

เจ้าปลาน้อย เรือน
Megushiro ภาพ

DREAM

Information

Table of Contents URL: <https://www.spiritfanfiction.com/historia/the-marvelous-dream-is-you-english-ver-25672982>

Sinopse:

DAHWAN ♥ KIMHAN

I am Dahwan. For as long as I can remember, I've had a strange dream about a girl. She is small, calm and always comes to play with me in my dreams. Until one day, I had a new neighbor who destroyed my family. My father runs away with the boy next door. And that boy was the father of...

Kimhan She was my neighbor, who was quiet, small and a crybaby. At first we weren't very close. But many events made us understand each other. Also, Kimhan doesn't know, although we are just friends in the real world, in my dream, we take our relationship much further than that. So I let my feelings sink deep. However, I have to hide it and I can't let her know.

But unbeknownst to me...

.
. .

I wasn't the only one who dreamed that.

Iniciado

em 24/06/2024 07:00

Atualizada

em 24/06/2024 07:38

Idioma **Inglês**

Visualizações **7.118**

Favoritos **87**

Comentários **13**

Listas de leitura **44**

Palavras **123.077**

Concluído **Sim**

Categorias **Community**

Tags **Dreamtheseries, Girllove, Lesbian, Thainovel, Thaiseries**

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 1

Capítulo 1 - CHAPTER : 1



KIMHAN



13 years ago...

I gasped!.... I dreamed about her again... Why do I dream about her so often during this time? In my dream, we met but never spoke. I have dreamed like this for as long as I can remember, and she has grown with me over the years. Who is she? Does she really exist or is she just my imaginary friend?

It's not a bad dream that woke me up, but the sound of something breaking in my house, which at that moment disturbed the sleep of a 15-year-old girl like me.

“What did you break, mom? The sound was so loud.”

I got out of bed and yelled to ask my mother before running downstairs to see what happened. What I saw was my mother standing in front of the television with just a piece of reflective paper in her hand. I started to feel nervous seeing my mother, who was usually very cheerful, standing so still. The post-it note that my father always had with him seemed to have surprised my mother.

“What happened?”

“Mom... What's wrong?”

When Mom didn't respond, I walked over and leaned over to read the post-it note in my mom's hand. After reading it, my heart started pounding and my blood pumped like there was a pump inside my body. She was so overwhelmed that she couldn't speak. There was a lump in my throat. It was a feeling I couldn't describe.

—

I'm sorry. From now on, I'm going to live the life I want. I give you all my money and my possessions. Please give me the freedom to live my life according to my preferences.

Pongphol,

—

My dad's preferences weren't hard to guess because, to be honest, I had always been suspicious of some of his strange behaviors, like staring at men. But I never thought my suspicions would be confirmed because he had a daughter, which is me, and he had always been a great father. Who was gay but had a daughter!

“Mom... are you okay?”

"Why wouldn't I be?"

That was the first sentence that came out of my mother's mouth. She was strong and she didn't shed a tear. There were some signs of shock, but it seemed like she wasn't sad and could accept what was happening....Wait... Mom already knew?

“Did you know this before? How long have you known?”

“Let's talk when you're older.”

“Isn't 15 old enough?”

“No. I just know that... we can go on with our lives without him.”

My mother reached out with her hand, put it on my head and messed up my hair before walking away towards the kitchen.

“Clean those pieces of glass before you step on them.”

I looked at my mother, stunned. If it were any other family, she would have been scared. But my mother was strong, firm and realistic. There were no tears. And that didn't surprise me too much either. Because my mother was proving that even she could overcome it. My mother was giving me her example at that crucial moment.

“Mom, I won't ask you when you know. But can I ask you if you know who Dad is going to live with?”

I didn't get any response from Mom, but our neighbors' shout immediately made me turn around and look, then I ran to the front of the house to see what was going on. It seemed that not only my house had experienced a shocking event that day. My next-door neighbor, who had just moved in less than three months ago, also had shocking news, especially the one who was about the same age as my mother. She was crying as if someone had just died, with her daughter hugging her and crying with her.

“He left... How can we continue?”

Said the woman sobbing.

“Okay, Mom. We can continue together. You've got me.”

I, who was hiding behind the wall between our houses, could hear every word and was watching with interest. I saw 'Kim' look in my direction for a brief moment, so I quickly knelt down to hide, hugging my knees and feeling guilty. They caught me being nosy...But that was all. When I

thought I had hidden well enough, I climbed the wall to take another look and still saw the mother and daughter hugging and crying, which was totally different from my family. We acted as if everything was normal, despite what had just happened. So I went back to the house to ask my mother one more time.

“The person Dad left with... is our new next-door neighbor, Uncle Tim, right?”

She nodded. Mom, who is sweeping up the broken glass, paused for a moment.

“Ah-huh..”

“You just moved three months ago and you ran away together? Isn't it too fast, mom?”

“No, it's not too fast for those who have loved each other since they were children.”

“Huh?”

“Everything was planned. When you're older, we'll talk about this.”

Mom looked at me and nodded again.

“Why are you standing there? Come and help me clean.”

“Why do I have to help? My beautiful fingers will have scars.”

“Dahwan.”

“No. I am just a girl. I'm not an adult yet!”

I then ran upstairs and closed the door to block out my mother's voice yelling at me at that moment. Although everything seemed too normal, I knew that deep down my mother was very hurt and she wanted to be alone. She didn't want her daughter to see her tears. I just wanted my mom to have something to do. Because myself... I also wanted some personal time to think, reflect and try to understand what had just happened so I could accept it as quickly as I could.

Could I cry?

The reason I asked myself this was because if this happened to someone else, they would probably be very sad, unable to handle it, and would act out. But I was more reasonable than

that. I tended to think that crying wouldn't make anything better. Everything had cause and effect. I wouldn't do something if I didn't get anything out of

it. Crying at a time like this was the same. If she cried, would anything change?

Then I wouldn't cry. She would make peace with this silently and accept that it already happened.

It was better to be strong and be by my mother's side. If she saw that she wasn't sad, she would probably get better in a short time. Giving positive energy to my mother was the right thing for a daughter to do! I was a great person. But it seemed like not every home or child had the same logic as me. And, yes...my next door neighbor 'Kim', who recently moved in, was in the same boat as me. I could hear sobbing through my window, so I peeked through my curtain to see a shadow near the window. The crying baby next to her was hugging her knees and crying piteously by the window. Negative energy... It will also make me sad.

But it was as I had said. Not everyone could handle this type of situation. In the end, I could only look at the person who was crying silently and sit by the window like a friend. Although we had never spoken, I kept an eye on her little girl, feeling sorry for her. Had he had any clues about his father?

Or maybe it was because I had realized what was happening for a while that what had just happened wasn't all that shocking to me. To be honest, I was surprised, but I just didn't make a big fuss and was able to control myself faster than the others. But the inner strength of people is not always the same and it seemed that it would take a while for the little girl to accept what happened. I had to console her. The music had to console her soul. When I thought of that, I cleared my throat and sang confidently with my beautiful nightingale voice.

The branches and leaves, cha cha.

Leaves and branches when rain fall.

Cha cha, the branches and the leaves...

Suddenly...

The curtain next door was drawn and the orange light that illuminated the room went out, leaving the room completely dark. I squinted a little and looked at the unexpected response with puffed cheeks. It was such a beautiful song, damn it! I was back in the same environment. A place filled with the blue color of the sky, the river and the clothes she wore, which contrasted with the unnatural white color of the trees, grass and rocks. But this time it was different. I knew I was dreaming. As I walked along the blue river that was like the Andaman Sea, my eyes looked towards a large white tree and a small dot that was clearly protruding from the trunk of the tree.

There was a person there...That girl... was a girl of a similar age to me; I couldn't remember her face. I wasn't sure what I should do, so I ran over to her and sat quietly next to her. I looked outside and scanned the sky in the distance. The mood that day was one of loneliness. Maybe it was because I had my memories of the real world present with me.

“You.”

I greeted my friend from my dream with a sad spirit. That wasn't the first time we'd talked, but in the past, I'd never been so determined to have a real conversation. The person next to me straightened and looked at me. Her face was still unclear, but I could feel that she was looking at me.

“We can talk today?”

“Can we really?”

I asked nervously. The little girl nodded.

“Sure.”

“What is your name?”

“Are we going to ask for names today too?”

“Can I ask?”

“I guess so. ”

She said hesitantly. But it seemed like she wanted to meet me too, so she agreed.

“Then let me ask you first, what is your name?”

“Dahwan, what about yours?”

“Kimhan.”

As soon as we introduced ourselves, the face of the person next to me gradually cleared. We were so surprised to finally see each other. I shook myself off and sat back down. Although it was not a bad dream, it was still shocking. I could vaguely remember my dream this time, more than in the past. In my dream, there were white trees and stones that contrasted with the blue tone of the rest. The girl I had seen in my dream since I could remember but had never spoken to turned out to be... Kim, my next-door neighbor. That was as creepy as Phi-Tuay-Kaew, a spirit called Thai Ouija!!

Two weeks had passed and that name was still stuck in my head like a gecko's feet. Many times, I just wanted to go up to my neighbor and ask if she had the same dream, but...

“You...”

But every time I tried to talk to her, the arrogant neighbor would walk into her house with her head held high, as if she had no interest in wanting her to be my friend. And I was too proud to try to curry favor with her simply because I was curious about my dream. Well, we didn't have to talk to each other!! But even though I tried not to pay attention, I couldn't get the curiosity out of my head. The best course of action was to eliminate those absurd thoughts and remind myself to live in the real world. So I stopped thinking about it and instead showed a happy mood for the first day of school.

Yeah! It was the first day of school, and it was the first day I could wear my high school uniform. Getting to wear a new uniform made me feel very charming and elegant. Ah... there must have been a lot of new kids, but no one would look as good as me.

“Hello my friend.”

I greeted my best friend. We've been best friends since high school.

'Prapaiporn', or Nung Mali, my best friend, she looked at me and twisted her mouth.

“What's up with that look?”

“You look too glamorous. I hate it. I missed you a lot.”

Mali, the number one mean girl in high school, hugged me like she really missed me.

“Do not exaggerate; the school holidays were only two months, not two years.”

“I missed you anyway. I was so alone. I'm really lazy having to come to school, but when I'm at home, I miss my friends. Your high school uniform looks so good on you.”

I moved my hair a little like I was in a Pantene shampoo ad.

“I look good in anything.”

"Why didn't I slap you in high school before we were best friends?"

"Because my beauty cut through your hate and turned it into love."

I winked at Mali, thinking it would make me look cool, and that made my chubby friend shake her head at me tiredly but still with a touch of adoration.

“If it were anyone else, I would have hated you.”

In reality, Mali and I had nothing in common that allowed us to get along. It was known that if a girl was beautiful, she would stand out or was so obviously prettier than other girls-both older and classmates-tended to hate her. And I'm one of those girls who is hated. We had even fought. But as time passed, we somehow became best friends.

“Are there many new girls this year?”

I asked as she looked around. Mali shook her head and looked around her as well, in case she could find a target to fight.

“I'm not sure. It is still early. We're sure to see strange faces soon... But why are you interested in new guys?”

“I just want to know if someone would be more beautiful than me.”

"Arg, is that all you think about in life?"

“Of course.”

“Oh, I saw your new commercial during the school holidays. I told everyone you were my friend.”

“You can show me on a commercial sound truck around your neighborhood. I would be happy to do it.”

“Be humble.”

My friend-Samorn' or 'Morn', my other best friend, arrived just in time to hear my conversation with Mali. Morn had been friends with Mali since high school. When Mali became

My best friend, Morn, also became my best friend.

“What does humble mean? Why should one be humble if one has something to show the world?”

“Why can't I hate this person?”

Mali put her chin in her palm as she said that, and I repeated my answer.

“Because I'm beautiful.”

As we talked, we could smell vanilla perfume wafting in the air, and because we were not familiar with that type of perfume, everyone in the area looked towards the fountain and was stunned. Who...Who was that

person who had the aura of having all the lights and brilliance of this world covered on her?

"Wow... here comes your competition."

Samorn reached out to touch my shoulder as he looked at the little girl in her high school uniform until the girl was out of my sight.

"Who is that new girl?"

She walks as if there were a doll under her feet, steps slow but stable and graceful. I took a look at the name on her chest...

"Her name is Pannarai. Even her name is great."

Mali rarely complimented anyone because she was the envious type like me, but even she couldn't help but compliment the new girl making her couldn't help but show her teeth.

"So old-fashioned."

"Jealous."

“I am more beautiful.”

“Ew.”

“I'm more beautiful!”

“Good!!!”

While everyone was paying attention to the new girl with the bright aura, another girl silently entered the school gate. I looked at my next-door neighbor, who entered the school looking down, not paying attention to anyone.

“Kim.”

I shouted my neighbor's name for the first time, and that made the little girl stop. My friends, who were focused on the new girl with the bright aura, turned to look at Kim after hearing my call. However... Kim didn't respond. She only stopped to look and then continued walking straight, as if my voice were just air.

“What's wrong with her? She's so arrogant. Do you know her?”

Mali, that she was ready to fight at any moment for no good reason, she asked, feeling angry for me. I nodded my head a little before answering.

“Yeah. She is my neighbor.”

"Then why did she ignore you like that? That will not work. It's rude. I'll drag her and slap her..”

“Hey.”

Mali, who was very forceful, was ready to fight on the first day of school. She approached my neighbor in an offensive manner and grabbed her shoulder to force her to turn around. I ran after her with the intention of stopping her. But then, I saw the name on the new girl's chest which made me stunned.

“Kimhan.”

The owner of the name I called quickly raised her school bag to hug her and cover her chest in shock. But at that moment, no one was more surprised than me.

.

.

-

-

-

Was Kimhan her real name?...

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 2

Capítulo 2 - CHAPTER : 2

idol
FACTORY

Farinhouse

ผลิตและเผยแพร่โดย บริษัท ไอเดิลแฟคทอรี

PIRAMETER

be
fale

ฝันรัก หรือทุกข์

my
MARVELLOUS
DREAM
to YOU

คิมหันต์

กนกนา วีระบุษิก

ดาหวัน

กัญญาพัชร ณ นภ

ทุกวันพุธ เวลา 22.45 น. ทาง 

เริ่มตอนแรก 8 พฤษภาคม นี้

ดูย้อนหลังแบบ UNCUT version ได้ฟรี ทาง  YouTube : IDOLFACTORY OFFICIAL

THE MORE YOU HATE SOMEONE, THE MORE YOU FIND
YOURSELF WITH THEM



Kimhan... My next door neighbor's full name was Kimhan.

I would have been sitting and biting my nails until they were almost raw if Mali hadn't come over and knocked me back to consciousness. My always confident image abruptly vanished, as if a great wave had swallowed it. I never knew Kim or Kimhan's full name because their family had just moved and stole my father from me. And I didn't suspect anything, but everything matched: the face, the voice and the full name. If she hadn't been sitting, I would have fainted and fallen to the floor.

Can something like this really happen? Shit, I couldn't get that out of my head. And what a coincidence that my next-door neighbor was in my class. She chose to sit in the back, by the window, alone. The light shining on her petite body made me look at her dreamily.

“You seem very interested in that new girl.”

Mali, who was in a bad mood about what happened that morning, started a conversation to try to make everything seem normal. I looked at my chubby friend and shook my head.

“I'm not interested in her. I'm just a little interested in her full name.”

I leaned my shoulder toward Mali a little as she said that.

“Are you not in a bad mood anymore? You were acting out this morning.”

“You didn't try to make peace with me.”

“The reason I didn't try to reconcile with you is because I want you to realize that we are in high school now. We are more mature now and we shouldn't fight over something silly like, Why do you see others as more important than a friend like me?”

“Do you really see that new girl as more important than me?”

“Don't be so moody. I told you she's my next door neighbor. I don't want you to fight with her because I have to see her for a long time. It'll make things weird between her and me.”

“Jeez... well that's reasonable. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt.”

Mali, she was tired of being grumpy, so she stopped sitting up straight and crouched down.

“But now that I think about it, why does your next-door neighbor seem to not like your face?”

“Maybe because I'm too beautiful.”

“Argh.”

Samorn lost her patience and pinched my waist, making me jump.

“Have you two fought?”

"Well..."

I drawled my voice, and when I saw my friends anxiously waiting for my answer, I made a joke because I didn't want them to ask too many questions. I wasn't ready to tell anyone about my father.

“Like I said, maybe I'm too beautiful, so everyone envies me. Do you remember in high school, Mali got into a fight with me just because I'm beautiful?”

“I'm not going to talk to you anymore.”

I straightened my back and smiled proudly at my appearance. Ah-huh... There was no point in being humble. I had always believed that the one thing no one should lack was self-confidence. It would lead to a bad personality and make us look like a piece of trash. That's what she told me every day. It was the philosophy of life that I had invented myself.

"Hey... the new girl doesn't talk to anyone,"

Samorn, who was still looking at Kimhan, said that in a low voice. Mali, who didn't seem to like Kimhan very much because I protected her, twisted her mouth.

“Maybe she's mute.”

"No, Kim can talk,"

I responded, not knowing if my friend really wanted an answer to that.

“You're protecting the new girl.”

“Hey. Can't I speak for her at all? You're not a girl, Mali. Heavens!”

I sighed and looked at Kimhan with concern.

"I'm afraid she won't have any friends."

"It's not our business."

I shook my head.

"But I think it could be my business."

I responded, then got up to walk to the back of the room and sit next to my next-door neighbor, who was looking out the window while waiting for the teacher to arrive. Kimhan looked at me silently when she saw me there.

"How was the first day of school?"

Since I was kind, I tried to send her positive energy from the depths of my pure, bright and peaceful soul. I greeted her with a news anchor's voice that was smooth as silk. No one could be nicer than me. However, it had no impact on my neighbor. Kimhan clearly had something against me, as if I were a ghost who was haunting her by offering.

"Do you hate me or something?"

"Yeah."

"Oh..."

Her direct response made me recoil. I blinked and licked my lips like someone who was getting nervous.

"Because?"

"Because pa..."

I left it like that, with my mouth still open, because I didn't want to use what was also my wound to hurt her. But Kimhan could guess what I was about to say, so she looked like she was ready to slap me.

"Good. If you don't like it, don't do it. You don't like me, I don't like you either."

Bleep!

I stuck my tongue out at her and walked back to my friends. Both Mali and Samorn were perplexed because they had seen me sticking my tongue out at the new girl.

“You were acting strange a moment ago. Why did you stick your tongue out at Kimhan?”

“She said she didn't like me.”

“Wow... That bitch!”

Mali, my irascible friend, she rolled up her sleeves and was ready to start a fight, but I pulled on her shirt to stop her.

“Why are you stopping me? She doesn't like you.”

“Are you going to slap her because she doesn't like me? Just let it go.”

“Hey, what do you mean?”

“We're older, Mali. Stop being self-centered. Your mom will spank you again if you fight.”

I was serious, so my friend sat down willingly, looking bored.

“How is it possible that someone just doesn't like someone? I don't understand. Aren't you two neighbors?”

Samorn was still looking at Kimhan as she said that. I shook my head feeling tired.

“It doesn't matter. If she doesn't like me, I just won't like her. That's all. The teacher is here.”

I cut the conversation short, looked directly at the front of the classroom, and listened to the teacher. However, I couldn't help but look at the new girl, who was sitting there alone.

Caramba!

The first day of school was over for the most beautiful high school student (I'm sure I was). When I got home, I watched the evening soap opera to kill time. Mom, who had been out all afternoon, returned with an empty plate of food.

“Where did you go?”

“I went to chat with Khun Aey. “

“To that house?”

I looked at her surprised but understanding at the same time.

"You're so kind, Mom. You are also seriously injured."

“But I can move on faster, while someone else still lives in sadness. So, are you getting involved to help her? How is she...? Are they doing something better?”

“They can eat. If they can eat something, it means it's not that bad.”

I looked towards that house and asked about the daughter.

“Don't you think her daughter hates you?”

“Do you mean Kim?”

“There is only one daughter.”

“She hadn't gotten home yet. Isn't this the first day of school? What could be the reason why she is still away from home? It's late.”

I looked at the clock on the wall and saw that the short hand indicated seven. Then I looked at my watch to make sure it showed the same time. It was 7 pm and she still hadn't gotten home...But it wasn't my business. She could still see her face and her eyes when she said she didn't like my face. I don't care... The matter of whether she's home or not. And at 9 pm, Auntie Aey, our neighbor, was heard screaming. My mom and I had to look at her through the window.

“What's wrong, Aey?”

“Can I ask you something, Dahwan... did you see Kim at school today?”

I shrank my neck a little and nodded.

“Yes, I do.”

“So she didn't miss school, but why isn't she home yet?”

"Is she not home yet?"

I looked at the clock on the wall again and my eyebrows contracted with a bad feeling. Mom continued talking to Aunt Aey about Kimhan, while I ran to the phone and called Mali, my best friend, to ask you about what she knew.

[Why are you calling so late? My mom looks like she's about to spank me again.]

“Tell me honestly.”

[That?]

“Did you do something to Kimhan?”

My friend was silent for a moment, then tried to speak in a flat voice.

[What could I have done to her?]

“Damn! Tell me where she is.”

[Why are you cursing?]

“Tell me!”

[The girls' bathroom. She's a loser. She still can't get out of there?]

“Curse!”

I hung up and immediately grabbed my wallet from the living room table before running out of the house to call a motorcycle taxi to take me to school. No wonder I felt strangely uneasy and couldn't breathe. But I didn't think it would actually turn out to be anything. Mali just couldn't stop bullying someone who was weaker than her. He would have to talk seriously to her about doing that kind of thing. Not only did he look immature but he was also very mean. And he might get her in trouble someday. Normally, there was a guard at the main gate of the school. As soon as I got there, he stopped me.

“The school is closed. You can not get in.”

“It's very important, Phi. I forgot...”

I couldn't say that I had forgotten about my friend.

“I forgot my mortgage loan document in the bathroom!”

“Mortgage loan...”

“Please. Let me in. My mom is going to kill me.”

Although the guard still seemed confused, when he saw me sticking out my lower lip and about to cry, he easily let me in. And to be sure, he had to do his job of showing me the way.

“You don't have to go with me.”

“I can not do this. If something is stolen from me, I'll get in trouble.”

I scratched my head until the skin almost came off. But if he didn't let her go with me, I would look even more suspicious, so I had to let him lead the way. There were many girls' bathrooms, but I chose to go to the one in the gym on the top floor because Mali had already told me where she had locked Kimhan. No wonder the guard didn't know someone was trapped there because no one would come to look at that area so late at night.

“I probably left it here.”

“Why did you bring a mortgage loan document into the bathroom of a school gym?”

“It doesn't matter!”

Don't ask too many questions; I can't lie fast enough!... The guard was ready to open the door, although he wasn't sure if he should. I shouted my neighbor's name as soon as the door could open.

“Kimhan!”

“Aid.”

A sign of life appeared in the farthest bathroom. The slam of the door made the guard poke his face into the bathroom.

“Hey. Why am I hearing someone's voice in the bathroom right now?”

In front of the bathroom door, where Kimhan was confined, there was a mop and a heavy bucket of water. The guard and I helped get them out of the way before opening the door and finding Kimhan crying inside.

“Hey, are you okay?”

“No. I'm not.”

And the person who was screaming for help rushed to hug me tightly. Her trembling body made me reach out to rub her back. How was I supposed to comfort her at a time like this?

“Peaceful.”

Ah... that's how it was when you said:

"The more you hate someone, the more you find yourself with them."

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 3

Capítulo 3 - CHAPTER : 3



GOSSIP



“She... she's the one who locked me in the bathroom.”

There was a big problem after that incident...Just one day of school, and we were in the disciplinary room. Mali, the bully, had a hard time because, in high school, she had a reputation for being very naughty. All the discipline teachers knew her better than the principal. While the victim, Kimhan, pointed out the harasser without fear and without caring about how she could be harassed later. Although she was small, she is a fighter.

“Do not accuse me. Did you see me put the mop against the bathroom door?”

There was Mali, the least intelligent of all, revealing how she locked the girl in the bathroom without needing to look for witnesses. Now everyone knew she had done it.

“From what I heard, you are the only suspect because what you said matches what Dahwan told me.”

And now all eyes were on me. I told the teacher how I helped Kimhan, but I didn't tell her how I knew she was trapped there. Both Mali and Kimhan

looked at me and pressed me on what she was going to say. Should I tell the truth or a lie?

“Dahwan, how did you know that your friend was locked in the school bathroom?”

“Ah...”

“Be honest. Don't help your friend, or you will be an accomplice..”

I wasn't at all worried about whether I would be punished or not, but this was a complicated situation. If she was honest, Mali could be suspended or expelled from school because she had a long history of misbehavior, and the teachers enjoyed her using her authority to punish the students to make themselves feel bigger. But if I lied, Kimhan would feel bad.

“Well...”

I rolled my eyes and an exit appeared in my head.

“I feel dizzy.”

“What's happening?”

I was acting like I was extremely anxious and about to pass out at any moment. I looked at Samorn, who was standing right next to me, before falling gracefully.

“Mister, Dahwan fainted!”

We didn't plan it, and it seemed like not even Samorn knew if I was acting or if I had really fainted. The disciplinary room suddenly became chaotic because a student might be very sick.

“Take her to the first aid room immediately!”

The situation went from being tense because a student was about to be disciplined to worrying about the health of another student. They took me to the first aid room and took good care of me. Samorn stayed with me as my companion. Twenty minutes after receiving the treatment, I slowly opened one eye and pinched my friend, who was sitting not far away.

“Morn.”

“Hello. How do you feel?”

My friend who seemed really worried about me, she watched me closely. But I shook my head and slanted my mouth.

“I'm absolutely fine.”

“Huh?”

“Don't be noisy. I covered my mouth with a finger because I was afraid that the first aid teacher would hear us.

“I pretended to faint.”

“Shit... You made everyone worry. That was a great performance.”

“Oh, of course. I am the future superstar of Thailand's entertainment industry. You better get my autograph now.”

“When can I come to hate you?”

Samorn, she rolled her eyes, feeling tired of congratulating myself.

“You're that good at acting; you should have lied to help Mali. “

“If I did that, how would Kimhan feel?”

“Do we have to worry?”

“You don't care if someone is harassed or bothered and you want me to help my friend harass her? We would be the same as Mali, even if we didn't harass her ourselves.”

-Since when did you become so noble? I'm surprised you seem so interested in Kimhan.”

I joined in, as I felt my friend's logic was a little off. Why was it surprising that she was a noble person?

“Even if it's not Kimhan, I wouldn't lie, But I had to pretend to faint to get out of that situation because I love and care about Mali. Imagine what would happen if I told the truth about how I knew Kimhan was locked in the bathroom.”

“You don't have to be so serious. I'm just surprised.”

Samorn seemed really confused, so I lay back down on the bed.

“How is Mali?”

“I'm not sure. I'm here with you, so I don't know what happened. Are you ready to get up, so we can go ask her?”

-Not yet. The air conditioning here is cool; I want to lie down a little more. I'm too lazy to go to class. There's not much the first week anyway.”

“Lazy like a dog.”

Although I had escaped earlier by pretending to faint, I was inevitably called in for another interrogation, and in order not to get Mali into any trouble, I had to lie and say that I really left something in the bathroom. However...my chubby friend didn't get her way because Kimhan insisted that Mali had locked her up. Everyone believed the victim, and I also believed that she should punish Mali because she had really done it. My chubby friend was very moody because she felt challenged because the new girl had singled her out as the bully without fear of the intimidating aura she sent in the cold room.

“She doesn't know the dark force.”

“What are you going to do now?”

I looked at my friend with fear.

“They will kick you out one day. Stop being so direct.”

“She challenged me. She pointed out to me as the one who locked her in the bathroom.”

“And you didn't do it?”

"Even if I did, she shouldn't talk about it."

Mali was growling like someone who wouldn't accept defeat easily.

“I will make coming to school hell for her every day. She waits and sees.”

I could only look at my bitter friend and sigh. Kimhan was still sitting at the back of the room in her usual place, looking out the window, as if she didn't care about anyone in this world. Did she know the stalker was about to attack again?

Another day of high school life had passed. I had to admit that life was colorful these days. The first two days of school were full of excitement.

My next door neighbor had been locked in the bathroom and I had to visit the disciplinary room twice.

I was in the high risk group. While waiting for the bus to go home, I looked at Kimhan, who had to go the same way, feeling a little bored. If we were friends, we would be talking while waiting for the bus and we would sit together until we got home. But...those good times between us will probably never happen. The weather had been gray with dark rain clouds since the afternoon. A little while after we got home, the rain fell as if it had never rained before, and the clouds could no longer hold all that water. Ah... it was already rainy season.

While starring in my own music video, gazing up at the distant sky, my rarely ringing home phone rang. That startled me a little, and my mom yelled at me in annoyance.

“Answer the phone, Hwan.”

"Yes,"

I responded indifferently before reaching out to pick up the phone and automatically saying:

"Hello."

[Hey, good girl.]

The soft, deep voice that I will never be able to forget made me drop the mop like someone who had no strength. I gripped the phone tightly and my jaw dropped because I was not prepared to receive a call from my father.

[Are you okay, girl?]

I could tell by his voice that he was happy, and that made me immediately hang up the phone, feeling irritated. My mom came out of the kitchen and looked at the rainy sky which she hated before asking me about the phone call.

“Who called?”

“Wrong number.”

Mom didn't ask anything else. She just walked back into the kitchen while I pretended nothing had happened. To be honest, I didn't want my mom, who was already in a stable state of mind, to be shaken just because a man decided to leave us. I was a good actress, so Mom would never realize how angry I was at that moment....Shit... Why call if I was so happy? I looked out the window at the neighbor's house unconsciously. The wall was too high for me to see the other side, but I still chose to look in that direction. If my father had called me, did that mean that the little girl's father had called her too?

Wait... I called Kimhan, little girl when she's not even my friend? Everything went on as usual, and the rain continued to pour. I was now in my bedroom and looked with interest at the opposite window. It was already 9 at night, but the light was still on. Kimhan looked like she would sleep later than usual...Would she be okay? Or had she still not returned? Was she locked in the bathroom again?

When my thoughts turned to that, I quickly ran downstairs to get out. I saw Kimhan squatting with her head in her arms in front of her house. Raindrops were splashing on her. I forgot that we were on the same bus that day, and that I had actually seen her enter her house. What was she doing with me? The sound of sobbing made me look up before I decided to head back to my house to grab an umbrella. Then I reached out to hold the umbrella over her. The little girl could sense that someone was standing near her, so she looked up, which made our eyes make contact. She was really crying...

“Did your dad call?”

There was no one at the number he dialed. I, who was holding an umbrella, felt uncomfortable because I was standing there talking to myself once again. Yes... This person always made me feel this way when I approached her.

“Honestly, I don't understand why you hate me so much Kim.”

And then I asked again, hoping that kind of question would provoke the arrogant little girl to give some response. But the only response I received was a cold look from her. It was like I destroyed her family or something. Kimhan got up and prepared to enter her house. I couldn't stand that coldness anymore, so I decided to clear things up right then and there. Someone like me, I only had people who wanted to get close to me, but this little girl refused to accept my friendship and made me seem useless. I would make it or break it right then and there, in the middle of that heavy rain.

“Kimhan!”

My voice was as loud as the thunder in the background. The owner of that name paused and turned to look at me, startled.

“Do you hate me because our parents ran away together?”

It seemed like what I said hit Kimhan right in the heart. She pursed her lips before finally saying something.

“Yeah.”

“If it weren't for you two...”

"Yes... If it weren't for you two, my father would never abandon his wife and daughter either,"

I said what the little girl was going to say to emphasize that she wasn't the only victim.

“Do you think you're the only one hurt by what happened?”

“You don't seem to feel anything. You and your mother can continue living as if nothing happened.”

“Do people react the same way? You cry when you're hurt. I'm hurt too, but I choose to pretend I'm okay. Who knows? I may be the most hurt by what happened.”

“Why are you bothering me? Even if both of our families are hurt, that doesn't mean I want to be your friend!”

Kimhan's strong rejection stunned me. The cold and sweet-faced girl returned the same way to enter her house. I can't help but scream at her in frustration and embarrassment.

“Who wants to be your friend? Don't be so presumptuous.”

“We will never be friends. Remember that, Kimhan!”

Bad move... I shouldn't have meddled in someone else's business! Since that talk with Kimhan that day, I hadn't been able to sleep because I felt embarrassed. It was like I had tried to be nice but was shamefully rejected. Shit, who did she think she was? And how could she have thought that I wanted to be her friend!

“What's wrong, Mali? Why are you in such a good mood?”

Samorn, who was walking beside me to line up in front of the flagpole said to Mali while looking at her. Mali smiled widely, as if something good had happened. I, who was stressed about my own problems, was also surprised when I looked at my chubby friend. Before this, she was still bitter about her disciplinary probation.

“Of course it is good news; Otherwise, I wouldn't be so happy. I heard something juicy.”

“What is that juicy news?”

“Just wait and see. It's really interesting. And when we got to our line, Mali spoke loudly to get everyone's attention.

“Everyone, I have a very good gossip.”

Although other friends in our class were not so friendly to us because Mali was known for her bullying, if it was juicy gossip, there was no such prejudice.

“I heard that... Kimhan is so quiet because she has depression.”

I, who was in the middle, slowly backed away and smiled at the corner of my mouth. Samorn, who also seemed to know what was going on, also moved back to stand next to me.

“Mali is using gossip to get back at Kimhan. Why is she so childish?”

I said that while she shook my head. Samorn nodded understandingly but made no comment. She was the nice type; Everything her friend said was good, she did.

“You know she likes to win.”

“What could the use of gossip about depression achieve? Do you think our friends will stop talking to her just because she has depression? Foolishness.”

“If Mali can't catch her directly, she will do it through some tricks. You already know Mali.”

“What could Kimhan care about? I never see her talk to anyone.”

And while we watched Mali spread the gossip, Kimhan came over to stand in line and listen to everything. But she chose not to pay attention and stood at the back. I looked into her eyes for a split second, and we both looked away from each other.

“According to what I've heard, she has depression because... Her father ran away with the neighbor, who is a boy!”

When I reached that part, I straightened my back. I went from crossing my arms over my chest to letting them fall to my sides and looking at Mali in shock. At that moment, our friends in line and from other nearby classes looked at Kimhan and had fun whispering about it.

“Mali, what did you say?”

I warned her, but it seemed like my friend was having fun spreading the rumor and not caring about anything except exaggerating as much as she could. Kids our age didn't know much about depression, but if it was a family drama, like if there was a family member who wasn't normal, they would be listened to and that person was their father...A father who was gay and had run away with his next-door neighbor. In short, that caught everyone's attention.

-Kimhan's father is gay!”

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 4

Capítulo 4 - CHAPTER : 4



 ผลิตและเผยแพร่โดย บริษัท อดิสรณ์ ฟิล์ม จำกัด
 


ฝันรัก หรือทุกข์

my MARVELLOUS DREAM to YOU

คิมหันต์
 ญาดา วิจิตรสมบัติ

ดาหวัน
 ศักดิ์ญาดา พิธีกร ณ นภ

ทุกวันพุธ เวลา 22.45 น. ทาง 

เริ่มตอนแรก 8 พฤษภาคม นี้

ดูย้อนหลังแบบ UNCUT version ได้ฟรี ทาง  YouTube : IDOLFACOTRY OFFICIAL

DECEMBER DOG



As said above, no one cares if you suffer from depression or are drunk from eating too much ice cream. Because those are not stories as dramatic as "our friend's dad is gay."

That day, I went to class with a heavy heart. All the eyes that were on Kimhan while they laughed as if her life was a joke made me feel like they were making fun of me too. And all those pressures seemed to have an impact on the new girl, who didn't get along with anyone. In the third period, the person who was the center of attention disappeared from school. Mali, who felt that she had succeeded, laughed happily at my frustration without knowing it.

"See?... I told you I would make going to school hell for her. She chose the wrong person to challenge. "

"How did that occur to you? Spread gossip that the new girl's father is gay?"

Samorn, who had never been bothered by anything, asked more out of amusement than pity. I, who was sitting silently with my arms crossed on my chest, was listening curiously.

To say it was a coincidence was too much of an exaggeration. She hadn't just said something random that turned out to be 100% true.

“Oh. The entire market gossips about this. A shopkeeper who lives near Kimhan's neighbor said that Kimhan's father packed up and ran away with the neighbor, who is a boy. She knows this because Kimhan's mother said it very loudly. The whole street knows it.”

“A woman merchant in the market?”

I interrupted, feeling terrified.

“How did Kimhan's mother approach that merchant if she just moved here?”

“Ah, you're her neighbor. Don't you know anything about this?”

“I don't stick my nose into other people's business.”

"How cruel."

Mali jumped a little after I said that, like someone who was guilty as charged.

“Let's say that if there was no truth in that, the new girl wouldn't miss school. She probably won't be able to cope and will eventually drop out of school.”

"Don't you think you've gone too far?"

I asked, feeling frustrated but Mali, who didn't mind her at all, just shrugged.

“No, I haven't gone too far. Why did you want to be my enemy? She picked the wrong person to mess with.”

The morning session ended. The most important time for students like us was lunch time. I looked for Kimhan in case she came down to get food as usual, and it was as she expected...

“She'll back down, trust me.”

Mali is still elated at having successfully intimidated the girl. I started to feel anxious and worried. Kimhan had no friends and was very sensitive. I didn't know if she could handle things like this.

“I'll be right back.”

I got up because I had lost my appetite. Samorn pulled my arm and asked curiously.

“Where are you going?”

“I'll walk to burn calories.”

“You're not going to look for Kimhan, are you?”

When my friend caught me, I just sat down and composed myself subconsciously.

“Why would I have to look for it? She is not my friend.”

“I was just asking. Why do you have to act suspicious? Are you not going to go anymore?”

“No.”

“Yes... Why did I have to look for Kimhan? She wasn't even my friend. How she was doing had nothing to do with me. Nothing at all!”

However, the school wasn't that big... In the end, Kimhan couldn't skip all classes. Little Ella returned for Traditional Thai Dance class, where the teacher was known for her cruelty. Even Mali, the bully, had to restrain herself and become like those rascals who turned into puppies wagging their tails when they encountered the police. Because the school year had just started, the teacher wasn't that deep into the course yet, so she just ordered us to wear red loincloths and dance. Everyone formed pairs and silently helped her partner put on the red loincloth without anyone daring to make any loud noise, Kimhan was the only one left. She was sitting alone, still and motionless. The teacher approached her and asked in an energetic voice.

“Why don't you put on the red loincloth?”

"I don't know how to do it,"

The little girl answered honestly. All the students looked on with interest. Kimhan's face and posture showed no signs of fear towards the teacher. She had just said, frankly, that she didn't know how to do it.

“How difficult is it to put on the red loincloth? If you don't know how to do it, ask your friends for help.”

“I do not have friends.”

All the students laughed, especially Mali. Teacher Jaroay looked at us to give us a warning and looked back at Kimhan.

“Why do you not have friends? Are you such a bad person that no one wants to be your friend?”

“If no one helps, I will help. “

Although the teacher said that, she didn't do what she said. She just stood there and pressured Kimhan to make her feel uncomfortable. I was about to approach her to help Kimhan out of trouble when Mali grabbed my arm.

“Where are you going?”

“I'm going to help Kimhan put on the red loincloth.”

“Don't stick your nose into it.”

The situation remained tense. Kimhan didn't move even a bit. I couldn't tell that she had tried because she stood still while Professor Jaroay stared at her, losing her patience.

“Are you going to put on the red loincloth?”

“Are you challenging me?”

And eventually, the teacher used her authority like someone who had been trying to suppress something for too long. She reached out to shake the little girl; She pushed and pulled as if she was losing her temper. Kimhan just stood there, not arguing or doing anything. And that made the teacher even angrier.

“Do as I order you. Don't stay here like a stupid being!”

“Why are you still silent? You are challenging me!”

“I told you to change!”

“Teacher, I will help her then.”

Finally, an angelic voice came out of my mouth as I too lost my patience. Everyone looked at me in silence. Teacher Jaroay looked at me after hearing that, as if I was her next emotional garbage dump.

“What did you just say?”

“Teacher, you said you would help her, but you just stand there, doing nothing. Kimhan doesn't know how to do it and you call her stupid. A teacher should help teach or advise when a student doesn't know something, right?”

“What did you say?”

“If we were intelligent, why would we be in school receiving an education? If we know how to dance, why would we need this class? And if we can do all that, will we need such teachers in this school?”

My questions, which seemed more like arguments, made the teacher freeze with a stiff neck. The teacher's target was no longer Kimhan. Come on... I dared to go all the way there, now I would go all the way.

“If you know how to do it, why didn't you help your friend?”

"Because you said you would help her, but now you're standing there calling her stupid because she doesn't know how to do it."

“Do not talk to me that way.”

“I'm explaining. And since we're on this topic, as a student who has been curious for a long time... Why do we have to learn Traditional Thai Dance?”

“You are challenging me?”

“I'm asking to give you the opportunity to explain as well. This is how education should be; If you don't understand, you can ask.”

“You...”

Teacher Jaroay closed her eyes, as if she was listening patiently but didn't know how to proceed. I was on a roll, and I felt good that my anger could help Kimhan so that she wouldn't be the only victim.

“This is a simple question, but the teacher cannot answer it. You just need to say that we should preserve our traditions and make them lasting, or whatever. But all you do is use your emotions and attack us harshly. I don't know how to put on the red loincloth, and you say we're stupid. If teaching students is so frustrating for you, why are you a teacher? Go do something else!”

“I'm asking as a student, Why are you a teacher if you don't even like it?', and you can't even answer. You probably understand what 'stupid' means more than we do.”

I grabbed Kimhan's hand and then my school bag, preparing to leave the room, but Teacher Jaroay's scream instantly shook me with the words she used to call me.

“You... dog of December'!”

That made me turn around and smile at the teacher.

“Hi Mom.”

It was a big incident... bigger than Mali locking Kimhan in the bathroom. I was in the disciplinary room with Kimhan, and our mothers were also there to hear my charges. Professor Jaroay, who was the toughest beast in the Traditional Thai Dance room, was now an old woman who told everything and cried because a student did not know her place and disrespected the teacher.

“Dahwan, you were wrong. Show respect and apologize.”

My mother, who was listening silently, ordered me in a forceful voice. I wasn't afraid of my mom, but hey, the youngest one is always wrong. I paid my respects casually, not very sincerely, as my mother ordered. I was doing it for my mother.

“I'm sorry.”

The teacher ignored me and everything was under the watchful eyes of all the other teachers in the cold room. Everyone knew the reputation of this teacher, very strict, aggressive and sometimes irrational. She had a big mouth, but no one 'dared' to do anything like me.

“This is a big problem. The school may have to give her disciplinary probation to make her an example case.”

The head of the disciplinary board said this to my mother, and she nodded understandingly.

“Kimhan, you didn't do anything, so you will only receive a warning.”

“Why give her a warning?”

"She didn't do anything,"

I said that as I lost patience with what was happening.

“ Kim just told the teacher frankly that she didn't know how to put on the....”

As I said that, a mysterious, thin hand reached out to me and squeezed my arm so tightly that I had to look to see that it was Kimhan. She was looking down and shaking her head to tell me not to say anything. Damn but, I had already come this far...

“Are you still arguing?”

"Worry about yourself,"

The disciplinary teacher seemed tired that she was still doing it. I sighed and raised my hand to show respect.

“I'm sorry..”

It seemed like everything was over. My mother signed to acknowledge what I did. And Kimhan got a small punishment of a warning on her record, even though she didn't do anything wrong. While our mothers were putting on their shoes to go home, Teacher Jaroay came over to talk to Kimhan's mother as if she felt sorry for her, but it didn't sound like that at all. It was more sarcasm, like a victory, why neither the students nor their parents could do anything to her.

“I understand that your daughter has problems getting along with people. Maybe it's related to her father ran away with the next door neighbor.”

And that made me, who also heard it, straighten my back and turn to look at the teacher, whom I no longer thought of respecting. Was it something that needed to be said? Wouldn't she let it end?

“Yeah. Kimhan may have that problem, which is why she acts like she does. And you? What is your problem? Why are you using your students as trash cans? You use force inappropriately...”

“Hwan!”

My mother warned me with a voice that told me she wanted me to stop, but I couldn't take it anymore.

“In addition to using force, you also use hurtful words to insult students in the classroom. There are good teachers, but there are also bad ones to watch.”

“Dahwan, that's enough.! “

“It's true, mom. What kind of teacher calls her student "December Dog!”

“Who called you that?”

“She called me that. She said I'm a December dog. That's crazy! I don't have time to play with dogs. In December I have to go to Loy Krathong?”

As soon as I finished saying that, everything happened so fast that I couldn't prepare myself to handle it. Suddenly, my mother, who was standing next to me, ran towards Teacher Jaroay and slapped her hard. I could hear a 'swoosh' sound followed by a loud 'slap', like a palm hitting a baby's bottom, but it was the teacher's head. That stunned everyone, including me.

“Did you call my daughter December Dog?”

After everyone regained consciousness, we tried to separate my mother from the teacher. My mother, who had been suppressing a lot of things herself, repeatedly slapped the teacher, who is now beneath her, while lashing out unconsciously.

“I have never used rude words with my daughter. You are a teacher. And do you use that type of language with students? Don't you have integrity as a teacher?”

My mother kept hitting the teacher with all her strength, much to our surprise. Teacher Jaroay, who was under my mother, could only raise her hands to protect herself from her. She couldn't defend herself, but she continued arguing.

“Then it's because she has this type of mother; that's why it is like that. Both mother and daughter are December dogs.”

“Wow, this mouth. Let me ask: has any man even looked at you? The way the girl is has nothing to do with whether her father ran away from her. My daughter's father ran away with Kimhan's father. I don't see anything bad about it. Your job is to teach, so teach. Stupid teacher!”

My mother shared our family's problem with all the students who moved between classrooms in the heat of the moment.

“Her name is Jaroay, mom.”

I couldn't help but interrupt, but Kimhan, who was standing next to me, grabbed my arm to stop me.

“It doesn't matter what your name is. Being so nosy, I'll make it impossible for her to teach here. I have nothing to lose. Let's fix everything today, so you remember that being a teacher is teaching. Children should be good people, you can't use their weaknesses to create trauma!”

My mother kept slapping the teacher with all her might until the teacher could only raise her hands to protect herself and shout, "I give up." However, there was no sign of my mother stopping. All my friends, including Mali and Samorn, looked in my direction and raised their hands to cover their mouths in shock. Especially my chubby friend, who looked like she was about to cry when she heard everything.

She was still stunned by what just happened. Kimhan, who had held my hand from the beginning, did not let go and squeezed it as if she was comforting me and telling me that I was not alone in this.

Yes... His father ran away with my father. Our parents were homosexuals.

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 5

Capítulo 5 - CHAPTER : 5



SOMEONE GREAT



The teacher and my mother ended up at the police station on charges of assault and battery. When we got home, it was almost 8 pm that day. A lot of exciting events had happened so I was exhausted and felt like my body would explode if I didn't finish the day soon.

“We're not done.”

My mother said that when she was about to let me fall on the couch. My mother's unfamiliar and 'serious' voice made me jump and stand timidly with my hands in front of my body.

“Yes mom?”

My mother was like that. She defended herself and fought for justice. But if she was wrong, she won't let it go.

“Go stand in front of the house to punish yourself.”

I looked at the stillness and darkness outside. I felt a little uneasy.

“There are a lot of mosquitoes, mom.”

“You have hands; protect yourself. Go to the front of the house to punish yourself. No good girl argues with a teacher like that.”

“No good teacher calls his student a December dog.”

“That's the teacher's fault. And you're guilty too, so I won't let it go. There is no dinner for you today, and you must stand in front of the house until 10 p.m.”

“It's two hours, mom.”

“Go.”

It wasn't that harsh of a punishment for a high school girl like me. But not eating dinner, not showering, and wanting to fall dead in my bed at that moment made it hell. But if I could go back in time, I would choose to do the same with the teacher. She had been degrading students for too long. Someone had to dare to stand up and do something so she could realize that. Although it was embarrassing when my mother got into a fight with a teacher, the satisfaction made it worth it.

Now that I think about it, what mood should I be in when I go to school the next day? Now everyone knew that my father was the one who ran away with Kimhan's father. They would have to face me with the inevitable truth. That couldn't be helped. Damn, the mosquitoes out there bite so hard! I beat the annoying mosquitoes on my arms and legs tiredly. Is that what my mom wanted me to face? Did she think about the future and did she think that if I got sick, who would have to pay the medical bill? She is using her authority without caring about her.

“Use this..”

A nasal accent from a familiar face is heard not far away. I didn't know how long Kimhan had been there. She handed me a sachet of NU 15 brand mosquito repellent without looking me in the eye. What was she up to?

“Good.”

And when the little girl was about to get it back, I grabbed the bag and opened it, then applied mosquito repellent to my arms and legs. Everything fell silent, except for the sound of the little girl hitting her mosquitoes from time to time.

“Kim, you didn't use it?”

“There was only one bag.”

I looked at her and shrugged, trying to stay calm.

“You're very kind. Thank you.”

But I still grabbed Kimhan's arm and put the mosquito repellent on her.

“I don't want to owe you anything since we're not even friends.”

My hand rubbed together as my mouth spoke, emphasizing how much we'd been fighting before all of that. Kimhan looks at me a little without revealing anything on her face. But she confirmed what I had just said.

“Yes, we are not friends.”

Why was I applying mosquito repellent to her arm? Even though I'm pretty, I didn't need to be good. This was messy. When I came to this conclusion, I dropped the little girl's arm and stood there with my arms crossed over my chest in silence. Kimhan didn't move either and she stood there making me feel bewildered.

“Why are you standing here?”

“This way you will have a friend with you.”

“We are not friends.”

“So, I am here as your father.”

Witty...

And she remained silent again. Kimhan was difficult to talk to, and I didn't know what to talk about because she had made me feel uncomfortable so many times that I had to maintain my image too.

“Actually, you shouldn't have argued with the teacher about me, Hwan. “

Oh... Now she has started a conversation. Also, she called me 'Hwan' when she used to just say 'you' and 'me'. My heart suddenly beat very fast but I kept my face emotionless.

“Who helped you?”

I just couldn't stand what Jaroay did. Normally, we students don't say 'teacher'. If we know that the next period is 'math', we will use the teacher's name instead of the class name, for example, the next class is Jaroay, Rutchanee,nPaipunnee, etc.

“Was the disciplinary probation you received worth it? Your record has always been clean..”

“It's a situation where everyone loses. Jaroay is not going to have it easy from now on either because she is a teacher where the teachers' break room is very gossipy. She would be much more embarrassed than me.”

I remembered when I was in high school and I had to leave my report on the teacher's table. I heard the teachers gossip that social studies was budget-busting, the Thai teacher always wore outdated clothes, and the latest was that the English teacher (Buhgan) was pregnant. Can you gossip about someone who is pregnant?

“But... but because of this...”

I looked at Kimhan, who began to stutter, not understanding what she was trying to say.

“Have confidence. Say what you want to say clearly. When you stutter, it gives you a bad personality.”

“What happened today made everyone know that our parents ran away together. Isn't Hwan embarrassed?”

“Of course I'm ashamed. But so what? If they didn't find out today, they would later. Especially because one day I will be a famous superstar. Someone will dig it up anyway.”

“A super star?”

Kimhan looks at me from head to toe before answering with a serious face,

"Uh- huh...What did that look mean? But it didn't matter...”

“Hwan's motto is, if it's true, just accept it because you can't change it. If it's not the truth, don't bother and let it go. You can't let everything get to you. You will not find peace and happiness if you do. Our parents ran away together; It's the truth, right?”

“AHA.”

“Since it is the truth, just accept it. People may look at you strangely at first, but so what? Those who look at us strangely will not dare to approach us and say: "Oops!" Your father is gay. They can only watch and laugh, and soon they will forget everything.”

“But they have no right to criticize anyone's father.”

“We see the news about those who have become pregnant before marriage or have cheated on their partner and we talk negatively about them. Other people's affairs are always fun. It's just that our parents are kind of... it's kind of new to people nowadays, so they're having too much fun.”

“It seems like you don't care about anyone.”

“It's too exhausting to worry about everyone.”

"Then why are you interfering with my matter?"

-Why does it matter? “

I, who almost finished the sentence, lowered my jaw and remained silent. I crossed my arms over my chest and tried to collect myself. Import is a brand of baby powder with a mild fragrance that does not irritate even the most sensitive skin.

That wasn't smooth, I guess... When I came to that conclusion, I went back to what I was saying.

“If something is wrong, I have to interfere. If we see someone jumping the line and standing there, people will beat us to it. But if we say something, there will be less garbage in this world. And today... Teacher Jaroay will be less irresponsible after my mom hit her.”

We both fell silent before there was a giggle. I looked in the direction of that sound and saw that Kimhan was trying to hold back her laughter. That made me look at her, stunned.

Her smile was so beautiful... When the little girl saw me looking, she immediately stopped and put on her emotionless face again before asking me again.

“What are you looking at?”

“To my dad.”

“Hey?”

“You said you were my father, not my friend.”

When I gave that answer, Kimhan responded flatly. But her response made me show my teeth.

"Trying to be clever?"

When I had that same thought, I kept it to myself and didn't let it out. This little girl!

“Why not enter?”

“I heard that someone was punished. I don't want you to be left alone in the dark. Besides...You were punished because of me. If I had worn the red loincloth from the beginning, all of this wouldn't have happened..”

“TRUE. You also have to take responsibility, Kim. If you are grateful to me, bow down to thank me,”

I responded indifferently. Kimhan looked at me and pouted. Then she took out her CD player and listened to music. I could hear a soft melody but couldn't make out what song it was. Was she there to be my friend or to bother me?

“Do you want to listen too?”

The little girl asked with raised eyebrows after seeing me looking at her. I pouted and shrugged.

“No.”

“Do you want me to sing it out loud for you?”

What kind of person was this? There were two headphones. She should share one with me, right? What about singing so you can listen too?

“Hurrah! “

“The branches and leaves, cha cha.

Leaves and branches

When the rain falls, cha cha,

the branches and leaves...”

And everything was silent. Kimhan, who had finished singing, sought feedback.

“What's happening?”

“That's a sports day song. Caramba! How can you sing that?”

“I thought you would like it.”

“Why would I like it? The song doesn't fit the situation at all..”

“I learned it from my neighbor. She sang it when I was very sad the day my father ran away with another boy. I was very angry because she sang this song.”

I realized that I sang this song to her because it came to me at that moment.

“Ah...”

“I was very angry because her father also ran away, but she didn't seem to feel anything and she sang that song to me as if she were making fun of me.”

“How can someone make fun of you in that kind of situation?”

“I couldn't think clearly at that moment. I completely forgot that she was also suffering from a similar situation.”

Kimhan looked at me as if she was beginning to understand that I shared the same faith as her.

“It's good that you finally realize. “

“But didn't you know that this song made me laugh through tears when I heard it. In my head, I see my father packing up to leave with a boy and leaving a goodbye letter while he danced to this song. I cried and laughed at the same time until I felt like I was going crazy. Talking about this song makes me angry again.”

“The song has nothing to do with our parents leaving us.”

“That's true. But it makes me think of that day... And through my anger, when I think of that person's voice singing this song that day, I am conflicted. One minute I'm angry, the next minute I'm laughing. The person who sang this song is a little crazy.”

I was about to bare my teeth and open my mouth to eat Kimhan's head. I wanted to chew her until I was satisfied but before I could do anything, I heard her next sentence.

“But she is the same person who always comes to help me when I feel alone in this world and when I feel so ashamed that I want to bury myself underground. She shows me that I'm not alone anymore or something.”

“She's great. “

After I finished saying that, Kimhan, who seemed to have accidentally let something slip, seemed to realize what she had just said. She immediately took off her headphones and ran inside her house. She left me standing in front of my house alone, like I should have been doing from the beginning.

“She's great.”

Hearing that, I placed my hands on my cheeks and was surprised. Oops!...
Suddenly, my face was all hot. What was this!

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 6

Capítulo 6 - CHAPTER : 6



MAKING FRIENDS



The atmosphere of white and blue contrasts returned. As she had said... although she dreamed about it repeatedly, it was not frequent. She dreamed about it about three times a year, and this was the second time this year. Last time, I saw the girl's face clearly in my dream, and she appeared in real life. Although it was surprising, it was probably due to my subconscious mind. But why did it have to be her...? It would be less surprising if she were Mali or Samorn.

“Have you ever wondered why it's blue and white here?”

I asked the person sitting next to me. We were both looking at the surrounding atmosphere. This time, our faces weren't blurred like before. This was clearly Kimhan, my neighbor.

“No idea. But it's beautiful.”

The little girl responded with a smile.

“I like the color white.”

“I like the color blue.”

We both stood still for a while before looking at each other, understandingly.

"So this dream is made up of the colors we both like,"

I said this and Kimhan nodded her head.

“Ah-huh. But It is beautiful. It is like the color of the sky and clouds. Very comforting.”

“Why are you in my dream Kim?”

“It's the same question I have... Why are you in my dream, Hwan?”

And we both sat down looking around without saying anything else because we didn't have an answer for that.....

I woke up with a lot of energy today. Although I was afraid to go to school for a brief moment, I believed that there was nothing to fear if I believed that we could overcome any obstacle. It's okay... I would boldly go to school that day.

“Dahwan, you are so charming. Woo-hoo!”

I pointed at myself in the mirror and snapped my fingers like I was so classy and cool at that moment. That was how I encouraged myself every day and made me believe that I was really great. By the way, what was that woo-hoo?... After giving myself a boost of confidence, I grabbed my backpack and walked out of the house with determination. However, many things had changed, especially with my neighbor. She was standing swinging her bag as if she were doing an abdominal exercise. It wouldn't be so surprising if she weren't standing in front of my house.

“What are you doing standing in front of someone else's house looking short and chubby?”

When I greeted her like this, Kimhan bit her lip, looking frustrated. I found it adorable.

“Why don't you answer my question? If you're not going to say anything, then walk away. You're blocking my way.”

I walked past the little girl like I didn't care before starting the countdown, knowing the drill.

Three...

Two...

One...

Smash!

Yes... That was the sound of my face breaking into pieces. She made me lose face because It didn't turn out as expected... She didn't call me. So I had to look back. I saw the little girl still looking at me from the same spot, looking grumpy.

“If you're going to look at me like you want to kill me, just tell me what you want. I can't really read what you have in mind.”

"Why don't you talk to me kindly?"

“Have we ever spoken well to each other? No. I have to say that in the past, you rarely opened your mouth to say anything to me Kim.”

"What was it like last night, then?"

“Just think of it as a dream.”

After hearing that, the little girl, who was clearly in a bad mood, walked past me with long strides. I looked at Kimhan, who was starting to show her emotions with adoration. I couldn't stop myself from grabbing her ponytail until her head jerked back.

“That hurts.”

“You're so grumpy. If you want to be my friend, just say it.”

“Who told you that! I do not want to be your friend!”

"Then why were you there waiting for me?"

“You helped me yesterday, and today you will have to endure many strange looks. It will be easier if we get through it together.”

I tilted my head to the side as I listened, feeling my nervousness and embarrassment when she said that. Seeing that I was staring at her, the girl lowered her gaze and avoided looking into her eyes. Was she being shy because of me? She seemed very different from before.

“I didn't ask for your help. I just don't want to walk to school alone right?”

“Good!”

Kimhan walked forward, really angry with me this time. So I hurried to walk next to her.

“If you want to make friends, just say so. You don't have to make excuses.”

“I don't wanna be your friend.”

"Come on... I'll help you this time."

I put my arm on her shoulder and pulled her towards me. Kimhan resisted a little because she wasn't used to that kind of contact and it probably disconcerted her. She had just realized that she was being too forward, as if I was glad that Kimhan had made the first move. But when she was about to withdraw my arm... Kimhan took my hand and turned to look me in the eyes as she spoke with a smile at the corner of her mouth.

“That phrase should come from me, not from you.”

We both stopped walking and looked at each other with no sign that anyone would give up. Suddenly, I could hear my heart beating clearly in my ears for the first time. Looking the other way was not my path because I had always been the winner. I had to hurry up and look away so we could stop looking at each other. Will we make it to school today?

“You must give in.”

I told Kimhan that, but she didn't listen to me and just smiled at the corner of her mouth.

“Why do I have to give in? If you can't stand it, look away. “

“I never take my eyes off anyone.”

“Me neither.”

"Will you kindly look away?"

“What happens if I don't?”

"I'm going to make you do it."

I approached and that stunned Kimhan a little. She leaned back a little, but quickly composed herself and continued to stare at me.

“I won't look away. Hwan, you are the one who has to look the other way.”

This time, the little girl leaned towards me. Only a few millimeters separated our noses, but our faces smashed into each other and we both cried in pain.

“Stop fooling around. What time is it already?”

I didn't know where my mom came from, but she hit us on the head hard with her hand. I looked at her as I rubbed my forehead.

“You will make a scar on my beautiful forehead.”

“If you don't get to school on time, I'll use a broomstick to leave a scar all over you. Isn't disciplinary probation enough?”

“Why do you have to be so aggressive! I'll tell the teacher.”

“The teacher who called you December Dog?”

“Rurr, mom!”

And the staring contest between us ended....We expected to be the center of attention, and so it was. After setting foot in the school, all the teachers (those who had taught us and those who had not), seniors and juniors looked at us and turned to gossip with their eyes. I pretended not to care, as Kimhan reached out to take my hand and squeeze it tightly like someone who was not yet able to adjust.

“Your hand is very sweaty..”

“Do not pay attention. If someone stares at you, just stare back. Look at me.”

I did it as an example. When a boy from another classroom looked our way and smiled, I looked back at her and raised an eyebrow. As a result, that boy looked away and pretended to be laughing with his friends. That was human nature. No one dared to do anything openly.

“You see? It is not so difficult. If they stare at you, just look at them. People are happy when they have the opportunity to put others down. It makes them look better than those people. If you don't want to be put down, don't let anyone do that to you.”

“I'm not used to this yet.”

“Where is the brave one who didn't look away from our staring contest this morning? If you worry about all the gossip, you won't be able to do anything.”

And I saw a fellow student out of the corner of my eye. She was reading a book, not caring about anything around her. Kimhan also saw that, so she praised her with admiration.

“It would be nice if everyone was like Pam.”

"Is her name Pam?"

“Yeah. She's beautiful, huh?”

I twisted my mouth a little because in my head I had already named her Muñequita

“I am more beautiful. “

I wasn't sure if I was just imagining it, but I heard a laugh as if someone was trying to hold back, and when I looked at the person next to me, I saw Kimhan shaking and trying with great difficulty to look normal.

“Why are you laughing?”

“No reason.”

“If you laugh, there must be a reason.”

“I laugh because you say you're beautiful.”

“Because it's funny? I am really beautiful...”

When I was about to explain how my beauty was rational, real, and tangible, my friends hesitantly approached (especially Mali) and interrupted me. They probably already knew everything about yesterday's event.

“Hi my beautiful friend.”

My chubby friend greeted me friendlier than ever. I looked at Mali for a bit before walking away.

“Do you intend not to see me?”

“Shit, my beautiful Hwan.”

Mali ran to grab my arm and place herself between Kimhan and me. Kimhan was pushed aside.

“I made a mistake. Can you pretend I've gone crazy for a while? Please, I think logically. I wouldn't have created traumatic gossip if I was sane. You know I wouldn't do anything to hurt my friend.”

“Damn, beautiful. Please talk to me. Please. I'm really sorry.”

I tried to get Mali's hand away, playing hard to get, because I wanted to teach her a little more lesson. At first, she had come prepared with hurtful words, but when I saw her, I thought staying calm was a better approach. For someone like her, it was better to make her invisible.

“I will protect you from all eyes that look in your direction. If anyone dares to look at you and talk about your father, I will slap them.”

“Those people wouldn't be able to bother Hwan at all if someone hadn't spread the rumor.”

Samorn added, and that made Mali show her teeth at her.

“Do not mess it up. Hwan is about to forgive me.”

As she said this, Mali raised her hand to show me respect and did an elegant Thai dance. Besides, who would have thought that the neighbor was Hwan's father?

“Are you leaving, Kim?”

I, who had been silent, called out to the little girl when I saw Kimhan about to walk away. However, she didn't even turn around to look. I was going to walk after her when she grabbed me by her arm.

“Are you two close now? I saw them enter the school together, holding hands.”

Mali asked, looking unhappy. When I heard that, I looked at my friend for a bit before ignoring her, like she was air.

“You looked at me.”

And I looked the other way again, which discourages Mali.

“You are ignoring me? I am your friend!”

“The thing is that our parents ran away together, so we have to be close because we know how the other person feels. This doesn't include how everyone at school already knows our parents are gay. And the reason why they know is because my very close friend spread the rumor.”

As soon as I answered, Mali stood up timidly and walked over to hide behind Samorn, looking humble. However, she didn't seem to want to admit her guilt.

“I spread a rumor that Kimhan's father is gay. But it was your mother who said about your father. “

“Shit Li! The mouth was not created for you to say everything in your head.”

Samorn bared her teeth at her friend when she saw me looking angrily before changing the subject to calm me down.

"So this means you two are friends now?"

"We are not friends."

"So, what is the relationship between the two of you?"

Mali asked curiously. But before I could respond, Samorn interrupted with a diagram drawn in her head,

"Hwan's father is with Kimhan's father. So they are sisters."

I turned to look at Samorn, stunned. Because I had never thought about the relationship this way.

"No wonder why Hwan cares so much about her new friend, because they are sisters..."

"Oh, I have to change my attitude towards Kimhan."

Mali said and answered herself while I was still stunned by my relationship with Kimhan...His dad and my dad....That's right, we are really sisters.

“Hwan, do you really not want to talk to me?”

“My love, I am here. Just here. Come closer, ohhhh... Oh la La...”

“You are not gentle at all.”

Was she trying to make me unable to resist singing? I looked at my chubby friend a little and looked away. She had looked away more than ten times today because I wanted to teach her a lesson about how it felt to be despised. But it was still much less damaging than Kimhan and I felt like I was the center of attention because our parents ran away together. Because Mali ignited things, my affair was on fire. Like I said, the school has a very small social circle. Even if you are not in the same class, you will eventually know who is who, for example who uses the latest mobile phone and pager. You even know who changes lovers and when... And yes... they would know about me.

Those were just students in different classes or years, not counting your classmates. Kimhan was still sitting in the same place in the back. Many looked at her and gossiped. As for me, they just looked past me like nothing had happened because she had Mali looking out for me. It was unfair to see Kimhan go through this alone. I had to sit with her! But... The moment I was about to get up to sit with her, Mali got up and sat next to her before looking at everyone in the room as if she was ready to fight.

“What are you talking about? Stop doing it.”

The bully girl's sharp voice made everyone look directly at the blackboard in front of the room. No more gossip. You could even hear the sound of flies flapping their wings. Samorn looked at me and smiled a little before whispering to me.

“She feels guilty and she probably wants to make it up to you and Kimhan. That's cute, huh?”

I looked at Kimhan, who was sitting next to Mali. Her face was still emotionless. There was no sign of gratitude or delight at the chubby bully's help. And so it wouldn't be awkward, Samorn and I moved to sit next to her so we could all talk.

"No one will dare to bully you from now on,"

Mali said out loud to no one, as if she wanted Kimhan to thank her. But the little girl didn't say anything. She just looked out the window like she normally did. The one who wanted a few words of gratitude couldn't help but ask for them.

“Hey, I'm talking to you, Kimhan.”

“Are you talking to me?”

The one with the pretty eyes slowly turned around to look at Mali.

"Are you saying you just helped me?"

"Yeah. If it weren't for me, everyone in the room would gossip about you. And you don't even thank me. "

"Why should I thank the person who spread the rumor in the first place?"

"Hey..."

Mali started to stutter because what Kimhan said was true.

"Why talk about the past? I'm trying to become friends with you."

"Why do you have to try to do that?"

"Because you're Hwan's sister."

And when the conversation reached this part, Kimhan looked at me in surprise. I guess she didn't think about it either until my friend mentioned it.

“I'm not Hwan's sister.”

“Ah, Hwan's friend, then.”

“We are not friends.”

Samorn looked at me a little and confirmed what I already said so that only the two of us could hear it.

“Yeah, I'm not friends with Kim.”

But obviously... Mali didn't hear this.

“Don't be so picky, I'm taking the first step. Being my friend is something to be grateful for in life. From now on, no one will bully you or gossip about you. Plus, you can bully others as much as you want.”

Samorn and I twisted our mouths and almost laughed out loud. Mali was still an absurd bully who praised and promoted herself in very strange ways. And I figured this was fun for Kimhan too.

“No. I don't wanna be your friend.”

Kimhan rejected my chubby friend so directly that Mali sat up straight and started a fight.

“Because?”

And everyone in the surrounding area who could hear Kimhan's response upon hearing the conversation spontaneously turned around to look.

“I don't like a sweaty person, and you smell bad.”

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 7

Capítulo 7 - CHAPTER : 7



LOOKING OLD



Mali had fought with everyone, from all groups. She fought with juniors, classmates and seniors. She had been called many things, either because of her personality or her size. Nothing had had any impact on her until this.

“You smell bad!”

Kimhan's words didn't even come with a negative tone, but they surprised the recipient and hurt Mali deeply. My chubby friend sat silently and didn't respond to anything. She even skipped school until Samorn started to worry. She told me that Mali was at home bathing all day. In her almost sixteen years of life, no one had ever told her that she was sweaty and smelled bad. So it was no wonder that this had diminished her self-confidence.

“Kim.”

I called my neighbor, who was doing her homework, from the second-story window. She had described earlier that our bedroom windows faced each other, so we could talk as if we were in the classroom, only in a much larger one. Kimhan looked at me and raised her eyebrows.

“Yeah?”

“Do you like to speak badly?”

When I asked directly, the one with the serious face slowly let out a smile and then laughed. I looked at that and became a little shy, as I wasn't used to seeing that kind of response from her. Why was she always shy when Kimhan laughed? Maybe I was going crazy.

“Why do you suddenly ask that?”

“It's true? You make someone lose trust by saying they smell bad. She doesn't dare come to school and she bathes all day.”

Kimhan tried not to smile and laughed out loud. Actually, she should be angry hearing her laugh at my friend like that, but she found it adorable. Damn. If Mali she knew she would sulk. Therefore, only one person in the world would know.

“Because Prapaiporn's friends never told her. If no one tells her, she will never know that she is sweaty and smelly.”

“It's not that bad. Are you trying to get back at Mali because she spread rumors about our parents?”

“Can you say that.”

She really wasn't one to back down easily. She had seen it since our staring contest. Not to mention, she singled out Mali in the disciplinary room without fear of being bullied later. She was small but fierce.”

“Are you angry?”

As she was assessing the little girl, the nasal tone voice asked nervously, and that made her look at her in surprise.

“Angry at who?”

“En... be angry with me.”

“Because?”

“For making your friend not dare to go to school.”

Kimhan stuttered a little while saying that. I looked at her and let out a small smile as she tried to maintain her composure. Wow... That was progress. She asked me what I thought and began to worry about how I was feeling.

“Of course I feel something. I feel bad for my friend.... I'm going to take a shower and go to bed for the night.”

I ended the scene by closing the curtain while Kimhan was still looking at me. Frankly, she had a good sense of time, that is, she knew when and what to do. What the little girl was doing was starting to get closer to me after, at first, she had a very high wall, as if we couldn't live on the same planet... Progress...And everything continued as usual until morning. Kimhan was still going and waiting for me in front of my house. We had been going to school together the last few days, and it had become a family thing. It will become our habit after 21 days. I'm smart. I read a lot of books. That's what they say. As we walked to the bus stop, Kimhan started a conversation.

“Prapaiporn will come to school today.”

“Hey? How do you know that?”

I looked at the person who said that, feeling a little surprised, but received no response. We got to school and I saw Mali. That made me even more curious.

“You really came to school.”

“Yes I'm here.”

My chubby friend missed school for two days and came to school with a shy posture. Kimhan, who was walking with me to school, immediately separated from me when we got there, like she normally did.

“Did you bathe until you were sure?”

“What a bad mouth!”

Mali reached out to hit my arm and sighed.

“But I admit that I really lost my confidence. I had never felt so bad before in my life.”

“Many destroyed your mother and father, and you didn't care. Why do you have to be so stressed about bad smell?”

“Destroying parents is a normal thing that people do. But sweaty and smelly, no one ever said that. And the person who said it... was Kimhan, who rarely speaks, so she had weight. And when I went home to ask my mother, she confirmed that I smelled bad and I'm very dirty. She didn't dare me to come to school.”

“Good. So now you know what it feels like when people point out your weak spot because someone did it to you.”

I shook my head.

"How did Kim know you were coming to school today?"

“I told.”

Samorn raised her hand and interrupted like someone who wanted to have a part in all this. -

“Yesterday, Kimhan got my number somehow and called to ask for Mali's phone number.”

“Huh?”.

“And she called me.”

Mali added because it was the part she had to tell. -

“She told me I could go to school now. If I was sure that I had bathed myself until I was clean, she would be my friend.”

“Just that, and you come to school? Do you want to be friends with Kimhan that much?”

It seemed like I was terrified. Mali scrunched up her face as if her butt had been poked with something sharp and raised her leg to lightly kick my shin.

“Not much, but I know you two have a connection. I've been noticing that you adore Kimhan. Samorn sees it too.”

“What?”

I shrugged my neck and rolled my eyes, not wanting to admit it. Samorn nodded vigorously to agree and confirm.

“Yeah. You love Kimhan. It can be seen from Mars.”

“Why would I adore her?”

“Because Kimhan is your younger sister.”

When I heard that, I turned around and looked at Mali with a hard look. My friend, realizing that this was a sensitive topic, quickly waves her hands to apologize.

“Hey, I didn't mean to offend you. You ask for a reason so I'm just saying what I think”

“Why do you say that Kimhan is my younger sister?”

“Hey?”

“She was born after me?”

Mali and Samom looked at each other and shook their heads.

“No.”

“Oh? Then why did you say that she is my younger sister?”

“Because you look older.”

“Whaaat!!”

And the next person who lost self-confidence was me. My friend stunk and now she saw me as old. I sat in class with a grumpy face, not talking to anyone. When I turned to look Kimhan in the eyes, I turned around in a bad mood. And that made the little girl not sure what to do. She didn't even dare open her mouth to talk to me. Yes... everything was under the watchful eye of my chubby friend, Mali and Samorn, who knew everything.

“Hey... Kim seems down.”

Samorn leaned in to whisper as she grabbed her backpack to go to lunch. I was still a little grumpy when I turned to look at the person she was talking about, who was also about to go to lunch.

“What do you mean by downcast? She is acting normal. “

“I saw Kim looking at you the whole time during class. What about you? Do you adore her, but ignore her? It's like you give her hope, then you hit and run.”

“You are crazy? That's a shitty comparison. I have never given hope to anyone. Never.”

“You've always adored her. Now when you get a response, you ignore it. Would Kimhan know that you are in a bad mood just because she looks younger than you?”

“Arg! I cover my face with cucumbers every night, and you say she looks younger than me? How can that be? How can someone who does nothing look younger and fresher than me? I'm angry. I will not accept this!”

“Can you be angry just because someone looks younger than you?”

Mali scratched her head hard, and that made her forcefully put the backpack on the table to show my denial.

“I have to know.”

“Know what?”

My friends looked at me confused before running after me when they saw me running out of the room after someone. And yes... the person I most wanted to talk to was...

“Kimhan.”

The little girl, who was about to go down the stairs when she heard me call her, stopped and looked in my direction. I ran over and massaged her cheeks with both hands, as if I were kneading dough.

“Tell me the truth.”

“What's happening?”

“When is your birthday?”

“Hey?”

“Now! “

“July 5th.”

“Damn!!!”

I pushed my hair back because I was sweating excessively. She was older than me. Oh no.

“You are older. You are my older sister. My God! “

“What's wrong, Hwan?”

Kimhan looked worried and she touched my arm with concern.

“Something happens? Hwan, you're acting weird today.”

“Yes, and it is something very important...”

“What?”

"Why... Why do you look younger than me?"

I touched my face with my hand.

“I take good care of myself every day, but you look younger Kim. It is guaranteed by my most trusted research institute.”

I waved my hand towards my two friends, who were standing in the background. Kimhan looked stunned before she started shaking and turning

the other way.

“What are you doing?”

“Nothing.”

When I forced the little girl to turn around, I could see that she was trying very hard not to laugh. Her face was all wrinkled, and that made me show my teeth.

“Do not laugh. This is very important.”

"Is that why you seem so distant today? Just because your friends say you look older than me? Why are you like this?"

“As?”

“Beautiful.”

Kimhan covered her mouth with her hands and turned around to laugh. I went from being angry to loving her when I heard her laugh. Something frustrating turned into something funny, but I didn't want to smile, so I forced the little girl to turn around and look at me. If she was going to

laugh, she was going to laugh with me. I couldn't see her if she walked away like that.

“You're really enjoying this, huh? You keep laughing.”

“Hwan, you are so funny.”

“What is funny to someone may not be funny to many others.”

When I said that, Kimhan tried to hold back her smile and make a serious face because she didn't want to make me angrier than I was at that moment.

“I won't laugh anymore.”

But actually, I liked her better when she laughed... Of course, I didn't say it out loud.

“I'm hungry.”

Mali said that out loud and walked in front of us with Samorn next to her.

“Lunch break will be over soon.”

“OK.”

I grabbed my backpack and walked behind my friends. Kimhan, who normally ate lunch alone, walked behind us but didn't look like she was part of our gang. When we got to the cafeteria and she was about to leave, Mali called her.

"You baby face."

Kimhan wasn't sure if it was her, so she pointed to herself.

“If you.”

“What?”

“Have lunch with us. Having lunch alone is lonely.”

But the little girl was too proud to accept the invitation easily.

“It's okay like that. “

“Hey. I invited you. Don't play hard to get. “

“I'm not playing hard to get...”

“I'm sorry.”

And Mali stunned everyone by saying that sacred word. No one had heard this bully say this word before. Kimhan was the first. Oh...

“Stop being angry.”

“Why do you want to be my friend so much?”

“Because Hwan likes you.”

I dropped my jaw and almost lunged to grab my friend's head, but I froze because I was too stunned. Shit! I was angrier with her for that than when she spread rumors about my father. As for Kimhan, she turned to look at me slightly, as if she was thinking about it. And if my eyes didn't play tricks on me, I thought I saw her smile for a split second before putting on a serious face.

“Like I said, I don't like smelly people.”

“I've been bathing and removing dirt for two days. I'm cleaner than the scalpel in the hospital. Don't be so arrogant. I'm not going to ask again.”

After Mali said that, Kimhan smiled a little before clearing her throat.

“If you say it like that, then I can't say no.”

“I really want to slap you in the face.”

Mali whispered so everyone could hear her. I looked at Mali for a bit and smiled at the corner of my mouth before sitting down at our usual table and ordering lunch. That was probably the first time Kimhan talked so much with a classmate because she normally didn't talk to anyone. And while we were eating, Kimhan, who was sitting next to me, suddenly announced:

“I'm a year younger than everyone.”

“Huh?”

“Hwan doesn't look old, but I entered high school a year earlier than the usual age.”

The little girl turned to smile at me a little.

“So you can stop stressing now. And she stops making a grumpy face at me.”

After hearing that, my friends and I were speechless. And yes... after knowing the truth, I laughed like crazy out loud.

“Ha ha! You see? I don't look old, but Kim is actually younger than me. Ha! It's just the course of nature. She knew it. I've been covering my face with cucumbers. and tomatoes every night. How can I look older than someone who does nothing? Aging is inevitable.”

"But it's only a year,"

Samorn interrupted, so I bared my teeth at her.

“You @*#&\$^%!”

And I was cheerful again and spoke with confidence again. That made Kimhan whisper so that only the two of us could hear.

“Smile now.”

“Hey? “

“A smile suits you better.”

That was all Kimhan said before continuing to eat. I was stunned because I didn't know what to do other than feel shy. Normally, I was very confident in expressing myself because I wanted to be a superstar. So no one rarely made me shy Except... when I was with this little girl.

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 8

Capítulo 8 - CHAPTER : 8



WHATEVER IS GOOD



In the past, the three of us (Mali, Samorn and I) were seen as The Powerpuff Girls. When we walked, we did so in fighter jet formation, with Mali in front and Samorn and I on her sides, slightly behind her. But among us, there was no leader. My friends could even let me get away with a little more because they trusted me to help with homework and reports. But now... we have an additional member, which is Kimhan. From being the powerpuff girls, we became something like a K-pop girl group. Our formation also changed to a horizontal line because we were a gang of even numbers. This formation looked good.

Our relationship had improved a lot. Kimhan, who had no friends before, became part of my gang. Maybe it was because we went to and from school together; when we ate or did activities, we inevitably did them together. I didn't really care about that. Kimhan diligently did her math homework and let me copy it every day. A good friend...

Oh! I forgot...I wasn't Kimhan's friend. We were nothing for each other. As I got to know Kimhan better, I saw different sides of her that, I must say, were very interesting. Little I used to see things differently. People could tell that I was very unique or that I had a different way of thinking than most people. On this topic too... One morning, when it was raining heavily and we couldn't line up in front of the flagpole, all the students had to stand on the balcony, sing the national anthem and say morning prayers while looking towards the rain.

“Line up in front of the class is quite nice. Seeing the rain like this is like we're in a music video.”

Samorn spoke as we prayed. But having to pray for hours in this good weather makes me want to sleep.

“Why do we have to do this? Have you ever wondered? I don't even know what the sentences coming out of my mouth mean. Especially the one that says... Phanamasaeeee.”

Mali, who was standing next to Samorn, asked curiously. Samorn pinched her friend's arm before baring her teeth.

“Sinner, you will go to hell.”

“Will I go to hell just because I'm curious?”

“If you want to know the meaning, investigate.”

“Damn you! Have you ever seen me read a book? Don't even think about prayers.”

While the two were discussing the prayers, I looked at Kimhan, who didn't even raise her hands to show respect while we prayed.

“Aren't you a Buddhist?”

“No.”

“So, you are Muslim?”

“No.”

“Christian?”

“No.”

It wasn't one of the major religions I asked about, so my friends and I couldn't help but look at each other, intrigued. But Kimhan continued talking without us having to ask.

“I do not have a religion.”

The little girl's response made us look at each other awkwardly. It wasn't a bad thing, but it was very new for us. New and strange to the point that we all shrank our necks.

“If you don't have religion, how can you go to heaven?”

Mali asked, sincerely perplexed. She moved to stand next to Kimhan as she pushed me to stand with Samorn. The little girl's response became even more interesting.

“If there is no heaven, then there is no hell either, right?”

And the chubby friend snapped her fingers like she always did and spoke out loud, feeling euphoric. These girls were extremists...

“I believe so. If I don't have religion, I won't go to hell. Hey, how did you come up with that?”

The fact that she didn't like making friends and sat in the back when she started school might not be because she didn't have friends, but because she chose not to make friends. She wasn't even sure if she became a member of our gang because she wanted to have one of ours or because we forced her to. But I think it's something really interesting. I'm not sure why.

“What are you thinking? Why do you look at me and smile?”

The sky was getting dark. We tended to go home together, and we went home a little late that day because we had gone to hang out in Siam.

“I'm just thinking that you are a strange person Kim. “

“How is that?”

“Don't know. Different from others. You have your own beliefs. Like today, when you said you had no religion during our morning prayers.”

“Is not having religion so strange?”

“It is. Most children will grow up with the same religion as their parents. Me too.”

“I live in the real world. If I'm going to believe something, there must be proof. “

“But religion teaches people to be good. “

“I'm not a bad person now. Maybe I believe in all religions and only apply the teachings I think I'm good at in my daily life. I join my hands to show respect when I pray because I want to respect other religions too.”

So there really was someone like that. And I couldn't argue with that reasoning...

“But if there is a religion that punishes those who are not heterosexual, I might believe in that religion more.”

Kimhan said that while kicking the stone in our path. That made me begin to understand her way of thinking. It was her father's disappointment that led her to not believe in all the beliefs of this world.

“If you could punish your father, what would you do to him?”

When I asked that, the little girl immediately turned around and looked at me like someone who was caught.

“I want my father to go to hell. “

“I thought you said you have no religion.”

“It's because there is no hell, I don't have a religion. Because if there is, my father will go to hell or be punished for his sin. He caused pain to two women in her life while she ran away to live happily with...”

Kimhan looked at me a little respectfully. So I finished what she was saying.

“With my dad. True... By now, our parents must be very happy as their daughters walk home from school together, wishing their parents would go to hell.”

“Hwan you have never shown your sadness. The day our parents ran away, I was the only one who cried.”

The little girl said this timidly, as if she didn't want me to hear her, but I still managed to do it.

“I don't know if you've ever cried.”

“I have never cried.”

“Huh?”

When I saw Kimhan's surprised look, I laughed and raised my eyebrows. I have never cried.

“How can it be?”

“Because crying doesn't improve anything. Tears don't benefit me.”

I shrugged and explained.

“I have my mother as an example. My mom is very very strong.”

“Doesn't your mother cry either?”

“She cries.”

“Oh?”

“But I don't like it when mom cries. If I show my sadness, I'm afraid my mom will cry too. She then makes me stay calm, like what I saw when my dad ran away. I feel bad but I won't allow myself to be sad. Why should we cry when they are happy?”

As I said that, I felt like I was getting involved. Shit... I thought I didn't feel anything anymore.

"Because you have no one to cry with,"

Kimhan said as she leaned her shoulder toward me.

"You can be weak sometimes. Not crying is suffocating."

"What a strange person. I'm not crying, and you're telling me to cry?"

"I just want to say that if you are sad, no matter what it is, you can always come to me. At least we're..."

"We are not friends."

I smiled out of the corner of my mouth, and that made the little girl think of something.

"Yes, we are not friends."

“But we do reports together, we have lunch together and we come home together every day. What kind of relationship is this? Sisters?”

I laughed.

“Have you ever thought that we are sisters because our parents are having sex?”

“Ew. You are too direct. No, I can't accept that.”

Kimhan covered her ears with her hands and shook her head.

“I will not be your friend or your sister.”

"So what do you want us to be known?"

Kimhan shook her head and wrinkled her nose so cutely that I couldn't resist pinching her high bridged nose until she complained.

“You don't want us to be anything. Not even friends. Not even sisters. You don't even know what else is left between us?”

And we both stopped walking at the same time to think. It was exactly the same time that the dogs started howling, and that made Kimhan come up to me and hug my arm tightly.

“Why do the dogs howl? What do you see?”

“A ghost?”

“Do not talk silly. “

Kimhan's anxiety made me smile a little.

“You have no religion but you are afraid of ghosts? What a conflict.”

“A ghost is an energy. Religion is a belief!”

Her argument was reasonable but still a little strange...

“If ghosts really exist, what would you do?”

“Pray to drive them away.”

“But you have no religion. How can you pray?”

“Hwan you are here; you pray! Argh! You are crazy!”

Kimhan looked up to see me turning on my phone's flashlight under my chin and screaming hysterically until I couldn't contain my adoring laughter. I reached up to tuck the hair that fell over her face behind her ear. Everything became silent with just the sound of crickets, and when we looked into each other's eyes, we were surprised by the strange posture we were in. Tucking her hair behind her ear... That was not something a lady would do. Especially between girls of the same age. However... we wouldn't avoid each other's gaze, and it was turning into another contest.

“Will you look at me like that much longer?”

Kimhan asked, and that made me smile at the corner of my mouth.

“Until you look the other way.”

"Why should I look away from you?"

“Are you not willing to lose even once in this life?”

“Hwan you look away then. So we can stop looking. “

“If I look away, then I will lose. Kim looks away first.”

“I won't lose!”

“There is a long-haired woman in a white shirt covered in blood stains behind you.”

“There is a woman behind you, in a black suit, raising her hand and about to kill....”

My head leaned forward from the slap from behind. I turned to see my mother, who just got back from work at the same time as us.

“Mom, why do you like to use force?”

“I see you both staring at each other for a while now. If you were a Siamese fighting fish', you would already be pregnant. What are you two playing? It is rainy season and there are many mosquitoes. It is not like this? Did you know? The sky is red. If it rains, you will get the flu. BLA bla. Argg Argg. Hmm. 3489d9fj98d99u (99Y98...”

Mom continued babbling Morse code, and all I could do was screw up my face. Kimhan looked at me and smiled like a winner as she teased me so that only the two of us could hear her.

“I won.”

“There will be a rematch for sure... Ok?”

I looked at the sky when I felt something fall on the bridge of my nose. Not long after that, small raindrops began to fall before they became larger.

“It's raining.”

“Hurry home. I haven't removed the clothes I hung to dry.”

Mom hurried ahead, leaving Kimhan and me behind to run after her and get out of the rain. However, the little girl slowly stopped running and let herself get soaked by the rain.

“What are you doing? You're going to catch a cold.”

“I just feel like the rain isn't that scary. Why do we have to run away from it?”

The little girl extended her hands to feel the rain falling from the sky and she smiled at me until her face wrinkled.

“I have never played in the rain. It is great, like the shower at home.”

“Then go play in the shower at home, not in the rain like this.”

“Is not the same. Hwan, try to stay still in the rain.”

“Why do you like to do strange things?”

“Adults teach us to fear the rain. When it rains, we run away... But in reality, it's not that scary.”

Kimhan stood in the rain, laughing happily. It was a laugh filled with so much joy that I didn't dare try to stop it. Suddenly, my heart races when I saw that smile. My heartbeat was so loud that it echoed in my head and didn't make me feel very good. I'm always ers when she smiles.

"Let's go inside, or you'll get sick."

I walked towards the girl, as soaked as she was, and pulled her by the hand to enter. To be honest, she was in no hurry. Walking slowly was better than standing still.

“Are you worried about me? Like what? A friend? An older sister? My younger sister? An acquaintance?. “

“I can't answer now. I just know that I worry...”

“Oh.”

I closed my mouth as soon as I blurted something out. Kimhan, who she was fucking, paused a little, which made us both stop.

“Hwan.”

“Huh?”

“I feel very good with you Hwan.”

What kind of saying was this? I remained silent, as I did not know what to say in response. So the little girl continued.

“So we can be anything whatever you think is good? “

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER : 9

Capítulo 9 - CHAPTER : 9



VALENTINES DAY



I have been dreaming too often lately... Normally I dreamed about the same thing once or twice a year, but during this period, it seemed like I had the same dream more often. I dream of a white and blue environment and a friend who had grown up with me (in my dream) and who was now my neighbor.

Kimhan was sitting and doodling in a notebook. I leaned over to take a look. The little girl drew with a tiny white pencil that she sharpened until she almost ran out. She seemed to be torturing the pencil more than she was drawing.

“Why is the pencil so short?”

“Don't know. That's what I got when I got here.”

“Poor of you. Are you poor even in your dream?”

“I am not poor!”

The little girl made a bad-humored face. I tried not to smile and took the pencil from her to throw it into the blue river. Why did you throw it away?

“I'll buy you a new one.”

“But this is a dream. Where will you buy a new one?”

“Oh... that's true.”

I woke up after that and started to feel sorry for Kimhan. Her father left her, and she was also so poor that she did not have a proper pencil to draw. I would have to buy her a new one. But she might ask me why I would suddenly give her a pencil for no good reason, and it was possible that she wouldn't be able to give her a good answer. I looked at the calendar and tried not to smile. The new year had passed and 16 was probably too old to receive a gift for Children's Day'. So, the closest occasion was that day of the month. No... I'm not talking about menopause...Valentine's Day!

Our time during the first year of high school passed quickly. Well...what's there for girls our age to do except get up, go to school, and then come home to sleep? We even find it difficult to go to tutoring classes on the weekends. (Of course, I'm not talking about me and my friends. I'm talking about everyone else.) Because life follows the same pattern every day, it seemed like time was passing quickly. From the rainy season to winter. From midterms to final exams. And it continued in a loop until the present. It was the day when I was super popular.

"If you weren't my friend, I'd sneak up behind you and slap you."

Mali looked at the pile of gifts and flowers on my table with a grumpy face. She then walked over to take the snack that a high school student had given me to eat deliciously.

"Hey... This is normal on Valentine's Day. There has not been a year in which I have not received many gifts."

"You're so full of yourself lately. Asking for a beating,"

Samorn added. But it had no impact on my self-confidence. I flipped my hair a little and smiled, feeling proud of my good looks. I heard a giggle next to me and turned around to see Kimhan, who always smiled when we talked about this topic.

"What is so funny?"

"There is no need to ask. She is laughing at the one who is full of herself,"

Samorn answered for Kimhan and shook her head. I exhaled so hard that my nostrils flared, and I turned my head sharply to show that I was in a bad mood.

“I am proud of my beautiful face. But if what I do can make you smile... that's fine with me.”

I look at Kimhan from the corner of my eye. She was using her hand to cover her mouth and turn to the other side. Lately, she had been doing that when she wanted to make her laugh, and it always worked. Was my beauty something to laugh at? And what was most annoying was that I liked the little girl's smile. It was so conflicting.

“But you got more than ever this year. Maybe it's because you're on the Dek-D website?”

Samorn said that, and I somewhat agreed with it.

“Probably yes. But even if I wasn't on that network, I have a lot of good things in me.”

“I read your interview and had to roll my eyes. The music you listen to the most... is orchestral music. "Wowwwwwww,"

Samorn drawled and looked like she was going to vomit.

“You were listening to Phi Bird and Jintara sing a duet the other day.”

“That was just for fun. Orchestral music is my main genre.”

“Why do you listen to orchestral music?”

“To look good.”

“And that about the pet called Vivamaratrisavitritita³?”

“A cat.”

“Since when do you have a cat as a pet?”

“I did it when I gave the interview. My mom doesn't let me have a pet. But I didn't lie.”

“You don't have a cat, so how can it not be a lie?”

“Tamagotchi.”

Mali smiled out of the corner of her mouth.

“The cat has a nickname, you know?”

Kimhan, who had been listening for a while, tilted her head curiously.

“Which is it?”

“PamPam.”

“Ha ha ha.”

Kimhan covered her mouth with her hand and tried not to laugh.

“Does it have to be this name?”

“It's cute. Pam Pam.”

“Have you read the comments?”

“No, I haven't, because I know they are all good comments. “

“Ha ha.”

Kimhan still laughed and enjoyed the conversation. So I kept babbling to make her happier.

“Because I look so good, even Xi Shize has to take a step back.”

“Crazy. You've been congratulating yourself since the first line of this chapter. If you read the comments, you wouldn't be so sure.”

“Because? Did everyone make fun of me?”

I looked at my friends with wide eyes. Kimhan, who had been laughing, shook her head to signal Samorn to stop talking, and that made me want to know more.

“What did they say?”

“You don't have to know. Be proud of who you are now.”

“You've already started; spit it out. What did they say bad about me? Speaks!”

Samorn hesitated, while Kimhan avoided looking me in the eye. So there was only Mali left, who continued to eat snacks carelessly.

“Mali, do people speak badly about me on the web forum?”

“They didn't speak ill of you. They only call you the dog idol of December.”

When I heard that name, I gritted my teeth and closed my eyes tightly to try to stay calm. Those who made those comments must have come from this school to know that Professor Jaroay called me that and what my mother did in response.

“Come on. Don't give it any value. It's just people running around.”

“I'm not. I just think the nickname isn't cool at all. Shit 'Dahwan, the dog of December', how will I explain this nickname when I become a leading actress superstar?”

“Wait until that day comes (if it ever comes).”

Samorn said as she walked over to take the snacks from Mali's bag to eat them too. Kimhan, who had remained silent, placed her hand on my thigh

and looked into my eyes.

“Are you okay, Hwan?”

The worrying voice that was totally different from that of my two friends made me feel grateful. But I was me. If my father could run away with a guy, this was nothing.

“I'm fine. It's good... It's a memorable nickname. I must add a surname: Dahwan, the dog of December, when the river is full of water. “

"All the men and women,"

Mali continued happily with the lyrics. They are having fun on this Loy Krathong Day.

“Samorn takes the next line with joy.”

“Ha ha.”

And as usual, Kimhan tried to hold back her laughter until her whole body shook when I said things like this. And my other two friends laughed with the little girl as if they adored me instead of wanting to slap me.

“You can always change the situation and turn something bad into good.”

Mali laughed with her mouth full of snacks. I shrugged like I didn't care.

“It's called high IQ. Let's change the subject. Are there any Valentine's Day updates I should know about?”

“How curious. Mali, she told me to my face, but she continued telling me what she had found out.”

Yada from room 7 broke up with Pop, the oldest. Oh. And Pam from science just agreed to go out with Kawee.

“Kawee? Idiot Kawee, the football player?”

“Yeah. The crown jewel of the male side is dating the crown jewel of the female side.”

I sat up straight, I wasn't about to accept that.

“I am more beautiful.”

"You won't have it if it's related to Nung Dolly, huh... Oh, come to think of it, this morning I saw that Pam got a lot of flowers too."

Probably as many as you.

"Look at her face. It's more agonizing than being nicknamed the Dog of December."

This is what hurt me. It was better to be nicknamed December Dog than for the new girl to receive as many flowers as me, since I had an interview column on the Dek-D website. How could someone be popular without doing anything? Damned!

"I'm not hurt, just... thinking about something. At least she's dating a guy I dumped. Wahaha."

I tried to bring up what I thought was my strong point. In high school, Kawee made a move on me. We flirted to some extent, but I decided to get rid of him because I thought I should stay single so as not to lose my popularity. Think about it: if she dated someone, the next year I wouldn't receive gifts because I was no longer single. Why should I limit myself? Pam was the stupid one. Good. Next year, I will undoubtedly receive more flowers than her.

“And I know that Phi Kae, the beautiful woman a year older than us, gave Kim a rose this morning... You're shutting up, Kim.”

When I heard that, I immediately looked at Kimhan, who was sitting next to me. She was so surprised I almost forgot about Pam and Kawee.

“How do you know?”

Kimhan didn't deny it, although Mali and Samorn had fun making fun of her. They were making high-pitched noises, as if they envied and adored her.

“Ah, new girl. Keep silent? Do you really think this kind of thing will go unnoticed during our watch? How did you feel when you received the Phi Kae rose?”

Samorn began to mock her, with Mali as her backup.

“Everyone likes Phi Kae, with her short hair and beautiful face.”

“High.”

“A basketball athlete.”

“Long fingers...”

When Mali said that, all eyes were on her, terrified.

“What? I'm just describing it. Why does everyone look terrified when I talk about her fingers?”

“The most important thing is that Phi Kae didn't even look at Hwan!. “

When there was an opportunity, Samorn immediately came towards me. I could only sit in silence and show my teeth to my friend. I didn't know what to ask because I was still stunned. Why was she surprised? It was normal for people to like or be interested in Kimhan. Maybe it was just unexpected. The little girl was so calm. How did she catch someone's attention?

“Hwan, why are you so quiet? Are you envious of Kim?”

“That's crazy. Why would I envy her?”

I tried to sound normal and go with the flow. If I suddenly went silent on her, it would be suspicious. Ah, what was wrong with me?

"How does it feel to receive a flower from a senior, Kim?"

And when I started to interrogate Kim as well, I suddenly felt a strange vibration coming out of Kimhan. She gave me goosebumps somehow.

"Why would I be excited?"

"Because someone likes you."

"I'm not like Hwan, who is happy because a lot of people like her."

"So you would feel better if people hated you?"

"I don't care if people hate me. I only care about the people I care about. Even if hundreds of people hate me it's not as important as how the person I care about feels about me."

Suddenly, the mood darkened for no apparent reason. Kimhan and I were having a conversation, but it seemed like it was turning into a heated argument.

"And you care about the person who gave you the rose?"

I asked sarcastically. Kimhan, who was asked, answered candidly and made everyone near her turn to look at her.

“I do not like it. “

“Someone who is born with twisted beliefs. Whether it is a man or a woman, but not deciding on one or the other will only hurt the people she loves with her actions.. “

Kimhan wasn't talking about the eldest, but she linked it to her father. Samorn saw that the situation was becoming tense, so she laughed and clapped her hands to signal the end of a round.

“It means that Kim doesn't like the senior. That's enough. Let's say that having people who like you is better than having people who hate you. Let's stop bragging about Valentine's Day gifts and show off our Valentine's Day stickers. Whoever has the most stickers wins. “

And Samorn and Mali showed off their stickers of various sizes on their t-shirts. They had fun telling them, while Kimhan and I sat in silence, not speaking to each other. Are we having a fight? It had been a very frustrating Valentine's Day, more than ever. Normally, I would be very elated with all the gifts people gave me, even if they eventually turned into trash once I got home. But today was different; She was not happy with all the gifts at all because she was upset about the fight with the little girl. Fighting over something that wasn't even related to us.

Even though we fought, we still went home together. We just don't talk like we normally do. It was very quiet, with only the sound of our leather shoes. Nobody spoke. I couldn't stand this. I had to say something. Kimhan's shoulder hit me hard enough to make me swing to the side. I didn't understand very well, but I couldn't lose. I was about to open my mouth to speak to her, but she started a war. We'll see! I bumped into her, and this time the little girl stumbled before turning to look at me. Now we look into her eyes, assessing the situation.

“This is what you want?”

Kimhan speaks first. I stood up straight and prepared for a fight.

“This is what I want.”

“You can not lose?!”

“Because I should?.”

“Hwan, you are wrong.”

“What did I do wrong?”

“You're looking for a fight with me.”

“I was walking home when you crashed into me. How can I be wrong? You looked for a fight first. “

“I wasn't talking about that, I mean this morning...”

She chose a memory from when we were arguing, but I couldn't understand it very well.

“Who started a fight? I just asked nicely if you liked the older one, you got angry and sarcastic. You said that I like people to fill me with love.”

“Isn't that true?”

“It's true!”

"So what did I say wrong?"

"It was wrong because there was no need for you to say it out loud,"

I sighed angrily and asked back.

“Don't you like it when people fill you with love?”

“Like I said, I don't care... I only care about the people who care about me.”

“That's why I asked you if you cared about the person who gave you the flower. You didn't have to be angry.”

“I do not care! Hwan, you should know that more than anyone.”

"Why should I know?"

“Because I care about the person who didn't give me anything today!”

We both remained silent. I was a little dazed and started thinking, "Worried about the person who didn't give me anything today. Did that mean Kimhan is waiting for someone? Who? How come I had no idea? We return home together every day. Kimhan and I were closer than anyone. But I never had a clue and I didn't see any suspects.

“Hey. Are you going to leave after saying that?”

Little she kept going while I stood there dumbfounded. When I realized that, I ran after her to walk next to her and start a conversation instead of picking a fight.

“Kim, do you already have someone you care about?”

“I don't know.”

“Are we speaking the same language? I'm confused now,”

I sighed before continuing to walk next to her. It seemed like we're not in a bad patch like before, but things still weren't normal.

“Kim.”

I started a conversation after we had been quiet for a while. Little she couldn't help it, so she had to listen to what she had to say..

“It's very difficult to communicate with you Kim, did you know that?”

“I speak Thai, just like you.”

“You have a logic that confuses everyone. Frankly speaking... you are a unique person who has your own logic.”

“And?”

“You could say that you are incomprehensible Kim.”

When I said that about her, Kimhan turned around and was about to argue again. So I handed her the pencil I bought for her, which cost several hundred baht. I had intended to give it to her that morning, but I couldn't find a good time to do it.

“What is this?”

“You like drawing. If you want to communicate with others, I suggest you draw. “

The little girl dazedly accepted the gift that came without wrapping or bow.

“How do you know I like to draw?”

I had seen it in my dream...

“When I borrowed your notes, I saw a lot of cartoons there. I also saw that you were trying to draw someone, but there were no eyes, nose or mouth. It was just a scribble with a pen. So I thought you should have a proper pencil for drawing. Kim looked at the pencil and then at me repeatedly, then looked down, not daring to meet my eyes. I smiled out of the corner of my mouth like a winner.

“That? You were just fighting with me. Looking down like that is no fun.”

“I give up if it will make you feel better Hwan.”

Who'd say?! She used words to make me feel like the bad guy. I didn't know what to do, so I put my hands in the pockets of my skirt and nudged her with my shoulder to tell her to keep walking.

“We're going home.”

However, the little girl did not do it. She opened her school bag, took out a sheet of paper and handed it to me. I took it in my hand and opened it to see a cartoon of a girl. The drawing was similar to the one I saw in Kimhan's note, and had a scribble that said 'Dahwan' at the bottom.

“This is me?”

“AHA.”

My face suddenly blushed. The cartoon was not a masterpiece, but it could be distinguished as a drawing of a person, a girl, to be exact.

“I am more beautiful than this.”

“I’ll practice so that the drawing is more beautiful.”

Kimhan raised the pencil she just received.

“With this.”

“Yeah. It is quite expensive, so use it carefully. “

“Give me a year; It will be more beautiful next Valentine's Day.”

“I’m going to wait and see.”

We walked home together in silence, each examining the gift we had just exchanged. As I said, the drawing was not a masterpiece, but what was important was the person who drew it. It seemed like she really tried hard, especially the message in English that said:

I care about you.

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
10**

Capítulo 10 - CHAPTER : 10



DON'T TELL ANYONE



Not only was Kimhan extreme, unique and unpersuasive, but another intriguing trait of her personality was... That she took everything seriously and immersed herself deeply in it to the point of obsession. Since I gave her the expensive pencil and she promised to do better, she did as she said.

Instead of turning off the lights and going to sleep around 10 pm or at the latest 11 pm, Kimhan would stay up to practice her drawing and sleep from around midnight until 2 am. Her bedtime completely changed. And during school holidays, instead of staying home or going to tutoring school to prepare for college applications like other children, she Kimhan attended special drawing courses. She didn't pay attention to anything else, so she was grateful that she still found time to talk to me from time to time.

It was a bit lonely during the school holidays... so lonely that a lazy person like me was glad the school holidays were over.

There were three steps in high school that were...

1) The first year, you feel like a newcomer;

2) Senior year, you are preparing to spread your wings. I skipped the middle year because it's terrible!

You are a 17 year old girl who just finished her first year but you are not mature enough to spread your wings. It is the year to be bold, but not to the point of being invincible. We have to lead the sports day activities this year, and an active girl like Mali was very excited. She really wanted to be a cheerleader.

“I will be the person at the top of the pyramid this year.”

Although we didn't care much about the activity, Samorn, Kimhan and I had to look at each other again after hearing that because Mali's weight and size didn't match what we had just said at all. You could tell that I've always described Mali's complexion as chubby, and that's really what it was. If she were thin, she would have called her slender!

“How can you be at the top? The pyramid will collapse.”

Samorn, who was always direct and wanted to get to the heart of the matter, quickly got straight to the point, and that made Mali bare her teeth and scream.

“Let me finish. I look in the mirror every day and I know I'm a little overweight for that,”

Mali said this shyly as she adorably tucked her hair behind her ears.

“So I will lose weight. I started during the school holidays because I'm afraid of not being able to reach the weight I want in time.

“Take it easy. Let's not think about the future. We have not voted for the head of sports day activities for our color. The room that wins will be responsible for the cheerleaders. “

“Our room has to win. I will send the one who can get the most votes,”

Mali turned to look at me intensely, and as soon as I knew what she was thinking, I shook my head.

“No. I have no time. I'm too pretty to go yell at kids. I will not do anything..”

“You have to do it! Because our competition this year is Dolly's salon.”

“Pam?”

My eyes widened before I shrank my neck because I still wasn't interested.

“And? She is not competing for the position.”

“But I'm sure that if her class wins, she will become the drum major and you will be just air.”

Being an online idol as famous as Toey Jarinporn' wouldn't help because you're nobody here.

“You are so bad! “

I slapped my own thigh, knowing I couldn't stand it if they ignored me like this.

“I'll buy! Okay, I'll participate.”

“That's it, girl!”

I shouldn't have fallen into the trap... I applied to be the head of our color's sports day activities just because of some provocative comments from my friend, even though the position meant nothing to me. Instead of having to do nothing but sit and be pretty, I had to come up with a slogan and campaign to get the freshmen votes, Shit!

“Can't I just study? Why do I have to do other activities?”

I stood and complained when I saw the sash my friends in class had prepared for me. I had to campaign for votes every night before I went home. Honestly, our class had a bit of an advantage because I was more popular than Pam and everyone remembered me by my nickname December Dog.

Shit... Isn't there anything else I memorable for?

“Alright. I will go campaigning with you.”

No matter how down I was, Kimhan encouraged me and the same was true for this campaign. That gave me energy to continue. After being discouraged at first, once I started the campaign, I told myself, 'I can't lose.' Because I wasn't going to lose!

"Kim, you want to do all this because of me,"

I said this after we showered and were in our own rooms. As I said before, our windows faced each other, and Kimhan liked to sit at her reading table by the window, which meant we could talk normally.

“It's not exhausting, it's fun.”

“Of course, it's exhausting. After the campaign, Kim you still have to practice drawing late into the night. Kim, you could have used that time to do what you love. I also don't have time to take care of my face.”

“But you're still beautiful Hwan. “

I felt a little shy and tried to act cute by biting a strand of hair.

“Geez... Why are you praising me? Kim, you are also beautiful... although yes, I am more beautiful.”

“Ha ha.”

If I want to see a smile or a laugh from my little neighbor, I'll congratulate myself. That always worked. Kimhan was smiling so much that her face was wrinkled, and that put me in a dreamlike state...

“Hwan.”

“Yeah?”

“What's happening? Why do you look at me and smile so sweetly? Are you sleepy?”

Or maybe he was just sleepy... But why would a sleepy person be smiling so sweetly? Didn't Kimhan know what it was like to be in a dream state? It did not matter.

“Actually, I'm sleepy. Kim, you should go to sleep too. You don't have to draw today.”

“No. I have to practice every day. I'm afraid that if I don't draw today, I will become lazy tomorrow. Then everything I've done will go to waste,”

“You are so determined. What can you draw now? I saw you taking drawing classes during the school holidays.”

“Now I can draw a lot.”

“Oh really? Show me. “

“Not yet. I'll show you when I think I can do it right... Valentine's Day. Wait a little more. “

“Arggg. That's a long time from now. But hey... this kind of thing takes a lot of practice. If you can draw well, next Valentine's Day, I will buy you another gift.”

“Good.”

“Good?”

We gave each other a wide smile before everything fell silent. Then, suddenly, I thought of something... Why did we have to give each other a gift on Valentine's Day....

“I have to go to sleep first. Today I'm very tired. Tomorrow the result of the vote will be out.. “

I cut off our conversation. Kimhan probably had the same thoughts, so she nodded her head.

“Alright. I'll practice some more, then I'll go to sleep too.”

I turned off the light first, knowing that Kimhan would sit at her table for a while longer. Looking at the light through the window like this was nice. As if someone was watching me when I slept. The next day...

After the last part of the campaign, everyone would vote to elect the person in charge of activities for the sports day of their color. I admit I was excited...extremely excited. Applying for the position was like risking my

pride. The person in the science room was nobody. If I lost, I could stick my face in the butt of Sompong, the dog of the disciplinary department. Every vote my friend pulled out of the box to mark on the board made my heart tremble. If it was my vote, it would be fine, but if it was a vote for Dolly's salon, it hurt like someone was sticking a needle in me. Because I was so nervous, I unconsciously held Kimhan's hand and found that it was cold.

“Your hand is colder than mine. “

“Really?”

I was excited at first, but I completely forgot when I saw Kimhan's face. The little girl was not as cheerful as usual. She looked alarmingly fatigued, like someone who didn't sleep at all.

“Kim, are you okay?”

“I am...”

She said stuttered... something was wrong.

“Are you sure you're okay?”

“I didn't get enough sleep and I didn't have breakfast this morning... I'm probably too nervous about the result.”

“Wow. Someone is more nervous than me. But this won't work... it could affect your health. Alright. I'll take all the pressure. If I lose, it's just... a loss.”

I let Kimhan continue on her way while I nervously waited for the result. And it was as expected.... I won with the motto December Dog, which was well known among the kids at this school.

“Shit Hwan, you are the director of our color's sports day activities!”

The one who was happiest was, of course, Mali. She made a great effort for our class to win because she wanted the authority to decide on the cheerleading activity. This success made me smile after being under a lot of pressure for a long time. I immediately looked for Kimhan, who was walking back at that exact moment.

“Kim. We won. I am now the director of sports activities for our color!”

I boasted proudly to the little girl and waited for her to smile back.

“Congratulations.”

But all I got in return was a dry smile. I could tell something wasn't right. Since that morning, Kimhan had not looked me in the eyes. Something must be happening.

“What's wrong, Kim? You can tell me.”

“Nothing.”

“Don't hide it from me. Kim, you're acting weird.”

“That's crazy. I am very happy... extremely.”

Kimhan gave me the widest smile she had ever given me, dryly. I watched her stiff performance, but said nothing.

“You really look happy.”

I looked at Samorn, who was with Kimhan. My friend looked me in the eyes and smiled like someone who couldn't be bothered by anything.

“Congratulations, December Dog, head of sports day activities.”

“Idiot... What's next? Now that I am the head of our color's sports activities, what do I have to do now?”

I headed to Mali. The chubby girl, who was the happiest of all, raised an eyebrow at me.

“You do not have to do anything. Just keep the honor. I will do everything.”

“I'm just the nominee, huh?”

I shrugged.

“Anyway, I still didn't want to do this at the beginning.”

“Good.”

After agreeing on our roles, we split up to go home. Kimhan and I continued going home together as usual, and I kept an eye on the little girl all the way home to see if there was anything unusual. Dark circles around the eyes. Distracted. It seemed like she was trying today...

“Did I do something bad today, Kim?”

When I asked, as if I knew something, Kimhan shuddered and looked at me as if I was guilty.

“No.”

“It's very suspicious. Tell me, frankly, what's going on. Don't let me find out for myself, or I'll be very angry.”

The little girl who never looked away was losing in every way today. And I was getting frustrated. Kimhan didn't look me in the eyes but continued denying everything.

“When I don't say anything, it doesn't mean anything! Stop questioning me. If there's something, you'll know Hwan.”

Kimhan ran into her house right after that, leaving me standing in the bushes, confused, like a protagonist of a series who has no friends. She was pretending to be crazy to get her way! It was very strange... Kimhan's problem prevented me from sleeping. It could be because Kimhan usually turned off the light after me, but the night before the little girl turned off the light and didn't talk to me through the windows. It was like we were fighting, even though nothing really happened, which frustrated me. Furthermore, Kimhan had not gone to school. Her mother said she was sick. Kimhan pretends to be sick. I said it as soon as I got to the classroom. Mali wasn't very interested because she was crazy busy with sports day activities.

Samorn shook her head in disagreement, looking like she knew something. I would question her instead...

“What do you know? Tell me now! “

“I know nothing. “

“Damn Morn. Do you think you can lie to Thailand's future leading actress?”

And when I looked into my friend's eyes, Samorn sighed....

"Well, I'll tell you!"

At that time, we were all visiting Kimhan at her house because we were worried about her. Mali stopped and looked between Kimhan's house and mine repeatedly, putting her hand on her chest.

“Are your houses so close together? When they say her father ran away with the neighbor, who else could it be...except Hwan's father?”

“Idiot... calm down. Kim's mom is home.”

Samorn poked Mali as Kimhan's mom brought us water with a smile on her face. It seemed that Kimhan's mother was no longer sad about her husband's departure. I was happy....

“You girls are so cute, you come to visit a sick friend.”

And a voice that should not be heard there at all was that of...

“What are you doing here, mom?”

“I come here all the time. You're the one who never sets foot in your friend's house.”

It could be because my mom and Kimhan's mom were in the same boat that they became close so quickly. They always visited each other, like me and the little girl. It had been a year since we met and became close...But we...we weren't friends, that was all.

“How is Kim?”

I asked Kimhan's mother, who should have the most up-to-date information. Kimhan's mother had eyes that made me think of her daughter when I looked at them. And when she smiled, her face also wrinkled.

“It's probably the flu. She's been coughing since this morning.”

"She gets sick easily,”

Samorn said that in a low voice. She Probably she didn't get enough sleep because she was stressed.

“I read from a Japanese cartoon that if you have the flu and someone kisses you, the flu will go away... Does Kim have a lover? Ask Kim's lover to kiss her!”

Mali, who liked to read cartoons and had a vivid imagination, said that as if she were an innocent and dreamy child. Samorn, seeing that her friend was talking without thinking, pinched the chubby girl until she screamed.

“That hurts!”

“You're talking nonsense. You're talking to Kimhan's mother, for God's sake.”

“I was just saying, If she doesn't believe it, she's fine... Mom, the cookie is very delicious!”

Mali ate the cookies and screamed like a spirit that had just received an offering.

“Delicious.”

“This is what it's like for those who are on a diet: a little sugar and screaming with joy.”

“You have a snack first. I'll go check on Kim.”

I cut off the conversation and pulled my shirt out of my skirt, preparing to go upstairs. My friends were still enjoying the delicious cookies, so they just waved me goodbye.

“Ok, we'll follow you in a moment.”

The house had the same plan as mine because they were both built from the same neighborhood plan. As soon as I entered Kimhan's room, the cool air from the air conditioner hit my arms. I assumed she only turned it on when she was sleeping because Kimhan usually opened the window to talk to me before going to bed.

“Kim.”

I tried calling her because I wanted to know if she was fast asleep. From her even breathing, I guessed that she was fast asleep due to her exhaustion and the medications she took.

"You should have told me what was happening."

There was nothing to worry about. I sat next to Kimhan and looked at the little girl's face with adoration. I heard that she didn't sleep because she was worried about losing her pencil.

Yes... it was the pencil I gave her on Valentine's Day, Samorn finally told me after being questioned. I heard that Kimhan searched her room all night looking for the pencil. And when she arrived at school, she worriedly looked for it in every room she passed, but she couldn't find it. She cried because she didn't know what to do. She was afraid that she would make me angry or sad if I found out. If I was going to get angry it was because the little girl was so stressed that she got sick.

"I read from a Japanese cartoon that if you have the flu and someone kisses you, the flu will disappear..."

The casual story of Mali from earlier ran through my head. I tilted my neck and looked at Kimhan, wondering if the Japanese cartoon theory was correct. If I kissed... Will Kimhan recover from the flu? When my thoughts came to that, I leaned down and did what my friend said. Our lips touched, and I stayed still because I thought that the longer I stayed in this position,

the more germs would happily run towards me, which would make Kimhan recover faster. Even so...

“What are you doing?”

Samorn opened the door to see what I was doing. Out of panic and fear that Kimhan would wake up, I simply put my finger in my mouth and signaled my friend with my eyes.

.

.

.

.

.

Do not tell anyone.

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
11**

Capítulo 11 - CHAPTER : 11



INVOLVE



Here we go...

I had to wear a mask that day. I arrived at school coughing like a fragile child dragging her sick body to school. The breaths circulating in my mask and touching my face told me that I probably had a fever at that moment, too.

“The climate is changing, everyone is getting the flu, huh?”

Kimhan, who walked beside me, said this to herself. She had completely recovered and looked totally different from the day before, which really surprised me. Was what Mali read in the Japanese cartoon true? What kind of theory was that?

“Hwan, you need to sleep a lot and drink only warm water, so you can recover quickly. Medications don't help much with the flu; you need to rest a lot.”

The person acting as a doctor kept giving me advice until we entered the school. I had no worries before, but I started to feel a chill down my spine once I saw Samorn. Damned! Why did she have to show up right at that

moment? And she hadn't shown any reaction since the incident, which made me even more anxious. How should I behave...?

“How's it going? Did you eventually get the flu from Kim?”

Mali, she had no idea what. happened, she joked happily.

“And little she has totally recovered, as if she had never been sick.”

She probably got some good medicine,"

Samorn added, made my heart skip a beat.

“Hwan, you should learn in detail how to recover as quickly as Kim.”

Samorn and I look into each other's eyes. But before we could speak our minds, Kim innocently interrupted for fear that someone would speak first.

“I already told Hwan to sleep a lot because the medicine won't help. Yesterday I slept like a log.”

"So you have no idea what happened yesterday?"

My serious-faced friend told Kimhan.

"I know from my mother that you all visited me. You should have woken me up. Honestly, I'm so excited that my friends visited me..."

The little girl continued as we looked for a place to sit while we waited. the moment to line up in front of the flagpole. Both Samorn and I are quiet that morning, waiting for a good moment to have a talk. This was very different from how we normally were, until Mali brought up the topic of kissing.

"Hwan, get a husband."

"Huh?"

"If they kiss you, you will recover from the flu."

"What a crazy theory."

I shrugged as if I didn't care, but Samorn looked at me with a smile at the corner of her mouth, as if she knew something good, I couldn't take it anymore, so I called her:

"Samorn, let's go to the bathroom."

"I don't need to do it."

"Accompany me."

"I'm busy."

"What are you doing?"

"Breathing."

I bared my teeth at my friend, who was playing hard to get, and the serious friend seemed to enjoy making me anxious that way. Kimhan, on the other hand, reached out her hand to touch my arm when she heard that.

"I will accompany you. Kim also needs to go to the bathroom."

"Now that I think about it, it's a little strange..."

Samorn interrupted, putting her fingers together and looking very serious, as if she were attending the NATO summit.

“What is strange?”

“While we normally use harsh words to speak, you speak very closely using your names. That is so cute. Since when do we have friends with such cute manners?”

Kimhan raised her eyebrows slightly, looking just as puzzled.

That's true. I talk differently with Hwan than with the others.

"Such bias."

Mali pursed her mouth like someone who was in a bad mood. I don't take it seriously, but I just wanted to act a little.

“I want to hear Kimhan and Hwan use harsh words with each other when they talk. Test it. This way they will become closer.”

"That's crazy,"

I immediately interrupted because it didn't sound like a good idea. However, Mali insisted.

“Come on. Just try it. I want to see that damn Kim use obscene language... Kim you go first; she calls Hwan...Damn HWAN! loud and clear. Samorn covered her mouth with her hand, trying unsuccessfully to hide her smile. When the friends persisted, the little girl began to twist her face in adoration.

“It's strange.”

“Test it. Hurry up. Call HWAN damn! with a strong and stern voice like this.”

Mali kicked the person next to me as if she was having a lot of fun with this. Kimhan pursed her lips a little and looked at me.

“I'm sorry, Hwan. I will try...”

“What's up with Hwan and Kim? Call her, damn HWAN!”

“A... Ah... bad...”

I pursed my lips slightly and looked at the person who was trying to speak while holding my breath, as if our relationship would change if Kimhan really called me rudely.. We would be friends...That was good.

“A... Ah... E...”

“Hw...”

“Wow. How difficult is it to say her name?”

Mali rested her chin in her hands and began to complain. When I saw that the little girl looked like she was about to cry, I decided to close my eyes and be the first to speak.

“Stupid.”

Everyone was shocked and quiet, especially Kimhan, who seemed to lose all function when she heard me say that. When I saw her adorable face, I looked at Mali and showed my teeth.

“I mean you.”

“Hey... why did you call me that?”

“Don't you have anything else to do? Kimhan wasn't raised to be as rude as us. She treats everyone very well, even you.”

“You always protect her.”

Samorn's mouth twisted and I shrugged. I was tired of playing mind games with my friends, so I decided to get up.

“I'll go to the bathroom alone then. I will get gallstones soon if I don't.”

“I will go with you.”

We move away from our friends as if we wanted to interrupt the conversation and escape. Kimhan let out a big sigh as she walked behind me.

“So bad, huh?”

I looked at the little girl with adoration. Kimhan looked a little uncomfortable after I made fun of her, but then she laughed out loud.

“A bit. I was excited.”

“Excited to say something rude? Have you ever done that?”

“Yes, but it depends on the situation.”

"Then why were you so excited?"

“Because I never thought of speaking rudely to you, Hwan. It's like something is stopping me from doing it. It was saying... Don't be rude to this person. As if a rude word would destroy something between us.”

I felt exactly the same...However, I just shrugged my shoulders and didn't give my opinion. We continued with our personal business before gathering at the sink to wash our hands. The little girl, who came out of the bathroom after me, was standing next to me. I looked at her slender hands and fingers adoringly as I unconsciously imagined all the big, rough hands of all the boys who would hold those hands in the future.

“Your lovers will feel like they are holding the hands of a small child. “

“Huh?”

“Your hand is so small.”

I approached and grabbed them without being able to stop. I compared the sizes.

“My hand is not that big, but compared to yours, Kim, it looks very masculine.”

"Your fingers are so thin."

Kimhan, whose hand was resting on mine, turned my hand to look at it as well.

“Fingers like these are called fingers as long and thin as a candle. I guess you never do housework.”

“Yeah. My mom does all the housework. Ha ha.”

I pretended to laugh slyly.

“I will be a superstar in the future. My appearance and my body are very important. So housework is off limits.”

“In other words, you're lazy.”

“I hate you.”

I was about to withdraw my hand, but Kimhan grabbed it and intertwined our five fingers, as if she was blocking me from going anywhere.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm holding the hand of a superstar. Then, in the future, I can brag to everyone that I am your friend.”

“We are not friends.”

“I forgot. What are we?”

“Yeah. That?”

We were still holding hands, and now we were also looking into each other's eyes as if we were talking, but there were no words. About three

seconds had passed, and the strange vibration between us dissipated because I knocked.

“Ah...”

“Let's go back to the table.”

Kimhan pointed her head towards the door, so we slowly removed our hands and pretended to look at this and that. I decided to change the topic to get rid of the awkwardness between us.

“I'll have to find a lover.”

“Huh?”

“I coughed a lot last night. My stomach hurts, and I'll probably have a six pack soon from the exertion.”

"What does that have to do with finding a lover?"

“Mali said that if someone kisses us when we have the flu, the flu will go away because that person will get infected instead.”

“And you believe that?”

I looked at the girl who was no longer sick and pressed my lips tightly. I wasn't sure if the fact that Kimhan was okay now meant that the theory worked, but I knew that I was bad now.

“A bit.”

“Hwan, you don't seem like someone who would believe in that kind of theory.”

The little girl muttered in her throat before turning around to lead me out of the bathroom, but I grabbed her by the neck when I thought of something.

“Kim.”

“Yeah?”

“Are you still drawing?”

When I asked that, Kimhan's face turned pale, like someone who had just remembered her guilt. She quickly looked down to avoid looking at me and nodded.

“Yeah. I draw every day.”

“What pencil do you use?”

“The one you gave me, Hwan... what?”

Kimhan looked at the new blue mechanical pencil of the same model as the white one she lost. The only difference was that that one was white.

“It's lovely.”

“I'm not bragging. I'm giving it to you.”

“Because?”

"You lost the pencil I gave you."

I put the pencil in the little girl's hand. She seemed surprised because she didn't think I knew.

“Use this to practice drawing. How can you draw beautifully if you don't use the pencil I gave you?”

“Hwan...”

“Don't stress anymore. How could you let a pencil make you sick?”

I extended my hand and placed it on her head.

“Practice drawing again and do it better this time. This is my favorite color and it's not cheap.”

“Did you buy two?”

“Yeah. I intended to use a couple of pens on you, but someone lost theirs, so I have to donate mine. But everything is okay. When you see this blue pencil, think a lot about me, okay?”

I made it seem like she should be grateful to me.

“Your first drawing must be of me. Alright?”

“A couple of pens...”

When I heard that, I quickly tried to find an excuse.

“It's beautiful, so I bought two. The word 'couple pens' meant., a duo. Like Rapter, or Raffy- Nancy, or Mos and Tata Young?”

“Ah-huh.”

“What? I thought you'd be happier than this.”

“Do you like the color blue?”

Yeah.

“That's weird.”

“Huh?”

“Nothing.”

“This is a new one (unused). It's like I knew I'd have to give you one when I bought it. I should have given you both in the first place.”

I stammered while the little girl remained silent.

“Pretend to be happy. The person who gave it to you hopes to receive positive feedback.”

Kimhan remained silent. I couldn't help but look at her to see what was wrong. I laughed because she was so shocked by what I saw, and I reached out to wipe away her tears.

“What I wanted was not your tears.”

"Why aren't you mad at me?"

“Why should I be angry?”

“I lost my pencil.”

“It's just a pencil. Seeing you sick makes my heart hurt so much more,”

I said that without thinking and then paused when I realized that what I said might sound like I cared too much about her.

“Heartache?”

“Who wouldn't worry when they see a friend suffering?”

“I thought you said we're not friends.”

“Oh yeah. We're not even friends. Let's change the subject.”

I pretended to cross my arms over my chest.

“Smile now.”

“Why should I smile?”

“Because you're happy to have a new pencil.”

Seeing that I was so demanding, Kimhan smiled through tears. I looked at her tiredly and shrugged.

“That's all I want. Let's go back to the table. Inhale your snot and wipe your tears... If those two see you like this, they'll be curious.”

After that, we went back to the table and pretended nothing had happened. I was so tired. The flu left me sick. I didn't have the strength, but it wasn't so bad that I had to go to the first aid room. I eventually rested my head on my table and fell asleep. I woke up again when Kimhan woke me up after school.

“Today you slept all afternoon until school ended. Are you OK?”

Kimhan, who had returned home with me, understood her hand to feel the temperature of my forehead.

“You have a little fever.”

“Do I look fragile?”

“Huh?”

“Hurrah. If I have a strong boyfriend, I will ask him to carry me home on his back. I'm having a big headache.”

I told her how I felt. Actually, I didn't want a lover for love; I just wanted to use someone as a worker when I needed it.

“Whoever gives me the first gift on Valentine's Day, I will choose him as my lover.”

“What easy?”

“Rojana just threw a garland and got a husband. So I will pick up the gift and read the name..... whoever that person is will be my lover. It is a good idea?”

“That sounds fun. What if she is a girl?”

"Sje will be my lover,"

I said without thinking, and that made Kimhan remain silent. I realized that little she hated people who weren't straight, so I said,

"I'm kidding."

“Ah-huh.”

“You are crazy?”

Kimhan didn't respond, so I scratched my neck, not knowing what to do now that I had upset her. She wasn't angry, but she didn't speak either. I would deal with that after I recovered from the flu. At that point, I needed to get home and sleep. I was too tired... Based on the tone of the color, I was able to distinguish my dream from reality. When everything seemed unnatural, I knew it was in my subconscious mind. But it was strange that a person could dream of the same place and person but in a different situation. Also, being able to say that it was a dream. Right now, Kimhan and I are sitting on a white rock, looking at the blue river in front of us. We were both quiet, as we normally are. From what I remembered, we generally didn't talk much

when we were there. Kimhan didn't talk much, even in my dreams. But now, it is different. The little girl started a conversation after we stood still for a while.

“I learned that if you have the flu, you have to kiss it to make it go away.”

“I learned that too. That's Mali's theory.”

Then we were silent again for quite some time. I looked at the Kimhan in my dream. At this moment, her face was bright red. It was such a bright red that contrasted with the general tone there, which made her look so adorable.

“What's wrong, Kim?”

“Do you want to recover from the flu?”

“Of course.”

"Then I'll help you."

“Huh?”

I seemed surprised when I heard that. But before she could prepare me, little got on her knees and leaned in to bring my face close for a kiss. It all happened so fast. Kimhan's wet lips touched mine. The tips of our noses collided. And all that made me close my eyes slowly before squeezing the little girl's neck so that we were closer to each other. Everything happened slowly. We touched each other and stepped back to look at each other. There was a panicked look from Kimhan, and that made me panic too.

“Kim.”

“Hwan.”

We both remained silent until Kimhan leaned back and walked away from me. I opened my mouth to call out to her, but could only close my mouth and stare at the back fading into the blue surroundings. I started and opened my eyes to look at the ceiling of my room. I breathed heavily. My heart raced like I had been running. My face was all red. What I felt in my dream was still with me. It hadn't faded away like it usually did when I woke up. It was so real and alarming. So alarming that I could feel the dampness in my pants.

Shit!

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
12**

Capítulo 12 - CHAPTER : 12



TESTING



“Are they competing to see who can cough the loudest?”

Samorn, who was watching Kimhan and me in a coughing contest, seemed irritated. The little girl was sick again, unfortunately, but she couldn't do much because she couldn't even help herself.

"And why are you two sitting so far apart?"

The same friend frowned as she looked at the distance between Kimhan and me, confused. She seemed uneasy because she didn't know how to respond to that. So I tried to make an excuse that frankly sounded really bad.

“I'm afraid I'll catch the flu..”

“It's not too late?”

I had to get closer to her so that my behavior didn't seem too strange. I had to admit that the dream I had the night before had impacted me quite a bit. She was still gripped by the emotion of the kiss. It was a soft touch, like my

lips were on ice cream. It was seductive, and I wanted to taste it with my tongue. I felt guilty towards Kimhan for even considering the idea. If she knew what I was thinking, she would despise me and sit further away from me. So I decided to sit away from her. It turned out that that seemed strange...

“Mali, you're late today.”

The chubby friend, who clearly lost weight with diet and daily exercise to be at the top of the pyramid, was the last to arrive. She stops when she looks in our direction. What was that strange reaction?

“What's happening? It seems like a ghost chased you.”

I made fun of my friend. Mali, who was not afraid, probably felt challenged upon hearing that, so she sat next to Samorn and raised her chin.

“Nothing. I just couldn't sleep last night. “

"No wonder you look so tired,"

Kimhan replied, and that made the person who wasn't afraid of ghosts gape. Something must have happened. But what?

“Your body is not used to the diet. Take it easy,”

Samorn warned her friend out of concern. Mali simply nodded understandingly and remained unusually quiet. It seemed like she wasn't the only one who realized that; Samorn did too.

“What's wrong with you today?”

“I'm crazy! Please take care of my bag; I go to the bathroom .”

Mali said it as if she wanted to cut the conversation short and walked away quickly, leaving us looking at each other, really worried. Eventually, Kimhan also stood up.

“I'll go to the bathroom.”

So now it's just Samorn and I left there. This was no ordinary situation because my friend and I still had things on our minds that we hadn't resolved.

“Mom.”

“What?”

“Why don't you say anything about what happened?”

What happened?

“You showed up to see Kimhan and me at her house.”

Samorn looked at me for a moment and shrugged. I don't know if you want to talk about that or not. I'm not Mali, who sticks my nose into other people's business until they feel uncomfortable. If you want to tell me, you will. If not, I won't do it. I'll pretend I didn't see anything.

“I did that because Mali said... That if I kissed Kim, she would recover from the flu.”

“That's good.”

“You're so understanding it makes me feel uncomfortable.”

"Do you want me to question you until you feel pressured?"

“If you really don't want me to feel pressured, you should have asked so I could explain, not smile out of the corner of your mouth every time our eyes meet. It's like they caught me doing something wrong.”

“Was what you did wrong?”

“No. I was just helping a friend.”

“If I have the flu, would you kiss me?”

Samorn smiled for a second and returned to her serious face, as if nothing had happened, when Kimhan and Mali returned. My chubby friend sat up and smiled widely, looking totally different from her when she went to the bathroom. That surprised us.

"So what was wrong with you?"

"When you left, you looked like dog shit, and now you're back like a kitten, smiling widely."

Samorn looks at her friend with fear, but not as much as at Mali, who showed her teeth.

“Did you compare me to a kitten? What do you mean by smiling widely?”

“Because you have many lovers, so it's wide.”

“Bitchhhhhh.”

"So what was wrong with you?"

“Menopause.”

Kimhan responded with a slight smile, while Mali looked shy.

“Sorry, I was having mood swings.”

“I thought you hadn't had them since you turned 40.”

“I'm only three years past 14, damn you.”

And somehow, we were encouraged again. I didn't have any clear reason, but if my friend said it was because of her period, So that must be it.... Sophomore year of high school was truly the year of activities. Although

we are determined to get good grades to make our parents proud, all the activities consumed our study time. This was especially true for the sports day activities, which absorbed all of our good mood. Although I was only the boss by position (Mali did all the work), my pride made me feel involved. I thought they said that activity should get people together. However, we had been fighting with the losing room from the beginning. They would not collaborate on anything or cheer according to the cheerleader's direction. Mali almost threw shit at them, but that wasn't as bad as... Pannarai, or Pam, who became the main drummer of our school. I gritted my teeth until my jaw dropped when the teacher chose Dolly to be our school's drum major, and I watched her practicing by awkwardly tossing her baton into the air. Normally, that position was held by a popular senior, but she wasn't even a senior...

“Mali... You said that if I was the head of our color's sports day activities, Dolly wouldn't be the main drummer.”

“It's a little unexpected. Who would have thought that she was not the drum major of any color, but she would become the drum major of our school?”

Mali scratched her head, and that made me even more angry. How is Pam outstanding enough to be the school's drum major? As!

"She looks exceptional,"

Samorn, who was always a realist and never encouraged her friends, interrupted me to explain why.

“If it's just that, anyone can do it.”

“The correct height.”

“She is only 165 cm tall. I am 169 cm tall. “

“She is also a good student. The teacher probably chose the most suitable one.”

“There are many suitable students. I was interviewed by the Dek-D website. I have a cat named Vivamaratrisavitritita and I listen to orchestral music in my free time.”

“Does a tamagotchi cat count?”

Samorn still interrupted but I didn't want to lose, so I talked to Mali instead.

“Shit Li. You like to intimidate. Why haven't you bullied Dolly at all?”

“No. I have not done it. If Pam's mom ran away with yours or Kim's mom, I would be in trouble again.”

“Shit. Nothing goes the way I want!”

“Ah. Do you want to be the drum major girl?”

Samorn said as she laughed. I looked and showed my teeth at my friend.

“I don't want to do it, but you shouldn't ignore me! I'm in a commercial and I hope to be one of the best leading actresses in the future.”

“Hwan, you are already the boss of our color's sports day activities. You have to wear a sash and carry the flag during the parade. You would be in the parade too.”

Kimhan encouraged me when she saw me in a bad mood.

“At least you got this position by popular vote, but Pam got hers only because a teacher chose her. She's not even comparable.”

"Really?"

I turned to look at the little girl, feeling like I was better than Pam.

“I'm better than her, right?”

“Yeah. And you are very beautiful. Otherwise, you wouldn't be in a commercial.”

I sat up straight and smiled happily, as if I had been recharged with positive energy. When Kimhan saw that I was feeling better, she smiled so much that her eyes seemed to be closed. When I saw that smile, my heart raced. And her thin lips made me turn the other way instantly.

“True, I really have a lot of good in me. Why should I feel bad?”

“Yeah. Plus, if you were the school's main drummer, you'd have to practice every night. That is very exhausting. It's much better to use that time to cover your face with cucumbers and relax.”

“She always has this reaction if it's Pam.”

Mali, who was carrying a lot of things to spend the night at Kimhan's house, commented. Since we had to go home late, we decided to stay at someone's house and chose the closest one. It could be my house, but I was too arrogant to allow it.

No. I haven't tidied my room...

"People will only be sensitive if someone of the same level or higher succeeds."

Samorn said this with a smile, which made her lose her patience and lift her skirt like a bully.

"Moron!"

I stuck my tongue out at her, as I couldn't argue. Kimhan looked at me and laughed when I stuck my tongue out at her. When Samorn saw that, she commented indifferently.

"And a person who laughs no matter what you do is someone who always thinks you're cute, even when you're doing something inappropriate."

Kimhan immediately pursed her lips, while I bared my teeth at Samorn, who was now talking to Mali. But I could see the smile at the corner of Samom's mouth, like she was having a lot of fun using my weakness against me. All the others were now in Kimhan's room. I separated to take a shower and would join them later. After I finished my personal business, my mom, who was watching TV downstairs, told me some news in a way that seemed like it was not exciting at all.

"The X-Gen agency called to say that they want you to sign with them."

"Uh-huh."

I stopped when I was about to walk out the door and turned to look at her. What?

"It's like what I just said. They said that if you are interested, you can sign a contract any time you want. No training. No casting. They said they saw your photo on the Dek-D Webboard and wanted to promote you."

"Mother! I made so much noise it was almost like she was screaming. You can't tell me this so dryly, as if you were talking about the weather."

"How should I have told you?"

"Your daughter is about to become a star. Woooooow."

I covered my mouth with my hand, but my mom still looked emotionless, like when my dad left the US.

"Why are you so excited? Is being a star your dream?"

"Huh? "

“Is that really what you want?”

I rolled my eyes as I looked at my mother because I didn't understand the meaning of what she was asking.

“Everyone wants to be a star. Not only will you be famous, but you will also earn a lot of money. “

“Don't let illusions fool you. Although it's easy money, if it's not what you want to do then it's not worth it. But if you really want to be a star, I won't stand in your way.”

I didn't care to listen to my mom. I ran to Kimhan's house to update my friends, who were chattering, about what my mom had just told me. After everyone heard what I said, Mali jumped up as if she were receiving the Oscars instead of me because she was sick and couldn't go to the awards ceremony.

“Hwan! I will have a star as a friend. Wow. This is great.”

Mali ran around me and twirled clumsily-like a dancer, while Samorn clapped her hands to congratulate me but she still tried to look uninterested.

“Good. Now that you're in the industry, you'll stop being so full of yourself because you'll be surrounded by beautiful people.”

“Silly... you never say anything nice... But I'll take it as a congratulation coming from you.”

“This is great. You'll be able to work with a lot of cute guys.”

Mali, she looked excited.

“You can hug, kiss and touch.”

“Is there any other thought in your head?”

“You. You will be in heaven, full of gods and angels. Imagine Hwan hugging Phi Tik. “

While everyone was congratulating me, Kimhan remained silent and did not make any comments. She just looked down and drew something on her table until I got frustrated. I walked over and leaned in to take a look.

“Aren't you going to congratulate me?”

“Congratulations.”

Her voice and the fact that she didn't look me in the eye told me that she didn't feel that way at all. Because? It was so bad...

“Are you really happy for me?”

“Of course.”

“Why exactly?”

“You will be able to kiss many leading actors.”

"That's crazy,"

Mali laughed happily and ran to grab Kimhan by the shoulders as she continued drawing diligently.

"We were just joking. Why do you take everything so seriously? Even if there is a kiss scene, they will only use camera angles (not really a kiss). “

"Still, there are hugs."

Kimhan looked up to look Mali in the eyes before looking past me as she turned in another direction. Samorn couldn't help but speak from the corner of the room, as if she wanted to end this.

"Kim is quite possessive."

"Huh?"

The little girl turned to Samorn and blinked blankly after hearing that. I stood still, rigid, not knowing how to deal with the situation.

"Possessive of what?"

"Possessive with your friend. Are you afraid that your friend loves someone more than you?"

"Who uses the word possessive for that? Just say protective,"

Mali corrected. Samorn pretended to laugh dryly and scratched her head.

“Ah. I used the wrong word... Yes, protective. Wow. What's happening to me? Why did I say possessive instead of protective?”

Kimhan and I looked into each other's eyes for a while before it started to feel strange. I should change the subject.

“What are you drawing Kim?”

“Ah. They are cheerleading uniforms that I'm designing for Mali.”

The little girl started a conversation, since she also wanted the mood to return to normal. I smiled a little and continued on:

“Wow. Your drawing has improved a lot.”

“Yeah. That's why I trust Kim to draw them for me. I'll ask everyone to vote for the one they like tomorrow.”

I picked up each drawing to examine it closely and compliment her.

“Your design is very chic. You can become a designer when you grow up.”

“Do you think that Hwan?”

“Uh huh. It would be nice if I could wear what you designed, Kim.”

I continued without thinking much, but Kimhan looked at me a little while she placed her face in her palm.

“If you think it's a good plan, I think so too.”

The vibe between us was like when we were in a dream where it was just the two of us. What separated this from a dream was that there were all shades of color, not just blue and white. And yes... it's not just us here.

“Let's watch a movie. Kim, put down your pencil. Hwan and Morn, come and lie down here; Don't make me feel alone.”

Mali jumped onto Kimhan's bed with her laptop in her hand. She had brought a CD with her. -

“You look first, I need to do my drawing exercise.”

The owner of the room continued drawing diligently. As she had said, Kimhan took everything she did seriously. She didn't stray. But then again, Mali was also the get what she wanted type.

“Put down the pencil and come lie down here.”

“You guys keep going.”

“Kimhan!”

“Kanhim?!”

Kim was startled and immediately turned to look at her friend. Even I couldn't help but laugh when I heard that new name.

“Don't call me that, it's weird.”

“If you don't come and go to bed now, I will call you Kanhim, dragging my voice very, very long”

“Kancheemmmmmmmmmmmmmmm³.”

It seemed like a friend's cute threat really scared Kimhan, so she dropped everything and went to sleep with us. The four of us crowded together to look at the laptop screen, not knowing what Mali was bringing until we saw some Japanese people in work clothes moving around on the screen. It was a little strange.... And everything becomes clear when the screen showed naked people. Shit...

“Did you bring porn for us to watch?”

I showed my teeth at Mali, who laughed.

“Of course. What should we do when we stay the night at a friend's house? Stop talking and look at what they are doing.”

“What are they going to do other than... Wow?”

I was speechless when the male actor did something that made me clench my legs tightly. The actress's body was being aggressively tortured by the actor's mouth. He was nibbling, stroking, massaging and rubbing. Samorn and I covered our faces with our hands, but Mali just smiled as if she was familiar with what was happening in the movie. The only person who surprised me was Kimhan...The little girl stared at the moving image on the screen. There was no shame. Her eyes were full of curiosity. Samorn, who noticed what I noticed, asked Kimhan curiously.

"What are you thinking, Kim? Gives you no shame?"

Now it was the part where the male actor focused between the actress's legs and used his tongue to sweep, as if it was really delicious.

“I think he's just acting, so I don't feel anything... Probably, like Hwan in the future, if she has to kiss someone in her role, it's probably okay because she's just acting and Hwan doesn't really feel anything.”

“Can watching porn make someone think so deeply?”

I put my hand on my chest. Kimhan smiled slightly but continued looking at the screen as if she was analyzing something.

“Also, I wonder if they have showered.”

I was really overanalyzing this...

“AHA.”

“Do you know each other before filming? And after filming, can they be friends?”

“Like I said, it's acting. You can probably work together as usual. They are all professionals .”

Malí nodded her head.

“Do they have real feelings when they act? is everything in the script or is it impulsive? Like this scene here where the guy uses his tongue... Will you find it disgusting?”

“Did he also do this to other actresses before doing it to her?”

“How does each actress smell and taste?”

“I want to know and I want to try. “

When Kimhan finished speaking, everyone looks at her, even Mali.

“Try what?”

“Try it.”

The little girl responded without observing everyone's looks of astonishment. She then raised her eyebrows and smiled slightly, looking confused.

“What?”

“You're very deep, Kim.”

Mali wiped the sweat with her hand. I'm just looking at it for fun, but you can smell and taste it. Oh God.

“The artists are involved like this. Let's go to bed.”

Morn understood her hand to close the laptop screen because she didn't want to look anymore.

“I get nothing from sleeping at Kim's house except porn.”

“Do you need something for a sleepover? If you want that, go sleep at a teacher's house,”

Mali said sarcastically and rolled over to sleep next to the bed because Kimhan's bed was too small for all of us.

“Should I go to my house to sleep so there is enough room for everyone in the bed?”

“No. We are all here. Why do you go home to sleep alone?”

Snuggling together is fun...come on Hwan sleeps on the floor.

“No. Now I am a leading actress. I must sleep in a bed.”

“Damn you. It's up to you then.”

Mali invited Samorn in her place.

“Morn, come sleep with me. Turn on the night light, in case we need to go pee in the middle of the night.”

And the two friends went down to sleep on the floor next to the bed. Kimhan looked at me a little and silently asked me if we should sleep in bed together.

“Ah-huh.”

“This is your room, so you must sleep in the bed. Sleep with me up here.”

We stayed under the blanket and slept with our backs to each other. Suddenly, I felt uncomfortable. Damn. It was because of the porn movie we saw. I could still hear Kimhan's voice asking about the smell and taste in my head. I had never thought about those things until the little girl mentioned it.

Yes, what did it taste like there...

“Hwan.”

“Huh?”

I thought Kimhan had already fallen asleep, so I started a little before realizing that she had already turned towards me.

“What soap do you use?”

“Lavender.”

“It smells good.”

I turned around to talk to her. Our noses were palm-width apart and we could feel each other's breath.

“Why are you suddenly asking about my soap?”

“I was thinking.”

“About?”

“What do you smell like, Hwan.”

We look into each other's eyes in the dark. Kimhan's eyes staring at me almost caught me off guard, but when I was about to look away, I remembered that I had never lost in our staring contest.

“And you?”

“What?”

"I was thinking about how you smell too, Kim."

I leaned in to smell.

“What soap do you use?”

“A liquid baby soap in a yellow bottle. “

“Why use that one?”

“I want to be loved like a child.”

“Then Kim you will smell and taste like a baby. Ah... What does it mean to know a baby?”

“It seems like you want to know. “

Kimhan leaned towards me and whispered without a voice, but I could understand what she said from the air coming out of her mouth.

“Do you want to try it?”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
13**

Capítulo 13 - CHAPTER : 13



SOMEONE WHO MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD



“Do you want to try it?”

I was still so terrified by that question that my mouth remained open in the dark. The little girl, who was lying on her side, reached out with her hand to close my mouth while she laughed quietly so that Mali and Samorn wouldn't hear us.

“If you want to try it, go eat the soap in the bathroom.”

“Crazy girl.”

“Ha ha. I'm kidding! It seems like you're surprised even in the dark.”

“What are you playing?”

I took it very seriously!

“Sweet dreams.”

Kimhan said just that before turning over and going to sleep. So now she was just excited about the invitation because I thought she was serious before she said it was just a joke. I felt defeated in some ways, and I wasn't one to take defeats well. When I thought of that, I scooted closer to the little girl's back, put my arm around her waist, and nestled my face in the crook of her neck. I spoke quietly so that only we could hear.

“It would be nice if I could prove it to you.”

The little girl's body became a little stiff after saying that. Once I knew that I was successful in teasing her, I continued to whisper about her as a winner.

“I'm kidding. Sweet dreams.”

Do you know who I am?... Dahwan, the undefeated!

Although I told Kimhan to have sweet dreams, I was the one who barely slept. The scent of the baby soap was incredibly seductive. I didn't dare move much in bed, so I lay there with my eyes wide open and fell asleep around 4 a.m. Going to school that day was different because there were two additional members, Mali and Samorn. While I looked tired, those two were lively, even though they claimed to have had a bad dream.

“I had a bad dream. It was so scary. Kim's house must have some spirits.”

Samorn said this, looking very serious as she described her dream.

“I dreamed that a snake wrapped itself around me tightly and opened its mouth to eat me. It was so scary at first, then I realized... I was dreaming, so I reached out to squeeze her penis.”

“Does a snake have a penis?”

“It was a dream. If I want him to have one, he will have one. Once I squeezed her penis, he was shocked, screamed and let me go. So I ate it!”

“I don't think this is a bad dream for you. It's probably a bad dream for the snake.”

“How did you know you were dreaming?”

I asked after listening for a while. Samorn shrugged and explained casually.

“I'm not sure. I just know that I was really scared, but I also knew that it was just a dream.”

Once I dreamed that I saw a ghost and it was chasing me, so I ordered myself to open my eyes, which I did, and woke up. Something like that.

“And in your dream, weren't you afraid that he would bite you and you would get hurt?”

Everything seems so real in a dream.

“Since it's just a dream, we can control it. We are the ones who dream it!”

“If I dreamed I was dating Phi Dome, I wouldn't wake up. I think about Phi Dome's package every time he wears tight pants.”

Mali seemed to be dreaming again and Kimhan was the one who asked.

"Aren't you afraid Phi Dome will know?"

“It's my dream, yes? How can Phi Dome know? He just sings: Hey! Who are you? Hey! Dangeroussss! It's probably like us watching porn last night; The actress is probably every man's imaginary wife, but he doesn't know how they treat her in everyone's dream.”

And we talked about that for a while before changing the subject to this and that. However, she couldn't get that topic out of my head.. That's right... It was my dream. It was just my imagination, so if it went too far sometimes, it was probably okay. Once I came to that conclusion, I looked at the little

girl who knew nothing and was talking to Mali and Samorn, then looked away feeling guilty. Why would I go too far with her? Arggg!

Like I said, I didn't dream about the girl from my past that often. But it seemed like my imagination was going so crazy lately that my subconscious mind was taking me back to the dream with Kimhan again. The surroundings were blue and white. Even the clothes we wore blended with our surroundings. As the little girl and I sat on the white rock looking at the blue river, we both remained silent, as if we were immersed in our own thoughts. Even though it was a dream, it seemed so real. It was so real that I was afraid of my own thoughts at that moment... I looked at the person next to me from the corner of my eye, focusing on the thin lips and high bridge of the nose. These facial features were not easy to find on a woman. Many had plastic surgery because nature did not give them that, but Kimhan had all those characteristics without having to do anything. She was really pretty. I approached the little girl and leaned in to get a closer look. However, Kimhan walked away from me when she saw me..

“What are you doing?”

“It's a dream..”

“I can do anything.”

I said this to remind myself that it was okay, even though deep down I was afraid that what I was doing would look weird. When Kimhan heard that, she was stunned but then she nodded.

“True... It's a dream, so we can do anything.”

We both looked at each other a little and stuffed each other as if we were really longing for each other. It was the first time I'd actually kissed someone, not counting when someone stole a kiss from me but that was awkward. Here, we followed our desires and let our instincts guide us. After a while, we move away from each other to breathe and cover our faces with our hands. I did it... I really did.

“How do you feel?”

“Well ok. What about you, Kim?”

What was I doing? It was a dream... The person in front of me was just part of my imagination. Why do I ask you that?

“Good.”

“It was really good.”

“Again?”

“You don't ask a monk before giving alms.”

TRUE.. And we start again. It seemed to be going better this time. We gasp!!! I woke up with a start in the middle of the night. I breathed heavily and looked around before grinding my teeth in regret. It was so real.... In my regret, I also felt guilt. I got out of bed and walked over to open the curtain and look into my neighbor's bedroom. Kimhan... If you knew what I did in my dream, you would probably hate me.

“Hwan. Why are you in such a hurry?”

“I'll go home to sleep.”

“You are crazy. It's only 3 pm! Come help your friend first,”

Mali tugged on my shirt, but quickly let go when I glared at her.

“I helped you by competing to be the head of sports activities for our color and I didn't sleep at all doing it. Don't ask for more, or I'll kick you.”

“That's very hard.”

I promised myself I would go to bed early every night if I could, so I could dream a little more. Like I said, I didn't dream very often, but if the opportunity presented itself, I would make the most of it.

“Hwan you sleep so early lately. Everything is alright?”

Kimhan, who was going home with me, asked curiously. I looked at her, feeling guilty, but I couldn't help but feel shy too.

“I want to sleep a lot so that my skin is radiant. “

“Hwan you are already beautiful.”

“Don't praise me!”

I put my hands on my cheeks and didn't dare look the little girl in the eyes. Ever since I had that dream, I couldn't help but feel shy around Kimhan. Even though I tried to stay calm, sometimes she would get red in the face and my friends would have to ask me what was wrong.

"I thought you'd like people to say you're beautiful."

“I do, but not that you say so.”

“Because?”

I was going to have a heart attack, that's why!!!

“Hey, but now that I think about it, Kim, you also go to bed early lately. Don't you practice drawing anymore?”

When I asked her again, Kim smiled a little.

“Drawing. I draw for an hour before going to sleep. Sleeping late is bad for your health. And you used to chat with me when I slept in, but now you sleep since 9 pm so everything is a little quieter now.”

“Are you the lonely type?”

“It is better to sleep and dream.”

“So you don't feel alone in your dream?”

“AHA.”

“What do you normally dream about?”

When I asked this, the little girl remained silent, as if in thought, before tilting her head and giving me a vague answer.

“I dream of someone who makes me feel good.”

Who made Kimhan feel good...At that time, the little girl and I were kissing in a dream, like last time. I didn't dream like this often, so when I was there, I didn't want to waste too much time. But it was frustrating that she was there, yet I was thinking about what I heard in real life. I pulled away from Kimhan a little to look into her eyes as I cradled her face in my hand.

“Who do you dream about Kim?”

“Hey?”

What was wrong with me? Was I asking someone in my imagination?

“Who makes you feel good?”

The sweet-faced one looked at me and laughed before bending down to cover my face with kisses.

“You of course. Hwan you make me feel good. “

What a good dream. Of course... It was my dream, so everything had to go my way. Since the answer was what I wanted to hear, I didn't ask any more and just let everything flow naturally. Until Kimhan's hand slips into my pants,

“What are you doing...”

“I want to try it.”

I dropped my jaw and debated whether I should go along with it or not. While hesitating, her hand went to different places. A new sensation took over me and I lost all my strength. I had to grab Kimhan's neck.

“K...Kim.”

“Is this good... tell me?”

“It's... W... Good.”

The slender fingers were caressing my sensitive spot until I gasped heavily. I was embarrassed, but I didn't want her to stop. I was so confused. A little

more...Something was coming...What was it?

I gasped!!!

And I returned to the real world almost at dawn. The color of the sky was changing from dark blue to the morning light. My mouth was still open. My body had been stimulated to the point where I had goosebumps. I grabbed my blanket and gasped like I had run a marathon. I... It had gotten to the point that I was having a wet dream! I glanced at my neighbor's bedroom window out of the corner of my eye. I felt so embarrassed that I couldn't face her. That morning, my feelings had changed and I believed I should do something about it. Why did it have to be her in my dream? Why did he only have this feeling for her and only her?

At 6 a.m. m. on a Saturday, I shouldn't call anyone to wake her up. But I was calling Samorn, and as soon as I ran to pick up the phone after someone woke her up, still sleepy, I got straight to the point.

“Good morning, I think I'm not heterosexual.”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
14**

Capítulo 14 - CHAPTER : 14



WIN



I went to Samorn's house on my own because it was not far away. My serious-faced friend waited for me with noodles served, which was her family business, looking grumpy because I had awoken her up early on a weekend when I should have been sleeping in.

“Even if you are dying, I should be sleeping right now.”

“That’s cruel.”

“If I were cruel, would I be listening to your sexual identity problem? Hur...what happened?”

“Why did you call me suddenly to tell me that?”

“I dreamed...”

“While you tell me this, remember at all times that you called me to wake me up at 5 am (almost 6) one weekend. If it doesn't make sense, I will reach

out to grab the lid of the pot and hit your beautiful face with my own hand.
“

Very cruel. Why was she so overbearing?

“Listen before you judge!”

I cleared my throat a little before telling her what had happened in my dream. I could hide certain details, such as who was in my dream and how often I dreamed. I told her it was my first time, so I was very shocked. So much so that I had to wake up a friend at 5 am to have that talk.

“Who was the girl in your dream?”

“Is that important?”

I shrugged as if it were nothing important and drank some water.

“So it's Kim.”

I spit the water into my mouth. Luckily for Samorn, she expected that, so she backed away from it like Keanu Reeves in The Matrix..

“Damn.. You woke me up early in the morning and spit water on me?”

Samorn smiled out of the corner of her mouth and rested her face in the palm of her hand.

“So it's actually Kim.”

“ N.. No. “

“Oops. Someone as confident as you stutters. If not Kim, who could she be? She is fine; There's no need to keep a secret from me right now.”

“It's not her. “

“If it wasn't Kim, you wouldn't have come to me so early in the morning. You're shocked, so you want someone to listen to you, right?”

Part of me felt good to have a friend who knew me so well, but another part of me felt really insecure that anyone would know what I didn't want anyone to know. What did I have to do? Should I admit it?

“Let's say... let's imagine it's Kim.”

“It doesn't matter. You continue listening.”

"Why did you have to guess it was Kim, then?"

“Because you two have been acting strange for quite some time. I still remember how you were so worried about your friend that you kissed her just because of Mali's stupid theory. Friends don't do that. Oh... I forgot, you two are not friends.”

“You have always insisted on that..”

“Shut up.”

I gritted my teeth and tried to find someone to blame for this.

“It's because of you that my imagination soared.”

“What did I do?.”

“What did I do?.”

“The other day, you said that we can do anything in our dreams because it's just a dream.”

“Ah. Because you can do anything, so you make out with Kimhan?”

I pulled my hair out because I couldn't argue. Samorn laughed when she saw me do that because it had never been so bad.

“I give up.”

“Actually, it's just a fantasy. You don't have to stress about it. It doesn't mean you're not straight.”

“Really...?”

“You two are too connected, so it's like you have a connection. Don't think too much about things...I dreamed that I was kissing Phi James, who also sells chicken rice. I was so wet when I woke up, I had to go buy his album and listen to his songs for self-gratification.”

“Yeah. Dreams really have an impact on your thoughts,”

I put my hand on my chest, speechless. Since I woke up, I had been seeing Kimhan's face in my head.

“I'm afraid it's from my subconscious mind. Maybe I'm not straight. “

“Do you still get turned on when you see a guy's six pack?”

“I never feel turned on by men because, when I look in the mirror, I always feel like I look better.”

“You give me a headache. Can't you be so full of yourself for one day?”

Samorn sighed. Then she smiled.

“I think you need to get a boyfriend so you don't think too much about your dream.”

“I was thinking about going out with whoever is the first to give me a gift this coming Valentine's Day.”

“Why are you being so easy?”

I have too many options. I have to keep it simple... I feel better after talking to you. I'll go home now.

“Before you go, let me ask you something.”

“Huh?”

I sat down again after getting up and looked at my friend with interest.

“What?”

“In your dream, who was the husband and who was the wife?”

“W...what?”

I shrank my neck a little, feeling uncomfortable having to answer something like that.

“How can I know?”

“Who had their hand in her pants?”

“It wasn't you, huh?”

Samorn smiled a little, then narrowed her eyes and stuck out her lips.

“Loser.. “

*What? Lose what?”

“How did you let that little girl grab you?”

“I was not prepared.”

“It felt good?”

“What?”

“In your dream, did you come?”

“Go where?”

"Come, like in an orgasm,"

Samorn leaned in to whisper, she didn't want her family to hear her.

"In porn movies, a boy ejaculated. But for women, you see the body stiffen and then shake as they scream. So I ask, did you cum? How did you feel?"

"Shit..."

I said that without making a sound. My face is all hot, like a pot of noodles.

“Don't be a loser. You have to do it to her too. Don't you want to see Kim when she comes... Ah, but who knows when you'll have that kind of dream again? Ha ha.”

“Bye bye!!!”

I took the bus back and arrived home after two bus stops. As I passed Kimhan's house, I heard the sound of a sewing machine. I couldn't resist sticking my head in the door to see where it was coming from. Today, mother and daughter, Aunt Aey and Kim, were busy having fun with a

white sewing machine. I absentmindedly looked at the little girl's determination, thinking what a beautiful sight it is.

“Why are you hiding here?”

My mom came out of nowhere to tell me that from behind and it startled me. She then pushed me to open the door and come in without even ringing the doorbell.

“You guys are having fun.”

My mother said that as she approached to look at them with interest. I walked behind her, but I didn't dare get too close, as I still felt... shy! Shit! Was I shy because of something that happened in my dream?

“Hwan.”

Kimhan called me and showed me the blouse she had just finished sewing.

“I can sewa now! “

“You are so good.”

I responded, still not daring to look the little girl in the eyes.

“What inspired you to learn to sew?”

"She said she's decided she wants to be a fashion designer when she grows up."

Aunt Aey answered for her, and that made her finally look into her eyes for the first time today.

“Huh? “

“You said it would be good if I designed clothes for you, so I thought this profession would suit me well. It would be nice if I could design beautiful clothes for you to wear, Hwan."

We looked at each other for a long time, and this was the first time I was the one who looked away. But looking away was worse than not looking because now she was looking at her five fingers.

“Ahhh... “

I took a step back as I was losing control of myself when I thought about the dream. It seemed so real. Kimhan was acting weird, so she reached out to lift my chin so I could look her in the eyes.

“Hwan. What's happening? Why is your face all red?”

I started in panic, backed away slowly, and smiled dryly.

“I do not feel good today. I'll go home now.”

“Hwan.”

No one could stop me at that moment. I couldn't handle that. I meant and I would go. For now.

“Bye bye.”

I told you that I don't dream about my imaginary world that often, only once in a while. However, it was so strange that my subconscious mind was working so hard that only one day had passed and I was having the same dream on Sunday night. At that moment, Kimhan and I were kissing like we always did. But now she was being very careful. Samorn's words were engraved in my head, even in my dreams, and made me feel that.... I couldn't lose.

Kimhan was doing what she normally did, which was snuggle, search, and try to get her hands into my pajamas, knowing she could. However, at that moment I removed my hand and awkwardly stretched my hand in her place.

“Ahhhh... Hwan.”

My hand touched her breasts and caressed them as I desired before leaning in to kiss her so she couldn't talk much. Kimhan's eyes widened when she saw that I didn't let her do what she wanted, like last time. However, she did not reject me. It was like she was curious too.

“Is this good?”

"Yes.. “

I rushed my actions because I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to do what I wanted. After the little girl's breasts, I moved my hand down and slid it into Kimhan's pants, where I discovered something so wet and soft that I couldn't adequately describe it. I was so focused on winning that I rushed through everything, but once I touched it, I wanted to

handle that flower as carefully as possible so as not to accidentally hurt the petals. I went from wanting to caress her to asking to try her.

“Can I prove it?”

“What?”

“I want to know what you taste like, Kim.”

Out of impatience, I spread Kimhan's legs before getting her permission, knowing that she wouldn't refuse. I leaned down as the little girl lifted her back a little. She started when I touched with my mouth.

“A... Ah... Hw... Hwan..”

“Does it feel good?”

“Oh ok....”

“I want you to feel good about what I do.”

Everything was driven by natural instinct. I looked at the small body, wriggling stiffly but happily, feeling accomplished. Although I had never done anything like this before, I knew exactly how Kimhan felt...

“Hwan! I... I....”

I was startled and woke up at 6am sharp, but I wasn't sleepy at all. I smiled to welcome that morning, full of life, as I screamed.

“I won!!!”

“Good morning, Kim!!!”

I said to greet my neighbor. That morning, I was the one standing in front of her house, waiting for her to go to school with me. Kimhan leaned back a little, as if she was surprised.

“Hw... Hwan.”

“The weather is so nice today, isn't it?”

“You woke up very early..”

“I slept well last night. I also had a good sleep.”

“An H... . “

The little girl's strange reaction made me look at her a little confused. But since I was in such a good mood, I wanted to give her positive energy by wrapping my arm around her waist and pushing her so we could walk together. However, the little girl quickly walked away and walked forward with a blushing face. What was happening to her?

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
15**

Capítulo 15 - CHAPTER : 15



MALI



In the past few days, Kimhan had not spoken to me or looked at me. She wouldn't look me in the eye and kept her answer short when I asked her something. I was starting to feel nervous. The sudden change in the little girl's behavior the last three days made me lose my appetite and I couldn't sleep at night. I was restless and eventually I had to drag Samorn away to talk privately. I gritted my teeth and forced a response from her.

“What did you say to Kim?”

“About what?”

Samorn, who had always been insensitive, remained so and also raised her eyebrows in curiosity.

“Your wet dream about her?”

“Shit...!”

I looked around nervously. We were hidden behind the Thai class building, which was a pretty quiet place without many people around.

“Do you have to give more details about everything that's going on in your head?”

“If I don't do that, how can we be on the same page? So what are we talking about?”

"Well... yes, that."

I crossed my arms over my chest and nodded.

"Did you tell Kim about that?"

“You told me not to do it. Why do that?”

“Then why is Kim acting strange? She hasn't spoken to me in the last few days. Did you tell her about my dream?”

“Hey. Your topic is not that interesting. I have many things in my life to think about. You are just a friend, not a husband. Don't be too cocky. I'm tired of life as it is.”

I felt a deep pain my chest when my friend said that because I am such a low priority for her. The corner of my mouth twitched and I sighed.

"So what's wrong with Kim?"

“Are you having your period?”

“Ah. You two are really hiding here,”

Mali peeked her face out to see if we were there, and when

she saw Samorn and me talking privately, she complained as if we had been left out of something.

"Why are you two sneaking around? Are you smoking?. “

“That's crazy. I only receive an allowance of 60 baht per day; I can't afford to use it on something so useless,”

Samorn answered honestly, causing me to cover my mouth with my hand, looking at her terrified.

“Why are you so poor? I get 80 baht a day. “

“Just 20 baht more is nothing to brag about, idiot.”

"So what were you talking about?" Why do they have to be so secretive and sneak away?"

Mali was still curious. Samorn didn't want to have to make up a lie, so she answered honestly at the same time Kimhan walked in behind Mali.

“Hwan had a wet dream. “

“Good morning!”

Mali's eyes widened before she laughed as if tickled. Little I looked uncomfortable, walking in just in time to hear that. Her face was very hot and her temples were sweating so much that I had to dry it off with my arms. My heart was pounding because I was afraid that she would understand me correctly. Because it was better to be misunderstood at this point...

“Wet dream? Elaborate.”

The chubby friend immediately leaned towards me excitedly. My face was twisted because I didn't know what to say, so Samorn spoke for me..

“She dreamed that she had sex with someone.”

“Shit...”

“With who?”

“Shit Morn don't do it.”

“Johnny Raptor.”

My straight-faced friend lied easily, using her own experience as inspiration. She was so relieved that I put my hand on my face and sighed. But Mali thought I'm being shy, so she laughed.

“What were you doing in your dream? Describe my Phi Johnny's body... But he's a little old; Why can't you dream of someone a little younger?”

“I will not go into details. But, yes, I dreamed.”

I looked at Kimhan a little.

“It is nice.”

“That's great. What does it feel like to have sex?”

“Can you please use another word? It's a bit strange. Just say, 'make out'.”

I tried to change the subject because I didn't want Kimhan to have to hear any more. But the 17-year-old girls were very curious about this topic, so it wasn't easy to change the subject.

“Let's say it's that kind of dream.”

“Why did you have to talk about that in secret?”

“I don't want to be too open. I'm afraid you guys won't be able to handle it.”

“Wow. I can handle it better than anyone! Tell me everything. I have a great imagination. Tell me everything he did.”

“Enough!”

I raised my hand in the Buddha pose like when you want to convince relatives not to fight and ended the conversation quickly.

“I felt like I was too involved with my dream, so I tell Morn, that's it. She said that I subconsciously want to have a lover, so she should find one. And the perfect time is next Valentine's Day.”

“Valentine's Day?”

This time, Kimhan was the one who murmured.

“AHA. Valentine's Day. Whoever is the first to give me a gift. I will give special consideration to that person.”

“Wow. Casting lots. “

“That's all.”

“Hey? There has to be more? “

“No more! Oh.”

The bell has already rung. We went to class with joy. I took my friends out of there without any interest in continuing to talk about the topic, and that was it. It was like hell! While walking home with Kimhan, who had been very quiet lately, she started a conversation for the first time in a long time. However, she still seemed to stutter, as if she was nervous about something.

"Were you serious about Valentine's Day?"

“Valentine's Day? Ah, you mean that I will give special consideration to whoever is the first to give me a gift? Of course. “

“Why do you want to have a lover so much?”

Thanks to you! If I continued like this, I would never be able to stop being obsessed with her. Before I got caught having feelings for my neighbor, I needed something to keep me from getting into trouble. Why was my life full of not being straight? I couldn't believe this. Don't get yourself into trouble directly. Not directly!

“I need something to lift my spirits. Since I was born with this beautiful face, I have never had a lover. Who will be the first lucky person?”

“Will the first one to give you a gift be that lucky person?”

“Yeah.”

“What if it's a girl?”

“I'm going out with a girl!”

"... "

“Ah.”.

"You don't like that, Kim,"

I muttered, forgetting that the little girl was opposed to someone who was not heterosexual. But Kimhan shook her head.

“How I feel has nothing to do with you Hwan. I can't do anything if that's what you want.”

“AHA.”

“We are in home.”

Kimhan separated to go to her house. She waved goodbye and said,

"I'm going in."

“Aha.”

When the little girl turned around to enter her house, I couldn't resist grabbing her wrist. She turned to look at me curiously.

“Huh?”

“Your opinion is important to me. “

“Hwan...”

“I don't know what's happening to you these last few days. But if I did something that upset you, don't be mad at me for too long... I feel really bad. As if I had a hole in my heart.”

The little girl was a little stunned after hearing that. She then smiled slightly and nodded.

“I'm not mad at you. Don't worry about that.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

We smiled at each other for about five seconds and came back to our senses when we heard the sound of a car passing by. I quickly let go of her and we separated to go to our homes. Ah... we reconcile. Things continued as usual. Since that dream, she had never dreamed again. She didn't want to wait any longer, so instead she slept early. I went back to sleep at my usual time. It could be because I also had to help my friends in the stands for sports days. Actually, it didn't help much. I was just waiting for Kimhan to go home with me.

And the reason why I had to wait was because the little girl was the main person who drew the decorations on the stands. I had to admit that Kimhan's drawing skills improved very quickly and I was happy to help with the cute reason of 'I'm going to test my skills'. So it was a happy solution for everyone..

Time flew, and before I knew it, the second semester arrived. Mali was very strict with her diet and cheerleading practice. She was very happy to be the flyer at the top of the pyramid. I myself had just signed a contract with the

big agency X-Gen. So I could only dedicate a little time to the sports day activities because after this I had to enter the program that the agency had planned for me, which included singing, dancing, acting and everything else to prepare me to be an actress professional. I have no idea how long the training would take.

So my sophomore year of high school would be the year I would have the most freedom to be a teenager. After that, I would no longer be an ordinary teenager. And the second semester was time for Sports Day, which everyone had been waiting for Sports Day was celebrated in November. It was a day when all the students could do their best..Everyone could fully express themselves by playing sports, shouting from the stands, andcheering happily during the parade.. That was the part... that hurt the most.

Although I was about to be a professional actress, I was just holding the blue flag of my team, which was not as great as that girl who never talked to anyone but received all the shouts and applause from the seniors, juniors and male students who were there. waiting to throw the baton... Pam!

The blue and white glitter suit gave her a brighter aura than usual. Standing in front of the parade and twirling the baton as if she were leading The band's music made her look cool, elegant and radiant. Although I didn't want to admit that she looked good, but...yeah, she was so glamorous that I wanted to throw down my flag and tear her costume to wear it myself. Damn, why did it have to exist in my world?

After the parade continued with representatives of all colors behind, everyone captured the moment with their cameras with emotion. Of course I am one of those who took photos the most. If it weren't for that, I would be baring my teeth and looking at the drum head, who had been walking on

the sidelines the entire time. Kimhan and Samorn waved at me from not far away as I took photos with all my fan clubs.

“Hwan, can I take a photo?”

“Alright. One more.”

I smiled, showing my teeth, at a pretty high school student with hair up to her ears. I examined her a little with cute aggression..During this period of high school, she was cute, when she grew up, she would be even cuter.

“Is there a problem?”

“I think you are beautiful. “

“That's Wee's sister.”

Samorn, who was the photographer, told me. That made me shrink her neck a little.

“Is this Kawee's sister?”

I looked at her, starting to pick a fight, because anyone related to Dolly in any way is not a friend.

“What is your name?”

“Dokrak'.”

“Does your friend ever call you Dog?”

"Hwan..."

Samorn shook her head tiredly. I shrugged and brushed it off.

“I didn't mean anything by that. Do you just want a photo? Do you want my signature too?”

“What?”

“I asked you if you wanted my signature. I will be a superstar in the future. You will cry with regret if you don't ask for it now.”

“I think you should go.”

The Dog girl smiled dryly at us before slowly separating herself.

“You're on the way.”

“I'm so tired of your boasting, Hwan... Ah, Kim. Come, stand here and let's take a photo. Mali is about to perform.”

Samorn, who brought her camera, helped arrange our poses.

“Let's take a photo to capture the moment. When you're a superstar, you can say this photo was taken before you were famous.”

“You should turn it into a poster and put it in your room. No. No. Put it in your mother's noodle shop. I'll sign it for you too,”

I say to Samorn, feeling proud of my beauty, but my friend twists her mouth.

“I'll use it to make a fire.”

“You are crazy. “

“Hurry up. You're talking too much. Let's take photos. You and Kimhan never take a phototogether... Kim, come a little closer. What are you afraid of? Move on..”

Samorn, observing that Kimhan had left a great distance between us, irritably urged us to get closer. The moment our arms touched, it was like there was a spark, and we both jumped.

“Oops.”

We both raised our arms a little and stared at each other. Samorn watched the entire event and twisted her mouth as she put her hand on her hip.

“What's wrong with you two? Did you two spark?”

"Probably static,"

I said while rubbing my arm. Samorn rearranged our poses, paying moreattention to me this time.

“What is this?”

The new pose was a little uncomfortable. My friend hugged Kimhan, who was smaller. So now it seemed like we were hugging each other. Then Samorn lowered Kimhan's head to rest it on my cheek.

“Just hug each other. You can kiss too, if you want.”

“I'm kidding! Now, she smiles. 1 2...Pepsi!”

“Look at each other. “

“Laugh with each other.”

“Kiss each other.”

“Umm? /Huh?

Kimhan and I made the same exclamation, and that made the photographer burst into laughter.

“Geez... I thought you would agree. I've finished. I'll show you the photos after I develop them...How much longer will you hug each other? Why

don't you just kiss?"

When they teased us like this, Kimhan and I jumped up and walked away from each other. Samorn did not continue to bother us and make us feel more uncomfortable. She smiled a little like someone who knew what was going on inside my head. I showed my teeth only briefly because I didn't want Kimhan to feel anything strange.

"Let's go to the Country. The cheerleaders are about to start. I have to take photos of Mali or she will complain non-stop."

The photographer made her way after she said that. Kimhan and I looked at each other a little and followed her. The little girl made a request as we walked.

"Morn... please reveal two copies."

"Huh? "

"The pictures. If you only reveal one, we will fight for it. So reveal one for each of us."

Well..As I said, that was the highlight of Sports Day. Because there were just people sweating, and no matter how much you cheered, the athletes weren't going to go to the Olympics, most of those attending the event

weren't interested in watching sports. So the highlight was the parade, the cheering from the stands and the cheerleaders.

Our color was third in line at the cheerleading contest. The two colors that performed before us did very well. It seemed as if they were participating in a national competition where the royal family would present the prize. But... it was understandable that everyone had given everything on that day. Because the deciding factor was the cheerleaders. About 20 minutes had passed. After two performances and it was our blue team's turn. It seemed that room 3, which was in charge of the stands, was also well prepared. All the juniors clapped in unison and sang loud and clear. All the fights were worth it. The only bad thing about it was Pam, who had become the drum lead. No... I was still in pain. I had to get Pannarai's face out of my head. Hooray-Hoo!

"I'm here."

Mali said. The cheerleaders ran out to stand on the field and began their performance with rapid applause. I, as the director of our color's sports day activities, stood up and clapped with joy seeing that my friend is performing beautifully and powerfully, even though she was only moving her hands. Ah... I'm the biggest supporter. No matter how my friend does, I will congratulate her. And the cheerleading song broke out. Everyone on the stage screamed at the top of their lungs to support the cheerleaders, so adrenaline was rushing through their bodies. The songs are sung one after another, Pajarito, Tormenta de Sol, until.

"The branches and leaves, cha cha. The leaves and branches..."

Kimhan and I looked at each other and we both laughed. There was an incident between us regarding that song. We couldn't stop thinking about when we sang this together.

“Do you still feel bad when you listen to this song?”

“No. Every time I hear it, I think of you,”

Kimhan answered sincerely.

“It's like our song.”

“Yeah. It's my favorite song now,”

I responded without thinking before flinching, realizing it was too much.

“I mean...”

“Yeah. It's also my number 1 song. It's the number 1 song on my heart chart.”

I, who had not yet made any excuses, smiled when I heard that.

“AHA. Our song.. “

And not long after the song ended, a remix perfect for hardcore cheerleaders came on the radio. Mali had been eagerly waiting for this, and we all stood up and clapped excitedly. All the difficult moves performed at the beginning, such as jumps, flips and stunts, were performed perfectly and received loud applause from the spectators. And now came the climax.. The pyramid. All the cheerleaders stood in position to form the base. Mali, who had been waiting for that glorious moment was launched to the top beautifully, while Samorn excitedly captured the moment, looking to take beautiful photos. Even so...

“Shit!!!”

Mali, who was at the top of the pyramid, fell as if she had fallen asleep on air. It was lucky that the cheerleaders at her base saw it, so they helped catch her before she hit the ground. The loud applause turned into panicked murmurs. All paramedics and volunteer staff immediately took Mali to the first aid room.

“Mali!”

In addition to the volunteer staff, we also ran after our friend and stayed by her side to observe her condition. And yes... The sports days that Mali was so excited about had ended. They ended with a defeat....

“Damn!”

Mali knew immediately that the day was ruined when she regained consciousness. She cried a lot. Her months of practice were wasted just because she fainted.

“Why did it have to be now?”

“You trained too hard. You went on a diet and practiced like there was no tomorrow. Alright. Atleast you could have done it,”

Samorn comforted her. There was no one else in the first aid room apart from us because everyone was outside having fun with the sports day activities, even the teacher responsible for this room.

“Not well. There is only one chance. I have no other.”

“Last year. You can be the cheerleader again.”

“I don't have another chance. In my last year, I have to prepare for the university application.”

“Damn...”

Mali puts her hands to her temples.

“Why does everything have to happen now?”

"We can't control our bodies,"

I added because I didn't want my friend to blame herself too much.

“No.”

"If not that, then what?".

Mali pauses a little and sweeps her eyes over us, looking sad. There was a bit of hesitation, which made us want to meddle in his affairs so much that we couldn't help ourselves.

“What's happening?”

I leaned down and looked into her eyes.

“What aren't you telling us?”

“Well... I'm just a little unsure..”

“ Unsure?”

“ I'm late.”

"You're stressed."

I didn't think much of it, but Kimhan, who had been listening, asked more seriously than ever.

“How long?”

Mali looked at the pale-faced little girl.

“Two...”

"Crazy, only two days and you're worried,"

Samorn sighed. But Mali shook her head.

“Two months.”

We were all shocked, while Kimhan seemed to be the only one who was calm.

“Have you taken a test?”

“A test?”

Samorn was starting to realize what's happening, but she still didn't want to believe it.

“What are we talking about?”

Kimhan, who was the only one who controlled herself, said it loud and clear. It was so clear that there were no questions left.

“Have you taken a pregnancy test?”

“Shit.” ...

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
16**

Capítulo 16 - CHAPTER : 16



CAT FIGHT



Do you know what best friends are for? That's why we contribute 30 baht each for a pregnancy test kit when a friend is not sure if she is pregnant.

“How many lines for a positive?”

I asked again because I wasn't sure. Kimhan lifted the label to read it carefully again and responded, pointing to what she was reading.

“Two lines.”

We were all at Kimhan's house because Mali didn't dare to do the test in her own house. She was afraid that her mother would find out about her or that she would do it wrong. We all waited anxiously for our friend to come out of the bathroom to see the result and get it over with. My heart was pounding because I was afraid that my friend's future would be ruined. A new life should be good news, but it didn't seem like it if it happened at that moment, because it meant that a girl's future could be taken away. Finally, Mali returned to the room and sat in silence. We all looked at the chubby friend, waiting for a response. But Mali didn't say anything until I lost patience.

“How many lines? Don't shut up. You're making us nervous.”

“Don't keep it to yourself. “

“Wow. This is annoying. Speaks!”

Samorn walked over to look at the pregnancy test and read the result before remaining silent as well. I didn't need to see it to know why they were silent after seeing the result.

“Li. Since when do you do something like that? We are your friends and we didn't even know you had a boyfriend.”

“I was going to surprise everyone with the news on Valentine's Day, but this is an emergency...”

Our always daring friend said this with teary eyes.

"My mom is going to kill me."

"Are you afraid your mother will kill you now? This is beyond huge. It's worse than locking Kim in the bathroom. Worse than Hwan's mother slapping Jaroay!"

Samorn scratched her head. There is no other option but to tell your mother.

“We can not do that!”

Mali seemed really scared. We all knew how strict her mother was. I had seen it with my own eyes when we were in high school and Mali got into a fight with me and we had to go to the discipline room. Her mother threw the stapler at her because she was sick and tired of going to the discipline room so often.

“I'd rather die.”

“If you think dying is better, then die..”

Kimhan said that without flinching, and that made us all turn to look at her, stunned. The little girl shrugged indifferently.

“Kim. This is not the time to be sarcastic,”

Samorn warned the little girl, who spoke little but gave such drastic advice. But Kimhan didn't care.

“I'm not being sarcastic. If dying is better, then die. But if you still want to live and have a future, that's another story.”

“How is that?”

I asked the owner of the house, feeling that she was starting to lose it too. And her response stunned me.

“Abortion.”

“How can you say that easily?”

I murmured, as if I were talking to myself. But Kimhan shook her head.

“Is not easy. But the only thing we can do is get rid of the baby. If you believe that your life and your future are more important, then this baby should not be born.”

Mali sobbed upon hearing that, while Samorn remained silent, as if she agreed but didn't dare to say anything. So it was just me there, who didn't believe that one life should be sacrificed for another, especially for the baby's mother.

“Kim... Kim, you are advising Mali to kill her own son.”

“Have you seen the boy's face?”

“If you don't decide quickly, it will be too late. Get rid of it... If you don't dare to do it on your own, I'll help you.”

“Kimhan!”

The little girl's decision made me yell at her. Kimhan was as surprised as I was and she paused for a moment before she reached out to gently caress Mali's hand.

“I know you're afraid. But giving birth to this baby is scarier. Mali, you won't be able to go to school anymore because you will have to take care of the baby. We are young. We have a bright future ahead of us. It won't be too late to have a baby when you can work and earn a living. You will give all your love to that baby instead of this one.”

“Kim. This is a boy, not a puppy. “

“If I were a puppy, it would be much easier, Dahwan!”

This time Kimhan, raised her voice at me like never before. -

“We are still young. We're probably not ready to have a baby. In addition to being a burden on us, she could end up being a problem child.”

“We can raise the baby well. “

“How can we raise the baby well when the mother still has to ask her friends to help with the pregnancy test kit? Do you really think she can raise the baby well? Forget it!”

“But it is a sin.”

“There is no such thing. Corrupt politicians are filthy rich. And I don't see our parents having to pay for running away together!”

“Don't use your personal feelings in this matter. It's a life we're talking about here. “

“And how will Mali live her life if she gives birth to this fetus? If you are so noble, raise the baby yourself.”

“You can't, right? Then don't stick your nose in it!”

"Aren't you meddling in her business too?"

“Stop, both of you!”

In the middle of our heated argument, Mali shouted, which immediately put an end to it. Both Kimhan and I are in a bad mood at that moment. We couldn't even look at each other's faces, so we looked away.

“What do you want to do, Mali?”

“I'm going to sleep and think about it. It's a big deal... Please don't fight because of me.”

The stalker was so depressed that we all felt sorry for her. She took her school bag and hugged it to her chest.

“I'll Leave.. “

"I'll go with you."

Samorn stood up behind her friend and looked at us with a heavy heart.

“Do not fight. We have to stay united and support Mali at a time like this.”

“I'm leaving too.”

I walked after them without looking back at Kimhan. I couldn't believe she was so cold and heartless. How could I be friends with someone like that... We last saw each other on Friday, which meant that my friends and I wouldn't see each other for two days (Saturday and Sunday). That didn't include Kimhan, because she usually sees me down at her house on the weekends. But after our fight, we hadn't talked..

I didn't want to see her or talk to her. But even if I wanted to, I couldn't because my mother casually said after visiting Kimhan's house that Aunt Aey was home alone. Shit! She was trying to go off on her own to do something when her friends were in on this thing. But if I stayed at home, it meant that I would be the loser, I had to go see Samorn as a counterattack to show that I didn't feel alone.

“I can't sleep.”

Samorn rested her face in the palm of her hand and sighed repeatedly.

“We're just friends and we're that stressed. Imagine how stressed Mali is right now.”

“What do you think about all this?”

“Think about what?”

“If Mali should keep the baby or not.”

Samorn was silent for a while and that frustrated me.

“Don't tell me you agree with Kimhan? “

“She has a point.”

“Shit!... Aren't you afraid of karma?”

“You're looking at this as an outsider, so you can be all noble. Imagine if you were the one who is pregnant.”

“No way I would be. Apart from Prince Henry, no one is worthy enough to make me spread my legs.”

"You let Kimhan poke you in your dream... uuum."

I stretched my hand to close my friend's mouth and showed her my teeth.

"How long will you continue repeating this story? I shouldn't have told you."

"Ew... What did you touch with your hand? It's so salty... Geez, I'm just kidding. Don't be shy,"

Samorn smiled and changed her expression back to her usual serious face before continuing our discussion.

"I only ask that you put yourself in the equation instead of Mali. If you unexpectedly become pregnant during your prime years, instead of having a future..."

"Does Mali have a future ahead of it?"

"Hey...!"

"They're sorry."

I couldn't resist it. I waved my hands and invited my friend to continue.

“Keep going.”

“I forgot where I was. Let's say... If it were you now, when you are about to become an X-Gen trainee, and you get pregnant while you are still in school, your father ran away and you are living with a single mother who supports the family, what would you do?”

“The idea of abortion crossed your mind, right?”

I twisted my mouth, but when I looked past all the biases, I began to see from Kimhan's point of view. However, she did not want to accept defeat.

“I would tell my mom.”

“Imagine your mother crying with disappointment and with a broken heart.”

“Although we say we are afraid of our parents killing us, deep down we are afraid of disappointing them. Mali is the same. Kimhan sees the world realistically and speaks about it. “

“But it's an abortion... A baby will die.”

“If you had to choose between a baby that is still a fetus and your life with a bright future, what would you choose?”

“If you doubt, it means that you are no different from Kimhan. We all love ourselves. Kimhan is very sure of what she wants.”

I crossed my arms over my chest and walked away from my friend, irritated. What I hated most was defeat, and right now she agreed with her almost 80%. She reduced herself by 20%

because she was not so cruel nor did she see the world with such a dark vision. There had to be a way out...

“Let's go see Mali.”

I got up and invited my friend to go out with me one Saturday afternoon. Samom didn't have anything planned, so she accepted my invitation easily. We took a bus to go see Mali with a happy heart.

“Have you spoken to Kim?”

“No.”

“Don't fight over the Mali problem. You both have good intentions. And this isn't even a problem between the two of you. Why fight about it?”

“Kimhan said I poked my nose into Mali's business.”

“You also said that she got involved in Mali's business. Everyone heard it.”

“Do you take the side of the new friend?”

“The new friend is your best friend.”

“We are not friends. “

“Ah, I believe you.”

“Caramba.”

“What? Was I wrong to believe you?!”

Whatever Samorn said irritated me at that moment. We eventually arrived at Mali's house, which was a flat house. It seemed that Mali's strict mother had not gone to sell things at the market. She nodded to give us directions when we got there.

“Mali is upstairs. What's happening today? Why does everyone visit Mali?”

“Oh?”

“Before this, another friend came. The little girl with a wide smile.”

As I looked at Samorn, the name 'Kimhan' appeared in my head like a computer alerting you of a virus attack. As soon as I thought of that, both Samorn and I ran to see Mali in her bedroom on the third floor. We got there when Mali was opening her mouth to get a drink. I raised my hand and knocked the glass, which contained some black medicine, out of her hand. She broke into pieces all over the floor. Mali froze with her mouth still open, while Kimhan stood up in surprise.

“How did you two get here?”

“What the hell are you doing!”

I looked at the bottle of feminine medicine and turned my face.

“Are they serious? Will they drink that, Mali idiot?!”

“Yeah. I decided.”

Mali rubbed her face with her hand.

“I can't keep the baby. I can't raise a child.”

“What's going on with your boyfriend?”

“When I told him I was pregnant, he disappeared. He's definitely going to leave me,”

Mali sighed.

“I can do this. I better do it now before I get too attached to the baby.”

“But it's wrong. Argg! I can't stand it.”

“I have another.”

Kimhan handed another open bottle to Mali. I looked at the heartless person and broke another bottle from her hand to end the situation. But the little girl was stubborn.

“It's okay. I will buy you another. “

“Kimhan!”

I raised my hand and hit the back of the stubborn girl, who insisted on buying another bottle of medicine. The little girl, who was hit, stopped and hit me with the back of her hand.

The back of Kimhan's hand hit my neck with such force that I staggered. Everything remains silent. We both used force and remained silent, as if we were in shock. Mali saw all this and started crying as she fell onto her bed. Samorn reached out to push Kimhan and me onto our chests as she spoke with a trembling voice.

“If you two are here to make things worse, leave... Leave!”

However... Kimhan and I wouldn't leave. We continued standing and looked at each other without anyone looking away. To be honest, I felt guilty and my heart was broken for doing something so aggressive. But I couldn't lose, so I didn't dare to apologize. I hit her, and she hit me back. Then there would be no apologies!

"I'll tell my mother,"

Mali said determinedly and got out of bed to leave the room. She walked between Kimhan and me.

"Then all this will be over. You two can make peace now. I don't like to see them fight like that."

-I will go with you."

Samorn walked closely behind Mali, and they left Kimhan and me alone. Only silence remained as a witness to our fury.

I had to do something... Stop looking at me... Kimhan's tears flowed down her cheeks like a river. I looked at those tears and became soft. I wanted to reach out and wipe away those tears for her, but I had too much pride to do so. It must have hurt when I hit her.

"Ki..."

"Hw..."

"Yessss!"

Mali's scream made Kim and I, who were about to say something, run out of the room instantly. Samorn had her hand over her mouth and pointed at Mali as if she had just seen a ghost.

“Hey you!!!”

“What?”

Mali, who said she was going to go talk to her mother, was now in the bathroom. She jumped out of there, excitedly waving her not-so-attractive underwear. It was a sight that shouldn't be described because you would get too clear a picture of Mali's bloody underwear.

“You are crazy? Why are you twisting your underwear? And what are you wearing now?”

“Nothing.”

“You must have gone crazy.”

“I'm ready to go crazy... Hwan! Kim! My period has arrived!”

“What?”

“I got my period. I'm not pregnant!!”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
17**

Capítulo 17 - CHAPTER : 17



COMPOSING



After Mali's period came, we contributed double what we did last time to buy two pregnancy test kits. And both gave one line results. Mali cried and cursed the previous test kit for making her lose sleep.

“But pain makes clear what happiness is.”

The chubby girl said after Kimhan and I hit each other, which was what had been keeping me up at night until now...I felt very guilty for losing my patience and hitting Kimhan on the back like that. I had already had an argument with Samorn about the little girl's reasoning. But in the heat of the moment, I got so angry that I didn't think before I acted. Would we hate each other?... Probably not? Mali was living a normal life because she didn't have to leave school to give birth to a baby, as we feared. My friend's problem was solved, while I had one in my place. It did not matter. What had to happen, would happen, it didn't matter anyway.

I shouldn't have worried..But how the hell could I not be worried? I only slept two hours every night for three nights! The vibe between Kimhan and I was not good at all. For three days we met at school but we didn't speak. And this was making Mali and Samorn uncomfortable as well. Damn! I should have listened to Samorn's advice not to get too involved in the Mali problem. I shouldn't have gotten into a fight because of someone else's problem. I couldn't face Kimhan now. I hit her hard... But walking up to her and apologizing was not something someone like me would do. It's not like I was the only one who hit her; She also slapped me on my neck with the

back of her hand. Why would I be the only one who felt something? Why hasn't she tried to make things better between us? No... I wouldn't feel guilty. I would eat well, sleep well, and live my life as usual.

“If you're just going to play with your food, don't bother. Just throw it away... and you, are you just going to stare at your food? If fighting makes you feel so bad, just make peace..”

Mali was making sarcastic comments to me, who was playing with my food, and to Kimhan, who was sitting without eating. Well... We were even. At least she wasn't the only one who couldn't eat. If you want to talk to me, make the effort to reconcile with me!.

“I'll go first.”

Kimhan got up to put away her food. Mali quickly followed her, seeing that things were not looking good. Samorn, who was still sitting here with me, pulled her elbow towards me.

“So, Hwan. The circles around your eyes are so dark, like a panda's eyes. You haven't been sleeping, huh?”

The serious-faced friend who seemed to know everything said indifferently. I showed her my teeth.

“More or less. We're going to be seniors soon, so I have to do some reading.”

“I'd believe you more if you said you ate shit, Hwan. Geez...read?”

“Arggg! Look at your friend kindly, will you?”

“You can tell me if your worries prevent you from sleeping. I am your close friend. There's no need to keep it a secret... That's just the way it is. Fighting with a lover makes everyone like this. “

“Lover? What a lover!”

“Oh? Aren't you two lovers?”

“Shit... Don't make these kinds of jokes. How would Kim feel hearing that?”

“Okay, Okay. Why do you have to be so serious? I was just trying to make you laugh.”

“It's not funny!”

“If you're so worried, why don't you talk to her? You were wrong that day. You hit her.”

“Kimhan also hit me back. We are even.”

“Then that's all.”

Samorn crossed her arms over her chest and continued drinking her soup. I looked at her and breathed heavily.

“That's all?”

"You wouldn't listen to anything I said. I'm not going to waste my voice anymore.”

"Shit..."

I pursed my lips, not knowing what to do.

“Argggggggg!”

“Just sit here and talk to your ego.”

By the end, I was sitting there stressing out for the fourth day. If I continued to lose sleep like this, my body wouldn't be able to handle it. I was the future Thai megastar that everyone would shout out to every time they saw me. But now I looked so bad that my mom asked me if she was rehearsing for a school play about a ghost story. This wouldn't work. She needed some sleep. This was too much suffering. And my last resort was to steal my mom's sleeping pills. Although my head was still full of worries, the pills made me fall asleep easily..Well... I'd get some sleep that night.

And when I was fast asleep. I returned to my dream. There, Kimhan and I weren't talking to each other either, but we didn't separate because we were afraid of getting lost. It was quite pleasant. This was a dream... we could do anything here. I had managed to escape my real world; Why should we also fight in my subconscious world?

“Kim.”

“Hwan.”

We called each other almost at the same time. That startled us both, and we looked at each other before looking away shyly. But after realizing that this is a dream, I eagerly continued our conversation.

“I know this is a dream, but I can't help it... Kim! Why do you have to act so distant with me these last three days? It's really uncomfortable.”

“You're the one who doesn't talk to me. Who would dare to talk to you?”

“Kim, you don't want to talk to me. What should you do?”

“You should try to reconcile with me, Hwan.”

“Why don't you try to make peace with me?”

We both raised our voices at each other again before pursing our lips and trying not to smile. I was trying to be cool, but it was too difficult at the time.

“I want to talk to you too, right?”

"Aha... I feel very bad."

The little girl's voice became trembling, as if she were going to cry. I raised my hand to rub my neck where her arm hit me.

“Then I hit with all my strength. Did I hurt you?”

“I was so overwhelmed by emotions that I didn't feel anything.”

“I hit you hard on the back too, Kim.”

I rubbed her face with my hands. Although I knew it was a dream, being able to talk about it like this made me feel very relieved.

“Why do we have to fight over other people's affairs?”

“True.”

“It would be nice if we make up when we get up in the morning.”

“How do you want Hwan to try to reconcile with you?”

Her question made me laugh adoringly.

“Can you just ask? Will you try to reconcile with me?”

“If you talk to me, I will. But if I try... you have to make peace with me. Don't leave me hanging, or I'll lose my confidence.”

“Just talk to me; That's all you have to do.”

“About what? I'm not that good at conversation.”

“You can sing. Sing and let me sing the next line.”

“That's what Mali also said... But I was afraid that you would see me strangely when I sang. Hurray. Speaking of reconciling; We don't even look at each other. It's been several days since we went to school together.”

“Do you feel lonely?”

“Ah_huh.”

“I feel alone too.”

“It would be good if we reconcile tomorrow.”

And my dream ended there. I woke up in the morning with my head heavier than ever. It was a good dream about making peace. But when I woke up, the fact was... we were still fighting. A dream was just a dream. We still went to school at different times that morning. Kimhan, who arrived at school first, looked at me without saying anything. I opened my mouth but couldn't say anything. I wanted to start a conversation, but I was afraid of looking bad if I did, and Kimhan didn't respond. I shouldn't have woken up...

“What's wrong, Hwan? You don't look very good today.”

“Headache.”

I rested my head on the table, unable to do anything.

"It's probably because of Mom's sleeping pills. I feel like I have a 10kg weight hanging around my neck.”

“Did you have to take sleeping pills? I think it's getting out of hand.”

“I can't sleep at all.”

"I've had enough with you two,"

Samorn exclaimed as if she had decided to do something. The cold vibe they've been throwing at each other also makes her friends feel uncomfortable.

“Don't worry. It could be like this until we graduate from high school.”

When my thoughts came to that. I rested my head on the table and went to sleep. Big headache... That day sucked. I wasn't sure how long I slept, but the sky was dark when I woke up. I woke up startled from my dream and looked around to find that there was no one here except.. Kimhan.

The little girl was trying to break the door to get out by shaking it hard, and that woke me up. I still couldn't understand what was happening around me. Even though I wanted to know, I didn't dare ask. Until Kimhan turned around to see me, but... The little girl also stayed silent and didn't give any more details about what was happening. How much longer will we stay silent?

Although we didn't say anything, we looked at each other with a questioning look. And I could see the tears in the little girl's eyes, although she quickly wiped them away. What did I have to do? Should I ask her first? It is a situation that requires that.

“K.”

“Branches and leaves....”

“Cha cha...”

Kimhan's trembling singing voice left me speechless. I was so confused that I couldn't find my voice. But I felt like I owed her something. She sang again.

“Cha cha...”

"Cha..."

she sobbed.

“Leaves and branches.”

Because Kimhan was crying, I quickly sang the next line and ran to the little girl who was wiping her tears with her arm. Everything happens automatically. I couldn't stand to see my friend cry.

“Kim. Why are you crying? Do not Cry.”

“I thought you wouldn't sing with me.”

That plaintive voice made my eyes fill with tears as well. I pulled the little girl to hug her tightly.

“Please do not cry.”

“I thought you wouldn't talk to me anymore..”

“Talk. Of course, I want to talk to you. I just couldn't find the right time to do it.”

Kimhan hugged me back and hit my back repeatedly with her fist, feeling pain.

“Why didn't you sing the next line when I sang?”

“I was shocked and also had a big headache. I still asked myself if all of this was real. Why are we alone in this room? Where have all our friends gone?”

“Samorn and Mali locked us in here and went home.”

“Huh? They left? Did they drop us off at school so late at night? Why didn't you wake me up so I could help us get out?”

“I did not dare.”

“Why don't you dare? What are you afraid of?”

“I'm afraid you'll bite me.”

“What!”

I immediately let her go and showed her my teeth. Little Kim laughs through her tears before sticking her tongue out at me.

“Just kidding.”

“Can you laugh and cry at the same time? Kim you can call and ask someone to come get us out, like your mom.”

“I don't want to worry my mom.”

“But she will be more worried that you are not home.”

“I'm with you, so it's probably not that worrying.”

“Who do you think I am?”

“You are able. I'll be fine as long as I'm with you Hwan..”

I looked at the little girl and smiled at her. I approached her to give her a big hug because I missed her so much. Even though we saw each other every day, we seemed so distant.

“Let's not fight from now on. I feel really bad.”

“Yeah. No more fights. If you are angry, I will make the first move to make peace with you.”

“There is no need for that because I won't be angry anymore. I'm not the type to be moody.”

“What happens if I get angry?”

“I'll make the first move.”

“Brilliant.”

The little girl responded and made a murmur in her throat. We both stayed silent as a strange vibration filtered between us. The little girl's mouth that was making the murmuring sound is now biting my neck gently. That gave me goosebumps. I hugged Kimhan tightly as she rubbed my back and moved my hand slowly towards her hip to test something. Will you take my hand away?...could you go further...?

We were both breathing hard, and that made me feel sexy. I close my eyes as the small lips reach my jaw. It was so hot. The moment we separated and bowed our heads, there was a sound from outside the door that interrupted us at the right time. Both Kimhan and I walked away, then looked at each other in panic. The door opened to reveal. Mali and Samorn, standing with wide smiles as they shouted.

“Surprise!!”

“You two...Did you two reconcile? We went to kill time at the mall and came back to pick you up. We heard you talking from outside, so we assumed that you two had reconciled.”

"Well... Uh-huh,"

Kimhan replied timidly, so I nodded in confirmation.

-I”We talked.”

“It's necessary to lock you two up, eh? Finally, you two reconciled. We couldn't breathe!”

“Come... Let's go home. Hwan can you sleep without relying on sleeping pills now?”

“Yeah.”

“She was so stressed why you weren't talking to her but her ego got in the way.”

“Huh?”

Kimhan looked at me after hearing that.

“Do you need sleeping pills?”

“Shut up, Morn! “

“Same with Kim. Tears fell down her cheeks every day, but she was too stubborn to take the first step. She didn't get enough sleep and she couldn't concentrate in class. It's a big problem for me, that she copied my homework, because she didn't do it. My God.”

“You can stop now... Mali.”

The little girl tugged at her friend's shirt, begging her to stop.

“Alright. Alright. No more.”

Mali and Samorn were ahead, and Kimhan and I followed. We both stayed silent and didn't say anything because we still felt strange about what had just happened. It was normal. The friends hugged each other to console each other. The friends looked like they were about to kiss like that...too?

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
18**

Capítulo 18 - CHAPTER : 18



THE FIRST PERSON



“Are you going crazy? One minute you're smiling and the next you're frowning. You are scaring me.”

I was watching TV with my mother on the couch, hugging a pillow and thinking about what happened. Even though a week had passed, the feeling I had in that closed room was still with me. I suddenly smiled, but when I realized that it was a bit strange, I immediately frowned. So, it wasn't surprising that my mother was afraid of me..

“I have something on my mind.”

“Is it good or bad?”

“I'm not sure.”

“You're in love?”

“Eh no!”

When I heard my mother say that, I sat up straight, lowered the pillow, and looked at her as if I had been caught red handed.

“You are also surprised by my question.”

“Don't guess at random. I am too valuable to fall in love with someone so easily.”

“Oh really? I thought you were in the era of the December dogs.”

I bared my teeth at my mother for using the traditional Thai dance teacher's word to make fun of me. She must have forgotten that she was the one who hit her.

“What makes you think I'm in love?”

“Your age... this is when hormones go wild. When you see something you like, you get too excited and can't control yourself.”

“Ah... h... you know very well.”

“I've been there before.”

“Did you get burned?”

“Argggg.”

My mom threw a pillow at me with cute aggression. I got out of the way just in time and laughed like a winner before going back to watching TV. I glanced at my mom a little out of the

corner of my eye and continued our conversation.

“What is love like, mom?”

“It's an itch.”

I twisted my lips when my mom acted like a consultant who used such adolescent language, that is, she didn't answer the question but used words to irritate the person.

“How does it itch you?”

“Well... when you see the person you like, you want to scratch it so it doesn't itch anymore. And when you like a new person, it stings you again. You'll get a grip when... you're 20 or something. When you are a teenager,

love is very important. But when you're a working adult, poverty is much more important.”

“Does that mean that, at my age, if I love someone, it won't work?”

“Most of the time, it is like that. But there is the rare chance that you meet someone in kindergarten and love each other until you are adults, but that's in a novel. When you are an adult and exposed to the whole world, your beliefs change. For example, you may have thought that just loving someone was enough and that money was not important, but when you have a stupid prime minister, you will start to think... I must have a rich husband to survive in this government. That's what's important.”

"But you wouldn't understand now."

"I'm listening to you, so I'd understand,"

I drummed my fingers on the couch, trying to change the subject of my story without being too obvious.

“What happens if our hearts beat for someone of the same sex? Is that also a question of age?”

“Are you secretly in love with a senior tomboy?”

My mom understood teenagers too much.

“What if I do?”

“It can happen. Teenagers tend not to use their brains. Whatever's exciting, they're in. It'll all fall into place when you grow up...If you like an older tomboy now, that's fine.”

“What if I like tomboys until I grow up?”

“Then that means it's your preference. You chose it. Being a teenager is great. You want to try everything because you are not afraid, unlike adults, who have to think about the consequences. It's all about maturity.”

So what happened could be due to hormones or the environment? I suddenly felt depressed to the point of watching TV with a grumpy face. My mother continued the conversation when she saw that I had remained silent.

“So you're not going to tell me who you're in love with?”

“I was just asking, I don't like anyone.”

“I thought you asked because it's almost Valentine's Day.”

“Wowwww. Are you also interested in that pink and fluffy day?”

I laughed when my mom mentioned Valentine's Day.

“Recently.”

I looked at my mother with wide eyes.

“You're in love?”

“Just talking about Valentine's Day means I'm in love?”

“There is always something behind what we say. And you talk about this.”

I hugged the pillow to my chest again as I spoke openly to my mom.

“You've been single for quite some time. It's not unexpected if you like someone. Tell me who can break and soften my tough mother.”

“Nobody.”

“Don't keep a secret from this daughter. You do not have to do it. I am very open minded and want my mother to be happy.”

“I see other children who are so protective of their mothers because they are afraid that their mothers love someone more than them. You are a black sheep.”

“Your happiness is important. I love who you love. So tell me, who?”

Mom was quiet, as if she was thinking, before shaking her head as if she had decided not to tell me yet.

"I'll tell you when I'm sure."

“You really have someone. Wow.”

Love was a good thing. I only knew this tickling feeling in my heart, especially when I looked out my neighbor's window and wondered what she was doing. Normally I would call Kimhan and ask her what she was doing. But because of what happened that day, the day there was a strange vibe between us, I decided to close my curtain and take a look excitedly every

day. Today it was the same. Why do I have to do something like that...? As I did so, I noticed that the curtain of Kimhan's room was opening and a pair of beautiful eyes stared at me. I was startled, moved away from the curtain and placed my hand on my left breast. It was beating harder every day, and it was a feeling that...I could tell it was bad. But you can also say that it was really good.

“Hwan.”

Kimhan's nasal accent came from next door, and I jumped again before answering without opening the curtain.

“What's wrong, Kim?”

“What are you doing?”

Taking a look at you... I meant.

“I'm about to read a cartoon in bed. What are you doing?”

“I'm about to practice drawing.”

We both remained silent. Suddenly, our conversation didn't seem to be going well because we were afraid of upsetting the other person. But then again, if we acted strangely, it would be suspicious.

"Open the curtain,"

I yelled at my neighbor. But she doesn't seem to want to be at disadvantage.

"You ask me to open my curtain but yours is closed."

"I'll open it."

I opened the curtain and looked out the window at the little girl's window. But Kimhan's curtain was still closed.

"I already opened my curtain but you haven't, Kim."

"I didn't say I would open it ha ha."

A cute little laugh mocked me. I turned my face and asked pleadingly.

“Please, can you open it?”

“Why should I open it? Ha ha.”

“Because I miss you..”

Shit! I closed my mouth and rolled my eyes, trying to find a way out. Kimhan remained silent after that and slowly opened the curtain. She tried to keep a straight face, but I could see that she couldn't hide the smile from her.

“We see each other every day... Do you still miss me?”

“I was just saying for the sake of saying. If I didn't say that, would you open the curtain?”

The little girl pursed her mouth but didn't seem very angry. It was like she was just doing that to be adorable.

“Now that I saw your face, I'm going to go to sleep.”

I cut the conversation short because I suddenly felt that Kimhan was really cute for no reason. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to hide what I felt, so I waved goodbye. The little girl seemed confused.

“That's all? I thought we'd talk more.”

“What is there to talk about?”

“Nothing. It's just...”

“Is it alone?”

“I miss you.”

Now Kimhan was the one who seemed surprised. She closed the curtain and left before I could do it myself. Oh, no! This wasn't normal. What was happening to me! Like I said, I had tried to observe my own feelings every day since that day. From getting up early to wait for Kimhan to go to school with me to looking for opportunities to be close to her by pretending to unconsciously touch her here and there, I was turning into a psychopath who enjoys her with the slightest touch. I should ask my best friend about this, but none of my close friends were trustworthy. Samorn, the callous one who could give advice, tended to just be sarcastic, while Mali...You couldn't expect anything from her!

Therefore, I could only keep my unbearable feelings inside me. I didn't tell anyone what I felt. Sometimes I felt really bad for thinking that way about Kimhan. Maybe it was because of my age, as my mother said. Teenage hormones are everywhere. Maybe I mistook that weird vibe when it was actually nothing.. It had to be nothing. This feeling would disappear. And to distract myself, I started thinking about a way out... A lover. I admit that I was looking forward to that Valentine's Day like never before. I promised myself that whoever gift I picked up, I would date them without hesitation. A teenager needs something to lift their mood. While I was waiting for Prince Henry to propose to me, I should get some experience during my highschool years.

“Hellooooo, my friend...”

Valentine's Day finally arrived, which was a day when many students openly expressed their love for each other. Last year, Dolly dated Kawee. Let's see who she chose to date this year. I put a huge pile of gifts that I received while walking to school, with Kimhan's help in carrying them, on the table. Ah... Rojana. I would have a lover today, but who would she be?

"You're as popular as ever... Let's see what's edible."

Samorn extended her hand to open the gifts, hoping to find something to eat, but I hit her hand, making her stop.

“Devils! You don't eat chocolate. You said you were on a diet!”

“I'm not saying I'll eat it. But this is my giveaway.”

“Are you serious? You seem so determined.”

Mali tilted her head, looking surprised.

“Will the gift you pick up first be who you would choose as your husband?”

“Not a husband. Just a lover. My mom said that the teenage years are the most fun. I can't waste it, I have to have a lover.”

“I'm tired of listening to you. Hurray. Choose one to be your lover. Your friends will take care of the rest.”

My friends' greed made me twist my mouth a little and pick up a gift with a red bow.

“This.”

"We'll take the rest,"

Samorn and Mali took the rest to their side of the table while I smiled at the gift I picked up in my hand.

“Aren't you going to open it?”

“I'm imagining the owner's face.”

"We don't have any attractive students in our school,"

Samorn spoke sincerely, which I agreed with. But what could I do? I had already prepared myself for this, so I had to open it.

“Oh well. Maybe it's the new crown jewel.”

Even though I said that, I hesitated to open the gift. I decided to put the gift in my bag instead.

“I'll open it at home.”

“Be honest. You're afraid the owner looks like a monster, aren't you?”

“By the way, Kim, did you receive any gifts this year?”

Mali turned to ask her little friend who was next to her. Kimhan shook her head and smiled slightly.

“Nothing. I'm not popular like Hwan and Pam.”

“You mention Dolly again...Damn! She already has a boyfriend but she still receives Valentine's gifts. The ones who give them to her must be blind or something.”

I complained, and that made my friends laugh.

“They give it away because they like it. Not because they want to be your lovers.”

“How can someone like someone without expecting anything in return?”

“Of course you can. You gave me a pencil.”

Kimhan responded. I looked at the little girl for a bit before timidly walking away. I hope to receive a drawing from you, Kim... Arggg, why is it so hot? I fanned myself with my hand.

“I go to the bathroom. Who is coming?”

“I...I...”

“Ah. Me too.”

Mali and Samorn stood up while Kimhan shook her head.

“I will take care of your things for you; go away.”

“OK.”

I didn't think about opening the gift all day because I was afraid to find out who it belonged to. What was I thinking when I decided to do something like that? But I had already said that I would go out with whoever owned the gift. It was so easy...In the end, after a while of avoiding her, I went to open the gift because Mali is eager to know who the owner was. It was after school. I pursed my lips tightly and reached for the gift I put in my Harrods bag that morning.

“Not here.”

I stuck my head out the back to look for it, but I still couldn't find it. To be safe, I took out everything in the bag on the table, but there were only spirits and emptiness.

“How could it disappear? The lucky person would get Hwan to be her wife.”

Mali looked full of regret and she sat with her back hunched. Samorn glanced at Kimhan for a bit before asking indifferently

“Kim, haven't you seen it?”

Kimhan shook her head.

“No, I haven't.”

"Are you sure you haven't done it?"

“Why do you ask like that?”

“No reason.”

I let out a big sigh. To put it another way, I was relieved. In the end, I didn't have to push my luck today. I didn't have to get a lover because the gift had disappeared and the rest of the gifts had already been taken by my friends.

“I'm so unpopular this year. My mom made fun of me for not bringing gifts home today.”

“Hurrr. Actually, you have a lot of, Hwan. But you only kept one this year. Alright. You can try again next year. You never know; You can get a husband from your training and there will be no need to do something like this.”

Mali said that nonchalantly before we parted ways to go home because there was nothing left to get excited about. And as usual, I went home with Kimhan. I gave her the Valentine's gift that I prepared for her.

“Take.”

I gave watercolors to Kimhan because I didn't know what she wanted.

“I see that you can draw very well now. It would be nice if you could also add color to it. Use these watercolors. They are very expensive... It's crazy. More than a thousand baht per color. You can't even eat them.”

“Will you also give me a gift this year?”

“It's like a tradition, I guess. I gave you a gift last year. If I don't give you one this year, you'll feel strange. Where is my drawing? I haven't forgotten, you know?”

I held out my hand to wait for Kimhan's drawing, which I said would take a year to make, hoping her drawing of me would be more beautiful. The little girl smiled shyly before handing me a drawing.

“You have such a good memory. Take it then.”

“At least I got a Valentine's gift to show mom today... Let's see how good it is.”

I opened the drawing paper and felt shy because Kimhan's drawing of me was from when I was sleeping with my head resting on the classroom table.

“Why do you draw me when I sleep?”

“You are beautiful when you sleep.”

"Then I'd probably be more beautiful when I'm dead."

“Don't talk about crazy things like that.”

“Does this count as a Valentine's gift? Then I'll have to go out with you Kim,”

I stammer before pausing when I see Kimhan looking at me with a bright red face.

“Ah... Umm....”

My PCT (Personal Telecommunications Telephone) rang like a bell to save me. Samorn's number made me frown a little before I answered the call with a smile.

“What's happening? We just broke up.”

[Is Kimhan there with you? Do not look at her. Pretend we are talking nonsense.]

“What? Why all this drama?”

I did as Samorn says, pretending to look around as I passed Kimhan's house.

“So what's up?”

[I think it's strange.]

“What is strange?”

[Make a serious face when I say this.]

“Hurrah..So annoying. Just say it.”

“I'll go buy some water.”

Kimhan disappeared into a store. I looked after the little girl adoringly while I talked to Samorn.

“Hurry up. You've been taking too long.”

[Today Nuchy told me that she saw Kimhan throw away your gift.]

“Huh?”

[AHA. You heard me right. Nuchy, our classmate, told me because Kimhan was acting strange. She even opened it to see what was inside.]

“And what was it?”

[A fluffy handkerchief. You wouldn't use it.]

“TRUE.”

[It seems that your sister doesn't want you to have a lover. I didn't say anything today because I think your approach to choosing a lover is too crazy, so I let it go. But I wanted to tell you what Nuchy saw. Why do you think Kimhan did that?]

“I have no idea.”

Kimhan bought a carbonated soft drink in a bag. She smiled at me as she walked. I looked at the little girl's back with my heart racing when I heard Samorn's hypothesis.

[Do you two like each other?]

“Screw you!”

“Hey?”

“Nothing.”

I said to Kimhan and smiled widely.

“Morn makes fun of my mom's name.”

The little girl laughed a little and walked forward while drinking the carbonated soft drink from the straw to conveniently let me talk to my friend. She had no idea that she was the topic of our conversation, while I was so excited that I was sweating all over.

[Did Kimhan give you a gift today?]

“No.”

I lied because if I didn't, it would look weird. Samorn sounded surprised.

[Really... Ah. Nothing exciting, then. So my hypothesis is wrong.]

“What was your hypothesis?”

[I think you two like each other. Although it is a bit strange, your actions are very suspicious.].

My jaw dropped because I never thought my friend would see me as suspicious. I thought she had been hiding everything well.

"What if..."

I looked away, put my hand over my mouth, and whispered as quietly as I could.

“If I received a gift?”

[What... a gift?]

“AHA.”

[If Kim gave you a gift, it would be your first Valentine's gift. That would fit your criteria...Whoever gives you the first gift, you will date that person.]

[Then you can choose Kim. Stupid!]

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
19**

Capítulo 19 - CHAPTER : 19



OUR



After sports day activities, our class year we moved from competing in school activities to seriously studying to prepare for our senior year in high school. But that was for other girls. Afterschool, I would rush to attend my classes to prepare for the entertainment profession, whether dancing or acting because I had signed a contract with a big agency. To be honest, it was a little boring not being able to lead the normal life of a high school girl like the others. Without wasting time. No yelling for the boys. But most of all... I rarely get to go home with Kimhan now.

“Dahwan.”

The broken voice of a teenager in my training class called out to me, and the owner of that voice smiled at me. I looked at the person who called me and kept a straight face as I asked him.

“What?”

“I see you sitting alone, so I'm afraid you're lonely.”

I looked at the flirtatious boy and looked away. Damned! She was tired from training and depressed from not having had dinner. Did I have to deal

with this too?

“Thank you.”

“I just saw you in this class. How is it? It's hard? You can ask me if you have any questions.”

“It is not so difficult.”

In that acting class, we had to imagine that we were surrounded by disgusting dog shit. It wasn't that difficult. The teacher just needed to tell me to imagine me stepping on the face of the person she despised, and that was it. The face of the teacher who called me December Dog immediately floated into my head. So I passed this class with flying colors. I was a genius.

“But it's better to have me as a friend. Can I have your number?”

I looked at the person who asked for my number, a little terrified, before giving him a polite, dry smile and walking away to sit with another group of friends (no problems?). If you're not Prince Harry, you can't have my number!

“KimmMMM. Are you already in bed?”

As soon as I got home and showered, I opened the curtain to call my friend from my bedroom window, slurring my voice. When the little girl heard me knock, she screamed and opened the curtain with a beautiful smile.

“Not yet.”

“Arrrgggg.”

I made a noise like I was dying.

“I’m so envious of you. I am so tired.”

“Poor dear.”

“Yes... Give me a hug.”

I raised my arms and approached her from the window of my room, as if Kimhan was leaning down to hug me and comfort me. The little girl laughed and she raised her arms too.

“Ah. Hug. Hug.”

Although we couldn't come home together every day like we used to, we saw each other every day when we went to school and when I came home. Ever since Samorn told me that on Valentine's Day, my heart felt fluffy and floating. I was sure Kimhan had feelings for me too, at least a little. But in my confidence, I also deeply feared that it was all in my head. It was just a hypothesis... I still remember Valentine's Day last year, when an older tomboy gave her a gift. When I asked her about it, she got angry. Plus, she clearly seemed disgusted with anyone who wasn't straight. That prevented me from expressing my feelings. Besides... I wasn't sure if what I felt would change in the future.

Like mom said... I was still young. Maybe this was just my hormones and our closeness. If I made the wrong move, our friendship would probably end. But we weren't friends...

“What is Kim doing?”

“I just finished drawing. I'm about to study.”

“You are so diligent. I haven't read anything. Hurr... Just one year, and we're going to college. It would be nice if we went to the same university. Where will you study, Kim?”

“Anywhere I can get in.”

“Where are you going to apply?”

“At xxx.”

“Oh. That's close to where I go to my training.”

“It's not nice? So that we can meet often.”

“Then I'll apply there to... But my head is blank.”

“I will tutor you, so we can go to the same university.”

“When will we do that? I come home late every day. And they said that I am overweight and I also have to lose weight...I come home late and I also have to get up early to exercise. Damn!”

“Alright. I'll get up early to exercise with you.”

“Hey? Oh really?”

“Yeah. I'll teach you while we exercise. Is it a good idea?”

“You're a goddess. Brilliant. We can't go home together; Let's make up for that by spending time together in the morning.”

“AHA!”

And Kimhan really did what she said. Every morning, the little one would get up at 5 am and she would call me from her window to wake me up and exercise together. As we ran, she taught me what I had to study. Some mornings, she would complain to me about not wanting to exercise, but the little girl would also sulk and complain.

“I make an effort to wake up to exercise with you, without getting anything out of it. Why do you hurt me like that?”

When I heard the harsh complaint, I no longer dared to whimper. And now I was very strong, healthy, educated, ethical and a true artist. I should be the prime minister... Not only could I see Kimhan in my real world, but also in my other world. In this world, I could do whatever I wanted. I could whine, talk or kiss. Everything was under my control. Ah... I liked the time I spent in that world. My heart was pounding when I touched Kimhan.

“Kim... If I confess my love when we wake up, will you stop being my friend?”

I asked nervously as I lay on Kimhan's lap. The little girl's face turned red and she smiled shyly.

“Why would I stop being your friend?”

“Well... I'm a girl. You said you don't like anyone who isn't straight.”

"I really don't... but I don't know."

The little girl gently caressed my cheek with the back of her hand and leaned down to kiss the tip of my nose.

“If it's you, it's fine with me.”

“Please, say it seriously. Please don't cry and run away from me when I do.”

“You are crazy? How do you think I am?”

“I like to be here. I do not want to wake up.”

“Yeah. I don't want to wake up either... Being in a dream and knowing that you love me is so good.”

“Yes... it's really good.”

I woke up with a start and felt depressed as I looked at the clock which woke me up at 5am. Kimhan didn't call to wake me up today like usual which surprised me. But just as I was about to call her, the little girl opened the curtain.

"I was wondering why you didn't wake me up today."

“You woke up early today.”

“What's surprising is, why did you get up later today?”

“I had a good dream.”

“Hey? About what?”

The little girl stuck out her tongue adorably.

“I'm not going to tell you.”

What a coincidence...I also had a good dream. I could remember how determined I felt in my dream. I told myself, "Whatever happens, let it happen." But when the time came, I didn't dare to speak at all during our exercise this morning. I jogged silently as I listened to Kimhan teach me. It was already lunchtime, damn it... How could I be such a coward?

"You're much firmer."

Samorn reached out to lift my arm from my armpit.

“All muscles. Fat-free. I like this. Better than being too thin. This is perfect.”

“I have a good personal trainer.”

I gave Kim, who was sitting in front of me, the credit. Mali looked at Kimhan and made a bad-tempered face.

“Kim is also in good shape. When I trained for cheerleading, I wasn't as firm as her. Those who can lose weight easily can do anything. For those who cannot, it is a great suffering.”

“I'm not exercising to lose weight. I do it for my health. Mali, you should try to wake up to exercise every morning and watch what you eat,”

Kimhan advised, but the chubby girl shook her head.

“No way. Waking up at Sam to do tai chi like a grandma is too scary for me. Besides, my lover is happy with the way I look now. I prefer to enjoy eating.”

“Do you have a lover again? Will you miss your period again?”

I made a sarcastic comment immediately, thinking about the incident. Mali bared her teeth at me and shook her hands.

“No. No. I won't make another mistake. I will protect myself well. Also... This husband of mine has no sperm.

“You... We're only in high school. Don't talk as if this is normal.”

Samorn's face twisted, but Mali didn't care.

“Caramba. What's this whole campaign for a free box of condoms in every school, and we can't even talk about this... I'm just saying I already have a

lover. A lover... that's not a boy.

“Hey?”

“Because it's not a boy, I can't get pregnant.”

"You mean..."

Kimhan drawled her voice, and Mali nodded as she snapped her fingers.

“Yeah. My lover is a girl. A great gir... I'm not going to call her a tomboy because she doesn't like it.”

Mali looked delighted.

“Going out with someone of the same sex is not bad. Because she has everything I have, she knows every part of me. Is very good.”

Samorn shyly covered her face with her hands. I, on the other hand, listened with interest before pretending to be poking her.

“You... Have you forgotten that Kim doesn't like this kind of thing?”

“And what if she doesn't? She is my husband and my body.”

Mali stood up and turned to ask the little girl.

“Kim, do you dislike my lover?”

“You said you don't like anyone who isn't heterosexual. Will you stop being my friend if my husband is a tomboy?”

"I don't dislike it that much,"

Kimhan replied softly.

“I said that because I was angry.”

“Angry for what?”

“I don't remember.”

“So you don't dislike tomboys, gays, or anyone who isn't straight?”

Samorn insisted and Kimhan gave a slight shrug in confirmation.

“I don't dislike them. They are all human. There are many sexual preferences these days... I may have a lover who is a woman one day, who knows?”

Suddenly, my heart beat faster when I heard that. After being afraid, my courage began to form before I decided what I had to say, what I intended to say. I had to stop by my house first before going to my workout because I had forgotten to grab my clothes to change into for my dance class. I would take that opportunity to tell Kimhan how I felt..

But.....

“Kim, Morn. Let's go to Siam today. I want to give myself a face massage.”

Mali invited everyone except me.

“Hwan, you're going to your acting class or whatever, right? Poor of you, we'll have fun for you.”

I dropped my jaw. Kimhan, who thought I had training class at night, accepted Mali's invitation without hesitation.

“Okay, let's go.”

So my plan to tell Kimhan when we returned home together failed again. Damn!!!

“Oh? Why didn't you tell me that you would pass each one first. I would have returned to you.”

Kimhan said this after school when she got into a taxi. I walked over to say goodbye to my friends, looking a little sad.

“Alright.”

“It is a pity. We haven't been home together in a long time.”

“But we see each other every morning. Alright. Go have fun... Ah. I have something to tell you today. Don't fall asleep first.”

“What is it?”

“A secret.”

I said it with a smile. Kimhan looked regretful, but she finally got into the taxi, since the driver had been waiting for a long time. I stared until I could no longer see the taillight before heading home only to grab my clothes that I had forgotten to bring with me that morning. When I got home, I saw that the door was open. I assumed my mom had returned early from the bank. So, after grabbing my things, I went to say hello to my mom because, since I signed the contract, I rarely ate dinner at home. Today. Mom would probably go to dinner with Aunt Aey as usual. Therefore, I stopped by Kimhan's house without invitation.

However... My bad manners brought me to the climax of my life. When I opened the door and entered the house, I found Aunt Aey and my mom...kissing

“Mother...”

After my voice, Aunt Aey and my mother immediately separated in shock. The buttons on both shirts are almost completely undone, exposing their bare skin. I couldn't lie to myself.

“Hwan!”

Because of that, I ran away in shock. Even I, who was very tough, felt weak. I couldn't imagine if kimhan found out...Our parents. ..And our mothers....

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
20**

Capítulo 20 - CHAPTER : 20



AT LEAST



After what happened, I went to my training and kept all my emotions hidden inside. It was strange that after a shocking event, I could still focus on something like my acting class. Maybe it was because it helped distract me, so I didn't dwell on what I had just seen.

“Are you here?”

“No, I'm not here”

“Hey?”

“I mean, my mind is not here.”

Champ, the same handsome apprentice who spoke to me the other day, greeted me and sat down next to me without observing what mood I was in or whether I felt like talking. It did not matter. At least it was better than being alone and losing your mind. Having someone to talk to wasn't so bad.

“But you did very well today. Teacher Nam also praised that you were really in character when you had to appear cold. I admit that you are very scared.”

“The task fits my current mood.”

I was imagining a phone call from my dad to wish me a happy birthday with love and care during class. And yes... I was not happy. So my performance went the way it did. If the score was from 0 to 10, today I got 11.

“You are beautiful and talented.”

“Are you hitting on me?”

I wasn't ashamed to ask that directly. That surprised him.

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“You're sure? I'm asking you this for the last time. Because if your answer is the same, you have closed all the doors.”

“What doors?”

“The opportunity to flirt with me or invite me to eat.”

“You are so direct.”

“Life is short. So why make it difficult? You're not flirting with me, so that's it. Let's be friends.”

I drank my water. However, Champ was quick to wave his hand anxiously.

“No. I'm flirting with you.”

“Does this mean you're going to eat, watch a movie and go out with me?”

I looked at the boy who was looking at me hopefully, feeling nothing. Then, suddenly, I saw Kimhan's face above his. That made me walk away..The person in front of her was not her....

“AHA. I'll do that.”

“Excellent!”

I'll pretend he was her. That would make it easier. I tried to kill time by attending acting class longer than usual because I wasn't ready to go home. But the fact is that we cannot run away from the truth. Home is the only place I have, and I have nowhere to go. In the end, I got home a little after 10 p.m. My mother, who has been waiting for my return, got up nervously when I opened the door and entered.

“Aren't you in bed yet, mom?”

I tried to make everything seem normal, as if what I had seen that night was nothing. Mom sighed and motioned for me to sit next to her. However, I chose to sit on the single couch she was sitting next to for the talk.

“At least you still talk to me.”

“It's late. I need to go to bed or I'll look old.”

“Sleeping late for one night is fine. Stop avoiding what happened. Beating around the bush like this is exhausting.”

My mother rubbed her face with her hand and decided to ask frankly.

“What do you think about what you saw?”

I pressed my lips tightly. I didn't want to look my mom in the eyes, so I looked at my own palms.

“I do not know how to explain it. I know you're in love, but I didn't think it was someone so close... Since when?”

“Don't know.”

“I agree with you having a female lover, but...”

I thought about my own situation and felt hurt. Why did my life have to evolve around this family in a circle like this? My dad. Her mother.

“If you don't like it, I'll finish it.”

Because my mother was always so decisive, what she said was reliable. For a split second, I was so happy I almost blurted out 'good'. But I knew and understood my mother's feelings well because she had similar feelings for someone. It would be selfish to ask her to finish so I could continue. It would be an endless circle.

“It's not necessary, mom. Do what makes you happy. Finding someone we can rest our hearts with is a good thing. I know you are happy now.”

I tried to understand my mother completely. I showed her a dry smile.

“Please give me time to deal with it. I'm preparing for a new father. So this is all confusing to me right now.”

“Yeah. I know what you mean. Your dad, your mom. Our love lives are in circles.”

And also your daughter...

“Can I make a request?”

“Hey?”

“If you two are together, please keep it a secret and don't let anyone know. Especially... Kim. “

I looked at my neighbor's house with concern. I knew that the little girl was very hurt by the matter with her father. She probably wasn't ready to know about her mother.

“Kim doesn't like this kind of thing.”

“I don't plan to announce it to everyone. You seeing us was unexpected.”

“These aren't the teenage hormones you told me about, right?”

My mom laughed a little. The heavy air between us was lifting, so I smiled too.

“Not anymore, now I have menopause.”

“But mom, you looked so sexy when I saw you. Haha.”

I covered my mouth with my hand. My mom grabbed a pillow and was ready to throw it at me. So I ran upstairs, laughing, before returning to my real mood. I pretended to be happy so my mom wouldn't worry. But inside, I was crying. I had my acting class to thank for making me act convincingly. My mom didn't even suspect that I didn't like their relationship. But for my peace of mind, I would sacrifice myself for her. If my mom was happy, I would be too. My feelings were probably a thing of teenage hormones.

After 1, 2, 5 or 10 years, it would fade away. I would laugh at myself and say that I was so stupid to fall in love with a neighbor who was a girl. Hey... Don't forget. I'm marrying Prince Henry. That is my ultimate goal in life..I smiled a little, walked into my room and turned on the light. While I grabbed my towel to get ready and take a shower. I was surprised by Kimhan's voice calling me from the window of her room.

“Hwan!”

“How are you?”

I opened the curtain and stuck my head out to smile at her. Kimhan was in her pajamas and she seemed curious.

“You have just come back? Why did you come back so late today? You will sleep late. Be careful not to look old.”

“My mom wanted to talk. I'm about to shower and sleep. I'm very tired.”

“AHA.”

“AHA.”

We both remained silent. I looked at Kimhan, who kept looking at me, and asked with curiosity and a smile..

“What's happening? Why are you staring at me? Do I have something on my face?”

“You said you had something to tell me tonight. I'm waiting.”

“Ah...”

I had completely forgotten about it because I was stressed by what I saw. My pain seeped through me again. My heart tightened until I couldn't breathe. Seeing the smile on that wrinkled face made me want to tell her how I felt. Think about it. If we had gone home together and I had told her how I felt, what would Kimhan have said? If everything went well, as I hoped, we would both feel a lot of pain when we found out about our mothers. And if it didn't work out, we wouldn't be talking like this. She would change. Maybe... everything had already been planned. I shouldn't tell her what I felt. Kimhan was supposed to go to Siam with our friends, so she didn't have to know about my feelings.

That was good... This was good. My feelings didn't matter.

Having her in my life was more important. We didn't have to be lovers. We could continue like this... As she said, what we had was good.

“I had to tell you that...”

“That?”

“I like a boy in my class.”

“I wanted to tell you, but I didn't have time. I'll tell you all about Champ when we work out in the morning. Today I'm very tired. First I'll shower and sleep..”

Kimhan did not respond. I ended the conversation and came back with tears in my eyes. No.. I was going to cry. It didn't help at all. Everything was as it should be. That's right... I'm happier loving her unilaterally. My mom would be happy, you see? Everyone is happy. And I'll probably be happy too...

The blue and white environment at that moment was darker than ever. Normally, everything was lively there. When I closed my eyes and entered that world, I would be surrounded by vitality. However, now... there were rain clouds in our dream. No... my dream. It probably changed depending on the dreamer's mood. Kimhan stood in the rain and watched the strong currents of the river. I walked over to stand next to her and look over. She was crying. Although the raindrops were drenching us, I could see what the rains were...

“Why are you crying?”

“I'm sad.”

The little girl wiped her tears with the back of her hand.

“You are having a lover.”

“Because? Are you afraid that if I have a lover, I will forget about you? Ah.. girl.”

I extended my hand to wipe away her tears, as well as the raindrops that fell irritably on her face. Although I adored her very much, I was also very sad.

“I thought... that you would confess your love to me.”

“I probably waited too long. But, yes, it is a dream. In our dream, we can wait or do anything...I shouldn't have gotten too emotionally involved.”

The little girl cried so much that her body was shaking. I couldn't help but pull her into a hug. Kimhan's face was on my shoulder and she continued to sob. That made me cry too.

I never cried... But now I was crying like a little child in front of her. Our screams erupted to compete with the thunder and rushing river.

“I really had the intention of confessing my love Kim, but...I couldn't do it.”

“Because you can not? Was it wrong?”

“It's destiny.”

I walked away from the little girl and held Kimhan's face in the palms of my hands. Alright. We will still be together here.

“But I feel bad. I feel like I'm losing you to a guy.”

“You won't lose me. No way.”

I leaned in to kiss her and slowly moved my lips to the little girl's jawline, trying to comfort her.

“Actually, we cannot be more than what we are, but I want you to know that no one will be better than you.”

-.....

“Kim, you will always be number 1.”

“Hwan...”

"We can't love each other in that world, but here, we can."

I put my forehead against hers and closed my eyes.

“I can't tell you how I feel there; but here I can tell you.”

“I like you, Kim. Be my girlfriend.”

Kimhan nodded while crying.

“Yes... I feel the same way about you.”

We hugged and cried. The rain clouds remained, although we confessed our feelings to each other. It was as if we were deceiving ourselves... We didn't want just this. I wanted more, but this was really all I could do. Only in my dream... At least, we could be lovers in my dream.

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
21**

Capítulo 21 - CHAPTER : 21



TIME CAPSULE



6 months later..

“Which?”

“No idea.”

“Which one do you want to see Kim?”

“It's better for you to choose Hwan.”

“You always choose good ones, you do it.”

Kimhan and I were standing in front of the movie schedule board, thinking hard because there was nothing interesting to see. What's more, we had seen almost everyone on the list.

“Champ, choose then.”

The little girl looked politely at Champ, my 'boyfriend', whom I met in acting class. I looked at the handsome man a little and raised my eyebrows.

“What do you want to see?”

“Anything. I never get to choose anyway.”

“You have bad taste in movies.”

I told my boyfriend that it didn't matter if he chose the movie or not. I let him choose once, and both Kimhan and I slept through the movie. From then on, I let the little girl choose. If Kimhan said she was fine, then I was fine. Yes... this was not the first time I went to the movies. Champ and I had been dating for six months. If we had free time, we would find something to do together, like eat or watch movies. And Kimhan always accompanied us because I wanted to do something with her. You see? 2 for 1. I was dating and hanging out with my friend at the same time. That was great.

I was a genius. But it seemed like Champ was not in a good mood at the moment. After the movie, he said nothing and responded briefly when asked something. In the end, I lost patience.

“What's the matter? If you're going to look like this, let's separate today.”

“Good idea.”

And the cute guy popped out of our orbit as we strolled through the mall. Kimhan gaped, not knowing what to do, and she shook my arm to make me go after him.

“Go see Champ. He must be in a bad mood about something.”

“It's a waste of time. I do not have much free time. I don't want to ruin the mood because a guy acts like a baby.”

“I think he's in a bad mood because you didn't let him choose the movie today.”

“He has bad taste in movies.”

“You don't seem to care much about your boyfriend.”

“You worry too much about Champ.”

I looked at the little girl, who seemed to worry about the one who walked away, upset.

“Don't worry about anyone but me, I'm standing here.”

I felt steam coming out of my ears seeing that Kimhan cared so much about Champ's feelings, even though I was there. Instead of being happy that we were together, she looked depressed with some guilt.

“I don't worry more about Champ than I do about you, I just think you have the wrong priorities.”

“How is that?”

“You should worry more about your boyfriend. I feel like the third wheel.”

“Kim, you're not.”

“But...”

“You are part of me!”

I responded with frustration. Little Kim was stunned. I realized what I had just said, so I tried to snap out of it.

“I already told you... Kim, you will always be number 1. My priorities are correct. If he can't accept that, we can break up. That's all. Do you see that I am keeping my promise?”

“What promise?”

"The promise that if I had a boyfriend, you would still be important to me is showing you that."

I waved my hands as if I were sweeping away all my frustrations.

“No more. Thinking about others frustrates me. We're going for a walk. I don't have much time to hang out like this. You neither. You're also studying a lot, right?”

“Oh yeah.”

“Then we can have a date. It'll be fun.”

I grabbed Kimhan's hand and intertwined my five fingers with hers before giving her a smile.

"I have to hold you tight or else bring them back to Champ. How annoying."

"I will not do that."

And it was as expected. We left without Champ being in our thoughts.

"I feel sorry for your boyfriend. He wants to go on a date, but you always bring your friend as a third wheel. It's impossible to tell who is who."

Mali, who was very direct in that matter, said this, looking bored that there was no progress between my boyfriend and me. I dipped my fingers in some water and threw it in her face as I bared my teeth.

"Do you want me to get a two-line result like you?"

"You keep emphasizing my precious memory."

"No one will ever forget that you made Hwan and Kim use force against each other,"

Samorn stressed. That made the people she mentioned jump a little. I didn't really want to think about it. Because when I thought about the time we fought, I also thought about the time we made up in that closed room.

“Let's not talk about this anymore. So how was your direct application to the college, Morn? You did well?”

“I think I did well.”

Kimhan changed the subject. Samorn seemed sure of herself.

“It was not that difficult.”

“What happened to studying arts and mathematics? Why apply to architecture school? I'm so confused,”

Mali shook her head because she didn't really like talking about school.

“When we graduate high school, I will miss you all very much.”

“Miss what? Our houses are very close. You just have to visit us,”

I said and Mali's mouth twisted.

“Come visit us... You're just going to your stupid acting classes. You don't even have time to go home to Kim.”

“I'm finding time... See? That's why I invited Kim to a movie.”

“Is that appropriate? Have you asked Kim if she feels uncomfortable going with you as a third wheel?”

When she reached this part, I looked at Kimhan questioningly.

“Kim, do you feel uncomfortable?”

“No. Don't pay attention to Mali.”

“Kim. You have to have a lover. You can't be Hwan's lice like this forever. Get a life of your own.”

“Damn Li!”

She was starting to sound angry.

“What happened to you today? You keep talking about other people's personal matters.”

“Just saying. Why do you have to get angry? Kim is so cute. I think she should have a lover.”

“She already has Hwan. Why would she need a lover?”

Samorn said that indifferently and looked at me.

“Hwan prefers it this way. If they're both happy with it, don't get involved in their business.”

“A friend can't scratch your itch.”

“Not everyone is itchy like you! I thought you were going to change the subject.”

“Good.”

Mali agreed to change the topic for real this time.

“Talking about movies. The other day I saw My Sassy Girl?, the one in which the protagonist looks like me...”

“Are you confusing Jun Ji-hyun with Ong-Bak³, who loses his ivory?”

I interrupted, and Mali, who tended to get offended when made fun of about her weight, gave me a hard look.

“Stupid.”

The friend who had regained her weight made small noises before continuing with the movie.

“Almost at the end, there was a scene about writing a letter and burying it underground.”

“Time capsule.”

Samorn added, and that made Mali move her hands.

“Yeah. So I have an idea. Everyone should write a letter to tell us what we want to say and read it in 10 years. Let's see if what we feel will be the same then.”

“Good idea.”

Kimhan, who rarely made any comments, nodded happily.

“It's as if we stopped time and checked if we still feel this way in 10 years.”

“Can we write anything?”

I asked, starting to enjoy this.

“Can I say bad things too?”

“We don't have to write that. I can tell you how I feel now, Hwan.”

Samorn raised her eyebrows and I showed her my teeth.

"If you say anything about Pam, I'll step on your face."

"Ok, then I'll write for the time capsule."

Kimhan laughed amused by this. I bared my teeth, but when I saw the little girl smile, I wasn't so hurt anymore.

"Then let's do that... Wait."

I picked up my phone to see Champ's number and felt annoyed.

"Will you let it ring for much longer? Just reject the call, then."

Mali was irritated, but Samorn leaned in to look and smiled a little.

"What kind of person looks so upset when their boyfriend calls? Why are you dating him, honestly? It's like you're just using him, just to have someone."

"You're so irritating."

I looked at Samorn and answered the call only because my friends were bothering me. The truth is that I felt like my friends were all over me. I dated Champ because maybe he could make me like him. Maybe I could like him more than Kimhan. But it was useless...

“Hello.”

[Dahwan... I have something important to tell you.]

“I'm listening. If it's not important, I'll hang up...”

I looked at my friends, who were interested in my conversation, and cleared my throat a little before standing up so I could talk privately.

“What's happening? What do you want to talk about?”

[What are we?]

“Lovers.”

[But I don't feel that way. You act like I'm just a stand-in. Did you really care about me? 9ik0u090-9=ujkl:jiodyuife93e8]

The person on the other end of the line continued talking. I had to hold the phone away from my ear and guess when it would end. I listened to it again to find that it had ended a long time ago. I heard 'Hello' while waiting for my response.

“So what do you wanna talk about? Please be concise. It's lunch time and I have class soon.”

[You have to choose.]

“Choose what?”

[Kimhan or me?]

“Why do I have to choose... What are you thinking?”

[I want you to make a decision. Choose... Kimhan or me.]

“The reason I ask you is to know why you think you can compare yourself to Kimhan....Remember this: Kimhan is always number 1. And if I have to choose... I chose Kimhan.”

[Then let's separate.].

Then he hung up immediately. I dropped my jaw, as I didn't like it when someone did something like that. The person who should hang up first is me. That idiot. I'm the only one who's allowed to ignore someone. Shit!

“Hwan...”

Kimhan and my friends seemed to have finished their lunches and caught the end of my phone conversation. They all look at me with questioning eyes as if they were asking. 'Did you two break up?' We heard it' So I put an end to their curiosity with my answer..

“Yes... We broke up. Hello, single life.”

“Where is your pain?”

Mali seemed confused.

“Why did they break up?”

“It was stupid.”

“I heard something like, Choose...Did he ask you to choose between him and Kimhan?”

Samorn, she knew and enlightened, she asked directly. I looked at Kimhan, whose face was all red up to her ears, and felt a little uncomfortable.

“Kim, are you sick?”

Mali, who was in the dark, understood her hand to touch the little girl's face.

“You're all hot.”

“She probably feels shy because she's one of Hwan's choices... You said you chose Kim, right?”

“AHA.”

“What a good friend.”

Samorn extended her hand to push me on the back to walk next to her, leaving Mali and Kimhan walking behind us. It seems like she wanted to

talk to me privately. Will Kimhan always be number 1? My friend is great.

"Don't open your mouth,"

I mumbled, but Samorn laughed.

“We all heard it when we approached you, and yes... Kim heard it too.”

“Friends are obviously more important.”

“Are you two friends?”

“Don't forget to write about this in your time capsule..”

“Why would I do that?”

“So you don't forget how you feel now in 10 years.”

I could only clench my teeth at the cute aggression towards my friend for knowing what J was trying to hide. But that was it... Before K decided to keep my feelings a secret, I opened the door to see me kissing Kimhan

when she was sick. Just because my friend didn't say anything didn't mean she didn't know.

Our time in high school was coming to an end. During our senior party, we all sobbed because we would miss our good days together, and the teachers kept playing music that set the mood. Mali was crying like a river as she ordered all of our letters and put them in a red cookie box. She would be buried under a tree at the back of our school on the last day of the final exam. While others cried, I just stood there, adoring my friends. Even Kimhan had teary eyes... Cry baby..

“When will we open those letters?”

Samorn looked at the box of cookies and asked with a trembling voice. They all looked at each other and thought.

“10 years?”

“Why does it have to be ten?”

I asked, and that made Mali, who was quite involved in this matter, look at me and show her teeth.

“It's a good round number.”

“Round like your body, Li. Ten years means we would be around 28. The question is: What Comes after that? At 28, we open the letter and laugh dryly... How about we open it when we're 30? It ends at zero, and it would be half of our lives,”

I suggested, but Samorn twisted her mouth in disagreement.

“Half your life is 25.”

"You're so picky! Do we have to argue just to open the box? Let's do it then... Let's use important events in life. Let's say whoever gets married first will open the box."

Kimhan continued, but I shook my head.

“Then it will be in two years because Mali will get married before everyone. It seems that she itches.

“Hwan. Why do you have such a bad mouth today? This is a good day!”

Mali screamed and stomped, she didn't want anyone to ruin the day.

“Let's do it. Open it when there is an important event. So we also wait and see who will get married first.”

"I'll be the first."

Samorn raised her hand and laughed through her tears. This time, we all agreed to open the box in ten years or when there was an important event, so that we could help each other remember.

“In 10 years, I will remind them that we have letters to read.”

Mali cried as she hugged Samorn and Kimhan, as if she was not going to wake up tomorrow. I was the only one standing with arms crossed over my chest.

“Shit, Hwan. I know you don't get excited about this kind of stuff. But to be polite, you should come closer so we can hug you. Don't be distant,"

Samorn called me with teary eyes. I shrugged and made a joke.

“I'm going to be a superstar in the future. I don't give hugs easily.”

“Come hug us, Hwan.”

Kimhan motioned to call me. When I heard that, I stood up straight and walked easily.. Why did she have to call me with teary eyes? We should smile today. Everyone was about to grow into their own chosen path.

“Today is March 24. We'll open the box when we're 30.”

Mali continued to stress as she frowned..

“30 what? I'm still planning to go eat noodles at Morn's and stop by to visit you after that tomorrow.”

“Hwan!!”

Everyone screamed when I ruined the mood. I laughed a little and continued talking.

“It's a joke. Alright. Let's open the box when we're 30. Let's see what they wrote to me.”

“I can tell you now. In the letter, I wrote... Pannarai is more beautiful than you.”

“Morn!”

“You really kicked me!”

And that day was full of emotions and laughter. Although it left a void in our hearts because we wouldn't see each other every day like we did when we were in high school, we all knew that if we missed each other, we could always see each other. This was friendship...I didn't have acting class that day, so I was able to walk home with Kimhan. Honestly, I had a big hole in my heart because, for the past 3 years, Kimhan

and I had gone to and from school together. It was like a part of my routine. Although I recently had training at night, if I had the chance, I would still go home with her. It seemed like that was the last day. We would never walk together again in the school uniform.

"It's a little emotional,"

I spoke first and Kimhan felt.

“Yes, emotional.”

"But you don't need to worry, because we will be together forever,"

I said happily to lift our spirits. The little girl looked at me and smiled slightly.

“Forever?”

“Yeah. Because we are neighbors. Even though we don't go to school anymore, we will see each other through our windows every day.”

“But when we are university students, it is possible that we will not meet every day. You have to study and also work.”

"It sounds so lonely,"

I nodded in agreement. Kimhan pursed her mouth and I couldn't help but touch her cheek with my finger.

“Oh? Why did you sting my cheek?”

“To improve your mood. What did you write to me in the letter?”

“I will not say. You'll know when you're 30.”

“That makes me want to know more. Should I go find her?”

“No!”

The little girl screamed so loudly that I was startled and started laughing.

"You're taking this too seriously."

“W... Well...”

“What did you write Kim? I really want to know now.”

“I'm not sure I'd say... I'm worried about what you'd think if you read it....”

I put my hand on my chest and made a shocking face.

“I... I probably don't...”

"What..."

The little girl's face turned pale, and that made me close my mouth with my hand.

“No.”

“You'll say?”

"You think Pam is more beautiful than me..."

My eyes were teary, and it made Kimhan look somber for a moment before she laughed hysterically.

“Your crazy girl!”

“You laugh like that means you don't think Pam is more beautiful. OK so.”

I raised my eyebrows and narrowed my eyes at her.

“Okay. OK. I'll read it in 10 years. I'm also afraid of how you would feel if you read my letter.”

“Will we continue to be friends?”

The little girl walking next to me tilted her head and looked at me with a bright smile.

“Don't forget that we are not friends.”

That made me laugh too.

“Yes... we are not friends.”

Until that moment, we still didn't know what we were to each other. But I knew that Kimhan would always be number 1. No one could take that position. In 10 years. it will still be like this...

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
22**

Capítulo 22 - CHAPTER : 22



WHO IS HE?



14 years later...

Time passed so quickly that it seemed impossible, huh?

14 years is approximately 5110 days. Many things changed quickly. News, technologies and also people's feelings, especially since the birth of Facebook, which had become part of our daily lives. I mean, things like the times and adultery. There were also apps where we could search for a lover or a one-night stand while sitting at home if one was nearby. Instagram connected you with people who were unreachable, such as Thai and foreign celebrities. It's there, so the fan club knows what you're doing. Stores no longer needed a physical store; People could simply browse through the images, want something, order by email and the product would be shipped directly to their homes. That was... the new

world. It all happened so surprisingly quickly. But one thing that had not changed was that...

“How does Nong Hwan feel about the dog nickname in December?”

My nickname remained the same. It kept tormenting me, like it was yesterday when my mom slapped Jaroay and told everyone that my dad was gay and had run away with the next-door neighbor.

“It's memorable.”

“How many lovers have you had since you entered the industry?”

“Seven.”

I dated each one for about a year, and they all broke up with me... Great.

“Can you tell us why you broke up with them? Last I heard, you went to Switzerland together and broke up right after they got back.

“We're dating, but he never had a place for me. “

“When you have free time, you always go out with your friend, Kimhan. Why are we lovers?”

“What should lovers do?”

“Don't pretend you don't know.”

“Just tell me what you want.”

“You must choose, Kimhan or me?”

That was a stupid question. Of course, it was Kimhan and it would always be Kimhan!

“Please let it be between him and me. Why are you only asking about my personal life? Nobody asks about my new movie. I'm hurt.”

I, who was standing among the reporters, complained while laughing indifferently at all those questions. I became really famous after moving to the big channel and playing a very strong and memorable character. But most people still remembered me as 'Dahwan, the dog of December...' Damn!

After a few more questions, I regained my freedom. I walked towards my high school friends, Samorn, Mali and Kimhan, who had come to support me.

“How are you? It must be exhausting.”

Mali raised her eyebrows at me as she sighed a little.

“Well. They ask me the same things over and over again. Even my nickname is the same. I wish I knew who told you my nickname is December Dog.”

I frowned until Kimhan had to press her finger between my eyebrows and flashed me a smile.

“No. Do not stress. This is a good day.”

The little girl's smile still made my heart beat no matter how many years had passed. I went from being a little frustrated to smiling and uncrossing my arms from my chest after being comforted.

“TRUE. Please don't rush home on this fine day. Come by my room first. I have a 10,000 baht bottle of champagne from my ex.”

“Ah. Clear. I left my son with my mother. I came prepared to chat about our past,”

Mali snapped her fingers happily. Samorn, who was not too far away, twitched her mouth and couldn't help but make a comment.

“Are you a mom now but you still like to go out late at night? Hurray. Go ahead and do your thing. We'll go wait in your van.”

“OK.”

My friends split up to go for a walk and let me finish my work. It was almost midnight when I finished. They were still waiting understandingly without complaining. As soon as we returned to my room after I regained my freedom once again, Mali and Samorn fell onto the expensive couch in my condo like it was their home.

“I'm not the protagonist and I'm that tired. How do you do it Hwan?”

Samorn lay down as if her spirit had left her. Only Kimhan was left standing, who helped me take off her suit, without showing any signs of fatigue..

“It's my job.”

“Being a housewife like me is much easier. My husband worries about me,”

Mali said it without thinking much about it. I turned around to laugh a little and disagreed.

“But they don't pay you to raise a child.”

“But you get love. Get a serious lover, Hwan. You can't be so attached to Kim that all your lovers leave you like this your whole life.”

“TRUE. Kim should have a life of her own too. She graduated and became your personal stylist. If one of you died one day, how would the other continue to live?”

Kimhan and I looked at each other and looked away awkwardly. Was that the time to be talking about this? After Mali opened the topic, Samorn suddenly rose from the dead to join the discussion.

“Why did the rich boy break up with you? Hadn't you just traveled abroad together?”

“Because I didn't want to sleep with him.”

"END,"

Samorn said sympathetically, but Mali shook her head in disagreement.

“Why didn't you do it? Weren't you lovers?”

"We just started dating and he wanted to sleep with me? That's crazy! “

“Hey. If you are in love, it has nothing to do with when. We are adults. You are 32 years old, you are not a girl. You have so many ex-lovers that people think you're a sex worker, not a leading actress.”

“So? I don't mind.”

I shrugged as if I didn't care.

“Many stars are single. I can live without a man.”

As long as I have Kimhan...I didn't say it out loud because it would sound weird. Samorn seemed to know what I didn't say out loud, so she said something that startled me.

“Kimhan won't be with you forever.”

“Yeah. You too, Kim. How much longer will you be attached to Hwan? You have to find a lover of your own. Who will take care of you when you are old? Dying of old age without anyone scratching your itch is too sad. Plus, your eggs will disappear soon. Get married now. It's been 14 years and we still haven't opened our time capsule. I already want to read the letters,”

Mali added. I made a sound in my throat and bared my teeth. Kimhan seemed interested.

“Ah, it's been 14 years. Why haven't we opened the time capsule?”

“Because there hasn't been a big enough event in our lives. Besides, as we grow up, we forget.”

Samorn shrugged and twisted her body to release muscle tension.

“I was selling noodles until I was tired. I don't have time to do anything else.”

“Actually, I didn't forget it. We should have opened it when I gave birth to my son.”

“You didn't get married. It wasn't impressive at all.”

I interrupted, and that made Mali scream.

“Damn you. How was it not impressive to give birth!”

"You said you were going to get rid of the baby,"

I thought about last year, when my friend was really stressed. Honestly, no one thought to open the time capsule. Come to think of it, Mali's life seemed to have evolved around the same event since high school. She stressed about an unexpected pregnancy (false alarm once). This time, it wasn't as bad as in high school because now she could earn a living, but she wasn't prepared to have one at that time. However, in the end, she gave birth to her baby. END.

"Why does Kimhan have to get married for us to open the time capsule? We can do it another time. Don't look for an excuse for your friend to have a husband like you."

"Your friend can't find a husband? Kim doesn't know how to do it."

"Mali..."

Kimhan, who was very shy, smiled dryly at her friend, but Mali didn't care.

"It's true, Kim... You will wither living a life like that. What if one day Hwan gets married? What are you going to do? Will you be single forever?"

"I won't do it!"

I screamed instantly, losing patience.

"You're so sure of that?"

Samorn smiled out of the corner of her mouth, and that made me turn the other way because I was afraid I'd hit her in the head. She kept talking as if she knew what was going on.

"The future is uncertain,"

Mali continued before getting up to inspect my room curiously.

"There are smells of you and Kimhan all over the room."

"What are you saying? What smell?"

"Look. Kim's stuff is everywhere. Kim's photo. Kim's clothes mixed with yours in your closet."

"Of course. We live here together."

“How can you kiss your lover here? No wonder all your boyfriends ran away. They probably think you and Kimhan are lovers.”

Mali turned to joke.

“Do you help each other when it bites you?”

“You are crazy!”

I kicked her, but the chubby girl ran to the other side of the room and continued.

“Hey. You won't know if you don't try. Friends with benefits. No one knows your body more than another woman. I have experience with a woman. I guarantee you it's good.”

“If so, then why did you get a husband? Samorn twisted her mouth and asked why she hadn't agreed with any of her friend's suggestions for a long time.”

“My tomboy girlfriend fell in love with a boy at her university.”

“Oh...”

“Anyway. That's a question of age. Maybe she wasn't really a tomboy. Maybe...she was just a fad.”

“Could it be because of fashion?”

I was surprised. But Kimhan, who had been listening for a while, commented clearly.

“No. She probably really liked Mali at the time. Otherwise, they couldn't be lovers. The love they felt was real, wasn't it?”

“Yeah.”

“Then they really loved each other. But things change as time goes by. Gender does not affect love. She loved Mali then, and then she fell in love with a boy. That's all.”

We all looked at Kimhan in amazement. Samorn looked at her and asked.

“You answer as if you have experienced Kim... have you ever loved someone?”

Little Ella was silent for a moment, causing us all to hold our breath as we waited for her response.

“I'm not sure.”

“Were you afraid that some flowers would fall out of your mouth? Why did it take you so long to respond?”

Mali took a deep breath after holding her breath for a while.

“What does it mean to not be sure?”

“I don't know if I've ever loved anyone.”

“Kim, you are a true artist. Who can make her fall in love? And who can love someone as difficult to understand as her? I can not imagine. Has anyone flirted with you since high school?”

“Nobody. I would have known if there had been.”

I waved my hand confidently because, in the entire time we had known each other, I had been with her through every stage of her life.

“Is your name Kim?”

Samorn interrupted and repeated Mali's question to Kim.

“So, has someone flirted with you?”

Kimhan still smiled, so I raised my eyebrows at Samorn like a winner. I told you, I'm always close to the little girl. If Kimhan had a boyfriend...I would know!

“Do not hold back. I'll narrow the question down because the word 'flirt' can be different for everyone... So, has someone given you flowers, given you a gift, or sung you a song? Anything Like that?”

“Ah...”

Kimhan looked at me.

“Hwan gave me a birthday gift and sang me happy birthday...”

“Then choose Hwan as your husband. When you are bored, you can change positions and be her husband. I'm tired of talking to Kim,”

Mali, who'd no patience, ended our conversation and scratched her head in irritation. Still....

“But someone gave me flowers.”

“Eh eh?”

“Huh?”

My friends and I turned to Kimhan at the same time. Especially me, I was so interested that I looked at her in frustration and asked in a deep voice.

“Who?”

“A boy... Actually, I was going to tell you about Hwan but I couldn't find a good time to do it. So, I guess this is the time to be able to tell everyone at once, Hwan....”

Kimhan looked me in the eyes and announced slowly, for fear that I would be surprised. But no matter how slow or fast she said it, I still felt very surprised.

“I have a boyfriend.”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
23**

Capítulo 23 - CHAPTER : 23



RECONCILIATION



“Hwan.”

I came out of the bathroom to look at Kimhan after I had taken a shower. The little girl was trying to find a chance to talk to me after Samorn and Mali fell asleep. I stayed silent after finding out that my friend had a boyfriend. I talked to everyone except her.

“Are you angry with me?”

“I'm sleepy.”

Those were probably the first words I said to her after hearing the news. And because the little girl didn't get out of the way, I had to reach out and push Kimhan back before I could walk to the bedroom.

“You can ask me anything.”

At the end of that sentence, I turned and glared at the little girl. Kimhan was startled when I moved my angry eyes towards her, so I tried to control

myself and closed her eyes.

“I won't ask anything. I will lie down on my bed and cover myself with a blanket. You should have told me yourself.”

“I did it.”

“You told me at the same time as the girls.”

“I wasn't sure before this. I didn't know what to say...”

“Sweet dreams.”

I finished the conversation and pretended to sleep. Kimhan pursed her lips a little and slid under her blanket before turning to the other side to sleep in that position. She had no idea that I was wide awake with a confused heart despite being physically exhausted from the premiere of my new work because it seemed to her in the darkness and silence that she had already fallen asleep. The little girl next to me was the reason I couldn't sleep. My heart was shaking, like I had had too much caffeine. I was frustrated... She had a boyfriend without even thinking about telling him. Since I couldn't sleep, I got up to grab a pillow and a blanket to go sleep outside. But Kimhan, who was sleeping next to me, grabbed my wrist and squeezed it tightly in the dark.

“Where are you going, Hwan?”

"I'll go sleep outside."

I pouted and turned my wrist.

“Kim, you should sleep too.”

And I left, leaving Kimhan lying alone in that big bed...

The next day...I woke up at 10 in the morning, which was quite late. But it was my day off, so I just stared at the lifeless ceiling of my living room. This was a boring morning.

“You woke up but you didn't get up?”

Samorn, who had a cup of coffee in her hand, sat with her

back against the sofa she was lying on. I looked at my friend, who turned on the television, and smiled.

“You felt at home..”

“Should not?”

I moved my eyes, looking for someone, and Samorn told me before I could ask.

“Kim has been gone since early in the morning.”

“I wasn't looking for Kim.”

“You wouldn't be looking for Mali. She's snoring loudly there,”

Samorn smiled out of the corner of her mouth.

“Did you two fight?”

“No!”

“Your voice doesn't sound anything like the word 'no', Hwan. And Kim has been looking very grumpy since this morning. If I had to guess, you argued because Kim has a boyfriend?”

I sat, feeling frustrated, thinking about it.

“Doesn't it require a fight? I am with Kimhan every day. Let me repeat that! Every day. But I found out at the same time you did. She never gave me any clue that she had anyone.”

“Kim is a true artist. Has she ever opened her mouth to talk about herself?”

“But I'm her friend!”

“Ah. So you're friends now?”

I froze when she asked me that because Kimhan and I had been insisting that we weren't friends. Kimhan was probably just saying that, but to me, I meant it.

“I'm the closest to her, but I found out at the same time you did... Kim never talked about it.”

There were no signs at all. We are together almost all the time. In Switzerland, we were so close that even air couldn't pass between us. How can Kim have someone else?

“Kim doesn't want to have anyone else. She has a boyfriend. Having someone else would be used if she was with you, but it's a contradiction.”

“Morn!”

I raised my voice, and Mali, who was hungover, muttered and turned to the other side to hug the pillow on the couch and continue sleeping. When I saw my chubby friend move, I realized that I had to be very careful when talking about this because I didn't want Mali to suspect anything. Suspect what... Yes, that.

“You're possessive of Kim, right?”

“That's crazy. Friends don't become possessive.”

“Stop lying to me, Hwan. You know I know, I am enlightened and I am always happy. Need I remind you of what I saw in Kim's room ten years ago?”

When she threatened me like this, I could only purse my lips. I never said how I felt, but Samorn seemed to know. However, we never talked about it openly. If I pretended not to know, I should keep doing it. There was no point in digging it up now.

“Honestly, you two never had anything? In the 10 years you've been together?”

“What thing?”

“What Mali joked about yesterday: friends with benefits.”

“No!”

I raised my voice again uncontrollably before lowering it.

“You are crazy? Kim is a friend...At least Kim thinks I'm a friend.”

“Maybe she doesn't. Your relationship is mixed in some way. Was there never any sign or sign of anything other than friends?”

“None.”

Or maybe there was, but we pretended to look beyond it... Something like that.

“Hwan. I know how you feel about Kim... Let's talk openly, why don't you tell her that you like her?”

“Morn! “

“Why are you beating around the bush? I'm tired.”

“I do not like her. It's nothing like that.”

"Then why are you in a bad mood? Are you only protecting your friend?”

“Yeah.”

“Is it too much?”

“If she's going to have a boyfriend, she should at least let me investigate it first.”

“You've had seven boyfriends. Has Kim ever had anything to say? You decided it yourself, you dated them, and you used Kim as your middle person. You date a guy every two years because it doesn't work because no one can take Kim's place. I am right?”

“You should go out with Kim and end this. Why are you working so hard to try to find someone to be her replacement? You drag Kim until she has no life of her own. And when she's about to...You're crazy and possessive. Honestly, a stranger who doesn't understand you would think what you're doing is stupid.”

“ What do I have to do?”

“Do what you feel like doing. If you like it, say you like it. Life is short... You always say that. This is a simple matter, why make it so difficult?”

“I'm not making it difficult. But it's impossible.”

It was difficult... Kimhan and I couldn't end up together like that. It had nothing to do with my job or anything else. It was my family. Mom and Dad. I dragged Kimhan to live here with me just because I didn't want the little girl to meet her mother with my mother one day. She already had a scar from her father. The only way I could protect Kimhan was by dragging her so that she would be with me all the time. When I found out that Kimhan would have someone else in her life, I felt like she would forget me and I felt a hole in my heart. That was why I was frustrated.

“If it's impossible, then you have to let her go. If you don't want to fight for it, then you should let Kimhan live her life separate from yours.”

“Can't Kimhan have only me in her life?...”

“I can't answer that. I'm not her.”

The past few years, I had been with Kimhan most of the time...Although we didn't go to the same university, Kimhan entered one close to my workplace. It meant we met every day like we used to. Finally, I saved up for that condo and we moved in together. We went everywhere together. Even though I had boyfriends, I always had Kimhan with me. The seven boyfriends I broke up with... They all gave the same ultimatum.

KIMHAN OR ME.

And my answer had always been her... I never hesitated when I had to choose. But now, I was afraid that if one day her lover asked her to choose between me and him, who would Kimhan choose? Because our loves were not equal... It was another night that the little girl didn't sleep with me again. When we had our little fights or anger, Kimhan would come home to sleep with her mother to avoid us arguing more. But in the past, we would fight over something trivial. It was nothing like this time. Someone was added to our routine, and I wasn't used to it...

It was another day that I dreamed of the blue world where only we are after not having dreams for a long time. I looked over to where Kimhan was standing with her hands in her pants pockets, looking toward the horizon. There we were lovers, so I couldn't help but be sarcastic, even if it was just a dream.

"Kim, in the other world you're not pretty at all,"

I complained. You left me to go spend time with your boyfriend.

"You left me to have boyfriends and I didn't say anything."

The little girl continued looking outside, away from me.

"But you've never done this. Suddenly, you have a boyfriend. I don't know what to do."

"I just think that... I need to do something."

"Hey? What do you mean?"

"The longer this goes on... the harder it will be for me, I don't want to be too attached to you."

The little girl turned to look at me with tears falling down her cheeks. That stunned me a little.

“If one day you find someone you truly love, I will be the only one hurt.”

“Kim.”

“I'll find someone to replace you. Someone who makes me not think about you when you're with him... That's all.”

“There is no way I could like someone more than you.”

“This is a dream; I can say anything. But in reality, you are out of Hwan's reach.”

Kimhan covered her face with her hands and cried.

“If I can't love anyone but you, I will be hurt the most..”

I woke up with a start in the middle of the night and looked at the clock which said it was after 4 am. There was only an empty space and there was no Kimhan by my side. She made me feel a little empty. Damn... I couldn't stand to see the little girl's tears, even in my dream. She was such a crybaby; Was she crying because I wasn't trying to reconcile with her like I promised? Because I was anxious, I drove home, although I only went to eat with my mom from time to time. I arrived around 5:30 to 6:00 am. The dark blue sky was turning bright blue which was my favorite color. I

entered Kimhan's house at 6 am sharp with the key I stole from my mother. I found Aunt Aey in the kitchen.

“Aunt Aey.”

“Hwan. You scared me!”

Kimhan's mother, who did not notice my arrival, placed her hand on her chest, as if she had just seen a ghost. I smiled slightly and raised my hand to show my respect.

“I'm sorry.”

“Why are you here so early?”

“I can't sleep. I want to talk to Kim.”

“You guys fought, huh? Kim stayed silent in her room. Every time she's home, that's why you two are mad.”

“That happens sometimes. Can I go see Kim upstairs?”

“Forward.”

“Actually... I'm asking for the key to Kim's room. I'm afraid she locked the door and I can't get in.”

Aunty Aey kindly handed me the key. And as I expected, the little girl had closed the door out of habit. When I opened the door, the old days of watching a porn movie during a sleepover came to mind. I opened the door wider and looked towards Kimhan's bed. She was sleeping on her side, with her back to the door. Didn't she have any idea that someone had entered her room? I walked over to sit quietly next to her bed, then slid under her cartoon blanket. I put my arm over her body to hug her. Kimhan stirred a little and mumbled before waking up with a start and pulling my arm away from her. But I hugged her tighter and laughed.

“Sleephead. You just woke up when I hugged you.”

“Hwan... When did you get here?”

Kimhan rubbed her eyes and looked around.

“I'm not dreaming.”

“You're not dreaming. I came to make peace with you.”

“At 5 am?”

“It's almost 6 in the morning.”

“It's still too early. You do not look at your watch.”

"I'm afraid you'll cry, so I rushed to try to reconcile with you."

I snuggled my face into the back of the little girl's head as I said that.

“Now that I'm with you, I'm sleepy. I couldn't sleep at all.”

“Hwan...”

“Sorry for getting too angry. I feel bad about that,”

I confessed openly.

“I'm afraid that I'm no longer your priority now that you have someone...I still see you as number 1 no matter who comes into my life. Why can't you

do that too?”

“Hwan will always be number 1.”

“There you go.”

“What made you not angry with me anymore?”

For a dream...In my dream, Kimhan explained her feelings, which were like a reflection of my feelings towards the little girl. I had been trying to bring someone else into my life to find Kimhan's replacement, but no one could replace her. Kimhan also had to have a life of her own. And I wasn't bad enough to keep her because of my selfishness.

“So Hwan isn't angry anymore...I came to pick you up so we can get back together. The bed is too big.”

“AHA.”

“But this bed is too small.”

I shifted uncomfortably in that 1.5 meter bed we were in.

“It is not balanced.”

“I like it.”

The little girl turned her face towards me and moved down a little to snuggle into my chest.

“It's so warm.”

“When you have a boyfriend, you'll have to hug him this way, right?”

I muttered to myself. When I thought of this, I felt a sharp pain in my chest. However, the little girl shook her head adorably.

“I won't do it.”

“Can you introduce me to your boyfriend?”

I forced myself to say that to be a good girlfriend. However, Kimhan stayed quiet until she made me nervous.

“Let me help you select it. Are you possessive of him?”

“I'm not, but... I don't know.”

“Don't you know that? Or are you still mad at me?”

“I'm not angry. You were the one who was angry.”

“I'm not angry anymore. I'm here to make peace with you.”

“I'm not angry either.”

“Ah. This is not fun. I won't be able to sing branches and leaves to try to reconcile with you.”

“TRUE. How can I forget that step?”

And we both curled up in a tight bundle and fell asleep. We woke up again at almost noon...

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
24**

Capítulo 24 - CHAPTER : 24



MAWIN



Suddenly, I was experiencing an unexpected rise in the entertainment industry. Not only was I able to star in a movie with a good agency, but the series I participated in for the new channel I moved to also received excellent feedback that raised the channel's rating to one of the best. I also became the star that helped my main male co-star's career. P'Toon, my personal manager, called me to talk and was inclined to persuade me to do what was most beneficial for me.

[At this time, everyone ships you to Pat. You are single now. Why don't you build some momentum and go on a date with him?]

I twisted my mouth a little after hearing that and let out a 'hurr' laugh.

“Is the nickname December Dog not enough?”

[Let them say what they want, as long as we are in the news. Come on... You will have many couples events and you will earn a lot of money. Pat is free today: just go to the mall together and take some photos.]

“Pat may be free, but I'm not. I have something to do.”

[What?]

“Eat.”

[With who? Why is that so important?]

“Kimhan's boyfriend.”

[Hey? Does the little girl have a boyfriend?]

Even P'Toon seemed surprised to hear that.

[She is with you all the time. When did she find time to go look for a boyfriend?]

“I'm also surprised. I have to go. The traffic light just turned green.”

Although the weather in Thailand was very hot, it was not as hot as I felt at that time. Even if I had to go through a minefield, I would do it, just to see Kimhan's new boyfriend. To be honest, I hadn't slept. I drove to the restaurant where we were meeting right after finishing my session. It was 5

pm now, and it would be 24 hours since I woke up in 3 hours. Imagine how much I wanted to meet him.

I arrived at our meeting place. It was a medium sized Italian restaurant. It was neither too small nor too big. It had a soft-style design with polished concrete and green plants. It gave a rainforest feel. As soon as I arrived, Mali and Samorn whistled..

“Finally, the protagonist is here. Did you come last because you think it will make you the center of attention?”

Samorn still had a sharp tongue. Kimhan smiled a little at me and invited me to sit next to her. But my friend made me back off.

“Hwan sits next to me. You sit with your husband.”

I looked at Samorn, trying to stay calm. She knew how to tease me but she showed me a sly smile and she pretended not to know anything. Kimhan, on the other hand, waved her hands vigorously.

“Don't say that. Not my husband...”

“The food is here.”

The soft, deep voice came from further away as freshly cooked Italian food was served on the table. At first, I didn't notice anything until Mali pushed me and pointed with her head.

“What?”

“Is he.”

“The fact that?”

“Kimhan's boyfriend.”

After hearing that, I looked intently at the person serving the food.

“Is this Kim's boyfriend?”

I looked at the tall guy from head to toe. I didn't anticipate it was him because he had the black restaurant apron on, so I thought he was a waiter. But when I observed him closely, I began to see the aura of prestige about him. Tall, clean and well groomed. Beautiful smile...

“Hello.”

The soft voice greeted me politely. It was correct, from his manners to his attire. Kimhan, who saw that I was remaining silent, stood up and introduced her boyfriend to dispel the strange atmosphere.

“This is Khun Mawin, my b... b...”

The little girl seemed shy to introduce me to the person who was next to her. For a brief moment, I held my breath and cast a critical glance at Kimhan.

“Be confident when you speak, Kim. Who is he?”

When I sounded so serious, everyone fell silent. Samorn pinched my leg under the table to warn me, as if he was saying, 'Calm down.'

“My boyfriend...”

"Hello,"

I gave a friendly smile to Mawin, Kimhan's handsome boyfriend.

“I apologize for not realizing it was you at first because I saw you come out with an apron. By the way, is there no one here except us?”

“Khun Mawin closed the restaurant for us. I was worried about your privacy,”

Mali praised him, and I was stunned to hear that.

“Close the restaurant?”

”This is Khun Mawin's restaurant.”

"Ah..."

I looked around carefully again and nodded. He had good taste. The most important thing is that he had money.

“The place is beautiful.”

“Look at the food on the table. They are all our favorites.”

And when I looked at the food, I was a little surprised because it was an Italian restaurant, but the food was mainly Thai.

“I knew that Khun Hwan and her friends like Thai food, so I asked the chef at my family's hotel to cook it especially for you. Chef at his family's hotel...What is this? Am I talking to Dao Ming Si?

“Stop with the presentation and let's eat. My parents didn't teach me manners. I hate waiting for everyone to be ready before we can all eat.”

Mali stopped paying attention to everyone around her and started eating. The tense atmosphere dispersed because of her. I constantly glanced at Mawin to try to find fault.

“Mawin...”

“You can call me Win.”

“Okay, is this place yours?”

“Yeah.”

“Where did you get the investment for a place like this?”

Samorn looked at me and spoke with her eyes, which I could read said something like. 'Are you starting yet?'

“I borrowed from my older brother to invest with my friends.”

“I see...”

I left it like that. He was one of those who used the family money to build his own success, not starting at the bottom as an employee like middle class people. There was nothing impressive about that.

“But Khun Mawin worked for his family before this, Hwan.”

Kimhan knew what I was thinking, so she added Mawin also explained himself.

“I also have some savings and I borrowed from my brother.”

“What did you do when you worked for your family?”

"Khun Mawin's family owns JP Business, where you went for many of your events,"

Samorn interrupted sarcastically to keep me in my place.

"The one who owns many shopping centers throughout the country, do you remember now?"

I dropped my jaw for a split second and nodded.

"Oh, is that so? You are quite rich. So why did you open a Restaurant?"

"I want to build something of my own and I don't like being the center of attention. Food is my passion."

Mawin seemed to remember something and turned to smile at Kimhan.

"But now I like Kim more than the food."

I felt like my heart had been shattered. For a moment, I felt like tears would fall down my face. But I held them back and pretended not to feel anything. The smiles they gave each other made me feel like I was the third wheel.

Samorn looked at me and put her hand on my thigh under the table to comfort me.

“Kim's boyfriend is better than Hwan's seven boyfriends combined.”

Mali said this while chewing and laughing. I could only show my teeth at my chubby friend before giving the handsome man a smile.

“I believe you... Ah, the food is delicious.”

“Thank you.”

And throughout the meal, I felt like this guy had no flaws. He was perfect for Kimhan, like the missing piece of the puzzle or something. Mawin was the third son of the 'Akaradissakul' family. He graduated abroad, with a vision for the future and has his own path. They met when Kimhan went bird watching alone in Amphawa. He liked to cook, loved animals, used his money wisely and refused to accept money from the family because he didn't want to fight with his brothers. He was like a character from literature.

They had known each other for a while, but Kimhan didn't use the word boyfriend because she wanted to get to know him more first. She had just started dating him seriously not too long ago. Now she was sure... So she introduced him to us. After talking, my friends and I left while Kimhan stayed with Mawin. So I had a little free time in my room to talk to Samorn on the phone.

[Does your voice shake? Someone who has never been hurt by anything, even when your father is gone, are you crying? You surprised me.]

My voice changed as we spoke, so my friend on the other end of the line, who had never seen my weak side, was terrified. I quickly cleared my throat and tried to sound normal.

“That's crazy. Why would I be crying? I could see that Kimhan met a great guy.”

[Isn't that worse? It's so great that it can't be compared.]

"Why are you trying to be dramatic?"

I said I don't feel anything. I was starting to get angry because Samorn knew all too well how I felt. Didn't the best leading actress award I got last year mean anything? But it was true... I was crying and it hurt inside. I felt like I had completely lost myself. I had nothing that could compete with him. He was handsome and had the same interests as Kimhan. They met when Kimhan wanted to get away from the hassle. I should have gone with her, but I had too much work and that gave her the opportunity to meet someone who is perfect for her. Fate threw that boy into the little girl's life at the right time.

[If you're going to let Kimhan have a boyfriend, don't be possessive. Don't make her feel uncomfortable. Are you an actress; acts well. If you don't love her, show her that you don't love her.]

“You're talking nonsense. I have to go.”

Eventually, I couldn't take it anymore and cut the line. I put my hand over my face and sobbed. I had never been like this, but I couldn't take it anymore. Maybe I hadn't gotten enough rest, so my body was misbehaving.

“Hwan.”

Kimhan, who opened the door to see me sobbing uncontrollably, called me in a high pitched voice and dropped everything to rush to sit next to me. -

“Why is Hwan crying? What Happened?”

The little girl pulled me in to comfort me. I hugged Kimhan and cried uncontrollably. The pleasant scent of her made me even more possessive of her. My imagination told me that

Someone will take this from me one day. He will unwrap it...

she will be yours... How could I stand it.... But there was nothing I could do except accept it. That's the reality.

“I'm rehearsing.”

I walked away from Kimhan and wiped away my tears. I quickly composed myself and shrugged.

“The director said my crying scene looked fake.”

“Were you rehearsing? You cried so much.”

“Have you ever seen me cry? I didn't feel anything, not even when our parents ran away together.”

I used my finger to slowly wipe away my tears in a very annoying way.

“By the way, why did you just come back? Where did you go?”

“I chatted with Khun Win for a while.”

“You left me to go home alone.”

“Are you angry?”

“Clear. I cried alone again. Didn't you see?”

“I'm kidding!”

I laughed, and that made Kimhan smile dryly.

“Why are you making that strange face? You should look happy to have a boyfriend.”

“I'm afraid you won't like it..”

“He seems fine. Suitable to be the father of your child. And he seems to like you a lot Kim. Do you also like it a lot?”

“You will always be number 1.”

“Hey?”

“That's what I want to tell you, Hwan.”

“You already have a boyfriend and you still let me be your number 1? That won't work... You already have a boyfriend; you must prioritize. Hurr... I'm not worried about you anymore. Kim, you have a boyfriend now, so I have to seriously look for one too.”

“You had seven. Weren't you serious?”

“If it were, would I break up with them? Will you still live with me now that you have a boyfriend?”

“Where would I go?”

“To live with your boyfriend.”

“You are crazy? What kind of girl do you think I am?”

“But you will have to live with him once you get married.”

I looked into the little girl's eyes, suddenly I felt empty inside. But Kimhan leaned over to bump her forehead against my chin. Oh!

“That's a long way from now. I've only been dating him for three months.”

“Does this mean you will continue living with me?”

“Of course!”

I over to pick up the things I had dropped to put them in the bedroom. I looked at her back and thought of something before pretending to ask jokingly nodded and smiled at Kimhan. The girl stretched to release her muscle tension.

“Kim, do you know Pat?”

“Pat?”

Kimhan peeked her face out of the bedroom a little.

“The main actor who works with you in the series?”

“AHA.”

“Of course, why?”

“P'Toon wants to play matchmaker between him and me. What do you think Kim?”

I rested my chin in the palm of my hand as I asked for her opinion. The little girl entered the bedroom for a moment and came out again.

“Matchmaking how?”

“Well... we received very good comments about the series, and people imagine that we are dating. Like Kob Suvanant and Somrams in the old days.”

I licked my lips a little and made it sound like I was excited.

“If we go out to build momentum, we'll get a couple of events and a lot of money. “

“If it's work, why not?”

“What if it's not just work?”

“What do you mean?”

“What happens if... I really go out with him? Look! When I saw that you had a boyfriend, it made me want to have one too. I was going to be single for a while at first.”

I wrinkled my nose and pretended to whine but the little girl went from being all lively to being calm.

“Is this something in which we have to compete with each other? I have a boyfriend, so you have to have one too?”

“I'm alone. You have a boyfriend now, so you probably won't have time for me. Hurr... When I travel abroad, I won't have you with me anymore. They'll drag me into bed with them for sure.”

I said it to be funny and wink.

“I survived all those times thanks to you....”

“Can't you stay safe by not having a boyfriend?”

“No. I envy you.”

"Then do what you want."

The bedroom door slammed so loudly that I jumped. At first, I was just going to tease her a little, but Kimhan got really angry..Wait...My heart raced, and I couldn't help but smile. I suddenly felt important when I imagined that Kimhan was possessive of me. No way...

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
25**

Capítulo 25 - CHAPTER : 25



MESSAGES



Suddenly, Mom sent a message on LINE saying she was lonely and wanted to eat with me. So I rushed in my car after my session. But first I stopped to see Samorn at her noodle shop because I wanted to talk to my intelligent, enlightened, and cheerful friend who knew me better than anyone.

"You plan to come during rush hour so my customers can admire you, right? You can't help but want to be the center of attention."

I felt, glowing, in the noodle shop with the eyes of all the customers who were dining in the shop. Some asked for my photo. Some were too polite to approach me because I pretended to have my phone to my ear even though I wasn't talking to anyone.

"No. I just wanted to chat."

"But you seem to be in a good mood. You were in a bad mood the other day. What happened?"

When they asked me that, I smiled a little, feeling good. To be honest, I had been feeling good all day and wanted to share the good news with my friend.

“I think Kim is being possessive.”

“Possessive of whom? Of you?”

“AHA.”

“How is that surprising?”

“Of course it's surprising. It's Kim.”

“She has always been possessive of you. Why are you excited? Even Mali she knows it.”

“Does Mali know? Know what?”

“Knowing that Kim is possessive of you. But I know Kim feels more than that. I realized. That's why I'm surprised that you doesn't tell her what you feel and ask her to be your lover.”

“You are crazy? We are both girls...”

“But you have wet dreams about her.”

She made a sound in her throat, but I didn't want to focus on that because I was in a good mood.

“What did you do to make her possessive of you?”

“I told her I would find a boyfriend.”

“Why did you do that?”

“I just did it.”

“You wanted me to be possessive. Whats Next?”

“What follows from what?”

“Make her possessive, then what?”

I shrugged and shook my head.

“Nothing. I just wanted to tell you that.”

“If you're not going to do anything more than that, then don't do it again. I know it makes you feel good to know that the other person is possessive of you. But if It doesn't get you anywhere, then don't do it, don't do it.”

“What's the matter? I just wanted to share with you what happened.”

“If you don't intend to ask Kimhan to be your girlfriend, don't ruin the love she is forming with a good man... Because you are selfish and you hate him.”

Samorn's serious tone made my mood drop a little. I got up to go back and my friend didn't try to stop me or say anything so she wouldn't upset me. Eventually, I had to turn and look at her.

“You make me angry.”

“AHA”

“I said that, so you should try to reconcile with me.”

“I'm not Kim. If you want to get angry, get angry. You'll come back when you calm down.”

“Arg!”

I drove back to my house, frustrated that my friend wasn't having fun with me. As I was parking I saw a beautiful, shiny car in front of Aunty Aey's house. My mother, who was waiting for me, called me to come in. She was delighted to see me.

“Whose car is that, mom?”

“Kimhan's boyfriend's car.”

“What?”

I looked at my neighbor's house again before my good mood turned salty.

“If Kimhan's boyfriend is here, is Kim too?”

“Yeah.”

“Kim didn't tell me she was coming home today... But has she already brought her boyfriend home?”

I gritted my teeth, feeling really angry. My mom extended her hand to pat me on the back and guide me inside.

“That's why I asked you to come have dinner with me. I have to eat alone, so I feel alone. “

We both entered the house and sat at the dining room table. Dinner that day consists of simple dishes such as mackerel, shrimp paste, Thai omelet and some vegetables. I had lost my appetite because I kept looking next door.

“Kim already has a boyfriend, so... When are you going to bring a boyfriend home to introduce me to him?”

"I'm not in a hurry,"

I replied, feeling frustrated, while chewing plain rice.

“No one is good enough for me yet.”

“You are like that. That's why all the boys ran away. When will I have a grandson if you are like this?”

“In a long, long time. Or maybe never. I'm afraid.”

“fear?”

“Intimate parts of men.”

“Crazy girl!”

Mom grabbed a bunch of vegetables from the basket and threw them at me.

“What words. You are the main actress!”

“Can't a leading actress use obscene language? I am not ready to have anyone yet. Being like this is nice.”

“You will feel alone. Kim has a boyfriend now. Friends can't be with you forever.”

“Mom could have been with Aunt Aey.”

“Mom and Aunt Aey are not friends.”

When our conversation came to this topic, I remained silent. It seemed like I focused too much. When our conversation came to this topic, I remained silent. It seemed like I focused too much on my own feelings. Actually, I rarely came home due to my busy work schedule. More importantly, I moved because I wanted to take Kimhan with me so that Mom could spend more time with Auntie Aey. And I don't want Kimhan to know.

“You are happy?”

“I'm fine. And you? Last I heard you broke up with your boyfriend... I know what's going on with you through the news these days.”

“It's nothing important, so I didn't know why I should bother you with it. I didn't want you to worry. When I meet someone I'm sure of, I'll let you be the first to know. Whoever I introduce you to will be the one.”

I raised my eyebrows and narrowed my eyes at my mother.

“But whether that day will come is another story.”

“How can that day come if you are so attached to Kimhan?”

“Kimhan has a boyfriend now.”

"You sound so lonely."

My mom smiled and put a large mackerel on my plate.

“But that's not surprising. You are very close to Kim and have spent a lot of time with her. She tries to adjust to you being alone. She thinks of it as a test.”

“What proof?”

“For when she gets married.”

As soon as my mom said that, I started getting teary-eyed. I couldn't breathe and had to sip some water to stop myself from sobbing.

“I'll sleep here tonight, mom.”

“Clear. I was going to ask you anyway. Do you want to stop by to see Kim?”

“No. I'll give Kim some time alone... A test.”

After saying that, we continued eating and I didn't look at my neighbor's house again.

“You said you would spend the night here with me. Where are you going?”

My mom asked me as I was turning the key to my car, getting ready to start it.

“I'm going to the movies with a friend. But I'll sleep at home again.”

“What friend? Kim?”

“If I were Kim, I would have said Kim. It's Phi Toon, my personal manager.”

“Ah... don't come home too late.”

“Well.”

While I started the car, I looked towards my neighbor's house. The beautiful car was gone. They both left two hours ago and Kimhan texted me to ask if I had dinner. I had not come in to read the message. You can tell I was in a bad mood. Or maybe not, I didn't know how I felt. Watching Kimhan take Mawin to meet her mom made me call Phi Toon to continue the conversation we had. It could be because of a feeling of loneliness or because of wanting to do something.

“What do I have to do?”

“Have them see you with Pat.”

So our managers scheduled a midnight movie date. I dressed normally in a cap and walked with the main actor who had been in the news with me in this period.

“Oh really. If we're going to do this, why wear a cap to hide your face? People will look at you more.”

I looked at Pat who was carrying my bag for me, the handsome actor looked at me and laughed.

“I do this for people to watch. Even the photos are being taken by our own managers.”

“Do we have to go that far in this industry?”

“I'm more surprised why you're doing something like this. Phi Toon said you don't like this.”

“That's true.”

"Then why did you agree to this?".

"Better than being alone and losing your mind, I guess."

I shrugged as we walked into the theater.

“You are single?”

“Of course. I'm just gaining momentum. I can't have a lover now. Fans will be disappointed if their celebrity already has a lover.”

“Why do they have to feel this way?”

“They will feel that they have no chance.”

“Do you really think they can become our lovers?”

“Deep down, they do. I understand. When I was young, I really liked Khun Nok Jariya. He broke my heart when she married Johnny.”

“Anwar?”

“Anfone!”

“Ah...”

"So going out with me wouldn't affect you?"

“Shipping is a different case. It can satisfy your fans' imagination. We have to keep it as vague as possible. Make it seem like we're together, but not together. We have to be delicate. Not admit it, but not deny it.”

“The entertainment business.”

I scratched my head before I was startled because my phone vibrated. When I looked at the screen, I saw that Kimhan had sent me messages.

[Kimhan: Hwan you didn't answer me at all. Everything is alright?]

[Kimhan: I'm worried about you.]

I licked my lips and hesitated when I read them. Pat saw all this and leaned over to look. He smiled.

“Your lover?”

“I'm single... She's a friend.”

“If it's a friend, why are you staring so intently at the screen?”

“I'm about to answer, but you interrupted me.”

In the end, I logged in to read the messages and respond.

“I'm sorry. I put my phone on silent mode. You don't need to worry. I'll sleep with mom today.”

[Kimhan: Why are you suddenly going to sleep with your mom? You didn't tell me anything.]

“Mom invited me to dinner, so I could spend the night. She said she was alone.”

[Kimhan: I was home today too.]

[Kimhan: You didn't tell me.]

“You didn't tell me you were home either.”

“If you had looked for a second, you would have seen my car parked there.”

It seemed like a bit of a sarcastic comment. I should add something to make it look casual.

“ hahaha. “

By doing that everything seemed smoother. It was like a pastel color. It was for when we want to use dirty language with a friend but we don't want to seem too aggressive, or something like that. Fuck you hahaha.. So fluffy... The message was read, and I was waiting to see if Kimhan informs me about today. However, the person next to me took my phone away.

“The movie started. It is rude to use the phone at the movies. The light from the screen will disturb others.”

I made a sound in my throat but didn't complain. I took the opportunity to leave my phone with the lead actor next to me and watch the movie to the end. Sometimes I was anxious about not responding to the little girl, but it would probably be okay. She would probably be asleep by now. I didn't touch the phone that night when I went home, took a shower, and went to sleep.

“Where were you last night?”

I went downstairs to get a drink of water and was going to go back to sleep, but my mother, who was reading her iPad, asked, looking at me through her glasses.

“Watching a movie like I told you.”

“Why do you always let me know something through the news? You can tell me frankly that you went on a date.”

My mom showed me my news on her iPad and sighed.

"Are you serious about this?"

“It's just a movie. I tried to hide my face. Did they still recognize me?”

I opened the refrigerator to grab a bottle of water and swallowed.

“Like I said, if I were serious, I would introduce him to you like Kimhan did,”

“Are you dating him because you feel lonely because your best friend already has a boyfriend?”

“I'm an adult, mom. Dating is not why makes me lonely. I'll go to sleep again,”

I pouted and went back to sleep. However, I saw Kimhan's messages from the corner of my eye. I planned not to read them yet, but I was curious to know if I had seen the news.

So I did all that just to get back at Kimhan? How could I be so stupid? I read all the messages from last night according to the timeline from midnight to 3am, which told me the little one didn't sleep and was probably pretty anxious.

FRIDAY 2 AM

[Kimhan: Today, I stopped by mom's house. I was on my way, and Khun Win was with me. We stopped by to say hello.]

[Kimhan: It's not that I didn't want to tell you. It just wasn't a big deal.]

FRIDAY 2:15 AM

[Kimhan: What time did you get home yesterday?]

[Kimhan: Hwan, are you already asleep?]

FRIDAY 3:15 AM

[Kimhan: Are you mad at me for not telling you first? I wasn't trying to hide it from you.]

[Kimhan: Normally, I don't look inside your mother's house since I know you've moved into the condo.]

FRL 8.12 AM

[Kimhan: I saw the news. You went to see a movie last night.]

[Kimhan: Why did you have to lie and tell me that you were with your mother? Could you tell me frankly that you were on a date.]

The Last sentence made me leave the house without washing my face or brushing my teeth. I eagerly ran back to the condo. I would get back at her and try to make Kimhan feel guilty for doing something without telling me. But I didn't expect her to sulk in such a pitiful manner.

[Kimhan: You hurt me.]

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
26**

Capítulo 26 - CHAPTER : 26



IN MY DREAM



Before I knew it. I was standing in front of my condo. However, I didn't dare open the door. I didn't know why I was suddenly afraid to open the door to enter the room. It wasn't until the person in the next room came out and looked at me curiously that I put my key card on the door and walked in with my heart racing. Kimhan, who is sitting on the sofa, was aware of my presence but did not look at me. The air was heavy. I felt so uncomfortable that I wanted to scream, but I couldn't. Eventually, the little girl looked up and smiled at me as if nothing had happened.

“You came back early.”

“I have to go to work.”

I answered flatly and walked towards the refrigerator, pretending to look for drinking water although I wasn't thirsty at all. I looked at Kimhan from the corner of her eye

and saw her playing with her phone without paying attention to me. That frustrated me somewhat. That morning I was in a bad mood reading through her messages, but now she's acting like nothing's wrong.

“I just finished designing a new clothing line. Can you take a look at it and tell me if it needs any adjustments?”

Kimhan stood up and walked towards me to show me the design on a piece of paper. It was an oversized blue sweater with a vertical white stripe that was minimalist yet stylish.

“It's lovely.”

“It's a winter collection. I will ask you to wear it in public. You look good in anything. I'll have to go find fabric for that.”

Very normal... It was like she hadn't texted me that morning..

“Kim, did you see the news?”

“Uh-huh.”

The little girl nodded.

“Even though you wear a hat, it's obvious that it's you..”

“Of course. My beauty shines in the dark..”

“Ah-huh. So was the movie good?”

“Nah. I fell asleep halfway through. You shouldn't see it. It's a waste of money.”

“What was it called?”

“Endless love between a cat and me, who gave it that name?”

“Nah. I thought It was good. I thought of you when I saw her, I thought of Vivamaratrisavitritita.”

Kimhan laughed and that made me look at her surprised.

“When did you see her?”

“Yesterday. With Khun Win.”

My neck stiffened as soon as I heard that. I laughed in my throat and spoke without being able to contain myself.

“It seems like you do a lot of things together.”

“We are lovers. You also went to see a movie with that actor.”

“TRUE. Many lover go to see a movie about cats.”

I just said that and went into my room to deal with my anger. From now on, I would hate cats. Why would lovers go to see a movie where cats meow all the time? I'll go see a movie about dogs next time! I had a session for the new series I was performing with Pat that day. It was a series that told stories from two timelines: the past and the present. The other day we shot the past. Now we were filming the present. The set was quite lively due to the news that Pat and I had gone to the movies together. Some wanted to make fun of us but they didn't dare, so they were just smiling. No one knew It was just to build momentum for the series.

“Even the people on the set don't know that this is fake?”

I asked Phi Toon, who is sitting next to me between sets.

“Only Pat's manager and I know. Oh... and the director.”

“It is not surprising. Phi Poj doesn't seem excited like the others.”

“That's the entertainment business. But if you can convince people on set, you can convince the audience. Remember this: In interviews, You keep insisting that you're not together: you just ran into each other there, so you watched the movie together, Keep it vague.”

-Of course I'll say that. We're not really together.”

I picked up the script to fan myself because it was quite hot.

“How much longer do I have to wait?”

“Wait until they prepare the set.”

"Can I sleep then?"

I haven't been sleeping enough lately.

“Go ahead, sleep. I'll wake you up when it's your scene.”

“Well.”

I placed the script on my face and took a nap while others did their work. Maybe it was because it was hot and I was so fatigued that I fell asleep easily. And I regained consciousness when I was back in my familiar dream. The setting of my dream used to be a river. But now that I was older it changed to a white beach, an endless sea and a line of coconut trees along the beach. I walked barefoot on a rock that jutted into the sea. The water was so clear I could see the coral below.

“Suddenly, the scenery changed to the sea, huh?”

Kimhan's voice startled me and made me turn to look at her as she walked towards me to stand next to me.

“When did you get here?”

“We always see each other in our dreams. Why are you surprised? You should be when you dream but you don't see me here.”

"It would be lonely if that were the case... But actually, I'm alone now,"

I confessed honestly. Why should I care when it was a dream? This was the Kimhan who believed me.

“Kim, you have a boyfriend.”

“You also have a boyfriend.”

We both stayed silent. I pursed my lips a little and hunched my shoulders,

“I'm not sure if we're fighting now. I can no longer separate my dream from my reality.”

“Yeah. We are fighting?”

“I do not want to fight. I don't want it to be like the last time we didn't talk,”

I told Kimhan frankly and leaned down to kiss her softly on the lips.

“Although everything seemed normal this morning. I know it's not.”

The little girl put her hand under my shirt and started caressing me the way I knew. I liked her to do it in my imagination.

“Then we have to sort out our feelings.”

“Yeah. Every time we do that, I feel happy when I wake up.”

To be honest, I can't separate my feelings between the real world and the world of my dreams. The same thing happened with us kissing and cuddling like that. If I was happy in my dream, I would forget all the bad feelings I had when I woke up. Maybe it is true when they say that those who fight will often have many children. Because making love helps them reconcile. Even in dreams... Kimhan pushed me against the rock and smiled as she said:

“Then let's make peace when we wake up.”

We always do it. I woke up with a start after sleeping for about 30 minutes. My heart was pounding after my feelings had been set at a certain level in my dream. I woke up at the same time Phi Toon came over to wake me up.

“You woke up like you knew it was time to shoot your scene.”

“AHA.”

“Why is your face so red?”

“Probably due to the hot weather.”

I wiped the sweat with my hand and went on set to rehearse a little with Pat. In that scene, we had to fight, and the male lead grabbed the female lead to kiss her. What era was this? Why was there still a scene like this?

“Are you seriously going to film according to the script? I can't argue, so you pull me in for a kiss?”

I twisted my mouth. The director laughed a little sympathetically and explained.

“Well. Why else would lovers who fight all the time have so many children? The more you fight, the more sexual desire you have.”

I put my hand on my chest a little when he said that while thinking about my dream. I could feel my blood pumping until my face was all hot.

“Your face is as red as a tomato. Dahwan. Are you feeling shy?”

Pat scoffed and that made me laugh.

"You're delirious,"

I said it indifferently. Then the director counted down and we started filming. I acted according to the script and drew my emotions from my experience. The moment we fought fiercely, I saw Kimhan from the corner of my eye and my heart raced a little.. How did she get there...

“I'm not a man? I'll show you!”

Pat acted according to script by pulling me in before cupping my face in the palms of her hands and leaning in to kiss me hard on the lips. I could feel the moisture and softness of her lips and just asked to stay there rigid.

“Cut!... Oh. That was a great performance. Your shock seems so real.”

The director's applause caused the others to praise me as well. While everyone was delighted, I looked at the lead actor, ready to stick a knife in him.

“What were you doing? You didn't tell me you were really going to kiss me. I already told you that...”

Phi Toon approached quickly and whispered to me.

“Don't be angry, Hwan. I told Pat to do that.”

“Hey! How dare you? Why didn't you tell me first? I told you! I wouldn't play this kind of role.”

I looked at Kimhan nervously.

“This goes far beyond our agreement.”

“Everyone performs kissing scenes these days. Are you an actress? You have to be able to play all the roles. Even Mew kissed Ter at Fan Day.”

I dropped my jaw and looked around to see that all eyes were on me, putting me under pressure. If I did anything with that, it would be unprofessional.

“A... Ah! But this is the last time.”

I walked towards Kimhan, who was watching silently without showing any emotion, and smiled wryly at the little girl.

"I'm sorry you had to see something like this."

“Alright. It's work.”

“How did you get here?”

"Well... I just want to come."

The little girl scratched her cheek with her hand.

“I feel like we were tense somehow this morning.”

"Yes..."

So even Kimhan felt it. But it didn't seem like we had much ego now compared to this morning.

“Have you eaten?”

“Not yet.”

“I'm done. Let's go get something to eat.”

I said smiling and looked at the thin lips that were so naughty in my dream. But it seemed like I looked at her for a long time because the little girl had to call me again.

“What's happening? Why are you looking at me? Is there something on my lips?”

"Nah..."

I hesitated a little and nodded before using my thumb to caress Kimhan's lips uncontrollably.

“Actually, there is. I'll clean it up for you.”

Gentle...Why wasn't it you I kissed?

“Kim.”

“Huh? “

“I have a strange question to ask.”

“What is it?”

“Do you think it is possible for people to dream? “

“Like in the movie?”

Kimhan nodded at Pat, who was standing curiously in another corner. When she asked me that, I forgot what I was about to say and nodded.

“Yes that.”

“That is nice. You can be seen both during work and in your free time. You can also kiss when you work.”

The little girl's voice seemed a little imitated, but I didn't give it much importance because I wanted to clarify things so that there were no misunderstandings.

“It's work.”

“How about when it's not during work?”

“Huh?”

“Have you two kissed?”

The person who asked looks away, as if she is a little embarrassed. I hesitated a bit before answering as vaguely as I would if it were an interview.

“Guess.”

“Can't you tell me? Why are you making me guess?”

When I saw that the little girl was starting to get angry, I responded quickly because I didn't want our reconciliations to end in another fight.

"I was just trying to have a conversation. Of course not! We're not actually dating."

“What happens with the movie?”

“It's work. Phi Toon is trying to generate promotion in case we get a couple of jobs."

I shrugged.

“I was going to tell you, but I also wanted to look cool and have a boyfriend.”

“How great is it to have a boyfriend?”

“You have one.”

Now, it was my turn to ask again.

“How about you?”

“What?”

“Have you and Mawin kissed?”

It was a life or death question that seemed like a casual conversation between girls. However, no one knew better than me how fast my heart races. She took him to see his mother. Where are they in their relationship? Have they kissed?

“If I told you, it wouldn't be fun.”

Kimhan rolled her eyes a little and smiled slightly. I tried to force a smile, as if I didn't feel anything.

“TRUE.”

“If you told me, it wouldn't be fun.”

Where else can you find friends who are as diplomatic when speaking as Kimhan and I are? As I showed her my cards telling her that it was just work between Pat and me, the little girl gave a vague answer that made me want to know more about how far she had come in her relationship. She took him to see her mother. I went to see a movie with a cat with him.

Have they kissed or not?

“When will you have days off?”

“Huh?”

I was letting my mind wander, so I was a little startled when she asked me.

“Free days? Around next month. What's happening?”

“How many days?”

“Two, I think. I'm not sure. I'll have to ask Phi Toon again.”

“Why do actresses have so few days off?”

“What's happening? Why are you asking me about my days off?”

“I want to invite you to Hua Hin.”

I smiled immediately when I heard that.

“Clear. I'm also looking for free time. What about you? Normally, you like to travel alone. I only know when you are already in Bangpu, Amphawa... You travel, and before I know it, you have a boyfriend.”

I got angry when I said that. That's how I am!

“Khun Mawin invited me. I do not want to go alone.”

“Oh.”

I laughed sarcastically.

“It moves pretty fast. You just started dating and he invited you on a night trip?”

“Can you come? I don't want to go alone with him.”

“Of course. I can go.”

I stood up straight, as if I was ready to spread my wings to protect her. If that was a sanitary pad commercial, then it would be Mai Davika. No leaks on the side, for sure.

“I will protect you.”

“Excellent.”

“But you can say no if you don't want to go.”

“It's not that I don't want to go. I want to give him the opportunity to show his sincerity. Like you going to Switzerland and Italy because you wanted to spend time with your boyfriend, right?”

No. I went because I got a free ticket. That's why I took you..

But I didn't say anything except...

“Probably. Alright. Come on. We'll know how sincere he is when you bring a friend on an overnight trip.”

I ate salmon with my chopsticks and smiled.....

“Guys usually broke up with me if I went on a trip with them overnight, but I didn't sleep with them. I had been there. Let's see if the noble Mawin would be like other boys I had dated..”

If you can't stand it, break up with her because Kimhan is mine....Only mine
!

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
27**

Capítulo 27 - CHAPTER : 27



ALWAYS



And the day of the trip that Kimhan asked me to take is already there. I cleared my schedule and turned off my phone because I didn't want anyone to bother me during this rare and precious time.

“I'm sorry to bother you Khun Mawin.”

"You girls can make yourself comfortable."

Mawin looked at us through the rearview mirror and smiled at me sincerely. Because I wanted to make sure I could really get comfortable, I asked frankly.

“Can I put my feet on your neck?”

“Hwan!”

Kimhan, who was sitting in the front seat, casually yelled at me because she knew that I had one of those sharp tongues that liked to get into other

people's heads. I wrinkled my nose a little and looked out the side window.

"I thought I could really get comfortable."

"Khun Hwan, you are very different from the person I see on television."

"How is that?"

I looked at the driver through the rearview mirror as well.

"Please tell me."

"On television, you seem calm and glamorous. But in real life, you are fun and funny."

"Because I don't get the guy when I'm beautiful, but when you're funny."

Although I don't have a boy yet. After saying that, I leaned forward to receive the direct wind of the air conditioning and continue the conversation.

“Do you have handsome friends you can introduce me to? I feel alone.”

“Stop babbling, Hwan.”

“Arg. Do I have a boyfriend? You don't know how lonely a single person is, meowmeowuuuwww... By the way, does Khun Win bring all your girlfriends on overnight trips?”

"Ah..."

The handsome boy dropped his jaw when I asked him too directly. Kimhan gave me a fierce look, but I wasn't afraid, so I stuck my tongue out at her.

“Haha.”

Yai... She was just looking at me fiercely, and now she's laughing... So she looked adorable..

“This thing about having a girlfriend is very recent for me...”

“Huh?”

Both Kimhan and I made a noise in our throats and looked at the driver. Mawin laughed a little and told her story.

“When I was young, I was quite nerdy and I liked being in my own world. So I wasn't very popular with girls. When I grew up, I learned to dress up, and when I looked in the mirror, I saw the light... Hey! I can be handsome. So I took better care of myself and met Kimin Amphawa.”

“Are you saying Kim is your first girlfriend?”

“Yeah..”

“It's the same situation as Kimhan. Khun Mawin, you are also her first boyfriend.”

I pouted a little and talked about my friend.

"Then it must be destiny."

“Too bad I'm not her first love.”

“Huh?”

I shrank my neck a little and looked at the one who said that with curiosity.

“What do you mean you're not Kim's first love?”

“Well...”

“Talk about something else.”

Little she interrupted as she placed her hand on the driver's hand that was on the gear shift.

“You said there is a new art gallery..”

And the topic changed quickly. I could only look at the two of them, feeling bored, and lean back in my seat. I crossed my arms over my chest and looked out the window, feeling a little alone..in my seat. I crossed my arms over my chest and looked out the window, feeling a little alone. Kimhan spoke of watercolor paintings by an artist whose name was too difficult to pronounce. Why not talk about the 6.2.1202¹ concert that just happened so I can join the conversation? They were also artists, although from the red bicycle era. I was clearly the third wheel on that car....

We arrived at our destination after about 3 hours. The hotel Mawin took us to belonged to her family. It seemed to be new, and there were no guests yet. It was as if he was taking us there to be the first exclusive guests.

“As the owner of the hotel...”

“I'm just the owner's son. I only have my body and my heart.”

The handsome man smiled until he closed his eyes. He made it shine, as if he had washed it with Omo (a detergent known to make clothes very white), and that irritated me.

“A heart that only has Kimhan.”

I felt like vomiting.

“As someone who has a 'father' who owns this hotel, you should let us stay in the sweet suite.”

“I have prepared that for you.”

“And most importantly, Kimhan must stay with me. This is the iron rule.”

I said it with authority, and that made the little girl who was walking next to me turn around, as if to hide a smile. Mawin laughed upon hearing that, as if he knew what I was hiding behind what I was saying.

“I know perfectly. I won't steal your Kimhan.”

You're stealing my only friend from me, you idiot!

“There will be no knock on the door at night to invite her to take a walk on the beach, and Kimhan will return in the morning. Understood?”

“Are there people who do that kind of thing?”

“Yeah...”

All the people I dated: when I said I was going to sleep with Kimhan, they would invite me out for a walk at night, they would try to get me drunk with the intention of dragging me to their rooms. But little I knew when to come looking for me, so she had been able to keep me safe from all my ex-boyfriends. That was the nice thing about bringing a friend with you when you're not ready to jump into bed with someone.

“Now that I agree with all your rules, you must follow mine.”

“Huh?”

“I will introduce Khun Dahwan and Kimhan to my family. Over here please.”

After saying that, Mawin grabbed Kimhan's wrist and took her to the hotel restaurant. There was a group of 7-8 people at the window, made up of adults and children, watching as we approached. A little girl points at me excitedly.

“That's Phi Dahwan...”

How popular am I? Even a little girl knew me..

“Phi Dahwan, the dog of December.”

Evil boy...After that nickname was mentioned, Mawin ran to his little niece to warn her. I let out a dry smile, maintaining my image as when I was in the media spotlight. Kimhan, who was not comfortable with many people, shyly hid behind me.

“What's wrong, Kim?”

“I'm not comfortable. Suddenly, his family is here.”

When Mawin saw that Kimhan was nervous, he quickly tried to handle the situation by reaching out to push the little girl forward and comfort her.

“It's okay, Kim. This is my family... Dad, mom, this is Kimhan. I told them about you.”

All the adults looked at the little girl carefully. After the introduction, Kimhan raised her hands to show her respect politely. And now it was my turn to pay my respects. Is this your welcome? The look...

“Sit here, Kim. Khun Hwan, please.”

Mawin politely brought us our chairs and invited us to sit in front of his family, who seemed to be taking a special interest in the new guests, namely us. I was very surprised. We were

introduced to his family without being informed before coming here.

"You're cute,"

Mawin's mother complimented Kimhan while sending her a warm smile. She was also an actress, but she left the industry after getting married.

“How did you meet Mawin?”

“W... Well...”

The little girl stuttered because she was nervous. I extended my hand and placed it on her thigh to encourage her and nod her head.

“Don't stutter. it doesn't look good.”

“We met when we were traveling in Amphawa. I was drawing and Khun Mawin came to talk to me about watercolor.”

"They get along well because they have the same interests, I see,"

This time the father, or the owner of many businesses in Thailand, added in a soft, deep voice. He didn't seem intimidating but he wasn't friendly either.

"How long have you two been dating?"

“Entering the fourth month...”

“Let me excuse myself to go to the bathroom. Please continue.”

Mawin left the table, so we were left to deal with his family on our own. In reality, I was not afraid nor was nervous at all. I wanted to see how this family treated Kimhan. But I didn't think... that real life would be like a series.

“What do your parents do?”

Mawin's mother took a sip of her Earl Gray tea and looked at the little girl sitting on the opposite side of the table.

“My father is a programmer. My mother does the laundry service at home.”

“Ah... a real middle class.”

Mawin's father said that and began to evaluate Kimhan now that he had a chance because his son was not there..

“If you end up marrying Mawin, how can you help his family business?”

“What?”

The little girl looked terrified and she let out a dry smile because it was too implausible..

“I don't think I can help much, I have no business knowledge.”

“Don't you have a tailor shop?”

The mother asked who had a criminal record. I smiled a little, feeling good that Kimhan wasn't welcome. Wel... It's a clean break. That was the key obstacle to love. I love Thailand. I love this family. I had just realized the benefits of discrimination. It would make Kimhan and Mawin's relationship end!

“It is an online store without a physical store. Also, I'm not the only owner. Dahwan is my business partner.”

“50% ownership. Ah... Is the income good?”

“It's enough to make a living. I don't use that much money.”

“If you want to be part of our family, you will have to obtain a higher education. All family members have to work. They all come from a good family and have a good education. Our Business will be passed down from generation to generation.

“The truth is I haven't thought that far into the future.”

“You have to start thinking. But... maybe you don't think anything other than having found a gold mine.”

Kimhan just sat silently without responding and drank water. It's me, who had been listening for a while, who started to lost patience. At first, I looked on the bright side and thought this would make them break up, but now it wasn't right. Shit.

Idiots... My Kimhan is the best in the world. How dare they say that she wanted to exploit a goldmine!

“Besides being a good wife and giving birth, what else do they do?”

I said this after remaining silent for a while. Kimhan looked at me stunned, because she knew well that that line of questioning was about fighting more than getting answers.

“What do you mean?”

“I see that you are very interested in the backgrounds of others. Were you an actress in Khun Petchara era? Why did she choose you as his wife?”

“What?! “

“Education?”

"It seems like all you have is your looks, like me."

I smiled as I made the comparison to create an example.

“I don't have a good education either. I graduated from a private university in five years with an average grade. If someone asked me what my strengths are, I would say... I'm beautiful. I charm people. I'm thinking of following your path and finding a rich person to marry then my life would be good. “

“You! “

I grabbed Kimhan's wrist and lifted her up, then smiled sweetly at all the rich people in that careless restaurant.

“Thank you for this food. The hotel is beautiful but very uncomfortable to be here. Don't worry about Kimhan coming to lure your son, because no matter how money hungry a person is, he will leave when he meets you.”

I was saying that like an actress who was thinking about marrying someone rich and retiring to go shopping all over the place.

“Haha...”

Kimhan closed my mouth with her hand and turned away, trying not to laugh. When I saw the little girl in a good mood, I had the energy to challenge everything in this world.

“No one wants a woman without height. Not just our family, no family loves any of you. Lower class! “

“Alright. If no one wants Kimhan, I'll take her. Friends with benefits!”

And as soon as I was about to leave, the thunderous sound of Mawin's mother made me stop. A memory of my glory days in the past came to me.

“You, dog of December!”

As soon as those words left her mouth, I went from someone with prestige to a low-class worker. I knew this tone of Jaroay's voice, so when I heard that, I just went back and gave the same answer as ten years ago.

“Hi Mom.”

I shrugged and turned to Kimhan.

“Come on. This meal is over.”

“It has not finished, the little girl who had remained silent all this time, turned towards the dining table almost at the same time that the handsome boy returned.

“Madam, before we leave, I apologize to Dahwan now.”

I looked at Kimhan, stunned. From calling her "mother," she changed to a distant "lady" instantly. The serious look on her face surprised me a little.

"Why should I apologize? Do you know what you're saying?"

“Kim. Why are you talking to my mother like that?”

Mawin reached out to touch the little girl's elbow, but she coldly took it away. The emotionless look on Kimhan's face made me turn the other way to hide my smile.

“Because your mother disrespected Dahwan first. I'm fine with being disrespected, like I'm not human like everyone else. But you have no right to talk to Dahwan like that.”

“Do you see anyone better than Mawin?”

This time the words came from the father, who had been listening for a while and seemed to be very angry. However, Kimhan looked at him with her cold eyes without a care and declared loud and clear.

-Dahwan is not another person. No one can replace Dahwan.”

Then she looked at the handsome boy as if she no longer cared.

“And it will always be like that, no matter what happens. If I have to choose between you and Dahwan. It will always be Dahwan!

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
28**

Capítulo 28 - CHAPTER : 28



EASIER



My heart raced when I heard that. It was a difficult feeling to explain. Kimhan was now so cool in my eyes. The little girl also had this strong and decisive angle.. No... Kimhan had always been decisive. It's just that she was always the little one when she was with me, so I wasn't used to seeing her like that.

“Come on. I nodded towards Kimhan, but she refused to do so..”

“I haven't heard an apology from the lady.”

"I'm sorry for my mother,"

Mawin said that, even though he didn't know what had happened. He just wanted to get it over with.

“I would be responsible for everything.”

“You didn't do anything. It's your mother who spoke...”

“Okay, Kim, I accept the apology. I don't want to be here anymore.”

When I insisted, the little girl nodded slowly.

“If you're okay with this, I'll let her finish. We will leave now.”

Kimhan said goodbye, raised her hands to pay respects in accordance with proper manners, and left with me. Mawin, the one who planned all of this, stands there, stunned. He didn't go after us and he didn't seem to know what to do. I looked at the little girl the entire way as we took the luggage out of the hotel. I felt like Kimhan was great. Until....

“Phew.”

"I think I'm about to faint."

The little girl turned to me and looked like she was about to cry.

“She was so scared just now.”

“You were afraid?”

I laughed a little and put my hand on Kim's head.

“I know you are extreme and wouldn't bow your head to anyone. But I've never seen you like this.”

“I had to let them know that they can't look down on people like that. We are all humans.”

“But you let them talk badly to you for a long time.”

“I don't care what they say. Like you said, if it's true, just accept it, but if not, let it go. But I didn't like how I talked about you.”

I couldn't stand it. They put you down when he's no better. My God. If my Kimhan isn't the best, who is?

"I'm angry thinking about that."

I sighed deeply to release the tension before looking at Kimhan, who had remained silent. I raised my eyebrows at her.

"Why are you looking at me like.”

“What?”

“Are you serious?”

“What?”

“That I am the best?”

“Of course, Kim, you're always the best. You are always determined. There is nothing you can't do.. “

“Not that.”

“And.”

“You said that if no one wants us, we can be friends with benefits.”

“Huh?”

“Were you serious?”

I dropped my jaw and thought about when I responded to those people without a care in the world. I forgot that Kimhan was right next to me. Shit...

“A... Ah...”

I was serious..

“Where is the lady who was so harsh just now? I'm just teasing you and you stay silent? Haha.”

Kimhan closed her mouth with her hand and put her arm around me as we walked.

“Even if it's not true, I'm glad you always protect me, no matter what happens.”

"Uh-huh,"

I smiled sheepishly and scratched my head a little.

“But actually, Kim, you can protect yourself without my help. You were great.”

“It's because you were with me. That made me dare to do something like that. If I had been alone, I would have sat there in silence. There aren't many things that can make me angry. I don't care what anyone else says. But when I heard what she said about you, I felt like I hated her.”

“If I had had a gun in my hand, I would have shot her.”

Her firm voice made my heart race. I had always been in love with the woman who walked next to me. But now that I saw how important I was to Kimhan, I had fallen even more madly in love with her. You could say it was an obsession.

“Kim.”

“Huh?”

“Do not get married.”

“What?”

The little girl laughed. But when she saw that I was looking at her, she stopped and looked really surprised.

“Why do you suddenly say this?”

“If Kim doesn't get married, we can be together forever.”

“That would be fine.”

“What happens if you get married? Who will I be with?”

“I won't get married either.”

The little girl smiled a little and nodded.

“Alright. If you don't get married, neither will I. Let's be together until we die of old age.”

“Is this a promise?”

“AHA, It is a promise. You have to promise not to marry Hwan.”

“I promise I won't get married. I will be with you forever.”

We smiled at each other and walked side by side, not feeling that walking towards the mainroad that was so far away was tiring at all. That was a good thing... To be honest, what had happened was a good thing for me. These last few years, although I traveled with Kimhan, we never went alone. There were always lice, like my ex, with us. Although that day we had changed roles because Kimhan took me as a friend on a trip with her boyfriend Mawin had already jumped overboard. So now it's just the two of us left. Being famous came with great benefits. When I needed help from people in the area to take me to a car rental service, the aunts and uncles volunteered to take me there in a truck in exchange for exclusive, cute, close-up photos. I also received a discount on the car rental and a free stay at the 5-star hotel in exchange for an Instagram post promoting the hotel.

Of course... The value of a promotion from a celebrity of my status was quite high. Therefore, letting me stay for free is a smart investment.

“Can I sit like this for a pose? Or should I be standing?”

“If I stand up, I will be very stiff afterwards because making a drawing takes a while.”

“I told you to take a photo.”

“Drawing is more satisfying. I want to draw you, Hwan. Can't you do this for me?”

When she complained, I wrinkled my nose a little and did my beautiful pose looking into the distant at the sea.

"Why do you have to whine like that?"

We were looking towards the sea, sitting on the hotel's sofa bed. Kimhan carried her drawing equipment and fixed my pose before starting to draw. My job was to look here and there, keeping my body still as a model for the beautiful artist.

“When you travel alone, what do you draw?”

“The landscape.”

Kimhan continued drawing without losing concentration while she answered me.

“Or sometimes I design clothes for you to wear.”

“Don't you draw portraits?”

“No.”

“Because?”

“I only intend to draw you.”

I looked at the one who said that, stunned. Kimhan knew that I was looking at her, so she raised her eyebrows and continued drawing. I wasn't sure if she looked down because she felt embarrassed or because she was really concentrating on the drawing of her.

“It was good that I was alone with Kim... From then on, I would try to find time to travel with her more frequently, so that she wouldn't have to travel alone.”

“Are you afraid that I'll feel alone?”

“No. I'm afraid you'll meet someone again like you did with Mawin. I AM possessive...”

I dropped my jaw when I heard myself say that. Kimhan stopped her hand a little but didn't look up.

“Ah...”

“That's good.”

So, we remained silent until Kimhan finished drawing. We found other activities to do at night. I liked Hua Hin because there were many things to do besides beach activities. At night, there was an open flea market like Cicada or a street market with lots of food to choose from. Kimhan loved this market. She kept taking photos until she made me laugh..

“I thought you said you liked to draw.”

“I will draw from these photos. It would be strange to stop and draw in the middle of this crowd.”

“There is also a water park. Do you want to go tomorrow?”

“Sure!”

The little girl seemed excited.

“But I didn't bring any swimsuits.”

“Can we buy a new one, bikinis?”

I looked at her body, evaluating a not-so-small body part.

“Now that I think about it, I've never seen you in a swimsuit.”

“Me neither.”

"Then you'll see me tomorrow."

“Good. I can not wait.”

Suddenly, my face blushed when the little girl said that. In fact. I was also waiting to see Kimhan in a swimsuit. Ah... I was waiting too. We walked until almost midnight before returning to our hotel. We had a sweet suite with a single bed. We took turns bathing and then getting ready for bed. But before I closed my eyes, I checked my phone for interesting updates since I had turned it off all day.

[Mali: Girls,look.]

[Mali: file sent.]

Usually, Mali was the one sharing gossip in our group chat. While Samorn would make some comments but would come in to read and comment.

[Samorn: Wow. It's so hot. I can't squeeze my legs fast enough.]

[Samorn: This news anchor goes from being unknown to being the talk of the town.]

[Samorn: He has such a sweet face. It's a shame he has a girlfriend.]

[Mali: But it's a good thing. It's so delicate.]

“Have you seen the video, Kim?”

I pulled the person next to me, who was about to take her pencil to draw sketches on a sheet of paper, to look at the clip.

“What video?”

“No idea. Mali sent it.”

I opened the clip after saying that without thinking much about it. The clip showed an image of a woman who was between another woman's legs, but her face was censored. Kimhan and I looked at each other for a bit before awkwardly separating.

“Shit! What crazy shit did she send?”

I scratched my head and laughed trying to kill the awkwardness in the air. This news anchor looks familiar. I think they've seen it before.

“You probably saw it on television. When did you meet a news anchor?”

“Yes...”

I laughed awkwardly.

“I'll go to sleep. Will you stay drawing?”

“No. I'll also sleep now.”

“Can you help me charge my phone on the nightstand next to you?”

The little girl put away her drawing equipment and did what I asked before turning off the light. Everything became dark. We turned our backs and closed our eyes. We were physically tired. I was to close her eyes and open them again in the morning. But that stupid clip kept playing on loop inside my head!

A sheep...

two sheep....

Ten sheep...

Thirty-two sheep...

It seemed like I had already fallen asleep because the atmosphere was blue and white. I looked left and right, looking for someone, before I could feel the little girl tug on my back.

“Hwan.”

“I was looking for you.”

I looked at Kimhan's face and looked at her lips

“I'll be direct.”

“You just saw a clip. It made me think of you when we are here...”

I approached the little girl before snuggling into her neck without wasting any time because I was afraid of waking me up first.

“When I saw that clip, I thought about when I tried you, Kim..”

"You're moving fast today."

The little girl obeyed easily as I mischievously put her hand in my shirt.

“Actually, I also think about your moan.”

"So what should we do today?" Who will test who?"

“Can't we try both at the same time?”

We separated and looked into each other's eyes for a while before launching into an intense kiss. Normally, we would take it easy in our dreams because we wanted to keep this delicate. But for some reason, we were in a hurry at that time. As if we had been holding back our desires, and they suddenly burst out. We're taking off each other's clothes. Our hands and fingers were working masterfully, as we knew where we liked to be touched. And the moment we are both about to use our lips at the same time...

I woke up with a start when I heard a message notification from my phone. My body was all hot, and I knew I was wet as usual.

“Hwan.”

The voice of the little girl, who was still awake, made me stop worrying and I opened my eyes to look at her.

“Aren't you asleep yet?”

“I woke up with a start.”

“I'm sorry. I forgot to turn off the notification.”

I reached for my phone and remembered that it was on Kimhan's side, so when I picked it up, I accidentally ended up on top of the little girl while our bare skin rubbed against her thigh area. That made me pause as my heart raced. I looked at Kimhan, who looked back at me. The little girl's slender hands grabbed my waist tightly, as if she was afraid that I would lie down on the bed. I had forgotten what I was doing.

“I can't sleep.”

“Me neither, Kim.”

Our legs rubbed together as if they were finding each other and learning to touch each other in a new way. Our body temperatures were rising and emitting heat onto the bed.

“Because you can not sleep?”

"I was thinking..."

I leaned in until the bridges of our noses were almost touching,

"About the kissing scene."

“With that main actor... What were you thinking?”

“I think I didn't do it right because I've never kissed.”

My lips began to approach Kimhan's and I was about to lose control.

“If that's the case, I'll have to take a lot of takes.”

“Hwan, have you never kissed anyone?”

“Only in the series. In real life, I've never done it. And you?”

“I can say yes, and I can say no.”

“With who? Mawin?”

“No.”

“Then who?”

Both of Kimhan's arms reached for my neck and pulled me down before she stared at me.

“Someone in my dream.”

-/”Do you want to dream with me?”

”Can?”

The little girl's knees were raised to enclose me between her knees as if she didn't want me to move away.

“I can practice with you?”

“What are friends for?”

“Since when have we been friends?”

“Yes... we were never friends.”

“Then that makes it easier.”

As soon as I finished saying that, I pressed my lips on Kimhan's lips.

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
29**

Capítulo 29 - CHAPTER : 29



A REQUEST



That was our first kiss in the real world..But it was so familiar, like we'd done this before somehow. We knew when and how to move so that the other person would respond better. Our breathing was synchronized. Everything was going as it should be and we wanted to keep it that way.

From being on top, the little girl pushed me down and turned around so that she was on top. Although it was dark, our eyes had adapted, so we could look at each other as if we were talking with our eyes. I put one of my arms around the little girl's neck and pulled her down because I didn't want her to stop. Kimhan pursed her lips and nibbled as if she were tasting something so delicious that I didn't want to finish it too quickly...Gentle... Delicious... What word should I use for the thin lips of the person above me? Everything was so delicious. If Kimhan was a cup of coffee, it was an expensive, high-quality coffee that had an alluring aroma..

Suddenly, one of our phones vibrated. We both paused, but since we didn't want it to end, we pretended we didn't know and continued waiting for it to stop..But...This time, my phone vibrated and the repeated calls made us wonder who was trying to contact us. It had to be someone who knew that Kimhan and I were together. Calling both of us because one doesn't answer at 2 am it must have been because of something urgent

“We must answer the phone. I think I already know how to kiss.”

I said it awkwardly, but I really didn't know what other reason to give. The little girl paused before nodding and reaching out to answer the phone. She was still on top of me with her legs at my sides, like she was still holding me hostage. Looking at Kimhan from below was a new feeling that I couldn't describe. She was so sexy, I want to caress....

“Is she already in the hospital, Aunt Mon?”

I, almost unconsciously, grabbed the little girl's chest and paused when I heard Kimhan talking to mom. Not her mom, but my mom. What was up with that hospital thing?

"I'll hurry back. I understand. Thank you very much for your help.”

Kimhan hung up and remains silent. I sat down with Kimhan still on top of me.

“Who's in the hospital?”

“My mom. Aunt Mon called to give me the news. I was going to leave right away, but Aunt Mon stopped me. She doesn't want us to drive between cities at night.

"What's wrong with Aunt Aey?"

“Cancer.”

The little girl said flatly, as if it were nothing surprising, as my heart fell to my feet. I tried to find words of comfort but I didn't know what to say except...I grabbed the small body in my lap to hug it tightly. Our hearts were colliding with each other. They say the best way to comfort someone is to hug them, and right now, that was all I could do for Kimhan.

"Do you want to cry?"

“I don't want to. But... I can't help it...”

The little girl tried her best to be strong at first, however, she clung to my neck and cried so hard that her whole body shook. I rocked her body, laid her on the bed and continued hugging her silently.

“Everyone would be sad in a situation like this. It's okay, Kim. You always have me with you.”

“Please hug me.”

“I'm hugging you.”

“Do not let me go.”

“Never.”

And we hugged each other tightly all night. I heard Kimhan cry until she was so fatigued that she fell asleep. Even if everyone in the world left her, I would always be with her...

From our initial plan of going to the water park, we returned to Bangkok at 8am and arrived around 11am. I thought about what happened the night before the whole way. We didn't talk about it, but we knew something was wrong between us. If there hadn't been a phone call, what would have happened...Would it be mean if I said I was sorry at a time like this? In the morning, I looked at the phone to see who sent the message when I was having a good dream, the dream that I was kissing with Kimhan. It was the message from Mali. It seemed like she just realized something, so she sent us all a message.

[Mali: Next month it will be fourteen years. Don't forget that we must open the time capsule.]

14 years passed so quickly. I was 18 one day and now I was 32. As soon as we got back, Kim headed straight to see her mother. She found out that Auntie Aey had third stage lung cancer. It wasn't an early stage...We didn't know about that. We just thought Auntie Aey had lost weight. My mom never said anything because she was asked not to. Her until she got so bad. She didn't want to blame her because she knew that she was the one who hurt the most. When she found a true lover, it doesn't last long. Although it

was not yet time, we knew that everything was happening surprisingly quickly.

“Why did you decide to let us know?”

"Aunt Aey probably knows she doesn't have much time left."

She probably wants to see her daughter.

“Aunt Aey doesn't smoke. How can she have lung cancer?”

“Cancer doesn't choose where and when... I'm not sure how it happened.”

While we were talking, a sound of quick footsteps was heard, as if someone was running towards us. Mawin standing there with us surprised me.

“Khun Win, how did you get here?”

“Kimhan called to tell me.”

“Kimhan?”

I was starting to get frustrated. I thought they had broken up the day before.

“Where is Kim now?”

“In the room with Aunt Aey. Don't come in now. They probably want to be alone,”

I said, trying to get in the way.

“Mom... this is Mawin. Kimhan's ex-boyfriend.”

“Hey? Ex?”

Mawin looked uncomfortable when I introduced him like this. My mom looked at me and smiled a little before laughing.

“You are protective of your friend... Go ahead, talk. I'm going to the bathroom, so you can talk as much as you want.”

My mom, who knew me better than anyone, got up and left like that! I could talk to the handsome boy alone. I sat cross-legged and looked at the

person who had just arrived, as if I was looking for a fight.

“After what we did to your family, you rush to the hospital so quickly and come wagging your tail like a dog, when Kimhan calls?”

”Don't say that. I'm not mad at you at all.”

“Do you remember your own face yesterday? Ah... how can you? There was no mirror.”

“My niece told me everything. She told me what my parents told you. I tried to contact Kim many times yesterday, but I couldn't get through to her because she turned off her phone.”

"Even if she saw it, she wouldn't talk to you, rich boy,"

I continued making sarcastic comments. Mawin straightened up and looked as if he too was irritated with me.

“But what you did Khun Hwan was also wrong. You shouldn't have made those sarcastic comments to my parents.”

I shrank my neck like a turtle hiding in its shell to recover. That? I was being all shy just now. This wouldn't do... Dahwan never lost, and I wouldn't this time either.

"Should I sit there and let your parents talk to Kim like she's an animal? And when you came back, you got mad at Kim. You looked at us fiercely. If you two got married, I don't see you being able to protect Kim, being a mama's baby."

"I can protect her!"

Mawin's stern voice made me laugh sarcastically.

"What can you do? You still have to borrow money from your brother to open a restaurant. If your parents die, you may be forced to inherit their business. You're just a rich kid playing house. You're in your independent mood, but within a while, your family business will swallow you whole. Kimhan is not right for you."

I moved my hand as if I were telling him to get out of our orbit.

"Out of Kim's life."

"Khun Hwan seems like you don't like me."

I stood up straight like someone who was caught. But because I was an actress, I can still look normal.

"Why wouldn't I like you?"

"You're afraid that I'll take Kimhan away from you..."

"What?"

"Your only friend..."

Mawin licked his lips, trying to say that in a way that wouldn't bother me too much.

"She's the person you grew up with. You would feel empty if she was no longer with you."

"I just don't think you can protect Kim. That's all. For the past 10 years, I have always been Kim's bodyguard. I even protected her against the traditional Thai dance teacher, who was the toughest in the school, which gave me my December dog nickname until today."

“Traditional Thai Dance Teacher... what?”

“This means you're not close enough to Kim. This story is the best!”

I smiled happily Kimhan couldn't change into the red cloths, so I had an argument with Teacher Jaroay. I was the one who protected Kim until I had to go to the disciplinary room. I'm still angry just thinking about it. Why does she have to get so angry just because a student can't do that?

“Khun Hwan, were you the one who protected Kim from the teacher that day?”

“Yeah. Oh? Are you surprised? So you already knew?”

I look at him in a bad mood. Kimhan had told him her story, meaning they were quite close.

“That teacher called me. December Dog, so mom ran in to slap her and everyone at school found out that our parents were gay. That was the beginning of the close relationship between Kim and me.”

“So it was you, Khun Hwan.”

“Hey?”

I raised my eyebrows and looked at Mawin, who seemed surprised.

“What about me?”

“You came so fast.”

Kimhan's voice came from behind us as we are still in the middle of our conversation. Mawin looked at his girlfriend and mutters.

“I just heard an interesting story. Khun Dahwan was the one who helped you with the Traditional Thai Dance teacher.”

“Your only friend.”

“Come in and see mom for a while. Mom wants to talk to you.”

Kimhan ended the conversation quickly. Mawin stood up and looked at the little girl and me repeatedly.

“Yeah.”

“You go first, I'll catch up with you in a moment.”

Mawin entered the room alone. Kimhan stayed where she was and smiled at me..

"Do you talk to that idiot when I'm not here?".

“Moron? She was just babbling. I told him so many bad things.”

“As.”

“I said there's no way someone like him could have a wife. She is a baby. He can't protect you. Something like that.”

“And how did you get the loincloths?”

"I was bragging. I wanted to show off, so I told him.”

“AHA.”

And we both stayed silent until I felt worried..

“Kim... You can cry if you want.”

When the little girl saw that there was no one here but us, she extended her cold hand to grab mine, as if she wanted me to comfort her.

“I'm trying to be strong like you. Crying doesn't help anything. It will only make my mom worry.”

“Don't be like me when I'm cold. You are sensitive. If you can't contain yourself, cry. People have different levels of pain tolerance.”

“Just seeing you here makes me feel better. I have to thank Aunt Mon for being there when my mother fell, so she was rushed to the hospital quickly.”

“Yeah.”

”It's a little strange... It was 2 am, but Aunt Mon was with mom.”

I stayed silent because I didn't know what good reason to give. But Kimhan pushed that thought out of her head and continued.

“I have to stay home this period. I have to take care of mom... I feel like there isn't much time left.”

“Don't say that. You still have time... I read that if a patient has a bright outlook, she can live for years.”

“It's still not much, don't you think?”

Kimhan laughed, but I could only give her a dry smile because I didn't know how to comfort her.

“Technology advances very quickly. The doctors are very good. Everything will go better.

“No matter how advanced they are, they can't help my mom. She will not receive any treatment.

“Huh?”

“Mom said it's a waste of money and she knows it can't be cured. If I love her, I have to respect her decisions.”

"Kim..."

I sighed as my mouth fell at the extremes.

"You don't have to agree with her on everything. You have the right to take care of her."

“I feel the same mom. The longer this disease continues, the more the patient suffers. I would not receive treatment if it were my case. It's like throwing money into the river... but you're not stingy. I'm thinking with mom's best interest at heart.”

“My mom feels like she is losing and that hurts her pride. Mom said that she doesn't want to do chemotherapy because she will lose her beautiful hair. And if she's going to die, she doesn't want to bother anyone, especially me.”

It seemed like Kimhan had gotten her mother's determination. Even though they were cry babies, they got through even the most difficult situations. She respected them. This is based on the saying - make chili paste to throw in the river - which means that you put a lot of resources (ingredients and labor) into making something only to throw it away.

“But... why did you call Mawin?”

I asked because I wanted to know since their relationship shouldn't last longer after what had happened. Kimhan paused for a moment before looking at me as if she was making a big decision. She seemed more distressed by this than by her mother's illness.

“Hwan.”

“Yeah?”

“Mom asked me to marry him.”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
30**

Capítulo 30 - CHAPTER : 30



DAWAN'S WISH



"Don't you think you're being too foolish?"

“Celebrities who are accessible are loved.”

“Can't you go somewhere else? Why do you have to come to my noodle shop? I need to run my business!”

Because I didn't have many friends. Samorn, the daughter of that noodle shop, was the best option I had. There were a few friends in the industry, but none close enough to talk about Kimhan. She was the only friend who knew what I was thinking.....

“Others would be happy to have a celebrity visit their store. Why are you playing hard to get?”

“Can't you be happy like everyone else?”

“I've seen your face since high school. After we graduated, I thought we wouldn't meet so often that I would miss you. You could mention me on

Facebook. I see posts from other celebrities about eating expensive Japanese food on Instagram, why don't you do that?"

"I don't like Japanese food."

"Any food."

"I'm Thai, I love Thailand."

"How annoying! I'm being this direct, I feel something. What's the matter? I see your face more than the Nadech-Yaya commercials on television."

"I have a lot of work and also a lot of commercials. Why don't you use that as your example?"

"You are very annoying!"

Samorn left her ladle with her worker and went to sit across from me to have a real conversation.

"Are you here to talk about Kim's wedding? Mawin hasn't decided, has he?"

That's true, but I bite my lips and sigh.

“What if that idiot is crazy enough to want to marry Kim, and she agrees? That's crazy! I'm angry just thinking about it.”

“I do not think it does. She lashed out at her parents like that. Take it easy and go back to your condo to sleep. I have many clients today. I can not speak.”

“No. I want to stay. I love my friend.”

“Shit...”

Samorn closed her mouth, trying to be patient, calm and reserved, following the motto of the prime minister from many years ago.

“If you're so worried, just tell her that you don't want her to get married, even if that Mawin guy wants to. If Kim says no, that's why are you secretly so worried? It's so useless.”

“What right do I have to say that?”

“As a friend. No. Like you, it's you. Kimhan will listen.”

“What if Kim asks me why I don't want her to get married?”

“Tell her you like her. That's all..”

“Don't I have other alternatives?”

“Life is short. Why make things difficult? It is exhausting.”

"I don't dare do that."

I hunched my back, losing my spirit.

“And things are not that easy.”

“What is hard?”

Our mothers... I hadn't even told Samorn about it. So the reason was left unanswered, and I just sat there and sighed.

‘What happens if I tell Kim and lose a friend?’

“You are not friends. Friends don't kiss.”

Samorn said that and pouted as if she couldn't stand it. I looked away when I heard that because I felt embarrassed too.

“Morn. Do not play. I'm serious.”

Seeing that I wasn't actually joking, the serious-faced friend extended her hand as if she was about to comfort me, but when I looked up she hit me on the head.

"Bitch, shit..."

I almost blurted out an obscene word if it weren't for the eyes of the customers who looked at me and admired me because I played with the owner of the noodle shop like a friend. Damn you! I'm arrogant, but I can't do anything. Crazy!

“I'm very confident that if you tell Kim that you love her, everything will be easier.”

“What makes you think that?”

“You've always said there's something between you two. Someone just needs to take the first step. You are both afraid that if you tell the truth, you would lose what you currently have.”

“You... but I'm a woman.”

“So what?”

“It is not normal.”

I looked down sadly.

“How annoying! What day and age are you? Her parents ran away together almost 10 years ago. Stop being so old-fashioned. If the father can do it, so can the daughter.”

"It's too confusing."

I pulled my hair hard in an attempt to control myself before I went too deep and never came back up.

“Our dads, our moms and us. Damn?”

“What moms?”

“None. I'm just making a comparison.”

I scratched my head, not knowing how to get out of it. It was a good thing Samorn didn't think too much about it, and besides at that moment there was a call.

“Wait.”

“Ah.”

Phi Toon, my manager, called with exciting news.

“Hwan. I just got you a new job. It is a presentation for a mobile network.”

“Uh-huh.”

There was nothing that could excite me at that moment. I didn't even use the money I earned because everything was free. That was just another way for my manager to make more money from commissions.

“Aren't you going to ask for details?”

"You'll tell me anyway."

“TRUE! It's a couple's job with Pat. They just contacted me a minute ago. I can't believe the shipping is so strong. Oh. The media will be watching you at tomorrow's event, keep it vague.”

“Why would they come to me?”

“Oh, haven't you checked the news?”

“What news?”

I shrugged my shoulders a little. I didn't like anything about all that.

“Send it to my LINE now.”

“It's okay.”

And as soon as I saw the news that Phi Toon sent me, I almost screamed in the middle of the noodle shop. It was my old wallet in Pat's room on the gossip news.

"Shit..."

I massage my temples with my fingers patiently.

“I had to go that far.”

“What?”

Samorn leaned over from my side of the table to see. At first, she didn't understand, so I had to explain.

“My old wallet is on the nightstand of the guy I'm performing with.”

“Hwan... you..”

“Even you are surprised, right? I'm here, but my old wallet is in the lead actor's bedroom! Is this the time for this? Kimhan is making a decision about whether she will get married and my wallet is in the lead actor's condo!”

“That's the entertainment business, huh?”

After being depressed at first, I was startled and stood up straight when I thought of someone.

“Do you think Kim already saw it?”

“It's fashionable. She probably did. Because?”

“Kim will be mad at me again if she sees it.”

“Why would she be angry?”

“She'll say I did it without telling her first. The last time she texted to sulk from 2am to 8am.”

I threw my phone on the table. If she could, she would spit it out too, like someone looking for a way to let out steam.

“Is this friendship? Kimhan is so obvious. If it were me, I'd do the Hwan move... When you were young, you seemed brave. Why do you hesitate so much, like there's something in your throat when you grow up?”

"You make it sound so easy!"

“I think Kimhan told you about the marriage because she wants you to stop her or do something so she doesn't have to get married.”

“Why does she have to do that?”

“You're so annoying! You ask, even though you already know.”

Part of me believed in Samorn's hypothesis. But another part of me was worried and hesitant because I was afraid it was just me thinking that. But we kissed, and it wasn't a dream..

We kissed with the excuse of practicing a kiss scene. To be honest, even I thought my excuse was too lame. But at that moment, I just wanted to do something, anything, to get closer to her. I couldn't get the problem of Kimhan's marriage out of my mind after leaving Samorn's noodle shop. I eventually drove to Mawin's restaurant, which was located along the highway. The customers were a little startled when I walked in, but the manager seemed to remember that I had been Mawin's guest, so he told Mawin and by that time we were talking privately in a private area. The

handsome boy was not happy to see me. Although I felt it was a little strange, I didn't care. I wasn't happy about his existence either.

“Do you have any important matter to discuss with me Khun Hwan?”

"I'll get to the point,"

I pursed my lips a little and asked directly.

“Are you seriously thinking about marrying Kim?”

The handsome boy stared at me for a long time. I had to call him again because I thought his mind had wandered, but no. Because the look in his eyes seemed like he had a question, but he just didn't want to say it out loud.

“Khun Mawin.”

“I am thinking about that. But I don't want to rush my decision. There are many things to think about. Most importantly, what I discovered recently...”

And the handsome boy sat with his back straight, then leaned towards me from the opposite side of the table. He clasped his hand, looking all serious.

“What are the reasons why I shouldn't marry Kimhan?”

“Many.”

I responded quickly and extended my five fingers upwards, as if I were going to list the reasons for him, but I couldn't think of any. Kimhan is perfect. Why wouldn't he want to marry her...?

“What are those many reasons?”

“Your family does not welcome Kim. Kimhan will live an uncomfortable life if he marries you.”

“Alright. I will protect Kim.”

"Geez."

I laughed sarcastically.

“Will you protect Kim? You were on the family side that day.”

“I won't be like that again. If I really marry Kim, all my decisions are my own. My family will not be involved.”

“What happens if your family takes your money.”

“I'll have to live with that. I will defend myself.”

“Don't just talk. Rich kids can't do shit when their family leaves them penniless.”

“If I have Kimhan, I can do anything like you, Khun Hwan.”

I paused and looked at the person speaking as if I knew, a little surprised. She talks like he knew something, but he couldn't...

“The most important thing is that you two just met. You don't know each other enough.”

“You can fall in love with someone in a day and be with them until old age.”

“Not with Kimhan. From the moment I met her, she never said that she liked or loved anyone.”

“There is someone Kim has always been in love with.”

“If there was. I would know.”

“Yeah. Why doesn't Khun Hwan know?”

We looked at each other as if we were fighting with sharp swords. Mawin's deep words made me believe that Kimhan was in love with me. Thinking about the other night we woke up in Hua Hin confirmed that it couldn't be anyone else. But really... For me, it's clear, but for Kimhan?

“So what does Khun Hwan want to talk to me about?”

“About Kimhan, of course. What else would I want to talk to you about?”

“What do you want to talk about Kimhan? Marriage?”

“Yes, I want to know if you will marry Kimhan?”

“Khun Hwan, do you want me to do it or not do it?”

"I..."

I bit my lip hard. Although it was a simple question, I felt like I had to be very careful when showing my cards. Yeah... obviously wasn't the answer. No... What reason could I give for not wanting Kimhan to get married if he was someone so perfect?

“If you tell me what you want, I will do it immediately.”

“Why does it depend on me?”

“Because I also want to know your answer.”

The handsome man joined his hands on the table and used them as a base to place his chin. He looked me straight in the eyes.

“And if it will be the same answer as Kim's.”

Why was I so excited? I felt like he was tricking me into telling a secret. I sat up straight, pursed my lips, and decided to respond against my will. Because I wanted to seem like a good friend, even though I didn't agree with my own answer.

“Of course I want you to marry her. You seem nice and perfect.”

“Is that your honest answer, Khun Hwan?”

“Yeah.”

I said that, trying to keep my voice from shaking. My acting skills seemed to be working in real life too. Mawin nodded a little in understanding before picking up her phone to text someone and silently waiting for a response.

“Like I said, I'll do whatever you want because I want to know if you and Kim feel the same way. And the answer is...

"Not you."

The handsome boy smiled at me and showed relief on his face.

“It's good to know that Khun Hwan and Kimhan don't like each other.”

“What?”

“I already told Kimhan that I would marry her.”

Mawin moved his phone so he could see the screen to show me who he was talking to, and my heart sank.

[Mawin: I will marry you. Choose a date that is convenient for you.]

[Kim Han: Thank you.]

I was deeply hurt when I raised my face to look at the person sitting in front of me, who was smiling softly at me. But I couldn't do anything but force a smile. Mawin winked at me with many emotions. Happy, Satisfied and Victorious.

-Khun Hwan, you must be the bridesmaid.

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
31**

Capítulo 31 - CHAPTER : 31



NEIGHBOR



“Thank you.”

Kimhan's response was still floating in my head non-stop, even though I was sitting in front of our parents or, to be exact, my dad and Kimhan's dad.. Are you surprised that I can overcome my angst to have a sit-down chat with my dad? It's because I understood, I understood how my father felt and how much courage it took for him to run away together, leaving his wife and daughter behind. I was angry, but I also understood. The most confused person was me.

“Is Aey's condition serious?”

Uncle Tim, Kimhan's father asked distressingly. I could feel that he was really asking out of concern.

“It is in the last stage.”

“Who will be with Kim from now on then.... The little girl must be very alone.”

"Hooray,"

I laughed sarcastically. The parents seemed sad to see that, since they thought I was laughing at them. I had to wave my hands like I was denying. I'm not laughing at you. I laugh because I want to tell them that Kim already has someone to take care of her after Aunt Aey is no longer here.

"Does Kim have a boyfriend? Who? Uncle Tim looked surprised. I shrugged and responded candidly."

"A rich boy. They will get married soon."

"Hwan. We've been talking for a while, and you just tell us that Kim is getting married?"

"It's not that important to me."

"But it's important to Uncle Tim."

"Why is it so important? Kim wouldn't invite you anyway."

I said it without thinking much. But that saddened the little girl's father. When I saw that, I sat up straight and laughed.

“Uncle Tim, you've never visited Kim. It would be strange if she invited you.”

While everything went silent, the notification on my phone rang. When I saw that it was a message from Kimhan, I suddenly became in a bad mood.

[Kimhan: Hwan, I just saw the news. Why are your belongings rumored to be in that actor's condo?]

I pressed to read but I didn't answer. I left the phone, with the screen against the table, and continued talking to the parents.

“If there are any updates, I'll let you know. Uncle Tim doesn't need to worry. Kimhan is a survivor.”

“How can I not worry? My only daughter is about to lose her mother. She must be very sad right now.”

“Kim is good at managing her feelings. When you ran away, she wasn't sad for long and she became a person no one would dare mess with again. I guaranteed it to you.”

“Hwan, you're not leaving Kim, are you?”

A question, leaning toward a request, made me pause. I had never thought about leaving her before. Maybe I should start? I was about to be left behind. Why should I be the only one suffering?

“Kim is the one who will leave me..”

The meeting between the parents and I, which happened about 2 or 3 times a year, ended and I returned to my normal routine. As my car was stuck at the traffic light, I grabbed the phone to browse and enter the '4 Devils' chat room, there were over a hundred messages, mostly sent by Mali and Samorn, discussing...

[Mali: Kim is getting married. We can finally open the time capsule. When will we do that?]

[Samorn: You remember the nonsense very well.]

[Mali: Of course. Others can read their friendship letters from graduation, while I have to wait for my friends to get married. Shit!]

[Samorn: Good. Let's call it a meeting. But aren't we also having a lot of meetings? Old friends usually rarely meet. But we met very often. We did it at the Hwan movie premiere and slept in her condo. And now, again?]

[Mali: Meeting now is better than meeting after we die.]

[Samorn: Do I still have to see you after I die?]

After some reading, Kimhan's message appeared in our private chat room. It seemed that she is in a bad mood.

[Kimhan: Why did you read the message but didn't reply to me? You are busy? Are you busy?]

I pouted before responding in the group chat, wanting to let Kimhan know that I wasn't responding to her as a way to vent.

[Dahwan: Let me know when we will open it.]

And as soon as I responded, someone read it. It wasn't hard to guess that it was probably Kimhan.

[Kimhan: Why don't you answer me in another chat? Are you mad at me for something?]

Like I said, Kimhan was a strong person. She was more direct than me. When she didn't understand something, she would immediately ask and did so in the group chat room. Everyone had read my message, but no one had responded, as if they knew there was a lot of tension in the room.

[Dahwan: I don't know what to say. Whatever's in the news, that's it.]

[Kimhan: What the hell is wrong with you?]

And the traffic light changed. I had just read the message and could only say 'hurr' because I had to keep driving. It was a while before I got stuck at the red light again. And when I had a chance to go back and read the chat, there were over 30 messages from Kimhan.

[Kimhan: How old are you? Can't you think for yourself that if there is a problem, you have to say it?]

[Kimhan: I'm asking because it worries me. I'm afraid you are stressed by this news.]

[Kimhan: But you acted cold towards me?]

[Kimhan: Why are we friends then?]

I pursed my lips before writing with trembling hands because I couldn't lose.

[Dahwan: Did you forget that we are not friends?]

[Kimhan: Good. We are not friends!]

[Dawan: Of course. You are about to get married.]

[Dahwan: An important friend is no longer important.]

[Kimhan: We are not friends.]

When I got that answer. I paused a bit before attacking and didn't touch my phone again as I headed to my event.

[Dahwan: Congratulations on your wedding. Although I am not a friend, I still want to congratulate you..]

[Dahwan: From now on, someone else can take better care of you than me.]

There were about 30 calls, but I chose not to look up who it was because I didn't want to get angry and fight with myself anymore. I admit I was being problematic. She understood everything Kimhan did for her mother, but I was still angry.

I was angry at that person, not at myself. I was mad at the guy who won because he was better than me in every way...I had always been confident throughout my life, Although I wasn't rich, I had never considered choosing my gender when I was born. Then there was my status, strength and lifestyle. If Kimhan didn't marry him, who would she marry?

I never thought of myself as a loser until I met Mawin. I had been defeated from the beginning because I couldn't tell what I truly felt. That was the right thing to do....I was angry because even I thought that way. When I arrived at the event for the credit card of which I was the new brand ambassador, I put everything out of my mind to focus on work. However... I could pretend not to think about it, but that didn't mean it would just disappear. It was still there...

“Nong Hwan, there is a photo of your wallet on your fellow actor's nightstand, people want to know what's behind it.”

All the questions from the media who had been waiting for that moment came directly to me with the microphones in my face. I paused a little and responded according to the script I practiced with Phi Toon. Do not accept,

but do not deny For future events and money, everything should be ambiguous

“Everyone uses wallets that look like this. I'm not the only one in this world who uses them.”

“Isn't that too much of a coincidence? Or are you just trying to create news to generate popularity?”

Good question

“I'm not. Why do that? I'm a woman; I can only lose... “

“Does this mean that Nong Hwan is not in a relationship with Pat?”

“We are friends.”

'We were never friends'.. Suddenly, Kimhan's words passed through my head like an echo from Mount Kailash. I took a deep breath as I became too emotionally involved with what the little girl wrote in our chat. If there was a sound, it would be something like, I don't give a damn. She didn't care about me!

Hurr...

And due to my lack of concentration, I added to what I just said.

“Friends with benefits.”

Let's say I made the credit card event very lively with my wordplay. I had become the talk of the town that night.

“Hwan, why did you say that in the interview?”

Phi Toon called to yell at me when he saw it. He was rubbing his face with his hand like someone who was ready to commit suicide at any moment. Damn! did I lose my mind when I said that?

“Not good? Everyone talks about it.”

"You said to keep it vague."

“You are playing big with this. Ah! But there is a website that says you're lying.

“What website is that? What good ethics. What else does it say?”

“It says you actually like women. Well there are... rumors.”

I was a little startled when I heard that. What crazy website said that?

“What website is that?”

“Do you want to read it? It's ChaeDara site (reveal celebrity secrets).”

“The name of the website was very to the point.”

“So people are doubting the news because that website usually reveals things that are and that most of the media doesn't know about. It's like a DISPATCH in Korea. Ah! Or do you really like women? If that's the case, how is it possible that, being close to you, I didn't know?”

“I am so tired. Let's talk later. Phi Toon.”

I cut off the conversation and hung up the phone. I lay back on my couch, as if my spirit had left me. I didn't read anyone's messages because I was too stressed. Then I heard the sound of the door opening.... Kimhan... Even though I knew who it was, I pretended to keep my eyes closed. I had

left her mother to love Aabi, so she was probably here to have create a big fight with me.

“I know you're not asleep. Get up and talk to me now.”

The little girl's voice wasn't a voice that was looking for a fight or anything. But that commanding phrase still made me open my eyes..

“Why are you here?”

"I'm here to ask why we're fighting."

I laughed, still sitting in the same position with my eyes closed.

“Yeah. Why are we fighting? There are only things to be happy about. Kimhan is going to marry to the most perfect boy. And I'm the talk of the town for being a December dog. Life is so good.”

“What's wrong Hwan?”

The little girl came and sat next to me, but I jumped as if I didn't want to be near her.

“Why are you staying away from me? Why are you mad at me? Speaks!”

“You're going to gon... “

“What?”

"You're leaving."

My voice was shaking, but I tried my best to control it. Actually, I wanted to slap my mouth for saying that. But I had already done it, and I can't take it back.

“When did I leave you?”

“You will leave me to get married.”

“Even if I get married, I will still be with you.”

“You are crazy!”

I turned to look at her and laughed sarcastically.

“How can you get married and still be with me?”

“Do you really think we'll be together for the rest of our lives?”

At those words, my tears began to fall heavily. Kimhan closed her mouth with her hand stunned. I has never been this emotional since we met. I was very sensitive at that moment. I had revealed my weak side and I was ashamed.

“I'm practicing crying. How was I? Good?”

I wiped the tears with my thumb and shrugged my shoulders

“It's true. We probably won't be together for the rest of our lives. I just thought about when we said we wouldn't get married and stay together like this. But that's it...”

“Times change, people change.”

“Hwan.”

"I'm going to ask you honestly."

The Little One looked at me seriously, and that scared me so much that I had to look away. What was she going to ask... Don't ask what I can't answer.

"Will you spend the night here or will you return home?"

"Don't change the topic."

"Now that I think about it, we haven't spent the night together for a while since Aunt Aey is sick.."

"How do you feel about me Hwan?"

"Someone told me that cancer patients should eat organic vegetables."

"Hwan, are you possessive of me?"

While trying to change the topic. Kimhan continued to insist on herself. I was stunned for a moment before smiling like I didn't care, using my excellent acting skills.

"Why should I be possessive of you?"

"You are nothing to me apart from a neighbor."

Kimhan looked stunned before looking down to avoid looking at me.

"Ah. Yes. Why would you be possessive? I forgot who I am."

"I'm just Kimhan, which doesn't mean anything. I'm not a lead actor or someone with social status who can give you everything."

That bad mood made me go from thinking I was the most pitiful person to feeling guilty in a heartbeat. When I walked towards the little girl, she moved away from me, as if she didn't want to be near me. As I had done a moment ago.

"Kim."

Kimhan looked at me with tears streaming down her cheeks.

“I'm just a neighbor. I'm not worthy. I'm sorry for not understanding my place all this time.”

I approached her, but she backed away and left the room as soon as she finished speaking. I could only stare at the closed door with a broken heart and cry alone because I was sure no

one could see me at that moment. You're not just a neighbor...You are my everything, Kimhan

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
32**

Capítulo 32 - CHAPTER : 32



GIVE UP



“Moron!”

As soon as I opened the door after calling the guard to tell him to let Samorn go, she yelled at me like a good friend should. Really?

“I have a name, why don't you use it? Did you come here alone?”

“I can not stand it. How annoying! I came straight on my motorcycle as soon as I closed my noodle shop.”

“You came to my 10 million baht condo with your motorcycle? Please respect my condo.”

"I'll kick your ass."

I raised my head as if I didn't care and sat down on the couch.

"Why are you here if you don't care about me?".

“Leave me there. Don't look if you don't mind. Ohhhh yes... Perrrs! Why am I singing a JR song.”

“I'm going with you?”

Samorn scratched her head a little while I composed myself because the song was still in my head.

“I'm here to give you some shit. Why did you fight with Kim? Have you gone crazy because of your possessiveness?”

“What did you talk to Kim about?”

I looked at my friend immediately when she said that. But Samorn showed nothing unusual on her face. Which made me doubt.

“Don't you know what I'm talking about?”

“No, I never talk to Kim outside of the group chat. Now I see you more than any friend.”

"Then why did you say that?"

"What?"

"Kim asked me if I was possessive of her."

I bit my lip hard and shook my head.

"Why did Kim ask that?"

"Looking down from Mars and orbiting Earth three times, it's still clear that you're possessive. Instead of being happy that your friend is getting married, you're being sarcastic until Kim lashed out in the group chat."

"I didn't do that."

"Of course you did. Go back and read your message when you can think clearly, and you'll see that's what you did."

Samorn sat near me on the couch and sighed.

“Shit! Hwan. If you like her, just tell her you like her. She's getting married. Aren't you afraid of losing her?”

“Yeah.”

"So what are you doing about it besides being sarcastic? Do something. If you like it, say so. I think Kim would be fine if it were you.”

“She won't be well.”

“What is the problem?”

“Our mothers are together.”

"Geez, why would that matter?" Hey?"

Samorn, who had just learned that, was stunned and her jaw dropped. I looked at my friend and laughed weakly.

“Your mom and Kim's mom?”

“AHA. The same as our parents. They started out caring about each other and now they are together. They have been together for 10 years, but Kim doesn't know it.”

“My heart is exploding. Since when did you know?”

“A little before we graduated from high school.”

“So you wouldn't tell Kim how you feel because...”

“To our mothers. I'm not even sure how. It was already difficult to behave when our parents ran away together. If she finds out that our moms are together too, how would Kim react...? She doesn't like that kind of thing after what happened with her dad. I don't want Kim to get stressed. I don't know what to do. So....”

“Are you protecting her? Oh... you bought a condo because you wanted to get Kim away from home. Drag her to your side so she doesn't accidentally see your mother do something to make her suspicious?”

"Uh-huh,"

I shrugged and acted like everything was fine.

“I thought it was okay that we weren't lovers as long as we could live together and take care of each other. Honestly, Kimhan is like my family. Our parents are lovers; They're just a little confused in terms of relationships.”

“So confused. I don't know what to say,”

Samorn scratched her head and looked at me pitifully.

“But Hwan, Kim is really getting married. Aren't you going to think about it again?”

“What can I do?”

“Whatever you can do. If you love her, keep her with you.”

“At first, you told me not to do anything.”

“Well...”

Samorn was confused with herself.

“Yeah. What do I want? I'm on both the supporting and opposing sides, so I don't know what to do.”

“Even though I want her to stay with me, it's too late. Kim is very decisive. If she says she is going to get married, she will. And now that her mother is terminally ill, she will do what her mother wants.”

“I lose.”

I lay on the couch like a loser.

“I have nothing that can compete with him.”

“Hwan, I can't stand to see you lose like this.”

“Except my beauty.”

“Crazy.”

And Samorn threw the pillow closest to her hand at me and laughed.

“I don't want to help you think more because, in the end, the person who must decide is you. Let's just say that whichever way you choose, I will support you. I will only make one request.”

“What?”

“Don't do anything at the last minute. How to elope with your girlfriend.”

“You are crazy? I have my reputation, which I have to maintain.”

“Good. Because if you do that, it will become a big problem. If you're going to do something, do it before the wedding. If not, then don't do anything. I warn you.”

“You're so annoying. Go away now. You smell like sweat. You must be clean when visiting a celebrity. I'm Dahwan, not a clogged toilet (Suam Tun in Thai; Dahwan is using a pun that herhymes with Dahwan) Why don't you take a shower after work?”

I pretended to cover my nose with my hand, but Samorn didn't care.

“I am a worker. But I was worried about my friend, so I hurried. I'll go... I'm so sleepy and I have to get up at 3 am to buy grass and vegetables for my noodles.”

My serious friend got up and prepared to leave. But she thought of something.

“Ah. We will open the time capsule in a few days. Make peace with Kim, or it'll be awkward. You'll ruin it for all your friends.”

“Yes, Yes. “

“I really want to know what you wrote to Kim... Is it a love letter?”

When it came to this part, I was startled and sat up straight as I remembered what I wrote.

“When will we open it?”

“The 23rd. Why? What's happening?”

“Nothing.”

“Hurry up and make peace with Kim. Your friends feel uncomfortable. You two are so troublesome.”

And Samorn left me with my anxious self in my room. Damned. If my friend hadn't mentioned it, I would have forgotten what I wrote in the time capsule. Kimhan couldn't read that!

Finally, it was time to open the time capsule. I avoided it by saying that I had work, when in reality, I just didn't want to meet Kimhan because I was afraid that I couldn't stand it and I cried like a child who was afraid that her friend would leave her. That was the longest Kimhan and I had not spoken. It was like we were strangers. No one knew how much pain I was in or how hard it was for me to hide my feelings.. The person who took on the role of postman and delivered the letters from the time capsule was Samorn herself. She was like what I had said before: we saw each other too often. Probably more often than Kimhan and I.

“Take it.”

Samorn tossed me the letters and sighed.

“You're smart, digging up your letter before Kim can read it.”

I looked at my friend, she was not willing to accept the position but she did not refuse either. Keep it vague.

"Why would I do that?"

“Yeah. Why would you do it?”

Samorn leaned forward to look at me.

“What did you write?”

“Nothing. Just 'Friend forever', like what everyone writes to their friends.”

The truth was, after Samorn visited me the other day, I rushed to my high school at night and dug my letter out of the time capsule with an orange hoe and shovel I had bought at Homepro. I only took out the one I wrote to Kimhan, leaving the rest where they were. A one stop shop for home improvement My nails were dirty from the dirt and cow poop fertilizer they seemed to have recently put on. A leading actress shouldn't have cow poop on her nails. Argh!

“Celebrities are so good at lying.”

“I have taken acting classes since I was young.”

“Moron. Do you admit that you are lying?”

I grabbed the cards on the table to look at the handwriting on each one and stopped at Kimhan's cute and familiar handwriting. My heart hurt so much that I had to get away from her.

“Aren't you going to read it?”

“No.”

“I'll do it then.”

“No!”

I pushed my friend's hand away and hugged Kimhan's letter. Samorn started to laugh.

“Wow, so possessive.”

“Hurry up and come back now.”

"Bitch... You used me and you're kicking me out now that you're done... Ah."

Kimhan asked me to ask you if you would be her maid of honor?

“No.”

"That's what I thought, but she doesn't seem to know."

“I am a leading actress. I won't be anyone's maid of honor.”

"I'm not ready to play the supporting role."

I shrugged and looked at the calendar on the table.

“Is it almost the wedding day?”

“AHA. Get engaged in the morning and get married at night.”

“That's very fast. At the end of this month?”

“Kim said it's a simple ceremony. She wants to do it quickly because her mother is sick. She is afraid that it will be too late if they look for an

auspicious day..”

“AHA.”

“Are you going to the wedding?”

“No. I have a session.”

“You could have saved the day to go to the wedding, Hwan. It's an important day.”

“I do not want to go.”

“You're so annoying. Leave.”

Samorn left me alone with the letters. To be honest, I don't care about anyone's letter except the one with Kimhan's handwriting. Part of me wanted to open it, but another part was still in too much pain to do so. I felt that it was a farewell letter, although it was a letter of friendship.... I was feeling very sad.

This is how Kimhan felt 10 years ago, when no one could come between us. The moment we had each other. We walked home together. We talk and

wish each other sweet dreams through the windows. Not to mention, we were inseparable after graduating high school and moving in together. But from now on, she would belong to someone else. They would be one and the same. I would become someone else to her. As I stared at the white envelope with teary eyes, my phone rang. I was surprised by the number displayed on the screen.

Kimhan.

It had been more than 10 days since we had spoken. And today the little girl had decided to call me first...

“Hello.”

[It's me]

“I know.”

Of course, I knew it was her. We had known each other almost half our lives.

[You didn't come to open the time capsule with me today.]

“I had work.”

[Are you OK?]

It was just an ordinary question, but my heart raced until I couldn't breathe. We were so close...so close. We had never been apart for more than three days. We never fought longer than that. And we never asked, Are you okay? Because it was a question you ask someone you don't know and who is no longer close to you.

“I'm fine. You're fine?”

[Yeah]

“Did you call to ask me just that? Or are you calling to ask me to be your maid of honor?”

[No. I know you would never be my bridesmaid. I don't even know if you will attend the wedding.]

"Then why did you call?"

[Do I have to have a reason to call you now?]

Every word that came out of our mouths was like us holding a knife and cutting into each other's flesh to create pain what seemed like a normal conversation. Why are we doing this...? How do we get to that point?

“I was just asking. We haven't spoken in many days.”

[Yes... then I'll get to the point.]

We remained silent. I was waiting to know why she called, but the other side remained silent, as if she was thinking, and then decided to ask:

[Have you read my letter?].

I looked at the letter in my hand and licked my lips. Ah... I should answer her.

“I did it. I read them all at the same time.”

[What do you think about it?]

“Eh what?”

[What do you think of the letter?]

Since I hadn't read it, I didn't know what to say. It was probably just another friendship letter, so I didn't think much of it.

“It is nice. Your handwriting is beautiful.”

[....]

“I think about our old days. We shouldn't have grown up... It seems that the more we grow, the more we separate.

[If you have already read the letter and have no opinion on it, then... that's fine.]

I didn't understand what she meant, but I didn't say anything and chose to say instead:

“That's all?”

[AHA. That's all.]

“It's late. I'll go to sleep now.”

[Hwan....]

I was about to say goodbye, but the person on the other end of the line stopped me. Kimhan's trembling voice told me that she was not in her normal state, which made me ask hastily.

“What's wrong, Kim? Are you OK?”

“Hello, is Kim still there?”

[It's time for me to give up.]

“Hwan, you look really bad lately. You are not sleeping?”

“No. I sleep like always,”

I told Phi Toon, looking surprised. I was sure I had covered my dark circles under my eyes well, but it seemed like it still wasn't good enough. Since that day I spoke with Kimhan, we had grown further apart. In 5 days, the little girl would be officially married. I didn't keep up with the news because I decided not to enter the group chat room. It was too painful.

Since I was born, I have never known defeat, especially in the form of heartbreak. That word had never been in my dictionary. I had never loved anyone but myself. That is, until Kimhan came into my life. We were friends. We live together. We spent every day together. I forgot that someday we would have to be apart, and it seemed that that terrible day had arrived. I was really losing it....

So that was the first time I really knew the words defeat and heartbreak. I slept about three hours a day. To avoid going crazy, I asked Phi Toon to fill my schedule as much as possible until the little girl's wedding date. I cried every day.

I thought about my pain every night. That was heartbreak. Just imagining Kimhan on the wedding night doing what newlyweds do. I got frustrated and couldn't stand it. I was too confident. I should have gotten a boyfriend and given all my affection to someone. It could be that it wouldn't hurt so much. Anyone who has never gone through that pain would never understand it.

The closer the wedding day got, the more the pain multiplied, when the calendar showed that the date was the next day, I sat silently, staring at the sleeping pills the doctor prescribed me, wanting to kill myself. But I was Dahwan, the undefeated. Death could not defeat me..Therefore, I would take them just to be able to go to sleep. Everything was going to happen...I told myself that and took a pill. Everything happened quickly after that. After not sleeping for many nights and taking the pills, I changed from being in my present world to...

My dream world. The blue surroundings that I hadn't dreamed of for a while made me look forward to Kimhan. That was the only place where I was happy when I escaped from reality. Being there helped me a lot. Little she was standing under a big tree in a white shirt and comfortable pants with her hands in her pockets. She seemed to be thinking about something. I rushed to hug her from behind and spoke with a muffled voice like someone who is crying.

"I missed you a lot."

It seemed like I wasn't the only one who was sad. Kimhan, who had her back to me, rubbed my arms gently and sobbed as much as I did.

"We haven't seen each other in a long time."

"Yeah. I have suffered a lot."

"I can't stand it either."

The little girl turned to me with tears streaming down her cheeks. I held her face in my palms and used my thumbs to wipe away her tears.

"I miss you Hwan."

“When I dream like this, I don't want to wake up... That's why many choose to stay asleep instead of waking up to face reality. Kim, you're getting married tomorrow.”

“AHA.”

We fell silent and began to cry together. We were looking forward to it. We were suffering. Those feelings were all around us.

“I think it's better that we don't meet again in our dreams.”

“What do you mean?”

“If I still think of you like that, it will hurt Mawin. It's like I'm cheating...”

The little girl said that with tears.

“It's hard to get you out of my heart. But if we still meet in our dreams, I will still think about you, and I won't be able to get you out of my heart.”

Kimhan moved away from me as if she wanted to keep the distance between us.

“What is Kim doing?”

“I don't want to have these dreams anymore. It's too painful. It is painful to wake up and realize that it is not true.”

“No... This is the only place where I can meet you. It's the only place where I can love you.”

“It's just a dream. You have to erase me from your life too... What am I saying? This is a dream.”

“Kim.”

“Kim!”

I woke up with a start and sat up in my bed at 3am. My sweat soaked me and the bed. The pain of my dream made me put my face in my hands and sob. I was at a breaking point in my reality, and I was also rejected in my dream. Even in my dream, she was no longer mine... I went to my photo shoot early that day. I actually didn't want to be alone because I kept looking at the calendar and clock anxiously all the time.

The day had arrived when Kimhan would get married. I read the script to understand it, so I didn't have time to think about the painful event that would occur that day. The scene I was filming was a scene from the Ayudhaya period. It took

me three hours to put on my makeup and costume. Everyone raised their thumbs in approval.

“You are beautiful.”

Phi Toon looked at me from head to toe and applauded.

“You would be more beautiful if you smiled.”

“What's there to smile about?”

“Hwan.”

Suddenly, Phi Toon changed to a serious tone. I, who was putting in contact lenses to make my eyes look bigger, looked at him.

“What's up, Phi Toon? Don't use an attractive voice. I'm shy.”

“Are you really not going to go to your friend's wedding?”

“No.”

Even Phi Toon was worried about the wedding. Kimhan and I were known to be very close, but I chose not to go to her wedding. That was really strange.

“Hwan, you're not going because you're possessive, like what that website says.”

As soon as he said that. I showed my manager a hard and stern look.

"What crazy shit are you talking about?"

“Ah. I won't repeat it.”

“Can I start working now?”

“You can go to the set as soon as you finish.”

Like I said, I was trying to stay busy, so we started early. Because the lead actress was ready, the others did not dare to be late. It was annoying that I was so good at my job that I finished early and had time to go home and rest.

“Aren't you going yet?”

“I want to stay a little longer.”

“Hwan, you don't have any more scenes to film today.”

“I can not stay?”

I used my deep voice with Phi Toon, showing my frustration.

“Phi, you can go if you want.”

“Are you sure you want to stay alone?”

My manager raised his wrist to look at the time.

“You can still make it to Kimhan's wedding...”

When he saysme staring at him again, Phi Toon left as quickly as the wind and the sun at 4 pm. I could survive the commitment ceremony that morning; Therefore, I could also survive the wedding reception at the hotel that night. It would soon be morning. And the next day. And the next, and the next. And one day. Kimhan would have a baby.

“Arggg!”

I threw the script in my hand to the ground, causing everyone in the area to jump..When I got myself together, I smiled at everyone and made a lame excuse.

“I'm practicing my angry scene.”

At that moment, I was not myself. How could I overcome that time of agony? As I thought about this and that, I looked at my bag. The blue letter from Kimhan that I carried with me everywhere but did not dare to read occupied a prominent place there. And I took it for the millionth time. Should I read it? It was just a friendship letter from Kimhan who would belong to someone else that night, and it would be the nail in the coffin of the word friend. It was useless. Forget it! I threw the letter in my hand into the nearby trash can before walking away. However, there was a nosy person who took it to read it

“To Dahwan...”

Pat's voice, reading the letter he opened, made me turn to look at him, ready to fight. I approached him and yelled at him.

“What the hell are you doing? Give it to me.”

“You threw the letter away. Now it is mine.”

“Give it back to me!”

Because the main actor was taller, when he placed the letter on his head, I could only jump like a rabbit.

"What crazy trick are you doing? It's hot.”

“If you're so possessive of it, why throw it away?”

“I threw it away because I don't want to read it.”

“Then let it go.”

“But you were reading my letter!”

And I was able to jump high enough to grab the letter. I said goodbye while the handsome boy just shrugged and laughed.

"You're so possessive. Are you reading it?"

“Curious!”

“If you're going to throw it away, I'll read it.”

I kicked my feet away in frustration. When I was sure there was no one around, I was about to tear up the paper and throw it away. I did not dare. Actually, I wanted to know what Kimhan wrote to me ten years ago. It could be a normal friendship letter, so I shouldn't be so against reading it. Our relationship wouldn't change whether I read it or not. The letter had already been opened. She wrote it, so I should read it. My hands shook when I opened the letter. When I saw Kimhan's lyrics from ten years ago, my heart skipped a beat as if I were reading a farewell letter.

To Dahwan,

If you read this, it means it's been ten years. I thought for a long time if I should write to you to tell you about this. But it will be ten years until you read it, and we will probably laugh because by then we will have grown and matured.

For all my friends, the one I love the most is you. You are the best person that I will always carry in my heart and no one can replace you. If I told you we were so close that I dream about you, would you think I was weird? I see you even before we became friends. I dream about you....

For as long as I can remember, I have had a friend in my dream. It is a completely blue and white world. There is a big tree and a river, and the surrounding area changes over time, which I don't know why. I never knew you really existed. Every time I woke up, I forgot who that friend was. Until we meet in reality. That girl in my dream turned out to be you.

We do many things... I do not know how to say it. Let's say they are very good dreams. Everytime I dream, I don't want to wake up. But if I don't wake up, I'll regret not being able to go to school and come home to you like we do.

You are with me all the time. Now it turns out that you are always in my thoughts and in my heart. You're a friend, a big sister, a little sister, and sometimes a pain in the ass. But I like everything about you. I think I'm in love with you... Although I don't like not being heterosexual because of our parents, you are my exception. I love you for who you are. I don't care if you are a man or a woman. But I don't know if, after ten years, when this letter is opened, I will still feel the same. If either of us already has a lover, read this letter and laugh embarrassingly at each other. But for now, as I

write this letter, this is how I really feel. And if what I feel in ten years is still the same and you feel the same, let me know.

Dahwan, I dream of you..

I slapped my face hard because I was afraid that this was just a dream I imagined myself having. However, I hurt my cheek and was all hot. One of the staff members saw my strange action and had to pause to ask timidly.

“Is Nong Hwan okay?”

“I’m fine. I just...”

I responded while she smiled. At that moment, I wasn't sure if my tears were from happiness or because I was angry with myself for reading the letter until that moment.

“You alone...?”

“I’m too happy and too angry with myself at the same time.”

Why did I waste so much time and just read the letter now? If I had known that the content was what I always wanted to know, everything would be different now.

“I give up.”

That's what it meant. She was waiting for my answer, but I didn't give her any because of my cowardness. I left the set with my outfit and makeup. I ran to my car and put in the location of the hotel where Kimhan was getting married tonight. Kimhan she had always been mine. There was no chance I could lose her! And it all took us back to the beginning. I rushed to the hotel in the traditional Thai attire I was wearing for my session. I ran to room 4312, which the little girl was using to prepare for her evening ceremony. And now, I was hugging Kimhan tightly, like someone who had missed her too much. I was glad to know that I wasn't the only one she had been dreaming of. And I was begging her to stop everything that kept us apart. At that moment, I was shaking with both excitement and fear.

“Kimhan...I also dream of you.”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
33**

Capítulo 33 - CHAPTER : 33



LAST MINUTE



Kimhan was unpredictable...Everything she did, including that wedding, was planned in advance. If the little girl decided to do something, nothing could change her mind.

“Actually....”

Kimhan spoke softly in my ear. At that moment, the bride was stiff in my embrace. She didn't hug me back because she was still stunned.

“Do you also dream of me?”

“AHA.”

“How can it be?”

I slowly moved away from the little girl to look her in the eyes.

“Don't know. It seems impossible, but it is so...”

I pursed my lips and tried to search for the first dream in my memories.

“At first, I thought you were my imaginary friend that I met in my dreams. We don't dream about each other often, but we are always in the same blue and white environment.”

“When we were young, I couldn't even remember the face of the friend who always came to play with me. Until one day...”

“When did I become your neighbor?”

“Is it the same for you?”

We knew what the other was talking about. The little girl nodded a little and tried to search through her memories as well.

“I saw your face clearly the first time we spoke when our parents ran away together.”

It seemed like the timeline of events was surprisingly the same for both. We looked at each other and were amazed that a miracle like that could happen to us.

"So we've always known each other."

I said it as if I was mumbling to myself. Kimhan probably felt the same.

"I think so..."

"Wow."

"Wow."

The little girl smiled at me a little before nodding.

"Knowing what happened makes me feel much closer to you."

"No... This wasn't closeness. It was a bond that united us. "

However, Kimhan was changing the topic and making it seem like it was just a surprising event and she had nothing to do with the wedding. What do I have to do? What could I do to stop this wedding?

“Kim....”

“Too bad you're not the bridesmaid. But at least you came.”

Kimhan looked at the clock on the bed and pouted.

“It's time for me to come down. Is there anything else you want to talk about?”

“No.”

“AHA.”

Our shoulders touched as Kimhan walked past me, but I could only stand there, stunned. Each second passed slowly. I really knew the words 'the heart breaks into pieces' as soon as I knew that despite what I had done, I had not been able to do anything. Kimhan was going to belong to someone else. I wanted to open my mouth to stop the little girl from leaving, but I didn't know what to say because I knew I had no right to stop her. But if I could, just for a split second, I would try. Just as the little girl was about to open the door, I called her to turn around.

“Kim.”

“Kim, you're not wearing shoes.”

What had I just said? Is that the reason to prevent someone from leaving you? Kimhan paused, as if realizing something, and looked at her feet, which were in hotel slippers. But it seemed like what I said made her angrier than I expected. She looked at me with crossed eyes. I didn't know what I had done to make her so angry. What did I say wrong...

“Hwan.”

The little girl stopped at the door, looked at me briefly, and spoke in a deep voice. I looked at the beautiful bride, who said she would leave but I hadn't, losing my strength.

“Hey?”

“That's all?”

“That?”

"Did you come here just to say that?"

Kimhan turned toward me and leaned against the door. She was going to leave, but now she turned around and whimpered at me,

"You came here to tell me that we dreamed about each other. That's all?"

"I..."

I take a deep breath.

"Hwan, you act like you're here to stop me from leaving you, but you say I'm not wearing my shoes? Do you want me to get married or not?"

"I...well, you're not really wearing shoes."

I took a deep breath and tried to keep my voice from shaking, or I'd cry before I could get to the real reason I'd gone there today.

"I came because I couldn't bear to see you get married."

"How do you want this to end?"

“What do you want me to do? Do you want me to go?”

This time my tears flowed and I had to wipe them away with the back of my hands while I breathed in my snot and said what I wanted to happen deep in my heart.

“I wanted to come to the wedding because it would be good if you decided not to get married.”

“That's impossible.”

“Yeah. I know you well.”

I nodded and covered my face with my hands as I continued saying it in agony.

“Regardless of what you decide to do, no one can change your mind. But I still chose to come because I thought I should do it even if I didn't succeed.”

“I'm angry with myself for only opening the letter until now. I didn't even dare touch it at first because I was afraid it would be full of good memories. The better the memories, the more it hurts. Ten years ago, you only had me. But in a few days, you will have someone else. Reading the letter was fooling myself into thinking that I would always have you with me.”

“But you opened it...”

“Yes I opened it...because I thought I had nothing more to lose. Read it or not, you will no longer be by my side. So I decided to open it today, and It broke my heart.”

I cried without being able to contain myself. In my entire life, I had never felt so much pain. My precious love that should be mine had always been mine, but I let it go. I was hurt and couldn't forgive myself for what I did.

“You know me well. Like I said... If I decide to do something, nothing can change it.”

“But there is one thing you don't know... You are always the exception.”

I, who was drowning in tears, looked at the person who said that from the door, confused.

“Hey?”

“Actually, these last few days, I've been thinking if it would be possible for you to come running and tell me... not to get married, or something like

that. But I didn't expect you to come at this last minute moment. I have to go to the wedding in a few minutes."

Kimhan came over to wipe my tears.

"If you had arrived later and I had already spent the night with my boyfriend, what would you do?"

"I.."

"Did you think about what you would do after telling me about the letter?"

I rolled my eyes, feeling lost. Was I dreaming? It seemed like the conversation was going in my favor, even though Kimhan was getting married in a few minutes. It wasn't blue and white.

"Don't know I drove straight here after reading the letter... I'll probably burn the place down, open a porn movie during the wedding screening, or..."

"Too difficult. Burning it will cost a lot of money. Opening porn movies is difficult to do."

"What should I do?"

“Get me out of here.”

“Hey? Will you run away with me?”

I looked at the bride in front of me, stunned. And all I got was a smile..

“Try and see.”

“If you ask for it and I think it's tempting, I'll do it..”

Were we playing? Was this the time for it? I rolled my eyes a little and tried to persuade her with all my good points.

“I am famous. I earn many tenths of millions of baht a year. If you run away with me you will live comfortably.”

“But my boyfriend has hundreds of millions of baht.”

We hadn't even started competing.

“I'm very pretty.”

“Khun Win is not ugly at all.”

"Ah..."

I looked up, trying to find more good points. But why couldn't I think of any? Was I that useless to humanity?

“Find something no one can beat you at. Something that is the only thing you have in this world.”

Kimhan hints with a smile. I scratched my cheek and said the only extreme thing I could think of.

“I have a father who ran away with your father.”

“That's true. That's probably the only time it will happen in this world. Or maybe someone else's parents also ran away together? We're probably not the only two to experience that.”

Again...

“Every time I was in trouble, you helped. The red loincloths and the fight with Mawin's mother, who didn't like you. You were so brave. Super cool.”

“We dream about each other.”

“AHA.”

“We had sex in our dreams!”

It seemed like I got carried away, so I mentioned something sensitive. Kimhan's jaw dropped. I also panicked, so I quickly switched to the romantic drama genre, with a hint of bragging.

“And most importantly, I love you and you love me. Is that the only thing in this world?”

I offered her everything I had and stood with my shoulders hunched. I had 'only one thing in this world' left to try to persuade her to stay. Ah...why had she stayed silent? She paused, waiting to see what Kimhan would say. But it seemed like she had a surprise up her sleeve as she caressed my face with her hands and pulled me down to kiss me on the lips.

“I give up.”

“huh?”

"I gave up since I saw you walk through the door."

The little girl laughed through her tears like a crying baby, but she seemed happy.

“Do you remember what I said? If I have to choose between you and Mawin, it will always be you..”

“How can I not run away with you?”

“It means that...”

“Hurry up. We have to go now.”

The first to act was Kimhan. She grabbed my wrist and dragged me to run away without taking anything except the wedding dress and the hotel slippers. But before we could get anywhere, Samorn and Mali were waiting for us outside the door, knowing what was about to happen before it happened.

"I knew it would come to this."

"Shit Morn, I'm not going to argue with you today. Kimhan and I are in a hurry."

Even though I said that, my friends showed no signs of moving. And I was getting angry.

"I told you to think and act quickly, not to steal her from the wedding like this. Think about the consequences if the wedding is called off, Hwan... You're not an ordinary person. You are a superstar. And this is a celebrity wedding. The guests at this wedding are not normal people."

Kimhan and I looked at each other, realizing what would happen if we left. If the wedding was canceled, there would be many consequences. Although Mawin said that this wedding did not receive the blessings of his family, when the time came, everyone would inevitably go to the wedding. It was the duty of a father. It was because of social status. And Kimhan and I are about to ruin everything. How would they react?

"And if you two really run away together, the person who will have to take the blame will be Kim's mother,"

Mali added, wanting to make me think carefully.

“Kim. You are intelligent and always reasonable. Ask yourself. Is it just an impulse? Can you accept the consequences?”

Kimhan stands still, as if thinking about our friends' warning. Samorn added.

“Kim. You may be happy, but Hwan will be the most affected. But if you don't run away, you'll have to tolerate being married and looking at Hwan sadly, and yes... she will one day marry someone with status... Could you tolerate not running away when you could?”

"You have to weigh this. Hwan... you might be trampled into the ground if you take Kim away today."

“Why aren't you scared?”

“Another option is: don't take Kim, and tonight, Kim will have to sleep with her husband. She will moan and create a baby with Mawin's sperm that will swim to the ovary...”

“I'll take it.”

I responded without having to think anymore because I couldn't bear to imagine that in my head. This was cause and effect. Weigh the consequences before making a decision. I would change anything so that

Kimhan didn't have to get married. Even if I was my superstar status. I was ready!

“Kim, what are you saying? Do you stay or go?”

“This is my chance to be with Hwan.”

Kimhan grabbed my hand and squeezed it tightly.

“We will resolve problems as they arise.”

“Have you thought about this carefully?”

“I have considered it. This is what I choose,”

I replied.

“This is also what I choose.”

“All your fame and profits will disappear in the blink of an eye. And you will be the talk of the town on social media,”

Mali interrupted after handing the microphone to Samorn for a while. Kimhan looked at me pitifully.

“Yes, Hwan. It will impact you a lot.”

"It's still better than letting you get married."

I turned to tell the little girl how I felt. Even if everyone in this world criticized me, it was better than letting Kimhan spend the rest of her life with someone other than me.

“Ah... I can bear it. If I can get over our parents running away together, I can get through this.”

“We warned you.”

Samorn insisted again.

“Yeah.”

"If things get really bad after this, won't you blame Kimhan or say things like, 'If I could come back, I won't take you out of your wedding'?"

“Yeah!”

“I have done my job. Go ahead.”

My friends moved their hands to let us go without trying to stop us. I shrugged my shoulders and frowned, not understanding what had just happened.

“What was that?”

“We are here to tell you all the pros and cons before you decide. It's our job as your friends.”

"You... I don't feel good about this."

Mali shook Samorn's arm and looked like she was about to cry.

“I know something is happening, but when I see that it's true, it's strange.”

“Don't pretend to be naive, Mali. She has reached this point...Why are you still stunned?”

Samorn pointed to the front.

“If you're going to go, go. I'll help your mom handle it, Kim. Go away. You finish today and come back later.”

“Thank you.”

“Hwan and Kim!”

Kimhan and I turned to see our friends smiling and greeting us.

“Love each other for a long time. The iron rule for this relationship is to never break up. I don't want our group to fall apart!”

“Yeah!”

We all laughed and Kimhan and I ran away from that area. As we ran, we passed many people: the makeup artist, the hairdresser, and that included...

“Hwan, where are you going?”

“Kim.”

Our mothers came to look for Kimhan because it was time for her to go to the wedding ceremony. It wasn't just our moms there because someone Kimhan didn't expect to see, like Uncle Tim, was also standing near Aunt Aey.

“How did dad get here? It doesn't matter.”

At first, I thought Kimhan wouldn't answer because she would be afraid of being arrested. However, the little girl was braver than that. She happily spoke to her mother again.

“Mom... please tell everyone that I'm not getting married.”

“What?”

"We..."

I pulled Kimhan's hand to stop her from saying it. The little girl paused, looking surprised. Then she was stunned when I was the one who said it.

“We love each other, moms. Sorry for this mess,”

After saying that, we ran away as the party continued without thinking about turning back. It seemed like we were throwing out hot potatoes for others to handle...Careless. Whatever happened, everything would go to shit.

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
34**

Capítulo 34 - CHAPTER : 34



OUR DREAM



Kimhan and I couldn't decide where to go. In the end, we hit the highway on the way to Pattaya. It was after 9 pm. Things would probably be out of control at the wedding without the bride, but I tried not to think about it because it would be worse if Kimhan was the bride that night.

“Hwan, please stop at 7/Eleven.”

The little girl, in a wedding dress, pointed to a convenience store down the street that is brightly lit with neon lights. After parking, we were a little shy because of the clothes we were wearing. She was dressed in a fiery red traditional Thai outfit and fully made up. As for Kimhan, do we need to say how much makeup she was wearing when she paid over ten thousand baht for a makeup artist to make her the most beautiful bride that night?

“What are we going to do?”

I asked looking at the automatic door of the convenience store from my car.

“What do you want to buy Kim?”

“Something to clean me. I want to take off my makeup so badly. I feel like I have cement on my face.”

“But you are so beautiful.”

I congratulated her from the heart.

“Although I do prefer you with a washed face. You are pretty by nature.”

“Speak bad.”

“No sweet words!”

“I’m kidding! Haha.”

Little she laughed happily without any signs of stress, which was totally different from me. I was worried about many things.

“I’ll go look for it. Wait in the car.”

“I can not go with you?”

“Me wearing a wedding dress at 7/eleven will be something to talk about. If you go too, it will create a commotion. A prominent actress in traditional Thai attire and her friend in a wedding dress.”

“Clearly a ghost movie.”

“TRUE? Stay here, I'll be quick. I feel embarrassed too, ah...”

Kimhan seemed to remember something before turning to give me a dry smile.

“I didn't bring anything with me. Can you lend me money?”

"You made the right decision to run away with me because I am not only beautiful but also very rich."

I reached for my wallet and handed her a thousand baht bill.

“Spend everything or don't come back.”

“So wasteful.”

We laughed, and then Kimhan went to buy some personal care items and something for us to eat at the convenience store. She returned after about ten minutes with all eyes on her. Kimhan was right. It wasn't a good idea for me to go with her, or it would draw even more attention to us...As soon as the little girl got into the car, she let out a huge sigh of relief because she was no longer the center of attention.

“How can you do that job?”

“Because?”

“Having all eyes on you is very uncomfortable.”

“It's probably my gift. You can draw but I can't, while I can tolerate attention but you can't.”

“That's reasonable... So what will we do for the rest of the night?”

“We'll have to find a hotel to stay. But will it be difficult without a reservation?”

“We can use applications. Maybe we can find a good last minute deal. I saw people in Pantip talking about it. Let me try.”

The little girl reached for my phone and punched in the access code without having to ask me. I was a little surprised by that. We were so close that we knew each other's access code. Oh yeah... I also knew Kimhan's access code.

“Hwan... Aunt Mon called you. You have almost 100 Line messages.”

“I intend not to see it. I do not want to know.”

“AHA.”

I got a room in North Pattaya for only 1,200 baht.

The little girl seemed excited by the discount.

“From the usual price of 6,000 baht.”

“Brilliant. But in reality, we can stay in an expensive place. I'm rich.”

“Saving is better. Your bragging is kind of annoyingly cute.”

“Why save when I've been working hard but never used the money I earn? I get clothes from you. I get free stuff everywhere I go. I almost never touch the money I earn.”

“Then use it today because I don't have money today.”

“Hurr. Why do I have to have a poor lover?”

“What?”

“Huh?”

....

I pursed my lips after blurting that out. Everything became silent; You can hear the air conditioning and the sound of our breathing.

“Tell me the address of the hotel, please.”

“A... Uh-huh.”

From Google Maps we would reach our destination in 20 minutes. We got a good room at a low price. And yes...everyone at the hotel recognized me. Because I had all my makeup on and was with a beautiful girlfriend, they probably thought I had just come from an event or something.

“Seeing the bed makes me want to go to sleep.”

I collapsed onto the king-sized bed in the center of the room, exhausted. I worked from early morning and then daringly stole a bride from a wedding. I think I only had reserve fuel left.

“Don't sleep like that, Hwan. The bed will be dirty. And you didn't clean your face. You'll look old if you sleep like this.”

As soon as I heard that, I jumped. I saw a news feed on Facebook about a Chinese woman who didn't wash her face for a year after getting married, and when she did, she looked 80 years old, even though she was only twenty...So scary!

“Thanks for reminding me. That's what scares me the most.”

“But you can't escape aging.”

Kimhan sat next to me and handed me the cleansing and cotton wipes she bought.

“Clean your face before bathing.”

“I already know it. Celebrities and makeup are inseparable.”

I cleaned my face like an expert, while she only cleaned her face once and got up to go to the bathroom. But I grabbed her before she could.

“Where are you going?”

“Shower.”

“Your face is not clean yet. You have full makeup today. How can you clean it with just two cotton pads? Your eyebrows are still thick.”

“True... I've never worn so much makeup before.”

“I'll clean it for you. Sit down.”

And I cleaned her face like I said I would. Kimhan's face gradually became her natural face again when all the thick colors she had were removed. To be honest, since we were together, I couldn't take care of the little girl much. Most of the time, Kimhan took care of me, whether cleaning the room or preparing my clothes, and sometimes she was my caretaker and prepared food for me. So when I got to do this my heart raced.

"I'm sorry I rarely do these things for you."

I slowly wiped her eyebrows as I said this.

"I'm selfcentered and I don't prioritize your feelings because I always thought we would be together forever."

"Why do you suddenly say this?"

"Because I'm removing your makeup, I realized that I never did these nice things for you."

"If you do."

"Makes?"

“You robbed me of my wedding. I will spend my wedding night with you, it must be much better than with Mawin.”

“Wedding night?”

I stopped my hand a little while thinking about that, while the little girl who let it out closed her mouth instantly and pressed her lips together. The mood returned to when I blurted out the word 'lover' in the car and we both remained silent.

“I think I must be completely makeup-free by now.”

“A... ah.”

I withdrew my hand and put it on my lap timidly.

“Then you can go take a bath first. I'll undo my hair while I wait.”

“Should I help you?”

“There's no need. You can take a bath first so you don't sleep too late..”

“A...ah.”

Kimhan did what I said willingly. She went into the bathroom and spent some time there. I had time to get the tons of hair accessories out of me. The little girl comes out of the bathroom in a bathrobe with wet hair.

“We'll probably have to wear the bathrobe to sleep tonight.”

“Ah-huh. We can do that. Is there one for me?”

“They gave us two.”

“Well... “

That was all we discussed before continuing with our personal matters. I headed to the bathroom to take a shower, I heard the sound of the dryer from outside, which made me smile. It was like we were living together again, although not in the condo. This was good... I wasn't sure how long I stayed in the bathroom, but when I came out, the room was already

dark.

“Kim, are you already asleep?”

“Yeah.”

“But can you answer me?”

“Ah. TRUE. “

I laughed a little, walked over to the bed and slid under the blanket. I left the bathroom door ajar, so there was some light in the room. When I didn't sleep in my own place, I did that because I was afraid of hitting things at night. Actually, I also washed my hair and wanted to blow-dry it, but I didn't want to disturb Kimhan, who had already paid for the electricity and was ready to go to bed. Alright; I could sleep with wet hair.

“Are you asleep?”

“Yeah.”

“You still answer me.”

“Stop asking then. Or I won't be able to sleep.”

I couldn't help but want to talk to Kimhan, who had her back to me.

“Why did you turn off the light?”

“I'm not sure how to behave.”

“I don't know how to behave now that you've left the bathroom.”

“Ah.”

Well. I understood how Kimhan felt now because I felt uncomfortable too. We'd probably be looking at each other awkwardly if Kimhan hadn't turned off the light. And everything was silent. Nobody said anything. Time passed slowly. Or was I already asleep?

“Ki.”

“Are you asleep?”

“Yeah.”

“You copied my answer.”

“If we both can't sleep, I think we should get up and talk.”

“What should we talk about?”

“About... Normally, what do couples do on their wedding night?”

MY GOD. Why did I ask something like that? It was clear what I was thinking..

“Count the envelopes.”

“HA HA HA!”

Kimhan responded quickly and made me laugh out loud.

“Why are you laughing?”

“I have acted in many series. In none of them do couples count the envelopes on their wedding night.”

“Most of those who count envelopes already slept together before their wedding night. So they see no reason to waste too much energy on the wedding night,”

“You know it very well.”

“If you don't count the envelopes, what does Hwan want to do?”

“What do you want to do?”

“Whatever you want to do.”

My heart beat like a drum. The naughty thoughts came rushing uncontrollably all at once. The moment I was about to turn around to face Kimhan, she naively responded in the opposite direction to what was running wild inside my head.

“I want to sleep.”

“Ah.”

“You want to sleep too, right? You must be very tired tonight.”

“Good night.”

That was all I could say before I dropped my jaw into the darkness. Not long after, I even heard the breathing of the person next to me. I took this opportunity, since I'm the only person awake, to turn around and hug her.

“I'm very sorry for having bad thoughts. Let's hold each other while we sleep like this.”

I tried to get some sleep after saying that. Maybe it was because I was tired so I fell into a deep sleep easily. And we both return to the blue and white world. This time, Kimhan and I looked at each other, knowing that we were dreaming about each other at that moment.

“What is this? I'm dreaming of you even here.”

“I'm the one who dreams of you, Hwan. Will we see each other's faces all the time?”

"Isn't that good?"

“It's good.”

“Only good?”

“It is the best.”

We smiled at each other and threw ourselves into each other's arms longingly. It was strange that we didn't feel uncomfortable there, like in the real world. It was as if there, we could do what we imagined. We were closer there than in the real world. There, I was Dahwan, who belonged only to Kimhan. Here, Kimhan also belonged only to me. We moved slowly. We hugged and snuggled. We made love passionately, but without rushing. Kimhan knew where I liked to be touched, and I knew when the little girl was ready to be touched. And when everything almost reached a climax, my phone rang to wake us up with a start.

Kimhan and I opened our eyes at the same time and looked at the phone that was ringing because I had forgotten to put it on silent mode. After grabbing the phone to see who was calling in frustration, I saw that it's Mali, I threw the phone in annoyance (which cost almost 30,000 baht), as if it was something disgusting. We were at our peak; Why did my idiot friend have to call!

“Hwan.”

“Kim.”

We were both left hanging in our dreams, as things were reaching their climax. We looked at each other in the real world and bit our lips hard. My body ached and it told me we could start again. This time in the real world! I jumped up to sit on top of Kimhan and took off my robe. The little girl, who was still lying down, did the same, then she sat up to squeeze my waist tightly with both hands.

“This is the real Hwan... a real person.”

I took Kimhan's face in my hands and leaned down to kiss her as she moaned.

“You're really Kim.”

When we were sure we weren't dreaming, we threw ourselves at each other and pressed our lips together to kiss passionately, as if we were going to swallow the other person if we could. That was love.

“Dahwan... I love you.”

That was the first time we confessed our love. The way she called me highlighted how serious she was, like the letter she left in the time capsule. That made me nod and respond in kind.

“Kimhan... I love you too.”

It was a good night.... Our night.

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
35**

Capítulo 35 - CHAPTER : 35



DECISION



Making love in our dreams was one of our activities that we did regularly because we thought it was not real, even though it felt like it was... We were happy.... We were excited... We reached the climax... But in the real world, it was our first time. It was the first time we got naked together. We were so uncomfortable it's irritating. I wanted to touch her curves, but my hands were shaking. Kimhan, who was always calm, also became nervous when she kissed my breasts.

“Hw... Hwan. This is weird...”

The person beneath me cupped my cheeks with her hands and pursed her lips. Although there was not much light, I could see that she was extremely shy at the moment.

“I am so embarrassed.”

“What should we do? I'm nervous too. Why is it so different from when we are dreaming?”

“Because in our dreams we think it's not real, I guess. But now that it's real...”

Kimhan's heart was so racing that I could feel it with the palm of my hand. I smiled a little adoringly and moved my mouth to grab that sensitive spot. The little girl was startled and bent her back to accommodate me. It encouraged me to see that I could make Kimhan feel overwhelmed by emotions.

“It feels good?”

I caressed her nipple with my tongue while I moved my hand between her legs and felt the humidity.

“Do not ask that. I don't know what to answer.”

"Answer honestly..."

I moved to look Kimhan in the eyes in the dark while I rubbed my thigh against the sensitive spot between the little girl's legs.

“If I see that I do it well, I will be encouraged to continue.”

“Do you want me to praise you?”

“Can you?”

"Ahhhh,"

I moved my legs against the wet area. The little one goes from being nervous to pushing me to lie down on the bed and take control.

“Very good... you're very good, Kim.”

Because I knew that praise could cheer up my partner, especially Kimhan, who was now not herself as she rubbed against me and moaned with her eyes closed. It was like she was trying not to recognize that this was really happening. I looked at the person panting obsessively. I couldn't help but stretch out my hand to hold her waist and move her faster.

“It's so good, Hwan... Wel... Ahhhh...”

Everything went faster until it seemed like Kimhan was riding a horse. The little girl's moan excited me to the point that I couldn't resist using my hand to give myself pleasure. However, Kimhan removed my hand before I jerked as I climaxed.

“Give me a moment...”

The moisture on my thigh told me that the little girl had reached her goal.

“Hurry up, Kim... Hurr... Ah!”

Kimhan didn't keep me waiting long. She took control of my most sensitive spot with her mouth immediately as she used one hand to caress my breasts. I could only cover my face and mouth with my hands because I was afraid of being too loud.

“Hwan, you taste so good.”

"Don't say that."

I shook my head until my hair spread all over the pillow. I felt shy but also excited. I wasn't sure if I liked those kinds of words or not.

“If you're done, can you just let it out?”

“No... It will be complicated.”

“I want to eat all of you, Hwan.”

The little girl removed her lips from between my legs, although I hadn't finished.

“No... Stop... Oops!”

While her fingers were still busy in that area, Kimhan gave me a passionate kiss. In reality, everything was similar to when we were dreaming. We also made love like that. We took turns doing and receiving until the breaking point came.

“Prefer this in the real world.”

The little girl's fingers went inside and I felt a sharp pain pressing my lips together so hard that I had to dig my nails into her arms for her to understand how she felt.

“Hurts.”

“You can get back at me later. We also do this in our dreams. Eventually it will be better.”

"Ah..."

I breathed through my mouth and gasped... I tried to tolerate the pain because I thought it would be like she said. It is getting better and that was when my body became familiar with the little girl's fingers and rhythm. The pain turned into pleasure. And not long after, I reached the finish line because I hurried Kimhan to go faster.

“Ahhh!”

And everything broke until I was completely wet. My head was blank, as if it had been covered with white paint. Kimhan pulled her hand out of me and looked at me longingly, then leaned in to taste me, but I pressed her against the bed before she could do so.

“Now is my turn.”

“Wait, I haven't tried... Ahhh.”

I didn't wait for the little girl to make her request. I pushed my finger immediately because Kimhan's body was ready. The little girl seemed surprised by the sharp pain. I smile a little and slowly move towards her to smile again.

“We can try it on each other all night. You won't need to worry Kim.”

Kimhan moaned in her throat but still insisted on saying her words.

“Don't just talk. Me, who wears out first loses.”

“I wouldn't lose, that was for sure!!”

The sound of the bathroom shower made me, who had already been awake for a while, slowly. The sound of the bathroom shower made me, who had already been awake for a while, slowly pull my face out from under the blanket. Our exciting night passed quickly, but I could remember all the details. Damn! I am Dahwan, the undefeated before everyone. But I was afraid to look Kimhan in the eyes the next morning and didn't know how to behave. The sound of the bathroom door opening made me pretend to be asleep again. The hot steam from the shower wafted out with the little girl, followed by a little movement at the foot of the bed. The little girl sat down in the robe she had worn the night before because we had nothing else to wear. She turned on the television and changed the channel... What was next..

“Hwan.”

I closed my eyes tightly. The little girl's call made me stiff until I almost had cramps. Why was she suddenly calling me that? I was still asleep.

“Don't pretend to be asleep.”

When I heard that, I opened my eyes to take a look. Kimhan looked me in the eyes and smiled. To be honest, I saw shyness there too. If I was also shy and awkward, how could she act normal? We had just spent a very passionate night.

“How do you know I'm awake?”

“It's not your normal bedtime. How many years have I been with you? Come, sit down and let's talk.”

The little girl patted the bed area next to her to tell me where to sit. I slowly wrapped myself in the blanket because I had nothing on me.

“What do you want to talk about so early?”

“Of us...”

Damn! I can't do this anymore. Kimhan covered her face with her hands. I could now only see her red ears, so I knew she couldn't pretend anymore.

“Hwan, you're not helping me at all. Don't you think I feel shy too?”

I adored the little girl who was trying to be strong after hearing that. I hugged her with both arms and pressed her head to lean on me.

“I'm sorry. I'm so bad... It's my first time.”

“Hwan, you act like this is my tenth time. It's the first time for both of us.”

"That's true..."

I smiled dryly before sitting properly and removing the little girl's hand from her face so I could look in the eyes.

“Then let's talk openly without being shy. Or even if we're embarrassed, we have to suck it up. OK?”

“Yeah. We must do that.”

We smiled a little and turned towards each other, as we couldn't help but feel shy. But since I was an actress who had played every role, including a single mother, spending a wedding night with my best friend was nothing.

“Alright. I'll try to control myself. Our relationship is clear now, isn't it?”

“AHA.”

“We are lovers, right?”

“Am I mistaken?”

“It's a little embarrassing. But it would be strange if I said no.”

Kimhan sighed and thought about the past.

“Actually, we have been lovers for a long time. Since we're 18... Why did we let it go on so long?”

"It probably wasn't the right time then,"

I smiled sheepishly.

“But better late than never.”

“You almost lost me.”

“If you had confessed to me sooner, it would have been much easier.”

“I did it in the letter. Why did you open it? It's my fault?”

“I had more than ten years, but I didn't say anything. I let you have boyfriends to try to find someone to replace me.”

“Isn't it great? While one was secretly in love and had no one, the other tried to find someone to replace the other.”

Kimhan said it as if I was sarcastically mocking me. I dropped my jaw and waved my hands to try to deny it.

“It's not that you're the only one who is in love with me; I feel the same. We just didn't confess our love because we were afraid of losing our friendship, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Do not fight with me. Do you know what I have to deal with now, stealing you from the wedding?”

When I complained, Kimhan looked at me and smiled as she caressed my face with her hands to try to make me feel better.

“Ah. Don't get angry..”

“I'm not. I'm in a good mood.”

I smiled widely to show how I really felt. So the little girl smiled too. At that moment, the atmosphere between us was very welcoming. The room was filled with love.

-I”What time is your shoot today?”

“My mood turned sour.”

I stopped smiling and shrugged my shoulders when I thought about my late-night session.

“Can't we run away a little more?”

“We cannot escape from the truth. We just ran away, so no one could find me at your condo or our house. But the wedding is over, and you have responsibilities. So, we cannot not face reality..”

“Arg. Don't act so mature with me. We are the same age. No! I'm a little older.”

“Do not complain.”

"I just want to be with you, just the two of us, for a little longer."

I rubbed the little girl's arm with my head like a cat. Kimhan laughed happily and hugged me as she swayed me back and forth.

“We will be together from now on. Let's do it until we get bored.”

“Do it until we get bored?”

“AHA.”

“If we don't get bored, can we do it often?”

“What are you talking about?”

“To do it.”

“How naughty!”

When Kimhan realized what I meant, she yelled at me. I laughed and kissed her cheek with cute aggression. The little girl playfully pushed my face away.

“What are you doing?”

“We are not doing it yet.”

“Hwan!”

“Oh. You do not like it? I was so obsessed with you last night.”

Now that I could be naughty with her. I wanted to do it more because I liked seeing her embarrassed. And Kimhan was really embarrassed. She covered her face with her hand. We were the opposite of when Kimhan first came out of the bathroom.

“You're crazy... What are you saying?”

“Are you asking me?”

I slipped my hand under her robe and played with her body mischievously. Kimhan laughed as I tickled her and hit me.

“Once we had to leave soon.”

“At noon. It's only 9 am .We still have plenty of time..”

“You were embarrassed a moment ago.”

“If you're shy, you won't be able to do it.”

“Aren't you tired at all... Argg?”

“Oh? Are you tired? Then you lose.”

And it continued naturally. But that morning, we took it easy, wanting to pay attention to the details after having gone through last night's

battle....Love was so good.... The world is always fair. When you are happy, you also have to suffer. It was like the iron rule.

Kimhan and I are preparing (emotionally and mentally) to drive back to Bangkok, wearing simple white t-shirts that we asked the hotel staff to bring us and giving them some tips. We also asked them to buy us some flower-patterned pants that I never thought of wearing on my body. But whatever, you're better off wearing traditional Thai attire again. That would be much scarier! As soon as I saw my phone, I bared my teeth and saw over 200 missed calls. About 80 were from my mother and another 20 were from my friends. More than 100 were from my manager, Phi Toon. The first person I chose to call was Mali, who woke me up from my sleep to strengthen my bond with Kimhan the night before.

[Screw you. You died? Why didn't you call me back?]

“I was running away. Why did you call at 3 am? I was not in the mood to answer a call at the moment.]

[That means you were in the mood to do something else. Scary!]

“So? Why did you call so many times?”

[Nothing. I called because I wanted to know where you were. You didn't send us any news, so we were worried. But hearing your voice now gives us peace of mind. Are you prepared to deal with the disaster again?]

“Yeah. We are ready.”

[Good.]

But before hanging up, I couldn't help but call my chubby friend on the other end of the line.

“Mali.”

[What?]

“Thank you.”

[About last night? Of course, I have to help. What are friends for... Ah, to be friends with benefits.]

“I was in a good mood; do not ruin it.”

[Anything else?]

“Nothing. I just want to thank you for calling last night.”

[You didn't even answer.]

“Let's say I appreciate it.”

I looked at Kimhan and laughed thinking about the night before. The little girl, who was my driver for the day, overheard my conversation with Mali and she couldn't help but hit me lightly on my arm while she showed her teeth at me.

“Do not look at me like that.”

“You're so cute when you're embarrassed. And so sexy when you're not.”

“Dahwan!”

“I won't bother you anymore. Now, I have to call Phi Toon...”

[Dahwan, what did you do!]

As soon as I called, Phi Toon yelled at me so loudly that the voice could be heard in the car. Kimhan, my driver back to Bangkok, turned to smile dryly at me, feeling sorry for me.

“I did many things. You can shout at whatever you want.”

[The news is all over the Internet. Now it's trending on Twitter. What were you thinking? You are a famous actress. BlaBla blah blah blah...]

I moved the phone away from my ear and twisted my mouth, feeling annoyed, but it was what I had to accept as a result of my own actions. It was like you went to hell after committing a sin... At that time, I was paying my debts.

“Come on, Phi Tush.”

[Toon!]

“Phi Toon... What's done is done. Let's address problems as they arise. See you in Bangkok. I have work at night anyway. You can yell at me all you want. Yeah!”

I immediately hung up my phone, as there was only one battery line left. Kimhan looked at me with concerns.

“You'll be fine? I am an ordinary and unknown person. But you are a famous actress. There must be a big impact.”

“How bad could it be? At most, I will never get a job as an actress again.”

"Why don't you seem to care so much?"

“I already made a lot of money. Even if I don't quit now, I'll have to someday. Compared to seeing you belong to someone else, I prefer it like this.”

I tightened my mouth a little as I thought about this.

“Ah. Let's go eat at my house today..”

“Why do you have to make it so formal? I eat at your house all the time and you come to mine the same way.”

“This time is not the same as other times.”

“How is that?”

I tried not to smile and become shy. So I answered honestly.

“I told mom that if I loved or liked someone, I would take that person home to eat with her. So I'm inviting you.”

I stole a glance at the driver, who was pursing her lips and trying not to smile because she was shy. To be honest, I feared for my life because maybe she would be too shy to cover her face with her hands. So I grabbed the steering wheel just in case.

"What are you doing?"

Kim looked at my hand on the steering wheel and asked curiously..

"I'm holding it in case you're too shy to take us on the side of the road. I want to introduce you to my mom.”

“Crazy!”

I had already seen the little girl laugh more than 10 times that day. And I tended to be happy with small things, like seeing Kimhan laugh since I was a child, that's why I liked to joke with her. We talk about the past along the

way, remembering events according to the timeline, and we come to the conclusion that..

"That means that every time we dreamed, we were both asleep at the same time."

I snapped my fingers and thought using the same logic.

"How can this happen to us?"

"It is a miracle. Do you think anyone else in this world has similar experiences to ours?"

"Maybe, but they wouldn't tell us. Because we don't even dare to tell ourselves why they might call us crazy."

"And I'm not afraid of being called crazy. I didn't dare say it because of the things we do in our dreams."

"Especially bad things?"

"Uh-huh... There were so many times I wanted to tell you but I was afraid that if I went into details and you didn't feel the same way, we couldn't be

friends anymore.”

“I felt the same. That's why I didn't tell you either. So we let time pass until now.”

“I was thinking about something and I have a question..”

“What is it?”

“When we were 18, our last year in high school, you asked me to be your girlfriend, remember?”

“AHA.”

“You said you wanted to ask me to be your girlfriend but you couldn't do that in the real world...Why?”

I had forgotten about that. And I said it in my dream. When I remembered, I started to get nervous and didn't know how to tell her about our moms. By chance, I saw our moms kissing..

and that made me not confess my love to her as planned.

Kimhan probably couldn't stand it... Our dads loved each other and our moms too.

“Ah... I'm so sleepy.”

“Did you suddenly feel sleepy?”

"I didn't sleep much last night. We did a lot.”

I turned my body and looked at the shy girl, who was initially curious, but now she has forgotten what she asked me.

“Do you want to know what I did last night?”

"You make it look like I slept a lot."

"Are we going to sleep together again tonight?"

The word 'sleep' has many meanings here. Kimhan gently pushed my face with her left hand, as if she didn't want me to look at her.

“Go to sleep now.”

“Are we going to sleep together tonight?”

“It depends.”

“Depends on what?”

“It depends if I want to.”

“And you want to?”

Kimhan tried not to smile and responded tenderly.

“Yeah.”

Ah... I was melting. This was how the newlyweds felt. We couldn't do what we planned because when we got home, Kimhan and I had to separate to talk to our moms. We didn't know what the result would be.

"What if Aunt Aey disapproves of our relationship?"

I was still holding the little girl's hand as I asked worriedly. Kimhan squeezed my hand and gave me a smile.

“If I already decided, nothing can change it.”

“But you already ran away from your wedding with me.”

“Because it's you. You are always my exception.”

We separated to go to our homes. My mom came back from work and was changing the TV channels with the remote control. I stood at the door and stared at her, waiting to see when she would greet me and assessing the situation. But my mother remained still, silent and calm. She didn't say anything until I lost patience.

“Now I'm back.”

“Have you eaten something?”

“I haven't had dinner. I was going to invite you to dinner together before I went to work.”

This time, my mom gave me a serious look.

“You offer to have dinner with me. This is a surprise.”

“I'm going to bring an important person to eat with us. The person I told you that... If I was serious about someone, I would bring that person.”

My mom and I looked at each other, as if we were fighting with our eyes. We weren't the loud type when we fought... We dealt with things while we both thought clearly.

“Have you thought about it carefully?”

“Yeah.”

“There will be many consequences. You made a big mess yesterday.”

“I'm waiting to face the consequences. But if I could go back, I would do it again..”

My mom turned around to watch TV and crossed one leg over the other.

“This is what I expect from you.”

My mother sighed and remained silent, as if she was thinking about what she was going to say. I knew my mom had something to say, so I slowly sat down and waited.

“Since when do you have this feeling?”

'This feeling' was to mean my relationship with Kimhan, which was the same feeling as Mom and Aunt Aey.

“A long time ago. Since I was young...students.”

“Hey?”

My mom drew her voice and looked at me.

“Student? High school or college?”

“High school.”

"About the same time as Aunt Aey and I?"

“Yeah.”

“Hwan you never said anything.”

"Because if I had, you and Aunt Aey would have broken up."

I told her how I felt and shrugged.

“Seeing you happy is good.”

"Why did you think that if you told me, I would break up with Aunt Aey?"

“It's too mixed. Dad and dad. Mom and mom. Besides, she was just a girl; Maybe I didn't hesitate. So I thought... It's better that we be friends.”

"So why did you decide to tell me now? Are you no longer afraid of me breaking up with Aunt Aey?"

When my mom asked me, I looked at my hands, trying to find a good reason. I probably seemed like someone who wasn't trustworthy because I was saying things that contradicted my mother at the time.

“I’m sorry, mom... I can’t lose her. If my love hurts someone, I will have to accept it.”

My mom crossed her arms over her chest and looked at me. I could feel that, so I looked at her shyly.

“Are you going to hit me?”

“Have I ever done it?”

“You can yell at me.”

“Where would I find the courage to yell at you when I’m part of this?”

My mother rubbed her face with her hand, like someone who doesn’t know what to do.

“And I totally understand how you feel. If you hadn’t gotten to that point, you wouldn’t have pulled the bride out of the wedding to create this mess.”

“Mother...”

“Life is short. If you're happy, so am I.”

"Mom, you're so understanding."

I jumped off my couch to hug my mom. But since my mom was shy and not used to that kind of touch like others who had daughters, she got embarrassed and waved her hand to tell me to get off her.

“Go away. I can't breathe.”

“Gee... When you're with Aunt Aey, you snuggle.”

“Is it the same?”

“You breastfed me when I was a baby.”

“Hey!”

My mom used both hands to slap my cheeks so hard that It made a sound. 'slap.' And because of her shyness, my face trembles.

“Did it hurt?”

“You're too shy. It hurts,”

I said before smiling at her to comfort her.

“But I'm glad you understand.”

“I understand, but I'm not sure if the mother of the person next door will. You have to wait and see.”

I, who was happy and cheerful, nervously moved away from mom and looked towards Kimhan's house. Yes... There is only one obstacle left, which was Kimhan's mother. That was the most difficult.

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
36**

Capítulo 36 - CHAPTER : 36



TAKING CARE OF HER



I don't know what Kimhan and her mother talked about. We planned to have dinner together but we had to cancel because I had to go to work and couldn't wait any longer. The situation on the set was normal. I could feel a lot of eyes on me, but when I looked back, everyone acted like nothing happened. But that didn't worry me. What frustrated me was that we started filming at 8 pm and would finish at 4 am. Actually, this was normal for filming a series, but I just wanted to go home quickly at that time. I missed Kimhan so much!

"Are you in such a hurry to go home?"

Pat's voice provoked me because he saw that I had been eager to get home since we started. I closed my eyes and pursed my lips in annoyance before turning around to speak to him with

good manners.

"It's 4 am, it would be absurd if I didn't want to go home."

"Are you sleepy?"

“Why do you ask?”

“It sounds like you've been doing some fun and exciting activities. I can still remember when you ran out in the traditional red Thai outfit. It was so memorable.”

That wise question made me angry. I licked my lips and looked at the person who seemed to be looking for a fight more than asking how I was doing..

“If you want to ask something, ask directly.”

“Nothing. I'm just kidding you. You don't have to get emotional. I'm going home too.”

And after that, the handsome boy walked to the other side. When I had the chance, I ran to my car, started it, and quickly headed home. I looked at the clock on the dashboard and sighed because I was afraid Kimhan was already asleep.

It was time for one to sleep... It didn't take me long to get home. There were sounds of crickets everywhere, but they were not as loud as the sound of my heartbeat. I had already sent a message to the little girl, but she did not respond. So I was feeling a little distressed... As I thought about her every breath, did she sleep happily? So bad! The message notification that rang in the dark startled me. When I saw that it was from the person I was waiting for, I smiled widely.

[Kimhan: You'll be home so quickly. You just said you were on set.]

[Dahwan: So you haven't fallen asleep yet? Why did you read my message but didn't respond?]

[Kimhan: I'm afraid that if I answer too quickly, you'll know I'm waiting for you.]

[Dahwan: Is that you?]

[Kimhan: What do you think?]

[Kimhan: Look at your neighbor's window, quick.]

I was standing in front of Kimhan's house, trying to take a look, I turned to look at the window where we normally talked to each other. I saw the little girl waving her hand to show me that she is awake and alive.

[Dahwan: Come down and open the door for me.]

[Kimhan: I can't. Mom is cooking in the kitchen.]

[Dahwan: Right now?]

[Kimhan: Uh huh. Mom wants to give alms today.]

[Dahwan: What should we do then?]

[Kimhan: Wait until morning.]

[Dahwan: No. I'll go up.]

[Kimhan: Don't be crazy. It will soon be morning.]

Kimhan's message was not able to calm my desire. In the end, I decided to go up to the little girl's house and walk to the side to climb through the window. But it seemed like the task was too difficult because we didn't have trees with branches big enough for me to climb.

“What are you doing?”

-”I can't go up. Can you throw a rope or something?”

I whispered, but because the little girl was too high up, she had to put her hand to her ear to send me sign language, telling me she couldn't hear me..

“What?”

“I said, throw me a rope.”

“Where will I get a rope?”

“Anything that can climb, then.”

“What?”

Kimhan tilted her head to try to listen to me and I unconsciously screamed because it was irritating me a little..

“I said throw me anything to get up.”

“Calm down.”

The little girl puts her finger to her lips.

“Mom will hear you.”

“You can't hear me. Shoot something like in the movies. Sheets, blankets or towels tied together. Or just throw your head down.”

“You're crazy? I'm not a filth-eating spirit. By the time I finish tying those things, it will be morning. See you in the morning.”

“No!”

I stomped like a child frustrated because her parents didn't want to buy him candy.

“I miss you Kim. I want to see you.”

“Don't act cute.”

Kimhan closed her mouth and laughed.

“I'll try to escape to go to your house. OK?”

-Yes you can. If I had wings, I would fly to see you.

“Don't go that distance.”

“It's not a problem at all... Huh?”

I stood up straight because Kimhan's voice seemed different. Then I stiffened when I recognized the voice. And if...

“Go sit inside the house properly.”

"Hello, Aunt Aey,"

I raised my hands to politely pay my respects to the aunt next door with an awkward smile.

“You woke up very early.”

“But it seems like someone hasn't slept because they're too anxious.”

“Let's go inside and sit comfortably, so that no one has to climb or sneak where no one can see.”

I walked timidly into Kimhan's house, squeezing myself so tightly that I felt like an A4 paper carefully placed in a stack. The little girl, who was going to sneak away, was also dragged to sit with us. Everything became silent, as if we were playing a silent game for a million baht. The one who was quieter would win... And because it was too awkward, Kimhan was the first to speak.

“Why did you invite us to sit here so early, mom?”

“It's so early. I'm surprised you're already up. Or haven't you slept?”

Silence... Adults lived in the world before us. And it seemed like she already knew about us: She just chose not to say it and she waited to see what I would do. Of course she knew. Kimhan talked to her for a long time. How come she didn't know? If she didn't, she wouldn't be waiting to lure me into the house like this.

“Do you intend to hide like this until when?”

Aunt Aey looked at me and started talking seriously. I swallowed saline as Kimhan reached out to touch her mother's arm and smiled dryly.

“Mother. Take it easy...”

“I want clarity. You take someone from her wedding and sneak out like that? You're not being a man about it.”

I rolled my eyes, not knowing what to do. I am Dahwan, one of the best actresses on my channel; How could I be a man? I'm a woman! In many positions too...

“I was going to tell you. It just wasn't the right time.”

“Now is the time. I'm listening. Tell me..”

I was going to cry. I had never been afraid of anything, not even Jaroay. But now I was up against a woman with a bright smile like Kimhan, who could also be scary at times, like her daughter too.

“We are in love.”

"I love Kim, so I took her with a slow dance. And today, I am here at 4 am because of the strong rock beat of my heart.”

“Hwan!”

Kimhan almost screamed at my response to her mother. At this moment, I was staring into Aunt Aey's eyes, speaking through our thoughts. One time, I accidentally walked into this house when our moms were dancing to rock n' roll. How come Aunt Aey doesn't know how I felt?

“That's very direct.”

“What are your thoughts, Aunt Aey on this matter?”

“I don't want to think too much about that. I asked him to marry her because I knew I wouldn't be with her much longer. If Kim has someone next to her who loves her, I will leave in peace.”

“That means...?”

“What it means is that it can be anyone Kimhan thinks is good for her. It doesn't have to be a man like Mawin...Or a woman like Dahwan.”

My heart raced like a drum. I turned to look Kimhan in the eyes. Kimhan was still puffing out her cheeks, but I could see that she let out a smile upon hearing that the conversation between her mother and I was going well. It was as if we understood each other without having to talk about it directly.

“It's already 5 am...”

Aunt Aey looked at the clock and smiled at us.

“Let's give alms to the rhythm of pop. Hwan and Kim, please go get the tray from the kitchen and meet me at the door.”

Kimhan's mother walks towards the front door, leaving the little girl and me alone, as if she knew we wanted to talk privately. As soon as Aunt Aey was out of sight, the little girl hit my arm.

“What did you say to my mom? What a rhythm? You were so rude.”

“Is talking about music rude?”

“I'm not stupid. And mom...”

Kimhan sighed.

“But it's strange that my mom accepts this more easily than I expected.”

“What did you talk about when you disappeared and didn't come to dinner with me then?”

“We talked, but mom stayed silent when I told her why I ran away with you. I wanted to give my mom time to think about it. Or I want to throw this all at her at once.”

“From what I see, it seems like Aunt Aey isn't too stressed about this.”

“Yes....if she could overcome my father's problem, the daughter should not be a problem.”

I almost added, 'Besides, your mom is with my mom,' but I chose to stay silent. We went to get the tray and waited to give alms to the monks. The dark sky slowly brightens and turns blue. It seemed like Kimhan's mom's approach was working. She felt at peace and was no longer anxious. We were giving alms, but I wasn't familiar with this because I normally didn't wake up this early, Kimhan's mom had to help guide me through this one.

“After placing the food, kneel and raise your hand to receive the prayers. When the monk prays, you can make a wish that in your next life... you will meet again.”

Kimhan and I looked at each other, and then Auntie Aey continued talking.

“I wish that no obstacle can ruin this love and that they’ll be together forever.”

I wanted all of that, as I was told. When we finished, Aunt Aey put the things away with the help of Kim and me.

“If you can get up early, come together to give alms so you can know how it's done. That way, when I'm gone, you can help Kim.”

“Mother...”

“Aunt Aey...”

Kimhan and I took care of the person who said that and was walking inside the house, stunned and grateful. My neighbor's mother, who was crying hysterically, was now as strong as if she were a different person. When she saw that we were not following her, she turned around and said her last words.

“Please take care of Kimhan for me... Hwan.”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
37**

Capítulo 37 - CHAPTER : 37



THE TRUTH



I must admit that I was feeling very elated with the good deeds I had done that morning. But doing good couldn't help get rid of my bad thoughts, so I dragged Kimhan to my apartment, where we could be alone and do what newlyweds did from 9 am until noon.

“Hwan, aren't you hungry?”

The little girl, who was lying face down next to me, asked while tickling my nose with her finger.

“No, I don't have any because I ate a lot.”

“Crazy. We have to eat food too.”

“That's a good idea. Then we will have energy to do many activities.”

I slowly moved my fingers towards Kimhan's white, bare shoulder. The little girl nibbled my fingers with cute aggression.

“That hurts!”

“Good.”

“How can that be good? My fingers are very important to you now.”

“Naughty!”

The little girl hit me lightly with a pillow. We rolled around in bed happily and felt like that was the time we were happiest.

“Now that I thought about it, it was unfortunate that we hadn't thought of doing this in the last ten years. We had been friends until she was about to leave when I felt the need to do something.”

“Because you like me?”

Kimhan asked, wanting to strike up a conversation. I rolled my eyes a little in thought before examining the person who asked that question.... Pretty eyes... High bridge nose.... Seductive lips.... Perfect curvy body.... Ah... I couldn't choose..

“What should I do? I like everything about you.”

I ran my fingers over her lower lip.

“And you make me want to try you again Kim..”

As I leaned towards the little girl in an attempt to start another good memory, my phone rang. I pressed my lips tightly.

“Damn! Who is calling at this precious moment?”

“Answer, in case it's something work...”

“If it's work, then I don't want to answer.”

“You have to because you're the talk of the town now.”

When I heard that, I sighed a little, but I reached up to pick up the phone and see who was calling. I showed Kimhan the screen as she rolled her eyes, feeling tired.

“It's not work. They are our friends...”

“Reply.”

“I don't want to. Morn likes to joke with me.”

“But Morn never talks nonsense. Answer. I want to know why they are calling.”

After Kimhan insisted, I picked up the phone, even though I didn't want to. My prankster friend greeted me with a playful voice that made me bare my teeth in annoyance.

[Hello. What are you doing?]

“Don't use that voice. You rarely call me, why do you call me?”

[Why do you sound so upset? Is it your moment of pleasure?]

“What madness are you talking about?”

[I'll get in the way even more. Come pick up Mali and me right now.]

“Where to?”

[Below. In your condo, of course. Your friends are visiting. Don't ask too much.]

“Why are you here?”

[I miss my friends.]

“Do not go up.”

[Pam is more beautiful than you.]

"Come up right now so I can slap you."

[Come down and pick me up right now. I also brought noodles from my store. It will be cold!]

I cut the line and made a face as if I was about to cry at Kimhan, who was lying next to me. Little she knew how I felt, so she laughed at me adoringly and tucked my hair behind her ear.

“Come on. Our friends are visiting us. We have a lot of time to be together. We can do it until we get bored.”

“Will we do that?”

Kimhan didn't understand it at first, so I smiled. But once she realized what I meant, she hit me and got up to go get dressed.

“Since when did you become so obsessed?”

I quickly got up and grabbed the little girl's hand. She turned to fall on the bed and I was having naughty thoughts.

“Since I fell in love with you, little one.”

“What are you doing? Go find our friends.”

“Only a little. Ten minutes... just a little.”

“Naughty... Ah.”

Understood...It took me 30 minutes to slowly get dressed before going downstairs to pick up my friends. My phone showed about ten missed calls from Samorn, and that made me smile when I was able to answer my friends.

"You came without an invitation, so I needed some time to get dressed before I could come down."

"You took so long, and you still look like this?"

This is already more beautiful than most people on earth

Kimhan was in the kitchen, preparing the noodles that my friend brought us. I motioned for Mali to help her serve the noodles to everyone, but the chubby friend stood with her arms crossed, looking uncomfortable. The little girl couldn't help but ask the reason.

"What's wrong, Mali? Why are you standing there?"

"I don't know how to behave."

Among all of us, Mali seemed the newest in this situation. Samorn always knew about my feelings, so only Mali was in the dark. To be exact, she didn't pay much attention to her friends because her life was quite hectic.

“What's wrong, Li? You know they ran away from the wedding to be together.”

Samorn looked irritated and walked over to carry the bowls to the table herself. At this moment, everyone in the room looked at Mali, who was standing alone, as if there was a barricade between her and her noodle. I couldn't help but call her with her finger.

“Don't be troublesome Li.”

“We are friends. Friends for more than ten years. And suddenly, friends become lovers...”

Mali puts her hands to her face and closes her eyes tightly.

“My skin crawls just thinking about it.”

“Don't act like that, Li. All these years, you never had a clue? It could be seen from Mars that they like each other.”

Kimhan and I looked at each other sheepishly, but tried not to show it so they wouldn't make fun of us too much.

“Ah. I can say it from the ground. What kind of friends kiss?”

“Did you see them kiss?”

“Morn... Are you talking as if you've seen them kiss? Where?”

“At Kim's house. In the bedroom, when she had the flu.”

Kimhan looked at me and smiled at the corner of her mouth like a winner. I quickly looked away before baring my teeth at my friend, who was still talking.

“Let's change the subject.”

“I saw Kim give Hwan a sneaky kiss in the classroom when Hwan had the flu.”

This time, I looked at the little girl and smiled at her. This was something new that I never knew before.

“You never told me. How can you keep something like this a secret for so long?”

“It's not a secret. I just feel like it's not something we should talk about. It's like watching my parents do it.”

“Have you seen that?”

“I was giving an example! Plus, Kim said she did it because of my theory, so I let it go. I didn't want to talk about it.”

“If we had talked then, there wouldn't have been a wedding. I would have told Hwan to propose to Kim and everything would have been over and done with.”

“Why did you not tell me? Why did you keep it a deep secret in your throat?”

“I look great doing it.”

We all fell silent, and it became dead air. Mali looked at us and sighed.

“Anyway... give me some time to understand this.”

“Why are you making it a big deal? They are not your children, Mali. And they've been feeling the same way for so long. Even with the kiss, they had the same thought... What's the big deal? Just because they love each other doesn't mean we're no longer friends.”

Samorn continued eating her noodles after saying that, but Mali still hesitated.

“What happens if they separate? Would that be the end of our gang? Hwan gets bored so easily. She had seven husbands in the last ten years.”

“Damn them. A couple. Nobody goes further than that!”

“What about Kim?”

"You..."

I dropped my jaw and crossed my arms over my chest to try to compose myself. Everything was silent until I broke it.

“I'm about to tell you not to worry about us breaking up because that will never happen.”

“You don't know the future. Eventually, Kim will be your eighth lover like everyone else.”

“No.”

“How is that?”

“Because Kimhan will be my last lover.”

My serious tone made everyone stay silent. The little girl, who had been listening silently for a long time, came to stand next to me and put her arm around mine to confirm what I told our friends to reassure them.

“We will not part until death do us part. Can you take this as our promise?”

“Kim...”

Mali placed her hand on her chest before raising it to close her mouth.

“That's so sweet, isn't it?”

Samorn seemed excited, but....

“I'm going to vomit! Do you think you're in a scene from a Channel 7 soap opera? If you still want to be friends, never confess your love in front of me again. I couldn't stand it!”

Mali waves her hands like she's shaking something in the air.

“Good. I'll try to accept it. What about being friends and one day scratching each other's itch? I don't know how to react. Kim you must be out of your mind. You're smart. Why don't you use your brain to think about it? Why are you with a perfect girl like Hwan, who is beautiful but stupid? Besides, you two can't have babies.”

“Oh yeah.”

“Huh?”

“The only disadvantage is that Hwan can't have a baby with me..”

“Kim, do you want to have a child?”

“Of course, but only with you.”

“Wow. I told you to stop. I want to vomit.”

Mali acted like she was nauseous.

“If they love each other so much, they shouldn't have pretended to be friends for so long. Why didn't they confess a long time ago and get it over with?”

“They like to do it the hard way.”

"Even if you think that, I was going to confess my love to Kim."

I smiled at the little girl next to me. However, Kimhan seems curious.

“When?”

“It was when we were about to graduate from high school.”

“The day you said you had something to talk to me about?”

“Yeah. Wow... you have a good memory.”

“Because I was hoping that you would confess. Ah... in our dream, Hwan, you said you were going to confess but you couldn't anymore. Because?”

I dropped my jaw because I had forgotten about that. While looking for a way out, Samorn and Mali frowned, looking confused.

“What dream?”

“Has no sense.”

I moved my hands, trying to get out of this topic. But Kimhan was very determined because she really wanted to know. She grabbed my hand and stared at me.

“Is there something you haven't told me?”

“N... no!”

“You have an alarm tone.”

I rolled my eyes and changed the subject.

“So what do people say about me on the Internet?”

When I asked that, they all stayed silent. Even Kimhan, who was trying to corner me, backed away.

“Why are you all silent? Do many people criticize me?”

“To say many is not enough, rather, it should be tons.”

Both Samorn and Kimhan hurried to shut Mali's mouth. I looked at them curiously because I never heard Kimhan speak or mention it. But I could guess, so I didn't bother reading any as it would irritate me. Or, to put it another way, those things never bothered me and I decided not to waste my time reading them. But when I saw that everyone was trying to hide it from me, my curiosity was immediately activated.

“What do they say?”

“As usual. December dog, river full of water.”

Samorn said it nonchalantly, knowing that I wouldn't mind that.

“Many attacks. You don't have to read them. Although you are as strong as a rock, you may cringe if you read the comments on the Internet.”

“It will disappear if that ChaeDara site stops trying to make it a trend. But I'm surprised how much they know about you. It's like they can read minds. And from what I've read, everything is so precise, I can't argue for you,”

Mali said with a twisted face. But I didn't feel anything because I know that people's words can't hurt me or kill me if I don't let them.

“Don't think too much about it. People's words don't impact me: you know that. We'll see! I'll show you! Where should I look? Twitter? or this ChaeDara website?”

I grabbed my phone and opened that CheDara page, scrolling down to find my articles.

“Oh. It is the main publication. There are many comments because I am famous.”

“Hey... doesn't it bother you or are you just shameless?”

Samorn shook her head, while Mali looked worried and tried to take the phone out of my hand.

“Hey! Don't read them.”

“I'll show you that those can't bother me!”

I was always strong and tough. I scrolled down to read the comments out loud like I didn't care.

(“Dog of December suits you well. Others try to steal husbands, but she stole a wife.”)

“Kimhan is no one's wife. Don't talk shit about Kim, stupid..”

(‘How was she raised to be like this? I read that she slapped a teacher when she was in highschool.’)

“Moron. My mom did it.”

(‘In the past, she only dated boys to try to hide the fact that she liked women. Twisted mind’)

“If you have time to say that others have twisted minds, you should find a deodorant that makes your armpits white to use. It's so dark I can smell trash on your profile picture..”

And I continued reading them without feeling anything, while the little girl was starting to have her eyes watery like a baby. I laughed when I looked at that.

“What's wrong, Kim? Why are you crying?”

“I feel bad for you.”

“Why feel bad?”

“Thanks to me, you are so criticized.”

“Ahhh. These things can't even cause anything... Huh?”

When my eyes scanned to see a certain comment, I threw the phone away with teary eyes, even though I hadn't felt anything before this.

“What's wrong, Hwan?”

Kimhan, who has never seen me so sensitive, rushes to hug me tightly. Samorn, who always made fun of me, also saw that I didn't see me well, so she reached out her hand to squeeze my elbow for support.

“Alright. Those are just words. It will happen. You said you were strong. And those words can't hurt you.”

“I can't let him go... Who is that? Why...”

I point to my phone, all shocked.

“I don't understand. Because?”

“What does it say?”

Mali takes the phone and read the comment she was reading aloud so that everyone could hear it.

“Who is Dahwan?”

“Arg. She closes her mouth. Why did you read it out loud?”

Samorn, who was surprised, let go of my arm and looked at me.

“Don't tell me you got excited because someone asked you who you were?”

“Of course. This is a big problem. Doesn't that person have a television? Even if that is the case, what about the Internet? How can someone comment and ask who I am?”

“Return my concern for you.”

“I'm going to file a police report!”

“What charge?”

“Computer crime law. Lying to the public. There is no way for a person not to know who I am.”

“Moron! My head hurts... Kim, take care of your husband.”

Samorn waved her hand as if she wanted Kimhan to make me see reason, but that made me even angrier.

“I am not her husband.”

“Good! Wife.”

“I'm not his wife.”

“Then what are you?”

“All.”

“Okay, whatever.”

“I can not stand this. Change the subject.”

Mali held her breath, trying to tolerate everything because she still couldn't accept the relationship between Kimhan and me.

“By the way, how is Mawin dealing with the fact that you two ran away to be happy together like this? Have you talked to him after the big mess you created?”

“Not yet. I intend to contact Win.”

“Kim.”

I extended my hand to place it on the little girl's lap for support. Kimhan was silent for a moment before suddenly standing up.

“I'll be back in a moment. You girls talk.”

We all looked at Kimhan and whispered as she entered the bedroom.

“You probably feel very guilty. Why did you mention it, Mali?”

Samorn hit her chubby friend's head in frustration. Mali bared her teeth before twisting her face at her.

“I try to change the subject. Who would have thought this would make Kim so shocked?”

“Normally, she is so strong and decisive. Remember when I thought I was pregnant and she told me to get rid of the baby? This is just about Mawin.”

“Kim is not that strong. She is a crying baby.”

I sighed because I knew Kimhan well.

“Seeing her being independent and having both feet on the ground, she is actually very sensitive.”

"Artists."

Samorn added understandingly. We all fell silent as Kimhan came out of the bedroom to sit next to me.

“Give me your hand.”

The little girl grabbed my hand to examine it before grabbing a nail file to file my nails.

“I think your nails are too sharp. Let me file them.”

And everyone fell silent, including me. My face got hot when I heard that because I knew what it meant. Mali, who couldn't stand that, grabs her bag and speaks loud and clear.

“I can't take this anymore. I'll leave.”

“Why are you leaving suddenly?”

Samorn looked like a curious dog as she pretended not to know what was going on. Mali shouted timidly..

“They are filing nails in front of us. Why are you still here? I'll go home and pass out. Get up, Morn!”

Mali poked Samorn, who was still observing the situation. Although she was also stunned, she was much stronger than Mali.

“I will not leave.”

“Hey.”

Kimhan and I look at our very calm friend.

“Why do you stay to be a third wheel?”

“I'm staying so I can be the third wheel. I know you can't keep your hands off each other during this period. They just want to be together and are upset with everything else. I'll be everything else that bothers you.”

"Damn Morn..."

I closed my eyes, knowing that my friend was trying to irritate me. What she had just said sounded like she could read my mind.

“Whoa? If you're so frustrated, you can cry.”

I gritted my teeth, which made the noodle shop owner laugh happily.

“Why should we run back when we just arrived? It's hot outside, while it's cold here, like we're shopping at Paragon. Oh... do you have Netflix here? I want to see three movies before I leave.”

“Screw you.”

“If you want to leave Mali, go, I'll stay.”

Kimhan takes the remote control of the air conditioner and turns it off. Everyone looked at the little girl's action, confused. Especially when she took the batteries out of the remote control and threw them out the window.

“The air conditioning no longer works.”

They all looked at Kimhan, who had always been the quiet type, stunned. Samorn grabbed her bag and stood up.

“To be honest...if it had been Hwan who did that, I wouldn't care. But being you. Kim, it's very uncomfortable. Good! I prayed. You can go to heaven now!”

And our friends left us alone in our room. I looked at the little girl, who seemed normal, only with a smile at the corner of her mouth.

“Is this the real you?”

“What do you mean?”

“What you just did, how did you think of throwing the batteries out the window like that? We will be hot.”

“No. I already turned on the air conditioning in our room.”

“Witty.”

“What are you talking about?”

I got up and dragged Kimhan to follow me to the bedroom.

“It is hot here. Let's go to bed.”

“Go to bed again?”

“Or we can do it standing.”

“Do it?”

“To do a lot of things.”

I pushed Kimhan into the room and we did a lot of bad things as usual.. Ah... that was so good. The world was always fair. If you are happy, pain will follow you. For others, it may be difficult. But for me, I was always ready for it, so it wasn't so painful when I found out that the deal with Pat mi shipp that our managers tried to promote, was canceled. Phi Toon called me to yell at me when I finally picked up the phone. I could only acknowledge the news and laugh dryly.

“I'm sorry for the mess I created. We have already made a lot of money; It's okay to lose some of this.”

[Why did you suddenly take the bride away from the wedding? Why are you so protective of your friend? And you're not denying the rumors either.]

“Because I should?”

[Do this so that people don't misunderstand and think that you and your friend are together. That ChaeDara website keeps emphasizing that you like women. People praise them for being like Dispatch because they are never wrong.]

“It's not a misunderstanding. I think they believe that if I try to deny it, I would be lying. They will hang us if we lie in this country. Phi Toon.”

[What does that mean Hwan?]

“Oops. The director is calling me. See you later. Zzzz.”

I sit on the chair and happily memorize my script. Ah...why did I have to work? I was very sad. I missed the noise under my breath as if the signal was bad and hung up before leaning back on my little girl again. While I was thinking about picking up the phone to call Kimhan to chat with my lover, it seemed like we were in sync because my phone rang and it showed that Kimhan was calling. Oh... Not only did we dream about each other but we could also communicate with our minds. I would snuggle her tight when I got home.

“Hello.”

I greeted the person who called with joy.

“I was about to call you. I miss you.”

[Hwan.]

The voice on the line seemed stern. She made me go from smiling to frowning. But I still wasn't sure if I was right.

“What's happening? I feel that you're not in a good mood.”

[Is there something you haven't told me?]

“No.”

[Are you sure?]

“I can't think of anything. I have revealed everything. Should I take off all my clothes too? But you have to wait a little. I'll go running right after I finish my session.”

[There is a reason why you didn't confess your love to me ten years ago, right?]

“Huh?”

Oh, now, seriously, I stopped smiling because the little girl seemed to ignore all my jokes. Suddenly, my heart pounded because I was afraid I was right. Does she...?

[Have you known all this time that our mothers are together?]

“Kim...”

[I already know it all!]

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
38**

Capítulo 38 - CHAPTER : 38



DAD AND DAD, MOM AND MOM



I couldn't concentrate on work at all, but I had to do it like a professional. And when I was done, I hurriedly drove back home because the little girl called to scream and scream after finding out about our moms. How did she know? Did the moms do it too openly again? However, when I got home, what I had imagined was not even half of what I had thought.

Our parents were also there. Now everyone faced each other without wanting to. I almost raised my hand to ask if the 1.25075[1] people had arrived. Ah... we're not there to listen to any kind of sermon.

“Everyone is here. What is this...? Why dad dad and mom mom...”

I moved my eyes through them all, searching for an answer. However, everyone remains silent. Everyone seems so shy with Kimhan standing nearby. Yes... including me, who felt just as shy.

“Hwan, did you know all along?”

“Why do you say that? I...”

“Mom told me everything.”

“What mom?”

When I looked at the two mothers they both smiled dryly at me. Damn! I kept it a secret for the last ten years and bought a condo to separate Kimhan from everyone so she wouldn't have to find out. But when our moms found out that Kimhan and I are in love, they told her without caring what she had done! So why did Kimhan and I suffer all the pain for the last ten years? Give me back my ten years, or more than 1500 days!

“If you knew, why didn't you tell me?”

“You couldn't stand this kind of thing. I didn't want you to feel hurt. When our parents ran away, you cried pitifully... And you seemed to hate everyone who wasn't straight.”

“And how long did you intend to keep it secret?”

“If I could do it forever, I would. Just look at you... as soon as you sat down you started screaming.”

“I'm doing this because I feel bad for being the last to know.”

Kim, who had never yelled at me, not counting the Mali incident, was now very angry and seemed bigger than me.

“What was mom thinking? Why did you tell Kim? Couldn't you just keep you quiet?”

I didn't specify which 'mom' because I wanted to talk to both of them. My mom speaks softly.

“I want to be open. Mom and dad can accept the fact that you are together. Aunt Aey doesn't have much time left. So we discussed it and she decided to tell everyone. Kim and Hwan are old enough to accept it....”

“Can't!”

Kimhan shouted again and looked at our parents, who remained silent.

“Suddenly, mom says that you forgive them and we're a happy family again because we love each other. That is not right.”

“Calm down, Kim. It happened a long time ago. And when you two created that mess, daddy fixed it for you.”

Aunt Aey tried to help her ex-husband in any way she could, but Kimhan didn't agree. I had to add.

"Kim..."

I reached out my hand to pull the little girl and shake her lightly but she shook my hand furiously.

“Do not touch me.”

“Kimhan!”

When I raised my voice, Kimhan, who was puffing up her furs, shrank her neck a little but was still struggling.

“Why are you raising your voice at me?”

"Let's go get some fresh air outside,"

I pulled Kimhan out against all resistance by placing my arm around the little girl's neck. Kimhan always reacted like this when I looked at her sternly, like she was a little intimidated without knowing that I was also

afraid of her when she got irritated but I wasn't going to show it to her. It was better that no one knew that I was afraid of her.

“Let me go.”

Kimhan let go of my arm and crossed her arms over her chest, sending the message that she didn't want to be touched. I sighed a little because I was using a lot of energy to talk to the stubborn girl.

“Kim. You are usually very reasonable. How come when it comes to this...”

"Do you want me to be reasonable about our mothers being together?"

“Yeah.”

“How can I accept that? Huh?”

Kimhan seemed stunned when she saw that I didn't feel anything.

“Our parents. Our moms. And we? Everything is mixed...”

“Mixed?”

“Yeah. Mixed. No other family does this. None! I can't stand it.”

“Probably only our family is strange. But that doesn't mean it can't happen. Kim... it already happened. We just have to accept it.”

“Is your logic skewed, Hwan? How can it be?”

“My logic was not twisted. But when I used normal logic, we couldn't end up together. I must have had seven boyfriends and almost lost you because of the word 'mixed' to derive this twisted logic.”

Kimhan was about to argue, but could only open and close her mouth repeatedly. It was as if she was trying to find a reason to argue, but she couldn't say it with confidence.

“I still feel like everything is wrong.”

“I'm not surprised. It took me ten years to deal with it, so what you're going through is nothing new to me.”

“How did you manage when you saw our mothers together?”

“What could I do? I was also madly in love with the daughter.”

“Crazy...”

The little girl's voice was clearly softer.

“Wow. Why does it have to happen to our family? Think about it, Hwan. On the left are our dads and on the right are our moms.”

“And right in front of us we are. Isn't It welcoming?”

I said jokingly and Kimhan hit me.

“Have you forgiven dad yet?”

“Ah. I was going to ask why my dad was here. He is very brave.”

I looked inside the house while Kimhan spoke about the brave man under his breath.

“Yeah. Very brave.”

Kim looked inside the house several times and continued talking.

“Dad said he wanted to come back because he found out that mom is sick, so he wants to take care of her.”

“That's good.”

“Damn, it's good. But I haven't forgotten what our parents did to us.”

"Kim... to be honest."

I was silent for a moment before continuing with a serious tone.

“How dare we be angry with our parents when what we did is no different?”

“What do you mean? We didn't run away... together.”

And when I got to this part, Kimhan realized and closed her mouth with her hand. I let out a dry smile and laughed. Aren't we really running away

together?

“Is not the same. At least I didn't have a son or a husband. I ran away with you before.”

“Because I knew I couldn't lose you but when I think about it, if you had gotten married I couldn't have stood it..”

“I would do exactly what our parents did. I would beg and cry. I would tell you about our dreams. Wouldn't you have run away with me?”

Kimhan looked nervous, and that made me narrow my eyes nervously.

"You wouldn't do it, would you?"

“I am doubting. Because I'm different from dad. I am a responsible person.”

“Have you spoken to Mawin?”

“Very responsible... Oh. You hit me again!”

The little girl couldn't argue, so she hit me repeatedly because she had no one else to attack. I let her do what she wanted with me because she didn't hit me that hard.

“Hmm. Let's just say I still can't stand it. You accepted it alone.”

“Where are you going?”

“I'll go back to the condo. I can't stand to be here one more second.”

“What's wrong with me?”

“Stay with your family.”

“But those are our parents. Oh... I can't keep track of the family tree. My dad, my girlfriend's dad, my girlfriend's mom, my mom..”

“Argggf. I don't want to listen!”

“How are you going to get back? Wait for me. I will go with you.”

“Where should I wait?”

“My house. It's the house where my dad and yours are lovers.”

“Dahwan!”

Kimhan stomps to my house before looking back and pouting to express her dissatisfaction that I was okay with these mixed relationships. When the little girl was out of sight, I returned to the house and looked wearily at our parents. I wasn't used to it, but I had to pretend I was okay with it.

“Please tell me what's happening? Why are you all here...Kim said Dad is moving in to take care of Mom...”

I rolled my eyes because I was confused about what I should call each person. In short, is everyone affectionate except Kim?

“Yes, Yes.”

Everyone nodded at the same time. I smiled dryly and nodded understandingly.

“That's ok. If everyone has already spoken, decide who will stay where. I'll talk to Kim about it. It may take some time.”

I looked at Kimhan's father and shrugged.

“Uncle Tim has to understand that, in Kim's eyes, Uncle Tim is no different from a monster.”

“You don't have to make such a harsh comparison.”

My mother made war on me. I smiled back and immediately responded.

“Mom is no different. Kim is very new to this situation. Monster family.”

“Yeah. Dahwan, the normal human being.”

I think I knew who I got my sarcastic traits from. While the arrangement was easily decided at home, Kimhan was not easy to handle. Although I gave her countless reasons, Kimhan didn't listen because she didn't want to acknowledge any of them. When I wanted to have a serious conversation, she would walk away from me to do something. How stubborn could she be... Not only was my private life a mess, but the only job I did well was also very messy. Three of my commercial contracts had been canceled because they decided to use another actress instead of me. Kimhan, who

remembered that I signed a contract for it, was teary-eyed and hugging me, as she didn't know what else she could do.

“I'm sorry... It's all because of me.”

“Why are you crying, Kim? Hwan doesn't care about anything except what the actress did to her face, except the nose job, which is very obvious.”

My friends and I were meeting up at my condo again. The series I had been filming has finally ended. So I was free to hang out like that. That was something nice...

"I think I also had eye surgery."

I was still watching the new commercial and happily criticizing it.

“I'm so stressed. I want to use my money to do this and that too, but my face is already so perfect. Why is God so partial and he loves me so much?”

“Where is your pain?”

Samorn threw a French fry in my face while I was eating.

“Don't you feel defeated?”

“No. So what if I didn't get to be in it?”

“I heard that the contract is for many millions of baht?”

“As I work, my only big expense is this condo... Even so, I got a special discount. I have a lot of money. I don't care.”

I shrugged as if I didn't care, but it seemed like Kimhan still didn't believe in my performance.

“How is it possible that you don't feel anything? That's your job.”

“Let her rest. Who the hell worked every day until her best friend almost got married and her hand slipped away? That would be a real shame.”

I raised my eyebrow a little.

“I already weighed my decision between losing those jobs and losing you. And the answer is that I would suffer more if I lost you.”

“Hwan, you're so...”

Mali closed her mouth with her hand again. And I raised my eyebrow again.

“Fresh?”

“I'm going to vomit. Stop being sweet to each other. I told you not to do this. I hate this loving vibe.”

“You are the most imaginative and manga fan among us; Why are you so sensitive when it comes to Hwan's relationship?”

Samorn leaned her shoulder in Mali.

“Of course, I'm sensitive. They are both my friends. Imagining all the ways they do it...”

“I understand. Enough.”

Samorn continued to chew her potato chip as she raised her hand to tell Mali to stop talking. Kimhan and I sat in silence, our faces turning red. It

wasn't strange that our friend imagined it because I also imagined what my teacher did when I was away during the school holidays when I saw someone get pregnant. I told myself... Safe in many ways.

“Topic change. Hwan... If you keep losing jobs like this, it will be a disaster. What if you can't be a famous leading actress again, or an actress at all? What will you do?”

Samorn raised a problem. I realized a potential fall I had never thought about.

“Don't know. Apart from being beautiful, I have no other talents.”

I began to realize the consequences and became silent. For my work to last, I had to be able to let it go. I didn't have to be the lead actress. If I could play any role, I could do it until I was older, like many older actresses. But if I wasn't like them... beautiful but stupid. You are a good example of that.

“Mali!”

I prepared to kick my friend, who is sitting not far from me, but Mali laughed because she was happy to frustrate me.

“I'm kidding. I saw you stay quiet and I was worried, so I made fun of you. Honestly, your savings will be enough to live comfortably for the rest of

your life if you don't spend too much.”

“Nothing is safe. You have to have a backup plan. kimhan says this as if she is mumbling to herself,

“Alright. I will support you, Hwan.”

“Seeing Kim reminds me... There is a Korean idol named Jessica from Girls' Generation. She went from idol to founder of a fashion brand. And now she is so rich. Beautiful and rich.”

Mali gave an example of a beautiful idol to motivate me, and it was working.

"I'll be like this."

I snapped my fingers, feeling determined.

“But I don't have any knowledge of fashion.”

“Your job is to be the model. Let Kim do the design and you invest. Find someone who is good at marketing. It may be difficult at first, but when you

get up and running, it will be very easy. Kim will be designing the clothes you wear and you will sell them on Instagram. She's just a building on it.”

“Brilliant. I can't believe that in addition to fat, you also have a brain.”

Samorn looked at her friend, stunned. Mali felt so smart that she had to straighten up a little.

“Of course. Because I'm smart and pretty. I can't be stupid like Hwan. It's a good thing she's with Kim because she's the one with the brains. The only time I felt like Kim was stupid was when she chose Hwan.”

“Ma...”

“Actually, Mali's idea is great. But I can only design; Kim I have no knowledge of marketing. If we are going to do this, we need someone who is good at marketing..”

I smiled when I thought of someone who was within my reach right now. It's the perfect moment.

“There is. I have someone in mind, and would be very happy if we asked them for help.”

“What?”

I made a date with our parents at a restaurant accompanied by Kimhan. The little girl looked grumpy but she couldn't refuse because she knew that she was partially responsible for why my life had gotten worse. The person who was the best in this world in terms of marketing and within my reach and she was..

“Let me know any help you need. I'll do it for free. I'm retired.”

My father, who majored in marketing and used to hold a senior management position at a beverage company, readily agreed. He seemed happy that I had asked for help.

“Did you retire? Because?”

“Well... maybe I'm too old. But I'm still good. I got a lot of money out of my retirement, so I can help you. Just let me know. I won't charge you a cent.”

“How can you charge me? Mom has paid my tuition since high school.”

When I said that, my dad hunched his back, feeling guilty. That made me laugh because I was successful in making fun of him.

“I’m kidding.”

“Your mom wasn't the only one who paid for it. I transferred money to her bank account every month. What I did was wrong, but I was not shameless. My dad and I were able to talk like we normally did. So now only Kimhan and Uncle Tim were silent. I pulled the little girl over and invited her to eat.

“Eat something. You’re getting cold.”

“I’m not hungry.”

“Kim, we talked about this.”

"But..."

Kimhan bit her lips hard and looked at our parents sitting on the opposite side.

“What do you want me to talk about?”

Uncle Tim, who has been looking for an opportunity to talk to his daughter, eagerly asked her a question. But that only bothered me.

“How are you, Kim? Have you eaten something?”

“If I had, why would I come to a restaurant?”

Kimhan snapped. I felt bad for his dad, who didn't know how to continue the conversation. She's so stubborn. So I started a conversation instead... To the point... Straight.

“I invited Kim here today to resolve what we need to talk about and she's okay with you coming back to take care of mom.”

Our parents smile happily.

“But going back is too difficult. What is lost is lost. It's hard to fix... To be honest, it's not that we don't understand. But you have to give us time. Hwan may not be that hurt because she's been trying to cope since she found out about our mothers, but I need more time and that day may never come.”

Everything was silent. I looked left and right, then said it frankly.

“At least the parents should apologize to us. We were the victims.”

When I finished saying that, our parents did not hesitate to do what was requested because they had probably also wanted to do this for a long time.

"I'm sorry for what I did,"

Uncle Tim said it first with a trembling voice, trying to contain his emotions. Everyone remained silent. Kimhan crossed her arms over her chest and looked directly at the older person in front of her before asking.

“If you could go back, would you do it again?”

That was a question that had zero chance of happening, but... I wanted to know too.

“If I could go back, Kim would not have been born.”

“I wouldn't give Phol the opportunity to have a family. Hwan wouldn't be born either... That is, if I could come back.”

“But if I go back to when I left our family after Kim and Hwan were already born...”

This time, my dad was the one who spoke. He looked at Uncle Tim, knowing his answers were the same.

“I would still do it again.”

When Kimhan heard that, she grabbed her bag and was ready to get up but I grabbed her wrist. I understood well how our parents felt. If you asked me if I would take Kimhan away from her wedding if she could turn back time. I would still give the same answer: I would do it even if I lost a lot of my endorsement deals or could never be as famous as I was again.

“Kim...We asked and we got answers. We have to listen, whether we like it or not.”

I told her that, telling her to be patient and sit back down. Kimhan sat down and crossed her arms, looking irritated.

“Thank you for answering honestly. If you love each other so much, you shouldn't have given birth to us. I responded sarcastically, as I was also angry.”

"It wasn't like that in the old days. We were trying to distract ourselves and thought that if we found a replacement or someone better, we could forget about it.”

Kimhan and I looked at each other, beginning to understand our parents better. That's what we tried to do without success for a while. Our parents probably had the same thought as us: if they could find someone better, they could replace the other person.

“But it wasn't easy. Even though we grew apart, we couldn't escape each other. Dreaming about each other reminds us that we can never run away from each other.”

“Huh?”

Kimhan and I looked curiously at Uncle Tim, who told us about his dreams. The older person fell silent after realizing that he missed something. The little girl, who was his daughter, lost patience and asked him.

“What dream?”

“Nothing.”

“Said. What Dreams?”

Uncle Tim seemed nervous. I looked at my dad, asking for help. Finally, my father decided to tell the story.

“This will sound strange. You can choose to believe it or not.”

"Tell it first, and I'll tell you if I believe it or not."

I still gave him my full attention and was excited to hear what my dad was about to say.

“So what is it? What do you dream with?”

“Uncle Tim and I see each other in our dreams.”

“Huh?”

“We met before in our dreams. And we fall in love when we meet again in our adult lives..”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
39**

Capítulo 39 - CHAPTER : 39



EFFECT



We paused to pay close attention as the story of our parents was slowly told. This was especially true for Kimhan, who was very against them at first. However, after listening to the story of their dreams, which was similar to what happened to us, the little girl leaned back in her chair and listened silently with her hands crossed in front of her. My dad and Uncle Tim met in their dreams, since they couldn't remember. Their dreams consisted of a grassy field, not a bluish one like ours. It was as if the dream world was painted by the person who dreamed it. Uncle Tim and my dad had been playmates since they were kids and only met in the real world when they were in college..

“The person in my dream turns out to be Uncle Tim.”

My dad explained.

“Suddenly, the person I always played with in my dream looked like Uncle Tim. And our bond grows stronger and stronger.”

They obviously didn't talk about their dreams because they were afraid that the other person would think it was nonsense, which was also exactly the same as Kimhan and I. I didn't tell her because we did so many things in our dreams that couldn't be counted. If the other person didn't understand or had the same dream, I would seem like a psychopath who wanted to be more

than friends. Dad's story was told when they were drinking, and the alcohol made them bolder. Uncle Tim told the story about him first. Dad and Uncle Tim had the same dreams.

When they told their dreams, they began to feel that it was strange. Some of his preferences were not accepted in the old days, especially a masculine boy who likes another boy. My dad was the one who tried to distance himself and live a normal life. He still likes women and he thought his feelings for Uncle Tim had been a misunderstanding. And he married my mother. Uncle Tim also made his own family when he married Aunt Aey. They both lived separate lives and grew apart from each other. But everything was the same in his dreams.

“Since we thought it was just a dream, we could do anything because it was just us there....”

“So we were lovers there because we couldn't meet in real life.”

Now our parents had fun taking turns telling their stories. It all came to a head when Uncle Tim saved up to buy a house next to mine because my dad invited him as a joke in his dreams. And that was the beginning. Although they were lovers in their dreams, in reality, the feelings were much stronger. They both felt pain, seeing that the other had a family, and they thought that if they didn't have to worry about others, the person who should be by the other's side would be themselves. It only took three months for his love to overcome his sense of responsibility. Dad and Uncle Tim decided to run away together. And that was the beginning of the relationship between Kimhan and me.

Life was about cause and effect. If one thing does not happen, another will not follow.. If Uncle Tim hadn't moved in to be my neighbor, I wouldn't have met Kimhan and we wouldn't be in love like we were at that time. After hearing the whole story, Kimhan still maintained her silence. We went home quietly. The little girl didn't say anything until I lost my patience when we returned to the condo.

"What are you thinking, Kim? Why are you so quiet?"

"I'm angry."

She held so much grudge. She had already heard all the reasons.

"It's in the past, Kim. Plus, our mothers are happy. You and I are happy."

"No. I'm angry because I understand how dad feels."

The little girl had tears in her eyes.

"I am the victim and I have been very angry with them. But when I heard their story, I totally understood. I feel confused."

....

"I think, 'What if?' What would happen if I got married and you got married..."

Kimhan extended her hand to grab and squeeze my arm tightly.

"Just thinking about that makes me hurt. Kim's Dahwan would belong to someone else.."

"Kim's Dahwan..."

I tried not to smile.

"The boy you married would touch you everywhere. You would laugh without me being the reason. Just thinking about it makes me feel angry with myself."

"That's how I felt when you were going to marry Mawin."

Kimhan leaned down to hug me tightly and snuggle into my neck the way I liked.

“I can't stop thinking about if I had the chance to see you again and had even the slightest chance to live my life with you, would I do what Dad did?”

“Would you do it?”

“What about you? Would you do it?”

I paused for a bit before answering what seemed like a selfish response.

“I would.”

“Yes.”

Kimhan hugged me tightly and sighed.

“I would do it too.”

After hearing that, I stepped back to look at Kimhan, and we both smiled dryly at each other. In reality, we could lie to look good. But I didn't know how that would help because we knew each other too well. We both had the same motto...

****We only live once; Why make life difficult?****

If I had considered others or had a better view of the world, I wouldn't have kept Kimhan away from her wedding and all the negative comments on social media would have hurt me. But she knew me too well. Kimhan and I always come before everyone else. That was the truth.

"So what do we do next about our parents?"

"I don't want to think about that yet,"

Kimhan turned away and walked towards the bedroom while unhooking her bra and throwing it into the laundry basket.

"I want to take a bath to clear my head."

I looked at the folds of Kimhan's shirt, which was now against her body, with interest before giving her a hint.

"There is another way that clears your mind better."

Kimhan raised her eyebrows and looked at her breasts before placing her hands on them.

“We were talking about something serious. How can you think wrong at a time like this?”

“Can't I?”

I walked towards her and threw Kimhan's shirt over her head. She did not resist; she just complained casually.

“I want to take a bath first.”

We can do it while we bathe.

“Do it?”

The little girl smiled mischievously before starting to take off my clothes.

“You mean you'll bathe with me, right?”

“Now that I think about it, we've never done that.”

“There is always a first time... It's good. Slippery good.”

“What is slippery?”

“The bathroom.”

When there was a third person in love, there was always pain. And the person we couldn't help but to talk about was Mawin. Kimhan and I still felt guilty and had to do something to make up for what we did to Mawin. The only thing we could do was... apologize.

“You can wait in the car. If Win sees you, he will get angrier.”

"Wouldn't he get angry when he saw you?"

“It's better if I go alone. Everything happened because of me. You have the right to be angry.”

“But I kept you away from the wedding.”

“Think carefully. I was the one who took you out of the wedding.”

“But... . “

“Wait here, please.”

Because of the way she requested it, I had to wait in the car and look inside the cafe where Kimhan was meeting Mawin. Because it was a glass wall, I could see her body language.

Although it was not so clear, I could tell that it was not going well. Mawin swept everything off the table and stood up angrily. Kimhan stood still, showing no emotion. I ran out of the car to enter the store as Mawin left.

“Khun Win.”

"Why don't you two shoot me with a gun?"

“You two shouldn't have used me in your relationship!”

He walked away, hitting me as he quickly walked past me to leave the cafe. I was more worried about Kimhan, so I hurried inside. I saw the little girl sitting there with teary eyes. She tried to wipe away her tears. Damned! I should have been there. I shouldn't have let Kimhan face that.

“What did Mawin tell you?”

“He was angry. But I just said that we shouldn't have met.”

Kimhan played with the spoon on the plate with her finger, as if she was thinking about something.

“It's true. I feel really guilty. We Shouldn't have met.”

“It's not just your fault. It's my fault too. And you're crying because...”

“He's in a lot of pain, Hwan. He's in a lot of pain, but he didn't say anything bad to me. She only showed his dissatisfaction and broke things. But he chose to save my feelings by not hurting me with force or words..”

“If I did, I would feel better.”

“It will happen. Pain does not stay with us for long. I felt this guilty when I took you out of the wedding. But when I thought I would lose you...”

“Because I think like this, I can still smile a little. Even if Mawin was in more pain.”

Kimhan squeezed my hand tightly.

“I would have done the same.”

When that was said we were both able to smile at each other. It seemed like we understood our parents more with that event. We regret hurting others, but we couldn't lose each other. If it has to be this way, even if we can turn back time, we would choose to always do the same thing... again..

“So, let's get through this pain together.”

“AHA.”

I acted like I didn't feel anything so that Kimhan wouldn't get stressed about it. But in reality, deep down. I had always felt guilty towards Mawin. If I had frankly admitted to him that I

didn't want him to marry Kim, he might not have done it. And things wouldn't get to that point. We wouldn't have to run away from the wedding. Like I said, it wasn't right to be happy without bearing the consequences of your evil. It was just that the consequences hit me slowly. Now, I have less and less work. There wasn't much work coming in from events or sponsorships. It was good.

The producers of the series who were in discussion simply remained silent. It was good. It was okay because that only affected me. I could stand it. But when it affected the people

around me, I didn't think it was a coincidence.

"Did Uncle Tim retire too? Because?"

As we ate together to adjust to being together again, Kimhan's father told us about himself happily, as if it was nothing to worry about.

"I'm getting old. Plus, it's nice that I can take care of Aey full time."

"I can also help with your project. It's good."

His nonchalant act made me look at my dad a little and nod my head to indicate to him to go talk to me outside in private. He didn't know if Kimhan could feel it too. I feel she could but she chose to pretend that she didn't care because she was still angry with him. When my dad and I went out to talk privately, I asked him directly.

"I think this is strange. You quit. Uncle Tim retires. It's too much of a coincidence. There are no such things in this world."

“What do you think?”

“I'm trying to find a link. You both are not old enough to retire yet. So why did you retire?”

When I asked that, my dad sighed, knowing he couldn't keep it a secret.

“Because I am your father.”

“What does that mean?”

“Kimhan's boyfriend's family owns the business unit where I worked.”

“That's crazy... And Uncle Tim...”

“The same, but they didn't fire us. They asked us to leave. If we don't retreat, we won't get anything.”

“And you accepted it?”

“I have to do it. What our family did to them was really hard. It really impacted their image. And I don't dare work for his family. I feel guilty and uncomfortable doing it. Uncle Tim feels the same way.”

“What will you live on then? I am an ungrateful girl; I won't keep you.”

“Oh... my girl... “

We looked at each other a little and laughed. I was just joking. I shrugged.

“Don't worry. I am rich but I will not support you like I just said.”

“Oh.”

“But you can come work for me. Collect the normal salary. Uncle Tim too. When we establish a company, let's work hard for our brand. I will give you full control.”

My dad reached out his hand to play with my hair lovingly.

“I'm happy to help even if I don't get anything out of it.”

“Then I won't give you anything, so you don't feel uncomfortable.”

“But I have to eat.”

“I will buy you land to grow rice.”

“Who will plow the field?”

“Uncle Tim.”

“Uncle Tim is a programmer, not a buffalo.”

“Haha.”

We hugged and laughed as we swayed our bodies to cheer each other up. I pretended to laugh, although my heart was heavy. The effect was coming, and I had to be prepared to face it carefully. My action was giving rise to many consequences that were directed towards me.

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CHSPTEER : 40

Capítulo 40 - CHSPTEER : 40



BEHIND MY BACK



Finally, we were a happy family. A family where we are all still confused about our relationship with each other. The two houses were reorganized. Aunt Aey moved in with my mom, while my dad moved in with Uncle Tim next door, so each couple had their own private space. In the afternoon, Dad and Dad and Mom and Mom lived together to help each other with food and medicine. Kimhan and I lived at home if we didn't have work. At first everything was hard....

Mixed relationships made it awkward to look into each other's eyes. For example, when our parents joked and laughed while washing dishes in the kitchen, they would shut up when Mom, Kimhan, or I came in. Or if Kimhan and I looked sweetly into each other's eyes or touched each other casually and Mom or Dad was in sight, we would pretend to act crazy because we didn't know whether to be shy or just pretend to die. But we got along without much difficulty... and it slowly became a bit fun.

It was a little hectic, with bad days and good days, but most of the time there was laughter. When things clicked, we were a fun-loving family who could talk about everything (of course, there were some topics we didn't talk about, for example, love...) My work hasn't been in the spotlight as much lately. Because there was no longer a ship, people didn't talk about it. But I still had work coming in constantly, and it hadn't just disappeared from the media. I wasn't sad about it because my parents and the illness of someone close to me had made me give up many things in life, and those issues were much more serious, so I didn't have time to grieve about my job.

Being able to eat delicious food every day, laugh at stupid things and confess my love to the most important people in my life was what was important. My fashion branding business was ongoing, with my father leading the way in terms of how to create brand awareness. Uncle Tim, who was good with computers, helped with the website and SEO. This really helps Kimhan and I, who were stupid when it came to that stuff. Speaking of our brand, we were finalizing our brand name. My dad told me to use an easy, memorable name, but I wanted it to be grand so it looked premium. In the end, we couldn't agree on a name. So Kimhan decided on the name of the brand.

‘DREAM’..

It was so simple that I twisted my mouth. But because of the meaning it had for us, I readily accepted. To be honest, I didn't want to get in Kimhan's way because I had always believed she had good taste. Our brand color palette was blue and white.. It was great.nWe were taking things slow and not rushing things because we wanted to have a balance between work and life. Aunty Aey was our number one priority. Work came second. That was our agreement. We would take advantage of every day during the year that Aunt Aey had left, so as not to regret anything when it was time to say goodbye... However, as we know, cancer eats us from the inside. Although I had just talked about happiness, that didn't mean there was no sadness. When Aunt Aey suffered the pain of her illness, we all suffered too, but we had to be strong and move forward.

We did it until it was time for Aunty Aey to actually leave us...

Our family is missing an important person, and the person I cried the most was...Aey... My dad. I look at my dad and roll my eyes a little. I understood that we had been together for a long time. We lived together

until we were one. But of all the people involved, my dad was the least close to Aunt Aey. I had to pull and whisper.

Dad... Uncle Tim is his ex. Kimhan is his daughter. I, who am the lover of her daughter, am not crying, none of us are.

“What's wrong with you?”

"I'm sorry for everyone."

My dad cried so hard he was shaking. I was starting to pull my lips out to cry too, but I was trying to hold it back.

“Do you really think they are not suffering? They just aren't showing it. But you don't have to cry for them.”

I want to express the pain instead.

“Why don't you become an actor if you like acting so much?”

“You are already one.”

This is my father. Nobody could replace him. We are an exact clone of each other, it's just that I was born a woman... As my dad and I chatted while watching the other three disperse in front of Aunt Aey's ashes, my phone rang, showing the number of my manager, Phi Toon. At first, I wasn't going to answer because it wasn't a good time to take a work-related call, but I didn't have much work anyway. I had better answer the call.

“How are you doing, Phi Toon?”

[Ah. Sorry to call now. I know you're on personal leave. I just want to ask if you are interested in participating in a music video.]

“Huh? Music video?”

I thought back to the time when I first entered the industry and participated in a music video for an artist at my previous agency a long time ago.

“Interesting. Whose song?”

[Your song.]

“I don't have a song.”

[That is, it is the music video of the song -Tu Canción-, piano version. It was a soundtrack and the artist is rearranging it, so she also wants to shoot a music video. It is about a woman who sings the song to another woman.]

“Huh? A woman singing to another woman? Are you confused or something?”

[You have a wife. Why would I be confused?]

I responded silently but responded, sounding normal.

“A lesbian music video?”

[Not quite. It won't be obvious. Let's call it a little girl who loves music videos. There are only boy loves, so they are taking a different route and are making girl love. There is a rumor about you at this address, so they are contacting you.]

“I am a popular leading actress. I can't be in a cheap music video.”

[Do it. It can be a success. Nobody has done it before. You can also participate with Antakarn.]

“Who is she? I don't know her.”

[She is the sports news anchor on a digital channel. There was a clip of her doing things with another woman. I'm not sure if you've seen it.]

When he said that I made a noise, I remembered. Of course I remembered; That clip almost led to Kimhan and me doing the same thing, but since we were playing hard to get it, that led to a big mess later.

“I remember. Let me see the details and I'll let you know.”

[Well.]

Your song..

Interesting. Doing something new is great! I hadn't yet given my answer whether I would take or turn down the music video job because I wanted to hear the original version of the song first and read the details. Since I was eating with my family, I consulted everyone to kill time..

“Dad thinks it's something new. No lead actress has done it yet. Normally, there are only boy love stories. It would be something new if I did it.”

My dad nodded, thinking it was a good idea.

“Can we ask the actresses to wear our clothes?”

I looked at my dad and nodded my head.

“How did that occur to you? That's great. Now I have a good reason to take the job. I can do something new and launch our brand in a big way. Yes, Kim?”

Kimhan was playing with her food and spoon without thinking. I hadn't heard my question until my mom touched her on the shoulder. She looked at me.

“What? “

Kimhan has been very quiet lately. Maybe because Aunt Aey just passed away. Everyone Understood that. But I believed it wasn't just that. It seemed like there was something on her mind for a while. But I knew that Kimhan wouldn't tell me even if I asked her. . . What could it be?

“We said that we would use the clothes that you design in the music video that I will make as a launch campaign for our brand. The mass audience would see it without us having to pay for it. It's a win-win for everyone.”

I said it excitedly and straightened up to show off carelessly.

“We don't need a store to sell our products.”

“But I think we should still have a store. Hwan targets the high-end market. They don't shop online much. They like to see and touch the fabric. They also want to try it on. This is our weakness.”

“There are many shopping centers. We don't have to work at Mawin mall..”

“But I think that if we can be in the Mawin family's shopping center, we will get a lot of customers.”

“Are there only Mawin shopping centers in this country?”

“Not all, but almost all.”

Kimhan said that and stood up.

“I'll go now. I feel tired today.”

We all looked after the little girl, who got up and left without saying anything else. Since everyone thought that Kimhan was sad for her aunt Aey, I didn't want to bother her too much. Kimhan needed time to get over her grief. After she felt better, we could talk about our next step. About a week after that, I accepted the music video job for which the Sadub-pin team contacted Phi Toon, with the agreement that the actresses had to wear Kimhan's clothes in it. They had no problem with that. It was also good for them because they didn't have to look for clothes. We only needed to provide those that fit the location and theme.

While talking on the phone with Phi Toon about the details and other acting jobs that came in, I saw Kimhan grabbed her bag and shoes, preparing to leave without telling me anything.

“Kim, where are you going?”

“I have a date with my friend. I will be back.”

“What friend? you have friends?”

“Hey. Of course I have friends.”

Strange...

“At what time will you come back? Should I take you? I have work at night: I am free now.”

“There's no need. I'm only leaving for a short time. I will be back soon. You can take that time to rest. You always complain of muscle pain.”

“I want to rest with you..”

“I'll come back and we can snuggle.”

The word-snuggle-makes me smile a little. I watched the little girl leave our room, like a mother sending a child to school. But no... it was just an act. I'm not her mom. I just had doubts and curiosity in my head at that moment. Who was she going to see? Why didn't she want me to go with her? And now I have become a detective. I followed Kimhan silently without her knowing and was surprised to be in a cafe in Thonglor area. After standing there and making a final decision, Kimhan headed straight to the cafe and sat down with someone. That someone who was already waiting for her! It was Mawin.

I was starting to feel really frustrated and angry. It wasn't teenage jealousy, it was anger because Kimhan was doing something behind my back. I lost my pride because I didn't even have to guess why she had gone to see Mawin after they talked last time. It was because of our brand.. Although our brand was a street brand, it was high-end and we weren't producing much because we believed that having only a few items would make people want them more. Therefore, our target group was middle class to upper class who could afford it (according to my dad's strategy). That is why

having a physical store was very important for the image and credibility of our brand. But we couldn't do that because Mawin's family owned most of the shopping centers suitable for our brand in our country.

After Kimhan ran away from the wedding, it was as if she had disrespected that handsome man's family and embarrassed them. His family did not even approve of the wedding, but Mawin insisted on marrying Kimhan despite her disapproval, and he suffered great heartbreak as a result. He was the victim... And now he was the hunter. In the world of capitalism, those with power and wealth are in control. Even for some of my events, if they knew I was at them, the mall would cancel the event to teach me a lesson that even though it couldn't hurt me directly, it could indirectly hurt me.

This was the same case! It was like when some celebrities had problems with those in power in the entertainment industry and were banned from the producers. It was just prohibited in a different way. Which was still a trade barrier. Kimhan had been quiet these past few days, as if she was hiding something from me. This must be it. Why did she believe that meeting Mawin would make things easier? It would make him angrier. And I couldn't stand to see my lover be screwed like that.

“Kimhan.”

I entered the cafe and called to the little girl with a stern voice. She looked at me and was startled, while Mawin sat silently without saying anything. He was waiting to see what would happen next.

“Hwan, how did you get here?”

“I followed you. What are you doing behind my back?”

“It is not what you are thinking...”

“I don't misunderstand and think that Kim you are deceiving me because I know you wouldn't. But I'm angry because you do things without consulting me.”

I grabbed Kimhan's arm to lift her up.

“Come back with me..”

“You go back, Hwan. Let me talk to Mawin first.”

“No. I will not allow you to bow your head to beg him, knowing that he will never be able to forgive us. I can't stand that.”

"That's enough rubbish. Go figure this out before you ask me to meet you. It's a waste of time.".

Mawin stood up to leave, looking annoyed. He was wearing a white shirt and pants, as if he were a company worker instead of a chef, like when we met.

“I will apologize.”

“Wait, Khun Win... Khun Win.”

Kimhan tried to stop the handsome boy, but it was useless. He then turned to fight me.

“Why do you have to make things worse? Do you know how hard it was for me to get him to come see me?”

“If it was difficult, then it wouldn't be successful. I don't want you to waste your time. Trust me, Mawin doesn't want an apology from me. No... he wants to destroy me.”

“He is not like that. The Mawin I know is a good guy. If he agreed to meet to talk it means there is hope. Besides...he's like me.”

“Like you? How is that?”

“He will always choose me first. No matter how angry he is, he agreed to meet...he still has feelings for me. He is like me who always chose you.”

Kimhan grabbed her bag and left the cafe as if she was going to run after Mawin, but the handsome boy had already left in his car. I ran after her and grabbed her wrist to continue

arguing with her.

“Don't tell me that you came to see him to flirt with him, give him hope and play with his feelings.”

“I'm not playing with his feelings. I just want him to feel better... Maybe he'll let us rent aspace.”

“That's playing with his feelings. The Kimhan I know is not like that. She never beats around the bush. She is always direct. But are you flirting with a guy to clear the way for yourself?”

“I'm not doing this for me. I'm doing it for you!”

“What would that be like doing something for me?”

“Hwan, you hardly have a job now. They are creating trade barriers for us. You have to accept that we are in trouble.”

“I can handle it. I still have a job!”

“Stop fooling us into thinking that you're still as famous as before. Accept the fact that we have to do something about this... And I am the reason for all of this...”

“If it weren't for me..”

“Shut your mouth.”

Kimhan looked up and met my eyes, furious that's mad at her. I was also furious at that time when I heard her whining like that.

“Good. I won't say anything more.”

We both stood there in silence, tension in the air. This was another time we fought.

Damn!

I was beginning to wonder if it was better for us to be friends or lovers. Because when we were best friends and were together all the time, Kimhan was more patient and didn't act like that. But now that we are lovers. I felt that I didn't dare to act so much as long as Kimhan was.

It was uncomfortable..It has been three days, and we are still angry. Although we sometimes hugged each other when we slept, when we regained consciousness, we still sulked and didn't talk to each other. It had gotten to the point where it was unbearable for me. I am Dahwan: Kimhan had to talk to me!

"Aren't we going to talk for the rest of our lives?"

I asked while I was packing and Kimhan was drawing on her iPad. She didn't even look up to talk to me because she was in a bad mood, and said that she won't say anything else. So much ego.

"I am so. I never told you anything. I decided to get married and I never asked how you felt."

"Seeing my lover beg someone else, especially his ex, is very painful for me. I only say this so you understand why I was so angry. Because I knew that keeping things to myself almost made me lose."

"If you continue to be like this, don't talk or consult with me, you can lose me too."

I closed my bag like someone who had finished preparing to travel for the filming of my music video.

“Goodnight sweet dreams.”

I slid under the blanket, feeling bad because I was the only one talking. The light on Kimhan's side of the bed went out a little after that. We don't talk anymore. We turned our backs and slept. I felt like I was the protagonist of Jamsais's novel, the one with a long title...

'The cold girl with the mouth so talkative and her mouth was on fire...
Curse!

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
41**

Capítulo 41 - CHAPTER : 41



THE AUTHOR



I left my condo around 4am to catch a flight to the music video filming location in the northern part of Thailand. A little more and we would be at the border. I was a little grumpy because I was still fighting with Kimhan. Well... going to work out of town and spending the night apart might lessen the tension between us. Now that I think about it, I had been too harsh last night... I just wanted to sound cool by saying that Kimhan might lose me, but I had no idea how the receiving end took it. If she didn't call to try to make peace with me, I would sulk for the rest of my life.

Okay, I'd give it a break. I would call her that night if she didn't. She was tired of me. I spoke harshly, then felt guilty. Who says being in love is good? When we were friends, we didn't fight or sulk like that! I eventually arrived at my filming location. It was a small town, almost on the border. I had to take a one-hour drive from the airport to get there. Because I was so grumpy, everyone stayed in their corner and didn't bother me much. Good. I was too lazy to open my mouth anyway. The team arranged for me to stay at a newly built resort. It consisted of villas made of various colored containers. It was very elegant. The owner was a small, light-skinned lady. She was pretty...so pretty that I was surprised she was hiding on the border.

“Is your villa okay?”

“Yeah. It is.”

Eventually, someone dared to talk to me. Even if the others hid in a corner instead of coming to talk to me. That meant I didn't seem moody enough. so Khun Eung-Eoey dared to greet me.

“If you need anything, let me know. I'm glad a famous person like Khun Dahwan is coming to stay here.”

“Am I famous?”

“Yeah.”

You see? It was well known. That person on the internet who asked who I was must have been living in a crocodile's stomach to not know me. Idiot!

“Khun Eoey runs this place alone? You are good...”

“Actually, I don't do everything alone. My lover helps, but she is currently in Bangkok, running errands, right now.”

“Ah.”

I nodded.

“This is not a tourist place; Where would you get income if no one was going to stay here? Sorry... You said hello, so I'm being a little nosy..”

When I started to feel like I'm talking too much, I gave my excuse in the same sentence. Khun Eung-Eoey laughed a little and shook his head to say that he was fine.

“You can ask me. It's true: This is not a tourist city. Guests come to stay only from time to time. Actually, I have another job.”

“What is it?”

“I write novels.”

“Uh...really?”

I screamed uncontrollably.

“Which?”

“I don't want to say it. It is shameful.”

“You can not do that? Do not be ashamed. I am enjoying my conversation with Khun Eoey now. What novel, please tell me...”

Eventually, I talked to someone after being in a bad mood all day. Talking to someone with a job I didn't know was eye-opening and a lot of fun. I learn about what authors did every day, and it was a little frustrating (in a cute way).

“I sleep when I'm sleepy. I eat when I'm hungry. I don't do much every day.”

“Brilliant.”

I pouted, feeling envious. Even though I was making more money, waking up at 4am to go to work and coming back at 4am the next day made me angry. If I made a little less money but could sleep whenever I wanted, I would be very happy.

“But the bad thing is that I don't have a social life. Do not know anyone. I just sit in front of the computer all day. Khun Hwan, you know a lot of people and have a lot of connections.”

“Why would you want connections if you don't want to talk to people? Where do you get the plots of your novels?”

“Friends. People around me. The last one has a dentist as the female protagonist. But I have writer's block right now. I'm looking for a fantasy plot.”

“Fancy?”

“Something extraordinary, but not outside of space or walking on flowers when it is born.”

Suddenly, I had an idea and made him an offer.

“I have a fantasy plot for you, Khun Eoey, are you interested?”

“Huh?”

“You can use it or not. But I want to tell you. If you are interested, you have my permission to use it.”

“What is the plot about?”

“It's about meeting someone in dreams.”

“Wow. But if I really use it, will you be okay with it?”

“I am, but with a request.”

“What?”

“The female lead should be called Kimhan.”

Khun Eung-Eoey seemed a little surprised. Just when he was about to ask something, a sweet voice came from behind. When I turned around, I saw the other main actress from the music video waving at us, wanting to make friends. We had smiled at each other when we first met.

“Can I join the conversation?”

“Of course.”

The owner of the resort waved her hand to invite Antakarn to sit with us. She seemed a little serious, so I greeted her too.

“We can finally talk.”

“Yeah.”

When I gave her a chance, the news anchor became a happily smiling music video star squinted and looked at the two repeatedly, feeling like she was looking at someone. Why did they look so familiar? They looked like my wife at home...

“So, what is the plot you were going to tell me?”

“They were in the middle of it.”

“And why does the protagonist have to be called Kimhan?”

After being stunned looking at their similarities, I smiled widely and responded to Khun Eoey immediately.

“Because Kimhan is a beautiful name..”

“Ah, so that's why. I thought it had some other meaning.”

“What I want to tell you about the plot is...”

And I began to tell my story, using a name that was very different from mine. While telling the story, we talked about other topics in between. That made my trip no longer so lonely. When I looked at the clock again, it was 8 pm Khun Eoey and I exchanged arguments and based on them to make it a fantasy and not too real, because it would be boring if it was. Antakarn also added, saying.

“Includes a letter in the story. Is romantic.”

And yes... how could there not be a cards in it? Even if Kimhan had never asked me what I wrote in the time capsule.

“Good idea. Includes a letter buried underground in a time capsule.”

“Begin the letter with, To you... who are loved.”

“That was a bit much... but it didn't matter: She believed that meeting her in dreams was already too much. So, the cards would start with -To you, who are loved- or -To the dog or the cat-it shouldn't make any difference.”

And I said...

“That's good. So romantic.”

My mouth twisted

“Alright. I will begin the letter with... For you, who are loved.”

Our author, Khun Eoey, wrote everything down while listening to our suggestions. The little author's specialty was romantic plots, while I helped add the fantasy aspect, like communicating in dreams. I think this was great.

“Oh. It's already after 10 pm and I have to go to sleep. I have to get up early for tomorrow's session.”

“I'll stop by to chat later.”

“Oh yeah, I didn't notice the time.”

The protagonist of the music video next to me nodded and got up to leave as well. Her movement made her look like a confident person. She's so pretty. But a little less beautiful than me.

“Thank you, Khun Hwan. I thought you would be unapproachable.”

“Do I look like that?”

“You seem to be in a bad mood today.”

Antakarn added, and that made me smile dryly..

“A bit. Anyone who fights with her lover would be in a bad mood.”

“If the lover you are talking about is the character named Kimhan, I suggest you talk to each other calmly. Because your problem is communication. One keeps everything inside, while the other worries about her so much it's awkward.”

Antakam tried not to smile when she immediately realized that Kimhan was a female name. She didn't seem to care as she looked at me mockingly before smiling to thank Khun Eung-Eoey.

“I'll try.”

“Love is already difficult. But maintaining love is more difficult. Trust me.”

Wow...a real author. Such beautiful words.

“Thank you.”

I smiled at the resort owner and walked back to my villa with Antakarn. I became quiet when she was alone with me, as if she was afraid to talk to me.

“Are you a shy person?”

“No. It's just... I feel so small when I'm next to you, Khun Dahwan..”

“Hey? Why do you feel that way?”

“You are a very famous actress.”

“I am an actress, not the prime minister. I don't have a tank.”

And all the tension slowly dissipated with her laughter. What was this? I wasn't joking. Why did people tend to laugh when I said something? But now that I think about it... she was so beautiful when she laughed.

“What's happening?”

“Your laugh makes someone think.”

“Khun Kimhan?”

“Yeah.”

“I have no idea what just happened, Khun Hwan. But I'll tell you the same thing as Khun Eung Eoey... Loving is hard, but keeping love is really harder.”

“You say it as if your love was complicated.”

“It's a love that I make complicated. Khun Hwan, please don't do the same. Life is short.”

“Oh. We have the same motto.”

And we separated when I arrived at my villa. I had to admit that talking to the beautiful author and broadcaster really lifted my spirits. It was like I could tell my story to my friends. And when I entered my room, I was surprised to see

Kimhan sitting on my bed, waiting for me to come back. The environment was not blue and white. So I wasn't dreaming...

“Kim.”

“Hwan.”

It has been many days since I heard the little girl's voice because we had been in a bad mood. However, Kimhan was in front of me and calling me. She looked very alone. This is what they call-you had me at the door. I wanted to play hard to get, but life was too short to make things difficult for us. When I thought of that, I stretched my arms in front and winked playfully.

“Do not say anything, just run into my arms. Or I won't love you anymore.”

Kimhan did what I said immediately and hugged me tightly. The crying baby was sobbing, and that made me smile. She was probably very uncomfortable but she had too much ego. She wasn't like that when we were friends.

“I miss you so much, Hwan.”

“We separated this morning.”

“I was wrong. I'm sorry I didn't talk to you. I do not want to lose you..”

“If you don't want to lose me, let's talk more among ourselves. Consult me before doing anything. Seeing you lose your dignity to apologize to someone who can never forgive us causes me pain.”

“From now on, I will consult you about what I do.”

"Please don't act like you're going to leave me."

“When did I do that? I will never be separated from you. It wasn't easy to get the bride away from the wedding. Breaking up over this would be a shame."

I turned away from the little girl and wrinkled my nose before pressing her cheeks hard as if I were kneading dough.

“You are becoming so brave. You were angry for so long, without talking to me. It's so annoying (but cute). You know I love you, so can you do anything?”

“Yeah. I know you love me, so I can do it. But you never try to reconcile with me.”

“I started a conversation yesterday, but you remained silent.”

“What kind of conversation was that? It was more of a threat.”

“I was wrong too. I was in a bad mood.”

I pulled the little girl into a hug and rocked her from side to side. Ah... Kimhan's soft body made me feel good.

“I'm surprised you came to see me. How did you know I'm staying here?”

“Phi Toon told me.”

“Ah... I shouldn't have asked. Did you come here alone?”

“Yeah. I am an expert in traveling alone. But since I became your lover, my life has changed a little. I don't like being alone anymore.”

The little girl nibbled my neck, as if she wanted to seduce me.

“I can't sleep alone either.”

“Oh...”

She slowly pushed me towards the bed and I fell on it. Kimhan climbed up to sit on top of me and slowly undressed.

Piece by piece...

“We have to make up for not speaking to each other for so many days, famous actress.”

I raised my hands in surrender and responded as one who was ready to die at her feet.

“My body is all yours today.”

It seemed like I wouldn't have to sleep alone that night....

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
42**

Capítulo 42 - CHAPTER : 42



AN OLD FRIEND



Normally, Kimhan was very calm and kind. People who looked at her tended to think that I could do whatever I wanted with her. But actually, when we were alone, especially in bed, my sweet lover liked to take the lead and let me follow her. I had nothing on my body because those thin hands eagerly took it from me. We had been in a bad mood for many days and she made me see that it made no sense. Not only was it bad for us emotionally, but we wasted time when we could be expressing our love.

“I missed you so much, Hwan.”

Kimhan turned me over to put me face down on the bed and forced me to raise my hips by bending my knees. The thin hands caressing my breasts excite me and drive my imagination crazy. The thin lips tasted me from my neck to my spine. I moaned and squirmed as her hand reached the sensitive area between my legs.

“I miss you...too.”

While my body trembled with desire, Kimhan stopped all her movements, as if she was taking revenge on me. I bit my lips in frustration and asked in annoyance.

“Why did you stop? I'm not there yet.”

“I want to reach climax with you Hwan.”

The hoarse voice told me what the little girl wanted. I rolled over onto my back. Kimhan waited until I placed my feet on the bed and bent my knees before rubbing her sensitive area against mine and moaning seductively.

“This is so good.”

I looked at Kimhan and was obsessed. We moaned like we were in a competition and sped up our hip movements as our emotions soared. I sat down and hugged the little girl to help her with the movement. The wetness between our legs made us feel like we were melting. Eventually, Kimhan arrives first. She looked up and let out her full voice, which she could no longer contain.

“Ahhhh.”

“A little more, Kim... Give me a little more.”

I follow her closely. I shook myself and hugged the little girl tightly. All my muscles tensed before relaxing as Kimhan kissed my entire face with her wet lips.

“We must miss each other a lot.”

I nodded and rested my head on Kimhan's shoulder.

“It's true... I missed you a lot. If I fall asleep, let's continue this in our sleep.”

“I'm having the same thoughts.”

It was a lively and refreshing morning. I felt fresh. The night before we didn't dream about each other. Our real world fatigue caused me to shut down. But it was fine. We could do it again if we wanted, whenever we wanted. Kimhan and I resolved our problems. We had rarely fought since we knew each other, unless it was something big. We could complain but we never let it get huge because neither of us were the annoying type until the Mawin thing came along where we sulked all night. The problems that arose around an ex were always enormous.

But I couldn't blame Kimhan. She worried too much about me and she tended to think for me, then she would stress herself out. When I scolded her for what I thought she had done right, I got out of hand. But...she left her ego behind and came to apologize because she was afraid of losing me.

How could I lose myself when I never thought of letting her go?

“My sweater is so beautiful.”

I praised the blue and white sweater that the little girl designed for her new collection, trying to please her. I turned completely around so she could see me in it.

“Or is it because of me that you look beautiful?”

“How can someone be so cute while congratulating themselves?”

“You're always madly in love after making love to me.”

“Don't be so bold. Others will listen to us.”

Kimhan tapped me on the shoulder and smiled.

“Focus on your work today. Let's make the music video a big hit!”

“It doesn't depend only on me. But Khun Antakarn looks much more beautiful when she wears your collection.”

“She is a beautiful woman.”

“Unfortunately for her, I am more beautiful.”

“Is there anyone more beautiful than you in this world?”

“No...”

“Pam.”

“What!”

I screamed immediately when the little girl, who was my lover, mentioned my enemy's name when we talked about beauty.

"Are you saying Pam is more beautiful than me?"

“No. Pam is standing right there.”

“Hey?”

I frowned a little and looked in the direction Kimhan was pointing and got scared. Why was Dolly here at a local market in the middle of nowhere?

“Where are you going?”

I grabbed the wrist of Kimhan, who was about to walk to see our high school friend.

"Are you close enough to Pam to say hello?"

“A bit.”

“Since when?”

“I asked Pam to check my English homework often when we were in school.”

“I didn't know.”

“I was afraid that you wouldn't like it, so I didn't tell you.”

“And you think I like it when you tell me this now?”

“You're an adult now. You are no longer a stupid child.”

Was she criticizing me? I took care of the little girl who was walking towards Dolly. They greeted each other as if they were close, which irritated me. I wanted to know what they were talking about, so I calmly approached like a beautiful and intelligent lead actress, even though my girlfriend just told me that I was a fool...Damn it!

“Kimhan.”

The dentist with beautiful eyes smiled a little, like someone who is too lazy to show any emotion with her face like in the old days.

“I'm surprised to see you here. Kim, are you sightseeing?”

“Something like that. Ah... I'm really surprised to see you here Pam. It's so far from Bangkok.”

“I moved here. I opened a dental clinic in the market.”

“Are you a dentist?”

“AHA. Oh... I went to your wedding. I was going to say 'hello', but you ran away first.”

“You saw it?”

“Yeah. I saw you running away with another woman who was wearing traditional Thai attire.”

I looked around a bit when they mentioned me. But how can she call me 'another woman'? She had to meet me. I am Dahwan, Piriypattana, the super popular superstar with more than a hundred billion commercials and millions of billboards on the roads. Yes... I'm exaggerating. I just want to point out that it is really a lot.

"How are you doing, Pannarai?"

I greeted her with her real name because we were not close. Or, in other words, I was too arrogant. Oh, not that... As far as I could remember, I had never spoken to Dolly at school. That was the first time we had spoken to each other, although we had crossed paths for over ten years.

“Do you know me?”

The dentist with beautiful eyes seems surprised. I nodded slightly and tried not to smile, looking like a know-it-all.

“Of course, Everyone knows you, like they know me..”

Why was she silent? It was making me lose confidence.

“So, you really ran away from your wedding? Wasn't the woman I saw with you a ghost or a spirit?”

I gave the dentist a stern look when she wouldn't talk to me. Stupid! I greeted her, shouldn't she talk to me? What spirit? I am the main actress in many series. Show me some respect. Did she think I wanted to talk to a local dentist? I would crush it with a podium.

“Something like that.”

“Who did you run away with?”

“With her.”

Kimhan looked at me shyly. Pam looked a little and frowned.

“Aren't you going to introduce us?”

“What?”

I gave the dentist a hard look immediately, looking for a fight. Kimhan knew what my tone of voice meant, so she quickly interrupted me as she walked towards me, so she stood between Pam and me.

“Pam. Don't you remember who she is?”

“She looks familiar.”

The beautiful dentist frowned and thought for about five seconds before nodding.

“Ah.”

She remembered. Arg. I was as popular as Julia Roberts.

“December Dog, the one where she slapped Professor Jaroay.”

“The one who slapped her was my mom!”

I was ready to jump on the dentist but Kimhan was in my ways

“I must have remembered it wrong. I'm sorry.”

“Apart from December Dog, do you remember my name?”

“No.”

“Why do you remember Kimhan?”

“We talked often when we were at school. But I never talked to you,”

Damn! Dolly explained flatly. I closed my eyes and asked frankly..

“Haven't you seen any of my work on television?”

“Why are you on television?”

Damn it!

"Hwan is an actress,"

Kimhan quickly interrupted before I could say more.

"Pam, you've probably seen some of her work."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I don't watch much television. But you look familiar to me. So you're here for the music video?"

"Yeah. Otherwise, why would I be standing here like a cat?"

I started to become sarcastic, like someone who couldn't keep calm. Dolly could probably sense that I was angry, so she was trying to make it up to me.

"Ah. Now I remember, Your name is Da...Dawh..."

Kimhan and I held our breath, waiting for her to continue. I even saw the little girl move her mouth to give the dentist a clue, but it seemed like nothing could get through her hard head.

“Dahw...”

“Davika Hoorne.”

"I'm going to kill you!"

I felt defeated remembering Pannarai, as if her name was buried in my left brain until I died and was reborn, but it was nothing to her. Even my name was changed to Davika Hoorne. Stupid!

“Don't you have to go filming? Excuse us, Pam,”

Kimhan pushed me away from Pam, while Dolly is still sitting there looking stupid. She even bowed her head when we said goodbye, as if she didn't know what was going on.

“That is not your name?”

“No. You can hear Kim calling me Hwan. What about Davika Potae?”

“Hoorne.”

"Whatever."

I turned to yell at Kimhan, like someone who had lost control, and turned to talk to the dentist.

“If you weren't too stupid, you should have named Da with my nickname.”

“Like if your nickname is Jim, is it Dajim?”

"Are you trying to be clever?" BlaBla arggggg

I was still trying to talk to Pam. But Kimhan covered my mouth with her hand and quickly dragged me away because she was afraid that people in the area would spread rumors that I was a foul-mouthed actress. When she dragged me onto the set, she tried to calm me down.

“Hwan! How can someone use different foul language in every sentence?”

“Kim, do you know what she said? Who is Dahwan? now... It must be Dolly. I am 100% sure. I will sue her!”

“Are you going to sue her for not remembering your name, Hwan?”

“No one in this world doesn't know Dahwan. If you don't believe me, ask...”

I looked left and right until I saw a little boy looking at me and smiling shyly.

“Child. What is my name?”

“Phi Dahwan.”

“You see? Even a child knows me. Or ask that one... Dog, what's my name?”

I went the extra mile and turned to ask a dog who was licking his private parts happily.

“Dog!”

“Even a dog knows that I am Dahwan.”

Kimhan looked at the dog scratching for skin diseases, confused.

“The dog didn't respond.”

“I can read a dog's mind. It's my new talent.”

“Why are you looking at me like that? If we can dream about each other, why can't I read a dog's mind? I'm telling you, no one in this world doesn't know who Dahwan is. She pretends not to know me. Damn! Dolly knows I'm more beautiful.”

"Why do you have to be like that when it comes to Pam?"

I have never seen Pam do or say anything bad about you. Because Pam doesn't know...

“No one doesn't know Hwan, no one!”

“Pam.”

“She lied. If she knows Mai Davika, how can she not know me?”

“There must be someone who doesn't know you, Hwan.”

“Nobody!”

“Ready, ready. Kim thinks we should stay calm. Only one person doesn't know you, but everyone who looks at us now knows you.”

"It doesn't mean anything if she doesn't remember me!"

I pulled my hair, feeling angry.

“Who does that damn dentist think she is? I'll pull out her teeth one by one. I'm angry.”

“You'll look old if you're angry. And now everyone on the set is afraid of you. Stop frowning. Your eyebrows are all tied up.”

Kimhan pressed her finger between my eyebrows, as if to help untie them. I was still frustrated, so I grabbed her finger and bit it lightly to tease her.

“Oops... “

“Oops, what? Don't make such a cute voice. It hurts?”

“No.”

“So?”

“I'm excited.”

“Ooops...”

“What is that ooops?”

“Ahhh. You are speaking badly. That's so sexy.”

"I'm in a good mood now."

The little girl smiled happily. When I realized that she was making fun of me to make me feel better, I became sad.

“Ah. I thought you were really turned on.”

“If you finish filming early and aren't too tired, we can do what we did last night again.”

“That direct?”

I put my hand on my chest and smiled shyly.

“My Kimhan has changed.”

“For better or worse?”

I look around to make sure no one was around Kimhan before to kiss her softly with cute aggression.

“For the better.”

“Then I'll be in a good mood.”

The filming of the music video started in the morning and lasted until 10 pm. They filmed me, then the artist, face insert, hand insert and many other things. It wasn't too tiring because I was used to acting in series from a very young age. One of the scenes they wanted was for the couple to walk happily through the night market. I didn't know why sharing a loaf of meatballs would make anyone happy. Happy to be poor? But whatever, I can play happily. And the day ended with my body broken. I lay on my bed with Kimhan helping me take off my clothes because I didn't have the energy to even sit up.

“Why do you like to lie in bed without taking off your dirty clothes?”

The little girl had strange but adorable habits, like giving importance to her bed. It made me love her so much.

“I'm tired. Help me take a bath, please.”

“Why do you ask for so much tenderness, love and care? If you weren't with me, would you be like this with someone else?”

“Of course, if we were lovers.”

“I'm kidding!”

I jumped up and hugged Kimhan tightly.

“I'm just joking, don't be grumpy. You weren't this moody before.”

“We weren't lovers then. I was in a bad mood, but I didn't tell you because I was afraid you wouldn't care.”

“Ah, so now you know that I will try to reconcile to you if you get angry,”

“Yeah.”

“So cute.”

“Yesterday too. I waited since 6:00 pm, but you returned to the room at 10:00 pm And you haven't been filming them...”

Kimhan extended her hand to roll my hair playfully while she moaned in a low voice.

“Someone told me you were talking to the beautiful owner of the resort.”

“AHA.”

“How beautiful is she?”

“Very beautiful. So beautiful I'm surprised she moved here. But are you curious about something?”

“Nothing.”

"You asked like that, you must be curious.."

I rolled my eyes, starting to think.

“You are jealous?”

“No.”

“Your voice is high-pitched.”

“I said no!”

The little girl extended her hand to hit me and change the subject.

“You can get up now, so you can take a bath and go to bed. Tomorrow is your last day of filming.”

“Kim.”

“What?”

The little girl prepared to get up but turned to look at me, still looking a little grumpy.

“From now on, tell me how you feel. I will do it too. For example, if you had told me and consulted me first about meeting Mawin, we would understand each other instead of fighting.”

I shrugged a little.

“The problem is communication. I like to think ahead about what will happen. That's why it took us ten years to get together. I'll change it. Can you try to change for me too?”

"You're being so reasonable. Where did you get such a good idea?"

“The beautiful owner of this place.”

“Did you tell her about us?”

“She's an author, I told her a little to inspire her to come up with a plot, but you could guess.”

“How close are you to her to tell her these things?”

“She has a husband.”

“Ah, really...”

“Wow. Your voice suddenly becomes soft. You are an ashamed, jealous lover. He he.”

I reached out to pinch her cheek. Kimhan backed away from me, at first pouting but then bursting into laughter because we're joking. There was an engine sound from outside. We stopped everything and looked out the window.

“Oh...whose car is that? So beautiful.”

A beautiful blood red sports car is parked at Khun Eung-Eoey's place. Not long after that, the driver opens the door and gets out of the car. The picture-perfect face stunned me. Besides Pam, was there anyone else as beautiful?

“I'm back.”

Khun Eung-Eoey's voice came from far away, and she jumped up to hug the tall lady with a stunning face, then kissed her gently on the lips, thinking that no one would be able to see her. Kimhan and I, who were looking out the window, looked at each other, stunned.

“You said that the owner has a husband. What was that?”

“Ah. No wonder...she didn't seem surprised that both Antakarn and I had girlfriends. What is this? Lavender field? Everyone has a husband wife.”

“The weather has changed.”

The silence that followed made Kimhan and I stare at each other and smile.

“Now that I think about it, we never agree on who the husband is.”

“Wow. What are you saying?”

Kimhan walked away timidly.

“So? Who is the husband tonight?”

“Hwan. What are you saying?”

“Let's be frank with each other.”

When I heard that, Kimhan smiled at the corner of her mouth. She seemed tired of me always making fun of her for that kind of thing.

“Seeing that you worked hard today and you don't have the strength Hwan...”

“AHA.”

“I will be the husband tonight.”

“Wow. So frank.”

“Let's be frank with each other. This is a start.”

“A good start.”

“Let's say I have a husband tonight!”

Filming the music video was no different than a honeymoon for me. Even though I was tired from work, I always had someone to help me reduce my stress. It seemed like she was tired from our activities, so she fell asleep right after we finished. I still had adrenaline running through my body, so I wasn't sleepy yet. I turned my back on Kimhan, grabbed my phone, and pressed the contact that I never thought to press again.

Mawin.

It wasn't that what was on Kimhan's mind wasn't on my mind too. I was just trying to sweep it under the rug when I also felt guilty and wanted to apologize. I had been putting it off. While I hesitated and looked at that name in the dark with only the light from the phone screen, the little girl hugged me and kissed the back of my neck while she asked me.

“You can not sleep?”

“I thought you had already fallen asleep.”

“What are you doing?”

The little girl raised her head to look at the phone and seemed surprised.

“Why are you looking at Mawin's contact?”

“I was thinking...”

I sighed a little before making a decision.

“From now on, I won't hide anything from you, Kim. So let's do this together.”

“What does that mean?”

“Should we apologize together to Khun Win? Apologizing is not a bad thing.”

“Hwan, are you afraid of creating trade barriers for us?”

“No.”

I lay on my back and gave Kimhan the opportunity to lie on top of me while we talked.

“I know you feel guilty. If he's not angry anymore, it would be easier for us to do business. But that's not important. The important thing is that we both feel guilty. I know it's painful for you.”

“Uh-huh.”

The little girl touched my chin gently, as if she was thinking about it.

“It's good that you tell me honestly and I don't do it alone.”

“We already agreed to tell each other what we will do. You also have to do the same as me.”

"But isn't it too late to tell him now?"

“He will read it when he wakes up. Let's send it first.”

“Apologizing via text doesn't seem sincere.”

“Then let's make an appointment to meet him again.”

When I finished saying that, I picked up the phone to send a text message to Mawin, with Kimhan next to me, nervously looking at my fingers as I typed.

[Dahwan: Khun Win. I know it's a lot to ask. But can we meet?]

I had never swallowed my pride to do something like that before.

[Dahwan: I want to apologize to you.]

I sent the message around 3am and intended for him to read it the next day. However, the response came unexpectedly quickly. Mawin was still awake and responded almost instantly. He made me realize that... this wouldn't be easy.

[Mawin: I will never forgive you.]

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
43**

Capítulo 43 - CHAPTER : 43



WHAT HAPPEN IN THE CAFÉ



I stayed for the music video shoot for another two days, with Kimhan accompanying me. After we sent a message to Mawin and received that response, the little girl remained silent, as if she still felt bad about it. I didn't know how to improve her mood, so in the end, I decided to do what I never thought of doing before. It was so shocking.

“Shall we pay Pam a visit?”

“Hey?”

It worked... Kimhan, who was staring into the distance without thinking, turned to look at me so quickly that she almost hurt her neck.

“You heard me correctly.”

“Do you want us to go see Pam?”

“I know you want to talk to that dentist. But you are afraid that she will frustrate me, so stay by my side. We can go together. Talking to an old

friend can make you feel better.”

“Will you go too?”

I pursed my lips with patience, calm and restraint. I felt bitter about going to see the dentist, who didn't even remember who I am. But Kimhan would feel lonely if she went alone, and I really wanted to see her smile more than anything else right now. So I said...

“I'll go too. I want to know her living arrangements.”

That day's session was mainly about the artist. Actresses like Antakarn and I had already done most of our scenes, so it was like our day off. I would take that opportunity to please Kimhan for being there with me. The little girl took me to the market, which had the feel of an old town, before calling Dolly to ask where she was staying. They seemed very close. It was very annoying. Our meeting point was a small cafeteria with no customers. After entering, I stood to enjoy the coolness of the air conditioning before walking to the counter to view the menu. When I looked up, I saw a familiar face. But I couldn't pinpoint who it was. Who was she? I had met her before, but I didn't remember her name.

“Phi Dahwan.”

The cafe owner had a small frame and shoulder-length hair. She looked at me excitedly with bright eyes.

“I’m surprised to see an alum here.”

Are...

“Dograk. I’m from the same school as you. In high school, we took a photo together on sports day when you were the head of your color.”

When it got to this part, I screamed at the memory.

“Kawee’s little sister. Nong Dog.”

“Yeah. Do you remember me?”

"Isn't your name Dog?" What is Rak?"

“Dograk.”

“Ah...”

Oh... Did someone name their daughter that? Didn't they think about the consequences when the girl grew up and people called her a dog? I smiled a little at her before looking at her curiously.

“This is strange. Why do I meet so many people I know here? Dolly, and now, Nong Dog.”

“Dograk.”

“I'm sorry. The word dog is floating in my head.”

“You can call me Rak.”

"Dograk, huh?"

I looked down when I felt something rub against my leg. He was a small breed dog, walking in circles, looking anxious.

“Is there a dog here?”

“Thanadsri, come here. Don't walk in the front area.”

“It looks weird.”

“She's been like this for a while. She doesn't feel good to me about that. I'm afraid something is wrong with her. She is pregnant.”

“Maybe she's about to give birth.”

“It's true!”

“Why are you talking so loud? You scared me. Shit!”

I put my hand on my chest and rubbed it gently to comfort myself before apologizing.

“Shit was just a keyword. She wasn't cursing. Do not get surprised. It's like the 18-word poem.”

“There are only 11.”

“As little. Did you remember it wrong? More is better than less.”

“No wonder I didn't go to university.”

“By the way, do you know how many months a pregnant dog lasts?”

“Probably twelve.”

“Longer than a human?”

“Don't know. My name is December Dog, so I think it must be twelve o'clock.”

I looked at the dog who was walking anxiously and tilted my head to ask.

“Is Thanadsri your real name? That's very creative.”

I looked at the small panting dog curiously but didn't say anything else because I heard a sound from the door. The sound indicated that there was a customer. When I turned around, I saw Dolly in a whiteshirt and simple pants. She dressed so normally but she looked so glamorous, like she just stepped out of a cologne commercial. Are all the streets just a catwalk for her?

“Pam.”

Kimhan, who was waiting at the table, greeted her friend happily. I looked irritated at the dentist and paid for my drinks.

“I’ll go wait at the table, TeeRak.”

“My name is Dograk.”

“Is there an easier name for me to call?”

“Rak.”

“Why do I feel like all this is difficult?”

I walked away from the cafe owner to sit next to Kimhan., who was sitting across from me, greeted me flatly without any emotion. She was so prepared it was annoying.

“When will you come back?”

“We will finish filming tomorrow. That's why we stopped by to see you today. Pam, are you okay?”

“I'm fine.”

“Do you have a lover?”

“Yeah.”

The sweet-faced lady looks towards the counter and turned to look at us.

“I live here with my lover.”

“Isn't it boring for someone who used to live in Bangkok to move to such a small town?”

I interrupted for fear that my mouth would smell bad if I didn't say anything. The sweet-faced one shook her head and responded flatly, with a light shining through the window reflecting on her face as if she were starring in a music video.

Hey... I was getting too much air time. I'm the leader!

“I like a quiet and peaceful place. Plus, I can stay anywhere..”.

“Coffee.”

Nong Dograk, the owner, served the drinks I ordered with a cup of coffee for Pam, as if she knew her favorite menu well..

“Thank you, my love.”

I smile widely at Kawee's sister, but I could feel some piercing eyes on me, as if thousands of knives were sticking into my face. What is this...

“Her name is Dokrak.”

Pam reintroduced me to the owner of the cafe, so I laughed at the little girl and apologized.

“I'm sorry. My head just couldn't register her name. She's dog or Tee Rak, or whatever.”

“Dokrak is my lover.”

"Your name is so... huh?"

I paused a little and turned to look Pam, who is drinking her coffee, in the eyes.

“She is what?”

“My lover.”

I looked at Kawee's little sister and Pam repeatedly, losing focus. I remembered Pam being with Kawee when they were at school.

“How can that be? Pam, you were Kawee's lover, right?”

“You have such a good memory. But you can't remember Dograk's name.”

That voice that was fighting with me made me look into her brown eyes piercingly.

“Pannarai.”

“Yeah?”

“What is my name?”

“Dahw...”

“Davi...”

I turned to Dograk, who was looking at us without understanding what was happening.

“Nong Te rak.”

“Dahwan.”

“Nong Dograk.”

And everything was silent. I felt like there was a dark force fighting between us. It was as if there were sparks between our gazes. So I pretended to forget my name... If I didn't joke about the owner's name, she wouldn't let my beautiful name come out of her mouth... Disgusting.

“Phi Pam. There is some mucus coming out of Thanadsri's buttocks, Nong Dograk looked anxious as she pointed to the pregnant dog walking in circles.

“What should we do? I think she is too small to give birth. Both the mother and the cubs can die.”

So we all went back to paying attention to the dog instead of the topic we were talking about.

“Why don't you take her to the vet?”

“There are none here.”

“That's crazy. It's so remote there's no vet, but is there a dentist?”

I looked away and laughed sarcastically. However, Kimhan did something unexpected by walking up to the pregnant dog and looking around her.

“Where is her cage?”

"Here."

Dograk pointed behind the tent.

“Keep her in the cage so she can concentrate on giving birth and not lose sight of the puppies. Find some light and put it in the cage so it is warm. Also, find some clothes to put in the cage to keep it warm.”

Suddenly, the little girl became all powerful.

“She is too small to give birth alone. Someone must help.”

“As?”

“Help get the puppies out... Pam is a doctor; you should be able to do it.”

Kimhan looks at the sweet-faced lady, who also remained calm and controlled.

“But I'm a dentist..”

“You should know the basics better than us, who know nothing about anatomy.”

“I don't know how to do it, but I can try.”

And the dentist and my personal designer managed to do everything themselves, pushing Dograk and me out for the world to see how stupid their ways we were. Wait... besides being beautiful, couldn't she do anything else? I'm really beautiful but stupid, like Mali said.. For more than three hours, although we were pushed outside, we couldn't help but take a look to see what was going on. Eventually, the mother dog gave birth to two small red puppies. Pam clearly named them one and two.

"Now, what's next?"

The sweet-faced dentist stood with her arms crossed over her chest and asked Dograk, who looked excited..

“We have to raise them.”

“We can't, Rak. We already have two at home. You don't have time for me anymore.”

When it came to this, I looked at the dentist, who was moaning and comparing herself to dogs, stunned.

“We can't keep them.”

"Then what should we do?"

“We have to give them away.”

“What happens if no one takes them?”

There was a silence between the two beautiful women. Kimhan looked at the puppies and pulled me along.

“Hwan, should we..”

“We live in a condominium.”

The little girl who knew it well but still asked quickly fell silent. I shrugged, like it was none of my business.

“I think we should go back. Let them talk.”

I quickly pulled Kimhan out of the cafe before she got too involved with the puppies. As we walked back from the market to Khun Eung-Eoey's house not far away, I couldn't stop thinking about those two.

“I have always thought that the relationships in our family are complicated, but I didn't think there would be others with such complicated relationships... A brother's ex with his sister. My God! How can Kawee stand it? Isn't it strange when you have to meet?

“Hwan, you don't know anything, huh?”

“What do you mean?”

“Kawee passed away.”

“Are you kidding.”

“Really?”

My heart sank when I heard that. I believed that I was too young to hear that a friend had already passed away. He wasn't even 50 or 60 years old yet.

“What happened?”

“Suicide.”

“Holy shit!”

I put my hand on my chest. This was unexpected... Very unexpected...

“I don't know much, but I saw friends on Facebook go to the funeral. I saw some people blaming Pam, but I don't quite understand it.”

“What a tragedy. The dentist has also been through a lot. No wonder she moved so far away. She probably wants to get away from all the hassle and live with her ex's sister. How come everyone around us is a couple of women? Is this normal?”

“Probably.”

“What have we been doing for so long?”

“Because we thought it wasn't normal. We almost got to live a normal life by marrying a man.”

Kimhan said that and laughed a little.

"Should we get away from all that too?"

“Hwan is too famous to hide it. Plus, Kim doesn't want to give up Mawin.”

The little girl walked in front of me and thought quietly alone. It seemed like Mawin's problem was still on her mind. I no longer knew what to do to cheer her up. There was probably only one way to do it and that was to apologize until he forgives me..

História The Marvelous Dream is You (English Ver.) - CGAPTER : 44

Capítulo 44 - CGAPTER : 44



KEEP IT IN MIND



The filming was over. We just had to wait for it to air. To be honest, I wasn't usually very excited about that kind of work because it was like my normal routine. But this job was different. I had never been the protagonist where another protagonist was also a woman. So I was waiting to see the comments. Furthermore, the music video was the launch of our fashion brand. Even so...

[There is a small problem. The agency said the music video could not be used.]

About a week after we wrapped filming, I got a call from Phi Toon telling me this news about the music video. I frowned a little, not understanding what was happening. We travel quite far to get to the remote environment, but we can't use it?

“What was happening? Why can't we use it?”

[They say we can't use it because the agency has a problem with you in it.]

“How is that?”

[They are close to Kimhan's ex's family.]

“Why didn't they say no from the beginning?!”

I hung up frustrated and started to feel worried for the first time. A well-known agency was being very unprofessional by using connections to create business barriers like this. While I was feeling anxious Kimhan, who had been listening from the beginning, slowly walked out of the kitchen and looked at me sadly.

“Hwan.”

“What?”

“It's time for us to go talk to Mawin. Don't you think?”

“I'm not sure if talking to Mawin would be good or not. He may feel more powerful and want even more revenge.”

I clenched my fist and clenched my lips. Damned! It was fine if it was just me. But this impacted the artist and all the staff who dedicated themselves to the filming. Everything is ruined just because of his resentment!

“But if we don't do anything, it could get worse. Because I...”

Kimhan's voice was shaking like a crying baby once again. She hugged herself tightly.

“If I hadn't run away with you.”

“Kimhan!”

"Don't talk like you're sorry you ran away with me. It is the most painful and terrifying thought for me.”

“I don't mean it in that sense. It's just that I feel terrible for what I caused.”

“I provoked him. Just me,”

I approached Kimhan to hug her tightly and kiss her temple to encourage her.

“I'll fix this.”

“Don't do anything for yourself. Let me be part of it.”

We move away from each other and stare at each other, as if we were making a wordless agreement. I leaned down to kiss Kimhan firmly, like a seal of our promise.

“AHA. We will do it together.”

Kimhan and I planned to talk to Mawin to fix the things that had been on our minds since we ran away from the wedding. Even if he yelled at me, slapped me, and spit on me, I would get over it. But it seemed that the handsome guy, who was Kimhan's ex, was not cooperating with us. I went to his restaurant and discovered that it was closed. Of course he was. I was furious and had declared that he would not forgive us. I wasn't someone in a position where we could meet whenever we wanted, so I could only sit hunched in my car, not knowing what to do.

“It seems we have reached a dead end. We've tried everything, but Mawin didn't want to join us.”

I let out a big sigh.

“The restaurant is closed. He doesn't let us enter his house. Can you think of another way?”

Kimhan, who was sitting next to me, fell silent before picking up the phone and dialing. I looked with interest at my lover's calm face.

“Khun Win.”

I looked at the little girl as she called the person on the other end of the line in a deep voice, and I bared my teeth. I chose everything the hard way, while Kimhan could just call him?

“Can we meet? I want to talk to you... Thank you.”

Kimhan kept it brief. There was no talk. She just said what she wanted and ended it.

“Is Mawin willing to meet with us?”

“Yeah.”

“Why did we go through all the trouble if you could call him from the beginning?”

I scratched my head. Kimhan bit her lips a little and tried to explain to me why she didn't do this until we reached a dead end.

“I want him to see that we are doing everything possible to contact him. I want to show our sincerity and that we are not doing it just to get it over with.”

She was so thoughtful. And I made things so difficult. That's why it took us so long to get together. This was truly Kimhan. She fit me like a match made in heaven, especially when it came to doing the hard things.

“Where do you want to meet?”

“He's in a shopping center now.”

“Ah. Rich boy. He has nothing to do..”

“Not really. He is the CEO there.”

Kimhan said it flatly and played with her fingers, as if she was thinking about something.

“She puts herself in an environment that she hates.”

.....

“Capitalism. Family business.”

“Kim...”

“I feel like I pushed him there. For someone who loves freedom like Mawin to do all those things that he hates just to have the power in his hands, to... Pressure in every possible way, using his power and wealth.”

It was strange that one business could impact another. Mawin's family was a good example. His family business was primarily in shopping malls and hotels, but they had business units that did not involve his core business at all. The fun for those millionaires was taking control, merging and making deals to own more businesses. That was also fun for Mawin's family. Although the music industry had nothing to do with their business, having connections could give them power. And now everyone was shocked like dominoes, especially the artist who rearranged the song and wanted to release it, hoping it would be a big hit. It turned out that she fell apart on the shelf because of me. First, it was my dad. Now, it was someone who was not related to me at all. Mawin wanted to deraille success of others and I felt guilty about it.

Kimhan and I headed straight to the mall where Mawin worked. We would meet in the office area, not in the public area of the mall, because it was too busy and wouldn't be private because it was so well known. When we arrived, the secretary told us to wait in the guest waiting room...Wait...

We waited more than three hours. Three hours we did nothing but go to the bathroom!

"Khun Win is testing us."

Kimhan, who was sitting motionless like me, said it flatly when she saw me look at my watch for the millionth time.

"To see how long we are willing to wait."

"Do you think that only your time is valuable?"

"If you're not happy with that, leave."

"That's what he's telling us."

When I heard that, I could only stand still and wait patiently. I had to admit that what we did was cruel to a good man like him. Wasting time waiting is something you should be able to do. Of course... I came to apologize. What right did I have to be frustrated? Eventually, four hours passed. It seemed his test of patience was over. Mawin appeared in the guest waiting room wearing an expensive suit... The handsome boy who used to smile a lot turned into someone we didn't know. He looked authoritative and made Kimhan and I stand up when he entered.

“I’m sorry for making you wait so long. I had an important meeting.”

The handsome boy said it clearly as he sat on the couch, looking relaxed.

"Actually, I thought you two were gone."

"It's okay. We can wait for you."

I responded with a forced smile.

“So what's so important that you waited for me so long? “

Mawan looked at the watch on his wrist.

“I only have ten minutes, so you can get to the point.”

“We come here to apologize to you.”

Kimhan said that first. Which was good because apologizing was hard for me. The little girl probably knew that he would waste everyone's time.

"Did you wait so long just to apologize? I think I already gave you an answer."

And everything remains silent. I, who only stuttered from the beginning, took that opportunity to get to the reason why I was here today.

"I know you will never forgive me for what I did."

"What we did,"

Kimhan added.

"We both did it to you."

"If you two already know that, why did you come?"

"I think it's good that you take revenge on me, but what you are doing to the people around us..."

I paused and looked Mawin in the eyes.

“Don't you think it's unfair for them?”

“Ah. You come to apologize because it affects your work.”

Mawin leaned back on the sofa and crossed his arms over his chest.

“If it doesn't affect you, would you just continue working as if what you did to me was okay?”

"We never thought that way,"

Kimhan interrupted as if she was trying to make an excuse.

“I feel guilty all the time. There isn't a day that I don't think about that day.”

“Really?”

Mawin smiled as if what the little girl was saying was a joke.

“I'm touched.”

“Is it for me? Is that why you are where you are today?”

Kimhan's eyes were teary as she looked at Mawin guiltily.

“You become the Mawin I don't know.”

“You're right. I'm a new me, and you makes me realize that I like this version of me better.”

The handsome boy shrugged.

“Opening a restaurant was a fantasy for me. Working in my family's business is reality. Now I get the pleasure of seeing the numbers increase every day, I manage lower-ranking employees, I do what I want and fire who I want.”

“It's what's called power. And it makes me feel bigger.”

Kimhan wiped away her tears with the back of her hand. She tried to swallow her pain.

“When I can do that with my employee, I begin to expand my power to other businesses, like... a music agency.”

This time, I'm the one who looked at the handsome boy, stunned.

“That music agency belongs to a distant relative, and my family has some shares there. I like that artist. Her songs are good. When I knew that she would rearrange it, I had the idea that it would be great if the music video had a girl's love theme.”

Mawin pretended to put his hand to her mouth.

“I knew that Khun dubpin has a girlfriend.”

"Khun Win..."

Kimhan dropped her jaw and was speechless.

“Did you plan everything?”

-Let's say that I sparked the idea. I threw some money at them to produce a music video and asked them to contact you. Your rate is not cheap, Khun Dahwan. Where do you think a low-cost music video like that would get the money to pay you?"

"I think it would be a success if I look at it from a commercial point of view. The music video also has products that could be sold. I would get some bang for my buck because the girls' love would probably be talked about both in Thailand and around the world, especially in a big market like China."

"If you thought you would benefit from it, why did you do that?"

When he reached this part, Mawin smiled at the corner of his mouth and leaned towards me, who was on the opposite side.

"Because I'm rich."

"I realized that having a lot of money means I can do more than just make a profit. Like I said, I realized how good it is to have power. So I use my power to delete the music video. I gave them an investment and then told them not to air it just because I don't like the female lead. That's all."

"In addition to the profits, I can get revenge. It's worth it."

“You're ruining other people's careers.”

“I don't.”

“Was you.”

Mawin started laughing out loud, making me feel irritated.

“You're the one ruining other people's careers.”

“If you're so angry with me, why not get revenge on me? Khun Sadubpin and others who worked hard on it and are in trouble.”

When I thought about how much fun the entire staff had making the music video, I felt a deep pain inside me. Antakarn, the other protagonist, gave her all because she loved acting and she hoped to follow her dream, but she stopped because of me. Because I was the target!

“It's painful, isn't it? Are you sad and ashamed to be the cause of all that?”

“That's how I felt when my girlfriend ran away from my wedding. Although my family was against the wedding, I insisted on getting married because I

love Kimhan. My parents lost face. All the guests looked down on us for your love.”

“I don't want you to ever forget this feeling and how you yourself involved other people in your problems!”

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - CHAPTER :
45**

Capítulo 45 - CHAPTER : 45



PLEASE TELL KIMHAN



The person sitting in front of me was no longer the Mawin I knew. He was someone who had just been born into this world. He had gone from someone who always had a beautiful smile on his face to a terrifying person. His eyes were full of vengeance and anger. What he did was what he deserved from me. No one could get everything they wanted.

I accepted this since I decided to choose Kimhan. And the consequences were crashing into me. What was actually terrible, however, was that others who were not involved must also take the blame. Although he said it was to make me feel guilty.

“What do I have to do for you to publish the music video?”

“Nothing.”

No matter how much he hated or despised me, he was still polite, like someone who had been well educated.

“Because there is nothing Khun Hwan can do.”

“Like that day when I found out that Kimhan ran away with you, there was nothing I could do.”

Mawin stopped smiling and looked at me in the eyes with anger.

“I gave you a chance. I asked you if you felt the same as Kimhan. You said no and let me marry her so you could destroy it later. I'm just doing what you did. I gave people the chance and hoped they would produce the music video they dreamed of.”

“Then I destroyed it with my foot. And there's nothing they can do about it.”

“Please, Khun Win.”

“I will never forgive you.”

"Come on, Hwan."

Kimhan, who had been listening patiently for a long time, pulled my arm to get me up. But I felt like I couldn't leave yet. No matter how cold Mawin was or how much he had changed, I could feel that there was the old Mawin. A kind, understanding and loving person... If I asked for his empathy and could make him believe from my heart that I was really there to apologize, I believed that everything would get better.

“Khun Win, if I show you respect...”

I raised my hand to my chest to show respect. I had never done something like that in my life because I never thought that I was wrong because everything I did, I had already thought about before doing it. But this time, I was really wrong.

"Does it make you feel a little less angry?"

“Dahwan, what the hell are you doing!”

The little girl pushes my hand down with her hand. Kimhan looked at me, not believing that I had just seen me beg someone, because I had never had to swallow my pride like this before in my life. The harshest punishment I received was when my mother ordered me to stand in front of the house because I got into a fight with Jaroay. I hadn't even apologized to her. Never!

“I have to do this, Kim. What we did to Khun Win was really wrong. And it's affecting other people. Just showing him respect is fine.”

“But it's not right for me. I can't stand it.”

Kimhan took my hands and squeezed them tightly before looking at Mawin. The guilt in her eyes turned into coldness. It was Mawin who froze when he saw his ex with a temper he had never seen before.

“Kim...”

“We know that what we did was really wrong, and we are really sorry. That's why we came, even if you didn't see us or made us wait for a long time. It's because we feel like it's something we had to do.”

“But after hearing everything and knowing how you think and what you have done, all my guilt is gone. You take revenge on us more than is fair. So there's no more reason for us to apologize to you... Hwan, let's go!”

Kimhan tried to get me out of this room. Although she wanted to resist me, I didn't want the little girl to lose face. Mawin could only watch us leave, but he couldn't help but ask us to lookback.

“Does this mean that you no longer regret what you did?”

That was directed at Kimhan. The little girl looked at Mawin with a blunt look. She arrived feeling guilty, but she had no trace of that left.

“Not only am I not sorry, but I am also grateful to you.”

“Thank you for letting me know that running away that day was the right decision!”

That was the last sentence that Kimhan responded to Mawin.

That whole day had been a waste. Instead of getting forgiveness, we made the other party even angrier.

Since we returned from our meeting with Mawin, Kimhan had remained silent. She didn't say anything, and when I asked her something, she kept her answer to a few words. I felt like she was mad at me too. Eventually, I lost patience and went to sit next to the little girl to talk about what had happened.

“Kim, please talk to me.”

“I’m talking to you.”

“You have spoken very little since we returned. Are you mad at me for something?”

“Kim.”

It was as if she had just pressed the little girl's "cry" button. Kimhan cried a lot, as if she couldn't hold back anymore. I looked at that and couldn't help but pull her in to hug her tightly and comfort her, still lost.

“What's wrong, Kim? You are scaring me.”

“I'm hurt.”

“I understand you.”

She was probably really hurt by Mawin. I could understand that... A good man had been destroyed because he was heartbroken. He had become someone terrible. I was part of what made that happen. I couldn't deny it.

“What do you understand, Hwan?”

“I understand that Mawin should not have gone through what he did.”

“No. I'm not talking about Mawin.”

“Oh? So what is... Ouch, why did you hit me?”

Kimhan hit me repeatedly.

“I'm hurt. What did I do wrong?”

“I'm hurt because you showed your respects!”

“W...well, I was really wrong.”

“If I had known that knowing him would make you lose your dignity by doing something like that, I wouldn't have left. I wouldn't apologize or do anything!”

Kimhan turned the other way,since she didn't want to talk about this anymore.

“Thanks to me, you had to do something like that.”

“No, Kim... We were wrong and we must apologize. It is right.”

“What he did was more than enough. There is no reason to apologize anymore. Even if everyone in this world is unemployed because we ran away from a wedding, or if someone has to die, I won't feel guilty!”

“Kim...”

“Seeing you do what you did hurts a lot more. I can't forgive myself.”

And the little girl walked into the bedroom and hid under the blanket, like she was hanging a sign that said 'do not disturb', even though she was normally very strict about lying in bed before taking a bath. I was always number 1 for Kimhan. I'm happy about that, but it was sad because I preferred to see the little girl smile. Seeing her this sad made me sad. In addition to apologizing to Mawin (albeit unsuccessfully), there were others to whom I had to show my responsibility, especially the artist. The music video had been shelved for a month with no progress, promotion plan, or release date announcement on YouTube. It was as if the song was rearranged to be archived and never heard again. But Khun Sadubpin was so nice. She sounded understanding when I called her to explain why it happened.

[It seems that the agency I work with is not professional. At first, I was hesitant if signing with a big agency would be a problem, and there really is.]

“I don't want you to blame the agency. If anyone is to blame, it's me. Do you want me to take responsibility for your damage? It's all my fault.”

[Khun Hwan you didn't do anything. We all did our jobs. You are the female lead and Plaeng's job is to produce music. The music video that was archived is due to the agency's business

connection.]

“What will Khun Plaeng do next if we can't release the music video?”

[Let me think of other options. Everyone opens their own music agency these days. Plaeng made the wrong decision, thinking it was better to join a stability agency. Turns out we lost against capitalism.]

It was fortunate that the artist was reasonable. I'm not sure why she's so open-minded, but I'm so grateful that if she wants to make another music video without being under an agency, I'll invest in it and participate for free. I'll do everything I can to make up for this mess. After hanging up, I looked at Kimhan, who had been feeling dejected since that day. The little girl probably knew that I hung up, so she looked at me a little and asked in a not so cheerful voice.

“Is there anyone else you need to call to apologize?”

“It's just Khun Sadubpin.”

“AHA.”

“Kim, are we going to eat out today?”

“I'm not hungry.”

Kim lay back on the couch and mindlessly watched TV. I walked over to sit next to hers and rested my head on her to ask for tenderness and care.

“You don't look cheerful.”

“I can't be. Seeing you apologize to so many people when it's not all your fault makes me hurt.”

Mawin is so bad.

“What we did to him was really bad.”

It turned out that I was the one who understood it better than Kimhan, who usually used her head more than her emotions. I could still remember Mawin's eyes when he talked about what he had to face after I took the little girl away from the wedding. I admitted that what Mawin did to me was wrong, but he believed that I deserved it. I had Kimhan. So I should lose something. He lost his face and himself as he was. I lost my image and my dignity when I had to apologize to so many people. We both had one thing that was the same. We both didn't want to lose Kimhan. In that game, got the little girl, both her body and her heart, although it was almost at the last second.

“I'm very tired. I'll go to bed first.”

Kimhan got up and walked towards the bedroom. She slept all the time, as if that could help her escape all of her problems. I called to consult my best friend Samorn, who she would never lose in a swearing contest, because I couldn't take it anymore and had no idea what I should do.

[Does she have depression? I read that when you are very stressed, you want to sleep all day.]

“Should I take Kim to see a doctor?”

[It is a good idea. The doctor must be able to give the best advice. But I can understand her pain. She's probably blaming herself for your fall.]

“That's exaggerating. My situation is not that critical.”

[How many business deals have you lost, Hwan? When you get the chance to launch your brand and glam it up in that music video, Kim's ex also gets in the way. He's probably been holding onto all the blame for so long, and it's all coming out now.]

“What should I do? Do you have any recommendations?”

[I don't know. How about you give him a dog?]

“Why a dog?”

[They say that when you hug a dog, you'll feel like it's a hug from your mother or something...But it's probably nonsense; do not believe it.]

“Yeah. What nonsense.”

We talked a little more before hanging up. Kimhan had remained silent, so she was probably already asleep. I was sitting alone in the living room, so I looked up this and that on my phone. I normally didn't use social media because I didn't want to share too much about my private life with the public, but I felt lonely because my girlfriend slept all day. I would check out other people to kill time.

I didn't have many friends on Facebook, but I would usually show what my friends were commenting on. And from there, I could see what the person who commented was doing. In one of those, I saw Mali comment on our high school friend's post showing her son, and one of the comments under that post was from someone who always made my heart race...

Pam...

Even the damn dentist had a life on social media. I had to learn a little about that, then.

(Get him a dog. They say that when you hug a dog, you'll feel like it's a hug from your mother or something like that.)

And what Samorn said resonated in my head. I sat up a little when I saw Dolly's name. I couldn't believe that clicking on Pannarai's profile could make me nervous. Her profile page didn't show anything interesting because I didn't add her as a friend. I wanted to meddle in her affairs, but I didn't want to swallow my pride by adding her as a friend... And my phone vibrated like it was telling me to stay out of its business. It showed the number of Sadubpin, who I had just called, which surprised me a little. I greeted in a soft voice because I wasn't sure if she accidentally pressed my name.

“Khun Plaeng. Did you dial the wrong number?”

[No.]

The person on the other end of the line laughs adoringly.

[Just calling to tell you the good news about the music video. The agency is letting it air now. We should be able to see it in a week.]

“Really!.”

I screamed uncontrollably, as if I were talking to my friends.

“Ah, really? We just talked about it... Khun Plaeng, did you go to talk to them?”

[No. I was about to do it, but I got a call from them first. So I want to tell you not to worry about that anymore. And... I'm glad we're getting to work together.]

“Me too. I hope your song is a big hit.”

I almost screamed as soon as I hung up the phone, but I realized I couldn't be completely happy until I did something.

Mawin...

I looked at the phone and pressed the pretty boy's contact. I was going to call, but I was afraid it would ruin my good mood. Or maybe... actually, I was just a coward. It was probably safer to text. Not hearing her voice, I could imagine he wasn't yelling, looking down, or belittling me.

[Dahwan: Thank you, Khun Mawin. I don't know what happened for the music video to be released.]

[Dahwan: But I think you played a role in it.]

I looked at the screen anxiously, waiting for him to read it. About five minutes after looking at my phone, feeling like it was such a long wait, my heart pounded when I saw that he had read it.

[Mawin: There is no need to thank me. I didn't do it for you. They are for business.]

[Mawin: No good businessman invests without making a profit.]

[Dahwan: Even if that's the case, I still thank you for trying to look past your grudge.]

And everything was silent. Mawin read the message but did not respond. While I put the phone down because I thought the conversation was over, Mawin's message came in.

[Mawin: If you want to thank me for what I did and really want me to forgive you, tell Kimhan for me.]

[Mawin: Please don't hate me.]

**História The Marvelous Dream is
You (English Ver.) - END OF THE
CHAPTER : 45**

Capítulo 46 - END OF THE CHAPTER : 45

YOUR BOOK



“Kim, are you really not going out with me? You should get out a little.”

The music video release date was set for two weeks after hearing the good news from Khun Sadubpin, which was that day. The little girl was still not so cheerful since that incident, and she was still dejected because she did not know the truth that everything was fine now.

“Alright. Go do your job, Hwan; do not worry about me.”

“How can I not worry? Kim, you're not cheerful at all. Stop feeling guilty about me.”

I put both hands on her cheeks, wanting to comfort her.

“Gradually I will feel less guilty. I'm just not completely there yet. Besides, I have to go home today. Aunt Mon is lonely and invited me to eat with her. Hurry up after me when you finish the work, okay?”

“Ah-huh. It's up to you, then.”

My event that day was a jewelry launch, to which actresses and celebrities were invited as guests of honor. And as usual, there would probably be interviews about the music video that would be released, which meant Kimhan would watch it.

Or if she doesn't, I'll find a way for her to see it. After dressing in the clothes Kimhan designed, I went down the elevator to go to the parking lot, but the receptionist called me shyly.

“Khun Dahwan, there is a post for you. I kept it.”

The receptionist smiled shyly at me. I was used to this because I was usually greeted this way and I received special treatment because I was quite famous. Whenever I received mail or a delivery, the receptionist would take it and hand it to me personally. She was such a nice receptionist.

“Thank you.”

I looked at the palm-sized brown box for a moment. I looked at the logo but couldn't figure out what it was. As I wanted to know, I wasted a little time borrowing a cutter to cut the tape so I could see what was inside. My heart turned spongy when I saw what it was. It also had a note with Khun Eung-Eoey's beautiful handwriting.

"I'm about to release it next week, but I wanted to send it to you first, Khun Hwan. I'm also sending you a check for the idea."

Eung-Eoey.

Today was supposed to be a good day for me. It seemed like there were a lot of things coming my way that day. One was this novel, in which I told my story to the author and jokingly told her that she could use it as a plot for her novel. And now, it has become a novel... As I felt overwhelmed by the thick blue and white novel in my hand, my phone rang and my manager's name appeared on the screen. He was probably calling me to take me to the event.

[Hwan, have you left the condo?]

"I'm about to."

[Hurry up. Traffic is backed up today. Do not be late.]

“You say it as if I were a child that you have to remind me of all the time. Geez... Phi Toon has to go pick up my stuff I asked for. It's very important. Send me a photo once you have it.”

[I know. I'm driving to the airport right now. That's why I'm telling you that traffic is backed up today. I will report to you every five minutes.]

“That's nice of you.”

It was time for me to get Kimhan's smile back after not seeing it since the day we had seen Mawin. I didn't think that raising my hand to pay my respects to someone as an apology would create such trauma for the little girl. I understood it. Once, when I saw Kimhan meet Mawin privately to apologize to him, it also hurt me. But I wasn't one to hold on to something for long. Kimhan was thinking too much. Well... That would be a good day! I would finish my work quickly and go straight home to get my little girl's smile back!

I did my job for more than three hours. I was looking forward to many things: Phi Toon's errand at the airport, the music video that will be released at 6 p.m.

4

3

2

1

[Sadubpin: The music video is now on YouTube. Don't forget to check it out, Khun Hwan.]

[Sadubpin: I'm glad I worked with you.]

And the 'Your Song' artist sent me the link to the music video with a cute sticker to show how complete she felt. I watched the music video for a bit and thought about my feelings when I was in my first music video. She was full of excitement and pride. This song too... It was a music video with two female leads falling in love. It was like Kimhan and me.

“Nong Hwan, can we get an interview with you?”

My time had finally come. The music video was released more than 30 minutes ago. It seemed like the feedback was so good that they wanted to interview me about it. And about my personal matters.

“Clear.”

“Why did Nong Hwan suddenly take on the labor of love involving two girls?”

One of the journalists asked me. I smiled slightly and answered honestly.

“It's different from what I had done in the past. I want to try something new. Probably be like many of my elders who want to try taking nude photos, wanting to be memorable. I feel the same.”

“Someone wonders if it's because Nong Hwan wants to announce her relationship with her girlfriend.”

I smiled again and responded briefly...

“Yeah.”

The fact that I did not deny it created quite a stir in the media. Most actresses would beat around the bush lovers were called best friends. They had spent the night together and said they were just holding hands.

“Nong Hwan, are you finally admitting that you have a girlfriend? You've never said it before.”

“I did not know what to say.”

“But is it true?”

“Yes.”

That seemed to be the interview in which I had been most direct in my answers. Now, everyone forgot about Khun Sadubpin's music video and was asking about my relationship with Kimhan.

“Why are you suddenly talking about your lover?”

“Because I know you've all been wondering for a while. I didn't say anything because I know people hate lies, so I let them think what they want. What is true is true. Anything that's not true, I just don't care.”

“Isn't Nong Hwan afraid that your fans will look at you strangely?”

"That's a good question."

I pursed my lips a little, trying to find the right words.

“I'm not afraid of that. The reason I hadn't announced it was because I don't want it to seem abnormal. Loving someone, regardless of gender, is love, I just live normally, like when I had boyfriends.”

“This is your eighth lover?”

“No..”

I shook my head and smiled widely.

“This is the last one.”

That caused another stir, and some even whistled, liking my answer. So, I asked them for a little love and care.

“Please write about me in a good light. December dog is not cool at all.”

The interview went well. It was trending on the Internet, like when I took Kimhan away from the wedding. Although some still talked about the past, as if they had hated me for so long, I didn't care. Because most of them congratulated me and liked the fact that I admitted everything frankly. After the event, I waited for Phi Toon in the mall parking lot for about twenty minutes. My manager was carrying a small cage and handed it to me while sighing.

“Healthy and active.”

“Excellent.”

I took the cage with two puppies inside and smiled slightly.

“They grow so fast. They looked like little red mice when they were born.”

“What are you thinking about? Can you have dogs as pets in your condo?”

“I will not maintain my condominium. I'll keep them at home.”

“For your mom? That's a good idea. So that she doesn't feel alone.”

“AHA.”

I didn't want to answer too many questions, so I got in my car and drove home as soon as I had the puppies. When I was stuck in Bangkok traffic at night, I sent the music video link to Kimhan. The little girl called me after three minutes. But I resisted picking up the phone because I was waiting for the big surprise. As soon as we meet face to face, I'll be sure to put all the smiles back on your face! Although my heart was already home, it took me thirty minutes to get there. I carried the puppies in a bag and tiptoed into my house because I knew Kimhan was going to have dinner there with my mother. But from what I hear, it's not just Kimhan and my mom inside. Our parents are there too. No. I wanted to talk to Kimhan in private. I would call her and ask her to come out.

“I am at home now. I have many things. Can you come help me carry them?”

After my call, she ran out excitedly, as if she had been waiting for me. And I continued as if someone was giving us the signal. I had been waiting for that moment, so I opened the bag to show them the little ones and let them run wild like puppies did to surprise Kimhan.

“Puppies!!!”

“Surprise!”

I smile widely. Kimhan, who was running into my arms, stopped and bent down to play with the cubs that were between Sorapong and Thanadsri. The little girl looked excited and didn't know which one to play with first as she looked at me confused.

“What is this?”

“Pets.”

I said in an interview that I had a dog named Vivamaratrisavitritita in high school.

“Hwan, you didn't say it was a dog. You said cat.”

“Oh really?”

“Where did you get them?”

“Where? Guess.”

I looked up, wondering where I found them. The other day I was on Facebook and it took all the courage I had, leaving all my ego, to add that doctor scoundrel as a friend.

Pannarai!

Someone like Dahwan never adds a friend first. But Pam was an annoying exception.

[Dahwan: Dentist, remember me?]

[Pannarai: Yes.]

[Pannarai: Davika Hoorne]

“I had to swallow my pride as a leading actress to be able to say hello to that doctor from a remote place that never remembered my name because I wanted your smile back!”

No, I did... I was just being nasty.

“From Pam? Oh really?”

“AHA.”

Kimhan seemed so excited that she couldn't help but smile. After not seeing her smile for a long time, that was the first time the little girl looked really happy. Watching the music 'Your Song' video probably unlocked a lot of things for her, and also received two puppies as an extra gift.

“What is Vivamaratrisavitritite?”

“Which one do you like, Kim? Choose one.”

“What about the other one?”

“Let's give it to mom, to help her be accompanied.”

“Who is Kim talking to? Hey...loads!”

My rude mother left the house and looked at the puppies, stunned.

“Most people call them dogs or puppies, mom... not burdens.”

“Who told you to get them?”

“Mom, please pretend to be happy. I did it so they could accompany you. So which one do you want, Kim?”

I turned to look at Kimhan because I didn't want to look at Mom's response to receiving the puppies. It seemed like she was yelling at me. I'm that old, and she was still yelling at me...

“The target. But I love them both.”

“Choose one that is yours first.”

“The white one, then.”

"The brown one is yours, mom."

I smiled at my mother, partly forcing and partly begging her.

“Mom just has to feed them. I will pay for everything. Don't pout. Isn't it good to have pets? This way you won't feel alone.”

“I'm not alone.”

My mom was still looking at the brown puppy with fear, but she was trying to play with him.

“It's all in your head.”

“I'm not imagining it. It's probably painful when someone has a husband and that husband is with her husband.”

“Dahwan!”

“Oops, I forgot.”

"What's this one's name?"

I pointed my head at my mom's brown puppy and I played with him. I responded proudly.

“Aey.”

“Dahwan!”

“Dahwan!”

This one, both my mom and my lover shouted at the same time. I shrank my neck a little and explained.

“What did I do wrong? I was told that if you love something, call it that. Mom loves Aunt Aey, so I named the puppy Aey. That's wrong?”

“Is it appropriate? Alright; I'll name him myself.”

My mom hugged the brown puppy tightly, looking nervous. I'll go show dad the load our daughter brought home.

“Your husband, who has a husband?”

“Dahwan!”

After bothering my mother until she came into the house pouting, it was just me and the little girl left. The little girl looked at me gratefully and affectionately. I couldn't help but touch her face with my hand.

“You seem so happy. It's great. I hadn't seen you smile in the last few days.”

“I'm very happy.”

The crying Kimhan had returned. I laughed before forcing Kimhan to hug the puppy again by placing it in her arms.

“What?”

“Hug the little one. Mom said dogs have some chemical that makes you feel like you're hugging your mom.”

“Is that why you let me have a dog as a pet?”

“AHA. If hugging a dog makes you want to hug your mom, you can do it. Sharing a little of your love with the dog is okay.”

“You are so kind.”

“Only with the dog.”

We laugh at each other. Kimhan hugged the dog with cute aggression, as if someone was still excited about a new gift. Her happiness made me smile without wanting to do anything to take it away from her. Why wasn't I born a dog...?

Honestly, I thought I was starting to get jealous of this dog.

“I already saw it.”

“Hey?”

As I looked at the puppy asking for Kimhan's love and care with annoyance, I raised my eyebrows at the one who said that with curiosity.

“What did you see?”

“The interview. You're the talk of the town again.”

“I thought you didn't use social media lately.”

“Even if I don't, we have friends who keep us informed. Mali shared it just before you arrived.”

Kimhan didn't look at me. I could tell she was feeling shy.

“Is it a good idea to tell that to the public? You're admitting that you have a girlfriend.”

“Isn't that good? I announced it, so no one will flirt with me anymore. And, of course, no one will dare to flirt with you.”

“You should have told me first. I wasn't prepared for that.”

“What are you listening to lately? Also, I wanted to surprise you with many things today. The music video, the puppies, the interview where I confess my love and...”

“Is there more?”

Kimhan laughed.

“You are full of surprises today.”

“Do you read novels?”

“Hey?”

The little girl seemed surprised.

“Not so much. I don't like a lot of text messages. It gives me a headache.”

“Ah. That's a shame. So you will probably read my letter.”

I sounded sad because I was the most excited about my latest surprise. But Kimhan had said that she didn't like reading novels. I thought she liked reading manga.

“No. I want to read the letter.”

“But you never asked for the letter I wrote from the time capsule.”

When Kimhan said this, my jaw dropped, as if I had just realized it.

“I thought you had thrown it away.”

“Why do you think that?”

“You tried hard to dig it up, which means you really didn't want me to read it. Also, after the wedding, I was able to guess what you wrote there. It's probably not much different from my letter.”

“So you don't want to read it anymore?”

“Of course. But if you already threw it away, that's fine. You can tell me what you wrote. We have our whole lives together.”

“Then you will have to dedicate three hours to it.”

I handed her the book I received. Kimhan went down to Vivamaratrisavitritita and let her run while she took the book.

“What is it? A romantic novel... eh? “

And when Kimhan read the title, she was stunned. Why does the novel...

“My letter is in this novel. You have to read it until the end.”

“Hwan...”

“I told our love story to the author, but it will be a bit of a fantasy because he reads and we add imagination. But what is real there is the letter I wrote to you.”

“Please read it.”

She was shaking as she held the nov in her hand. I wasn't sure if I was excited or overwhelmed by emotions. I reached out to hold her hand and calm her as I opened the page I marked, it was a letter that contained feelings from ten years ago. The little girl read slowly, line by line, with a trembling voice. And when it came to the end, the little girl looked at me and smiled with teary eyes.

“And that is the name of the novel.”

I approached the little girl to hug her tightly and whisper in her ear to empathize that all this was real. It wasn't a fantasy, although it was hard to believe.

“Kimhan... I dream of you.”

“Hwan...”

And it will always be like this... No matter when and where.

“I love you.”

THE END

