front of her.

"The professor's wife was the last victim. Why can't that document be used as evidence?"

Captain Dan grimaced in pity as he saw his opponent confused, barely able to follow the game. The others were speechless as he continued

"The professor's report has not been approved since then. The report cannot be used as evidence because the teacher is the victim's husband. The

authorities feared tainting the case and chose to make a new police autopsy report as the main basis. How many years had he been a police officer and he still did not know if any of the witnesses were relatives of the victim? As for the first painting you wrote, the witness confirmed her address and she is the killer's younger sister... I want to laugh at the fact that the prosecutors dismissed it immediately after filing the case,”

Tul clenched her fists tightly to prevent her emotions from exploding, but the other party didn't seem to be finished yet.

“I just found out that the latest victim is Professor Rakkit's wife. Although her father in law likes the lieutenant very much, she also plays the role of Dr. Ran's mother, right? You still call her father-in-law, right? No mother.”

Bugh'

Without waiting for Captain Dan to finish his sentence, the right fist she had been holding for a long time hit the corner of his mouth, making the police officers in the room shocked to see someone fighting. Jew hurriedly got up and stood in the middle of her elders so that the fight would not get worse, but the person who was hit did not retaliate. He wiped the blood from the corner of his broken mouth and then looked at Lieutenant Tul with disdain in his eyes.

“Don't think that even if you are a woman I wouldn't dare hit you.”

"Oh yeah, just hit me!"

"Phi, stop, calm down."

Jew restrained her superior who was fighting with a man bigger than her. Captain Dan shook his arms away from the other police officers who were also holding him down. He sent a look of hatred at the woman who dared to punch him in front of dozens of people. Before leaving, he let Lieutenant Tul calm down.

“Why can't you be calmer?”

Che-ran scolded the impatient person as her hands continued to apply ointment to the reddened and swollen joints of Tul's fingers. Che-ran didn't know where she hit her hand until she swelled up like that.

“His mouth is so dirty that he deserves it.”

The person who had just collided with a muscular man who was taller than her still had burning emotions that would not go away. Che-rán looked at her, but she still refused to look into her eyes since she went through the forensic institute. When she saw that she had bruises on the knuckles of two of her fingers, Che-rán had to immediately look for medicine to apply to her wounds. But so far Tul is still not calm..

“You hit him, but you got hurt.”

“But his mouth also broke and he stopped barking. I was too lazy to listen to him.”

Tul, was not afraid if Captain Dan reported her for cases of physical violence. If he did, he would announce to the entire base that the police had punched her in the lips. And Tul herself would never apologize to someone like that. If he continued to be patient, people would think they could say anything bad to him.

"Just because he said Dad's autopsy report couldn't be used? Do you have to fight?"

Tul took a deep breath. She still hadn't told her girlfriend the whole story about the nonsense. Captain Dan said, which made her unable to contain herself and she had to punch him in the mouth. But since they had both promised not to hide anything from each other, Tul agreed to say it quietly, as if she didn't want Che-rán to have to hear those bad words.

“He said it really pleased my uncic because I went out with you. Well...then he talked about your mother and I thought it was too much.”

The hand that was sore and had just had ointment applied to heal the bruise, held Che-ran's small hand. She makes direct eye contact with Che-rân, but doesn't say anything, which makes Tul start to worry.

“Ran..”

"When the police commander arrived here, I heard him talking to my father,”

Che-rân said in a soft, calm voice. A pair of beautiful eyes were downcast.

“He said that my father was not satisfied with the investigation of the mother's case and he thought about reviving the case, taking as evidence the autopsy report that he presented. That made him ignore the evidence,”

“It's not your fault or the guy's fault at all. Even if there wasn't this problem, they would have found something else to do with us. I can still continue investigating this case.”

Tul used a heavier tone than before when the person she was talking to was feeling more sensitive than usual. Che-rân gave Tul a small smile, assuring her that nothing was wrong.

“I already talked to Jew about this. However, we will proceed on our own terms. The research team with us now is even more prepared than before. If we find any other evidence to support it, we will be happy.”

“I'll be able to find anything else. Your journey has just officially begun. From several clues scattered in various directions, until now, it has gradually become more than before. Very soon, what she wanted to prove would become clear.”

"I understand,"

Che-rân responded sweetly. There were times when she felt unsure whether the situation before them would allow P'Tut to always be by her side.

A silver leaf-shaped pendant was seen shining around the young woman's neck. Che-ran always wears a necklace that has meaning between the two of them every day, Tul's eyes looked at her until the doctor held up the necklace as she praised the beauty of it, until the person who bought it floated away.

“Beautiful truth?”

“Um, the person who wears it is also beautiful.”

Che-rán laughed at the sweet jokes of people who always made fun of her without looking at the situation. Tul smiled as if she didn't realize that she had done something unusual. The tip of her thumb gently caressed the back of the small hand she held. Her tone was a little nervous but it made the heart of the listener beat every time she expressed herself, through actions of words...

“Today I want to say thank you. Without you, I don't know how I would have gotten through. The bad things. Sometimes just thinking about you makes me feel good... I love you,”

When Ran smiled widely, perhaps it was a smile that was difficult for other people to find, but not for someone who had just managed to organize the feelings in her heart little by little, into words that were no different from Che-ran's feelings..

“I love you too,”

“Who do you Love?”

Tul mocked her, until Ran's hand pushed her and hit her arm. Tul laughed softly before walking over to ask for an answer.

“I love you, P'Tul.”

“Who loves you?”

Being hit once wouldn't be enough, Tul let Ran hit her arm a few more times, then slowly grabbed the slender wrist and brought it closer to her

body. But will Che-ran let herself be seduced so easily? No, she moved closer, leaving no space between them, in a way Tul wasn't prepared for, including the small distance between her faces. A pair of beautiful eyes were like a spell, leaving Tul speechless and almost forgetting to breathe.

“Are you satisfied now?”

“Ugh...”

The person who was caught felt the heat rise up her face and spread to her ears. Tul saw the mocking smile on Ran's face when she was able to defeat her, so she refused to let Che-rán escape. Tul squeezed her waist tighter and then pulled her closer than before. And the doctor, knowing enough, tentatively wrapped her arms around her Phi's neck, using the pads of her fingers to play with the dark strands of her hair.

“Did anyone admit defeat?”

Che-rán used the same tone as when her Phi was making fun of her.

“I really want to kiss this intelligent girl,”

“And who can stop her, Lieutenant?”

Tul smiled widely and didn't let Ran speak any further. The distance between their faces was minimal from the start, so there was no distance left. The lieutenant kissed the edge of the lips that were constantly talking seductively to each other, and Che ran herself accepted hrr kiss by slowly moving her lips. Tul liked this so much that she pressed her to give her a strong kiss to get more.

The sound of lips touching could be heard faintly, punctuated by the sound of labored breathing. They separated for a moment before Tul moved her face slightly to bring her lips closer than before. The two arms that were originally around her slim waist slowly pushed the petite woman so that she sat on her lap. Che-rán accidentally put her arms around Tul's neck, surprised. She laughed softly as she barely let herself go any further, using a bit of her strength to push Tul's shoulders back.

"This is the workplace,"

She said hoarsely to the person who could barely contain herself. Her soft eyes looked at the fragile figure beneath her. Che-rán laughed softly, leaned down and kissed Tul on her lips, comforting her.

“Next time, yeah?”

Tul moaned in response, closing her eyes and pressing her forehead against the person in her arms.

③⑦

THIRTY-SEVEN



The police had been unable to locate the serial killer who had been causing fear among the population. This is not including the behavior of groups of rowdy teenagers dressed in raincoats and chasing people walking along sidewalks and bus stops. Recently, a young woman was scared by one of the fake murderers. She tripped over the edge of the sidewalk and was hit by a speeding motorcycle, causing her injuries.

The incident served as a warning that led police to increase patrols. However, there were people who had bad intentions and took advantage of social waves to spread fake news on social media. They falsely claimed that an emergency law had been imposed prohibiting the use of raincoats and leaving the house after 10:00 p.m. (only on rainy nights).

Although the police had denied the existence of the law, it was too late. Concerned citizens followed the stories shared, while other groups criticized the police for handling the matter superficially and called them incompetent. Almost a month had passed, three people had died, but the identity of the perpetrator was still unknown. The killer was still at large, so the residents could no longer lead a normal life.

Meanwhile, the media continued to highlight the serial murder cases, leaving little room for other news to attract public attention. There was even news about a group of students from an engineering college who attacked their opponents in front of their institution, resulting in the deaths of two people and injuries to ten. One of them was an uninvolved motorcycle taxi

driver who was seriously injured by a stray bullet, barely drawing the public's attention.

A television news program took advantage of the empathetic nature of Thai society, spending time telling the story of a motorcycle taxi driver who accidentally got caught in the crossfire. They described him as a hard worker who found himself in the wrong place at the wrong time, hurt by the reckless actions of the warning students. The scope went beyond reporting; They also sent field reporters to the injured driver's home to interview his family about his feelings after the unexpected incident.

They showed a boy whose face was blurred in front of the camera and his name written at the bottom of the television screen:

The nephew of Mr. Witoon Thepwathi, a motorcycle taxi driver who was caught in the crossfire.

"I live alone with my uncle. My mother is in prison and I have never met my father,"

The boy said in a normal tone. Instead, the journalist tried to evoke an overly sad atmosphere, stating that the boy's future is bleak because his sole guardian had been injured and might no longer be able to care for him.

"Do you want your uncle to get better?"

"Yes,"

The boy innocently responded to the journalist's question, without realizing that his answer would awaken a wave of sympathy among the spectators. The view of their simple house clearly showed that the uncle and nephew could not afford medical treatment and only depended on income from motorcycle taxis. The news station then ran a donation campaign, accepting contributions through bank accounts for those who wanted to help.

As soon as she saw the news, Tul immediately recognized the names of the motorcycle taxi driver who was caught in the crossfire and the ten-year-old boy he saw in front of the house, as shown in the news segment. The

lieutenant invited her subordinate to visit the hospital to meet the person who had been an important witness.

When Lieutenant Tul arrived, Mr. Witoon was recovering. He was in the emergency room and had not regained consciousness. According to the news, as far as she knew, the bullet hit Mr. Witoon's ribs. The doctors were able to save his life, they removed the bullet, but it couldn't be said that he was safe because he lost a lot of blood,

Tul immediately thought of the boy who was sitting playing with his cell phone in front of the emergency room. There were no parents around, no journalists to follow him for interviews after his uncle was shot. The boy seemed a little confused when he looked up and saw who had come to say hello

“I'm a police officer. I've been to your uncle's house, do you remember?”

"Oh, police... has the person who shot Uncle Ong been arrested?"

The boy asked innocently. This was because shortly after the incident, the arrests were successful and both parties were armed with dangerous weapons, including guns and long knives. Given the number of people injured and killed, it was impossible to determine who shot Mr. Witoon. Lieutenant Tul listened quietly, taking a deep breath before slowly explaining the situation to the boy.

“There are other police officers doing the job, but I can help.”

"They haven't caught one yet, it's disgusting,"

At the end of the sentence, he seemed to be about to mutter but the two police officers accidentally overheard him. But he didn't mind speaking badly in front of adults. Lieutenant Jew put her hands on her waist and looked at the boy in front of her who said that.

“And who were you with when the uncle was in the hospital?”

"Sleeping at a friend's house,"

The boy responded, a little bored because they kept asking him.

“I’m not going to go to an orphanage.”

“I did not say that.”

“The journalist asked that if my uncle did not recover then I would have to stay in the orphanage. What will I do in the orphanage? I will not go. I will stay at home.”

After hearing what the boy told her, Tul couldn't help but wonder why the media asked such irresponsible questions to children. It was like praying that an injured person would not recover and that her nephew would have to be sent to an orphanage.

“Your uncle will get better soon. The doctor said he would be fine, right?”

The boy nodded in response. He became upset, cursed and said harsh words when the mobile game he was playing did not work as he expected. Lieutenant Tul looked at the game she was playing, as if she was looking for something to talk about.

“Do you want me to play with you? Your score is high.”

“I’m diamond level. What are your powers?”

Jew hardly knew what the real purpose of visiting the wounded man was. Tul even invited the boy to play. He watched her superior play a game called MOBA on her cell phone, showing her strength to look amazing, getting all the points of a child. They sat and played together in front of the hospital emergency room. Until the final result was completed, with a complete defeat, the boy seemed more upset than before and came to look for her. She took her mobile.

“I’m really upset. I wanted to go home, but no one came to look for me.”

He took a mobile phone whose battery was almost dead and put it back in his bag. He leaned on his back, tired and discouraged. Upon hearing this, Tul immediately volunteered.

“Do you want me to take you home?”

The community under the turnpike didn't look much different from before, nor did the indoor soccer field where Lieutenant Jew was attacked. She rubbed and felt the back of her head, still remembering when the back of her head was hit so hard that she immediately fell unconscious. Until now, she still found it a little difficult to look left and right, not the same as she did before.

Tul grabbed Jew by the collar and gently patted her shoulder as she walked behind the boy, leading the way to an alley narrow enough for her to pass a motorcycle. Even large vehicles have to park outside.

“Oh, Aem, how is your uncle?”

Said the owner of the grocery store that Tul had visited to ask for directions.

“The doctor said he was fine.”

“Oh that's good. You're already very famous, you're also on television,”

Said the uncle, looking at the two plainclothes police officers who had followed the boy all the way. But when he saw that they didn't have cameras like the previous reporters, he didn't say anything else.

“Uncle Num, do you want to appear on television? Go get shot someday.”

"This bastard,"

The grocery store owner cursed as the three walked away. Tul still remembered the long walk to Mr. Witoon's house, even though the houses around him looked similar. On days when the owner was home, the door would be wide open to allow sunlight into the house. But this time, Lieutenant Tul discovered something unusual as soon as they arrived.

The door of the house was ajar, with clear signs that someone had entered by force. When the nephew of the owner of the house pushed the door, there was chaos inside, similar to a small hurricane that hit, everything was scattered. The two police officers immediately ordered the boy to wait outside while they went inside to investigate, in case the perpetrator was still inside.

All plastic drawers were removed and the contents inside were recorded. The closet was also open and clothes and pants were scattered on the floor. The items on the shelves were swept away, whatever the thief wanted from that house didn't seem to be worth much. He secretly went in to get what he wanted even though Mr. Witoon had almost nothing of value. In fact, just for maintenance costs he would have to accept donations,

The next door neighbors started coming out of the house to see what was happening. When Tul finished looking around her, she went out and bent down to ask the nephew of the owner of the house who was stunned by what had happened to him.

"You didn't come home last night, did you?"

The boy shook his head. Yesterday a journalist had gone and they spoke with him at his house, but then he slept with his uncle in the hospital.

"Does your uncle keep anything valuable? Gold or other expensive items?"

The boy shook his head again. Apart from the old cell phone that his uncle used and that she inherited from him, they hardly had anything expensive anymore. Lieutenant Tul turned to look at Jew approaching the front of the house, thinking about what to do next. Maybe they should show up at the nearest police station in hopes of helping catch the thief. However, before they could make a decision, the sound of a motorcycle horn was heard blaring loudly in the alley, to scare away the people blocking the way.

A motorcycle was about to pass in front of the house, but something caught Tul's attention. It was a printed motorcycle helmet, similar to one Tul had

seen before, which was located on a shelf inside the home of Mr. Witoon, who is currently still recovering in hospital.

"Uncle's helmet!"

However, before Tul could continue asking, the boy who remembered the things from his own house better than anyone, shouted until the other people around him turned to the motorcyclist with their eyes very open. When he was about to restart his engine to escape from this place in time, he was stopped by two female police officers who immediately blocked his way and arrested him.

"Hey, let me go, what are you talking about, damn kidi? This is my helmet!"

A man of about thirty years old shouted, using all his strength to try to resist arrest. Lieutenant Tul twisted her wrist and then hit the back of his knee with such force that she screamed in pain. Lieutenant Jew quickly removed his helmet, revealing the red face of the man who had been captured.

"We are police. Tell me, where did you get this helmet?"

"Buy it, the owner sold it to me,"

The thief panicked, unable to answer the question. He did not dare to exert any more force to shake off and run away.

"When did you buy it? He brought him home yesterday. Uncle Ong only has one helmet and this thief took it!"

It was not the tone of someone who was interrogating a criminal, but rather the tone of a child who covered the guilty party. However, when nearby neighbors heard the commotion, their curiosity made them open the windows of their houses.

"This helmet has a sticker with the brand of the motorcycle its owner rides. If you refuse to tell the truth, you have to come with me to the police station."

Jew threatened until the thief, with a sad face, confessed completely, with trembling lips and searching eyes.

“W...wait a minute, you can keep it. But don't take me to the police station, Just keep the helmet.”

“Just keep a helmet? You ransacked his house until it was a mess. What else did you take besides a helmet?”

"I only took a helmet,"

He confirmed his answer while looking left and right as if he wanted to ask for help.

“When I entered the house, it was already a disaster from the beginning. There must have been a thief who broke into the house before me.”

This matter will have to be investigated later, but he was caught with stolen goods.. The helmet thief's legs collapsed, he knelt down, raising his hands to beg for mercy,

"It wasn't me who did it, I swear, I just took the helmet, don't lock me up."

Lieutenant Tul looked anxious as she saw the situation in front of her. She knew that the neighborhood was full of crime, there was drug trafficking, robberies and some people took advantage of the absence of the owner of the house to steal. If someone wanted to steal valuables from Mr. Witoon's house, why carry out such destructive actions? Or if he just wanted to take the helmet, he wouldn't have to waste time looking for other items and risk getting caught,

"We'll find out what you took when we talk later at the police station."

But still, Tul did not dare to guarantee that this threat of arrest would be carried out. In some cases, a house containing many expensive goods has been burglarized and the police have not yet been able to catch the perpetrator. What's more, just by stealing a helmet, she guarantees that he won't be locked up either.

While waiting for the police from the local office to arrive, residents who had previously gathered to look around returned to their homes for fear of being questioned. No one dared to show their face again, but then a woman arrived accompanied by her son who was holding her clothes tightly. Tul raised her head and observed the hesitant attitudes of the newcomers.

“Police, I want to return this camera, but I didn't steal it. Aem took her to play with my son yesterday and forgot to take him with him, Right, Aem?”

"Um, but it's broken and can't be used anymore,"

The boy admitted. The old camera was already damaged by the lens.

“It's not broken yet. My father said it was the battery he didn't have,"

Another child shouted, clinging to his mother's shirt.

“Take it, I don't want it anymore. The camera is very old and I can't use it."

Aem said when Tul received the camera from the person who returned it, it was an old model of film camera that enjoyed great popularity among young people in recent years. Although it was old it could still be used. Tul tried to look through the viewfinder, which was a little blurry, probably due to its age and accumulation of dust.

“Your uncle's camera?”

The little boy shrugged his shoulders, as if it didn't matter.

“I don't know, maybe yes, I never saw him use it. I found it on a shell, so I played with it.”

Tul was still checking the compact camera in his hand. He recalled the day he went to see Mr. Witoon at his house and told him about his older sister who was the victim of a serial killer. The sixth victim, she had the habit of stealing items from clients who purchased sexual services from her. Every time she came home, she always brought it back to sell. But she gave some to his younger brother to use. What if this old movie camera had been stolen by his older sister and given to Mr. Witoon...?

“Can I borrow it first? I will pay for it.”

Aem frowned slightly in confusion, why did the police want to keep the old camera he had just found on an old shelf in his house? But in the end she agreed to sell it.

“This compact film camera is very old. The lens is also moldy. It is better to remove the battery or it will melt and damage the machine.”

Tul passed by a film washing store that bought and sold cameras, and also developed old photographs, so the store was full of photographic equipment: Film cameras, rolls of film, framed photographs hanging on the walls. The smell of chemicals lingered in the air. The shop owner, a young man with an expert air, was evaluating the camera that Tul had just received from Mr. Witoon's nephew.

There is a film stuck inside the camera. Do you want me to take it out? She turned it around to see the back of the camera. Tul didn't respond immediately, she still wasn't sure what she should do. Not even Mr. Witoon, who probably knows the most about this camera, could give an answer

“Can you help me develop the film?”

“Alright. But as we can see, the camera is very old, the film will probably be damaged and the color of the image will be a little distorted. Is it okay?”

The store owner asked again to be sure: Tul nodded her head because that was the main purpose that made her go there. Shortly after, the young lieutenant received a receipt for the movie, but the store would scan the photo first and email it to her that same night.

That day's meeting between the CEOs of the Vanitchakit Group was filled with tension as they had to sit down and find a solution together. What should they do when the community mall project was in the news because it was involved in the death of MP Chutikarn Panjasap, either directly or indirectly? Although the president came out to fight the news that he had

acquitted The suspect and was happy to participate in the interrogation, his reputation had since been lost.

"Recently, the Shibuya store has withdrawn its application..."

The secretary said in a low voice, fearing that she would be punished for reporting bad news. Initially, at the beginning of the project, important businesses and various restaurants were contacted to join in opening branches in this shopping center. But since the incident occurred, all parties had withdrawn,

"Currently, the profits of each store are in the red. The construction cost of the community shopping center is still missing forty million. If we still can't get the stores together, we may have to stop construction for now...."

Hearing the words about a possible proposal for the company's survival, Kasem Kalavanich, who was sitting in the president's chair, raised his hand to hold his head. Not a single word had come out of his mouth since the beginning of the meeting, in recent days, stress deteriorated his health and he had to take dozens of pills. Although he was now old enough to hand over command to his heir, he still did not trust his only son who was sitting next to him at that moment.

Kawin was not at all stressed or anxious about the situation before him. Since returning from abroad, his father had asked him to be one of the general managers, without knowing much about the job, whether related to his own restaurant or even his management. So Kawin didn't have any opinions that could be helpful in this complicated situation.

At the end of the match they could not regain the advantage in a positive way. One by one, the employees left the room, leaving only Mr. Kasem and his son, whom he asked to stay and talk first.

"Did you know that your father almost died recently?"

Kawin simply laughed as if he was used to his own father's reprimanding words:

"Dad, you're good at acting. I don't think it's a big problem."

"You should no longer be a burden when you return. You can never help me with anything."

"Dad, do you know that you're a bully now? If you don't get what you want, you will bully other people. You are fighting to get to the top, because you want to be one of the rich people who are respected by others. When you fall, daddy will feel you hurt. It is natural to act like this."

The son never agreed with what his father did. In fact, it made his family comfortable and he hardly knew the problem of not having money. But that meant his father never had enough.

"Shut up! You're fine until today, it's all thanks to me!"

"That's fine, thanks. But if you try harder, I just want to say that it is better not to do it. Whatever you do, you will bear the consequences. You also talk as if you've never betrayed anyone. The first one you opened was the result of cheating on your uncle's land contract. And where is the uncle now? He broke up the relationship and doesn't even want to see you anymore."

"Bastard!"

The secretary, who had just left with the other members of the committee, returned to the room again with a pale and tense expression. In reality, he did not want to interrupt them when he heard the president's screams, however, something unimaginable happened again.

"Sir, the police contacted me. They want to do another interrogation."

"What other interrogation?! I already did."

Everyone in this company knows that if their boss gets angry it will be difficult to calm him down. Various bad words and vulgar words would be thrown in their faces, one after another.

"No, you don't."

The man's mouth trembled, then his eyes turned to Kawin, who was sitting silently there, The police want to question Mr. Kawin as a suspect.

Since being kicked out of the investigation team, in addition to the fight with Captain Dan, Lieutenant Tul's return to headquarters had been quite a bitter experience. Everyone seemed to treat her as if she were an outcast, casting critical glances in her direction. She walked down the familiar hallways, trying to ignore the stares of the other officers as if she were used to dealing with these people.

At the Criminal Investigation office they didn't experience anything strange except one thing: there was someone waiting to talk to her, and it was no one other than Captain Dan who approached with a mocking look,

“What do you want?”

Lieutenant Tul seemed upset, without hiding it. She kept looking for trouble, which made Tul feel even more upset than before. He wouldn't even look at her face.

“I heard that you were in charge of an assault case against prostitutes.”

“AND?”

Captain Dan smiled like a man with a card and said,

"The suspect in that case is Mr. Kawin Kalavanich. You no longer have to call him to question him.”

Lieutenant Tul frowned in confusion as to what this guy really wanted. Captain Dan took out a document and handed it to the lieutenant so she could see and read it. It was a summons for interrogation by investigators. At that same moment, Inspector Pichet left his private office for fear that a second fight would break out.

“Kawin Kalavanich is the son of Mr. Kasem, the director of the Vanichakit company, which was linked to the death of Deputy Chutikam, His

motivation may have arisen from the profits that were supposed to be made but ended in a failed deal.”

“And what does that have to do with his son?”

Lieutenant Tul returned the document as soon as she finished reading it.

“Mr. Kawin has a history of physical and criminal violence against women. Both young women and prostitutes and his ex-wife while they were in the United States. This case led to legal action and he had to flee back to Thailand to avoid punishment.”

Captain Dan was proud of the details information he was able to uncover, finding a key piece of the puzzle in a case left unsolved due to the negligence of a policewoman who should have been responsible but let it slip to this day,

“In addition, his father did not have a business agreement with the MP. We'll start investigating from this point. It's also good that someone brought up the prostitute case to tell me about it. Otherwise, you wouldn't have told me. Once you dropped the case it seems like you didn't consider this important, maybe I did the right thing by not bringing you to join the team.”

Captain Dan closed it with a sentence that seemed painful to her. Before leaving, he did not forget to tap Lieutenant Tul on the shoulder. Inspector Pichet ran towards him after carefully observing the situation.

“Are you okay, Lieutenant?”

Tul's confused expression that the inspector saw was somewhat surprising. She was not injured because she was disparaged in the performance of her duties. All the things she talked about the other party, she almost knew everything in advance and she decided not to act on the accusations. Although he was a friend of his older brother, if Kawin became a suspect, he was willing to put him in prison as well

“I'm fine, inspector.”

She waved her hand at the adult to dispel her concerns, before returning to her table. Although she didn't want to think about Captain Dan's words, the fact that the police were starting to suspect someone meant that there was some basis for it. If the problem is a conflict of interest between the family and the businessmen, they could have a motive to carry out the murder of a parliamentarian.

However, if you look at the previous victims, P'Tihn used to be Mr. Kanak's student when he was still teaching high school mathematics, meaning that his close friend Kawin was also his student. However, there is no visible motive for the murder of the school principal. The two even gave each other more benefits to continue supporting each other instead of taking revenge, because Kawin was one of the additional students who received exam questions.

The first victim, Miss Kuljira, If she had anything to do with Kawin, seemed to involve a social problem that Tul barely knew about. But for better or worse, if they manage to subpoena Kawin for questioning, we might find out whether he knew any of the victims or not.

The sound of a cell phone notification woke Tul up from her thoughts about Kawin. The phone screen showed a new email sent to her from the film developing store she had just visited this afternoon.

Film Laboratory: Washing, scanning, 1 roll of color film

Tul quickly clicked on the link that the store attached to the file. The film had expired, which caused the color of the image to become distorted, giving it a bluish or green hue as the previous owner of the store said. The roll of film that was taken was incomplete so only a few photographs were sent from the store, and almost all of them were photographs of young women in various poses who did not realize they were being photographed,

Lieutenant Tul narrowed her eyes to look at them one by one. The six young women who were secretly photographed seemed so familiar to her that she almost thought they were people close to her. However, what she thought was a little strange was that her clothes were not in line with today's times, more like the old days... the style of the previous generation... And

in the next second, as soon as she remembered where she had seen this group of women, her heart immediately skipped a beat. They were the six victims of the murder 18 years ago.

The next meeting of the special investigation team showed significant progress with the inclusion of photographs of old film reels, stored for decades, as important evidence. Phusit, a computer expert, adjusted the color of the image so that it looked normal, without the blue or green tint it had at first. The photographs of the six young women were then arranged in sequence on the bulletin board for all to see.

"These images were recorded with a film camera in the house of Witoon Thepwathi, the younger brother of the sixth victim,"

Lieutenant Tul said as she pointed to a photo of a woman chatting with a male customer while joking, unaware that she was being photographed, in secret. The compact film camera was manufactured in 1998. It is possible that the film used was still stuck on the camera from the same year and was never used again, and was then left at Mr. Witoon's house.

"How do you know it wasn't Mr. Witnon's camera? He probably took a photo of the victim and forgot the camera."

"Firstly, in the year of the incident, Mr. Witoon was only 14 or 15 years old and probably did not have sufficient capacity to commit a crime. Furthermore, his family was quite poor, so having things like a movie camera worth tens of thousands of baht seemed impossible, Another thing is that his appearance and height do not match the characteristics of the criminal that we currently predict, his height is only 165 cm."

Answered prosecutor Thiwa's doubts before revealing information from Mr. Witoon's statement before being seriously injured.

"Secondly, Ms. Nongkran, the sixth victim, had a habit of stealing valuables or money from clients who came to purchase her services. Mr Witoon said she normally carried watches, shoes and handbags."

“Yes, I think this film camera probably belonged to a client the victim met at the time.”

“That's right, and what is clear is that the owner of this camera was secretly taking photographs of the victims he was going to kill. And maybe because the camera was stolen, that's why there are only six victims in the photograph...”

Tul's voice softened as she watched Ran lower her head slightly as she spoke.

“If Miss Nongkran had not taken the camera, could the seventh victim have been a photograph of another prostitute instead of Ran's mother?”

“That means the perpetrator had a murder plan. He chased his victims, secretly followed them and took photographs of them. Miss Nongkran stole a client's camera, which means we will focus our investigation on the person who hired her at the time.”

"I agree with this idea, but I'm still confused about one more thing,"

Prosecutor Thiwa still had doubts. She leaned over and read all the documents she had in her hands.

“If you say the victim stole this camera, how can you be sure it doesn't belong to Mr. Wisut?”

Tul turned around and nodded suggestively at her junior who was waiting to provide her with background information. She clicked on her laptop to access the data. After a while, she moved the laptop screen so everyone could see the news program whose video they had saved. News about the motorcycle taxi driver who was shot, in the interview segment with Mr. Witoon's nephew at his house.

“Mr. Witoon is a motorcycle taxi driver who was caught in the crossfire. He lives alone with his nephew. Everyone, look behind the boy, in the upper right corner,”

Because the laptop screens were quite small, everyone got closer than before. In the foreground there was a child answering the reporter's questions, but in the upper right corner, as Lieutenant. Tul pointed out, there was a movie camera placed on a shelf..

“If it agrees with our assumptions. This criminal probably saw the news and went to take this movie camera from Mr. Witoon's house. But he didn't find it, so he destroyed the things in the house. This is because his nephew took the camera to play at a friend's house and didn't bring it back.”

“How could the perpetrator be sure it was the camera? Or how would I know that the rest of the film remains to this day?”

“Because the photographs had never been developed before. All images of the victim were still recorded on the camera.”

Tul answered the question eloquently.

“From the initial inspection of Mr. Witoon's home, almost no fingerprints of the previous thief were found, even though the items were scattered everywhere. It was clear that he just wanted to take the helmet. So it could be concluded that everything was the work of the serial killer.”

“It must have been very disappointing not to be able to find the movie camera that he thought was lost, but it turned up at the house of one of the victims' families...”

“But when he came to look for it, he couldn't find it, so he got angry and destroyed things in the house. But how come he doesn't leave any other traces like fingerprints or even hair? So we have important evidence in the form of old photographs, which show that the real perpetrator is still alive, not Mr. Wisut, the scapegoat who died last month.”

Prosecutor Thiwa summed it up because it was currently almost impossible for the investigation team to collect usable information other than old files, especially at that time, where none of the police officers handling the case agreed to cooperate and exclude new evidence. Everyone was happy and felt no shame for carelessly handling this case, even if they wanted to arrest

someone to get results. No matter how many lives had been destroyed by his actions, nothing could make up for this mistake.

Currently, the head office investigation team is focusing on Mr. Kasem's son, a businessman who has a conflict of interest with Deputy Chutikarn. They are aware of his criminal record that he has been physically violent with the woman next to him and his wife. Tul pointed to a photo of a handsome man with white skin and small, squinty eyes, as if he were of mixed Chinese descent.

“This man is 37 years old, is 183 cm tall and comes from a Chinese family. All the previous statements coincide with the characteristics of the criminal we are looking for..”

"I was the one who consulted his ex-wife to request a divorce from this man."

Thiwa crossed her arms in front of her chest, looking into the face of the man whose personality she knew. She has previously provided legal advice.

“But I will tell you first that it is a BDSM sexual preference. At first the wife felt complacent, but after a while she began to become increasingly violent until one day she was almost strangled to death during sex. Then she thought, her about getting divorced because she couldn't stand it.”

“The employee who was attacked also testified that she and Kawin had initially agreed to also have violent sexual relations. Because of this, she had bruises all over her body. Her friends pressured her to report the crime to the police... But she decided not to discuss it and the case ended.”

Until now, Tul still felt guilty for ignoring the case and never calling the perpetrator. However, if the victim did not want to cooperate, even if she insisted that the criminal case could not be settled, in the end it could end in compensation for damages, medical expenses, before separation.

“It also makes sense that Mr. Kawin was the perpetrator. 18 years ago he moved to another country and has just returned to Thailand, He had a lapse

of time before returning to cause trouble again.”

“But he was only 19 years old at that time. Isn't he too young?”

Tul still didn't want to believe that assumption.

“A 19-year-old boy is considered an adult man. He can go to university, study for a degree and work part time. But I agree that we should investigate this matter carefully because the only evidence we have is just a film camera.”

Thiwa said about what could really happen.

"If the perpetrator was really married at the time, he would have hired the sexual services of the sixth victim and that's when his camera was stolen, right?"

A police officer on the investigation team raised questions, causing Lieutenant Tul to turn around and ask for another photo from the film. It was not a photograph of the six victims, but rather a photograph that was taken intentionally or the shutter went off on its own. Tul held up the photo for everyone in the room to see.

“This is the last photo on your camera roll.”

The photo had been digitally enhanced to make it look as normal as possible, like the other images. The bright illumination of the flash showed the state of the bedroom with the bed frame, a small table next to the bed, and a large open window facing a tall building in the night sky.

“Where is that? Is it the perpetrator's room?”

“Let's consider this: Miss Nongkran, the sixth victim, intended to steal items, including this camera, after completing her task with a client. It's possible that she tried to take this photograph as a last resort.”

Tul expressed her opinion because the state of the room around her was full of scattered clothes, sex toys, wrinkled sheets and most likely on the other

side of the bed, the person under the blanket was the man who had hired the services of the woman.

“Then we have to find where this hotel is. It should be a hotel, because a building that tall is not a motel.”

"Yes, I may have to bother the prosecutor to get a search warrant in case the hotel doesn't want to reveal guest information."

Tul let out a soft voice and looked up for help. Thiwa nodded and accepted those words even though her face showed no emotion,

“Today’s meeting ends here. What we have to do next is follow the location seen in the last photo and closely monitor our suspect’s every movement.”

Lieutenant Tul touched with her finger the photograph of a man she already knew.

“Mr. Kawin Kalavanich,”

[Forensic examination found a foreign object embedded in the eye socket. It had the texture of carbon steel.]

“Does the leaf have a high carbon content? Most knife companies use it.”

[Yes, the blend has a carbon content of 0.95%. If we were looking for a knife with a blend like this, it should be fairly easy to locate.]

Che ran's voice came over the phone line. They called and talked late into the night about the weapons that forensic experts had recovered from the deceased's body.

“You are very talented.”

[Aren't you exaggerating?]

Although she said it in a funny voice, Tul's words always made her smile. And when the lieutenant's voice trailed off, the doctor's concerned question brought attention back to the matter at hand.

[What are you thinking about?]

“Um. It seems that Kawin will be fully involved in this case. I mean, even though we're not close, he's friends with P'Tihn. That makes it a little difficult for me,”

Tul said quietly as she lay on the bed. Although she didn't affect the case to the point where she couldn't continue, the feeling that the person was P'Tinn's friend still bothered her a little.

“If I were to discuss the matter with P'Tihn, it could affect my case due to the personal relationship. It would be better for me not to discuss it with my brother and let the investigation continue the process takes its course.”

[If he is friends with P'Tihn, does that mean he also knew the dead director?!]

“Yes, he is also someone who took a special math class. You should know this master better than P'Tihn.”

Tul put her hand to her forehead, annoyed. However, Kawin knew both victims of all three cases, what was the motive for committing a murder even though he himself belonged to the rich class? In Tul's opinion, he only knew the three victims, but there was nothing that could be considered a motivation to kill.

[There's something else I want to tell you... Do you remember the woman who secretly took photos of the man who hurt her?]

Tul imagined an image she had only seen twice while handling the physical violence case. Kawin was secretly photographed when he came out of the bathroom. Behind him was the view outside through the large window. At night, the skyscrapers are illuminated with dazzling light.

“Do you think it could be the same hotel as...?”

[I'm not sure. The condition of the room is quite different. Maybe it has been renovated.]

Tul couldn't stop thinking, trying to consider the possibility that it was the same hotel. Maybe she always stayed at this hotel in the past. And when he returned to Thailand, he kept choosing this place because he was used to it....

[Um... I think the same too. But we still have to check if it's the same place or not.]

The sound of the door closing from outside the room indicated that there was someone moving around the house. Maybe Tihn wanted to take a shower. Tul lay on the bed while she organized the thoughts in her head. There were still several photos on the camera roll that seemed so unrelated to the case that they were not mentioned or discussed at the meeting. For example, in the first photo on the roll, it looks like he just wanted to press the shutter, he had no intention of taking a photo, so the image was blurry. But Tul could still see the image: it was the leg of a pair of pants and a shoe.

Tul opened the photo she had saved on her cell phone and looked at it again. The blurry image of hi. made her squint and stare at it for a few minutes. Four intersecting lines are the hallmark of Onitsuka Tiger shoes. The steeper jumped up as soon as she realized it. She immediately asked to hang up on her girlfriend, who seemed a little confused.

“P'Tihn was taking a shower, so he wouldn't have heard the sound of his bedroom door opening..”

Tul dared to enter her room without fear of being discovered. P'Tihn's room was tidy and he had fewer things than her. In one corner was a large bed and a bookshelf filled with cookbooks, artificial plants, and photographs of the two brothers. Tul quickly went inside to look for an item she remembered keeping on the shelf.

The old photo album they used to look through together contained many memories from their childhood. Tul slowly flipped through the pages, examining each photograph carefully. There was a photo of Tihn holding her when she was a baby, a photo from a school event, a photo of her childhood birthday cake, and a photo from a trip to the beach with a neighboring family. When she turned the page, she showed a photo of her older brother growing up. Tihn entered high school wearing a military training uniform. Meanwhile, his younger sister, who was 8 years younger than him, was still wearing an elementary school uniform.

Until she found a photo she remembered taking from the album. It was a photo of a line with his close friend from high school, both dressed in casual clothes. The young man standing next to his brother was smiling at the camera, his distinctive handsome face looking much younger than now. He wore shoes that were popular among teenagers at the time.

"Marry Onitsuka Tiger shoes."

"What are you doing now?"

A voice from the owner of the room asked, making her heart pound. Tul hurriedly put the important photo in her shirt, before rushing to open the album to another page. P'Tihn raised his eyebrows at his sister, who had a strange expression as he walked to dry her wet hair and stopped next to her.

"Why do you suddenly open and look at photos from when we were little?"

"Well, I was thinking about our childhood in the old house,"

Tul changed the subject just as the album page she opened showed a photo of two brothers in school uniforms, standing together in front of their mother's store.

"We don't really have many photos of mom,"

Tul said as she searched for photos with her mother, and found less than five photos in the entire album. As for photos with her father, there were even fewer, since he barely intervened in their life. The two brothers

decided to take the photos out of the album and throw them away. Tul found a photo of her mother next to him in kindergarten. Memories of her mother immediately flooded through her as if they were watching a movie. Her mother was a woman who was considered very beautiful. However, most of her mother's life was dedicated to her family, her husband and her two children. During the day, she ran a store, often serving police officers and families from nearby homes, faithfully preparing meals each day.

Tul was too young to understand when she heard adults talk about her mother. She listened as her parents argued and heard criticism directed at her mother from everyone. They talked about how her mother enjoyed being married to a public official because of her high expectations, that she liked other men besides her father or even some young police officers who secretly flirted with her while her father was away, outside. Only her older brother, P'Tihn, kept telling her not to listen, that her mother wasn't like that.

However, after her parents divorced, the mother took her two children to move into her grandmother's house. In the album there was a photo of my grandmother in a two-story wooden house by the river. Her living conditions were much better than when she lived in the police flat. Before they grew up, their grandmother died of old age, so the two brothers moved in together alone.

“How do you think mom is now?”

PTinn was silent for a moment. The younger person could not see the older brother's facial expressions or gestures in time when he had a flashback involving his mother.

“Maybe... more comfortable than us? She lives in Spain.”

Yes... Her mother had a new husband who was a foreigner. She found love while she was at work. The two children were raised by her grandmother, and soon after the mother registered her marriage with a Spaniard and moved to live with a new family in her husband's country, leaving everything behind, her old life., her ex-husband and her two children.

After Kawin was detained for questioning with his personal lawyer for more than five hours, the suspect denied all allegations. Aside from that, the investigating officers themselves did not have enough evidence to prove that Kawin was the one who brutally killed the three victims. But it seemed that Captain Dan still hadn't given up. The next day, he filed a warrant requesting a search of the Kalavanich family home and Mr. Kawin's private luxury condominium. However, no clues were found, not even the weapons the perpetrator was believed to have used to commit the crime.

The joint investigation team meeting at Headquarters was full of pressure. Inspector Pichel, who was stopped to observe, looked at the young policeman who was giving orders. Captain Dan insisted that the investigation must be carried out with strict discipline and stressed that the perpetrator definitely harbored hatred towards those who hindered the family's interests. Kawin was a person who was under all the previous suspicions.

Suddenly, a policeman ran in, he seemed alert, he hurriedly saluted before speaking

“News program on TNS channel now....”

And finally, as we know Captain Dan looked at everyone, especially the inspector. There is a conflict of interest between them. Although he previously had strong support from MP Chutikarn, he turned against his interests by dining with his business competitors. The document slammed shut with all its strength. The entire room was silent for a moment, as if no one dared to speak in front of the leader of the investigation team. Captain Dan announced loudly without hearing any objections.

“Mr. Kawin is our main suspect. A second summons has been issued for immediate questioning. And from now on I hope to keep an eye on this man,”

③⑧

THIRTY-EIGHT



“The perpetrator used the same type of knife in the attack on the second and third victims. This can be seen in the wounds on both arms and on Mr. Kanok's neck. The nature of the wounds shows that the weapon struck first and was then dragged in a long cut. This shows that the weapon used was very strong and very sharp.”

Che-rån reported the developments to the joint investigation team. On the board was an image showing a deep stab wound to the director's neck and the movement of the gun. This evidence, which had been carefully examined by the coroner, was very important because it could lead to the arrest of the perpetrator.

And when examining the foreign objects embedded in the skull of Chutikarn, the third victim, we found that the material is 1905 with a percentage of 0.95% carbon. This steel is considered a very popular steel to use in the production of knives. And it is also the standard of the American Steel Institute.

“This document contains a collection of knives made of 1095 steel, originally manufactured in the United States and distributed by representatives in Thailand. We narrowed it down to knives with a blade thickness of 4 mm and a length of more than 3 cm, which match the characteristics of the wounds found on the victim.”

Bank helped distribute the documents to police officers and the prosecutor who met again. There were over 41 types of knives from various companies

in the United States, including military-grade weapons certified by the US Marine Corps, as well as professional kitchen knives used by chefs in the restaurant industry.

“Maybe the perpetrator is someone who knew about knives? Or he was crazy. If he were not a soldier or a police officer, he could be a chef,”

Prosecutor Thiwa analyzed according to the situation. Two people in the room, who knew Lieutenant Tul's family well, realized that her brother fit the listed job description. They looked at the lieutenant, who was momentarily lost in her thoughts.

“P'Tul, P'Tihn should know about this, right? If we try to ask.... Who is he?”

Thiwa asked for a name she had never heard of.

“My brother. He used to be a hotel chef.”

Tul answered the question after regaining her composure.

“But we can follow the information collected by the forensic team ourselves from here.”

Lieutenant Jew's suggestion was rejected. Tul didn't want her brother to get more involved because Tihn was friends with the suspect, which could have a big impact on this case. The photo of the two men from 18 years ago was still in the lieutenant's purse. The well-known brand of sneakers that Kawin was wearing at the time was closely linked to the serial murder case at the time.

It was something that made Tul think twice. What reason would a 15 year old young man have to kill a prostitute? If we talk only about the current case, Kawin was probably connected to all the victims. But what about the previous case? Was it just for his own enjoyment? Or actually the seven victims were not the work of Kawin. Because if he only wore Onitsuka shoes, then he was sure anyone could buy and wear them.

Furthermore, the brand's sneakers were not considered official evidence in the files registered at the corporate headquarters. These were just details of reports widely reported in the media. The brand saw Increase in sales without even spending a single baht on advertising. The police investigation became increasingly chaotic as thousands of people were seen wearing sneakers of the same brand.

Therefore, suspecting Kawin because of the shoes might be a bit exaggerated. Tul tried to push those worrying thoughts out of her mind and focus on the current direction of the investigation.

“Lieutenant Tul, are you listening?”

The person she was daydreaming about came to when she heard her name. Che-rán looked at her with a worried expression, different from before when her relationship had not progressed. Although formal pronouns were used because they were not alone, the concern was obvious.

"I'm referring to the differences in the clothing of the six victims in the case 18 years ago,"

The medical examiner explained again, repeating her previous statement.

“This supports the hypothesis that the perpetrator had planned it carefully, taking photographs of the victims he wanted to target. The clothes they were wearing in the photos were different from what they were wearing the day they were found dead, except for one person.”

All the photos on the board were comparisons of the victims' clothing, as Che ran mentioned. She pointed to the first two photographs in which there was no difference between the floral dress worn by Miss Whipa Chanporn.

“The clothes of the first victim in the photo are the same ones she was wearing when she was murdered. It is also the only image where the victim interacts with the camera while she smiles. This suggests that the first victim may not have been planned in advance, but she was chosen at random among the women. Additionally, the injuries to Ms. Whipa's face were more serious than those of the other victims,”

“The first case left a lot of evidence, which indicates that it may have been the first time he did it. His lack of proper planning made her struggle a lot during his actions. In later cases, he became more careful in chasing his victims first, as evidenced by the planning seen.”

Prosecutor Thiwa supported the forensic findings.

"Considering this, could he have a problem with prostitutes?"

Someone from the investigation team asked straight to the point. That was something Tul couldn't shake.

“We found suspicious points that indicate that the customer who purchased the service before the camera was stolen could be Mr. Kawin.”

Tul finally spoke from the beginning of the investigation meeting almost an hour ago. She decided to stand up and take the lead in presenting important information.

Photographs were taken again in the hotel room with old film cameras for informational purposes. This time, there was another photo accompanying the evidence the lieutenant obtained from a woman who was a battered sex worker, who had secretly photographed Kawin while he was at the hotel, showing the edge of the bed with a night view outside the room window.

“These two photographs were taken at different times, but they are most likely in the same place as seen from the furniture in the room and the view outside the window. Although there have been some renovations, there are still elements that remain in their original condition,”

Lieutenant Tul marked the combination between the slatted walls and the carpet on the floor, as well as the brown curtain behind it.

“So maybe the owner of this camera is Mr. Kawin.”

“We can check from previous guest records if the hotel still has it. But it seems like almost twenty years have passed. By law, hotels and resorts are required to retain guest Information for only one year.”

Prosecutor Thiwa spoke about the legal matter. This could cause the exam to not in as expected.

“Currently I can no longer contact the part-time worker. Otherwise, we might get information. about where Kawin met her, If it's the same place, it's possible that he is the suspect in both cases,”

Lieutenant Tul said. Since the day she went to see the woman before she refused her help because she did not want to involve the man who hurt her, Tul could no longer contact her. The address she wrote down turned out to be false, or perhaps she had moved because she didn't want anyone to come looking for her.

“I saw the police call Kawin again. Didn't you get any information?”

“Kawin was called in for a second interrogation, but I don't think that will help much.”

Tul shook her head slightly and looked down in disappointment. A sensational interrogation of Captain Dan who wanted to create a masterpiece. As for the suspect, he had done nothing more than deny all the accusations, it was possible that Kawin did not have evidence that clearly confirmed his veracity on the day of the murder. However, the police themselves had the evidence linking the motive and the relationship with the three victims. And the famous lawyer who was sent by the family to defend him really helped the case.

“Come on, now we have the knife and the evidence from the hotel in our hands. Let's split up to investigate and regroup later.”

According to the news broadcast by the TNS television channel news agency, evidence of a film camera that had been stored for more than 18 years had been found and there was a high possibility that it was footage of a serial killer who he had not yet been captured. Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio, who had long been a victim of injustice, was finally exonerated after years of being convicted of murder and placed under community supervision until his last breath.

The criminal courts had not given an answer to the society about their responsibilities in prosecuting the person who had done nothing wrong but was instead labeled with a sign of guilt. Apart from that, the police commander had not issued a statement of responsibility. Several community members came out to demand Mr. Wisut's human rights. Although it could be that he was no longer there when the world turned to notice his case and sympathize with him because it was necessary.

Several media outlets had delved into this topic, presenting it to arouse public curiosity, particularly Mr. Sirapob's Sirin TV channel, which would never let this matter go. It was time to bring news that would guide people's thinking and the owner of the TV station knew it. The queries were sent to the Police Headquarters, Central Bureau of Investigation.

“We just learned that the police officer responsible for the serial murder case 18 years ago was not someone else, but Police lieutenant General Tech Techakomol, current commander of the Central Investigation Police.”

The speaker reports according to the information he had. Meanwhile, Sirapob, who was behind the scenes, issued an ultimatum, saying that any problems that arose later, he himself was willing to take responsibility. Earlier, the police commander came and asked the television station to help him report favorable news to the police, but Mr. Sirapob broke his promise.

“This means that the lieutenant general of the Technical Police, who at that time was the leader of the case, arrested an innocent person. And because he managed to close a big case at that time, the entire investigation team was praised and received a promotion. Therefore, we want to be a voice of the community, to request a new investigation of the serial murder case that occurred 18 years ago.”

The news anchor used a serious tone while speaking to put pressure on the Police Headquarters, especially the commander who would soon be running for election.

“Another problem that we are aware of is that one of the investigative police officers of the team Investigating three cases of serial murders that

have not been able to catch the criminals is Lieutenant Tul Techakomol, daughter of the current police commander.”

The graphic behind the presenter changed. Previously, only the image of the commander of the Central Investigation Bureau was shown, but now the face of a young woman in uniform was seen. The figure could be familiar from previous interviews or statements during the investigation in which she had participated. The media had uncovered her detailed background, revealing that not only was her last name the same as Big Tech's. The daughter of the police commander's ex-wife, whose whereabouts had never been revealed.

The leading figure Sirapob, who took control of the news broadcast, immediately smiled with satisfaction. He was waiting for this moment for him to pay for what they had done to him when he revealed that he had intervened to cover up his son's mistakes. She didn't know how much time and money he would have to invest to regain people's trust and get them to watch shows on his television station again..

But in the end, that day he had started the war using the means of communication at his command.

“But how can we be sure that the daughter of Big Tech will be able to investigate with the same simplicity and without errors as her father did 18 years ago?”

The television in Inspector Pichet's private office was turned off when the news story ended, subtly directing attention to the police officer in front of him. It didn't mean that she was having problems at work, but that the problem had become bigger when they found out that she was Tech's daughter even though Tech had not even participated in raising her children.

Lieutenant Tul knew that one day she would get into trouble because her last name was similar to that of the Commander of the Central Bureau of Investigation. In fact, since she decided to pursue a career as a police officer, most people understood that she was associated with Big Tech. That probably made many of the coaches not dare to do anything against her and even praising her although in reality Tul didn't want any of that. She got to

this point alone without having to depend on the man who had to be her father.

Inspector Pichet sighed in the midst of the silence of the room. No one made a sound. They did not expect that the news would dare to question the issue that directly targeted the Commander with completely unfounded accusations. In all the time he had known Lieutenant Tul, she had never mentioned her father's name to intimidate other colleagues.

But currently Lieutenant Tul was in trouble again because of her father.

“You are here, Headquarters Star.”

Captain Dan opened the door to the room and entered without wasting any time knocking and asking permission. His words were cynical, her eyes seemed angry at the policewoman who was the subject of a scandal about her joining the investigation team because of her father's connections

"You think I don't know anything about the camera that belongs to a criminal but that you refuse to send to the evidence unit? You are trying to create a job so difficult that it is difficult for anyone else to move. If this case ends, not only will you be under disciplinary inspection..... but you will also be fired,"

Captain Dan hissed, not caring about the inspector sitting there with his head held high.

“And you probably don't need to ask the inspector's permission. We will call Mr. Kawin for questioning again.”

His eyes flashed as he looked at Inspector Pichet, who chose to side with the wrong person instead of following him. Instead, the inspector acts like an uncle who expects good results from that situation.

“Do you have any other evidence?”

“There is.”

His eyes seemed disgusted towards Lieutenant Tul, who returned her gaze without giving up.

“Originally I was going to ask you to carry out the interrogation but, it's a shame that....”

Captain Dan paused for a moment, as if he was keeping some secret.

“This suspect turns out to be a friend of your older brother, Lieutenant. Oh... So that's why you didn't call him to question him about the physical assault case? You believed yourself to be superior to other people, but in the end, you also chose to do the same.”

With a disdainful tone and lowered gaze, as if to assert his superiority over many people, Captain Dan approached, despite the fact that the inspector forbade him to avoid a confrontation as before. However, nothing significant happened other than whispered words that sounded like threats. His voice came out slowly, conveying the news that he had received directly from a higher authority.

“The commander wishes to see you, lieutenant, now and alone.”

This was the second time that Lieutenant Tul went to the Police Commander's office, where no one dared to question her position and the reason for her visit, especially when the truth had been revealed to the public that she had a direct relationship with the Commander. Although no one knew the depths behind the scenes, it was evident that both sides had competed and greatly underestimated each other.

The lacquered teak door opened and the room radiated a sickening light, to the point that Lieutenant Tul refused to enter. She could see the back of her biological father who was standing looking at the view outside the large window. The last time they met face to face, Big Tech distanced itself from responsibility and challenged him to find evidence that could prove his words that the investigation he was responsible for 18 years ago was wrong.

Tech himself realized that he was betrayed by the person he turned to and asked for help. The entire reason behind this stemmed from the person he was called to meet, the person who had turned around and spoken to him harshly, leaving a deep wound. She was the girl he didn't even consider his own. Compared to his eldest son, who was years old at the time, the long distance meant that the young and promising police officer never imagined that he would have a second child. Until his wife became pregnant and gave birth to a daughter.

Instead of being filled with joy, Tech became a completely different person. He wondered how that was possible, especially when he was busy with his work. High-ranking police officers liked and trusted him, assigning him to important cases. He barely had time for his family, his wife, his son or even to go home to sleep.

Tul was born in the middle of a breakup between her father and mother. It was his father who couldn't accept it even at that moment.

“What are you doing?”

A look of hatred turned toward the person who would destroy everything he had built throughout his life, dedicating body and soul to his career. All this was clouded by a case almost forgotten by society.

“How can you sleep for almost 20 years after ruining other people's lives?”

Tul replied bitterly, looking into those piercing eyes that she hated to admit were similar to her own, the only thing that her mother thought was exactly the same as his father's.

“I did the best I could in this case. The evidence at that time showed who the perpetrator was.”

“Evidence? There is almost no evidence. The hammer he used was a different size than the wound on the corpse, You prosecuted an innocent person! There were many things that you ignored and refused to examine. And only now has come to light.”

“What do you mean that camera is evidence? Because of your selfishness, it makes everyone.. “

“How dare you say that others are selfish compared to what you have done?”

Tul just laughed. When she heard that phrase she couldn't believe what she heard. The gesture shown in front of her infuriated. Tech so much that he could barely control his own voice.

“Be quiet!”

The hand that pointed to Tul's face trembled with anger.

“What I was trying to do was control the situation, but you ruined it, you ruined the image of the case, and the media is trying to attack me Bastard! Because you caused the division of society, people think the police can't do their job!”

“If you only care about losing fate, that's up to you. Instead of moving forward to investigate the possibility, you chose a path that would allow you to survive. You are good at sweeping problems under the rug. I just discovered it. The higher the rank, the more brazen and dare not admit your mistake. You are a shameless person.”

Tech hated everything the person in front of him said to him. A lack of fear of the authority he faced, a face and eyes that radiated defiance. Furthermore, the hatred grew even more as he knew very well that it was his own flesh and blood that was there shouting insulting words. Tech lunged forward, raising his hand high, intending to punch the arrogant girl in the face to teach her a lesson.

However, Tul managed to stop him just in time before the heavy hand landed. After training his body well, he was able to handle the strength of an old man that she got carried away with as time went by. Tech glared at his daughter, veins bulging on his temples, and pulled his hand away from her.

“Go away.”

His deep voice seemed to have difficulty containing his emotions. He didn't even want to see her face.

“And never show your face again. If you can, just die,”

"Have you never cared whether your wife and children live or die?"

Tul stood tall, mocking him with her words, not afraid that Tech would attack her again. Although she always thought that her father had died a long time ago, and she had no affection left for the man who abandoned her family, there was still one more thing....

“You are not my daughter,”

"I never thought of you as a father either."

Tul looked at the person who gave her his last name, before turning around and leaving his room, leaving alone a man whose hands were shaking with anger and who couldn't control his own daughter. Following a dire situation that spiraled out of control, with news circulating about irregularities in the Central Bureau of Investigation investigation, chief investigator Captain Dan took a firm stance that he was not involved with Big Tech's daughter as alleged. Lieutenant Tul was not on the team and had no role in determining the direction of the case.

As much as he raged about restoring his reputation, the police's failure to capture the perpetrator remained a source of public criticism. Furthermore, it was revealed that 18 years ago, the Commander may have captured an innocent person, thus allowing the real culprit to wander around committing crimes again. Big Tech's position was beginning to falter.

In addition, the ruling party also held a meeting on the political reputation of Pol. Lieutenant General Tech Techakomol.

“If this case is not resolved and the old cases remain unresolved, I do not think we should continue supporting it was a suggestion to avoid

information that could damage the image of The party. A few days ago, they issued a statement about MP Chutikan Panjasap, one of the victims, saying that they were not involved in rumors of buying and selling votes for commercial gains between capitalists. Anyone who could damage the party's reputation and potentially become a target for opposition attacks was to be removed,”

Big Tech looked like it was about to suffer the same fate.

“But... we have already invested a lot in it. The large campaign posters we just ordered cost millions, not to mention the promotional costs to improve their image. You just need to register and start campaigning,”

“Losing some money is better than staying with someone whose story is tarnished. Catching the wrong person is a serious matter, leading to dismissal from the police until it is verified whether it is true or not. We must not take risks. This matter will take a long time, but the elections are only two months away. We can not wait any longer,”

Random murmurs were heard among the executive committee members, all parties agreed with that opinion. It was as if they had forgotten that he had been there before to approve the joining of the police commander of the Central Bureau of Investigation into a political party. Of course, having a high-ranking police officer who is respected by everyone would give the ruling party a good image. But with the situation in disarray, if they continued to support him, the party could fall into the abyss of destruction along with Big Tech.

“I think we should give the Commander a chance. If the case is solved and the real culprit is caught, people will praise him so much that he will get a big vote in the elections. It depends on... if we are willing to take a chance and give it a chance or not.”

Another voice offered a different perspective. Only a few members of the party's executive committee tacitly agreed. Some thought that such opportunities would be difficult. Many other groups shook their heads.

“We have to take some risks. If this case really works, the public will vote for Big Tech and out party. I am sure that Big Tech will not let this opportunity pass by.”

The Forensic Institute collected more than 41 types of sharp weapons made of 1095 carbon steel to test them on dummies. Che-rán asked an officer for help to imitate Mr. Kanok's throat-cutting method. They measured the results based on the depth and width of the wounds, comparing them to find the weapon that best matched the wounds on the corpse

“Are you okay, Banks? We can get someone else to do it.”

"I'm still fine,"

The young officer confirmed, a little out of breath. He twisted his increasingly sore wrist before grabbing the next knife to try. It was clear that penetrating a knife deep enough to reach the muscle and then slowly cutting a blood vessel would require enormous strength in the arm and wrist, or perhaps it was someone specially trained with this type of weapon..

The sharp blade deeply scraped the doll's neck. The hands of the person who exerted force several times began to tremble slightly. Banks exhaled immediately after finishing testing the weapon. The next step was to measure the size of the wound. Che ran approached with measuring Instruments and a sheet of notes, ready to find the answer.

“The wound is 3 cm deep, the mouth of the wound is 4 mm thick... The author must have used this knife.”

The last sentence was like heaven for Bank, who was beginning to lose strength. He wrote down the results on a clipboard, while his assistant told the doctor about the knife..

"This KA-BAR knife is usually owned by soldiers of the United States Marine Corps, doctor."

Banks turned the handle of the knife in his hand to see letters engraved on the blade, which read US ARMY.

"Is it famous enough?"

"This is a legendary knife among collectors. There are rumors that the KA-BAR can kill bears similar animals."

Che-rán raised her eyebrows at her assistant, who seemed to know a lot about this knife. Bank seemed to realize this and scratched the back of his head, a little embarrassed.

"My father is a knife collector. He was in the military, so I asked him about it."

Before they could speak further, the door to the small meeting room Che-rán had requested for weapons testing opened and a new person entered. Lieutenant Tul looked at the numerous dolls lying on the floor and the large bag full of knives. Even without being told what they were doing, Tul could guess from the scene before her.

"What were the results?"

The lieutenant asked as she walked in and stood next to her girlfriend, who handed her a clipboard to read her note.

"The weapon used by the perpetrator was a KA-BAR knife, an American military knife."

Bank handed the sharp weapon to Lieutenant Tul for inspection, She grabbed the leather handle and pulled the knife out of the sheath, revealing the blade which was matte black in color as it was made of carbon steel. Tul knew a little about pocket knives and survival knives, and she could tell that this was a high-quality Item.

"American military knife?"

“Yes, lieutenant. KA-BAR knives come in various grades, but the high quality ones are made from 1095 high carbon steel, like the one we found on the victim. Most likely they were imported from the United States.”

"If it's imported, it shouldn't be too difficult to track it."

Tul tried to push out of her mind the disturbing thoughts that the only person who could buy this knife without going through a Thai dealer was someone who had just returned from the United States. It's not that she wanted to side with his brother's old friend, but all the evidence pointed specifically to Kawin.....

After receiving information about the weapon used by the perpetrator, Lieutenant Tul referred it in the investigation team to trace the list of buyers and sellers of the knife for the past year.

“Are you stressed about the news?”

Che-rán asked as they walked down the hallway of the Forensic Institute building. The Sirin TV news was widely discussed. Few people knew that Big Tech had not contacted his family in decades. And Lieutenant Tul rarely revealed who her father was, as if that were more shameful than admirable.

“I am used to.”

"That habit is not a good thing."

Che ran said, reaching out to take her hand. Lieutenant Tul smiled slightly, although her eyes were not smiling, not wanting her lover to worry. There were too many things to deal with and now she had to face the fact that her suspect was someone close to her.

"I have something to tell you,"

Tul's voice was serious, unlike before, which Che rán could feel. They walked together to the doctor's office for privacy, making sure no one overheard them because Tul wasn't ready to reveal this to anyone. The

lieutenant took a photograph from her brother's old photo album and gave it to her girlfriend.

"P'Tihn? And the person next to him.."

"Kawin,"

Tul answered the question quietly. Her fingers pointed to the shoes the young man was wearing. Wear Onitsuka shoes. 18 years ago, he was only 19 years old and rich enough to buy expensive shoes, a movie camera or sleep in a hotel. All the evidence is pointed against him, except...

"I've thought a lot about what his motive could be for killing a prostitute."

"As for the motive, we have to question him, P'Tul. Maybe the reason is something we can't imagine."

"I want to be the one to question him, but I can'."

Tul sighed, letting her shoulders slump. As she said, all signs pointed to Kawin. It was difficult to deny that he was involved in the two murder cases at different times. A police officer like her would have to be responsible for her duties by bringing him in for questioning, but that depended on the fact that she currently had no right to summon anyone for direct questioning, as it was prohibited by the team appointed by the police officer Commander.

"As for the KA-BAR knife, if we Investigate the name of the person who bought the knite from the importing company, we could obtain a clue that leads to the perpetrator."

"Kawin lived in the United States for almost twenty years. He also studied military school in Thailand. He should have some knowledge about knives and could buy them without having to go to anyone. But why does it seem like all the evidence points towards him?..."

And besides, it hadn't rained for days, everything was too perfect, making him not believe that Kawin was the criminal the police were looking for. Not because he was friends with his brother...he wasn't a discriminatory

police officer. It was a kind of premonition that made her not believe one hundred percent the things she saw,

Lieutenant Tul's-cell phone rang, it was an incoming call from a Jew.

[Phi, there's a big problem.]

Jew immediately spoke without waiting for Tul to ask.

[So far Kawin has not come to the summons for questioning. Now Captain Dan has set a time limit, if Kawin still does not arrive at night, an arrest warrant will be issued immediately.]

Tul knew she had to return to headquarters after her brief stop at the Forensic Institute. But before she could leave, Che rán stopped her by gently pulling her arm and hugging her like she always did when she saw Tul looking stressed, as if she was carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders..

Tul hugged her back, feeling exhausted both physically and mentally, as if she had received words of comfort through body language. She didn't expect to be bothered by the harsh words of the man who was supposed to be her father figure. The hatred she harbored since childhood did not disappear easily, but as she grew older, she learned that it was just a selfish view, one that humans often have. Although she always knew that Tech never cared about the lives of his children, whether they were alive or not, she still never expected to hear such cruel words come out of his mouth. No matter how hard she pretended, in the end those words still stuck in her heart, no matter how hard she tried to ignore them.

“I trust you, you are doing everything you can. It doesn't matter what the rest say.”

“Um.”

Tul's face rested on Ran's shoulder. She didn't want to distance herself from her lover, but she couldn't stay hidden there either. A few minutes passed

before they both let go. The youngest placed a soft kiss on the Lieutenant's cheek, causing a smile to appear on her face.

“I have to go.”

She said it like that, but Lieutenant Tul was still dawdling as if she didn't want to go anywhere. If it weren't for work, she would like to spend time with Che rán all day, anywhere, away from the hustle and bustle.

Lieutenant Tul returned to the base, trying to avoid putting herself in a position that could cause trouble, especially with Captain Dan currently under great pressure because he would uncontrollably attack anyone who got in his way. The officers on her team began to have difficulty defending themselves.

Darkness began to fall and spread across the night sky. Outside there was not even the shadow of Kawin that the police were waiting for. This situation forced Captain Dan to have no choice but to issue an arrest warrant against the person who refused to cooperate with the official interrogation subpoena.

Everyone knew that the superiors had determined the direction of the investigation, limiting it only to the recent serial murders. They did not want investigations of past cases to tarnish their good name. Even the person on the highest pyramid began to shake, his chair becoming hot and uncomfortable, until he encouraged Captain Dan to immediately arrest the main suspect, whoever he was. All he wanted was to save himself from the fire that threatened to consume them, not caring that the consequences of his actions would eventually catch up with him, no matter how many years passed. A list of people who bought knives imported from the United States was sent to Lieutenant Tul.

Around 7 pm, after requesting a special investigation team to help find all the names. As expected, there was no name on the list of names, Kawin Kalavanich. If he did not buy the knife inside Thailand, it is possible that he had bought it abroad or kept it for more than a year, depending on the scope

of the investigation, But if you expanded the scope beyond this, would searching for evidence become too difficult?

At the same time, Jew received a message from someone on the joint investigation team, namely Phusit, who asked them to go to the eighth floor, where the Technological Crimes Division was located. The two police officers immediately ran there.

The criminal investigation department was full of officers due to a major case that was still unsolved and under public scrutiny, no one could leave until the matter was resolved. As for other departments that did not participate, there were not many officers left. Thus, only Phusit and his computer were in the Cyber Police station.

“I tried enlarging photographs taken with the film camera and adjusting the clarity, until I found this.”

Phusit couldn't wait to speak, without delay, his hand quickly opened the program he had left before. The photo taken inside the hotel where Miss Nongkran pressed the shutter button, 18 years ago, appeared on the screen. The young policeman pressed the mouse several times to enlarge the image, getting closer to the white pillow that lay on the bed, bigger... bigger... Until gold thread letters could be seen embroidered on the pillow.

Hotel Indra Palace'

“Indra Palace, I remember that the hotel was recently closed for renovations, right?”

“Yes, it's an old hotel built in 1981. It was closed for renovations and reopened earlier this year.”

Phusit answered the question with the information he had.

“You could say that the Indra Palace Hotel was known as a top hotel. It had been built in the city for more than 35 years and stood out for its Thai architecture, decorated with elements such as sick and teak. They accommodated both foreign tourists and important state guests.”

“Then, 18 years ago, the perpetrator stayed here... We have to further investigate whether the woman who was a part-time worker and who was abused by Kawin was at the Indra Palace Hotel or not.”

Inside a suite at the Indra Palace Hotel, a mist of white smoke from an electronic cigarette rises from the lips of a man, seeking to relax from the stress accumulated over the past few days. A glass of amber liquid rested on an antique-style nightstand, next to a bottle of liquor from one of the hotel's toiletries. His large, curtainless windows revealed a familiar panorama of the capital's skyline, always enchanting no matter how many times or how many year had passed, Kawin, as always, was captivated by the beautiful views that could not be found anywhere else apart from this hotel.

The sound of the front door bell broke the atmosphere. The good times are gone for the man. He placed his e-cigarette next to his unfinished glass of wine, before standing up and walking towards the front door of the room to greet the visitor. The lawyer his father recruited had such a weak expression on his face that Kawin could guess what had happened. He fled to that hotel, while his father continued to search for solutions to the problems his family was facing.

The lawyer followed him and sat on the living room sofa. Kawin crossed his legs comfortably, no need to practice manners even if the other person was older than him.

“Mr. Kawin, I think you should probably turn yourself in to the police, since they have no evidence against you either. But if you remain silent and they can't contact you... You could face charges for not cooperating with the police.”

The lawyer tried to console according to the instructions of the head of the family, and fought against all odds, assigning his son qualified legal advice. However, the response received was a firm refusal, stating that he would not meet the police again.

“Why should I go?”

“Now the police have issued an arrest warrant. The more you nun, the bigger the problem we will have.”

His lips released cloudy white smoke that smelled like fruit and spread throughout the room, The lawyer's sweat was dripping from his temples even though the air conditioning was working at full capacity, since his client was not willing to follow his advice. The amber liquid in the glass was a complete drink and the soft flavor stuck to the man's tongue as it comforting him, as if nothing bad was going to happen..

The next morning, the Central Bureau of Investigation handed over full authority to search for Mr. Kawin. No one had been able to contact this suspect. The family and lawyers refused to testify. Journalists from several news stations were waiting in front of the main building since the day before yesterday, after receiving confirmation from the head of the serial murder investigation team, Captain Dan, who said that the suspect would soon be arrested.

According to previous reports, the man summoned by the police was the son of Kasem Kalavanich, president and CEO of the Vanitchakit group, who had a conflict with the Chutikarn MP, so it is possible that his son was involved. Many news agencies were also investigating this suspect's story, looking for his relationship with other victims.

The news broke out and caught the public's attention overnight. Although there was no evidence to prove that Kawin was the real perpetrator, the fact that he had not come forward made him very suspicious. As a result, there were various interpretations that Kawin was a murderer who currently escaped arrest.

Captain Dan could wait no longer. He took out an arrest warrant and stormed the Kalavanich family home and Mr. Kawin's private condominium, A large black van drove away from the base, sirens blaring, until a group of journalists rushed to report the developments to their own agency, and some decided to drive and follow the police.

The condominium next to the Chao Phraya River was the first place raided and searched by the investigation team. They admitted to the condo owner that there was a suspect trying to escape arrest. The sound of high-top leather shoes could be heard all the way to the front of the room where he had arrived with the warrant.

No matter how many times he knocked on the door, shouting intimidatingly, no one came out to open it. The young police officer immediately decided to break down the door to enter. However, after chocking, there was no sign of the room's owner. Captain Dan opened the closet and found it almost empty. Personal belongings had disappeared from their proper place. The young police officer gritted his teeth and held back his anger at the thought that the suspect might have escaped.

The next place was the Kalavanich family home, where almost no police were received a second time. Kawin's mother fainted when the investigation team returned with an arrest warrant for her only son. Meanwhile, the father could only sit silently, unable to speak, with his bottle of drink. The police carried out a thorough search of the entire spacious house, in every room, but did not find a single trace of Mr. Kawin

"Mr. Kasem, I will ask you and you will have to cooperate with us."

Captain Dan approached the old man that he was drunk and asked him in a random and authoritative voice.

"Where did your son go?"

The old man did not answer. He looked twenty years older than he was before, his eyes were sad because he couldn't find a way out of this problem.

"I will ask again, where is your son? We need to arrest him for questioning as a suspect."

From a person who was respected for often sharing with many people, many people now gossiped that he was involved in the death of MP Chutikarn. The small shopping center he was about to build had to be

temporarily stopped, and today... his only son had become a suspect in a serial murder. Everything he had worked for his entire life was destroyed in the blink of an eye.

“If you do not respond, you will be accused of complicity with the perpetrator, Get ready for that.”

At the end of his threat, Mr. Kasem's wife plopped down on the couch, listening to the last chance Captain Dan had given this family. She left the house with a heavy heart and had to immediately decide her next course of action. After considering the entire situation, it seemed like there was no other option. The suspect evaded arrest,

“I hereby order coordination with the police in all regions, especially in border areas.”

He sent agents to conduct inspections throughout the airport if there was an attempt to escape this country.

“If Kawin was found anywhere, arrest him immediately.”

The incident began to escalate when Captain Dan issued an order requesting cooperation from officers from all sectors to expedite the search for Kawin. Dozens of police officers from the Central Bureau of Investigation were sent to carry out their duties. Anyone who found clues or traces of the suspect's whereabouts should report it immediately. Any officer found violating orders or attempting to cover up important evidence would face disciplinary action.

Lieutenant Tul knew who the latest emergency order was referring to, although previously any evidence or leads she and her team were aware of had always been dismissed with doubt. But when the time came, he imposed demands and made all kinds of threats, until the last second.

'Continuing with the news that is currently in the spotlight, Captain Dan and his team still emphasize that the three recent murder case has nothing to do with the murder of prostitutes in 1998. Apart from that, they emphasize that

the Police are currently pursuing and arrested a suspect who is believed to be evading arrest at this time.'

The small television screen in Inspector Pichet's office showed breaking news segments reporting on the developments in the case. On the screen were images of a van parked near the door of a mansion, watched eagerly by reporters. Police vehicles were seen arriving at the scene of the incident, but their location was not revealed, sparking various speculations and discussions in the community. Many speculated that it could be the residence of the Kalavanich family, suspected of being involved in the case.

"Doing this will make the suspect more alert,"

The inspector said, pointing out the weakness of Captain Dan who was being interrogated. There were journalists everywhere. This could have the advantage of attracting journalists as a group in their own right. But at the same time, it also had a more negative impact in terms of exposure. Reporters would reveal what the police were doing and where they were, so the suspect would find out and find a way to escape,

"Inspector, did he really escape?"

Jew and her superior still secretly doubted that the police could control the suspect. Looking at the financial status and connections, it seemed like there were enough resources to easily escape.

"I don't want to be sure. At the first interrogation, Captain Dan tried to intimidate and pressure him into confessing, but there was no evidence against him, only circumstantial evidence and a motive."

"This is like... the case of Mr. Wisut,"

The inspector nodded with a serious expression, unable to deny that the police officer's actions at that moment were extremely reckless. They were pressured to immediately arrest the perpetrators and also tried to deny any connection in the old case. Many accumulated factors had ruined the situation. There was a possibility that Kawin was innocent... However, his

evasive behavior, hiding, running away, and rejecting calls, made it reasonable to be suspicious.

“But now they have coordinated with the border police, they have intercepted cars entering and leaving on the toll road, they have checked the names of people traveling abroad, but they still have not found Mr. Kawin. In my opinion....he is still hiding in this country.”

“Hotel Indra Palace.”

Was the first place that came to Tul's mind.

“What's wrong with the hotel, Lieutenant?”

“Yesterday our team confirmed images from a movie camera from 18 years ago. There was a picture taken in a suite at the Indra Palace hotel. Perhaps, that is also the same hotel where Kawin slept with the woman he was sexually abusing.”

“Have you sent someone to investigate that?”

“Not yet, Inspector. That's just a guess at the moment. I intend to check it out myself. If that happens...”

"Come on, I'll go with you,"

Inspector Pichet stood up and took the coat that covered his office chair

The Indra Palace Hotel was relatively quiet during the day because it was not the Christmas season. The floor of the lobby was paved with marble and scented with flowers, welcoming guests from the entrance. The receptionist respectfully greeted the three police officers with a traditional Thai wall. Inspector Pichet cleared his throat slightly before identifying himself with his official badge.

“Hello, we would like to check the names of last year's guests.”

The receptionist's expression changed slightly because this was a situation that had never been handled before. But she still agreed, asking the three of them to sit and wait on the couch while she went to see the manager to meet him in person. Without waiting too long, a man wearing a uniform similar to the employee walked towards them. On the chest of his shirt was an orchid flower that was similar to the leadership symbol there.

“Hello, I'm the manager here. How can I help you?”

“We are looking for a suspect in the case we are investigating, that is why I ask for your cooperation in verifying the guest list.”

This time it was Lieutenant Tul who spoke up to explain to the hotel manager. The man had a polite and hesitant expression on his face, it seemed as if he was thinking about how to reject her..

“I don't think we can reveal the guest's personal information.”

“But it's urgent. At least we want to know if he is here today,”

Inspector Pichet immediately argued. He practically assumed something like this would happen. It is possible that the hotel. did not readily agree to cooperate with police requests.

"Then we might need a warrant for the search. Does the police have one?"

"It seems like he could be here, since you won't let us search, that seems very suspicious to me,"

Lieutenant Jew also yelled dissatisfiedly at the hotel manager, but the inspector shook his head so as not to be too reckless.

“I apologize, Because our hotel respects guests who come to spend the night. Therefore, it is feared that providing any information that would violate the right to privacy and possibly disturb the comfort of guests ill allow the police to conduct a search.”

His polite tone only increased the frustration of the two police officers. It was clear that the hotel prioritized its Image over cooperation. But by the

time the court order arrived, it was possible that Kawin had fled elsewhere.

“Okay, I will return with a warrant.”

As the leader, the inspector decided to withdraw because, no matter what, they would not be allowed to inspect or obtain more information from the hotel at this time. Lieutenant Jew shook her head as they walked to the front of the building

“What should we do, inspector? By the time the summons arrives, it may already be too late.”

"Prosecutor Thiwa once said that she could help us,”

Lieutenant Tul said, mentioning the name of the person who had always collaborated with them, whether she helped expedite the summons of the accused or even helped to have a house search warrant for cases, previous ones, perhaps she could be his only way out.

“Prosecutor Thiwa agreed, but now we have to go to the prosecutor's office.”

"I'll go myself,”

Lieutenant Jew offered and quickly ran back to her car, Inspector Pichet and Lieutenant Tul decided to stay and part as hotel guests, hoping that the suspect would turn up somewhere. Inspector Pichet headed to the restaurant located in the west wing of the building, while Lieutenant Tul surveyed the large parking area for vehicles registered to Mr. Kawin.

Lieutenant Tul walked toward the outdoor parking lot for guests and other visitors, worried that if she didn't get a search warrant today, the situation would become even more stressful.

Meanwhile, Captain Dan's investigation team, which was spread across several locations, had yet to make any progress in searching for the fugitive.

At this moment, a car drove in and found a parking place outside. Everything seemed normal until Lieutenant Tul walked past him and saw the man in the suit getting out of the car, whom she had seen before.... Mr. Kawin's lawyer.

A glass elevator ascended in the 18th floor, reserved for special guests seeking privacy and top-notch service. The spacious rooms on this floor offered spacious accommodation with panoramic views of the capital. The leather shoes stepped on the thick, elegantly patterned carpet that covered the hallway. There was a room number on the teak door, and he stopped at the number that matched the information he had received, which was the room where the suspect the police were looking for was staying.

He had his ear pressed to the door in case he tried to hear any sounds from inside. But the thick walls of the five-star hotel effectively blocked any sound. However, this did not pose any problem for the visitor, as the receptionist had given him a spare key. One hand grabbed the gun holstered on her belt as she carefully and silently opened the door.

The polished teak doors creaked open as the visitor entered the luxurious suite. The cold air from the air conditioning brushed against his skin, indicating that someone was still there. The large windows offered beautiful views of the city. The visitor moved slowly, looking left and right, searching for signs of the person he was chasing.

Suddenly something unexpected happened. Someone appeared from behind, when the visitor was unprepared. A long, heavy object was thrown upward and then slammed hard into the back of the visitor's head. The rapid impact caused him to immediately fall to the ground, unable to react further. Blood slowly seeped onto the carpet. Kawin stood up, panting, looking at the unconscious policeman with a hardened gaze.

The 18th floor elevator opened again, this time it was Lieutenant Tul who ran out when she discovered the suspect's room number. It took her quite some time to get this information from Kawin's lawyer. And earlier, the hotel reception staff told him that other agents had arrived with a warrant.

Who was that officer? The inspector? But Jew hadn't returned yet, right? Tul took her personal weapon in a ready position to take precautions before reaching the room. But it turned out that the door was open, which made Tul, who had just arrived, take out her gun just in case, maybe the suspect was still hiding inside.

The tip of her foot pushed the teak door open wider than before. The first thing she did was pass the tip of the gun through the chamber. But before she had time to check further, in the middle of the room there was the body of a person lying in a pool of blood on the carpeted floor. Her heart was racing when she thought that the same incident had happened to Lieutenant Jew. But the one who lay wounded was someone else, it was someone she knew very well.

It was Captain Dan who lay motionless on the carpeted floor. Blood flowed in alarming quantities. But before Lieutenant Tul could figure out how he got there or check if the man was still alive, footsteps were heard behind before a loud shout ordered the people in the room to stay still.

“Stop right there! You're surrounded! Lieutenant? What's going on....”

“Captain! The Captain was attacked!”

Dozens of police officers had just arrived after being informed by the head of the investigation team that the suspect might be hiding in this hotel. They sent reinforcements, but it was too late. Captain Dan, who was attacked, was lying in the middle of the room, but the person found at the scene was not the person they were looking for.

“Lieutenant, why are you here?”

News reports revealed that that afternoon, the suspect in the serial murder case, Kawin Kalavanich, escaped arrest after injuring a police officer. The injured officer was identified as Captain Dan, head of the investigation team that attempted to arrest the suspect.....

The serious injuries sustained became a topic of widespread discussion, leading to questions being raised about how such an incident could have occurred. Despite predictions that the suspect would leave the country, he managed to evade capture once again. Amid the chaos, police operations appeared ineffective, leading to public criticism of authorities' handling of the situation

Central Bureau of investigation police traced Kawin's departure through CCTV footage at the Indra Palace Hotel. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Tul was detained for questioning after being the first person found at the scene following the attack on Captain Dan. The injured officer was immediately taken to a hospital for treatment. Although he had received medical treatment, his condition remained worrying. A blow to the base of his skull could affect his nerves or even his cervical spine, posing a risk of paralysis.

Photographic evidence from the crime scene, including images of Captain Dan's severe head injuries, was sent to a forensic institute for examination. Che-rán took the reins as soon as she heard about the incident. The weapon used to attack the young police officer was a 140 centimeters high hard chrome steel lamp stand, so it could be dangerous. However, the height of the object needed a large enough space for the swing to be more effective, indicating that there was enough space for such an attack.

A hand took a photograph of the wound on the back of his head and held it up for consideration. The mouth of the wound opened because the solid object hit hard in a slightly tilted position to the left.

Che-ran's brow furrowed as she discovered a small detail that she couldn't pass up. If the gun was more than 140 cm long and Captain Dan's body fell in the middle of the room, that meant that the criminal slipped behind him and had to use the space to hit the long iron bar on the back, back of the policeman's head. That's what made the wound lean to the left.

The doctor immediately stood up, her heart racing as she found important evidence that could change the shape of the case. Her thin legs walked towards her own desk, where she kept an old photo that Lieutenant Tul gave her the other day. A photo of Tihn and an old friend from high school. Kawin wore a watch on his right hand confirming that he was left-handed. Her thin

eyebrows drew together in confusion, her white teeth biting her lip out of habit as she thought hard. The files containing the autopsy reports of the three cases were removed from the back shelf. Che-rán placed it on the table before opening it and looking at each page to find the information that she had written herself.

MP Chutikan Panjasap's body had both eyes gouged out and both ears cut off. A ragged cut was found in the tissue of her left ear. Her own handwriting was written in the medical examiner's comment box. The accused is right-handed. He knows how to use his left hand, but not as well as his right.

The number you dialed is not available... After trying to contact her girlfriend for the third time, she thought maybe the lieutenant's cell phone was dead or the battery was dead, Che-rán asked Bank's assistant to tell the other forensic officers involved in the case about the important evidence she just discovered. She then immediately headed to the police headquarters to inform Lieutenant Tul and the rest of the investigation team.

A red Mazda arrived at the destination in less than half an hour. The last news she heard was that Lieutenant Tul was being interrogated and that she might still be here. The façade of the large building was packed with dozens of journalists, making it difficult to get through. Che-rán tried to contact Lieutenant Jew, but she did not answer her calls either.

The doctor passed by the journalists and entered through another door. But inside the base there was more chaos than outside. None of the police officers had much time to greet her or ask her anything. They all had serious expressions on their faces and kept coming and going all the time.

On the sixth floor, which was the Criminal Investigation Division office, no one was in the room because everyone was on duty looking for the suspect after he attacked a police officer. Che-rán became discouraged, she tried to contact someone again until a police officer who was walking in front of her stopped to ask.

“What are you doing here?”

Since they had never worked together, he did not know the young woman's face before, so he did not know that Che-rån worked at the Institute of Forensic Medicine. But Che-rån was not impressed by the harsh tone with which she spoke, since she had more important things to think about at that moment.

“Is Lieutenant Tul here?”

Dark eyebrows knitted together as he looked at the strange woman asking about the policowoman who had quarreled many times with the leader of the investigation team. Until now, everyone was saying that Lieutenant Tul was the reason Captain Dan was attacked.

“She's gone... this is not the place for strangers to be.”

After realizing that the person she was looking for was not at police headquarters, Che-rån returned to her car and went to look elsewhere. She continued to try to contact Tul and Jew, but no one answered her calls. She drove her red Mazda along a route she knew well, because she had passed by her girlfriend's house several times.

The police response made Che-ran assume that Tul might have gone home. The two-story townhouse was not far from the mouth of the alley. The closed gate and the absence of cars parked in front indicated that Tul might not have returned yet.

Frustrated, Che-rån paced back and forth in front of the house, pressing the doorbell in hopes that other residents would be able to contact her sister. However, there was currently no sign of anyone home. Determined, she opened the unlocked door and walked to the front of the house, where the potted plants were arranged as they had been the last time she visited. Che-ran stopped in front of the door, hesitating before deciding to knock and knock several times, hoping that someone would hear her. Rustling sounds could be heard from inside, as if someone was walking to welcome the guest. In just a few seconds, the house opened to reveal a person poking his head out.

But it wasn't Lieutenant Tul, nor was it P'Tihn.... It was Kawin.

After being questioned about something she didn't do, Tul returned to the Indira Palace Hotel to investigate where the suspect had fled to. She felt guilty for not being able to contribute to the investigation team, even though Captain Dan told her to report any suspicious findings immediately. When Captain Dan learned that she and the inspector were heading to the hotel, he immediately arrived hoping to make the arrest alone.

Since everyone's attention was focused on him, no one was paying attention to Kawin's pursuit anymore. CCTV footage from the hotel revealed that he used the fire escape route to escape, without leaving a trace. Lieutenant Tul separated from her subordinates after a while as it was already almost 9 pm. Her mobile phone, which she had left charging, was turned on as she left the hotel.

I had received 19 missed calls from Ran♥...

Frowning, she wondered why Che-ran had called so many times since that afternoon? Tul immediately called her back, but she only received a soft ring before no one answered. She did it many times, but the results were the same as before.

Tul turned to contact Mae, her lover's close friend, and immediately discovered that Che-ran wanted to discuss something with her about Kawin, so she went out to look for her since the afternoon. Hearing that, her foot immediately stepped on the accelerator and drove her car at high speed, continuing to try to contact Che-ran. She called Professor Rakkit and Assistant Bank, but no one had seen her lover in the last hour.

Lieutenant Tul returned to headquarters but no one else was there that night. The entire building was dark because the lights were off. Her anxiety prevented her from doing anything. She combed her hair until it was messy because she still couldn't contact Che-ran. Until she had to ask everyone to help her find her. Jew called her back while driving aimlessly.

[Phi, if Dr. Ran is looking for you, don't you think she could come to your house?]

Tul immediately accepted the idea. She accelerated the car towards her own house, while with one hand she pressed the phone to call her brother, in case Tihn met Che-rán at his house.

The red Mazda parked in front of the house made Lieutenant Tul feel relieved because it turned out that Che-rán was at her house. But her bad feeling came back again when she thought why Che-san wasn't answering her phone and neither was her brother. The door opened immediately, revealing a dark and silent house with no lights on. Tul could not confirm whether her brother had returned home or not, because he usually came home at 9 pm. If he had nothing else to do, he was usually at home eating dinner and waiting for her sister to return every day. But not that day...

The fact that the door opened made Tul's heart feel better. Her hands reached for the light switch in the darkness, and since this was her own house, she was used to it and she knew where it was. The lights above were bright, but there was nothing to indicate an abnormality in the house, but... There was no one waiting for her there. Che-ran was not there. Tihn was not there,

Tul called them both, she searched every corner of the house but found no one. With her heart racing, she grabbed her cell phone and called his brother first. Her voice trembled with anxiety and sweat ran down her forehead. Tears welled up in her eyes, almost spilling out, but she held them back.

The ringing of Tihn's cell phone rang from the front door of the house, over the dining room table, which she initially ignored. And there was also something else.... Che-ran's cell phone was located in the same place, next to P'Tihn's cell phone.

③⑨

THIRTY-NINE



The disappearance of Tihn and Che-rån made the situation worse. Both mobile phones were left on the dining room table inside the house, making it impossible to contact them or even track their location over the cellular network. What's more, the screen of Tihn's cell phone was broken, although Tul knew very well that her brother took great care of her belongings. This is most likely not due to a simple fall, he seemed to have been hit by something hard.

The police immediately took control of the situation after being informed by Lieutenant Tul who could not control her emotions. She couldn't sit still, her hands were sweaty and her eyes were watery. She repeatedly asked for updates from the team every minute until Lieutenant Jew had to intervene to ask her to calm down.

The first clue was that at the scene of the incident there were no signs of forced entry, so it is suspected that Tihn himself opened the door to let the perpetrator enter. This suggested that the intruder was someone he is familiar with and trusted enough that Tihn was unaware of any danger.

Second clue: Che-rån was trying to contact her girlfriend, and the last place they saw her was at the Central Bureau of Investigation. The officer who saw her admitted that she had spoken to her and after asking about her Tul had left. Not finding her, she had surely decided to go to the lieutenant's house, where she could find something that made her disappear with Tihn.

"There were fingerprints on the handle of the front door of the house that did not belong to Mr. Tihn or the lieutenant, the evidence unit reported on another important piece of evidence they had just discovered. They also compared the fingerprints to those of the suspect who was directly related to the homeowner. The fingerprints we found match those on the lamp holder. The perpetrator is the same person who attacked Captain Dan.

"You're sure?"

"Of course. Mr. Kawin was here."

This confirmation from the testing officer surprised Lieutenant Tul. All this time, she doubted her instincts, which told her that the perpetrator couldn't be her brother's old friend. There was a lot of evidence around her, including the investigation of Captain Dan, who pressured Kawin to confess, making Tul completely reluctant to believe it. But in the end... The situation that happened was very bad, everything was different than expected.

Kawin was the person who attacked Captain Dan and was seriously injured before escaping capture. Although police were unable to arrest him and his whereabouts were unknown, Kawin had apparently gone to her house. For some reason, whether P'Tihn knew something or Kawin sought help from his old friend, Che-ran was taken with him.

If something happened to the two of them, Tul would never forgive him.

"Lieutenant, we have a witness report that a man in a raincoat was seen taking someone out of the house and putting him into a car,"

An investigator ran in with a worried expression, causing Tul to stand up agitated.

"What kind of car? What about registration?"

"Black Mercedes-Benz. The witness forgot his license plate.."

“Are there any houses near here with closed-circuit television cameras? They could have caught the suspect as he was leaving,”

Lieutenant Jew suggested as another possible clue to tracking the perpetrator's movements. Tul nodded and wiped her tears with her sleeve. At least when she can barely make a decision, she still had Jew to support her.

“The grocery store in front. I know him, let's ask him.”

It had been more than an hour since Lieutenant Tul found out that her brother and her girlfriend had disappeared from their home. The traces left behind indicated that the two might be in danger, preventing her from waiting any longer. The grocery store across the street, where Tul often stopped to buy snacks and drinks, provided another important source of clues. The store owner was very surprised when he discovered that something bad had happened to the two brothers he knew well.

“This CCTV camera captures the front of the store, which faces the street. I don't know if it can be useful or not.”

At least it's better than no evidence at all. The two policewomen asked to see CCTV footage of The last time Che-ran contacted Lieutenant Tul before she disappeared. The camera angle captured the fence of the brothers house, but the distance was so great that the people seemed as small as ants.

The digital time in the lower right corner showed 18:56. The alley was practically quiet, the surrounding houses were closed and no one was passing by. A red Japanese car was seen and stopped in front of Tul's house. Watching the video, unable to do anything to help her loved ones, Tul felt something squeezing her heart tightly. She held back sobs when she saw Che-rân get out of the car.

The doctor walked back and forth in front of the house as if trying to contact a loved one, but no one answered the phone, until... she decided to open the fence and walk to an area where the CCTV cameras couldn't see. further,

“Dr. Ran entered the house around 7 pm, indicating that the person who opened the door was probably P'Tinn or...”

Tul tried not to think pessimistically, wondering what had happened to P'Tihn that he couldn't call to tell her or even warn Che ran not to enter the house where the murder suspect was hiding. Since the signs of struggle were almost undetectable, except for P'Tihn's phone with the broken screen, she could still hope that the phone was probably safe. It was possible that P'Tihn had been threatened or knocked unconscious to prevent him from taking any action.

Lieutenant Jew fast-forwarded the video, which showed no further movement after Che-rán entered the house. More than twenty minutes later, the sky gradually darkened to a deep blue color and the street lights began to illuminate the area. The screen then showed a man dressed in a raincoat and a hood covering his face carrying an unconscious person out of the house. Although she couldn't see clearly, Tul clearly remembered the clothes her brother wore in the morning before going to work.

He picked up Tihn and put him in the parked car before returning to the house. Within seconds of seeing her brother in the video, Lieutenant Tul clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into the flesh of her palms. Tinn's head bowed, his neck bent, and her feet dragged on the floor. It was possible that he had simply lost consciousness as initially thought but from the distance of the CCTV camera, she could not say what happened to him.

The perpetrator, who displayed extraordinary strength, had dragged the body of a man weighing more than 80 kg and was able to defeat a man more than 180 cm tall, as if he were only carrying a doll. Tul raised her hand to rub her itchy eyes, unable to imagine... While she was here, watching videos of what happened to the people she loved she could only think about what could happen to them.

Shortly after, the man appeared again, wearing a raincoat even though it had not rained yet. He appeared carrying the limp body of a young woman, just like P'Tihn, who appeared unconscious. Che ran's arms hung over his shoulders, her slender figure was transported in a black Mercedes-Benz, which witnesses witnessed before the perpetrator sped away.

“Send the file to Phu to refine the image and identify the license plate to see if it matches Kawin's car.”

Tul ordered, with her voice trying to suppress her emotions. Since the Benz left until now, more than three hours had passed, without anyone knowing where P'Tihn and Che-rån were and what had happened to them.

“Now I have ordered the deployment of checkpoints in various parts of Bangkok. If Kawin's black Benz is ever seen, we will be notified immediately,”

Jew explained in the part she had driven before. The investigation team worked tirelessly, patrolling the streets, looking for suspects, but so far no agent had found the car or the people. The Police Headquarters investigation unit had released the identity of the missing person so that the public could help as eyes and ears. If anyone saw the two of them somewhere after it was confirmed that they were involved in the kidnapping case of a murder suspect, they were to report it immediately.

Around 11:00p.m., Inspector Pichet went to the scene to receive the two police officers. At that moment, Tul was about to leave the house when she realized that she could no longer stay calm.

“Lieutenant... Lieutenant, you must rest. Leave it to the team and the local police.”

“Okay, inspector. I can still help find them. I think I'll try to go...”

“It's not about needing someone to help. The victim is a family member, according to the rules, that is inappropriate,”

The inspector reprimanded. Currently, many incidents were occurring, one of which was Captain Dan, who was seriously injured and still unconscious. If he freed Lieutenant Tul to track down the culprit, how could she control her emotions and not put herself in danger?

“Will Inspector continue to develop regulations at this time? If the inspector's family were missing, would you remain silent?”

As he assumed, the lieutenant would respond with anger. The senior man only sighed. This was too much to handle. The next day, if the situation had not been resolved, news would spread quickly, proving that the police were incompetent. Meanwhile, the murderer was still at large and two people had been kidnapped.

"Lieutenant, about an hour ago we found a black Mercedes with license plate KK 455, Bangkok, traveling on the toll road along Jalan Sri Ayutthaya,"

Agents from the investigation unit came to report the news, interrupting their conversation. Tul immediately took the keys to her car and stopped in front of the inspector to ask permission from the person in charge of giving the orders.

"If something happens, notify the investigation team immediately. Don't make random decisions."

When he learned that she would not listen if she was told not to, Inspector Pichet issued a warning rather than preventing her from leaving her own home. An investigation team was deployed to all areas of the toll road and took photographs of Kawin's car around 9 pm, meaning that almost 3 or 4 hours had passed since Tihn and Che-ran were kidnapped. There had been no contact from the criminal who might want some exchange in exchange for the safety of the two hostages.

Thunder roared as if to announce and intimidate, letting everyone know that rain would soon fall. The sky darkened with low hanging gray clouds, Lieutenant Tul's SUV drove down the SiRat toll road, passing several police cars with flashing red and blue lights, clearly visible at night.

"Phi... Can I ask you something?"

Jew quickly jumped into her superior's car, not wanting to leave her wandering alone. As they passed the towering skyscrapers, taking turns heading towards the car, a worry came to mind.

“If it turns out that Kawin was the perpetrator, does that mean that he was the one who hit me at that time?”

Jew raised her hand and rubbed the back of her neck, as if she suddenly felt bad. She could end up like the critical Captain Dan. But luckily not, they only gave her seven stitches and she was in a cast for a week.

“At that moment they tied your wrists with a rope behind your back, like the other victims.”

"Shouldn't I be grateful that she didn't destroy my beautiful face?"

The tall woman spoke naturally. When she thought of being the murdered victim, she couldn't help but feel a chill run down her spine.

“But I don't think you're like other victims. I mean... You wouldn't be the target. Maybe the perpetrator knew that we were going to investigate the case 18 years ago and he came to give a warning.”

“And now did you know that? As for where we went, we didn't tell anyone at the time. Not even the inspector knew.”

For the same reason Jew thought, no one knew they would meet the victim's younger brother several years ago. At that time, she suspected Mr. Witton, whom he did not see before finding the injured Jew, But he had strong evidence confirming his existence at that time.

The rain fell so hard that the driver had to press the windshield wipers to sweep away the water droplets that were obstructing the view from the windshield. Suddenly, a report came in that the gas station's CCTV camera captured a black Mercedes with the license plate of the car they were looking for, passing by the gas station about ten minutes. after the car left the toll road.

Lieutenant Tul accelerated her car and immediately drove down the road at high speed to reach the search boundary. Initially it is suspected that the perpetrator could be hiding in the area because it would not be easy to leave Bangkok, he would probably choose to drive along a longer road to another

province. Or if he wanted to avoid checkpoints, why choose a risky highway route where it would be easier to catch him?

Tul hit her lip as she forgot something, In the past, the killer avoided CCTV cameras and never left any trace or evidence that could point to himself. It was as if he had been very careful until that moment, except when he stood still in front of the camera, as if he were challenging the police.

But this time, he had tell behind a lot of evidence. Was it because he was in trouble or had never studied the area before? Until she realized that there was a grocery store on the corner of the alley, which had CCTV to capture images in front of the house where the incident occurred. And she still wore a raincoat even though it wasn't raining yet to hide from others?

The fact that he was driving on the highway at a time when there was no traffic suggested that he knew he was taking a risk. Before entering the turnpike, he would face the possibility of being stopped by a toll agent and having to pay a toll, even if he could pass through the special lane. Even with EASY PASS, police could still photograph and record vehicles for identification.

If so, did that mean that the perpetrator intentionally ordered the police to search for him until he was found, or diverted the police from the path he intended to take?

Lieutenant Tul went to the place where the aggressor's car was seen passing by. Several police cars passed each other while asking local police stations for cooperation to help search for him as well

"It's very strange,"

Said the Jew again. As the car moved along the night road, her eyes kept looking around in case they saw the person they were looking for.

“If I were a criminal and the police were looking for me, I would run out of the country while still had the chance... Well, it's not that it's a good

solution, but being a rich person has a greater chance than other people of fleeing from this country..”

“Perhaps, his tendency to plan and achieve success suggests that... there is someone else he wants to kill.”

Tul tried to speculate what the perpetrator wanted, but this only made her more aware of the danger she could put her brother and her girlfriend in danger, similar to what Jew had experienced. Sometimes, when there were thick thorns blocking the path, they may need to be removed to be free.... Tihn may have known something about his old friend. And Che-ran, she also had information about the culprit that she wanted to convey to her, but she was not at home.

The hand holding the steering wheel accidentally clenched so tightly that the tips of her fingers turned white. However, how could he want to commit a crime when the police were chasing him? Or maybe he took the two of them somewhere to divert the attention of the police, while he used that time to look for his next victim?

Suddenly, the steering wheel turned completely to the right, causing the passenger sitting next to her to flinch.

“Phi, where are we going?”

Lieutenant Tul did not respond, she simply accelerated the car again. She almost let herself be fooled but prayed that what she is thinking now was true.

The roar of thunder drowned out the sound of breathing of someone who was lying weakly on the ground. He was writhing in pain because his tongue had been cut out. The smell of blood mixed with the saliva around his mouth, and this was the worst pain she had ever experienced before. The sound of footsteps creaking on the dirty floor was heard again.

He prayed in vain that someone would come to help him in time. Because, even though he heard the sound of police car sirens mixed with the sound of raindrops hitting the ground, he felt very far away, as if taunting him with

the idea that he would meet his end alone, at the hands of someone who was once trustworthy.

"There's no one here, believe me,"

He said in an icy voice. Frightened eyes widened as s he noticed the enormous hammer head in the villain's hand. As much as he wanted to scream for help, he couldn't. When there was no longer a tongue to make a sound, how could he shout for anyone to hear?

"What do you think, friend?"

The only thing that was heard was a deafening sound, tears flowing, staining the face mixed with blood. The criminal dropped his hammer to the ground and then picked up a knife that was covered in blood because it had been used to cut out his tongue. He pulled it out of his raincoat, as if to continue where he had left off.

"I'm sorry that you have to be last but I do it because you know too much."

His eyes looked at the sharp blade pressed against his cheek, unable to move as the immense force squeezed his face and held him firmly. If he could still speak, he would probably beg for his life. But at that moment, his screams only sounded like the howls of a dying animal.

"But I do not regret."

His voice was devoid of sympathy, as a human should be. The tip of the sharp knife cut his friend's lip extending to his ear. Then he cut it again, as if he were cutting cardboard. The flesh was tom according to the desire of his heart. The body of the person who suffered, struggled with difficulty, His eyes widened and his consciousness slowly faded away.

The back door of the bakery was opened with all their strength by two female police officers who forced their way in. They agreed not to turn on the lights throughout the store, for fear of alerting the perpetrator and

endangering the hostages. They gripped their weapons tightly, preparing for a possible confrontation. The tense silence, with no sign of anyone's presence, made Tul feel like she was running out of air to breathe. She was afraid that her thoughts were wrong.

Jew offered to look in front of the store, in case they found any traces, while Lieutenant Tul went up to the second floor. Only her, her employees, and her own brother were allowed up to the second floor, so she decided to look up. With every step, Tul was careful to make as little noise as possible. The commercial building that her brother rented every month had two floors. The second floor was designed for employees, equipped with bathrooms, changing rooms and lunch tables.

Lieutenant Tul's shoulders sagged when there was no sign of anyone there. A flash of lightning illuminated the large window for a split second, and at that moment, Tul saw something small, smaller than a one baht coin, shining on the ground. It is a leaf pendant.

"Ran... Ran!"

Lieutenant Tul shouted, competing with the sound of thunder and rain hitting the roof and windows. Eyes that were getting used to the darkness continued scorching for Che rán. She opened all the doors to search all the rooms, but she couldn't find her. However, there was still one place...the ceiling.

Since his brother opened the bakery, he had been renovating the roof to prevent rain from cracking to the second floor. Furthermore, no one was allowed on the roof. Tul ran up the stairs two at a time. The iron door on the roof, which was padlocked before, was slightly open, but there was still an iron chain coiled there.

“Ran! Che-ran.”

The storm roared so loudly that Tul could barely hear herself. She struggled with the chains, which seemed designed only to slow her down. As soon as the chain fell to the ground, she kicked open the heavy iron door. Che-ran lay motionless on the floor of the roof, alone.

“Ran!”

Tul ran towards her, knelt next to her and dropped her weapon, forgetting to be careful. If the culprit was still there, she didn't care. Che-ran was not tied up like the other victims. She was lying on her back, with no visible wounds or blood, apparently unconscious.

“Ran... Ran, wake up.”

Tul screamed with a trembling voice, felt the pulse in Che-ran's throat and verified that she was still alive. Before her palm moved to caress her cold cheek, the raindrops wet and clinging to her pale white face. Tul buried her face in her small shoulder, desperately murmuring the name of her lover.

“P...Phi...You...”

A light moan almost drowned out by the noise around her made Tul look up fearing that she had heard wrong, but what she saw made her smile. Che-ran came to her senses, she weakly tried to open her eyes, her pale lips trembled.

“It's me, it's okay. You are fine now.”

Tul let her tears flow uncontrollably, relieved that her lover was safe. At the same time, Lieutenant Jew ran to the roof to see what was happening after hearing loud banging on the iron door. Jew hurriedly called an ambulance as soon as she saw the unconscious Ran, not forgetting to tell the investigation team that they had found one of the kidnapped people.

Che-ran closed her eyes again while waiting for the ambulance. Tul took off her jacket and wrapped it around her lover, holding both sides of her cold hands, refusing to move away from her. Shortly afterward the medical rescue team arrived. A team of investigators that Lieutenant Jew had called in also went to examine the crime scene at the bakery.

Professor Rakkit arrived after receiving the good news that his daughter had been found. As a father, he cried when he saw Che-ran lying on the stretcher, with a soft neck brace supporting her. Although initial evaluations

showed he was conscious, the scene still broke his heart. After losing his beloved wife, now his beloved daughter was also suffering damage.

Lieutenant Tul approached the retiree to apologize for what happened. However, Professor Rakkit instead lowered his head in gratitude, causing Tul to immediately support him to hold him upright. An ambulance took Che-rán and only Professor Rakkit accompanied his daughter.

Tul stayed where she was, no matter how much she wanted to follow them, because there was still a problem to solve. Since no one had found P'Tinn or Kawin yet, and they were not there, only Che-ran was left, it seemed that she was not the perpetrator's main target. If their suspicions were correct, whatever the reason or motive, the fact that Tihn was not found there could be a dangerous sign, indicating that the culprit was still holding him captive.

Tul ran back to his own car without calling Lieutenant Jew, who was still busy directing the investigation team to check the bakery. The van left the main road and headed towards another place she had in mind.

High school security guard Kasen Anusorn reported that since he began his night shift he had not allowed anyone onto the school grounds. He had carried out his duties until 1 in the morning without finding anyone suspicious. Lieutenant Tul returned to her car when the rain that had just stopped began to fall hard again. So far, police officers patrolling the search area had not found the black Mercedes with which Kawin escaped. Since the last sighting recorded by a CCTV camera near the petrol station, between 1 and 2 hours had passed. The suspect could be hiding somewhere without driving his car onto the road. It would be almost impossible for him to avoid the checkpoints and the numerous police cars roaming around the city.

Tul crossed her brother's old school off the list, trying to recall her childhood memories to think of other places the two often visited together.. And Tul remembered it. Although the image was not very clear and was so vague that he doubted it had ever happened. There was a place she had visited with his brother, with Kawin also present: the fast food restaurant,

game centers and claw machines. It was a shopping center not far from P'Tihn School.

At that time, the news was so big that everyone remembered the incident. A tragic electrical short circuit caused the fire to spread rapidly. Structurally weak buildings designed to reduce construction costs collapse easily. There were 10 deaths and almost 100 people were injured. The local population was in chaos and the stingy mall owner was sued and declared bankrupt.

Today, although some parts of the building had been demolished, much of the building still remained after many years. The building was abandoned and became a meeting place for young people who invaded private property. Sometimes someone was injured while climbing through the rubble, but no one would be held responsible. Tul could only hope she was right again. She immediately stepped on the accelerator and drove on the night road.

A shopping center that used to be a popular tourist attraction for people from the surrounding area, until an unexpected incident occurred that caused it to close. Authorities installed a tall galvanized fence to block the front area, preventing anyone from entering, and written prohibition signs were posted. Tul drove her car and turned into a small alley, turning to find a way to enter the deserted shopping center,

The narrow alley behind is lined with uninhabited buildings. Cars could barely pass, leaving only a path for pedestrians. Walking there required a lot of courage, because the alley was dark and narrow, only the car headlights provided visibility. The main path, washed clean by rainwater, led to a grassy area devoid of living creatures, in front of an imposing five-story building.

If she had never visited this abandoned mall during her childhood, Tul would not have been able to imagine the vibrant scene of the past. The dilapidated building looked nothing like its former counterpart. But it could still attract the adventurous soul to hunt ghosts. And what stopped the young lieutenant from turning around to return was that she saw a car parked before her arrival. Her heart was beating so hard it almost fell out of her chest. Like a traveler finding an oasis in the middle of a sea of sand, Tul

immediately got out of the car and grabbed her personal pistol. Her other hand held a small flashlight that shone forward.

It was the Mercedes-Benz car, license plate KK 455, Bangkok. Obviously she wasn't wrong, they were there. The lieutenant checked the car, looked out the window, but saw no one. She immediately contacted patrol officers, including her investigative team, to inform them that the car used by The perpetrator to get away had finally been found.

Tul craned her neck to look at the five-story building right in front of her. The dim light from the surrounding buildings could barely illuminate it. Since there was no sign of the rain stopping, Tul only had a few options: retreat to wait in the car or go inside to search. The suspicion remained that someone was hiding inside the ruined building, perhaps hoping that her brother was inside with his old friend, who needed help. However, at that moment, Tul saw something that prompted her to decide to rush in without waiting for help.

In the darkness of the third floor of the building, a small light appeared, similar to a flashlight shining from the frame of an empty window. The Bashing light flashed in short, long, short intervals three times, which was a call for help in Morse code.

It was probably P'Tihn or someone who saw the headlights of her car when she stopped and parked. Her instincts moved faster than her thoughts. She immediately entered the dilapidated building, where time had taken its toll. The flashlight illuminated her path, revealing the fragments of tile crunching under her shoes. Graffiti decorates the walls, evidence that youth leaves its mark. Weeds grew in the cracks in the floor and pools of water collected on the collapsed roof, forming wide holes that trapped raindrops..

The stairs from the back door of the building took Tul to the third floor. The humid air had difficulty circulating, causing Tul to breathe rather shallowly. Her mouth closed around her gun, ready in case something unexpected happened. The lanterns spread out, Illuminating all directions. Her eyes adjusted until she could see that the condition of the building in front of her was getting worse.

In the center of the mall was a mezzanine with escalators on both sides. Moonlight streamed from the hole in the roof so she could see the raindrops falling. Tul advanced slowly and cautiously, keeping her eyes around her for any movement around her. Footsteps could be heard with every step, echoing in the silence. There were no signs that anyone was calling for help.

Small beads of sweat dripped down the sides of her temples. Just as she was considering whether she should return or not, the sky suddenly lit up, followed by the loud sound of thunder that shook the building. But that wasn't what made Tul's heart beat faster. Her flashlight illuminated the place where there was a person lying face down in a pool of blood, of course, motionless on the ground. Tul's eyes trembled, not wanting to believe what she saw. She felt as if the air had been stolen from her lungs. Her lips trembled silently, even though she desperately wanted to call out to the person lying there.

“P....P'Tihn...”

Tihn had not been as lucky as Che-rán, his life was not saved. Tul approached the body of the man who was lying face down in a pool of blood, emitting a fishy smell that pierced her nose, her legs were weak and it was difficult for her to take a step. Both of her knees fell to the ground, feeling heartbroken at not being able to save her brother in time. Both of P'Tihn's wrists were tied to his back with a piece of crude rope, clearly the work of the assassin who brought him here.

“P'Tihn, P... “

Tul grabbed his cold forearm, using force to turn his weak body until he was lying on his back. His face was covered in blood and he had long lacerations on both corners of his mouth. His head exploded until skull split open. His eyes widened in extreme fear before he died. Although more than half of his face was destroyed, Tul could still see who this person was. The open wound on his jaw was quite wide, but the man in front of him was the person the police were chasing throughout the city. That man was Kawin... Not Tihn.

The sound of footsteps hitting the ground came from behind her. Tul immediately became alert and took her gun to aim at the source of the sound. Her hands were shaking so much that she wasn't sure she could fight that person. The previous panic had not been answered as to why it was Kawin who was lying lifeless on the ground in P'Tinn's clothes....

And the sudden appearance of a man in front of her increased Tul's confusion, to the point that she could hardly find her voice.

"P'Tihn?" What happened?"

His brother's face was hidden in the darkness, so he couldn't see what his facial expression or eyes were like.

"Phi, are you hurt? Where are you hurt Phi?"

No response came out of her brother's mouth. He came out and stood where the moonlight shone through the hollow ceiling of the roof. Tul looked at the blood-stained trench coat that his brother was wearing. In his left hand he held a flashlight, as if to say that he was the one who sent the help signal.

"Phi... How could this happen? Who brought you here and why..."

P'Tihn had the same eyes as his father, just like her own, but the look with which he now looked at his little sister was different from before. The warmth and kindness that normally filled her gaze had disappeared. The face she was always smiling at that moment she couldn't tell how she felt. Was he happy, sad, disappointed? In decades of living together, this was the first time that Tul doubted the man in front of her... It was not the P'Tihn that Tul knew. It was as if someone was imitating him, copying his face, but forgetting to imitate his brother's personality

"Tulle, everything is as you see."

"What do you mean?"

The question came from the mouth of a naive person, no different from an elementary school child who didn't want to believe anything. Although

everything was clear, the police still couldn't believe what she saw. He denied the truth to her and waited for the real killer to appear.

“I've been waiting a long time for the opportunity to talk to you.”

"What is Phi talking about? No... How can you do this? No... It wasn't you, was it?"

Tul was still on her knees like an idiot trying to piece in together the whole story, but her head was blank, unable to find any cause and effect that connected all these events, Her eyes were fixed on the lifeless body of Kawin, the man who was identified as a murder suspect and who was the victim of this own crime.

"This is your brother,”

Tihn replied dryly. As usual, there was no hint of hidden humor in his voice. The wet raindrops touched his skin, the smell of blood lingering on the tip of his face clearly reminded Tul that everything had really happened. This is not a dream.

“It can't be P'Thin... Why are you doing this?”

Tul pushed that fact aside, looking for reasons to support her own thoughts, while his brother remained Impassive. Tihn walked slowly, his steps pointing to the right, near the edge of the muddy ground, as if he didn't care whether or not he would get wet in the rain.

“Do you remember... the family that died due to financial problems?”

Tul remembered what his brother had said. The tragedy of the relatives who died began with his father's financial problems. He lost his job and the company sued him for alleged involvement in embezzlement. To cover up his nephew's bad behavior when fleeing the country, he had to assume the entire debt, He sold cars, mortgaged houses and borrowed money, but the money was never enough to sustain him. The head of the family, desperate, murdered his wife and his two children before committing suicide. Another

clue that Tul almost forgot... The boy and girl who died tragically were regular customers at the P'Tihn bakery.

“A poor person, a person who does not have food, will never be able to open his eyes and mouth under current social conditions. Do you know what she went through before her father decided that? He was sued, he didn't have the money to hire a lawyer to take on this case, driving Grab alone wasn't enough to support his family, and he still had to pay debts that even if he works until he's old, he'll never will be able to pay off.”

The entire time he spoke, Tihn stared at the falling rain, still remembering the bright voice of the girl he never heard from again. The two children's expressions seemed sad when they discovered that they couldn't choose as many snacks as they wanted.

“Even to buy sandwiches, they can only afford one piece because their father doesn't have the money to pay for it.”

Tihn simply laughed as he smiled pathetically.

“But do you remember.... what your friend said?”

His sharp eyes flickered and he turned to his sister, a cold look in his eyes that Tul had never seen before in his good brother.

"The cakes at P'Tihn's shop are very cheap compared to other places,”

Tihn said, imitating Jew's voice at that moment.

“Your friend is the daughter of a rich man. A cake that costs five baht and ten baht will not make her poor. But, did you know that a cake of that price... Is a lot for a family that doesn't have the money to pay for it?”

Tul could hardly believe her ears. Among the hundreds, thousands or even millions of motives of all the perpetrators she questioned, the man in front of her recounted the reason why he attacked the Jew.

"I told you that night that I would investigate this case with Jew,"

Tul whispered, as brief memories of that same night came back to her.

“About your friend, I just wanted to teach her a lesson, and it wasn't because you were secretly investigating an old case. Sorry for taking your assumptions too far.”

At that moment Tul could only pray that her brother would laugh and say it was just a joke. But that didn't happen... and it would never happen..... The man in front of him was not his brother, nor P'Tihn, who was kind to everyone. She hoped this was just a bad dream so she could wake up one day.

"I'm glad you know what i wanted to convey through the corpses,"

P'Tihn said as he walked around his friend's corpse, before heading towards a large pole covered in intricate graffiti designs. With his hands covered in dried blood, he leaned against the cement, proud to know that the investigation team was focused on his secret messages, which were clearly visible on each corpse.

“Did you know that I was afraid of being discovered before finishing... But no effort was wasted in the planning. Every goal I wanted to achieve has been achieved.”

"You couldn't do all this alone!"

Tul forced herself not to tremble. But her tears tell from disappointment and heartbreak. The image of her brother in front of her was not clear, her figure was blurred, as if he was looking through a fogged glass.

“You're right. I couldn't do it alone if I didn't first learn what those people like, where they go, when they are alone, I won't benefit from it,"

Tihn spoke calmly, as if he was teaching his little sister,

“Kuljira's father was very strict with her from the moment he ran over her cripple. Her father controlled and monitored every movement, every step,

as if he were a criminal, for two years. You must be wondering why there was no trace of contact with anyone.”

Tihn smiled with satisfaction on his cold face.

“Because she didn't want her father to know that she was secretly dating a boy. She snuck out of the condo herself, careful not to be caught on camera because she knew her father would call her when she disappeared. I just drove and waited to take it, without any effort,”

He said proudly, as if he had just created a work of art.

“And the director liked to soak in the massage parlor bathtub for a long time. I know very well that those old massage parlors, no matter how many years pass, continue to operate the same way. The parking lots do not need to be renovated and there are no guards, there is no security system. His old car was also very easy to break into.”

Tul felt very disappointed at that moment. She couldn't have anticipated something as sudden as this. She lowered her head to look at the dirty floor, not at her brother's face.

“Even if you didn't ask me if he ever taught at my old school, I would tell you.”

“Why can you slander Kawin so easily?”

“That is wrong, I didn't... I just went with the flow and things will get easier.”

Tihn shrugged and looked at the corpse of his former friend who died painfully in his hands. Although he couldn't speak because he had cut out his tongue, he could still ask for empathy, something he had never given anyone.

“And regarding Deputy Chutikarn's involvement in buying and selling Kawin's dad's votes, did you really intend to do that!”

This was the first time since the two brothers began their conversation together that Tul asked his brother a question. Her hands were clenched so tightly that her nails dug deep into her palms.

“I just took advantage of it. What would happen if the police decided to suspect someone involved with the three victims? And then it really happened. The police chased and arrested Win... Except for one person who almost foiled my plan.”

P'Tihn's eyes changed for a moment almost like those of the older brother he had known all his life.

“Your girlfriend.”

“Why Ran?”

Tul's voice was hoarse and her heart was pounding.

“Your girlfriend came home to see you as if she had something to tell you, but Kawin was there at the time... Kawin came to see me and said he remembered the movie camera he lent me. But after we went a trip together, the camera stayed in my bag. When I went to hire a prostitute, they stole my wallet, watch and film camera... He remembered that the film-camera and the old shoes that I had had given away came to the house to prove that I was the one who did all this.”

Tihn smiled until the muscles in his face twitched at the thought of how much trouble wasting his time had caused him,

“But I managed to overcome it so far had the intention of facing him as the last victim because I didn't expect him to come to see me... But your girlfriend came home. Kawin was the one who opened the door, but when he found out who was coming, he dragged your girlfriend.”

Tul breathed deeply in this humid place filled with the fishy smell of blood. The pronouns of the people closest to her also changed for P'Tihn, both Jew and Che-rân. It was as if he had never been around, he had never spoken to

any of them with a sweet smile. Everything turns out to be false, Tul couldn't take it anymore.

“I forbade him from doing anything to your girlfriend, pretending to be a good brother who was threatened by a murderer in his own home. But she was smart, she bit his hand until Kawin had to let go... I'm sorry, because she ran towards me, but I was curious, how would you react if you knew her girlfriend's condition now?”

Until now, Tul had not been able to overcome the reality of what had happened. But she didn't deny it either. If she hadn't helped Che-rån first, she doesn't know how she could have hurt the man in front of him?

“I just put your girlfriend to sleep. She's not dead. She was much lighter than your friend who was the politician's daughter, I guess she was still thinking about you, so I took her somewhere else.”

“I helped Ran before coming here.”

P'Tihn raised his eyebrows, a quietly impressed expression on his face. His older brother walked directly towards his younger sister, who almost 7 years younger than him. A baby born in the middle of a breakup between his father and his mother. Tihn was innocent enough to understand the meaning of the phrases his parents raised and shouted when they argued. He knew that his little sister didn't receive love from his father or even his mother, This meant that he was still number one, a kid whose parents were proud. Then, Tihn performed his duties as his elder brother did. He helped raise his little sister until she was grown. My brother was very sweet. He helped my mother take care of her sister every day.

Tihn willingly accepted the praise from the mouth of an adult. As the days go by, he learned more and more how he should behave, how to win the hearts of many people, even his father, who has almost never returned since his daughter was born. Because Tech is more satisfied with just one child.

“18 years ago, dad helped you... right? Dad caught the wrong person to help you.”

Tul forced herself not to sink into the cement floor. But when Tul tried to look at her brother for a moment, she saw a look of extreme pain in his eyes, as if P'Tihn had been provoked by the question.

“Do you think... dad loves us that mach?”

Tihn just laughed bitterly, as if he had heard a dark joke.

“Even if it was his own son, if he knew what I did, there is no way he would let me go free. My father wanted a promotion more than anything, more than his own wife... Or no, if he didn't send me to prison, it wasn't because he wanted to cover up his son's mistakes... but because he feared that it would reflect badly on him and could cost him his job; Dad never cared about anyone but himself.”

Little by little the sound of police car sirens approaching the building was heard. The investigation team that Tul initially called had arrived at the scene. Tihn looked away at the voice he heard. Without moving, without going anywhere, without thinking about running away, without attacking the important witness who was still sitting on the ground, not far from the body of his former friend.

“I'm glad you followed me here. You're not like my father. You are not afraid of imprisoning your own brother,”

Tul could no longer hold back her tears, she sobbed uncontrollably, Her brother knelt in front of her and lowered his palms to her trembling shoulders. Tul didn't let go, she just wanted to feel her brother comfort her like always, even though her heart was broken and she wouldn't be the same as before in the near future.

“The women you killed... one of them was Ran's mother... Why did you kill her? Because you did?!”

Tul screamed loudly and tears ran down her cheeks. Tihn relaxed his breath and remembered what he had done.

“I made a mistake, He made me stop because something was wrong and I realized that the woman was not my target. But I had already done it, so I had to finish it.”

It was not a feeling that arose from regret, but rather from disappointment at having killed the wrong person. He didn't feel guilty about taking sorvenne's life. Tul grabbed the blood-stained sleeve of her raincoat and held it tightly. Those eyes filled with anger even though they were filled with tears as she looked at her brother for the first time in a long time.

“Why did you kill her? Ran's mother...why didn't you let her go?!”

Her voice trembled uncontrollably, arguing pointlessly like a child. She couldn't go back in time to fix anything. He couldn't... stop her brother from going out and killing people.

“I only found out when you brought your girlfriend home...”

Tihn watched the person collapse in front of him, his sleeves held by his sisters on either side. As if she wanted to shake him but she didn't have the strength to do so

“Why did you do this? Because you did...”

“What do you know? At that time you were still a little girl... One day when mom went to work, I followed her because I wanted to know what work she did late at night. Was she like what people said? And it turned out to be correct.”

His voice was full of hate.

“She was sold to other people. Until she finally married a Spaniard. Has she ever thought about seeing her children again? How many years have passed? What do you know about her?”

A truth that a child has heard from an adult, at an age when she does not fully understand it. The boy never felt sad when his father left because he never loved him, just as his father never loved him. And on the day when

her mother never returned, Tul still had an older brother to comfort her, someone who was both a father, a friend, everything in the girl's life, even until now, when the whole world fell apart in the night in the morning

The footsteps of a large group of people ran up the stairs. The rain that was falling had begun to subside. Dozens of police officers shouted loudly, ordering the criminal to stop and not move. Everyone was shocked to see the state of the body of the suspect who was being searched by the authorities..

Kawin Kalavanich ended his life as a definitive victim, not as a murderer, Tihn Techakomol surrendered at the scene and the person who handcuffed him was his own younger sister.

④①

FORTY



The brutal serial killer who was actually the son of police officer Big Tech has finally been arrested! He admitted to committing the crime 18 years ago.

At 2:24 a.m., police officers arrested Mr. Tihn Techakomol at the scene and found the body of Mr. Kawin Kalavanich dead in a pool of blood. He was hit on the head with a hard object until his skull cracked. They cut both his cheeks from his mouth to his ears, his face was smashed, and his tongue was cut off (the parts have not been found). Mr. Tihn admitted to being the person who killed the four victims alone (Ms. Kuijira Chotianan, Mr. Kanok Sappawat, Ms. Chutikarn Panjasap and the last victim, Mr. Kawin Kalavanich) by revealing the motive, the perpetrator said he was disgusted by social conditions that only benefited the rich, and the law was still unable to prosecute these people. Police investigators found items believed to be weapons, including a short-handled steel hammer and a Ka-bar knife.

Another information that cannot be confirmed is that the police have clarified that an immediate Investigation is needed to uncover other truths. Mr. Tihn further admitted that he was the one who carried out the murders of seven prostitutes in 1998 before stopping because the final victim was not the intended target. His motivation arose from a deep hatred towards his mother for abandoning him to become a prostitute, marry a foreigner, and move to her new husband's country, losing contact with her to this day.

Initially, journalists learned that this brutal killer was the son of police commander Tech Techakomol, commander of the Central Bureau of Investigation, who was also in charge of the case 18 years ago. The public is currently wondering whether he deliberately arrested an innocent person, Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio, to protect his son. So far there has been no information from the commander of the Technical Police.

The body of Mr. Kawin Kalavanich was sent to the forensic institute for autopsy. Amidst the commotion police officers had previously issued an arrest warrant, only to discover that he was one of the real killer's victims. Dr Che-rán Chanthanasathien, who was kidnapped by the killer last night, suffered minor injuries and was sent to the hospital for treatment.

Police Lieutenant Colonel Tul Techakomol, Deputy Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Division and the first officer to arrive at the scene, also refused to be interviewed by journalists. Previously, there was controversy over why the daughter of a senior police officer was allowed to perform her duties, considering that Big Tech had failed in its duties in helping his son, resulting in the brutal deaths of 11 people in the hands of murderers for almost two decades.

That same morning, Tihn Techakomol would be taken to the Central Investigation Bureau to investigate the crime scene. The media gathered in front of the main building, not wanting to miss the big news that the entire country was following. In addition to journalists from various institutions, hundreds of people gathered shouting for the death penalty.

Not only the victim's family was affected. For several months now, people lived in fear every time there was a storm. Not to mention the rioters, who looked like murderers and chased people on rainy nights, causing them injuries. This was caused by a viral video on the internet showing a man in a raincoat staring defiantly at a CCTV camera.

The public's voice was divided. The four victims were people who benefited from social Inequality and found ways to avoid legal consequences, enjoying their lives at the expense of the suffering of others. Because of this, some people argue that they deserved to die at the hands of a murderer who chose victims for whom the justice system had failed.

Tihn's appearance before police headquarters caused commotion, Although the police were present to control the situation, they could not contain the public's anger. There were curses, objects thrown, hundreds of questions from journalists, mixed with the sound of camera shutters and flashes of light. Still, the killer's face remained expressionless in front of hundreds of people, unfazed by the curses and unaffected by the throwing of water bottles.

“How do you feel now?”

“What have you done in the last 18 years?”

“The police handling this case is your sister, right?”

“Is it true that your father was helping you behind the scenes, arresting the wrong person so that you would not be punished until today?”

“Is there anything you want to say to the victim's family?”

It was rare for society to encounter a murderer who showed no remorse for his actions. Most were generally unwilling to be interviewed and often hid their faces to conceal their identities: But not Tihn... He turned to look at the journalist who asked him an interesting question.

“I know... That everyone would like to have done it, right?”

A second seemed like an eternity as time seemed to slow down. There was a moment of silence as the killer spoke words that could be interpreted in many ways. But he clearly didn't feel sorry. A smile appeared at the corner of his mouth amidst the flashes of light and the shouts and taunts around him.

“You bastard, you kill people!”

“Execute him! No forgiveness!”

The police could no longer control the situation when people began to show their anger and rushed inside in the hope of getting closer to the killer. They had to take Tihn down another lane where a large van was parked. The

media surrounded them, while some people again filmed each protester demanding the death penalty as the only punishment.

The television screen showed news revealing the appearance of a serial murder suspect. The remote control was immediately thrown to the ground and shattered because it could not make the face of the man that appeared on each channel disappear. No matter how many hundreds or Thousands of channels were changed, at that time, even if a drama or variety show was being broadcast, the latest news about the arrest of the real murderer was still being broadcast.

Big Tech was still at home, a two-story mansion in a major housing project worth tens of millions of baht, befitting his status as a high-ranking police commissioner. Everyone admired his success and only a few knew how it all started. People couldn't even imagine the image of a non commissioned officer living in a dilapidated old police apartment, with a wife who ran a small grocery store. At first they were burdened with only one son, but later they were blessed with a daughter,

Over the past decades, Tech had never regretted his decision to abandon his wife and son for even a second. If he could go back in time, he would choose the same path: having no burdens. For him, family was like a burden that could hinder his current success.

But today, what happened forced Tech to reflect on its mistakes. When did a child born of one's own flesh and blood begin to display deviant behavior and psychopathic tendencies that kill people? He wouldn't have felt so angry if that person hadn't been his son, the only family member he'd been proud of and the only one he'd considered taking with him after divorcing his ex-wife.

Big Tech didn't take him with him, because... That bastard, or that damn murderer, insisted on keeping his sister. If his father wanted to take him, he had to take the little girl with him. That was something Tech couldn't accept. Then he freed them to live alone when they were little, Although he now came out and announced it to the media and the public who wanted answers, he would say that he had been separated from his family for more

than 20 years. He had no part in shaping his behavior or, to be clear, Tech never played a fatherly role at all.

He only gave his last name, he had not been someone who had to teach him not to commit murder. It would be better if they blamed his mother. But all those thoughts were useless and could not be used in defend himself. The reason was that the real problem that plagued Tech was that he was accused of catching the scapegoat for the 1998 serial murder. No matter how many decades had passed, he would never forget it. At That time, Police Captain Tech Techakomol or Captain Tech received orders from above to follow up on a series of murder cases that no one had been able to solve. Eager for results, he took it upon himself to get a promotion, without knowing that he was digging his own grave.

That didn't mean there weren't clues linking the culprit, but there were too many, as if the killer could be anyone. Someone close to the deceased, a client purchasing sexual services or even a homeless person. Police asked hundreds of people to come forward for questioning. There were no witnesses who could identify the murderer. The evidence found at the scene did not present any special characteristics, which made it difficult to continue the investigation

There were only footprints that could identify the attacker, but after a while, Onitsuka shoes became popular so everyone bought them and wore them, causing a lot of confusion for the police. Under tremendous pressure, the seventh victim turned out to be a university professor, not a prostitute like the previous victims. The people's fear was turning into anger and it only increased. They believed it was possible that the killer had not chosen to kill a specific person, but could have been anyone on a rainy night.

"Haven't you caught the murderer yet? How much time do I give you?"

Tech never knew before that he was just a pawn, a mere figure on the chessboard whose only purpose was to be sacrificed first, opening up opportunities for more important pieces to win. But with the ambition to make a mark and rise to prominence, a big case that would draw the attention of the entire nation, no matter how big it was, if he could close it, the prizes, promotions and advancements to the next phase would be his.

Tech dreamed so much and suffered so much that he finally gave up and risked his own life. And he achieve it.

One of the suspects, who worked as a taxi driver, was questioned twice simultaneously during the incident involving the first and fourth victims. The fourth time he came to confirm that the body was that of an acquaintance from the same province. But his credibility was shaky as some people claimed that he knew the victims. Some said he liked the first victim but was rejected, while others said he had lent money to one of the victims and that he had sex with another victim in exchange for fees.

Tech did not let this suspect escape, he called the taxi driver to question him again, he pressured him and even threatened him, if he did not confess the punishment he would receive would be more severe than before. A hammer was also found in the car of the taxi driver, who admitted that he went for self-defense when passing through a dangerous neighborhood. Of course, no one believed his claim.

With little time left, police investigators were intensifying their efforts to gather more evidence than ever before. Fortunately, many high-ranking police officers supported the idea of closing this big case. Even the courts were under pressure from society to convict the murderer, with only one option: the death penalty. Although there were accusations that the police may have made him a scapegoat to solve the case, this was only a minority opinion.

The important thing that made Tech believe that he had truly succeeded was that there were no more murders after Mr. Wisut Saengkhaio was imprisoned. The case had been closed for almost twenty years. Unexpectedly, in the end, it would become the trigger for this event. He couldn't stand it, although he tried to find a way out, he only found a dead end.

A representative of the government political party called him in the morning and informed the commander that the party could no longer support him and would immediately remove his name from the list of possible electoral candidates. The parties met to discuss and the opportunity presented ended when the news spread throughout the country that morning.

The sirens of the police cars sounded, letting him know that officers were going to be sent to arrest the man who was once a big boss who could control hundreds and thousands of police officers. There was no way to escape, and he couldn't avoid this situation. Everyone had turned away, leading to him being labeled a corrupt police commander, which was widely publicized.

It was finished. Everything he built with his hands disappeared in the blink of an eye. The police chief sat proudly in his office chair, framed by the decorations that had adorned him his entire life. The shield of honor, a gold framed image of his promotion day, was prominently displayed on the wall. Soon, the authorities would take care of everything and process him. The man who was sitting on his throne was destroyed and collapsed because of his own children.

A daughter revived the case from years ago, causing trouble and bringing down his father. Meanwhile, the other boy... was a murderer, who killed his father alive.

The drawers of the teak desk opened, revealing the barrel of the gun Big Tech hid at home for protection. A rough hand took him, he pampered him like a child who would never betray his father. There were many bullets inside. Perhaps not enough to fight against officers who dared to trample on his honor, but enough for himself. The muzzle of the gun was pointed at his own temple, ready to be fired.

“I will never give up the position I have achieved and maintain to this day.”

Tech thought before pulling the trigger. The hand holding the gun fell due to gravity, drops of blood splashed on the shelf behind him, countless plaques, medals and certificates, all stained.

Police Lieutenant General Tech Techakomol decided to commit suicide to avoid the mistakes he made. The name of the police chief who was always full of power and endless ambition, had turn out of time,

News of the police commander's death spread quickly, Big Tech shot himself inside the mansion where he lived alone, before the police could arrest him. Of course, the reason why the police chief acted like this could not be denied, his lawsuit would soon be revealed. The story began when he handled a case 15 years ago where there was falsification of documents, filling of charges, falsification of evidence to arrest innocent people, and also attempts to disrupt the work of legal institutions to the point of damaging the case.

The demise of Big Tech opened the eyes of people across the country. Although no one had answered the question, was it true that he tried to trap other people to save his son? But that didn't matter anymore because he was dead. The police commander's funeral was held with the help of another police chief as host, with a large number of police officers present to pay their respects. Neither his family nor his children attended the event, in accordance with the deceased's lifelong wish that no one burden his well-being. Until his departure, he did not grieve them or mourn their loss.

Tul was standing outside the temple where the funeral ceremony was taking place. She had no desire to enter. Her gaze was blank, taking in the solemn atmosphere. The sound of the monks' chanting echoed faintly, but she felt nothing, nor did she think he is my father' Tul did not believe in the law of karma nor did she believe in the afterlife. But although he didn't really believe it, she still wanted to avoid the cycle of rebirth as father and daughter again.

“I just wanted to see the condition of the selfish person and see how it ended.”

Tul took a rude action by raising her middle finger at her father's funeral ceremony. No one saw her, and she was sure that even if his ghosts saw her, she wouldn't break her fingers. She was confident because during her life, Big Tech, he never did anything that was beneficial to anyone. It was good that he died, but it left scars on those left behind. He did not want to be punished for his own crimes and he preferred to walk away like a coward.

The pre-trial detainee was held in the Bangkok Special Prison, which was open to the general public to visit detainees, including family members and lawyers who were to provide them with advice to fight future cases. Prison officials escorted the visitor to the designated room to speak with a specific inmate while whispering to her how much time she had for the visit.

Tul was not surprised that they were given privacy, away from other inmates. This was because Tihn was different from all the prisoners, even within his own criminal group. From the day the police took him to perform re-enactments at every crime scene where a victim was found, it seemed that Tihn's behavior only worsened his psychological condition.

It wasn't that the reenactment had any flaws. If you looked closely, Tihh actually showed them how the victims begged for mercy, when their hearts stopped beating or how they desperately sought to escape. It was as if Tihn didn't want his carefully crafted masterpiece to be misinterpreted. Almost all the police officers were confused because they had never before encountered a killer so ruthless and unrepentant for his actions.

The prisoner appeared shortly after the officers left Tul to sit and wait. Tul watched as her brother, who was wearing a warm-colored shirt, entered and sat in front of her, with a large mirror separating the two of them. A few days before, the two brothers said goodbye after having breakfast together. But Tul realized that she could no longer live her life like before.

And I couldn't go back either. Although she could go back in time, she didn't know where to start 10 fix it 18 years ago, or from the day she was born so that his brother wouldn't become like that..

"I heard that my father died."

His expression revealed no emotion, indifferent to his question, devoid of any feeling, Tul remained silent, barely looking at her brother. The only reason she went was because there was an unresolved issue that required explanation.

"I refused to say goodbye to him. Did you know that after dad left us, he took me out many times and ordered me not to tell you?"

A lake smile appeared on Tihn's face as he recounted past encounters he had with his father. His father once loved him, before he turned down the opportunity to leave his mother and his sister for a police officer who was building his career. It was simply because Tihn did not want to be criticized as selfish like his father,

"You better stop talking about that matter."

Tul made a disgusted face. She used to think that her childhood was always fun. She did not feel the lack of warmth or longing for love from her parents, because she had an older brother. Memories of the past slowly gnawed at her heart as she thought of the things Tihn had done for her.

"Then why did you come?"

His voice sounded disappointed because he couldn't tell fun stories to her little sister. Tul took a deep breath, trying to force himself not to let out a trembling sound in front of the assassin.

"You didn't hurt Ran because you thought of me, You hurt jew, but you didn't kill her because you just wanted to teach her a lesson..."

Tul slowly recounted each incident to her brother that he was listening to.

"With the families of those two children, you empathized with them. You see systemic social problems that oppress disadvantaged people... Everything you do, at first I thought you were sick... But you still think about other people, it shows...."

The murderer laughed as if he had just heard a very ridiculous story. It was a high-pitched laugh that he had never heard from his brother in her entire life. It was a laugh that gave her goosebumps. The light penetrated the glass and cast shadows, making Tihn's face appear distorted and strange.

"I told you, I didn't do anything to your girlfriend because I'm a good brother to you."

Tul's heart pounded, her face went numb as she heard it.

"As for your police friend? I didn't want to kill her in the first place, I just wanted to show that the real culprit would return, not someone who tried to imitate me because his actions weren't as good as mine."

His voice hid a hint of discontent as he referred to the previous murder case, which led to the widespread misunderstanding that the real murderer had returned. He was like an artist watching someone try to irritate his masterpiece, but he had not been able to achieve it.

"And those two children."

Tul searched for words, as if she couldn't find her own.

"You felt sorry for them. That's right?"

During her time as a police officer she encountered many types of cases, so it could be said that very few criminals committed crimes without planning it first. Often, they felt the need to hurt and kill people out of revenge, lack of conscience or momentary control, and would accidentally kill in a fit of rage. Most of the victims were people close to them, people who had reasons to harm each other, leaving traces and motives that led the police to arrest them.

But not with Tihn... Although there was a root cause of an incident, where almost all the victims were people who had no direct impact on them. They very simply individuals who aligned themselves with the goals he had previously set. If he was said to be a psychopath, a condition that characterizes individuals with abnormal personality traits that were antisocial, it meant that he lacked empathy for other people and would prioritize his own interests. So Tihn most likely did not felt sorry for the death of these two children.

Tihn could barely take his eyes off his sister's face when he heard that question. He leaned back in a chair that was very uncomfortable to sit in, staring at the ceiling as if he was thinking about the answer.

"Maybe because... I thought of myself, I thought of you, I thought of the two brothers."

A split second passed and Tul felt like she had his brother back..

“If you and I had grown up together and were accompanied by a father and mother, what would it be like today? If dad had not selfishly abandoned us, if mother had not chosen a comfortable path, what would we have become? What would our life be like? When I looked at them, they were very happy, they were like us but unfortunately they died first.”

It wasn't just sadness hidden in his tone and look, Tihn groaned, expressing regret as if she was watching a drama on television. But there was a reason why the drama was canceled midway, amid audience confusion, perhaps simply due to low ratings.

“Well, you could say I feel sorry for them. Those two children died because their father was in debt and could not find a way out for him and his family. Makes me wonder what I should choose as a victim.”

Tul felt like she couldn't keep her balance if she didn't support her elbows, It turned out that she had lived with a severe psychopath her entire life, never realizing that everything she experienced was false.

“You used those two children as an excuse to kill people.”

"That's right, you're smart,"

Tihn praised with a twinkle in his eye.

“18 years ago, I killed those prostitutes out of pure hatred towards those who reminded me of our mother. I was satisfied with the actions I took, but it ended there. I just wanted to vent my emotions.”

It was rare for Tul to see a satisfied smile on his brother's face, to the point that she almost forgot that her brother had never been truly happy before. Whether it was when he graduated, he got a job in a hotel restaurant, which seemed like his dream had come true, or even when he agreed to leave to start his bakery. Only now did Tul know what Tihn's happiness really was.

“I learned how people feel when someone dies, after killing your girlfriend's mother.”

Tihn paused for a moment. His sister's piercing eyes looking at him became ferocious at the mere mention of the person she loved.

“She was a university professor, why did she have to die? That question seems to suggest that The prostitute who died earlier was less valuable than a professor. The police should immediately find and arrest the perpetrator because they didn't believe your girlfriend's mother deserved to die.”

“No one deserves to die!”

Tul responded forcefully, but the person behind the glass just laughed.

“Do you see people researching the history of the dead to discover what they did before? They try to find reasons to support that that person deserved to die... When the law can't do anything about those people, it's better if they die, right?”

Tul's fist immediately hit the large glass between the two of them. Fortunately, the glass was made to special order, so it was difficult to break. But that was enough to make the officers outside think the situation was not good. They immediately entered and detained Lieulensan Tul so as not to cause any more problems than this.

Tihn leaned back in his chair, looking at the piercing look in his younger sister's eyes that she had never shown him before.

"You mean you never wanted anyone to get what they deserved for being disgraced by their actions? Someone who would have once been mean to you, someone like that bastard Captain Dan you talked about so often. Deep down, you must think he deserves to be in a coma, right?"

“Don't put your bad thoughts in other people's heads!”

Tul screamed loudly. She tried to break through the glass so many times that it took two officers to get her out of the visiting room. The cold laugh of a murderer resonated in her ears and would probably be engraved in her heart for a long time.

The heavy eyelids slowly opened. It took her a while to get used to the light. She underwent treatment for the second day and felt pain in her neck area. She barely realized that she had been attacked at that moment, as if something heavy had suddenly hit the back of her head, before her consciousness suddenly faded away.

The young woman knew the whole story from the first day she became aware. No one told her, but she begged the nurse who came to treat her to turn on the television because she wanted to know the latest news about her. The photo of the owner of the bakery where she and her father often ate, her girlfriend's older brother who always gave her a smile, appeared on almost every news channel. They showed the face of the murderer who reappeared after 15 years and caused another incident.

There was no news from her girlfriend. She didn't know how this could happen and there was no one to explain it to. Her memories were blurry, indicating that Tul had helped her leave a place filled only with the sounds of the night echoing with thunder. But when she woke up in the hospital, Tul was no longer there and there was no sign that she was coming to see her.

On the morning of the second day, one of the television stations reported the news. Police took the suspect to investigate the crime scene. And not only the last four cases that occurred this year, but also events that occurred 18 years ago, where the bodies of each prostitute were found. The surroundings had changed little, as the gravel roads had been paved decades later. The garbage dump where a body was found had been converted into a small park. And... When journalists followed the police to the place where the body of Mrs. Watcharin Chanthanasation, the last victim, was found, Che ran felt something get stuck in her throat.

The murderer knelt on the doll of the deceased. His face showed boredom because they asked him to repeat the same thing so that the police could see

it. The hotter the air, the more angry her face seemed. Although Che rán could not hear the sound from the actual location, the news anchor continued narrating the incident to the audience. Tears filled her eyes until she could no longer see what was happening on the television screen, while the killer made the motion of raising the hammer and hitting it on the doll's face repeatedly

“Ran...”

A familiar voice came from the front door as Mae had just stopped by to visit the sick person. She saw that her friend had woken up, but on the television screen she was showing the news of a crime that caused shock in the community. Mae wouldn't be so worried if she didn't directly affect her friend. However, seeing Che-rán sitting on her bed crying about her prompted her to go in immediately.

"Don't watch the news now,"

Mae gently hugged her friend, pulling her closer to prevent her from looking at the TV screen. Che-rán buried her face in Mae's small shoulder, a soft moan escaped her lips, tears flowed along with those of her friend. Mae softly whispered words of comfort, hoping to make her feel better,

“Has P'Tul come here? Have you seen her...?”

Che-rán asked her friend in a slightly dull voice. There was a look of shame that couldn't be hidden.

“I don't know... I didn't see her.”

Che-rán sobbed softly, her beautiful eyes trembling. It wasn't just what she had to endure, but she didn't know where Tul was or what she was doing. Some news items mentioned the name of a policewoman who was the daughter of a police officer who committed suicide at home, abdicated responsibility for cases that had been poorly Investigated in the past, and tried with all her might to hide it. But that wasn't what worried her for her poor lover, but because the murderer the police were looking for was her good brother.

Ran still didn't want to believe it when the truth was revealed. What was happening with P'Tul?" How much did she blame herself? And did P'Tul know that she really wanted to see her? Two days had passed and there was still no sign of her lover. Every time she asked someone about P'Tul's whereabouts, they told her they didn't know. She couldn't contact her either, Che-rân buried her face in her palms until Mae had to pull her into a hug again, feeling sorry for her friend.

In front of the patient's room in a private hospital, there was no "Do Not Disturb" sign hanging in front of the door, but there was a visitor who refused to enter. Her face looked as if she hadn't rested much in the past two days. Her sleepy eyes looked through the small glass of the door to observe the condition of the sick woman. Tul stood there for several minutes, still not knowing if she should enter or not. Until Mae came out after checking on her friend, to inform the people she was waiting outside.

"Ran feels better now. She may still have to wear a neck cast for longer, like Jew before."

The person in front of her murmured a word of thanks in a low voice. She kept her head down, not daring to look anyone in the eye,

"Ran wants to see you, Lieutenant,"

Mae said sincerely. She no longer wanted to lie to her friend, but in the end she didn't have the authority to tell her. As an outsider who was not involved in her relationship, even though she knew how bad her current situation was, to her, Lieutenant Tul was bearing too many consequences of the actions of those closest to her..

"No."

Tul denied without giving any reason. They all knew in their hearts how much this situation had hurt both of them. At first, Mae also did not believe that the serial killer they were looking for was someone close to the lieutenant and the older brother of Che-ran's lover and the person who also killed Che-ran's mother.

Tul said goodbye, but her eyes continued to peer through the small glass window into the patient's room, where she could see Che-ran's toes under the pure white blanket. Over the past two days, she had visited her many times but never came in to see her lover. It's not that I didn't want to see her, but it's like I didn't have the face to do it.

On the way home, Tul tried to keep her head down so that other people in the hospital wouldn't notice that she was crying. Her heart was too broken to hold back the tears that shamefully flowed in public. She had lost one of the most important people in her life, someone she could never get back. It was difficult to accept, no matter how much she tried to console herself. Tul realized that there was almost no way to alleviate this pain.

And the scars her brother left were too deep for anyone to forgive. How could she look at Che-rân without feeling guilty? As if she had to take on a moral responsibility that P'Tihn didn't have.

"Lieutenant Tul,"

But then a voice called her, making her stop short before leaving the private hospital. He was a second person that Tul was not prepared to face...
Professor Rakkit.

Professor Rakkit had intended to visit his daughter earlier, anticipating that he would be able to see the policewoman who had always gotten along well with him in the role of his daughter's partner, or even as a co-worker. Lieutenant Tul never had defects that could provoke criticism. Until two days ago he still believed her because she found Che rân but that trust was shattered by a truth that he could not believe even when he saw it with his own eyes.

The murderer who killed his wife, who had been on the news for more than 18 years, had finally been captured. Lacking the conscience that every human being should have, he appeared on television, in many news programs his name appeared as if praising him. Many people considered him skilled and intelligent as if he were a celebrity in stark contrast to the victims families, who, no matter how much time passed, still had not overcome the pain.

“How is Ran? Is she awake?”

The man in his sixties finally asked about his daughter, who was still recovering, Lieutenant Tul seemed surprised, as she thought they would blame her for everything that happened.

“She is awake.”

Tul continued looking at her feet.

“Have you two talked?”

Tul shook her head. She didn't think that she would get the doctor's attitude and voice, which was not much different from before, although she felt that she didn't deserve it. The tears flowed again when she fully knew that the family of the deceased would never accept any apology from the killer's mouth, whether sincere or false.

Professor Rakkit wanted to be a reasonable person, but he couldn't help it when he saw that the person in front of him was related to the murderer. The person he opened a bakery that he praised as delicious, the person his daughter once visited at his house.... And at this moment, someone with the status of the murderer's younger sister was standing in front of him, wiping her own tears with her sleeve. Sixty years of life experience allowed him to guess a person's heart. And using the experience he had with Lieutenant Tul in the past, he also saw that the other party was probably also experiencing the same pain,

“I don't want anyone to be responsible. Don't blame yourself... I hope we can get through this.”

The pensioner's rough hand reached out and squeezed the trembling shoulders of the policewoman who lowered her head to wipe away her tears. If the person in front of him was someone else and not Lieutenant Tul, Professor Rakkit was not sure whether he could forgive or not. However, looking at someone who, even at this moment, still felt guilty for something she didn't do, it seemed like the world was determined to test whether he could bear the pain.

“I could only ask Lieutenant Tul to get over this painful moment.”

He hoped that she would hear her forgiveness and she wouldn't blame herself too much.

The resignation letter that Tul submitted to her superiors the day before had been approved and took effect immediately. In light of these events, including the time a former commander ended his life with a gun, the Central Bureau of Investigation had an acting commander who was working to quickly restore normality. This situation made many people look at the policewoman who was the daughter of Commander Tech Techakomol,

They stated that the public could lose confidence in the police if they continued to carry out their duties. Tul did not wait to be forced out of the job, knowing that her mental state could no longer bear the burden, whether as the daughter of a selfish, power-hungry commander, or as the sister of a serial killer, before the whole world. That was unforgivable.

Tulle went to say goodbye to inspector Pichet. When he arrived at his office, there was no conversation other than silence to keep things moving forward. The senior police officer looked out the window and thought to himself. He used to have good memories of working with this subordinate.

As an inspector of the criminal investigation unit, who had risen through the ranks through decades of hard work, he was accustomed to submitting to orders from superior officers and instructing his subordinates to stay in line. Although he was initially doubtful of this subordinate, fearing that he would not succeed if she did not follow orders, the officer had underestimated many times was now the person he most feared losing,

“I respect your decision...”

The inspector tried to keep his voice steady, breathing repeatedly.

“But if I ask you out, don't refuse. Remember that.”

“I will always take the inspector, to watch football anywhere.”

T still made joking comments that always made the people in front of her smile slightly. The inspector turned to look at the person who had just entered without bothering to ask permission first. Jew had just heard another policeman say on the way that the commander had approved Lieutenant Tul's departure from government service. Jew recalled that the process could take months and there was almost no time left to say goodbye.

“Phi, they said you were leaving today. Why didn't you tell me?”

Jew complained, her voice shaking as she spoke, making no effort to hide her sadness. She approached and hugged her superior tightly, like a child seeking comfort. The inspector looked at the two policewomen who had always opposed him, insisting that they would not let just one person take the blame. He turned around as tears welled up in his eyes, at the thought of never seeing that sight again.

“Please don't stay silent. Promise me you'll keep in touch with me.”

Tul responded with a murmur in her throat. Jew was the one who knew the whole story before anyone else, who pulled her out of the abyss the night after handing P'Tihn over to the investigation team. Jew refused to accept her apology because it was not her superior's fault. Since they already knew each other, she understood her intentions without needing to ask. Jew never regretted working with Tul because she always respected her.

For Tihn, she understood what he meant, but the words he said at that moment were not intended to insult anyone. She admitted that she was sorry... But the one who was sadder than anyone was Lieutenant Tul.

“Let go of me, I can't breathe.”

Jew did not let go of her as requested. Inspector Pichet laughed, approached and patted the shoulders of the two girls, whom he considered his own daughters.

A commercial building that used to be a bakery in an area that was crowded with people all day, now the owner had put up a For Sale/Rent sign. However, apart from no one contacting her, she couldn't help but feel anxious as the condition of the building was getting worse day by day and the prices were gradually dropping. This was because several media outlets had presented that the suspect in the serial murder case previously owned a bakery. And every time someone asked where it was, more people visited the building out of curiosity, making it more popular than the museum. Each person left their mark to say that they had visited the killer's bakery.

Some people threw rocks at the glass until it cracked, no matter whose glass it was. Others sprayed paint on the walls, leaving curse words behind. Some praised the killer based on his twisted morals, saying things like "Raincoat Killer, praising him for killing rich people. Many times, the commercial building owner attempted to address this situation by adding additional signs prohibiting trespassing onto private property. Those who committed vandalism would be subject to legal fines, but no one seemed to care. The state of the building was nothing like that of the old bakery, which was always filled with the aroma of pastries. The only thing left were ruins and memories that people talk about.

Tul decided to sell the house in which they both lived for several years. She might not have gotten much, but it was better than being stuck in the same place where she couldn't sleep every night. She often woke up shocked by nightmares in which her brother killed someone and, sometimes, she herself died.

Some items had been moved, others donated. Tihn's personal belongings he didn't dare to give to anyone, so he put them in a separate box and put them away. That day, volunteers would stop by to help pack things after her work. Only Jew, the only person close to her, knew where she was moving. Other than that, Tul had not contacted anyone.

She took a childhood photo album from her brother's room. She opened it and watched as she waited for Jew to arrive. She remembered that her brother was always there for her; when her parents divorced, when her mother ran away to remarry, or when her grandmother died. The photo album was full of pictures of the two of them. Often, she stopped to look at

photos of her older brother in her youth, his smiling face adorning the chef's uniform from his days in culinary school,

"Are you going to kill someone now?"

Tul unknowingly shed tears, she decided to close the album before looking at the ceiling, hoping that her tears would return because she no longer wanted to be sad about this. The bell rang at the front door, it must have been Jew who had just arrived. Tul wiped her tears with her sleeve, she adjusted her expression to normal before walking to the front of the house, opening the door to welcome Jew who would help her pick up her things.. However, the person who was there was not Jew.

Che-ran stood in front of the gate, as if she had been there for a long time but had decided to ring the bell and call the owner of the house, Che-rán didn't cry, she didn't want to shed more tears, she just wanted to see how her girlfriend was doing. Seeing her calmed her heart because she had already been eagerly waiting to see her. She snorted, turning her head, hiding the tears she hoped she wouldn't shed if she saw Tul's face.

They didn't greet each other, no one started a conversation. There was only silence, squeezing their hearts tightly. Several minutes passed before Tul finally spoke in a low voice, inviting Ran to come in, because the sky outside was very dark even though it was only five in the afternoon. Dark clouds doomed low, hinting that it would soon rain...

Inside the empty house, some of her belongings had been stolen. All that was left was large furniture like a dining table, to Tul invited Che-rán to sit there. But before walking to get water to offer the guest, the small hand grabbed the hem of her shirt. Her last visit to this house ended with a secret attack from someone she trusted. It was still too much for her to accept, And Tul seemed to understand what she meant, so she agreed to stay there and not go away from her.

Che ran herself was able to realize that the owner of the house was going to move out of there. But how did she know? She asks Lieutenant Jew who told her that Tul has decided to leave. Then, Ran thought about where she could go and if she wouldn't contact her anymore, And if she hadn't come to

see her at home, she probably wouldn't have known. The person who likes to keep all her problems to herself will probably never trust her, thinking of running away from her and avoiding her without saying a word

“When were you planning to tell me?”

Her voice was soft, hinting at a hint of anger. A pair of beautiful eyes looked at the person next to her, avoiding her gaze, and her mouth was too heavy to explain. The silence that Che-rân received made her heart break even more. She accidentally sobbed softly as she tried to force herself to hold it back.

“If I hadn't come looking for you, would we have been able to talk?”

"..." Tul said a word, but she couldn't find the words to cover her own cowardice, she wasn't ready to face her lover. Her brother's mocking laughter still echoed in her ears, her cruel words, no remorse for the actions he had committed against the deceased, and no matter how much pain those still living experienced at the loss of her, It made her unable to face it.

Tul always dreamed that Che-rân was left alone on the roof, and she also always dreamed that her brother killed her, She sometimes woke up when in the dream she couldn't save her lover. Even though she knew it was just a nightmare, she still cried and screamed.

"P'Tul don't you want to talk to me anymore?"

Asked the young woman, repeating it over and over again. Paying attention to the face of her lover who did not answer all of her questions. Her sobbing finally stopped. Tul couldn't help but pretend that she no longer felt anything. Her walls had crumbled since she saw Che-rân come to see her. She finally hugged Che ran and agreed to let her tears fall on her small shoulder.

“Ran, listen to me..”

Tul took a deep breath to comfort the little girl in her arms even though she herself was crying. A hand stroked her light brown hair, her nose smelling

of the perfume Che rân used to wear after work. Tul hugged her lover tightly, hoping that nothing could make Che-ran sad again after this.

“I'm sorry for everything that happened... I know it's not enough, it can't be replaced... I don't even know when it happened...”

Tul took a moment to control her voice so that it wouldn't shake.

“But because of what he did... I kept thinking about it... I can't get it out of my head.”

"We've talked about this before, haven't we? That you don't have to be responsible for anyone else?"

“When you look at me, don't you think about what he has done?...”

Tul moved her body away so that Che rân could see her. The tears on her face were blurry. For a split second, Che rân looked down, her heart aching at the fact that her lover was the sister of the person who took her mother's life. It was impossible for new wounds to heal in a short time.

Tul could fool how Ran was feeling, even Professor Rakkit or Jew, they all still had strange looks when they saw her. Perhaps it was an unwillingness to believe, as if everyone saw the shadow of a murderer behind her all the time. But everyone tried to understand her, tried to open their arms to her and tell her that everything would be okay. Che ran was the same... The woman she loved stood in front of her with a very wounded heart.

“Aren't we going to get through this together?”

Che-rân demanded it between sobs. She wanted to know when Tul would stop carrying the weight of the responsibility that she believed belonged to her alone. With a gentle touch, Che rân's small hand reached out to caress Tul's pale cheek, a touch so familiar that it made her heart tremble as she realized how much she longed for it. Tul looked down and gently rested her forehead on Che ran's slender shoulder. At all times, Che rân had carried the pain of losing her mother, a burden that Tul herself had always been aware of.

“There was a promise to help each other solve this case.... When did that change? Every time the other party went through such trials, we had never broken our promises.”

Until harsh reality hit her and everything spiraled out of control, making her unable to hold on to anything to calm herself. Raindrops fell heavily on the windows and the ground outside, after the sky had been cloudy all day, as if warning of an impending catastrophe. In the end, love could be just one of the important variables dragging them both down. If they were simply strangers or if they had only known each other superficially on the day of the tragic incident. Maybe it wouldn't be as painful as this.

Her lips kissed Che-ran's forehead and stopped for a long time. As Tul always did, to calm her lover and make her feel better, although this time it didn't work. This would be the last one. After this she would leave... And it won't happen again.

Outside the rain was still heavy, Tul took an umbrella and opened it to take Che-rán to the car, Because that small umbrella was the only one found in the house, so it couldn't be used for two people. But even so, Che ran was not hit by a single drop of rain.

Nobody said goodbye. It was as if saying a word could make one of them change their mind and the other person stay. Tul observed her lover sitting in the car. The Mazda was so red that she would attract the attention of criminals if they followed her. Remembering what she herself had said, whether it was a mocking joke or a sincere comment, her eyes filled with tears again, almost preventing her from looking at the face of her lover before she separated from her,

Che rán slowly fastened her seat belt, intending not to look at the person who was still standing with an umbrella waiting for her to leave. Her back and half of her left shoulder were wet with rainwater as she waited for the red Mazda to turn a corner and disappear from sight.

The court sentenced Tihn Techakomol, a serial killer who murdered seven people in 1998, to death. But he was never punished at the time, because the investigating police officers failed to fulfill their duties and arrested innocent people to suffer for a long time, almost twenty years. Until this year, this ruthless killer had lived freely in society and committed similar crimes, resulting in four more deaths.

The defendant admitted this both during interrogation and at trial. The court determined that a review of the evidence was not necessary. Considering the nature of his crimes of having no remorse, showing no fear, and continuing to violate local laws, which posed a significant danger to society, he would no longer be allowed to live among the general public.

The court's decision was final, Tihn was convicted of premeditated and repeated murder, committing heinous acts, cruelty and torture against another person, resulting in death. The death penalty was the only appropriate punishment for crimes of this nature. Although Thailand had not executed any prisoners in the past 10 years, this case required an exception. Tihn was half asleep in a special Department of Corrections cell, separated from other inmates in preparation for his execution by lethal injection in the early hours of the morning. He was reflecting on the events of the final day of the trial, when his younger sister, Tul, came to hear the verdict and witness the final fate of her brother. At least he had lived with his little sister and had never regretted it.

Towards the end of November, cold air was slowly beginning to move in, signaling that the end of the year was approaching. People are looking forward to the opportunity to take a break, while some may turn down the holidays to avoid the hustle and bustle of New Year's celebrations. Tul herself was one of those people who planned ahead. He had booked a place to stay with her girlfriend several months ago before they split up. Chiang Mai remained a perennial favorite among tourists as winter approached. Tul slung her bag over her shoulder and joined the group of passengers getting off the early morning flight.

Everyone carried a travel pillow around their neck. Cold air greeted them as they exited the airport building. Tul checked the directions to her first lodge

at the top of Doi Inthanon..

Tul took a bus from the airport to the city of Chiang Mai, before taking a public minibus to the top of Dol, following the advice of a local when she asked for directions.

On both sides of the road, towering trees loomed in the distance, a sight that captivated first time visitors to Chang Mai. Tul took out the cinematic camera from her to capture the atmospheric scene. The morning fog was thick and, she said, would probably continue until dawn. It was very cold when she started to feel the cold vapor on the top of the mountain.. After traveling more than ninety kilometers from the city center, she finally arrived at the complex located on the top of the mountain. The panoramic views revealed vast mountain. ranges and waterfalls in the distance. Tul carried her luggage to the counter where the staff was waiting to greet the early morning guests.

“Hello, can I leave my bag first? I will be back to check in at 2:00 PM,”

Tul asked politely. She had intended to visit several places on the mountain a few hours before entering the room, but if she was carrying her luggage, it might be a hassle.

“Yeah. Can I know your name? In case we want to take the bag to your room”

"Ah..."

Tul raised her hand to scratch her cheek and correct her embarrassment before taking out her cell phone and checking the emailed order receipt.

“I don't remember the name of who made the reservation... Tul Techakomol or... Che-ran Chanthanasathien, can you check it for me?”

The receptionist leaned over to check the names on the computer screen recording guest history.

“If it's Mrs. Che ran, she's here. Please leave her suitcases with us.”

Tul's heart was beating fast. She didn't expect Che-ran to take the trip they planned together. Even if they booked accommodation before breaking up. For several months they did not see each other again.

“Where is she now? Is she around here?”

The receptionist was a little surprised by the customer's panicked expression, then walked towards the street in front of the resort where there was a public path through the park.

She rented a car to go to Kiew Mae Pan.

“Maybe go there....”

Kiew Mae Pan was a nature trail and viewing point at the top of Doi Inthanon that tourists used to walk to enjoy the natural atmosphere. If you visited during the winter, the thick white fog would settle until late afternoon. It was ideal to visit before the sun reached its peak.

However, none of this interested Tul. She did not stop at the various rest points recommended by officers along the highway, and often heard warnings for her to be careful because of her hasty steps, which could pose dangers on the road. The trail was more than three kilometers long, but it took little time for Tul to walk through dense forest to an open field on the Kiew Mae Pan ridge, which had the highest viewpoint. In front of her was a large group of tourists who had arrived early, happily taking pictures in various places.

The bright morning sunlight provided some warmth in the cold weather, Tul walked along the wooden balcony where bright red azaleas bloomed. Below the ridge, a white mist floated low like clouds. Tul looked behind the other tourists as she crouched down so as not to get caught in anyone's photo. Then, she saw a person trying to climb the hill.

The young woman was standing with her hand resting on the railing of the viewpoint. She was wearing a calm winter coat and comfortable looking dark jeans. The wind blew through her light brown hair, making it flutter until she used the tips of her fingers to tuck the loose strands behind her ears. Just seeing her face that she missed so much made Tul's heart tremble

even more. She moved closer, her breathing becoming more unsteady due to her nervousness,

Not knowing what to say in greeting, Tul could only walk and stop nearby, pretending to be interested in the endless view of the mountains. Of course, when someone came closer than necessary, Che-rån would look away critically to see who it was. She Immediately recognized the person she was near.

It was as if time around her slowed down. Mist floated lazily along the ridge and the trees swayed in the wind. The face of the person who was still in her memory was clear as if she was dreaming. The same eyes looked at her with mixed feelings, in the midst of the atmosphere and nature that looked like a photo of her. At that moment, the two women had met in that place where they had promised to go together sometime.

END OF THE NOVEL



austinnies x chatgpt present:
an unofficial and probably somewhat
off translated version of the
special chapters of Petrichor

special chapter 1
Chiang Mai

The cold wind brushed against her skin, prompting her to tuck her hands into the pockets of her jacket as she walked around the Great Stupa. Tourists marveled at the myriad of flowers, particularly the hydrangeas that competed to show off their beauty, though they failed to catch Tul's interest. Her eyes were fixed on a woman in a muted coat, capturing the surrounding atmosphere with her phone's camera, a sweet smile gracing her face—a smile Tul dearly missed.

She brought out the film camera she had brought along, hoping to capture beautiful photos of Doi Inthanon. Tul watched through the small viewfinder, aiming at the woman standing amidst the garden. Just as her finger was about to press the shutter, Cheran turned towards her, resulting in a perfect shot of the beautiful woman looking directly at the camera.

"Why didn't you tell me you were taking a picture? I wasn't ready. Can I see the photo?"

"You can't. It's a film camera. We have to develop the film first." Tul almost didn't know how to react when Cheran walked over. If it had been a digital camera, Cheran could have seen the photo immediately after the shutter was pressed. However, the charm of the analog era had regained popularity, with people appreciating the different mood and tone of film cameras.

Tul kept to herself the thought that Cheran looked beautiful in the photo, tightly pressing her lips to prevent the words from slipping out.

"Can you teach me how to take pictures?" Cheran asked, moving closer. The request caused Tul's heart to flutter, and she easily handed over the camera. Each step felt arduous as Tul guided Cheran, standing behind her, explaining how to wind the film and press the shutter, and how to look through the small viewfinder to frame the shot.

"P'Tul, go stand over there, and I'll take your picture."

"Me?" Despite her hesitation, Tul couldn't refuse Cheran. She walked to the same spot in the garden where Cheran had stood, waiting and smiling until her cheeks hurt, while the amateur photographer hesitated before pressing the shutter, unsure if the picture was successful. Tul had to walk back to check.

"If the shutter advanced like this, it means Ran took the photo correctly." She praised, boosting Cheran's confidence. Hearing this, Cheran eagerly asked to take more pictures with the film camera. Tul, already feeling a bit shaky, couldn't resist Cheran's eager eyes and allowed her to keep the camera, following her closely as she wandered through the garden, capturing the scenery.

Occasionally, when other tourists came by, Tul gently guided Cheran to avoid collisions, using a light touch to steer her. She quickly pulled her hand back, fearing Cheran might not appreciate the contact.

"Shall we take a picture together?" Cheran asked tentatively, not meeting Tul's gaze, perhaps busy looking for a good spot or bracing for a possible refusal.

"With the film camera?"

"It can't be done, right?" Cheran's sweet voice sounded disappointed. Taking a selfie with a phone would have been easy, but with a film camera, the focus might be off if taken too close, and they couldn't see the picture beforehand. The photo might not turn out well.

Tul solved the problem by asking a nearby tourist to take their photo, explaining how to press the shutter and frame the picture. She returned to Cheran.

"Where do you want to take the picture?"

Earlier, Tul regretted not having a photo together at Kew Mae Pan because she didn't have the courage to ask. Cheran pulled Tul by the sleeve to the spot she had in mind, smiling at the tourist who kindly took the photo.

"Come closer, one... two... three."

The public bus stopped at the tourist service point near their accommodation. The sunset painted the sky in warm colors. Tul slowed down as she nearly walked ahead of Cheran on the way back to the resort. After spending the day visiting various spots on Doi Inthanon, worshipping the Great Stupa, admiring the Siriphum Waterfall from a distance at the Royal Agricultural Station, and having a meal together, they hadn't talked about the past months since their separation, leaving those memories behind and allowing themselves to fully enjoy the moment.

Though they barely spoke, walking side by side, Tul often glanced at Cheran, avoiding her eyes when she didn't want to be seen.

Despite checking in late, their bags were already taken to their room. Tul hesitated when she received the keycard, unsure if Cheran would be comfortable sharing a room. They hadn't planned for this, but if they were still a couple, there wouldn't be any awkwardness.

"If P'Tul isn't comfortable, I can take another room."

"No..." Tul quickly denied, not knowing how Cheran interpreted her expression. Deep down, she didn't want to sleep separately, but she said, "Actually, you arrived first. You should take this room, and I'll find another."

Tul handed the keycard to Cheran, not noticing the disappointment in her eyes. The former policewoman walked back to the reception desk to ask for another room, but it seemed fate had other plans.

"I'm sorry, but all other rooms are booked," the receptionist replied politely. Tul returned to Cheran, trying to hide her feelings.

"There are no other rooms. We have to share."

Cheran pouted slightly. The resort on the hill had individual houses scattered along the slope. The surrounding scenery was as beautiful as the pictures they had seen when they booked the room. Cheran unlocked the door with the keycard and led Tul inside, where their bags were already placed.

The bathroom was on the left, with a built-in counter and a mini-fridge stocked with water. A king-size bed was at the center, facing a large window overlooking the waterfall on the mountainside. The sliding door led to a balcony with a hammock for lounging.

After exploring the room, both of them were satisfied. They didn't discuss sleeping arrangements, thinking the bed was big enough for two. Exhausted from the day's activities, they finally spoke about who would shower first, not wanting to wait too long as the temperature dropped.

"You go first."

"No, you should. You've already taken off your jacket."

"Just the outer one." Realizing they were both insisting the other go first, Tul suggested, "Okay, let's play rock-paper-scissors. Loser showers first."

Cheran sighed at the childish game but agreed.

She chose paper, and Tul chose paper too.

Second round, she picked paper again, and Tul chose rock.

"Go shower." The winner pushed gently, reminding her. Tul grumbled but accepted the rules she set, grabbing a towel and pajamas before heading to the bathroom.

While waiting, Cheran organized her clothes and prepared her pajamas. She could hear the shower running. She hadn't expected to see Tul here, her heart racing at the realization that Tul still cared, always accommodating her requests. Despite the worry in Tul's eyes, Cheran tried to show she felt the same.

As Tul showered, Cheran thought about the past months, wondering about Tul's well-being. She had often asked Captain Jew about Tul, concerned about her health. Seeing her now, Cheran felt an indescribable joy.

Tul emerged from the bathroom, wearing her jacket as the temperature dropped. She saw the soft orange lights outside and Cheran sitting on the balcony, waiting for her turn to shower.

"Better shower soon, it's getting colder."

Cheran stood up, entering the room. Tul waited until Cheran grabbed her clothes and towel before calling the resort to order light alcoholic drinks to enjoy on the balcony. Tul lay down, listening to the water as Cheran showered. Soon, a staff member delivered two cans of beer to their room.

Tul took one can, wrapped herself in a blanket, and sat on the hammock, sipping the cold beer, enjoying the cool air. She felt colder than inside with the air conditioning. Eventually, she couldn't stand the chill and went back inside for a blanket, wrapping it around herself as she returned to the balcony. Cheran, just finished showering, saw Tul bundled up and couldn't help but laugh.

"If you're cold, come inside."

Tul grinned, handing Cheran the unopened beer can.

"Want to join me?" She made room on the hammock, inviting Cheran to sit with her.

Tul smiled and grabbed another unopened can of fruit beer, handing it to her younger sister. "Do you want to drink together?" She made room for Cheran on the hammock, causing it to sway slightly. She let the blanket fall to cover only her legs, and Cheran, not refusing, moved to sit beside her sister, accepting the beer that Tul had already opened. Tul lifted the blanket to cover Cheran's legs, shielding her from the cold.

"Is there more in the fridge?" Cheran asked.

"No, I just ordered it. They delivered it."

Cheran nodded and sipped the sweet, fruity beer, which she rarely drank. She seemed more relaxed, gazing at the distant waterfall along the ridge, appreciating the natural beauty rarely seen in Bangkok. However, the scenic beauty didn't captivate someone as much as the person beside them.

Tul looked away, trying to get Cheran to look at her. She pretended to take a sip of her beer. Her body was warming up a bit, no longer needing to rely on the blanket. She thought of a good topic to break the silence.

"How's Nong Mushroom?" She started talking about the fluffy pet, feeling a bit annoyed at herself.

"He's doing well, even plumper than before."

"The snacks I gave him must be gone by now, right?"

"They're gone, but I bought more because he liked them so much." Thinking of the cat likely sleeping at home with their grandfather, Cheran smiled slightly, wondering if he was wondering where she had gone or perhaps didn't care much about his owner.

Silence slowly enveloped them as they took turns sipping their beers. Something about the alcohol might make people speak their minds more easily, doing things they wouldn't normally do when sober.

"You're only asking about Nong Mushroom, aren't you going to ask about me?" Cheran's lips curled up charmingly, making Tul smile broadly. Seeing her adorable demeanor made it even harder for Tul to remain indifferent.

"And how's Nong Mushroom's mom doing?"

"I'm doing well."

"Really... Any cops hitting on you?" Tul asked hesitantly, so softly that Cheran almost didn't hear. Cheran glanced up at her, not expecting her to be interested in her relationships after trying to maintain their composure all day.

"There are a couple of them."

The one who asked initially turned sharply, furrowing her brows so much that Cheran almost burst out laughing. Tul murmured softly, "I don't believe it..."

"How would you know?"

"I asked Jew about it..." Despite having a reliable source, hearing Cheran say it herself made Tul less confident.

"Then Detective Jew must have missed something."

"You..." Even though it was a playful tease, Tul felt genuinely down. If it were true, she couldn't do anything because she didn't have the right to stop Cheran from starting anew with someone else. Of course, Tul was fully fooled. Cheran leaned on Tul's shoulder, looking at her with tender eyes.

"Just kidding, there's no one."

"You teased me..."

Cheran laughed, still leaning on Tul's shoulder, not pulling away. Her eyes sparkled as she looked at the person she couldn't forget. "And how about you, Tul? How have you been? Tell me..."

"Me..." Tul paused to think of an answer, not because she wanted to hide how she had lived. She just needed a moment to find the right words. "I'm renting an apartment and preparing for the bar exam next year."

"Are you pursuing a law career?"

"Yes, I already have a law degree, so I decided to go this route." Cheran, who had visited Tul's room a couple of times, noticed the law books packed on the shelves, thinking that if Tul hadn't become a police officer, she would have pursued another legal career, like a lawyer or a prosecutor like Tiwa.

"And..." Cheran held her breath, biting her lip slightly, wondering if she should ask.

"And?"

"Are you feeling better, Tul?"

Tul went silent again, making Cheran worried. Cheran still remembered the pain of their last goodbye vividly. Even though she got the old Tul back, the one who always cared for and teased her, sometimes she felt Tul was still hiding something. Tul's eyes seemed to conceal some feelings.

For Cheran, letting go of the person she loved that day added more scars to her heart than the pain of losing her mother and the truth about who the killer was. But when he was punished as he deserved last month, it made her anxious. The wrongdoer was dead, leaving the living to drown in guilt. Cheran worried about Tul, not feeling reassured even after hearing from Detective Jew that Tul was okay every day.

"I still dream about it," Tul suddenly said after a long silence, making Cheran almost forget what she asked. Tul set her beer on the balcony edge, not looking directly at Cheran, but her tone made Cheran realize Tul wasn't just trying to comfort her.

"Recently, I haven't had nightmares... I mean, about that incident. I saw a therapist and got some medication. The doctor advised me to let go, to focus on something meaningful, like preparing for the bar exam next year. With that focus, I think about the past less," Tul smiled, a more relaxed smile as she talked about overcoming the trauma.

There might be rough patches, but it can no longer bring her to tears or cause her as much pain as it once did.

"I've reduced my medication recently, skipping a day or two. But I keep dreaming about you. The doctor says there's nothing he can do about that."

"Is that bad? Or what do you think?"

"It's probably because my subconscious still thinks about you. It's not surprising I dream about you often." Tul, known for speaking in circles, hadn't changed that habit. She raised a hand to scratch her cheek, gathering the courage to meet the eyes of the woman beside her. Cheran had been looking at her from the start, but now turned her face away, her eyes filling with tears upon hearing Tul's words.

"Ran..." Tul's voice was pleading, asking her to look back. Her forehead rested on Cheran's shoulder.

"I miss you," Tul whispered.

Cheran moved, not to push her away, but to place her fruit beer can on the balcony edge. She touched Tul's cheek gently. Whether it was the little Mushroom or Tul, they always enjoyed when she cupped their faces. The Siamese cat might purr, nuzzling for a head scratch, but Tul... Tul tilted her face slightly, pressing her lips to Cheran's palm, causing her heart to flutter. Her eyes looked lovingly at her as she asked in a sweet voice,

"Do you miss me?"

Cheran didn't answer. Tears welled up, blurring her vision. Tul noticed her tears, cupped her cheek tenderly, fearing that if she used too much force, Cheran might break. Then she saw something glinting on Cheran's neck - a leaf-shaped silver pendant, a necklace she had once given her.

"You're wearing it?" Tul asked softly, looking at the necklace's owner. It had once been damaged on a day something terrible almost happened to her.

Tul's eyes dimmed at the response, remembering the day she decided to let go.

Even though Tul hoped that Cheran would feel the same way about her as before, she knew that if the day ever came when Cheran wanted to be happy, without having to endure the pain inflicted by others, she wouldn't be angry with her. Not even a little. Tul knew she had no right to demand a relationship from someone she herself had walked away from. Today, even though she had met the woman she loved in the place they had promised to come together, Tul still couldn't allow herself to hope.

As if she knew how Tul felt, Cheran gently cupped Tul's face and lifted it to meet her eyes. She hoped to erase the worries Tul was carrying and wanted Tul to see only her, the one standing in front of her right now.

Tul slowly leaned in, closing the distance between them as if asking for permission. Cheran didn't move away. She closed her beautiful eyes, tears falling down her cheeks. Tul gently wiped them away with her thumb before their lips met.

Their first kiss in many months was filled with longing and the desire to feel the familiar, tender touch again. From the gentle pressing of their lips together, Tul slowly adjusted her angle, delicately caressing Cheran's soft lips as she had always dreamed of. Her mind went blank, unable to perceive anything except the sensation she was experiencing. Their breaths mingled, their cheeks brushed against each other, and Tul could smell the faint scent of Cheran's body wash. The taste of fruity beer lingered on their lips and tongues as they teased each other playfully.

Their bodies lay entwined on the bed. Tul pulled Cheran closer, holding her tightly, almost unable to restrain herself if Cheran hadn't broken the kiss for a brief moment. Cheran used her minimal strength to push Tul's shoulder, surprised to find Tul's hand had slipped under her shirt at some point.

"Tul..." Cheran's voice was husky. Her thumb brushed over Tul's lips again, intentionally repeating the same action as before, speaking softly so only the two of them could hear.

The sliding door separating the bedroom from the outside balcony hadn't been fully closed. With more strength, Tul pushed Cheran until her hips hit the edge of the bed. Tul's playful nature showed as she wrapped her arms around Cheran's waist, their bodies pressed together, and her fingers tangled in Cheran's dark hair. Their kisses deepened, producing a soft, wet sound that mixed with their heavy breathing.

Cheran instinctively wrapped her arms tightly around Tul's neck in surprise when she was lifted to sit precariously on the edge of the table. But only for a moment, as she looked into the eyes of the one standing between her legs. Tul gazed at her beloved with an infatuation tinged with a plea for what they both longed for. Tul planted a loving kiss on Cheran's chin, moving her lips to her smooth cheek to inhale her scent deeply. Her hands removed Cheran's jacket before leaning down to breathe in the fragrance from her slender body, kissing her round shoulder through her nightshirt, unbuttoning it one by one with her fingertips.

Cheran removed the jacket from Tul as well. Tul cooperated fully, releasing her hands to pull the sleeves off her arms, unbuttoning the last button before removing the thin nightshirt from Cheran's beautiful body, now visible to her eyes.

Cheran's pale skin felt the cool air from the air conditioner but she didn't feel cold at all. Her body felt hot as Tul's lips gently kissed her skin, especially the small mole on her collarbone that Tul seemed to favor, kissing it repeatedly. The black bra strap contrasting with her white skin was hooked and pulled down from her shoulder. Tul hugged Cheran possessively, running her hands over her slender back, but struggled to unhook the clasp.

Cheran giggled, lifting Tul's confused face to give her a light kiss on the lips before whispering sweetly, "It's a front hook, baby."

Without another word, Cheran's small hands moved to the clasp between her breasts, unhooking her bra. Tul nearly held her breath as she watched Cheran unclasp her bra herself. The black bra slipped away, revealing her slender, bare body. Her ample breasts were exposed to Tul, who was embraced by Cheran's arms draped over her shoulders, pulling her in for another kiss. But Tul wasn't going to let Cheran control the situation. Her hands roamed over Cheran's soft skin, caressing her tender breasts as if they belonged to her. Her thumb circled Cheran's nipple, teasing it and eliciting soft moans that escaped Cheran's lips, which Tul continued to kiss passionately.

Tul seemed to particularly enjoy the way Cheran's dark hair cascaded, nearly slipping from the hair tie that held it back. Cheran's slender body leaned into her, putting her weight on Tul.

Cheran's beautiful face tilted upwards as her lover moved lower. She didn't know where Tul was headed until she felt her lips trailing down, inhaling the scent of body wash along her neck, not forgetting to nuzzle the small mole on her collarbone that Tul adored. Tul lingered, pressing her lips to make red marks on Cheran's soft skin, kissing her deeply and moving lower to take Cheran's light brown nipple into her mouth.

The tip of Tul's moist tongue teased, drawing out sweet moans from Cheran, which Tul could listen to all day without ever tiring. Her lips suckled hungrily like a child, and Cheran arched

her body in response, unable to hold back her cries. One hand braced the edge of the table to support herself while the other pressed Tul's head closer to her chest.

Tul glanced up, her eyes meeting Cheran's tearful gaze as she briefly lifted her lips from Cheran's breast. Cheran looked back at her, eyes filled with emotion, giving Tul a chance to catch her breath. She kissed Tul's forehead, feeling Tul's warm hands gently squeezing her ample breast before lowering her lips to taste the other nipple. The delicate flicks of Tul's tongue made Cheran writhe uncontrollably once again.

"Lift yourself a bit for me, please," Tul whispered, kissing the slender arm that encircled her neck for balance. Cheran complied, raising her hips slightly so Tul could slide her pajama pants off her slender waist, taking her underwear along with them. The dim light in the room caressed Cheran's pale, naked body, nearly taking Tul's breath away.

Not wanting Cheran to feel at a disadvantage, Tul began to remove her own clothes. Cheran helped by pulling Tul's shirt over her head. Cheran's eyes didn't hide the fact that she was admiring the toned muscles of the former policewoman's white abdomen, well-maintained to this day. Tul noticed Cheran's gaze and smiled, guiding Cheran's small hand to touch her abs, allowing her to explore as she pleased. The remaining sports bra on Tul's body was quickly removed by Cheran, allowing their naked bodies to press together, warding off the cold from the air conditioner.

Tul moved lower once again, placing one of Cheran's beautiful legs on the chair. Cheran knew what was coming next from their past experiences together. She couldn't help but hold her breath as Tul's face drew nearer, her lips showering kisses to comfort and arouse her.

Cheran's sweet cries filled the room, the soft fabric of the bedspread beneath her intensifying the sensation. All she could do was clutch the sheets, feeling the pleasure course through her body repeatedly until she finally relaxed, hands running through Tul's dark hair. Tul's lips traveled up Cheran's body, finally capturing her lips once more as their desires intensified.

Cheran flinched slightly as Tul's slender fingers slipped inside her, even though her body was already slick with arousal. She still felt a dull ache, her toes curling against the chair. Tul moved her wrist gently, helping Cheran get used to the sensation that had been absent for so long. Her thumb pressed and circled the same spot her tongue had just lavished with attention, drawing out soft moans from Cheran, letting Tul know she was satisfied.

"Does it hurt?" Tul asked.

Cheran shook her head slightly, receiving a comforting kiss from Tul, who leaned in while her wrist started moving faster, making Cheran's delicate body tremble in her arms. Her soft lips let out husky cries, encouraging Tul even more. Tul couldn't take her eyes off Cheran's enraptured face, her hips moving in sync with Tul's fingers involuntarily.

Cheran clung to Tul's broad shoulder, her sweet moans and the tight squeeze of her inner muscles around Tul's fingers signaling that she had reached her climax with Tul's help. Tul kissed her temple as a reward for the good girl who clung to her neck, then used all her

strength to lift Cheran from the table to lay her on the soft bed. However, Cheran's small hands pushed her shoulders, preventing her from lying down on top of her.

Tul raised an eyebrow slightly but didn't have time to wonder much before Cheran used all her strength to flip Tul so she was sitting against the headboard, supported by a soft pillow. The beautiful body she admired moved up to deliver a sweet kiss to her lips. Tul knew what Cheran wanted, and she wanted the same. Her pajama pants were quickly removed from her slender legs, followed by her underwear, which Cheran also stripped off.

Cheran knelt between Tul's legs, causing Tul to moan every time her soft lips touched her pale skin. Tul knew Cheran was getting her revenge when she felt gentle bites leaving love marks on her chest, and her thumbs teased her nipples, almost driving Tul crazy.

Tul exhaled a ragged breath, her hands tangled in Cheran's brown hair as Cheran lavished her with the same tongue she had used on herself. Tul threw her head back, moaning, which seemed to delight Cheran as she noticed her struggle to hold on. Her stomach muscles clenched under the touch, and Cheran noticed the faint scar from the attacker's cutter, a long line that Cheran had helped care for herself, deepening their bond that night. Cheran kissed along the scar, feeling Tul's uneven breaths against her skin.

Cheran adjusted her movements, not quite in sync, causing Tul's sensitive spot to become wet and sticky, even reaching her thighs. Cheran tasted the sweet nectar with her soft tongue, starting from her inner thighs and gradually moving towards the center, making Tul beg in a soft voice. This elicited a teasing smile from Cheran, who looked up to see the effect of her work reflected in her lover's pleading expression.

Tul knew Cheran wouldn't be cruel for long, but when the soft tongue finally touched the moist folds, she couldn't hold back her moans. Cheran quickly learned from what Tul had done to her earlier, knowing instinctively where to touch to make her feel good. Tul's fingers tangled in Cheran's light brown hair, pressing slightly as her body shivered with the pleasure her lover was giving her.

Tul lifted her hips slightly, responding to the teasing tongue and lips. Her toes curled against the bed sheet before her body convulsed, letting out a moan of pure ecstasy. The slender figure of Cheran moved up into Tul's waiting arms, where Tul kissed her temple, marveling at how skillful her young lover had become. Cheran, not one to be outdone, lifted her face to kiss along Tul's jawline, repeatedly until Tul turned to respond with soft kisses that never strayed far.

"Did you like it?" Cheran asked.

"I loved it..." Tul replied with a broad smile, holding the smaller body close. She almost forgot the last time she felt such happiness. It took Tul a long time to forgive herself and move on from the past, which was hard to forget, but she chose to live on and was fortunate to reunite with the woman she loved as things began to improve.

"It's cold," Cheran whispered softly, tightening her arms around Tul's waist, pulling Tul out of her thoughts. Despite their bodies warming each other, the night air continued to chill them as it grew late. Instead of pulling up the blanket to cover their naked bodies, Tul kissed

Cheran's beautiful shoulder and let her hand wander down to her hip, gently urging her to comply with her desires.

The enchanting lover comforted Cheran, who blushed shyly while positioning herself above Tul. Tul moved downward until her eyes were level with Cheran's ample breasts.

Cheran sighed sweetly as someone who did not know when to stop teased her breasts. Once again, warm hands grasped and kneaded her soft flesh, never forgetting to graze the tips. The thumb playfully teased the nipple not covered by Cheran's lips. Cheran had to grasp the edge of the bed to support her body, her emotions, which had just begun to subside, reignited by her lover's skillful touch.

Tul lowered herself when she sensed her partner's growing inability to endure the sensuality. She supported Cheran's beautiful hips, helping her adjust into a position where her lips were aligned with Cheran's moist folds. Cheran's blushing cheeks were held by Tul's hands, preventing her from shifting away. Tul's tongue gently sampled the sweet nectar from the blooming flower, flicking up and down in a way that made Cheran's moans echo, calling out Tul's name incessantly. Cheran's hips eagerly pressed towards Tul's lips, responding to the pleasure being offered.

Cheran's delicate body trembled, unable to maintain balance without Tul's support. Tul caught Cheran as she collapsed beside the bed, exhausted from the cunningly crafted love-making. A wide smile appeared on Tul's face, unnoticed by Cheran, who lightly slapped Tul's arm. Cheran nestled close to the warmth of her lover, who had wrapped the blanket around their naked bodies on the bed.

Tul continued to lovingly kiss Cheran, allowing her to rest momentarily before resuming their passionate interaction. They savored the long-awaited happiness that had been missing for so long, with the night stretching ahead to fulfill their desires.

On a holiday afternoon inside the airport terminal of the province, passengers, both arriving and departing, dragged their luggage about. Some shopped for souvenirs for relatives after their leisure trip, while others arranged for rental cars to head into the city, like Tul did to reach her destination. But her return journey to Bangkok today seemed to differ from the usual.

After three days and two nights spent with Cheran, their plans to tour together went beyond just Doi Inthanon. They explored places like Ang Kaew at the university, the Chiang Mai Zoo with its panda, and even popular spots like Nimman. The film that Tul had prepared was used to capture these cherished memories with her beloved, waiting to be developed and stored in an album to remember their time in Chiang Mai as they had hoped.

Arriving nearly two hours before their flight, they had time to eat and buy souvenirs for Cheran's beloved professor and Mae, who had expressed a desire for big strawberries.

“Did you forget anything?” Tul asked, reminding her lover to check her belongings after hearing the boarding announcement for the Bangkok flight. Cheran checked her backpack, which was packed with gifts for her family, and confirmed that everything was in order. Her large suitcase had just been loaded onto the plane.

“All set,” Cheran replied, noting Tul’s downcast expression. It wasn’t due to any specific reason but rather because they had to part temporarily. The flight Tul had booked was scheduled to return after Cheran’s by an hour. For someone who had spent nearly every moment together over the past three days, this separation felt particularly heavy.

“I’ll wait for you at Don Mueang,” Cheran said, not just to comfort Tul but because she genuinely intended to do so. She cupped Tul’s cheeks, who seemed to brighten up upon hearing those words, despite the looming four-hour separation.

“Safe travels,” Tul said, not expecting much. Cheran, however, stood on her tiptoes to kiss Tul’s cheek, unconcerned about the dozens or hundreds of people in the airport.

“I’ll see you in Bangkok,” Cheran said.

“Mm...” Tul watched Cheran’s retreating figure with a lingering gaze. Cheran kept turning back to wave and smile until she disappeared into the gate.

Hours later, after Cheran’s flight had departed, Tul’s own boarding announcement came. She checked her flight details, ensuring she hadn’t forgotten anything, and walked to her gate as planned. Soon, she would reunite with Cheran at Don Mueang Airport. Tul pulled out her phone and sent a message to Cheran, who was likely nearing Bangkok’s airspace.

“About to board. See you soon.”

Cheran, who had turned off airplane mode while waiting for her luggage, saw the message from Tul on her screen. Her sweet face lit up with a broad smile, her heart swelling with happiness.

As her luggage was wheeled along the international departures corridor, Cheran wasn’t in a hurry to go home. She had chosen a spot where she knew Tul, arriving in about an hour, would be able to see her clearly. Cheran took out her phone again to send a final message to Tul, who was likely on her flight back.

“See you soon.”

special chapter 2
What if...?

What if the vast universe we inhabit isn't the only one? What if every action, decision, or even the smallest choice creates parallel paths alongside the world we know? Our lives in an alternate universe could be completely different. The people we are close to might not even know us, and societal conditions would vary based on the decisions made by our counterparts in that universe.

Have you ever wondered how different your life might be if you had chosen a different path? If you had pursued the arts and languages instead of the science and math your parents expected? If you had decided to enroll in the program you loved rather than enduring something you didn't, or if you had left a stagnant job for a new opportunity? If you had chosen a different path, would your life still be the same? It's not just about you; countless others have alternate choices in the infinite number of universes, each with endless possibilities.

"What if we had grown up together, with a father and a mother? What would life be like now... if our father hadn't been selfish and left us? If our mother hadn't chosen the easy path? How would we have grown up? What would our lives be like?"

In a parallel universe where no horrific events have ever occurred, the serial killer has never appeared and never committed any heinous acts. A young prostitute was not found dead on a stormy night, and blood never pooled into a disturbing puddle that frightened those who saw it. The rain's refreshing scent is unmarred by any disturbing odors.

In a universe with a different storyline, not the world we once knew, the light rain drizzles against the window, making a gentle patter. The sound isn't loud enough to disturb someone deeply asleep. The weather is just right, providing a cool, comfortable atmosphere that makes it hard to leave the bed. But then, the phone, which had been set to alarm since last night, blares loudly. Her slender eyebrows furrow in response.

She barely managed to open her eyes, realizing she had only slept for a few hours. After spending the entire night reviewing the information she needed for her court appearance later that morning, the third alarm's ringing finally forced her to get up, despite her groggy state. Her brain was still fuzzy from sleep as she stretched her arms and reluctantly left the bed, her eyelids barely open, almost colliding with the edge of the table.

She quickly took care of her morning routine, perhaps spending a bit too much time applying a bit of makeup to boost her confidence for court. Tul walked over, checking her navy blue suit to ensure everything was in order. She adjusted her shirt collar, gathered her long hair into a ponytail, and put on her wristwatch, ready to leave the house.

But then, her fluffy cat came over, weaving between her legs to greet her. Tul bent down to rub the cat's head, which had brown-tinted ears, eliciting a contented purr from it.

“Stay here alone for now, Nong Mushroom,” Tul said, as the Siamese cat swished its tail, its blue eyes watching her as she prepared to leave. It was hard for Tul to resist staying home, but she couldn’t afford to miss today.

Today, she didn’t need to go to the law firm where she worked; she could head directly to the civil court for her scheduled case. She might need to arrive a bit earlier to prepare some materials with the legal team and assistants who would be waiting for her there.

Before heading to the court, Tul stopped by the café near her condo where she usually grabbed a cup of coffee before work. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the air as she pushed open the door. The barista, who had been working there for nearly two months and had become a familiar face, greeted her with a smile.

“An Americano with an extra shot, just like usual. Are you alone today?” the young barista asked, her voice smooth and familiar as she rang up the order. Tul smiled back, glancing at the name tag on the barista’s apron.

‘Namfon - Trainee’

“My partner has been on duty since last night, hasn’t she?” Tul said, handing over a banknote to pay for her coffee. Before she could wait for her drink, she noticed a stack of paper cups arranged in a triangular pyramid on the counter. The face of a young star was printed on one of them.

A bright smile greeted Tul, with a charming dimple forming on his right cheek. The text on the cup sleeve read, “Happy Birthday JJ.”

“Interested in JJ’s birthday project? Our shop is accepting fan club cup sleeves too,” Namfon explained as she noticed Tul eyeing the cup sleeve for a while.

“Oh, is he the one who advertised the facial foam?” Tul asked.

“Oh no, JJ has acted in several dramas, but he’s only remembered from that facial foam ad. I’m quite disappointed,” Namfon said with a chuckle. They both laughed at the humorous situation, and Tul scratched her cheek, feeling a bit embarrassed for not being familiar with many current Thai actors due to a lack of time to watch TV dramas. She had only recognized the actor from a facial foam advertisement.

Soon, Tul’s Americano was placed on the counter. As usual, the trainee had written encouraging messages on the cup. Tul took a moment to look for a seat and noticed someone familiar sitting in a corner reading a book.

“Nan!” Tul called out.

The young woman in a university student’s outfit turned around, slightly surprised to see someone she knew here. The younger girl quickly greeted Tul with a bow, almost too fast for Tul to respond.

“I didn’t expect to see you here. Are you around here often?” Tul asked.

“Yes, I just moved to the same condo as my partner, but it’s been three months already. I haven’t seen you before,” Nan replied. “I’m here waiting for a friend. She should be at the same condo as you. There she is—Natt!”

The slim student, wearing square glasses, waved to her friend, who was about to walk off in the wrong direction. Natt came over, giving a questioning look at Tul.

“This is Tul, the partner I mentioned before,” Nan said.

Upon hearing the description, Natt immediately recognized Tul, though the name was more familiar from what Nan had previously mentioned. The young man gave a casual bow, and Tul smiled broadly, acknowledging the familiarity.

They had a brief chat, catching up as acquaintances. Nan and Natt planned to go out for an off-site work task together, so they had arranged to meet in front of Nan’s condo, which was not far from the university.

“Looks like I need to head out now. See you later,” Tul said as she checked her watch, realizing it was time to head to the courthouse. She said her goodbyes to Nan and Natt, who were waiting for their friend in the café. Tul smiled slightly when she saw the young man requesting the cup sleeve with JJ’s birthday project.

The walk from her condo to the BTS station wasn’t too far, but Tul received a call from her legal assistant notifying her that the court had moved the case up by an hour. Despite having allowed plenty of time, she needed to hurry and prepare with her team. Realizing that taking the BTS might not get her there on time, Tul decided to call a taxi from the nearby bus stop.

As she stood waiting, she noticed something zipping across the pavement almost onto the main road. At first, she thought it was a rat, but as it turned and bumped into her leather shoes, she saw it was a toy car that had tipped over. The motor was still whirring, and the wheels were spinning as if trying to get it to move. A young boy ran up and grabbed the toy.

“Phew, don’t play on the road, okay? It’s dangerous,” a woman scolded the boy, kneeling in front of him. Her tone was more caring than stern, though Tul could sense she was still concerned.

“I was bored waiting for the bus,” the boy said with a long drawl, clearly uninterested.

Pornsaman, the woman, stood up and nodded at Tul as an apology for her nephew’s behavior. Tul didn’t seem particularly upset and reassured the woman with a smile.

“It’s alright. Just be careful not to play on the road, okay? Cars could come and cause an accident,” Tul said gently, kneeling slightly to be at eye level with the child.

“Don’t worry, I’ll buy you a new one,” the woman said to the boy.

“Don’t be so stubborn or I won’t buy you one,” she added, smiling as she spoke.

Tul laughed at the innocent exchange. It was clear that the boy was used to getting his way, and his aunt felt the need to apologize for him. After ensuring everything was settled, Tul waved goodbye and went to hail a taxi.

Soon, a green-yellow taxi slowed and stopped beside her. Tul opened the passenger door and gave the driver her destination. The driver, a man in his forties with some gray hair, nodded and invited her to get in. The taxi was well-maintained, though it appeared to be quite old. The driver adjusted the air conditioning to a comfortable level, and the radio played the morning news.

Tul glanced at the driver's ID card hanging on the front seat and saw his name was "Wisut Sangkhaw."

"Would you mind taking Phaholyothin Road? It might be less congested," Tul suggested.

The driver agreed, acknowledging his familiarity with the route. The taxi turned onto a shortcut to avoid the heavy traffic. A brief silence followed before the driver spoke up in a polite, conversational tone.

"So, what's the case you're heading to court for?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm a lawyer, and the court moved the time up, so I need to hurry," Tul replied.

"It shouldn't take more than thirty minutes if we take this route. By the way, what's the case about? Can you share?" the driver inquired, showing genuine interest.

With nearly twenty years of experience driving a taxi, the driver had met many people and heard many stories. His job had become almost like a social one, gathering tidbits of knowledge from his passengers.

Tul shared a brief summary of the case as they drove, appreciating the driver's friendly demeanor. The conversation made the journey more pleasant, and the driver's engaging questions helped ease the tension of the hurried morning.

"Ah, it's a case of embezzlement," Tul explained. "The client I'm representing had nothing to do with it. They just got caught up because they were a guarantor for the person who embezzled the funds."

"Oh, the one that made news? Nearly two million baht, wasn't it?" the driver said.

"Yes, that's right. The culprit fled the country, leaving the mess behind. Now, we're filing a lawsuit against the guarantor who's been wronged," Tul said, summarizing the situation. She felt comfortable sharing details since she was only temporarily in the cab and trusted the driver wouldn't spread the information.

The driver nodded in understanding. "I had a friend who guaranteed a loan for a friend who then skipped town. He almost lost his house to the bank. It's true—one shouldn't trust too easily, especially with money matters. People can be very deceptive."

Tul agreed, adding, "It's often tough to get justice when people exploit the legal system to avoid consequences. But we try our best to navigate through the challenges."

The conversation continued with Tul sharing her experiences in dealing with various cases involving debts and financial issues. The driver was interested and asked about a specific case from two years ago involving a wealthy individual who was eventually prosecuted for hitting a disabled person while driving drunk.

"Oh, that case took quite a while," the driver said. "I thought the rich would get away with it, but eventually, justice was served. The victim's family received compensation, although it didn't bring their loved one back."

Tul nodded, agreeing with the driver's assessment of the legal system's shortcomings and successes.

As they neared her destination, Tul's phone rang. She checked and realized it was not her phone but one that had fallen in the taxi. The driver, Wisut, noticed it as well and said, "I think this phone belongs to a previous passenger. Do you mind answering the call?"

Tul answered, and the caller, a woman named Ploypapas, was relieved to find her phone. Tul provided her with the details of the taxi driver and assured her that Wisut would return the phone.

"Her name is Ploypapas. She's at a logistics company just before we reach your destination," Tul told Wisut.

"I'll make sure to return it to her," Wisut promised. "Don't worry."

Tul handed over the phone and noted the details for the driver. She felt relieved that the phone, which was both expensive and possibly containing important information, would be returned.

As the taxi arrived at the courthouse, Wisut wished Tul luck with her case and drove off to return the phone. Tul entered the courthouse, where her assistant greeted her.

"Wow, I've never seen you in a suit before. Someone must have dressed you up," her assistant teased.

Tul laughed, realizing that her outfit was a departure from her usual casual wear. She was greeted by Jew, a former classmate and the daughter of a prominent politician. Jew had initially aimed for a career in law enforcement but shifted to political science, following her mother's advice.

Despite the formality of the setting, Jew greeted Tul with a wide smile and a friendly demeanor. Tul's role was more supportive compared to others who had to manage tedious tasks.

"Has Phuwadol arrived yet? We might need to go over the preparations," Jew asked, referring to another member of their team.

Tul checked her watch, mentally preparing for the upcoming proceedings, and headed into the courtroom with a mix of anticipation and resolve.

"Phuwadol said he'll be here in ten minutes. He's on his way," Jew reported as she checked the time.

Tul glanced at her watch, relieved to have some extra time to prepare before meeting the client. Piles of case files were stacked on the table, and Jew had brought them all in a foldable cart.

"The reason for the delay is that there's a big case this afternoon involving MP Chutikarn's land fraud. I had to call Phuwadol to hurry up," Jew explained. Tul was familiar with the scandal involving the politician, which had stirred public outcry and led to calls for investigation.

"Good. It's not a case handled by our firm, right?" Tul asked.

"Not at all. No one wants to take on a case like that. The risk is too high," Jew replied with a chuckle. It was not surprising that lawyers would shy away from such high-profile cases, especially when the defendant was a controversial public figure.

As they continued their preparations, the conversation flowed between the team members. When Phuwadol arrived, they would head to the courtroom to meet their client, who had arrived earlier.

Walking through the courthouse, Tul encountered several familiar faces from the legal field. Among them was Prosecutor Tiwa, a lawyer Tul greatly respected for her skill in the courtroom. If a defendant was facing Tiwa, the defense lawyers had to work twice as hard to find a chance of winning.

"It's a shame I won't get to challenge you today," Tiwa said with a familiar tone. She was chatting with Police Lieutenant Pichet, whom Tul had seen around but never met formally.

"But dealing with the opposing counsel is tough enough," Tul replied with a dry laugh, glancing at the police officer. They were rarely involved in civil court unless criminal charges were also pursued.

"Ah, this is Lieutenant Pichet. He's here consulting about a case of assault involving the son of the businessman, Sirapop. You might have seen it in the news," Tiwa explained.

Tul recalled the news about Sirapop's son, Wasan, who had assaulted his girlfriend severely. The incident had been reported multiple times, with the girlfriend posting images of her injuries online, leading to public outcry.

"Wasan is definitely guilty of assault, but he's also suing the girlfriend for defamation, claiming she caused him to lose income due to the online posts," Tiwa said, sighing. Sometimes legal loopholes allowed people to exploit the system if they had enough resources to hire influential lawyers.

“However, the victim’s brother, who was once a friend of Wasan, has provided additional evidence beyond just the physical injuries. This could potentially be used against Wasan,” Tiwa added.

“If the case does go to court, I can recommend the victim consult with a lawyer,” Tiwa suggested. Tul, ready to assist, handed her business card to Lieutenant Pichet.

“Have the victim contact me for a consultation,” Tul said.

“Consultations are free,” Jew added, but was quickly elbowed by Tul to stay quiet.

With that, Tul and Jew made their way to meet their client, who was waiting outside the courtroom. The client, Phuwadol, and his family were seated, looking anxious. Tul approached them, apologizing for the delay and trying to reassure them.

“Stay calm. Leave everything to us,” Tul said, trying to instill confidence in her client, who had been mistreated by their former employer. The case had dragged on through several court sessions without resolution, but Tul felt confident with the new evidence and witnesses she had gathered.

“If Dad wins, he promised to take us out for tea,” chirped the young girl, breaking the tension with her cheerful voice.

As the trial concluded, Phuwadol and his family waited eagerly in front of the courtroom. Tul smiled warmly at the young girl, who had only one front tooth left, while her older brother tugged at their father’s shirt.

“How long will this take, Dad? Will it be long?” the boy asked.

“Not too long, little brother,” Tul said gently, speaking to the ten-year-old as if he were a peer. She then invited the client to enter the courtroom.

In the late afternoon, a light rain fell, creating a damp and earthy aroma in the air. After over three hours, the case regarding unfair dismissal was resolved, and the head of the family would receive adequate compensation for lost income until he found a new job.

The family, including the little girl eager for a big meal, thanked the legal team for their help in winning the case. What seemed like a hopeless situation had turned around, and they were now in a much better position.

“So, where are you guys going for dinner?” Jew asked while pulling the cart filled with case files. Despite the exhaustion, she didn’t regret the effort because their hard work had paid off.

“Well,” Tul hesitated, “I have dinner plans with my parents and Ran.”

“Ah, I thought so,” Jew teased, noticing Tul’s more polished appearance compared to usual court attire. “That’s why you dressed up so nicely. You normally don’t go all out like this.”

“I’ll probably just drop off these files and then head out. If I don’t have a place to go, I might end up eating alone,” Jew said jokingly, though her tone carried a hint of seriousness.

“Don’t make me sue you for that,” Jew added, referring to the doctor she had been pursuing for some time but had yet to make any progress with.

“Speaking of Dr. Mae, let’s talk about Ran first,” Jew said, pointing to the striking red Japanese car that had pulled up in front of the courthouse. As the rain droplets clung to the car, a beautiful woman emerged from the passenger side, holding an umbrella.

“Mae, what are you doing here?” Jew asked, surprised to see Dr. Mae, who had recently been mentioned.

“I just finished my shift and heard Ran was coming here, so I came along,” Mae explained, flashing a sweet smile. “I didn’t want to be left alone if Ran was busy with dinner plans, so I joined the ride.”

“Not that I’ve complained,” Jew said, feeling awkward as Tul eyed her with a mix of amusement and mockery. Tul was eager to join Ran and not keep the driver waiting.

“See you tomorrow, Mae. You too, Jew. Goodbye!” Tul said as she said her goodbyes and made her way to the red Mazda. If it weren’t for her new suit that she didn’t want to get wet, she might have braved the rain. Instead, she carefully opened her umbrella and walked to the car.

Inside the car, Tul settled beside Ran, quickly closing the umbrella and shutting the door to keep the rain out. As she tried to wipe the raindrops from her suit, Ran immediately picked up a tissue to clean Tul’s wet sleeve.

“You’ll catch a cold if you’re not careful,” Ran said, adjusting the air conditioning to a cooler setting.

“It’s just a little bit, Doctor. Aren’t you tired? Should I drive?” Tul offered, concerned about Ran’s well-being. Ran had been juggling medical studies and work, leaving little time for rest. However, today was a rare chance for Ran to relax.

“No, I’m fine. You can drive back later,” Ran replied, smiling despite her exhaustion.

“Whatever you say, my love. How about I give you a massage when we get back? Are you sore?” Tul continued to show concern, adjusting her seat to better reach Ran’s shoulder.

“Maybe I’ll hire you for an hour of massage,” Ran joked, but Tul’s playful response was met with a gentle pinch from Ran.

"If we lose today, I expect a consolation prize," Tul said, laughing, as Ran's playful threat to punish her was met with a gentle poke.

"Winning or losing, I'm here for you," Ran said with a smile, as Tul continued to tease her.

At the new restaurant in Thonglor, staff hurriedly set up a reserved table, waving the Mazda in for parking. As Tul and Ran approached, Tul's family had yet to arrive. Tul opened her umbrella and walked out to greet them.

The evening promised a pleasant end to a busy day, with the warmth of family and the company of loved ones waiting at the restaurant.

Under the same umbrella, Tul carefully guided Ran into the restaurant, ensuring they avoided getting wet. The jazz music playing softly in the background complemented the restaurant's atmosphere perfectly. The temperature inside was just right, not too hot or cold. They were led to their reserved table, where a wine list and menu awaited them. Both Tul and Ran happily accepted the invitation to taste the restaurant's famous wine.

Soon after, a tall, well-dressed man approached their table. With his fair complexion and well-groomed appearance, he looked every bit the dashing and meticulous individual. This was Gavin, one of the restaurant's major partners and a close friend of Tul's brother.

"How is everything? Are you both okay?" Gavin asked, addressing Tul and Ran. He was one of the co-owners of the restaurant, which had received excellent feedback since its opening. His partner, Tin, was the head chef with experience from top hotels, which added to the restaurant's success.

"Everything's great, Gavin. This place is amazing," Tul responded warmly, as she had known him since childhood. Choosing this restaurant for her family's special occasion felt like the right decision.

"Ran, if you need anything, just let me know. If the food isn't to your liking, just take it out on my brother-in-law," Gavin added with a playful grin.

"Will do," Ran replied softly, having heard stories about Gavin from Tul but never having met him before.

Shortly after, Ran's parents arrived, guided by the restaurant staff to the table where their daughter awaited them. Tul greeted Raksit and Watcharin, with a respectful bow. They waved back, welcoming her with warm smiles as if she were their own daughter. The couple took their seats across from Tul and Ran, and the staff promptly served them with additional wine.

"This restaurant is wonderful. It's run by your brother, isn't it?" asked Raksit, recently retired, as he admired the surroundings.

"Yes, my brother is the head chef here," Tul confirmed.

Watcharin expressed her interest in trying the salad, mentioning that a friend had recommended it recently.

"I've ordered it for you already," Tul said politely, showing her respect for her family.

In no time, the dishes started arriving at their table, each more enticing than the last. From each person's favorite dishes to the restaurant's specialties, everything was beautifully presented and paired with the finest wine. Raksit, who usually only enjoyed his wife's cooking, was impressed by the quality of the food, giving praise to the chef.

When the final special dish was served, Tin himself brought it to the table, dressed in his chef's uniform. He placed the dish in front of the guests with a cheerful smile.

"This dish is a special gift for everyone," Tin said, bowing slightly to the guests who had been praising the chef. He then returned to the kitchen, leaving Tul and her family delighted.

Kavin, overseeing the overall operation of the restaurant, glanced back at his sister and her partner, feeling a deep sense of satisfaction seeing them so happy with their loved ones.

"Soon you might be proposing to the doctor for your sister," Kavin teased, observing the couple feeding each other and Tul blending seamlessly with her future in-laws.

"Whenever it happens, I'll be ready to host," Tin replied, showing his supportive side.

"Oh, the spoiled older brother who has pampered his sister from childhood until now," Kavin laughed, recalling their shared past.

"Only those who are only children wouldn't understand," Tin retorted, pointing out his advantage as someone with siblings, unlike Kavin who was an only child.

"That's right, the only child doesn't have to share inheritance or anything," Kavin shot back, and both men laughed heartily, drawing curious glances from the staff.

"Speaking of childhood, do you remember our math teacher from high school? He's now a school principal. He was recently involved in a scandal where students gathered to protest against him for embezzling school funds. He claimed it was for a study trip abroad, but it seems he's currently under investigation by the Ministry of Education and might be dismissed from his position," Kavin said, sharing the news he had just heard with his friend. Thinking about the unpleasant incidents from his own past still left him feeling resentful.

"Is he the one who used to tutor kids but actually leaked exam answers to his own students?"

"Yeah, I almost signed up for his classes too. Good thing I was too lazy, so I kept failing math with you," Kavin said with a laugh. He remembered how they both had to constantly retake math exams, leading him to question whether choosing a science-math track as his parents wanted was a good decision.

Tin smiled widely, almost feeling pain from the effort, glancing at his younger sister who had been living her own life for some time. Soon, there would likely be good news to share with their mother and him. Thinking of their mother, he imagined her probably tending to her five cats at home, following the habits of an elderly woman who gets lonely. But soon, he would return home and cook dinner for her as usual.

The evening news was playing quietly in the background while its owner listened to the newsreader with just their ears, while their eyes were busy reading through case files, using a highlighter to mark important points. The Siamese cat curled up in one corner of the sofa, indifferent to its owner. Tul was focused on her own work when her partner emerged from the bathroom. Cheran was in a cute pajama set, ready to sleep even though the sky outside hadn't darkened yet.

But no matter how much she wanted to rest, Cheran came over to her partner who had put aside the case file. Tul opened her arms to welcome the smaller figure into her embrace, affectionate as ever.

"Not going to bed yet? Should I give you a shoulder massage first?" Tul asked softly, kissing Cheran's temple affectionately and inhaling the faint scent of soap from her body which had just been washed. Tul smiled broadly when Cheran nodded eagerly like a child receiving a proposal for a massage, adjusting her position so her partner could massage her comfortably.

But was it only a massage? Tul showered Cheran's shoulder with kisses repeatedly until Cheran turned and playfully swatted at her. Meanwhile, their cat, who had been sleeping soundly, stirred due to the human disturbance and looked at them with sleepy eyes, yawning and stretching before walking over on all fours to snuggle up to its owner, meowing for attention until Cheran reached out to scratch the cat's neck.

"Doesn't look like the doctor who scolded me that day."

"Yeah, that was a mess. You took your mom to see the doctor, sent her to get a blood test but took her to the wrong room and kept the doctor waiting for hours." Cheran recalled the day they first met, "The nurses had to search for the missing patient, wasting so much time."

"But you know what? I haven't taken mom to see the doctor since."

"I know. What kind of person sits in a hospital café all day?" Tul laughed, still delighted. Whenever she recalled the day they first met, it always made her smile. Despite being scolded by Cheran that day, she kept carrying case files to the hospital café in hopes of seeing this particular doctor again and again, finally managing to get to know her..

Cheran leaned back, resting her head on her partner. Their legs were intertwined on the long sofa. Tul gently stroked Cheran's light brown hair, running her fingers through the bangs of the person in her arms who was about to doze off.

"Breaking news this evening: The body of an unidentified young woman has been found, murdered and concealed by the perpetrator. The body was left near the outer ring road. Preliminary reports indicate the victim was beaten in the face with a hard object multiple

times until death. Both arms were bound behind her back. The police are currently investigating the case in detail..."

the end yes :)